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WANTED, by the Publishers, copies of the Shirburnian for February, March, June, July, 1896; June, July, November, 1898; March, December, 1899; March, June, July, 1900; March, 1901; June, 1917; February, 1919; December, 1920.
CRICKET, 1931.

"O silent glory of a summer's day!"
"Laugh and be merry, my friends."

The world has seen another noisy year. Daily the papers shriek their sensational news of crash after crash, depression (what is this thing, anyway?) followed by deeper depression; but the Towey still has long-buns in break and "such nice ices to-day, mister."

And noisy too at School, only in a different way. The singing in chapel, for instance: was there ever such an hearty, honest, spontaneous, "Glory-be-to-God" sort of noise? Not during the last six years, anyway; and six years of schooldays is a long lifetime—nearly an hundred years. The shouting, too, at school matches—and this though we sat, which is not only a great change, but also the point (so far as there is one) of this Editorial.

Three years ago there was a terrific outburst of indignation when it was proposed that the School should cease to
sing the Latin Hymn every Tuesday and Friday; is it so very much missed now? Then there was a change in the rota of the week-day psalms: instead of singing only twelve throughout the term, we now sing nearly fifty. How we should miss Psalm 47, for example, now—for it was not in the old rota. And at the field, for football matches, no longer do the School stand stoic wise; the Upper is nearly surrounded with benches. O tempora, O mores! But we venture to claim that the shouting is not a tittle the less potent.

So with the whole attitude to games. There has been a change. Critics—mostly kind and mostly middle-aged—have been heard to complain that if *The Shirburnian* reflects the views of the School, then the place must be going to the dogs, with all this grumbling about games ("and anyway, what is this footling Third Game, eh?"). In the first place, *The Shirburnian* does not, of course, reflect the views of the School. If it "reflects" anything, we are afraid it must be the views of its Editor. Now, however much the Editors vary from year to year, they have one thing in common: they are all very young men, and, as Stevenson says, "It is natural and right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated, to live in swoops and circles and beat about his cage like any other wild thing newly captured." But the truth is that there really has come a change in the last few years. The image of Athleticism has not fallen from its pedestal; the shrine has not even quaked; but there now is rather more opportunity for those who wish to worship other gods, and there is less absolute practical obligation to fall down before the particular
Caesar so dearly and so blindly adored by the mass of Shirburnians a few years ago.

What you O.SS. have noticed in *The Shirburnian* with a maledictory scowl, you would better notice from a closer observance of the life of the place. Small outward things: there are no games ties, and it is not compulsory to watch school matches, and people go out into the country on Saturdays. Yet the XV last year was declared by a very competent judge to be the best of the year's public school teams, and all the match-playing teams—whose number has increased during only the last few years—showed correspondingly good results. These are, of course, outward signs upon which you may not choose to rely. The inward and surer signs of good health you cannot see; but rest assured: all is very well. So well that an Editor dare not describe it; so well that a leaver, even as he swears "for the last time" at the bell for Early Hall, may still feel as so many for so many years have felt. Edmund Blunden puts this "never again" feeling rather well:

"O fading sense! O swift, as deep,
Departing anthem! Will must weep;
Words like consumption's shadows creep
Though love upsoars,
Though I would give my best, to tell
Those annals, each fine syllable."

In *The Shirburnian* of July, 1928, we see that the Editors welcome a new contemporary, the "Weakly Worm." "The Weakly Worm mingles with nice discernment the sprightly and the serious." Now three years in schooldays is just fifty in ordinary life, and already many School
Prefects can claim to be O.W.'s., and are proud to have emanated from so noble a vermisorial. Who of Old Worms will ever forget Bonzo, or phrases like “Gentlemen, Yah!” or Charlie the Spider, who was so useful as an interlude? We congratulate our contemporary on a noble Commemoration number, and wish it many more years of good fortune.

“O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, Vermiculos!”

VALETE.

SCHOOL HOUSE (a).

R. C. S. DICK—VI, School Prefect, Head of School House, 1st XV (1930), 1st XI Hockey (1931), 1st XI Cricket (1931), Captain of Gym., Class Leader with Badge, Camp P.T. Squad (1929), Sergeant in O.T.C., Member of Duffers.

M. C. GOODDEN—VI, School Prefect, Shooting VIII (1930, Captain, 1931), Sergeant in O.T.C., Class Leader with Badge, XXX Blazer, 1st Class Gym., Member of Duffers.

A. J. LE G. JACOB—VI, School Prefect, 2nd XV (1930), Class Leader with Badge, 1st Class Gym., Gym. Squad (1929-30), Sergeant in O.T.C.

C. H. K. CUNDALL—VI, House Prefect, Corporal in O.T.C., Class Leader with Badge.

V. A. M. HUNT—V.A (III), House Prefect, 2nd XV (1930), Shooting VIII (1931), Sergeant in O.T.C., Class Leader with Badge.

J. M. COUCHMAN—VI (II).

P. S. EDWARDS—VI (II), 3rd XI (1930-31).

P. R. SHELDON—V.A (I).

A. B. CORBETT—V.A (II).

PARRY-JONES' (b).

C. W. LYLE—VI (II), School Prefect, Head of Parry-Jones', 1st XV (1930-31), 1st XI Hockey (1930-31), 2nd XI (1930-31), Class Leader with Badge, C.S.M. in O.T.C., Member of Duffers.

C. S. BLUNDELL—VI (III), House Prefect, 1st XV (1929-30-31), Trebles (1928-29-30-31), Captain of Swimming (1931), 1st Class Gym., Sergeant in O.T.C., Class Leader.

J. R. RUNDLE—VI (III), Corporal in O.T.C.


P. L. DONKIN—VI (A.C.), Lance-Corporal in O.T.C.

[Omitted July, 1930.]

J. SEYMOUR—V.A (II), Lance-Corporal in O.T.C.

BROWN'S (c).

G. C. LAWS—VI (I), Head of the School, School Prefect, Head of Brown's, XXX Blazer, Winner of Steeplechase (1930), Class Leader with Badge, C.S.M. in O.T.C., Member of Duffers, Editor of the Shirburnian, Scholar of Hertford College, Oxford.

J. M. PATTERSON—VI (II), School Prefect, 1st XI Hockey (1931), Class Leader with Badge, Sergeant in O.T.C.

T. F. MERRITT—V.A (II), Class Leader, Corporal in O.T.C.

R. P. MERRITT—V.B (III).

MACFARLANE-GRIEVE'S (d).

T. W. SOUTH—VI (II), School Prefect, Head of Macfarlane-Grieve's, Shooting VIII (1931), Class Leader with Badge, Sergeant in O.T.C., Member of Duffers, Treasurer of Wildman Society.

D. H. WILLSON—VI (II), School Prefect, Class Leader, Sergeant in O.T.C., Member of Duffers.
P. W. GOW—V.B (II), House Prefect, 2nd XI (1931), Winner of Steeplechase and Mile (1931), Gym. Squad (1930), Class Leader with Badge, Lance-Corporal in O.T.C.

E. L. WINDSOR—V.B (II).

ELDERTON'S (f).

A. CROWTHER—VI (III), School Prefect, Head of Elderton's, Class Leader with Badge, Sergeant in O.T.C., Member of Duffers.

C. J. M. SNOWDEN—VI (II), School Prefect, 1st XI (1930-31), Corporal in O.T.C.

D. CLARKE—V.B (II), House Prefect, Class Leader with Badge, 1st Class Gym., 3rd XI, Sergeant in O.T.C., Camp Squad (1931).

G. G. JEUDWINE—V.A (II), House Prefect, Lance-Corporal in O.T.C., Class Leader with Badge.

H. S. G. MAGGS—VI (III), House Prefect, Corporal in O.T.C.

L. C. THOMSON—V.A (III), House Prefect, Corporal in O.T.C.

S. A. WILCOX—VI (III), Sergeant in O.T.C., Vice-President of Wildman Society.

N. L. OSBORNE—IV.B (I).

ROSS' (g).

A. A. E. MORGAN—VI (II), School Prefect, Head of Ross’, 1st XI (1930-31, Captain, 1931), XXX Blazer, Class Leader with Badge, Sergeant in O.T.C., Member of Duffers.

F. B. D. Moger—V.A (II), School Prefect, 1st XV (1930-31), Class Leader with Badge, Sergeant in O.T.C.

J. R. B. MOSER—VI (II), House Prefect, Class Leader.

C. R. D. BARKER—VI (II), House Prefect, Class Leader.

T. M. BOOG-SCOTT—VI (III).

D. A. PRIMROSE—V.A (III).
O’HANLON’S (ii).

P. HOGG—VI, School Prefect, Head of O’Hanlon’s, XXX Blazer, Class Leader with Badge, C.S.M. in O.T.C., Trebles (1929-30-31), Member of Duffers, Editor of the Shirburnian.

A. M. TURING—VI, School Prefect, Sergeant in O.T.C., Member of Duffers, Scholar of King’s College, Cambridge.

J. D. HENDERSON—VI, House Prefect, Class Leader with Badge, Gym. Squad (1931), Sergeant in O.T.C.

J. K. BAKER—VI, House Prefect, Class Leader with Badge, Lance-Corporal in O.T.C.

A. P. HOWARD—V.A (ii).

B. DIGBY—V.B (i).

SCHOOL NEWS.

Congratulations to the following on being presented with their School Colours:—

1ST XI.

July 8  T. Fenwick
       P. J. Smith
       J. E. C. Innes
       W. G. Warre-Dymond
       P. G. W. Manning

2ND XI.

July 12 M. A. Kirke
         D. L. Ridout
         J. H. Bowman
         W. D. S. Mossman
         T. V. R. Wilson

COLTS.

July 8  Williams ma.
        Bell mi.
        Clarke quart.
        Nation
        Russell
July 15   Bevis  
           Whately-Smith  
           Corbett mi.  
           Wheatley  
           Coombe  
           Meyer  
           Wilson quint.  
           Evans mi.  
           Meakin  
           Macpherson

CLASS LEADER'S BADGES.

(a)  Hunt  
     Cundall
(b)  Blundell ma.  
     Pain
(c)  Manning  
     Hancock ma.
(d)  Gow ma.  
     South mi.
(f)  Wilson mi.  
     Jeudwine
(g)  Blanford  
     Hinton
(h)  Oats

The Captain of Cricket and the First Eleven generally would like to thank all Housemasters and the ladies concerned for their hospitality on the Cricket Field at Matches and to say how much they have appreciated it.

The Captain of Cricket would also like to thank all the Masters and Coaches who have given up so much of their time this term to take games, umpire, etc. It is their help alone which makes the scheme of Games possible.

The School Photograph was taken on Tuesday, June 30th.
The Headmaster gave the School an extra half-holiday on Friday, June 24th.

The Classical VIth went to Bradfield College on June 25th to see a performance of Sophocles' 'Antigone'; and members of the School visited the Old Castle Grounds to see a performance in English of Aristophane's 'Frogs' on July 2nd. The show was given by the Balliol Players, the Chorus being led by N. R. Seddon, O.S.

The Sports were held on July 20th, 23rd and 24th, too late to print the results in the Shirburnian.

O.S. NEWS.

G. P. Humphreys-Davies (c, 1922-28) has added a further success to his Craven Scholarship by being honourably mentioned in the Gaisford Greek Prose Prize.

ENGAGEMENT.

R. W. C. Baker-Beale (c, 1918-22), District Officer, Kenya, and Nan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Russel, Newholme, Grappenhall, Cheshire.

Obituary.

THE REV. LENTHAM GREVILLE TROTMAN-DICKENSON (Blanch's, 1878), who died yesterday at his home in Winchester in his 67th year, served as a Chaplain to the Forces during the
War, being twice mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.O.

He was educated at Sherborne and Selwyn College, Cambridge, and after having held curacies in Brecon and Eton, he was successively Rector of Brome, Suffolk, and Vicar of Downton, Salisbury. He gained his D.S.O. while Senior Chaplain to the 25th Division of the British Expeditionary Force. He became Chaplain to the Royal Air Force on Worthy Down in 1929.

He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

John Noel Patch Bennett, born 21st June, 1912, came to the School (Westcott House) as a scholar in September, 1926. His adventurous and fearless spirit showed itself from the first: he cared nothing for pain, wherever it might fall. His forgetfulness, which no Peilmanism could cure, was a trouble in every form, and not least in the VIth; but his good humour turned away wrath. He had a love of literature, and of music, though his singing was another trial. But that which chiefly won affection was his own capacity for friendship. He had also a great love of the country, and a still greater love of birds and animals. In his wanderings round Sherborne he made friends of all keepers and most gypsies, into whose brotherhood he had an uncanny faculty of entering. The desire to gain his freedom made him leave eighteen months before he was due to go to Cambridge "for fear of breaking out": and with a Vergil stowed away somewhere he worked his passage on a Welsh collier to Canada, and roughed it through various places and with all sorts of companions, until winter came on. Then he determined on a lonely trek of 275 miles, from the Peace River district over the Pine Pass to Prince George. His journey began on October 20th and ended about November 19th. It was a challenge to the rain and snow: and they took it up. Six months later, at the end of May, his bleached skeleton was found, wolf-gnawed, lying under a clump of willows. With the skeleton was his diary, and its simple entries make a tragic record of misfortune and suffering, borne uncomplainingly with unflinching fortitude and hope: in it those who knew him can hear his voice. His remains were buried in the churchyard of his own home, on his nineteenth birthday.
COMMENIZATION.

[With acknowledgements to the Western Gazette.]

The Commemoration of Benefactors of Sherborne School was celebrated at the end of last week, and a large gathering of parents, Old Shirburnians, and other visitors joined in the series of formal functions and social gaieties that mark the "Commem." festivities and observances. The opening of this enjoyable respite in the ordinary activities of the School saw the weather in exasperating mood. Drenching rain fell on Friday morning and threatened to stop the O.S.S. match, but happily the little rain thereafter was not sufficient to interfere with this delightful social function, which is more in the nature of a big garden party, with the hundreds of visitors and residents as the guests of the Headmaster and Miss Boughey.

The match was won by the O.S.S., who scored 176 (D. A. Hodgkinson 34, and A. W. Hopcraft 38), and there was an interesting finish to the game. The School required six to win when the last man went in, but he was clean bowled by the first ball from Hopcraft, who was bowling well and took four wickets for 21 runs. The School score was 171, of which D. E. Carey made 60 and H. F. W. Fox 38.

O.T.C. INSPECTION.

The inspection of the O.T.C. on Friday morning by Major-General R. J. T. Hildyard, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., G.O.C., 43rd (Wessex) Division, opened in rather trying conditions. Throughout the inspection in line the rain poured down, but it cleared later, and various movements and a small field operation were carried out. The corps, about 360 strong, was under the command of Captain J. H. Randolph.

Addressing the Corps, the Inspecting Officer, who was accompanied by Major Woodhouse, commanding the Dorset Depot, told the boys that they belonged to a privileged class, and as they had those privileges they had also responsibilities. He spoke of the responsibility of Empire and all that this entailed in military protection. Those who had taken part in the Great War, he said, did not want any more fighting, but there were times when they had to fight. Our Army and Navy had been reduced more than any other country and we could now
only send five divisions as an expeditionary force. But behind
them there was a real Territorial Force of 14 divisions. If
there was trouble the country looked to men of the O.T.C. to
take their place as leaders. He might not live to see it, but
he was sorry to say those in the parade that day might see
trouble, and they would at least know something about Army
life and something about leadership.

The Inspecting Officer presented the Inter-Platoon Cup to
Sergt. Morgan on behalf of No. 7 Platoon.

THE HEADMASTER'S PLAY.

The most talked-of feature this year was the Headmaster's
play, "The Headmistress," a musical extravaganza in two acts,
which was written nearly ten years ago by Mr. Boughey and
set to music by Mr. J. W. Ivimey, music master at Marlborough,
where it was first produced in 1922. This was a delicious trifle
that went very agreeably with all the social pleasures of this
time, and the large audiences on Thursday and Friday evenings
were very enthusiastic over its entertaining qualities. The
scene was the "salon" of a public school in 1960, and the
pupils in white suits, flowing coloured ties, and equally bright
sashes, manifested the feminine interest in a curriculum that
was confined to such unmanly achievements as the making of
camisoles and the "problems arising from infantile ablutions." The fun started at this point, and there was a continuous-ripple
of laughter as this amusing burlesque of school life, poking fun
at the faddists and twitting the educational solemnities, ran its
amusing course.

The author was well served by the cast, and Mr. V. H. P.
House played the part of the Headmistress admirably. A
notable performance also was that of Mr. R. S. Thompson, as
Major-General Sir Bluddon Thunder, who was rendered almost
apoplectic to find his old school under female domination and
so amazingly changed. One of the best bits of the whole show
was the eurythmic scene by the Corps Parade, who exhibited
not the manly precision of gymnastics but the languid grace of
classical pose and the "expressive tilt of the cultured nose." Mr. Hugh Elder's was an amusing study of the school porter,
and equally good was D. R. W. Ellis as the school nurse.
G. C. Laws, J. H. Bowman, and T. W. South, as prefect,
captain, and bad boy, and later as the bewhiskered Board of
Education inspectors in the plot against the feminine regime, were good. P. C. Messer was the school chef.

The songs and choruses were all in the delightful spirit of comedy, and the orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. B. J. F. Picton, did justice to the score. Equally evident also was Mr. Picton's efficient training of the chorus of pupils. Miss Boughey, Mrs. Picton, and Miss Murray performed a notably successful service in the dressing of the play, which was produced by the Headmaster and Mr. House, with F. W. O. Smith as assistant stage manager.

**THE PRIZE-GIVING.**

On Saturday morning a smart gymnastic display by the whole School in the Courts was witnessed, and the speeches took place in the Big Schoolroom. The Chairman of the governing body (Lieut.-Colonel F. J. B. Wingfield Digby, D.S.O.) was unable to be present, as he was attending the coming-of-age festivities of his eldest son in Warwickshire, and the gathering was presided over by Sir Hubert Medlycott, Bart. (vice-chairman), who was supported by Lieut.-Colonel J. B. H. Goodden, Mr. E. Archdall Ffooks, and the Vicar of Sherborne (members of the governing body).

The Headmaster apologised for any shortcomings in the general arrangements for the festival owing to the fact that the School was temporarily without a Bursar, and expressed thanks to the Masters and such old friends as Arthur Scott (School Custos), Mr. March, and others who had done an enormous amount of labour to make the proceedings go smoothly. The Headmaster, continuing, said one of his duties, which he regarded as one of considerable public importance, was to act as protector of the boys from all sorts of outside things. There was a popular belief among the local residents that parents and boys of the School were the idle rich. (Laughter). It was the general practice when there was anything in the way of fêtes or bazaars for the promoters to say "We must have the boys." It was the old story about 'it's your money we want.' He set a stern face against it and made himself thoroughly unpopular. He encouraged the boys to go to two things a year, which were old-established functions, one organised by Mrs. Gordon, wife of the late Chairman of the governing body, and the other by Mrs. Digby, wife of the present
Chairman. Apart from those he was rather stern in his attitude.

Apart from those local assaults there were general things. Every conceivable society and organisation in the country for the promotion of this, that, and the other, and the prevention of the other, that, and this, all had the idea that it was their tremendous business to get hold of the young. All sorts of people wanted to propagandise them in some way or another. He was quite serious when he said he thought this was a growing evil in the country, this idea that the young should be got hold of by every conceivable interest. The boys were only young once, and they liked them to live there in the ordinary healthy pursuits of youth. He objected very strongly to those who tried to steal from the young the youth which was their right. (Applause.)

Speaking of benefactions, the Headmaster said that he and his predecessors were nearly always able to announce some benefaction or other which the School received. In this case he had to announce that the School had acquired, and by next September would have put in order, Harper House, and that was largely due to the great generosity of the present House Master (Mr. Macfarlane-Grieve). That School was unique in his experience in the generosity of members of the staff. (Applause.) Proceeding the Headmaster said the governors had acquired the ownership of Abbey House, and they were now in the excellent position that all the boarding-houses were owned by the School. A considerable scheme of improvement to Abbey House had been undertaken, and that House would eventually be as up-to-date in its architecture as in everything else. (Applause.) The School, when he came there, possessed the finest playing fields of almost any school. Continuous improvement had gone on, and almost every month Mr. Ross and Freeman seemed to acquire a few more roods, or poles, or perches. (Laughter and applause.) Out of the Headmaster's reserve fund, which drew its revenue from the tuck shop, they were able to carry out improvements to the games pavilion, and the year before that to buy a motor-roller. He hoped the next thing they would be able to do was to carry out improvements to the swimming bath. He hoped parents would notice in the Chapel the memorial pews in memory of certain masters who had died. The general idea was that in the course of time, by
means of those appropriate memorials, the whole chapel might be re-seated worthily in really beautiful oak. (Applause.)

Continuing, the Headmaster said that Col. Paxton, the late Bursar, had found a more congenial sphere of activity, and the new Bursar could not for the moment be released from his Army position. When he came, Brig.-General Waller, an Old Shirburnian, Chief Engineer to the Southern Command, and a member of a family that used to reside in Sherborne, would be a most welcome addition to their community. (Applause.)

As to the School distinctions, said the Headmaster, they had gained two open scholarships at the University of the first rank and two open exhibitions. A Classical Scholarship at Hertford was obtained by the Head of the School, G. C. Laws, who had been extraordinarily helpful to him (the Headmaster), a real mainstay to the tone of the place and a perpetually genial and cheerful and thoroughly best type of Shirburnian. (Applause.) The other open scholarship, mathematics, at King's College, Cambridge, was gained by A. M. Turing, who, in his own sphere, was one of the most distinguished boys they had had recently. After referring to other successes, the Headmaster said he ought to mention a great distinction by an Old Shirburnian, C. H. M. Wilcox, who, after a most distinguished career there and at the University, passed out second in all England into the Home Civil Service. (Applause.) The School had gained ten Higher Certificates, and eighty-six School Certificates, which he considered thoroughly creditable; (Applause.) In the field of athletics Merragen played for Somerset, and J. A. Tallent had added to his Blue an International cap. (Applause.) The Headmaster dealt with other activities of the School, and mentioned the Fifteen, which was regarded as the best Public School team of the year, and said that hockey had now been put on a footing as a School game.

THE PRIZE LIST.

Sir Hubert Medlycott presented the prizes as follows:—Leweston prize for classics, Lyon-Parsons’ Prize for Divinity, original languages, Marson Prize for Greek, School Greek prose 2nd prize, and King’s Medal for classics—G. C. Laws. Morcom Prize for science, Digby Prize for mathematics and science, and King’s Medal for mathematics—A. M. Turing. Longmuir Prize for English literature—A. Crowther. Fletcher

**THE SCHOOL’S PROGRESS.**

Sir Hubert warmly congratulated the prize-winners, and addressing the assembly, spoke of the pleasure it gave the governing body to do their utmost for the welfare of the School. In these days of public schools there were tremendous questions which needed tackling, and it was a duty and a great pleasure to try and render some small service for that great School, which he knew from independent sources stood high among the public schools of to-day. The world outside was in a very disturbed state, politically, economically, and internationally, but that School during the past year had trodden the quiet path of progress, and he was sure had done a good year’s work, and was progressing year by year. That was in no small measure due to the Headmaster, to whom the governors and boys owed so much. (Applause.) A large measure of praise was also due to the assistant masters. Since he had been a governor he had been struck by nothing more than the extraordinary liberality and generosity of the masters, the Old Shirburnians, and the Old Shirburnian Society. In no school had he known such generosity displayed as at Sherborne during the past few years. The success of the School was also largely attributable to the masters’ wives and ladies who presided over the houses. They often did not realise sufficiently the value of their services and help to the School. (Applause.) It was for the boys, and particularly the younger generation, to safeguard the clean and good public school spirit. They as
governors would keep that spirit going, and the high tone which the School had attained. (Applause).

The Commemoration Service.

The Abbey was filled for the Commemoration service, which was conducted by the Vicar (Canon S. H. Wingfield Digby). The Headmaster read the Commemoration, and the lesson was read by the Head of the School (G. C. Laws).

The Bishop of Winchester (Right Rev. F. T. Woods), in a powerful address, said that internationally, economically and socially they stood at the parting of the ways. They had to find a new way of life, and the new generation had to play their part. In the long run, whether as nations or groups or individuals, men behaved as they believed. There was the need to-day of an ever-deepening faith. They were to-day in the presence of a world-wide attempt to create a civilisation in which God would be superfluous and the things of the Spirit unnecessary. They lived in a day when the whole nation was obsessed by this doctrine of what he might call in all reverence the superfluity of God. They must get back to the great doctrines. They wanted not less but more theology, more solid doctrine and vital facts.

The festivities concluded with a dance in the Big Schoolroom until midnight on Saturday.

THE PROLOGUE

(recited by the Head of the School).

Once more the wonted greeting we extend,
By custom never staled, by use undimmed!
Commemoration now restores to life
The friendly ghosts of former laughter rife;
They grace our gathering who, since Founder's Day,
In these halls mustered for youth's work and play,
In turn passed hence to face life's wider sphere,
Yet never knew a happier or more dear.
Hence year by year we cull a richer store
Of happy memories, still to colour more
The thanks we owe to them who come to grace
This harvest festal of our cloistered race;
Now we display another full year's yield,
For all to appraise the riches of our field.

(a) Hail Sir, great pillar of the Church! 'Twas right

(b) You should precede your "minor" in our sight.

(c) Yet visit not that Jacob with your ire;
No less, though later, does your view inspire.
Our ancient see your race is proud to own,
Let Winchester approve her full-grown son.

(d) You too, Sir Governor, merit our applause—
May our life's seat be sure and true as yours!
So here we face the inspection of our friends
And wait the favour that your glance intends.
You view us ever with indulgent eye:
Not yours on our curriculum to spy!
And yet no "window-dressing" you behold—
We are certificated "good as gold."

(e) Grimmer inspection hath approved our ways,
For those who came to curse, remained to praise.
Hearken, O Board of Education,
Attest veracious this our protestation!
But now the official bard would fain depart,
For unofficial news more charms the heart.
With readier credence you such news shall hear
As sons convey to parent's listening ear.
Let them rehearse the glories of our state,
Censure impart, or praises celebrate:—
Who great in Learning, who in Sport have fame,
The merits of the Corps, the Staff, the cane!
How through eight weeks of British summer drear,
Our "flannel'd fools" as "muddied oafs" appear.
All savoury themes—yet still a pinch of salt
Should season what they damn, and what exalt.
In this alone we wholly all agree—
My feeble theme—"You're WELCOME heartily!"

(a) Rt. Rev. F. T. Woods, Bishop of Winchester.
(b) Rt. Rev. E. S. Woods, Bishop of Croydon, who preached at Commemoration, 1929.
(c) i.e. Supplanter.
(d) Sir Hubert Medlycott, Bart. A noted horseman.
(e) The Board of Education inspected the school favourably in October last.
The next day I reached the ancient town of Sherborne, where I had a friend among those reputed to prepare the youth of the country for life "in the great world." I sought him out and found him, looking as healthy as ever, if indeed of a trifle fuller habit, just about to go to an entertainment which was to be given as part of the celebrations in memory of those who had, as he said, made it possible for him to earn, or at least to get his living in such charming surroundings.

The entertainment was to take the form of a musical play of which the words had been written by the Headmaster of the School. We set off then to the theatre, which I took to be in ordinary times a museum full of interesting relics of a more brutal age; for there were four great gibbets sticking out into the room near the roof, besides ropes and other instruments of torture round the walls, very painful to contemplate.

We learnt on reading the programme that the action of the play was set in the "salon" of a supposed public school of the year 1960, and when the curtain was drawn aside we saw indeed some eighty of the pupils busy at their knitting, looking for the most part charming enough to please even their mothers and good enough to deceive even their form masters—though indeed my companion told me that this was very difficult. As they sang to us the differences between themselves and the less civilised boys of the present age one could not help admiring the skill with which so large a crowd had been placed on a very small stage without any appearance of overcrowding.

To this party of pupils there appeared the Headmistress herself, for by such was the school governed. She sang to us of her blighted early life—marred by the somewhat casual loss of a handsome military husband—and of the consolation she had found in "the love of her boys."

I inquired of my companion who this graceful lady with such a charm of voice and manner might be, and he told me that she was indeed not quite a lady, but a gentleman, or rather an instructor of youth. Be that as it may, throughout the performance we were very greatly entertained by her, being especially grateful to her for letting us hear all her words.
We were then shown the pupils undergoing instruction in the difficult and evidently neglected art of baby-bathing. Just, however, as the lesson was working up to its crisis, it was interrupted by a curious hybrid man, described on the programme as Sergeant Buggins. This worthy soldier-policeman of celto-cockney origin announced in stentorian tones the arrival of a distinguished old boy of the school in the person of Lieutenant-General Sir Bluddon Thunder. When the gracious lady had left to greet her visitor, the unconsumed portion—to use a military phrase—of the original sin in her pupils burst out, and led by Claude, the bad lad of the school, they turned the baby into a ball and the bathroom into a battlefield. Such a game of "football" ensued as would have distressed the Headmistress not a little. Warned, however, of her return by the inimitable Buggins they had all resumed their pose of quiet innocence by the time that Ermyntrode, the school nurse, appeared. This fearsome female was admirably enacted and my companion agreed with me that we should have liked to have seen more of her. Sensing the recent riot she administered pills and disinfectants with a lavish hand, and forced the protesting Buggins to have his temperature taken.

To them there entered the military visitor himself, admirably portrayed by a colleague of my companion, who in no uncertain tones let us into the secret of his inner man, which appeared to be composed almost exclusively of blood.

After the terrible dispenser of health had dealt as firmly with the General as with the Sergeant, the Headmistress proceeded to show her already disgusted visitor more proofs of what he considered the degeneracy of the old school. Sweet rhythmic strains were heard and a party of youths appeared doing some form of country dance. This, the general was told was the Corpse, and I turned to my companion to have the term explained to me, but found him in the throes of some kind of fit, which fortunately soon passed off.

Hardly had the general made sure that his final apoplexy was again postponed than there appeared to him three of the chief pupils, Cuthbert, a dear boy, Clarence, a sweet youth, and Claude, the bad lad, who, it seemed, were in secret agreement with the General and who would help him to end such a state of affairs. They introduced themselves in a trio
in which Clarence and Claude sang very nicely, and, with Buggins as extra conspirator, proceeded to plot that the three rebel pupils should impersonate the Inspectors from the Board of Education.

The second act showed the fruition of this plot and there was very much laughter to be had from the three Inspectors. There was shown to them "the Pageant of the Fairies of Education," portrayed by sundry well-nourished fairies; but, with the irrelevance that marks the heaven-born inspector, they dismissed all that they were shown with a careless look and then launched an inquiry, in front of the pupils, into the irregularity of the Headmistress' appointment. Just as it appeared that she was likely to lose her consolation as well as her husband, the good lady was saved by the very natural recognition of her by the General as the wife he had deserted, through no fault of his own, twenty-five years before. Thus was set up a sort of a WILLIAMANDMARY rule with promise of plenty of "reaction" in the direction of our present day barbarism. To the good Sergeant Buggins was entrusted the duty of arresting and dealing with the luckless Nurse Ermytrude.

Thus, to our sorrow, the entertainment drew to an end. As we made our way out of the theatre I asked my companion if he had not been greatly entertained. "Tush," said he, "Many of the jokes would be received in stony silence by my form." "What of it?" I replied, "There was much to laugh at and the whole idea was amusing and its setting charming. The songs too were merry and appropriate." "Pish," said he, "As music they were mostly very bad." Whereupon I left him to his vulgar ejaculations and his curmudgeonly self, for I am sure the great majority of the large audience were more than delighted with the performance, and very grateful to Author, Composer, Producer, Musical Director and his Orchestra, Actors, and the ladies who, I was informed, had spent so much time in making the dresses.

Altogether I passed on from Sherborne the next day much refreshed in mind, though somewhat concerned to think of those who, like my companion of the previous night, fail to enjoy the good things of life by applying to them the wrong standards of criticism.
The Shirburnian

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Headmistress  ...  ...  ...  Mr. V. H. P. House
Cuthbert, Senior Prefect  ...  ...  G. C. Laws
Clarence, Captain of the School  ...  J. H. Bowman
Claude, the Bad Boy  ...  ...  T. W. South
Ermytrude, the School Nurse  ...  D. R. W. Ellis
Sergeant Buggins, the School Porter  Mr. H. Elder
The School Chef  ...  ...  P. C. Messer
Lt.-Gen. Sir Bluddon Thunder, G.C.V.O., etc.  ...  ...  Mr. R. S. Thompson

PHYSICAL TRAINING DEMONSTRATION.

There were only 256 boys on parade this year as compared to just over 300 last Commemoration, this difference being caused by doing away with all 'markers'.

The School first marched round the courts in four massed groups, two Houses in each group, and then spread out into open mass formation in the centre of the courts; the work throughout was good, and there were few blatant mistakes, but various photographs that were taken show up some very bad individual positions, and the inability of 250 boys to pick up perfect dressing.

The weather luckily remained fine, though one or two exercises had to be deleted from the table on account of the wet ground.

The demonstration was taken by the Head of the School.

M.E.K.W.

THE FIELD DAY.

The departure of Blundell, Moger, Donkin, Palmer and Edwards with the horses created the first semblance of a stir.
The five were cheered on their way by a large party of men who were mostly civilians on top but soldiers of the King below the waist. At 10 o'clock we went on parade feeling ready for any strife, and after the usual preliminaries of collecting flags, rattles, Lewis guns and ammunition, and being told what to do and what not to do, we piled into sixteen charabancs and wended our way to the scene of operations. With creditable speed we were soon on our way to our starting point. At the present stage of the operations the whole battalion looked as though it had come out of a battalion of band boxes—especially the gentleman who had but to pull a string or press a button, I forget which, and his cape would unroll itself and fall neatly into place on his shoulders.

Arrived at the summit of the hill we eagerly awaited zero hour, passing the time in eating our lunches. Zero hour approached, and a murmur passed along the line that there was a hitch. It turned out that the umpire had not turned out, and a mounted orderly was sent to find him. A little more time was wasted by the fact that the orderly dropped his hat, and had to return for it. After another quarter of an hour's wait matters appeared to have straightened themselves out, and the battle commenced.

At this juncture may it be said that the majority of the men had not had their lunch, though a few had made use of the wait; this, no doubt, accounted for the prevailing moroseness of the troops until the afternoon phase of the battle. While Bruton men were doing a fine advance with C company, the enemy were seen to be playing "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush," with gorse substituted for mulberries, apparently quite unaware of the approaching danger. Seated on a horse, I watched them through field-glasses. It was a sad sight—Canford's A Company sporting on the downs, full of the joy of life, when suddenly the rifle's rattle spelt death amongst them. While this tragedy of life and death was going on, another one was being enacted behind the lines. The C.O., scanning the horizon with a Napoleonic glance, felt a movement under his foot. Leaping hastily to one side he saw a hen pheasant get up and walk off from where he had been standing, and there was a nest with a number of eggs. The nearest man was an important staff-officer who, acting as an umpire, decided that the pheasant was not dead and should be allowed to proceed on its way (the pheasant was already well out of
sight). Just as the advance was getting under way, when A Company had completed a very well-planned attack, we were called back to lunch and a bad shower of rain and abuse.

Lunch being over, the two sides took up the positions they had evacuated before the meal, and the operations re-commenced. It was not long before a section of the enemy was captured by a subtle piece of work, and sent back to be interrogated at Head Quarters. The section belonged to B Company.

"Where is the enemy's A Company," demanded Captain Randolph.

"Oh, they're back in the charries," replied the Section Commander.

It appears that A Company fought before lunch, while B Company were in reserve in the charabancs, and after lunch B Company took over the defence while A Company returned to rest. About the same time a very suspicious looking private was captured by a Platoon Sergeant and handed over to a Section Commander, who removed his ammunition and kept him under close surveillance. Struck with an idea, the Section Commander said to the man, "Who do you belong to?"

"Bruton and Sherborne Company," replied the suspect, whereupon he was released and allowed to rejoin the attack.

C Company were now advancing upon the left flank, and the same Staff Officer who gave the pheasant his freedom was told by the Senior Umpire to see that they did not advance too far as it would spoil the battle. These orders were duly carried out, and the troops made themselves comfortable on the side of the hill. The advance continued to be held up for some time, and no one dreamt of the fierce engagement that was to come.

Presently there was a rumour that the Company was under machine gun fire, and after the reserves of the Company had gallantly advanced by fire and movement to capture a re-entrant held by their own troops, the fun began.

It appears that the enemy collapsed on their left flank and were driven to the right flank, where they proceeded to make a last stand. C Company was under heavy fire from a whole platoon for five or ten minutes before they realized it, and by that time Sergeant Mossman had led three sections of his platoon through the enemy lines. It was a fine piece of work, and he got as far as the reserves before he realized it. Deciding to
return, Sergeant Mossman met our friend the Staff Officer, who advised him to go back and join up with Sergeant Messer and drive the enemy out, which he proceeded to do with much skill.

By this time B Company were well on their way to join in the fun, and just as it appeared that we should have to fall back, they came to our rescue, and a fine fight with something under fifty yards between the two lines commenced. The enemy’s ammunition soon ran short, and the troops of Sherborne took possession of the hill, and then marched back to tea.

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THE ART EXHIBITION.

The School Sketch Club held a very successful exhibition at Commemoration, and the general standard seemed well above that of the last two or three years.

It was, of course, difficult to appreciate any of the pictures at their real value, as a nicely mounted and framed picture always looks better than one merely pasted on cardboard. In addition, all the pictures were so close together that it was impossible to really admire one, without having both mind and eye attracted by its neighbour.

There must have been some hundred pictures in the exhibition and yet it had not been thought worth while to print a catalogue. Surely the number of people prepared to buy one would have defrayed the expenses of its printing and distribution? A catalogue also tells the uninitiated whether he is looking at water-colour, or oil, wood-cut or lino-cut, pencil-drawing or etching—a good point in its favour; not to mention firing the youthful artist with an ambition to create, if only in order to see his own name in print! Perhaps a not overlandable ambition, but better things may follow!

But enough of fault-finding with the organization, for organizers are often handicapped by circumstances of which we know nothing.

Of the pictures themselves, the first that are seen on entering are the Lino-cuts. The best of these was a delightful little
picture of a bird, in a most life-like position. It was done by D. W. E. Brown, and is I think, of a "Dipper." The prize for this section was won by another bird subject by Brown; lamentably ignorance again preventing me from even guessing its name or species. Nevertheless it was good, though not nearly so attractive as the "Dipper;" perhaps it is needless to add that the winner thoroughly deserved his success. The rest of the Lino-cuts were moderate, and almost invariably unnamed and unsigned—a mute witness of the modesty of the Public-School boy; best among them, were those by Walker, while an impression of a dog, and a composition consisting of a young lady driving a cow were above the ordinary.

There were a considerable number of woodcuts, many very good. The winner of this section, Walker, had some particularly clever and ambitious efforts; Fyson had in a creditable picture, and Round-Turner's was neat and well-cut, if not artistic.

Pencil-drawings, etchings, and dry-points were almost entirely absent, although R. S. Elwell-Sutton's "Mariners Talking," is a dry-point, if not good, at least of considerable promise.

Two posters, looking very out of place, quite successfully lauded "Devonshire by G. W. R." and "P. and O. Tours." They were by Watson, who has evidently realized that in these hard times, no opportunity of money-making should be lost, and has therefore decided to start young at this most lucrative form of art.

The oil-paintings were few in number and of a rather unattractive quality. Elwell-Sutton's "View from the Art School Window" was the exception. It is a most finished and well balanced picture, and is the best oil I have yet seen done by a member of the school. The kindest thing to say about the others is 'they showed promise.'

Next and lastly come the water colours, which comprised about half the exhibition and reached an exceptionally high standard. Watson's pictures are pretty and his cloud effects delightful, but they seemed to me very ephemeral and a little colourless. I thought his night scene of smugglers very good. Mair's "River Ouze" is a bold, if amateurish work, and is worthy of notice. The Bird pictures by Henderson struck me as exceedingly good and deserved the prize they got, although his landscapes of the "Park" and "An Estuary" were rather feeble.
Boyle had some striking, if rather crude, landscapes in the exhibition. He will improve enormously and will be, some day, I am sure, a very good artist.

Some of Addison’s pictures were very good. The best, a flower piece “Winter Flowers” reached a very high standard. Of the others, two little sketches of Holland, “Zandvort” and a “Dutch Mill” struck me as the best, both being delightfully spontaneous and fresh. His “Chine I. O. W.” also struck me as a very good effort. Here the artist had a background of warm browns, and greens, and a bright yellow foreground of admirably painted jasmine, the whole being very effective. Yellow is an exceedingly difficult colour to put on paper, and I must admit I thought he had succeeded admirably. The remainder of Addison’s water-colours and the others in the exhibition were both promising and good, though not very striking; but exception must be made to a breezy albeit very small sketch of “Greek Ruins” by Mr. O’Hanlon. Mr. Picton, who has been upholding the honour of the “Pedagogues who paint,” elsewhere, had a black and white wash drawing of an interior of Wells; admirably painted as this was, I lost interest in it after a few glances, finding it, in fact, rather dull.

Another water-colour worthy of note was a bright little interior by Oppé which showed considerable merit. An attractive picture of the “Abbey” was the best of Beuttell’s water-colours, although all of his were good.

The only other picture I consider worthy of mention was a sketch of Sherborne by Mr. Thomas. Pencil sketches are apt to be a bit shallow and muddy and this was no exception, but I thought it all the same, an attractive picture.

So having taken you round all the best pictures in the exhibition, I will end; sincerely hoping that I have not seriously offended or damped the enthusiasm of any of the School’s budding artists.

“SNOW MAN.”
[by Malcolm Waldron. Jonathan Cape, 10/6].

Every boy has in him the spirit of adventure, but in some it is stronger than others, and in some it lives longer. This is
essentially an adventure story. It is the tale of two young men, one of them an O.S., J. C. Critchell-Bullock, F.R.G.S. (g.1913-16), who had fought in the war and then went to Canada to look for a job. In June 1924 they set out together to explore the vast stretch of Barren Lands, in the North of Canada. Here in a cave ten feet long and seven feet wide, they lived through a winter of fantastic hardship and adventures. In the spring, as soon as the thaw had set in, they set out for Hudson Bay. This was the hardest part of the long journey. One by one their dogs died or were killed; food ran short; and the two men were hardly able to crawl, when on September 6th, 1925, they reached the Baker Lake Trading Post of the Hudson’s Bay Company.

To this expedition they were driven solely by the love of adventure, of the long struggle against Nature’s hardships. Perhaps they were not justified in taking such a risk, but we still admire them. Hornby, the elder of the two, on a fresh expedition in 1927, died. To quote the author of this very readable book:

“There are those who, in reading this book, will feel outraged at the way these two lived. They will see nothing but madness in Hornby’s carelessness of attire and attitude, in his haphazard and futile wandering. Perhaps. Perhaps. And yet there will be some, I think, who will sense the unconquerable and boundless spirit of the man, that spark that lived behind his eyes, and drove him on to feats that have become legends. That was his glory.”

It is indeed a thrilling story, and every page is full of gripping incidents. The book is written as a clear, running adventure-story but the adventure-story is true.

Oxford O.S. Letter.

Does the School really want to know what O.SS. are doing at Oxford? Certainly the O.SS. don’t want them to, for they absolutely refuse to give any information about themselves, and if one wrote down the information given by their enemies
(who are naturally only too pleased to help in this way), there
would be a riot. Still, we may as well go through them,
alphabetically.

In Balliol, Multon is being literary and artistic, while Seddon
has suddenly discovered that a great historical genius has been
lost in him, and is doing his best to make up for the time wasted
on classics. In B.N.C., Green sails continually, though Schools
have kept him quiet this last term. Hodgkinson is Bible clerk
of the College, and has had a very successful cricket season both
for B.N.C. and the Authentics. He ran near to being President
of the J.C.R., is a member of Vincent's and the Phoenix Club
and otherwise is one of the School's Bright Boys at the Uni-
versity. In Christ Church, Hanrott has shown a lusty leg on
the football field, while Iliffe is becoming an intellectual man.
Tyldesley-Jones is his usual charming self; huntin' and racin'
are still the rage, though not always possible with Schools so
close at hand. Wright (A.C.A.) has begun to throw his
weight about a bit more. The Ju-Jitsu Club is flourishing
under his Presidency, while football, the Bach choir and even
rowing (the Third VIII) have received his attention, while he
may be seen sometimes creeping out of Christ Church at 7 a.m.
in riding breeches to swing a sabre among the gallant cavaliers
of Oxford's O.T.C. In Corpus Pepys and Setton I know have
been full of life, though I'm not sure exactly what kind of life.
South marked in a sinister fashion that "wot he'd been doing
wasn't fit to put in print." Sounds bad! Probably he's had a
glass of beer out of hours at "The George." At Exeter Cope
flourishes: some of the enthusiasm for trains seems to have
faded, but the repertoire of good stories still holds. Cornish-
Bowden is one of the big men of the College. He was in trials
for the 'Varsity Boat and was an outstanding oar in his College
Boat. After all his labours in the field of chemistry, he's
going into big business, so we've seen him look quite cheerful
this term in spite of Schools. J. P. Harrison is one before
whom we do obeisance—we do not comment upon the high
gods. King has been, is, and ever shall be, very musical, very
intellectual, and very full of energy (so far as it is possible in
our depressing climate). Mansfield I've heard described by a
friend (of his) as "the sort of man who is in the O.U.D.S.
smoker—or ought to be if he isn't." A great social success,
and that's no small thing! In Merton, Holt has been his en-
thusiastic self, a leading light of the Opera Club and the
Merton Floats, but somewhat troubled lately by persistent attacks of Anglo-Saxon, which seriously incommoded him towards the beginning of the term. New College is just alive with O.S.S. (like gentles in a piece of meat). Baines, Beattie, Becher, Boome. . . . Baines became an "Occasional" at Hockey last term. Beattie is a member of some club whose name I've forgotten, but which signifies "Bright Boy at Beer;" but he's also been one of the most important figures of the New College XV (perhaps the two run together). Becher is another Bright Boy, this time at golf, for which he's gained his blue: He's off, I believe, to Nigeria to be an Empire builder. Boome has done very well both in Hockey and Cricket for his college, and in the first of these he's secretary. Nowell-Smith and Humphreys-Davies are two of New College's intellectual men, Nowell-Smith as the publisher of the excellent and most successful "Farrago," and Humphreys-Davies as the gainer of a First in Mods and a prospective First in Greats—though he says he finds Philosophy tiresome. Seale, I believe, sees a lot of Beattie, but since accidents have prevented him playing football, he plays the banjo instead. Hornsby, Shaw and Trotter have been inseparable; I don't know whether they still are. Shaw was a very gallant scrum half for New College, while Trotter cuts up corpses and cogitates. Hornsby, being elastic (as you'll find if you pull his leg) supplies cohesion to the group. At Oriel, John Cunningham is the big man. The Boat Club has thriven under his influence. Dawson-Grove is to be seen placidly directing while Cunningham coxes the first boat. Kay took a leading part (8th soldier) in the O.U.D.S. performance of "Much Ado," and is going to join them on the strength of it. Stephens has got a lot of fun out of the Opera Club: he's one of those rushing ones who take their exercise in Squash. In St. John's, Martin is our only representative—fortunately a magnificent one, since he plays rugger, rides in motor trials and is always a useful man when a riot is afoot. At Trinity, Johnson and Wright (P. R. T.) form the backbone of the College. In an atmosphere of languid plutocracy, they live like Plato's guardians, vigorously and beautifully. At University, Emmet is all alone, like the Ancient Mariner, "on a wide, wide sea" (of beer, I suppose). Incidentally he's a pretty good mariner, and very nearly got his Blue. He was in Trials up to the very last moment and for some time actually in the 'Varsity Boat. In Wadham are Maynard and Townsend. Maynard's very scientific; while
Townsend has a car of much the same size as himself, in which he roars—or I should say roared—about Oxford; I believe it is out of commission for the time being.

Lastly comes Worcester, another college where O.S.S. are very thick on the ground. Duncombe Anderson is quite the tennis expert (though of course he hasn’t reached 3rd string for the College yet!) I believe he spends most of his time climbing out of college. Barker is now a bridge and chess fiend. It is said that when some aeroplanes were demonstrating here, he was given a ride, and cautiously took up an umbrella to keep off the rain in the clouds, and to act as a parachute if there should be a breakdown. Hatch-Barnwell is very racy. He went to Ascot disguised as a clergyman—I haven’t gathered why—but these escapades do not check his labours. He was the only man in the College to get right through Pass Mods first go. Charles towers above his contemporaries in the College. He plays Fives for the Varsity and is a Greyhound (i.e. Bright Boy at Rugger). He would only admit, when questioned about his doings, that he leads “a very celibate life.” Personally I should have thought he would have been admirable at giving “the glad eye.” Grieg lives in Wellington Square, and does not, I should say, live a celibate life. He is continually more charming. Lastly, like the perfect restrained chord which ends a symphony, is Sandell, lolling languidly upon the Cherwell. So much for that. We have to congratulate the Provost of Worcester on his marriage to Miss Bruce. We are sorry that we only see Dr. Collier when we are ill, and even more sorry that he should only see us at our worst. Mr. and Mrs. Nowell-Smith are a constant source of joy to us all.

Now that this account is finished, I’m even more doubtful than before, whether the School wants to read it. Still, Mr. Editor, it’s your fault, if you print it. I’m only sorry that it should make people think Oxford is a thrilling place. Not at all: most of it is grind—as you will find—ha ha!

CAMBRIDGE O.S. LETTER.

I must begin with an explanation. There are grave difficulties in the way of anyone writing an O.S. Letter from
either Cambridge or Oxford, as, except for a few men whom one happens to know better, the inner lives of most of the O.S.S. are a dark secret. However, they seem pretty plentiful and I believe number over sixty.

Of these, Trinity Hall claims eleven. As well as the Master, Professor Dean—Barris, who rows, Brookes and Campbell may be seen here any time after 10 a.m. and so may Philipps, who I believe rows too, Wardlaw, West and Wild. Lionel Devitt finds it a comfortable distance from Newmarket. Horan is secretary of the C.U.A.C. and runs half miles, Ricardo coxes a boat and Gould is capable of doing most things.

In Sidney Sussex are Alderton who plays Rugger, Leeper who rows, Morris, Hutchinson, Berkett and Warren, who look a handsome party round a tea-table, and Newberry (G. E.) is here—there are many more Newberry's in various other colleges, and I am never very sure which is which—at any rate they are usually together, which saves a lot of trouble.

At St. John's are Scott and Clementi, or rather 2nd Lieut. Clementi, R.E. Also Scott and Hunt—and a Newberry.

In Caius are Milligan, who plays rugger and squash with success, Stote and Davies-Taylor, not to mention L.C. Martin who drives an Austin VII, shoots, and plays golf—and of course a Newberry.

Warner is a solitary figure in Queen's, not having even a Newberry to support him. Cobb, Miles and Stone are in Emmanuel and, I believe, behave themselves—so do Ross and Morris in Corpus, where Rix plays tennis for the college and Lionel Carey does a bit of everything and always seems to have every O.S. to tea at once as well as numerous visitors from Sherborne. Good luck to him as secretary of the C.U.O.S. Society for 1931-32. W alley and Holdsworth are in Clare, and also John Tallent; they all manage to wear their old House ties as College ties. The doings of Tallent are well known enough for me to keep silent—sufficient to say that he seems to make innumerable trips to Paris.

Grace is the pillar of Christ's; he fences and rowed for a bit till he fell in—incidentally he got a first in Architecture.

Way (L. M.) is at St. Catherine's; Martin, Petter and Saunders are at King's, the first named, I believe, has done well in medicine.
In Trinity, Reynolds (another 2nd Lieut.), Travers and Tennant can be found, as well as the inimitable Rogers who drives a "Bug," swims, shoots, flies and is always ready to do anything else, if you can only get him there.

Alexander favours a queer line in gent's jackets but carries it off very well. Hopcraft will always give you a cup of ovaltine if you drop in before ten, and Ray Davies who lives opposite will give you something after ten, when Hopcraft goes to bed.

Watkin-Williams, Barry and Harris are in Pembroke, where Simmonds is a leading light, he plays rugger for the college and lives up flights of stairs. Pat Mermagen finds Pembroke nicely situated for London and Newmarket, and Apperly is the same as ever.

In conclusion may I say that we would all welcome any visitors from the old School and do our best to give them a good time.

The Cambridge O.S. Dinner was held at the Lion Hotel, Cambridge, on March 11th. Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Parry-Jones were the guests of the evening, and A. C. A. Wright and D. A. Hodgkinson came from Oxford. Professor Temperley was in the chair. The dinner was a great success, thanks to the organization of A. W. Hopcraft.

THE WATER RAT.

I went one day to the Great Lake, to a spot where a streamlet runs down to mingle its waters therein, by a wall that upholds the earth from crumbling down to block its bed. There I threw myself down upon the grassy slope that runs up to the wall, and peered over. My friend the Water Rat was at home, nibbling the rotting bark from a willow trunk. His eye was very bright and beady-black. He stopped nibbling when my head came over the edge, and looked up at me inquisitively, but not at all afraid. I whistled softly to show him I was his friend. He knew: and at once fell to his nibbling again. But now an aeroplane came humming over—a thing he could not
quite understand; for he looked up in a puzzled sort of way; gave a bite or two rather half-heartedly at the bark; then suddenly scurried down to the water's edge and paddled out to a submerged stick in midstream. There he hung for a minute while I whistled softly to comfort him. The aeroplane still hummed lazily in the distance; and the Water Rat was still not quite sure. Presently he left the stick, swam a foot towards me, and dived deeply. For a moment I wondered whether he had suddenly taken fright at me; and I felt a little hurt by his lack of trust. But no: first I saw a leaf move, then a big twitch; and up he pushed through the muck at the water's edge. He climbed out upon a log, not four feet from my nose. I whistled to him softly again, and he settled down cosily to clean his whiskers. It was time I went; and so, with a parting click of my tongue, by which I tried to bid him beware of the heron, I gently withdrew my head, vanishing like the grin of the Cheshire cat, and strolled away.

HERO-WORSHIP.

"Fetch my shoes:" said the prefect, as he reclined in his armchair.

The fag gaped, managed to tear his adoring eyes from the sun-burnt face of the School Prefect, 1st XI colour etc., and dashed off to obey the order.

Presently he returned and laid the shoes—red ones (his favourite colour)—at his hero's feet.

—"Like some sugar?" said "it" majestically, as he handed over the bowl.

"Th-Th-Thanks," stuttered the fag, going from pink to red with pleasure; then as he edged towards the door—"You might send Wilson to me as you go," drawled the voice.

Wilson found and the message delivered, the fag bolted for the day-room: "I say, Smith's a decent fellow, chaps, he has just given me lots of sugar, two or three cakes and—"

"Lucky blighter" interrupted someone from behind his Cæsar.
BROADCASTING FROM ROME.
[With acknowledgements to the Weakly Worm.]

NATIONAL PROGRAMME (1040 kc.) (288.5 m.).
12.30:—Agricultural Hints: 'Bee-keeping,' Aristaeus.
1-2:—The Orpheus Quintet, including Orpheus, Apollo, Pan, Midas, and Amphion. 2-2.15:—Interval. 2.15-4:—Running Commentary on the Finals of the Olympic Games, given by Mrs. Atalanta Milanion (assisted by her husband).
4:—Light Music, Cyclops' Orchestra. 5.15:—Children's Hour: (1) A few Riddles, by Auntie Sphinx; (2) How Ulysses slew the Scylla who wouldn't wash its necks, Uncle Homer.
6.15:—First News Bulletin, Fat Slave prices.
6.45:—The Tending of Horses. 'How to clear the Stable,' Hercules. 7.20:—The Week's Theatrical Cartoon, Euripides: Impressionist, Aristophanes.
7.30-9:—Variety Entertainment from the Olympus Theatre:
1. Song, 'Two lovely black eyes,' Pollux. 2. Recitation, 'Blow, blow, ye wintry winds,' Aeolus. 3. Songs, 'Here comes the sun,' 'Sweeping the clouds away,' Phoebus.
4. Flute Solo, Midas. 5. Folk Songs, 'What shall we do with the Lotus-eaters?' 'Old King Zeus,' Ulysses' crew.
7. Comedy Sketch, Hermes and Argus in 'Another Spot of Bother.' 8. Chorus, Anvil Chorus, Vulcan and the Cyclopes.
9.20-9.35:—Hints to House-wives. Weaving and Spinning, Arachne. 9.35-10:—An attempt will be made to relay the Vulture's supper and the groans of Prometheus from the Caucasus. 10-12:—Corybantes' Dance Orchestra.

SHERBORNE AFTER DARK.

The Moonlight shows the Abbey pale,
Half light, half dark the stately tower;
And all night long the Nightingale
Makes music in her tiny bower.
The spirits of past kings arise,
And wander round the moonlit scene;
With hollow words and haunting cries
They stand and talk with haughty mien.

The Courts are empty save for Ghosts;
The Cloisters now are quiet and calm,
The Monks return from foreign coasts
Where all is cool and fragrant balm,
And now in order due they walk,
With pious Aldhelm at their lead:
To Stephen Harding doth he talk,
Unknown to all the boys in bed.

---

VISITATION.

I woke; and thought I heard a snatch of song
That floated through the fragrance of the dawn
Up to my window; called, half-heard, yet strong—
Urged me to dance down on the dew-cold lawn.

The sun had caught the garden in his snare
Save 'neath the trees, where shades lay deep and chill;
And in the dew a cloven print showed clear
Where goat-foot Pan had danced—now all lay still.

---

TO A STAINED GLASS WINDOW
IN THE ABBEY.

Your Reverence, several hundred years ago
Your name was mighty—for a year or so:
Now you're a window, for the filtering rays
To touch the lustrous stone with liquid haze!
Gentlely guady robes adorn your crown;
Your gloves are olive-green, your socks are brown,
Your robes a priestly purple. Good my lord,
A portly shape betrays a portly board.
But see—the sole reminder that you're dead—
A standard halo round a standard head.
TO MY WIFE.

O why do you sit in the chair, my love,
Looking so red and so glum?
O pink fat spouse whom nothing can move,
Why, in the name of the gods above,
Why is your neck like a pink fat dove
And your tongue so awkward-dumb?
Why is your nose like the splice of a bat,
Why is your cheek so softly fat,
And why, by this knee where once you sat,
Why is your argument "Tit for Tat"?
(You're glutinous as gum).
Because, I suppose, they thought you ought
To punish a sinner like me when he's caught,
And pay back a pint with more than a quart—
For the Lord has a brain of a cunning sort—
So still you suck your thumb.

MORE LINES TO MY WIFE.

Your filthy florid features, dear, remind me of a rose
Or a toneless Turner sunset or a dampish piece of ham;
While the cultivated colour of your nicely-nurtured nose
Reminds me very closely of an underdone lamb.

Your cheeks are like the note-paper the Lower Classes use,
Your eyes are just the colour of some very weak tea:
Your toes look too Titanic—I am judging by the shoes—
Though they may be better underneath: I cannot look to see.

The contours of your figure, dear, if I may make so bold,
So very subtly-sinuous are, that many a shivering "shape"
On seeing them, with swift surprise, would suddenly turn cold,
Then shudder in its dish with dreadful jealousy, and gape.
CORPS CLOTHES.

On Wednesday afternoon I wear
My corps clothes drab, with breeks of hair
  Which seem to me most furry;
And don a garment rough and rude—
A form of costume truly crude—
  The aggravating kersey.
My puttees chafe my tender hide,
I find my boots too tightly tied,
  And I'm full sore with itches;
I'm in a most unholy plight,
My cap's at least one size too tight—
  The devil take my breeches.
The sergeant-major falls us in
With martial roar and pagan din,
  I act with hate and loathing.
We're shouted at for hours on end,
And then our way we homeward wend
  To put on Christian clothing.

A.W.H.-D.

THE FORERUNNER.

White against the dark-trunked wood
See a pigeon flying swift—
  Spring is on the way.
Buds are bursting and the good
Sun peeps from the clouds that drift
  And warms the happy day.
And warms the waking earth until
All nature hurries into life
  And clothes the ground anew
With vivid flowers—the daffodil
The violet, and the yellow blithe
Crocus, decked with shining dew.
BEAN FIELD.

I travelled along a dusty road,
Weary and hot and dry,
Slow drifted a scent entrancing sweet,
Delirious, wonderful, marvellous sweet
And I stopped and wondered why.
A scent as fresh and clear and clean
As sunshine after a shower.
And the source of this subtle, ethereal scent,
Luxurious, precisely lingering scent,
Was a bean-field in full flower.

J. R. RUNDLE.

THE CLASSICS.

The Classics are a loathsome thing—how not?
All rot—
Greek plays—
No plot—
The silliest maze
Of words; and yet each phrase
Presents an easy knot—
Not easy! Homer, when we read his lays?
Ah! but I have a crib;
'Tis easy then to talk so glib!

MODERN.

CAMELOT.

The sky was blue:
with clouds, fleecy clouds, big white clouds, mares' tails
and freaky clouds,
As I lay
And the wings of the swifts whirred
Rather like a watch when you undo the catch.
Whirrr,
Moo,
A cow.
The cows were eating grass on Camelot,
Munch, Munch, Munch.
Brown and white
Munch
They came closer and closer the curious cows:
There was one big cow and a lot of little ones all chewing,
Munch, Munch, Munch.
Munch,
Oh! to be a cow and eat grass on Camelot
And watch the clouds,
Especially the fleecy clouds,
And watch the white smoke of the train creep across the plain
And cars like beetles crawling along the road
And the country is all green and the apple trees pink
And the good earth red.
Oh! to be a cow on Camelot.

MATER, AVE ATQUE VALE.

Now to my book write Finis.

Now no more,
no more with friends to gossip in the courts
(how can a stranger gossip ?), nor to shout
strong Psalms with stronger voices—"Much fine gold;"
or "Clap your hands together and rejoice!"
or thrice-repeated phrases to the God
of hills and hedges and the great green fields,
of sun, of holidays, of this our School.
No more the glory of a forward rush
with noble hatred of the other House!
No more the adventure of a river-boat
(for what adventure, when no rules forbid ?)
No more this oneness, this united front,
these strong sincere Conservative beliefs.
What shall we know instead? An office desk,
the dull routine of money, or the home
of bored, sophisticated selfishness.
Return we may—as strangers, with no part
in anything, unwanted. Long surpassed,
or triumphs deeper than the lowliest dust
lie dead for ever. . . . .

SHOOTING.

We have had a moderate season with rather a disappointing
finish at Bisley. Although only two old colours were available,
it looked at one time as if the team might be really good, for
we scored 475 quite early (in the match with Gillingham). But the scores afterwards remained at a fairly low level with
only occasional rises, and the average for the season was just
over 456. The Marlborough match really showed us our
situation, for they were about two points better per man, in
spite of the fact that we were shooting to form and that none of
the VIII did badly. The fact is that in order to do well in the
Ashburton competition a team must have an average of about
470, which means getting top scores of 490. The Century
Range at Bisley is not easy, particularly for the novice; and a team
can hardly expect to make its highest score there on such an
occasion. It must therefore be sound enough to survive a
certain deterioration. In the last two years we have been
unable to do this, and so we have taken a low place. However
we were higher this year than last and we hope to improve
steadily in the future. There seems to be no lack of interest in
the School, and the keenness of the present team has been
gratifying to their coaches.

Of the individual members of the VIII, Goodden unfortu-
nately was subject to “off-days;” Walker was always reliable.
Bevan was undoubtedly the best shot in the team. Hunt was
very good indeed during the first part of the season, but perhaps
reached his best form too soon. South ma. steadily improved
and did very well at Bisley. Carr-Ellison showed great
determination and fully earned his place. Moyle was usually
sound and was unlucky to strike a bad patch in the Ashburton
shoot, and the same can be said about Miles. South mi. was ninth man, and should be very useful next year.

BISLEY 1931.

The VIII, Cadet Pair and Reserve travelled to Bisley on Tuesday, 7th July. James unfortunately was unfit and his place was taken by Swan. Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in assiduous practice in the Gale and Polden individual competition; on Wednesday evening also the team shot in the Marling Cup Competition, in which they have to run from range to range and shoot in a given time. Considering that practice for this event is not possible on our range, we did not do badly.

Thursday, the day of the Ashburton, was fine with the usual breeze from the left, which is characteristic of Bisley and which punishes a "pulled" shot severely. The Cadet Pair shot first and did very well, especially Swan, who started with a fine sequence of bulls and scored 31.

The VIII however shot moderately; magpies were all too frequent and even outers not unknown. South ma. raised the total with an excellent 33, but our score of 223 was not good. After lunch the Pair continued their good shooting. Marsden improved on his score of the morning, Swan again did well; and a couple of 30's gave them an aggregate of 117 and 4th place in the Cadets Trophy Competition, the winner's score being 120. This was a very good performance, on which they are to be congratulated.

The VIII unfortunately failed to follow this up. Although Walker and Bevan each made 33 and South 30, the total was only 224 and the aggregate 447. We have had a lower score only twice this season. Our place was 47th out of 81 schools, the winning score being 485.

In the Spencer Mellish Competition Bevan represented the Team and won a medal, while scorers of 33's in the Ashburton also received prizes.

H.E.

SIDE-BY-SIDE MATCHES.

School v. Dorchester Depot, Fired under good conditions and won by the School with a score of 464 against their opponents' 381.
School v. H.M.S. Rodney  Fired in driving sea-mist and
won by the School by 80 points.

POSTAL MATCHES.
Shot 28; won 13; lost 15.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total matches shot</th>
<th>33</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Won</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lost</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"English 20 Medal" open to all competitors, won by W. S. Bevan with 64 out of 70.

Medal for Competitors who did not go to Bisley, won by Dinwiddy with 58 out of 70.

Medal for Competitors of Cadet Pair age, won by T. R. T. Carr-Ellison with 58 out of 70.

Marksman's Cup, won by W. S. Bevan with an average score

of 60.1 out of 70.

Colours:

July 4th  T. W. South
,, 12th  T. R. T. Carr-Ellison
       J. F. M. Moyle
       B. E. Miles

M.C.G.

"VETERANS" COMPETITION.

An Old Shirburnian Team took part in the "Veterans" Competition at Bisley on July 7th. The competition was held at 500 yards after the Ashburton and Spencer-Mellish competitions. Conditions were fairly good—light moderate and a fairly steady wind from left to right.

The score of 217 placed the Old Shirburnians 35th, the trophy being won by Glenalmond with 240.
CRICKET RETROSPECT, 1931.

The season was spoilt largely by the weather, no fewer than five matches being missed entirely. This caused a shortage of match practice—the most important practice of all. In spite of this the School XI was a sound one. We lost early on to a strong Dorset Rangers side, but beat Blundell’s, South Wilts, M.C.C. and Westminster, lost to the O.S.S. and Radley, and drew with Tonbridge. The Radley match was worth many wins, and is memorable for a great recovery. The School with eight wickets down had 47 runs to make to save the innings defeat; the last three wickets played with such grit that we actually set our opponents 70 to win, and actually lost only by five wickets.

To take the most important part of the game first, the School fielding was only moderate. This was partly due to the fact that no boy (or man) can run faster than Nature allows him, and it happened that we had only two fast runners in the side. Slip catching was again weak, due this year perhaps, in some cases, to over-keenness. A slip field must not “tense up” as the ball comes down the wicket.

The bowling, especially on a hard wicket, was above the average, but except for Morgan we had no one who could spin a ball on a damaged wicket. As soon as a boy can bowl a length he must try to spin the ball as much as he can without sacrificing his length.

The batting was sound all through, with Carey the outstanding figure. Even the last two of the batting order could make runs, as Radley and Westminster will admit.
Finally, we were lucky to have a really good captain. In my opinion Morgan is the best captain we have had since the War. His management of the bowling and his altering of the field showed that he was thinking all the time—and thought is the first essential to good captaincy.

M.B.E.

Owing partly to the weather and partly to other reasons, School Games have been an extremely difficult matter to cope with this term. Every School team has had a large number of matches scratched, and this fact alone has made the task of providing cricket for these teams at short notice, as well as for the remainder of the School, an unenviable one.

The outstanding failure this year was the Third Game, as with no master to take it, it very naturally became rather boring and finally hateful to those on it.

Of the House games, the Seniors, Juniors and Junior Leagues have been finished, but the Senior Leagues had to be left unfinished owing to lack of time.

A new scheme has been tried with regard to Senior House Matches, which has been previously explained. This has been, in the main, extremely satisfactory, although with one or two obvious defects.

The Juniors have reverted to the old two-day system; i.e. playing on one whole-school day and one half-holiday. This was also a good deal more satisfactory, providing as it does vivid cricket for a very large number.

The main handicap this term, apart from weather, has been other legitimate School arrangements, owing to which it has been very difficult to fit in all the House matches with the School matches.

The addition of six new scoring-boards to the grounds has been of great value in stimulating interest in the games.

CHARACTERS OF THE XI.

A. A. E. Morgan (1930-31). A sound No. 1 bat with good defence; possibly would have done better to have attacked the bowling more often. A left-hand bowler who should improve,
but must remember to try and keep up on his toes and give the ball plenty of flight. A sound field at mid-off. An excellent captain.

D. E. Carey (1930-31). A brilliant bat with all the necessary scoring strokes. Attacks the bowling, but seldom hits recklessly. Good extra cover and has caught some brilliant catches at short-leg.

H. F. W. Fox (1930-31). Has had a disappointing season. He has all the strokes, but seemed to lack "vim" in his batting. Must try to improve his fielding.

C. J. M. Snowden (1930-31). His pace is much greater than last year; he comes off the wicket really fast, and at times brings the ball back from the off. Is a dangerous bowler on his day. Has played more than one useful innings. Slow in the field and the ground is a long way down.

D. Evans (1930-31). Useful all-round cricketer, who should be of great value next year. Needs a little more confidence as a bat. Useful medium-pace bowler, and works hard in the field.

R. C. S. Dick (1931). Has some of the most delightful strokes of anyone in the side; has got out too often trying to turn the ball on the leg stump too square. A good cover, who improved steadily as the season went on.

T. Fenwick (1931). A greatly improved wicket-keeper. Takes the ball quietly and without fuss. Quite a useful bat who likes to hit the ball. Should be of great use next year.

P. J. Smith (1931). He watches the ball on the bat better than anyone on the side, and when started can hit it cleanly. A useful medium-paced bowler, but must try and bowl a length and not just short of it, which keeps the runs down but does not get wickets. Must try to keep his place in the field, and quicken up both there and between the wickets.

J. E. C. Innes (1931). A promising bat who has not made as many runs as was hoped. He must learn to play straighter at the ball on the leg stump and just outside it. Neat and keen in the field.

W. G. Warre-Dymond (1931). Has been rather disappointing as a fast bowler. He does not hate the batsmen
The Shirburnian

enough. Has often made a few runs when they were wanted. Very slow in the field and runs in a circle when he has picked up the ball before returning it.

P. G. W. Manning (1931). A useful bat; his defence would improve greatly if he could learn to play back closer to his body. Can bowl a little. Very fair field.

CRICKET.

1ST XI.

SCHOOL v. OLD SHIRBURNIANS.

Played on the Upper on June 19th and 20th.

A great deal of rain fell on the Thursday night and this coupled with a heavy storm on Friday morning made the possibility of an early start doubtful. Added to this the Corps had made the outfield more like a ploughed field than a cricket-field, so it was exceptionally difficult for anybody to obtain a good foothold. However a start was made at 2.45, and the School, having won the toss, took the field confident that the wicket with the sun upon it would rapidly become worse. And certainly the ball started doing funny things, but after about an hour's play the rain came on and drove everybody into the pavilion; at this point three of the O.S.S. wickets were down. Play was soon resumed and went on without interruption until 5.15 when another heavy shower finished the day's play, with the O.S.S. at 129 for nine wickets. Hodgkinson had given them a promising start, but got out off a mishit; Mermagen had bad luck also in playing a ball into his wicket, but the last wicket stand between Hopcraft and Turnbull was the best part of the whole innings; these two put on 48 for the last wicket, the former although being missed several times, playing a good knock.

Rarely has such a thoroughly disgraceful exhibition of fielding been seen on the Upper as that put up by School in this
match. True the ball was slippery, but that is no excuse for people to bend languidly from the hips and lazily put down one hand in the hope of stopping a ball already miles past them. Many catches were missed, and the score of the O.SS. should rightly have been about 120 instead of 177. The fielding in the School is bad enough as it is, and displays like this do nothing to strengthen the morale.

When the School went in to bat the wicket was still fairly wet, but rapidly drying, and every ball bowled took out a small piece of turf; this was alright so long as these "spots" were flattened as they were made, but after the first three or four batsmen had left the remainder seemed to think it was "swank" to do a bit of gardening, and consequently the wicket instead of improving got rougher, and at the end Hopcraft was pitching the ball outside the off-stump and hitting the leg-stump.

Carey scored an invaluable 60, and he and Fox were the only two who looked like making runs. Towards the end we were treated to the spectacle of batsmen reaching forward to play slow spin bowling, which of course beat them.

However, although the School lost by five runs, the match was one which appealed to the large crowd of parents as it had the right Commemoration element of excitement, and it was certainly an extremely useful experience to all those who played in it; and it has served, if nothing else, to rub in two points, one that although the School may think it knows how to play slow bowling, it is still a long way from doing so, and secondly that there has been no improvement so far in the fielding of the side.

O.SS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Catches</th>
<th>Extras</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. Hill, c Fox, b Evans</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. A. Hodgkinson, c Snowden, b Morgan</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. H. D. Alexander, lbw, b Evans</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. H. F. Mermagen, b Morgan</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. A. Tallent, b Morgan</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>D. B. Gaye, c Carey, b Smith</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>9</td>
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<td>R. W. Chetham-Strode, c Fox, b Evans</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>19</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. S. Bramall, c Morgan, b Smith</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. W. Hopcraft, b Evans</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. M. Carey, c Gow, b Penno</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. M. Turnbull, not out</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>22</td>
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Total ... 177
SCHOOL.

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>A. A. E. Morgan</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Evans, c Hill</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>D. E. Carey, c</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. F. W. Fox</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. G. W. Manning, b</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. W. Gow, b Turnbull</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. L. Candler, c Hopcraft</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. J. Smith, b Hopcraft</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. L. Penno, not out</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. G. Warre-Dymond, b Hopcraft</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. J. M. Snowden, b Hopcraft</td>
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<td>0</td>
</tr>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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BOWLING.

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<td>4</td>
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<td>Evans</td>
<td>16.2</td>
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<td>75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Penno</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>37</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mermagen</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>19</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hopcraft</td>
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<td>Turnbull</td>
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<td>Gaye</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carey</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>16</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chetham-Strode</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hodgkinson</td>
<td>10</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

SCHOOL v. M.C.C.

This proved to be a very interesting match, and the School did well to win comfortably in the end. The features of the game were Snowden's bowling and Carey's batting.

The M.C.C. batted first, and at lunch time had lost six wickets for 60 runs, Snowden having obtained five of these. Unfortunately Dr. Grace, son of the famous E. M., and nephew
of W. G., was missed in the slips off Snowden the first ball after lunch, and he went on to make 65 not out.

The School did not make too good a start, but Carey and Morgan, playing good cricket, added 60 runs for the second wicket. After Morgan was out Fox, Evans and Innes gave Carey needful support, Innes especially showing good form. The School batsmen played all the bowling with confidence except Robinson, a big break and googly bowler, who had all the School batsmen in trouble with the exception of Carey, who played him perfectly.

The School fielding was fair: there is a weakness in the slips; and there will be until fieldsmen in the slips realise that they must concentrate the whole time, and never forget that a catch may come any ball.

M.B.E.

M.C.C.

<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C. E. Awdry, c Candler, b Snowden</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hart, b Snowden</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>9</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. F. Robinson, b Evans</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. Thurston, b Snowden</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. Wills, b Snowden</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fitzgerald, c Fenwick, b Snowden</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. M. Miller, b Snowden</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. E. M. Grace, not out</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Martineau, c Evans, b Snowden</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Sugden, c and b Evans</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Col. G. Master, b Evans</td>
<td>...</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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SCHOOL.

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<thead>
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<tr>
<td>A. A. E. Morgan, b Awdry</td>
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<td>22</td>
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<td>...</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
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<td>D. E. Carey, c Dick, b Robinson</td>
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<td>H. F. W. Fox, b Hart</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>23</td>
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<tr>
<td>D. Evans, lbw, b Sugden</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>J. E. C. Innes, b Robinson</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>T. Fenwick, b Robinson</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>7</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. L. Candler, b Robinson</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. L. Penno, not out</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. G. Warre-Dymond, not out</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>16</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. J. M. Snowden, did not bat</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>251</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total (for 8 wickets)</strong></td>
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BOWLING.

M.C.C.

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<td>12</td>
<td>53</td>
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<tr>
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<td>7</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warre-Dymond</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penno</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>18</td>
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SCHOOL.

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<td>Hart</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>39</td>
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<tr>
<td>Robinson</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martineau</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugden</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fitzgerald</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
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SCHOOL v. WESTMINSTER.

Played at Vincent Square on Monday and Tuesday, July 6th and 7th.

The School fielded first on a wicket which, although damp, was rapidly hardening under the influence of the sun. The School did not start off well, as Johnson was twice missed in the slips during the first over off Snowden; however, the latter soon obtained his revenge, bowling him in his next over. At half past twelve there was a heavy shower of rain which stopped play for a quarter of an hour, but after this there was brilliant sunshine which lasted for the rest of the match. The Westminster innings closed shortly before 4 o'clock for 156. The School fielding had shown no improvement from the previous match, and, although there were patches of good fielding, the majority of it lacked polish. The slip-fielding, as usual, was chronic, ball after ball somehow going through; the fact remains that there is not a single person approaching a slip-field in the side. Another thing was that two chances of running people out were missed because the bowler and wicket-keeper respectively thought that the batsman was in and "didn't think it worth putting him down." But apart from these points, the bowling was good and accurate, and Snowden in particular was brilliant. Fenwick has rarely kept wicket better.

The School went in to bat after tea, and at 21 Dick left after being bowled by a half-volley on his leg stump. Morgan and Carey carried the score to 92 before the former was bowled by
a full pitch. Then the next two or three wickets fell quickly, and when stumps were drawn at 6.30 the score stood at 151 for six.

On resumption at 10.30 on Tuesday morning Evans (9) and Innes went in to get as many runs as possible by 11.45. The result was 306 runs for nine wickets, obtained by terrific hitting; Evans, in one of the finest knocks of its type seen for years, obtained his 50 out of 65 in the first thirty minutes, driving and pulling in great style, his display including a six and eleven fours, and he was finally stumped half-way down the pitch trying to put a ball over the Houses of Parliament. Smith, on the other hand, played his part, which was to stay there, and was unbeaten at the end with 38 to his credit. Just before the end Snowden played a typical innings of 25 not out. The Westminster fielding was good except for the latter part of the innings, and the wicket keeping of Matthews was a delight to watch.

By lunch-time three of the Westminster wickets had fallen, two being good catches by Fenwick off Snowden. Broadhurst and Turner then put on 59 runs for the seventh wicket, but when that fell there was no more resistance. The School fielding was much better in the second innings, possibly owing to their becoming accustomed to the ground.

The School needed 37 to win, and these were knocked off in a quarter of an hour without loss.

The School largely owed their success to the bowling of Snowden, who in the match had the good record of twelve wickets for 123 runs.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1st innings</th>
<th>2nd innings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A. C. Johnson, b Snowden</td>
<td>7 lbw, b Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. E. Pagan, c Warre-Dymond, b Morgan</td>
<td>26 c Fenwick, b Snowden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. H. Angelo, c and b Smith</td>
<td>26 c Fenwick, b Snowden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. S. Brown, c Fenwick, b Snowden</td>
<td>19 lbw, b Warre-Dymond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Broadhurst, c Manning, b Snowden</td>
<td>16 b Snowden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. G. Byrne, c Fenwick, b Snowden</td>
<td>5 b Warre-Dymond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. F. Turner, b Snowden</td>
<td>9 b Snowden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. K. Munro, b Snowden</td>
<td>4 not out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. H. Matthews, not out</td>
<td>11 c Fenwick, b Snowden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. B. Latey, lbw, b Smith</td>
<td>12 c and b Morgan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. D. Argyle, b Smith</td>
<td>16 b Snowden</td>
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<td>Extras (byes, 1; l-byes, 2; wides, 1; no balls, 1)</td>
<td>5 (l-byes, 5; no balls, 8)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st innings</td>
<td>2nd innings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. A. E. Morgan, b Brown</td>
<td>57 not out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. C. S. Dick, b Brown</td>
<td>6 not out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. E. Carey, c Matthews, b Argyle</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. F. W. Fox, b Broadhurst</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Fenwick, c Latey, b Argyle</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>D. Evans, st Matthews, b Angelo</td>
<td>72</td>
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<td>P. G. W. Manning, c and b Johnson</td>
<td>1 did not bat</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. E. C. Innes, b Brown</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. J. Smith, not out</td>
<td>38</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. G. Warre-Dymond, b Angelo</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. J. M. Snowden, not out</td>
<td>25</td>
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<td>Total (9 wickets, declared)</td>
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<td>Total (0 wickets)</td>
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### Bowling

#### Westminister

<table>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Snowden</td>
<td>34 14 73 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgan</td>
<td>21 5 39 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans</td>
<td>1 0 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>13 5 32 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warre-Dymond</td>
<td>3 1 6 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2nd innings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Snowden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warre-Dymond</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### School

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1st innings</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argyle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angelo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Latey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broadhurst</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2nd innings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argyle</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SCHOOL v. RADLEY.

Played on the Upper on July 9th and 10th, and lost by four wickets.

The School won the toss, and since the Sherborne weather seemed likely to uphold its reputation, decided to bat on a rather tricky wicket; it soon proved too tricky for Dick, but Carey and Morgan batted safely, if slowly, until Morgan was bowled for 31. Carey continued to play quite nicely, until with the score at 63 he gave a simple catch to deep mid-wicket. After that no one stayed for long, except possibly for Evans, who began vigorously, and ended fatuously. The innings closed for 175.

Radley scored slowly and steadily; Dinwiddy playing very nicely all round the wicket, was best partnered by Williams, whose 33 included some very nice off drives. Neale looked as if he might stay, but was well caught by Smith close in on the off side. Thursday closed with Radley 217 for seven, of which Dinwiddy had scored 105 not out; on Friday the last three wickets showed unexpected resistance, and the innings closed for 273; Dinwiddy's 133 not out, in spite of two difficult chances quite early on, was a fine innings.

The School then began one of the most amazing innings ever played on the Upper; from 12.12 to 1 o'clock there was just a pathetic procession, and with six wickets down for 35 at lunch, the burning question was whether the XI would have to go into afternoon school or not. After lunch two more wickets fell quickly, eight for 41, and it looked as though we should have the doubtful honour of being the highest and lowest scorer against Radley this season. Warre-Dymond and Smith, however, stayed together for some time, and with the score at 80 Warre-Dymond was bowled for a plucky and invaluable 23. Snowden then proceeded to play like a first wicket batsman, and amid hysterical cheers from the pavilion saved the innings defeat; he and Smith went on playing very steadily until with the score at 167 the latter was caught at the wicket for 60, the last two wickets had put on 126 runs, a very fine performance.

Radley were left with 69 to win, and at one time it looked as though they might not do it, with Snowden and Smith bowling very steadily; two fatal catches were dropped in the slips, however, and Kershaw and Hunter together got the necessary runs.
### 1931. *The Shirburnian*

#### SCHOOL.

**1st innings.**

- A. A. E. Morgan, b Monks ... 31 b Kershaw ... 0
- R. C. S. Dick, c Neale, b Kershaw ... 3 st Lycett, b Williams ... 14
- D. E. Carey, c Williams, b Monks ... 63 c Lycett, b Williams ... 5
- H. F. W. Fox, b Kershaw ... 5 b Williams ... 4
- T. Fenwick, b Monks ... 0 c Kershaw, b Williams ... 0
- D. Evans, c Dinwiddy, b Monks ... 20 b Kershaw ... 1
- P. G. W. Manning, st Lycett, b Monks ... 7 c Neale, b Williams ... 11
- J. E. C. Innes, c Lycett, b Monks ... 11 b Kershaw ... 9
- P. J. Smith, not out ... ... 12 c Lycett, b Williams ... 60

W. G. Warre-Dymond, c Lycett, b Dinwiddy ... ... 13 b Dinwiddy ... 23
C. J. M. Snowden, c Kitching, b Williams ... 0 not out ... ... 29
Extras (byes, 8; I-byes, 1; no balls 1) ... 10 (byes, 6; I-byes, 5) ... 11

Total ... 175 Total ... 167

**2nd innings.**

- H. P. Dinwiddy, not out ... 133 b Snowden ... 3
- J. C. Guy, c sub, b Smith ... 8 b Smith ... 23
- P. N. Kitching, b Smith ... 11 b Smith ... 11
- R. M. E. Williams, c Morgan, b Smith ... 33 b Snowden ... 3
- A. G. Neale, c Smith, b Morgan ... 18 b Smith ... 6
- P. S. Hunter, c Fox, b Morgan ... 2 not out ... ... 4
- A. W. Kershaw, b Snowden ... 9 not out ... ... 19
- H. G. H. Kenion, c and b Smith ... 9
- J. W. Tomkinson, lbw, b Morgan ... 17
- J. P. Monks, c and b Snowden ... 14 did not bat
- P. N. Lycett, b Smith ... 5

Extras (byes, 8; I-byes, 4; wides, 2) ... 14 (l-bye, 1; wide, 1) ... 2

Total ... 273 Total (5 wickets) ... 71

#### RADLEY COLLEGE.

**1st innings.**

- H. P. Dinwiddy, not out ... 133 b Snowden ... 3
- J. C. Guy, c sub, b Smith ... 8 b Smith ... 23
- P. N. Kitching, b Smith ... 11 b Smith ... 11
- R. M. E. Williams, c Morgan, b Smith ... 33 b Snowden ... 3
- A. G. Neale, c Smith, b Morgan ... 18 b Smith ... 6
- P. S. Hunter, c Fox, b Morgan ... 2 not out ... ... 4
- A. W. Kershaw, b Snowden ... 9 not out ... ... 19
- H. G. H. Kenion, c and b Smith ... 9
- J. W. Tomkinson, lbw, b Morgan ... 17
- J. P. Monks, c and b Snowden ... 14 did not bat
- P. N. Lycett, b Smith ... 5

Extras (byes, 8; I-byes, 4; wides, 2) ... 14 (l-bye, 1; wide, 1) ... 2

Total ... 273 Total (5 wickets) ... 71

**2nd innings.**

#### Bowling.

**SCHOOL.**

**1st innings.**

<table>
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<th>R.</th>
<th>W.</th>
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<td>3</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kershaw</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monks</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinwiddy</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guy</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
2nd innings.

Williams  ... 30  8  55  6
Kershaw    ...  3  17  57  3
Monks     ...  5  1  15  0
Dinwiddy  ... 11  2  23  1
Guy       ...  1  0  6  0

RADLEY COLLEGE.

1st innings.

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<td>Snowden</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Morgan</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>33.2</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Evans</td>
<td>9</td>
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<td>27</td>
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<tr>
<td>Warre-Dymond</td>
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2nd innings.

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<tbody>
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<td>43</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Morgan</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>3</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

2ND XI RETROSPECT.

The 2nd XI this year was potentially a good one, but owing to various causes only two matches have been played, so that the real value of the side has not been tested; of these two matches one was lost, the other won.

Had this side been given the chance, I think it would have proved itself one of the best second elevens we have had for some years there was batting right through the side, and the bowling was more consistent than last year, but the fielding was not impressive; only a very few of the side are conscious of the pleasure which can be obtained from this side of the game, and I consider the School cricket as a whole lacks good fielding more than anything else. Boys never think these days of hardening up their hands by daily practice, so that when playing in a game they can put all their thought and effort into picking up and throwing in instead of considering how hard the ball is coming; this criticism applies equally to catching, which is quite definitely bad throughout the School. I hope that those boys who are in the running for the 2nd XI next year will bear this in mind.

M.E.K.W.
THE 3RD XI SEASON.

Two matches were scratched owing to rain, and the Canford match through an epidemic. This left us four matches to play: two we won, beating Milborne Port Social C.C. with accustomed ease, and Sherborne 2nd XI with a comfortable margin. A weakened side was beaten by Milborne Port C.C., and in the return match on the Terrace Sherborne 2nd XI beat us by two runs. No really startling scores were made—the highest, by Cook, was 35. The bowling was steady and successful. The fielding, though not lively, was efficient.

Team—Hogg (capt.), Dowdeswell, Cook, Edwards, Iles, Palmer, Brown, Monckton, Clarke, Boog-Scott, Corbett.

COLTS v. MONKTON COMBE.

Played on Carey’s on June 27th. The wicket was very hard and the ground very fast. Our opponents won the toss and decided to bat. Five runs were scored off the first over, but nothing further happened for twenty minutes, when Baron bowled Wheeler. Apart from two or three batsmen the batting was entirely without enterprise, which can be realised from the fact that the whole side took an hour and three-quarters to make 61. They paid respect to the bowling and fielding which was not altogether merited and which certainly was not the fruit of experience.

When Sherborne went in the batsmen showed such anxiety to get the runs quickly that three wickets fell for 17, both Holloway and Bell getting out to absurd shots. Nation failed to take advantage of a “life,” but managed to stay in long enough to see half the runs scored. Meredith remained calm in the face of so much unexpected disaster, helping Watney to take the score to 88 before being caught at mid-off from a half-hearted shot. Meanwhile Watney had been batting extremely well, watching the ball carefully and punishing loose balls, which came rather frequently. He hit eight fours in his 54. The rest of the batting was dull and unenterprising. Hayward and Scutt were clearly the best bowlers for Monkton Combe, though both bowled too much to leg. For Sherborne Meredith took four for 14, Baron three for 14, and Holloway two for 8. The fielding was adequate, with Lock outstanding.
SENIORS.

INNER CIRCLE.

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Points—10 for a win.
6 for a win on the first innings.
5 for a tie.
4 for a tie on the first innings.
2 for a loss on the first innings.

JUNIORS.

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Points—2 for a win.
1 for a draw.
To the Editors of The Shirburnian.

Sherborne House,
31, Union Street,
S.E.1.
22nd July, 1931.

Dear Sir,

May I make use of a large amount of your space to let Shirburnians, past and present, get some idea of what has been going on here during the last two or three months.

First of all, I have a bad piece of news. Mrs. Neal has to go to hospital to undergo an operation—it is luckily not very serious, and she should not be detained long, but the direct cause of her illness is due to being generally “run down.” She has a tremendous amount of very heavy work to do here, and although we are always telling her not to do it, she persists, with the result that she will now be laid up for two or three weeks. Surely it is not a woman’s job to get down on her knees and scrub a drill-hall, coated with dirt from muddy boots, a club-room, library and stairs in a similar condition—not to mention dusting the premises, doing her cooking and keeping her own apartments clean. Sergt.-Major does help all he can. but can one expect any man, after working hard from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., to do anything but go to bed? He, like his wife, in spite of constant persuasion to the contrary, will persist in spending his whole evening with the boys, drilling them and helping them, and then tidying up after they have gone, with the result that he is on the move from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. If only we could raise enough funds to employ him permanently on the premises, it is obvious how much of this overwork, resulting as it has done in illness, might be avoided.

To turn to the boys. They had had their general inspection about two weeks ago and were the largest Company of the other three in the Battalion on parade, and we may safely say the most efficient.

They go to Camp at Herne Bay from August 1st to 8th, and their numbers are being augmented by four members of the School O.T.C., including Mr. Gourlay. We are very grateful to them for coming and we hope they will enjoy it as much as the boys will enjoy having them there (they always ask if anyone from the “College” is coming along).

The Juniors are going into Camp at Marlow, under the command of H. W. Wells, also from August 1st to 8th. Visitors will be very welcome.

In your last number you published a letter from us asking for subscriptions. We are having quite a fair response to this and would take this opportunity of thanking all subscribers most heartily for what they have done. [N.B. Those who haven’t done anything, PLEASE DO SOMETHING!]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editors of The Shirburnian do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed by contributors.]
Please note that the Concert this Christmas, here, will be a wizard—everyone must come. Particulars later.

I think I have written enough, though there is plenty more to say—in fact I will take this opportunity of telling you what we all do:—

J. Vine—Teaches swimming to the Cadets at the local baths.
P. W. Harley—Librarian.

We hope that we carry your sympathy with Mrs. Neal, and best wishes for a quick recovery.

Yours,

J. C. ROTTON, Hon. Sec.

P.S.—When I mention "we" and "us" in this letter I mean the O.S.S. helping here.

Dear Sir,

I should like, through through the medium of your press, to congratulate most heartily those members of the School, both masters and boys, who are responsible for the O.T.C. and its present efficiency; I have never known it better during my connection with the School. Until this term I have been unable to witness any parades for some years, and the improvement I see now is most marked; the general turn-out of the cadets is excellent, the band has once again been started, and plays the Corps down to the field—a telling feature in the general effect of the work—I hope in time the authorities will be able to revive the drum and fife band that flourished in the School before the war. Perhaps the biggest improvement of all that I have noticed is the large number of boys who now appear to take responsible positions in the Corps. All this is good, and those responsible for it are to be heartily congratulated.

AN OLD SHIRBURNIAN.

THE OLD SHIRBURNIAN CRICKET MATCH.

Sir,

I have received a letter from a well-known Old Boy suggesting that the O.S. Cricket Match be played at the Whitsun week-end instead of at Commem. He gives the following reason:—

1. It would be easier to raise a side, as most Old Boys cannot get away on a Friday at normal times.
2. There would be no other distractions, and consequently a better game.

He adds that Winchester and Radley inter alios do this.

He is aware of the fact that we should have no 'Varsity men to help, and that presumably the General Meeting of the Old Shirburnian Society would
have to be held at Whitsun as well, though the non-cricketing (i.e. Senior) O.SS. would probably be taking their holidays elsewhere.

Obviously the question has two sides to it, and a very important one at this end. May I ask other O.SS who are interested to send me their views (without expecting a reply!) so that I may see if there is a case to put before the authorities here?

Yours faithfully,

A. H. TRELAWNY-ROSS.

Dear Sir,

Why must the organ click like a typewriter when it is playing?

Yours, etc.,

UNDERWOOD (of organ).

Dear Sir,

Is there any reason why the Captain of Gym. should have control over the P.T. as well? Twice within my recollection the Captain of Gym, when succeeding to his position, has not been in possession of a class leader's badge. What about all the other class leaders with badges?

Yours, etc.,

BEMAX.

Dear Sir,

As one who has found it necessary to spend a considerable amount of time in the big Physics Laboratory, may I voice a feeling which is no doubt shared by the other inhabitants of that region?

Some time ago, the beneficent authorities noticed that the walls of the laboratory were not only devoid of whitewash in several places, but also that there were large and ominous cracks in the plaster. To remedy these defects, they somewhat naturally filled in the cracks and apparently prepared to paint the walls in a delightful primrose colour. Indeed, they even went so far as to paint two small but conspicuous squares with this paint—and there the matter rests, and has rested for some time now.

Would it not be possible to finish this noble work during the coming holidays and relieve the Physics Laboratory of its present appearance which is neither artistic or creditable to the School?

Yours,

A. CROWTHER.

Dear Sir,

Many years ago I left my bicycle on the gravel outside the Pavilion tuckshop. It was impounded. Since then I have lost my bicycle. What was my horror, on visiting the Upper recently, to find no less than sixty-


seven bicycles propped against each other and lying on the ground. I tripped over one. May these be impounded?

Yours truly,
NO LONGER VELOCIPEDESTRIAN.

Dear Sir,
One feels the geraniums in the Bath are not sufficiently appreciated. One would like to state that since one was a Mud one has never failed to thank inwardly the kind hands that first planted and that now tend those bright blooms. They have cheered one's every dip, and when one has left, one's thoughts of bathing will be inevitably and eternally brightened by the mental picture of the green box and red geraniums. May they continue to flourish, and may their numbers increase.

With the highest respect for you, Mr. Editor, I gratefully sign myself,
CUTHBERT.

Sir,
I think we ought to get off Corps Parade when it rains, don't you? When Jupiter weeps Mars should hide.

THREE CHINESE WARRIORS.

Dear Sir,
On Sunday, 26th April, I searched the School library for a certain book, which usually reposes on one of the shelves. It had been taken out, and so I went again a week later. Since that Sunday, at the beginning of this term, I have ascended the Chapel steps each week to look again.

For ten weeks that book (and probably many more) has been absent from the library. It is not a popular book and I am certain that the same greedy person has had it the whole term. Surely it is only fair that there should be a time-limit of, say, one month, or even half a term, by which time books should be returned for the use of others.

Of course, the librarian is bound to object, being already a hard-worked official. But let me remind him, that if he be worthy of his high calling, he should not mind a little extra work amongst his books. It would merely be necessary to publish the date by which books would have to be returned, and then glance through the ledger.

Yours sincerely,
"FURENTES AVENA E."

Dear Sirs,
Anyone who buys a bun in break likes to go to the tray and choose his own. Why? Not because he wants a large one, but one that is clean and edible. Cannot this deficiency be remedied?

I would suggest scrapping the present interior decorations and providing white marble slabs and shelves, or to put it shortly, make it more like a café. Anyone who saw the film version of "Young Woodley" will know what I mean.

Yours, etc.,
"ALEXANDER THE GREAT."
Dear Sir,
Must the axes which adorn the gym. be foreign made? British steel is the Best. Why is a foreign axe bought when Britain is in the depths of a trade depression? Also, why are Dutch electric light bulbs bought when British ones are available? Is it not our duty as Englishmen to buy British goods?

Yours truly,
A BUYER OF BRITISH GOODS.

Dear Sir,
Is the third Cricket XI still considered a representative School team? If so, could it not have a coach or someone to take some interest in it, as with the other School teams?

Yours, etc.,
W.H.D.

Dear Sir,
We are very grateful to many people in Sherborne. We have seen in the last year the accomplishment of three much needed things—the establishment of the Wildman Society, the setting on foot of a scheme to develop general appreciation of good music, and the arrangement for half-an-hour’s more spare time on summer half-holiday afternoons. We have expressed our opinions on these matters in the past. However, we can take no credit for the achievement; that belongs to certain enlightened and energetic people to whom the School should be very grateful—particularly, in the case of the Gramophone Society, to Mr. Eperson, to the anonymous donor of a gramophone, and to the other “benefactors” mentioned in the last number. Success to the Gramophone Society.

In the case of the Wildman Society, we strongly appeal to all members who are not leaving, and particularly to senior members, and the many keen speakers who remain, to carry on the flourishing tradition of last winter, and to show the vigour and enthusiasm, with which, above all, the late Secretary infused the Society’s proceedings. We would like, in addition, to suggest that those who did not attend debates this year, should do so next year. This is not an appeal for more members—the Society is always well-attended, and fortunately can well afford to be above begging for people to swell its numbers—but simply something to point out that when once people have got over their prejudices, indifference, idleness or distrust, or whatever keeps them in their studies on debate Saturdays, they will find in the meetings of the Wildman Society something that sharpens the wits, gives them the extremely valuable asset of being able to open their mouths in public, and is all the time very good fun—not dull, but light-hearted.

So much for what has been begun and will undoubtedly prosper. One question we would like to ask. We have already expressed our deep gratitude to those who have given us a much-needed half-an-hour of summer spare-time. At the same time we should be interested to know whether the occasional non-cricketing Saturdays that were so much appreciated last year, cannot be continued. If there is any serious objection to them, we should be interested to hear it. Otherwise, we hope that an excellent institution will be continued next summer.

We remain, yours sincerely,
THE REFORM SOCIETY.
OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following and apologize for any accidental omissions:—

The Berkhamstedian
The Blundellian
The Brighton College Magazine
The Carthusian
The Cheltonian
The Chillon College Magazine
The Cholmelian
The Clavinian
The Cliftonian
The Dovorian
The Elizabethan
The Eton College Chronicle
The Felstedian
The Fettesian
The Haileyburian
The Kelly College Chronicle
The Lorettonian
The Malayan Police Magazine
The Malvernian
The Marlburian
The Meteor
The Mill Hill Magazine
The Mohonk Sentinel (U.S.A.)
The Ousel
The Pauline
The Radleian
The Raven
The Reptonian
The St. Leonard's School Gazette
The Sutton Valence School Magazine
The Uppingham School Magazine
The Wykehamist

HOUSES.

The School House (a).
James', Curteis', Wood's, Whitehead's, Wildman's, Carey's, Parry-Jones' (b).
Tancock's, Wilson's, Dunkin's, Bensly's, Brown's (c).
Blanch's, Bell's, Bensly's, Tindall's, Fox's, Macfarlane-Grieve's (d).
Hetherington's, Rhoades', Hodgson's, King's, Elderton's (f).
Milford's, Ross's (g).
O'Hanlon's (h).
Town (T).
Preparatory (Prep.).
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No anonymous contribution will be accepted, but the full name must be enclosed in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened if the article be rejected.

If an article is to be continued in successive numbers, the whole is to be sent in at once.

No contribution will be inserted, which is not the bona fide production of some one who is, or has been, a Member of the School.

We decline to hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our contributors.

Contributors are requested to write legibly, and only on ONE side of the paper.

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