

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

Nantwich & Acton Grammar School Magazine



1560—1921

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Contents.		Page
1. Editorial		2
2. School Notes		2
3. Junior School Notes		4
4. Speech Day		6
5. The Tempest		8
6. House Notes		10
7. Football Notes		12
8. Hockey Notes		13
9. Guide Notes		13
10. Open Air Club		15
11. The Stamp Club		16
12. The History of Our School		16
13. Further Reminiscences of the Old School	Mr. A. A. Moor	18
14. Literary:---		
I Deification or A night with the Goddesses	D. Lake	19
II The Gruffies	C. Sanders	20
III. Astronomy	G. King	21
IV. The Lock Ness Monster	G. King	22
V. The Tempest	B. Durcan	22
VI. Sea Moods	P. Haighton	24
VII. Heraldry	M. Timmis	24
VIII. Matric	M. Kirkham	26
IX. On Board the M.V. Georgie	D. Lewis	26
X. Dawn	G. Hughes	27
XI. Sum Prose	W. G. Ellson	27

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

XII Irish Wit	M. Moore	29
XIII. A Ballad	F. Edwards	29
XIV. The Torture Chamber	J. Pearson	30
XV. My Gallery of Fine Arts	N. Tomkinson	30
XVI. A Visit to the Photographer's	E. Salmon	31
XVII. Gypsy	C. Cowell	31
XVIII. Cheddar Gorge and Caves	E. Charlesworth	32
XIX. The Thunderstorm	G. B. Roberts	32
XX. A Night in the Open	D. Loyd	33
XXI. My Chance	D. Lloyd	33
XXI. My Chance	H. Evans	34
XXII. Star Gazing	E. Carr	34
XXIII. My Dream Cottage	M. Dutton	35
XXIV. A Visit to Liverpool Docks	J. Green	35
XXV. The Stream	K. Sambrook	36
XXV. The Stream	K. Sambrook	36
XXVI. Articles	P. Haighton	37
XXVII. Gypsy Life	M. Dentith	37
XXVIII Candlemas Bells	M. Lancaster	37
XXIX. An Adventure	W. Ridgway	38
XXX. Ode to a Violet	P. Ball	38
XXXI. An Irish Legend	P. Ball	39
XXXII. Thoughts of Flowers	V. Purcell	39
XXXIII. Hunting	R. Barnett	40
XXXIV. A walk Through the Woods	P. Purcell	40
XXXV. Three Poems	H. Bellamy	40
XXXVI. Washing Day	H. Blackley	41
XXXVII. The Tanning of Sole Leather	H. Blacklay	41
15. Old Grammarians' Notes		
16. First Impressions of Sweden	Mr. K. Mather	42
17. Valete et Salvete	18. Acknowledgments	44

Editorial

We welcome Mr. C. G. Hey, our new colleague, who has undertaken the work of Joint Editor of the School Magazine.

It is most gratifying to record that our last issue was a great success. We wish to thank all who in any way contributes thereto, and would urge them to make every endeavour to repeat their efforts in the future—thereby ensuring our financial stability.

School Notes.

Congratulation to the Editor and all concerned on the excellent dales of our last number, which more than paid for the cost of production! There was a balance of 4s. 1d.

* * *

Notable events which occurred towards the end of last term too late to be recorded in our last number were the School Play(December 13th, 14th and 15th), and the School Parties(December 16th). The play is suitably commemorated elsewhere in this number.

* * *

In November a series of three public lectures was given in the School hall, under the auspices of the Cheshire Rural Community Council. The F=first, on interesting walks in the vicinity of Nantwich, was by the Rev. H. Moore; the second, on the historical associations oof the Grammar School, was by the Headmaster; the third, on interesting buildings in Nantwich, was by Dr. Myottt, of Church's Mansion. The venture was a great success; Miss Beatrice Tunstall, author of "The Shiny Night," attended each meeting and made some interesting comments; and the Secretary of the Rural Community Council, Captain Hough, was so satisfied with the financial result that he persuaded his committee to present the School with a copy of T. A. Cowards "Picturesque Cheshire," for which welcome and appropriate gift we are very grateful. A summary of the Headmaster's talk is given elsewhere in this number.

* * *

A number of other books on Cheshire has recently been added to the School library. We have also succeeded recently in acquiring the two short histories of Nantwich which preceded James Hall's monumental work. These are by Joseph Partridge(1774) and Platt(1818). The latter was an Old Grammarian, as he informs us in his preface, and the former (a very interesting figure about whom more must be said hereafter) was successively headmaster of Acton Grammar School and the Nantwich Bluecap School.

Since the beginning of this term nearly 200 new books have been added to the School library, and the library itself is in process of being re-shelved.

Speech Day is recorded elsewhere. We were delighted at having our M.P., Sir Donald Somervell, Solicitor-General, to present the prizes and give the address, and at being able to welcome him Lady Somervell. We appreciate his kindness in sparing us this time from a busy round of official duties. He has put us further into his debt by presenting us with the much-wanted Cricket Trophy. Another trophy—for House competitions in music—has been generously presented by Mr. A. R. Whittingham, a Governor and an Old Grammarian.

The two lectures organised by the Extra-mural Department of Manchester University this winter were by Mr. Wright Baker on "Life in Roman Britain" (February 9th).

Breaking-up celebrations at the end of last term included the presentation of wedding gifts to Miss Davis and Mr. Gowanlock, who were married during the Christmas holidays. These gifts included a tea-service and pictures from the Staff and the School and salt cellars from the cleaning staff. We all regret the departure of Mrs. Gowanlock as a member of the Staff. As English Mistress, House Mistress of Thrush, Librarian and Assistant Editor of the Magazine, she added greatly to the efficiency of the School, and by a variety of good deeds she has made us all deeply indebted to her. To Mr. and Mrs. Gowanlock we wish all happiness and prosperity, and we rejoice that Mrs. Gowanlock still remains one of our community.

We welcome to the Staff Miss Ratcliffe, Miss Williams and Mr. Hey. Miss Ratcliffe joined us in time to give us valuable help behind the scenes of the School Play; Miss Williams has already done much to foster the music in the School; and Mr. Hey (assisted by Miss Williams) has undertaken the task of Librarian, and is making the most of opportunities afforded by the recent additions and reconstructions in the Library.

It was incumbent upon the School, as an educational centre, to respond generously to the appeal for funds to purchase Codex Sinaiticus for the British Museum. The School responded

Beyond expectation, and £6 6s. Was sent to the Director of the British Museum.

The original list of Prefects for 1933-1934 was as follows Boys: G. H. Henshall (Head Boy), C. A. Ginde, E. R. Talbot, G. Williams, C. R. Barker, R. Fyles; Girls: Audrey Hall (Head Girl), Bridget Durcan, Kathleen, Griffiths, Mary Lomax, Doris Lake, Grace Furber. Hinde and Kathleen Griffiths have since taken up professional appointments, and their places have been taken by C. A. Wood, Ruth Crabtree and Ivy Pooley.

It is probable that instead of the usual issue of the School Magazine next term there will be on sale "A History of Nantwich and Acton Grammar School." The School has a long and interesting history, and it is time that this history should be available in the form of a book. A happy chance has made this possible. Olive Pooley, who left us two or three years ago to study at Manchester University, and who recently obtained `1st Class Honours General B.Sc., has written a history of the School as a diploma thesis, and she has kindly consented to allow her work to form the basis of a general history, which we feel sure all Grammarians, Old and Young, will be glad to possess. Gaudeamus!

If this proposal materialises the next issue of the Magazine will appear in the August Term.

J.L.

Preparatory Department.

A request from the Editor for notes for the Magazine makes one aware of the passage of time. We realise with a shock that half term is here, though it seems only yesterday that we were assembling after the holidays.

We finished last term with our Fancy Dress Party, which was a huge success. Everyone and everything, including the costumes, seemed in the highest of spirits, and we were only sorry we hadn't arranged for a photograph to be taken. We must keep it in mind next time.

On the last afternoon one of our number joined the party to "The Merchant of Venice" at the Manchester Hippodrome, and enjoyed it so much that she and three or four others planned to see "Henry V." Unfortunately the bookings were too heavy for the management to accept more parties of school children, but they are hoping to see at least one of the next group to be produced shortly.

We are proud of our lovely show of indoor bulbs again this year. Crocuses, snowdrops, scyllas, and hyacinths are all in flower, and daffodils, tulips and narcissi in bud.

The birds have given us much entertainment lately. The antics of the tits have been particularly exciting as they tap, tap, tap the monkey nuts on their table, hang from their string of dainties, cling eagerly to the suet, and enjoy themselves inside the coconuts.

We managed to buy three new pictures last term and since Christmas have replaced two of our broken pieces of statuary. We have also framed and hung four photographs of the little play "Rumplestiltskin" which we presented at our concert. We have in addition bought two new records, one of which would make a clodhopper want to dance and sing.

We consider we are putting our Art Club funds to good use, and have plenty of plans ahead.

This term we are listening to the History Broadcasts by Miss Rhoda Power. We find them most exciting and interesting, and are revising some by spontaneous dramatisation. We have discovered a veritable "troubadour" in our midst as a result.

One day recently Barbara Gowdrige gave us a little "lecture" on Schumann. She has charge of our "wee" bust of this particular musician, and we suggested she should find out all she could about him, and then tell the rest of us. She managed splendidly, and finished up by questioning in grand style. Other children are to follow suit, until all, by degrees have told the story of their own bit of statuary.

We managed to collect 30s. Towards the School contribution to the Codex sinaiticus. Mr. Lodge allowed us to pin the photograph of an exact facsimile of a page of the manuscript and one of our clever informed us, looking very, very big, that he had been trying to read it. All he got for his pains was "You -----, it's Greek!" Nevertheless, he still looked pleased, and very proud of himself. Who knows, he may manage it yet? This may be the stimulus and starting point. Many great scholars have been inspired by lesser things.

We are arranging for a "Poetry Afternoon" before the end of the term, when our 'poets' are to recite their original verse. We haven't up to now succeeded in discovering a musical composer, but are not despairing yet. We hope Sir Walford Davies' lessons and our humble help may produce fruit some day.

In conclusion we wish to thank all who have in any way helped us this term. We would particularly mention Mr. Bowers for a fine engraving of "Bayard," a St. Bernard dog; Mrs. Gowdrige, for a pretty fern; Mrs. Eden, for a bowl of lovely hyacinths; and Mrs. Lloyd-Thomas, for two bowls of snowdrops.

A Happy Eastertide to all.

The annual Prize Distribution and Speech Day of the Nantwich and Acton Grammar School in the Nantwich Town Hall on Saturday afternoon, November 25th, was very largely attended. The present strength of the School is 333 scholars, most of whom were present, besides parents and friends.

The Chairman of the Governors (Mr. W. Harlock) presided, and he was accompanied on the platform by the Solicitor-General (Sir David Somervell, M.P. for the Crewe Division), who later distributed the prizes most of the members of the Governing Body, Mr. C. E. Davenport (Chairman of the Cheshire Education Committee), Mr. Henry Tollemache, and others interested in the educational work of the district.

At the conclusion of his report on the School year for 1932-33, the Headmaster (Mr. John Lodge) said: Everywhere keenness and loyalty are conspicuous, and I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere appreciation of the support which I have received from the School as a whole during my first year of leadership. A fine example of duty and conduct has been set by prefects as a body, and especially by the Head Boy and Head Girl, J. H. Myatt and Audrey Hall, who are recipients of prizes for personal service. My debt to the staff is incalculable, and has been implicit, as well as explicit, throughout this report. I am especially indebted to the Second Master, Mr. F. C. Pelper, and to the Senior Mistress, Miss W. Trentham, for their loyal and efficient support in my work; and I desire to express my gratitude to them and to their Clerk, Mr. A. O. Bevan, and his partner and predecessor, Mr. T. H. Whiteley, and especially to the Chairman, Mr. W. Harlock, and the Vice-Chairman, Dr. F. E. Mathews, to both of whom my debt has been continuous and particular. I am also greatly indebted to the Director of Education and his staff at Chester for their help and courtesy. Finally I would express my warm appreciation of the good will and co-operation of fathers and mothers.

In concluding this report for the year 1932-33 I find it more than ever necessary to take stock of what we educationists are doing for the rising generation. As we look about us we may well exclaim "The time is out of joint," but it will serve no useful for any of us to add

"Oh cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right."

We of the present generation have been born with that task before us, and we must set about the task as best we may.

In the declaration which our prefects are now called upon to make on entering office, loyalty to the School is coupled with

The wider loyalties to our country and to the human race. I would suggest that the immediate practical aims of our School course—which have already been indicated—should include the further aim of fostering the spirit of individual responsibility and corporate endeavour, in order that present-day problems may be faced and solved with full realisation that the greatest need of our time is long-range planning. In the words of a Headmaster who is a firm advocate of the Mixed School and has written a book about it—only by long-range planning can man hope to “build, one day, the kind of society that he really wants, one that will give full scope to his finer aspirations and desires. But that will only come about if he has imagination enough to conceive it; persistence enough to think out its full implications; and courage enough to dig foundations of that new Jerusalem which in his generation he can never hope to see.”

Introducing Sir Donald Somervell, the Chairman said it was a very great pleasure to them all to see him on that educational platform. They extended their greetings to Lady Somervell also. To marry a gracious lady and to receive an important Government appointment and a title all in one year was indeed a unique record of happy events, and he hoped all would bring Sir Donald much happiness and prosperity (loud applause).

Sir Donald then distributed certificates and prizes, and addressed the gathering.

The Rev. H. Moore proposed a vote of thanks to Sir Donald Somervell for his helpful and stimulating address.

In seconding, Mr. C. E. Davenport congratulated Sir Donald on the honour he had attained in being one of the Ministers of the Crown. He also congratulated the Headmaster on his admirable report, and said they were very pleased that the results had been so excellent in the first year of his Headmastership, and they hoped that the improvement would continue for years to come (applause).

The motion was carried with acclamation, and Sir Donald Somervell replied.

Miss Audrey Hall, the head girl, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman of the Governors, a position he had occupied since 1919. She was sure they would all join with her in the hope that he would hold the office for many years to come.

Mr. G. H. Henshall, the head boy, seconded, and the motion was unanimously carried.

The Chairman, in reply, said that during the twenty-five years he had been Governor of the School it had been an educational period of his life.

The singing of the National Anthem concluded the proceedings.

Form VI.--Second Year.--A. M. George (Geography); A. R. Jolly (English, Music); E. A. Hall (Personal Service); J. H. Myatt (Personal Service). First Year, Form Prizes.--C. A. Hinde, E. R. Talbot, D. B. Lake.

Form V. Upper.--Prizes awarded for Distinctions in School Certificate Examination.--C. R. Barker (Mathematics); J. Cliffe (Botany); N. Dutton (Art Botany); G. P. King (Botany, Geography); I. Pooley (Mathematics); C. Sanders (English); D. K. Simpson (English, History); E. B. Webster (French).

School prize for Domestic Science, R. Crabtree.

Form VIa.--M. Timmis.]

Form VIb.--F. H. Waters.

Form Ra.--(1), G. Owen; (2), B. Watson (Form Prize and Headmaster's Prize for French recitation)..

Form Rb.--(1), S. Cattrell; 2, F. Roberts.

Form IVa.--(1), B. Clarke; (2), M. Hunt.

Form IVb.--(1), F. W. Eley; (2), H. Evans; J. Potter (School Prize for Progress in Woodwork).

Form IIIa.--(1), H. Hope; (2), HJ. O. Green.

Form IIIb.--(1), M. Dutton; (2), A. Pickerill.

Form II. Upper.--(1), B. Jackson; (2), M. Sadler.

Form II. Upper.--A. Gowdridge (best progress for the year).

Form II. Lower.--J. Briggs. Form I.--K. Chadwick.

“The Tempest.”

We quote the following account from the Nantwich Chronicle:--

“The Tempest” At Nantwich.

Grammar School Pupils Excel.

The pupils of Nantwich Grammar School are to be congratulated upon their production of “The Tempest,” which was given last week. There was a large attendance at the final performance on Friday. This was the first full Shakespearean play to be presented in the town for many years.

The Headmaster (Mr. J. Lodge) once again proved his skill as a producer, and is to be congratulated upon the excellence of the production.

Much of the charm of "The Tempest" depends upon its setting and individual interpretations of parts, rather than on its dramatic qualities. All the more credit, therefore, is due to those youthful actors who made the play such an unqualified success. Special mention must be made of "Caliban," who was excellently and realistically portrayed by R. Fyles; of L. Dunning's dignified though occasionally unconvincing "Prospero"; of H. Crabtree and R. Barker, who, as "Miranda" and Ferdinand" respectively, gave delightful and sympathetic interpretations of their parts. The comedic element was thoroughly appreciated, and C. Sanders as "Stephano" fully deserved the applause he received. The role of "Ariel" was admirably filled by Peggy Haighton, who took the part at short notice.

Among the minor characters, H. Newell, as "Antonio", was outstanding, and one of the most impressive pieces of acting on the play was his concluding eloquent gesture of penitence.

The lighting, provided by Mr. Bailey, and employed with great skill in the opening scene of the storm, and the costumes, made by Miss D. Holmes, were most effective. The incremental singing and dancing added to the attraction of what was a most artistic production.

The Cast.

The cast was as follows:--Alonso, King of Naples (A. J. H. Isaac); Sebastian, his brother (A. K. Blakeman); Antonio, usurping Duke of Milan, Prospero's brother (H. Newell); Ferdinand, Alonso's son (C. R. Barker); Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor (S. Bennett); Adrian, a lord (J. J. Boulding); Stephano, a drunken butler (C. Sanders); Trinculo, Trinculo, a jester (C. W. Bedd); boatswain of the King's ship (W.G. Ellson); Prospero, rightful Duke of Milan (L. T. Dunning); Miranda, his daughter (Helen Crabtree); Caliban, a savage monster (R. Fyles); Ariel, an airy spirit (Peggy Haighton). Other spirits: Juno (Grace Furber); Ceres (Ruth Crabtree); Iris (Doris Lake); Nymphs (Dilys Edwards, Marjorie Houghton and Marjorie Trinder); Shepherds and Dogs (J. Brown, J. K. Elliot, and H. Halsall). Prologue spoken by Ruth Crabtree. Epilogue written by Doris Lake and spoken by Grace Furber.

The costumes were designed and executed by Miss D. Holmes, lighting and radiogramophone by Mr. C. H. Bailey, music arranged by Mr. R. A. Taylor; the pianist was Miss P. G. Rhodes, the make-up by Miss W. Trentham and Mr. R. Gowanlock; the business manager was Mr. F. C. Pelper, and the booking by courtesy of Messrs. Clare.

Expenses (including £15 16s. 5d. Owing on curtains), £34 7s. 4d.; balance in hand, 2s. 6d.; £34 9s. 10d.

Receipts: Sale of tickets, £32 19s. 10d.; sale of programmes, £1 10s.; £34 9s. 10d.

House notes

Hodgkin House.

Captains: B. Durcan, G. Henshall.

Vice-Captains: R. Crabtree, N. Henshall.

We should like to welcome Mr. Hey, who came at Christmas, as one of our House Masters, and already his advice, especially with regard to football, has proven invaluable. The House held its first mixed Social soon after restarting School and everyone voted it a great success.

In football this term, the senior team, handicapped by the loss of J. Henshall, has won one and lost one match. Against the Wilbrahams, we were defeated 3—1, and though we had most of the game, our opponents deserved to win, for their forwards showed ours, who rarely kept position, how to accept their chances. With a much re-arranged team we beat Thrush House 4—1, and special mention should be made of Cattrell, who played in goal for the first time, and N. Henshall at centre half. The Middle School XI. Lost to Thrush 3—2, while the Juniors were able to draw 2—2 against the Wilbrahams.

The senior hockey team is to be congratulated on its fine display against Wilbraham House, though they were defeated by a very much stronger team 3—1. However, the juniors made amends by beating the Thrush XI. 3—1.

At the end of the term the prefects of Hodgkin House hope to hold another dance similar to the very successful one held last year.

B. Durcan

G. Henshall

Thrush House.

Captains: N. Dutton, R. Barker.

At Christmas Thrush House lost the services of Miss Davis, who left to be married. We wish her and Mr. Gowanlock every happiness. We welcome Miss Ratcliffe, who has become House Mistress in Miss Davis's place, and also Mr. Johnson, who has joined Thrush House this year.

The Social held at the end of last term was a great success and was enjoyed by all. The Thrush choir added considerably to the enjoyment of the evening and later entertained at the School party.

So far this term we have not done very well in House matches, neither at football nor hockey. Our middle School

P.G.11

Football team has won one match, but the senior team has lost to both Hodgkins and the Wilbrahams. At hockey the Middle School girls have lost to the Hodgkins and the senior team was defeated by two goals to one by the Wilbrahams.

The Sports are to be held at the beginning of next term, so we should like to take this opportunity of asking our members to put in some hard practice before the event.

Will the Thrushes please bear in mind that the Swimming Sports will also be held next term. We are sure that with a little effort we could win the Shield, which we missed by such a narrow margin last year.

N. Dutton,

R. Barker.

Wilbraham House.

Captains: G. Furber, R. Fyles.

Vice-Captains: S. Pooley, C. Adkin.

This term the girls have done exceptionally well in the Inter-House hockey matches, the seniors having defeated both the other Houses.

In our first match against the Hodgkins an excellent team spirit was displayed and the result 3—1.

The match against the Thrushes was a more keenly fought game. Everyone played splendidly and special mention is to be made of F. Beagan, who shot booth goals, and thus gained us the 2—1 victory.

The Middle School have not yet completed their hockey matches, their only result being a draw (1—1) against the Hodgkins.

The Senior boys have done well so far this term in the football sphere, having won two matches, beating the Hodgkins 3—1 and the Thrushes 6—2. The former match came as a pleasant surprise after the ignominious defeat which we suffered at their hand last term.

The Middle School and the juniors also report a successful term.

We should like to thank both Newell and Batho most heartily for the way in which they have inspired the forward line of the Senior House team with their brilliant play.

I. Pooley has been appointed prefect during this term. We hope to hold our second mixed Social on Friday, March 9th, and are looking forward to a successful evening.

G. Furber,

R. Fyles.

Football Notes.

At present the team does not play together as it should do, too much work falling on the defence. Skilful movements by the forwards are necessary and more use of the wings must be made.

The School v. Crewe Secondary School.

At Nantwich. The team played a hard game against heavier and more skilful opponents and although losing by 11 goals to nil, are to be congratulated on their plucky, determined efforts.

The School v. Wolstanton Grammar School.

At Nantwich. The School lost by 6 goals to 1. The team had a fair share of the game and were unlucky to lose by such a large margin.

The School v. Crewe Training College.

At Nantwich. This match resulted in a draw of 3 goals each. Our opponents tired in the second half, and with a little more steadiness in front of goal we might have won by several goals.

The School v. Verdi County School.

At Winsford. The team did not settle down to the heavy conditions as did our opponents. In the second half the School defence became spreadeagled and the home team scored four goals. Result—defeat by 7 goals to 2.

The Team.

G. Henshall (Vice-Captain), Centre-Half.--A greatly improved player since last year. Henshall played left-half, but a vacancy at centre-half necessitated his playing in that position, which he fills admirably. He obtained his colours this year.

Adkin (Goalkeeper).--Plays a consistent game in goal. | This is Adkin's second season and he was awarded his colours this year.

Newell (inside --Left).--An untiring player, with a good shot, and clever head; has obtained his colours this season.

N. Henshall (Left Back).--A good tackler and positions himself well. If Henshall possessed a stronger kick he would be outstanding.

Sanders (Right-Half).--Works very hard and wing men experience great difficulty in passing him.

Johnson |(Left-Half).--A little slow, but a firm tackler and with experience will do well.

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

Butt (Right Back).--A new member of the team. Butt possesses a good kick and is able to clear the ball up to his forwards.

Batho (Outside-Right).--Batho possesses great speed, which serves him well on the wing.

P.G.13

Griffiths (Inside-Right).--Attempts constructive football, and his passing is accurate. This is Griffiths' first season and he has done well.

Smith (Outside-Left).--The youngest member of the team and a very promising player.

Bates.--Possesses a good shot, and when playing on the wing gets the ball across well.

C. R. Barker.

Barker.--Barker has made an excellent Captain. He has the necessary initiative and determination. He has done useful work in additional team practices, whilst his clever dribbling and strong shot have served the School well in every match.

C.J.

Hockey Notes.

The team has played excellently during this hockey season and is to be congratulated on its results:-

Played 7, won 5, lost 1, drawn 1. Goals for 53, against 20.

Scorers: N. Dutton 23, J. Bradshaw 13, I. Pooley 6, F. Beagan 5, C. Cowell 4, G. Hughes 2.

The return match against the Crewe Permanent Way Ladies was played at Crewe on January 6th. It was a keenly contested game, but our opponents proved to be the stronger team on their own ground, and won by 5 goals to 2. Scorers: C. Cowell 1, F. Beagan 1.

The match against Whitchurch proved to be a more even game than had been anticipated. The ground was hard, as a result of frost, and as a team we had difficulty in keeping control of the ball. The result was 2—2, the first draw of the season.

Scorer: N. Dutton 2.

Against Reaseheath we proved to be a far superior team. Except for one breakaway by their wing, we J. Bradshaw (inside-left), I. Pooley (outside-left). held the upper hand, and as a result won an overwhelming victory by 13—1.

Scorers: J. Bradshaw 6, N. Dutton 3, F. Beagan 1, C. Cowell 2, I. Pooley 1.

The team members are: M. Kirkham (goalkeeper), D. Harrop (right back), M. Lomax (left back), G. Furber (right-half), G. Hughes (centre-half), R. Crabtree (left-half), C. Cowell (outside-right), F. Beagan (inside-right), N. Dutton (centre-forward). We are sorry to have missed the Staff v. Scholars match, but are eagerly looking forward to it some time in March.

Criticism.

Mary Kirkham.--Displaced M. Moore in goal after the second match in the Autumn Term, and has shown remarkable aptitude for this position. Her kicking is not,

P.G.14

However, her strongest point and she relies too much on her stick for stopping.

D. Harrop.--Has played a consistently good and steady game throughout the year. Her interception of passes and positioning has in many instances been the means of spoiling many attacks on the School goal. Sometimes, however, her hitting is weak and her passes do not reach her forwards.

M. Lomax.--Has combined excellently with her fellow back and has been a very strong defence. Mary fights to the bitter end when the team is being hard pressed.

G. Furber.--For the second year Grace has captained the team and our congratulations go to her for the success of her team. She is a player who is most noticeable when the team is fully extended.

G. Hughes.--Is an untiring player and has been the backbone or pivot of a well balanced team. Gwen's stick work, both in attack and defence, is excellent, and it is a joy to watch her movements. The team will miss her when she leaves.

R. Crabtree.--A quiet, careful, who although never outstanding, is a strong defence.

C. Cowell.--Has proven to be a very useful wing player, whose shooting from acute angles at unexpected moments has taken goalkeepers by surprise. Connie is sometimes a little late in pressing and often would beat the opposing half-back more easily if she used her inside player more.

F. Beagan.--The most unselfish forward in the team, whose passing in either direction is excellent. Florence has greatly improved this season.

N.Dutton.--Vice-Captain for the second year. Nora has worked well with her Captain and much of the shooting success of the team is to her credit. Her positioning has improved and her passing is excellent.

J. Bradshaw.--An untidy and clumsy player, who has greatly improved this season, and at times shows flashes of brilliance. Joyce, in her eagerness to excel, is often the most pressing forwards and her goal average this year shows her worth in the team.

I. Poley.--A steady player, who has not been over worked this season. Her work is good, but never brilliant, and her passing is most effective.

K. Cooper.--Acting as reserve to the team has been called upon twice during the season. Although very young, Kathleen is a very sure and capable player and much is expected of her in the future.

H.J.

P.G.15

3rd Nantwich Guide and Ranger Notes.

We have one objective to raise against the School Magazine—all contributions have to be in by half-term, and so all our news is rather out of date by the time it is published. Near the end of last term we played the School at hockey, and succeeded in winning a keenly fought game by 2 goals to 1. We hope to do as well in a netball match with them, which is to be held during the second half of this term. Last November the Rangers attended a conference, at which Miss Roche (a Chester D.C.) gave a very inspiring talk on "Citizenship." We also had group discussions on various subjects. This term we have been holding our Guide meetings on Fridays and Rangers on Tuesdays. We find this much more convenient than holding joint meetings. At present the Guides are very busy working for the District Inter-Patrol Competition.

E.A.H.,

P.G.R.

3rd Nantwich Brownies.

I wish the Editor would go to sleep for a time! No sooner does one return to School than there is a gentle request, "May I have your article for the Magazine, please?" And I really feel that at last I understand why the Englishman chooses a bull-dog for his mascot. Seemingly irrelevant. Probably!

Well, I think our most important news is that we have just received a visit from the D.C.,--Miss Hardman. She came, saw, and inspected. And I don't think she was disappointed, for every Brownie brought something that was part of a test, to show her.

On Friday three Brownies are going to Miss Richardson to be tested for their First Class Badges, and naturally we are very anxious that they should win them. I'm sorry, dear Editor, that this is all the news I can report, but last term's meetings were badly interrupted by the appearance of numerous mumps, and as I intimated before—this term is so very young!

R.E.G.

Open Air Club.

Sixteen members, with Mr. Taylor at their head, had a very enjoyable walk at half term. Starting from Winsford, we visited the flash and then set off north along the river, where slat works and all boats provided considerable interest. Leaving the river, we reached Vale Royal, where the wood

afforded a distinct contrast. From the Vale Royal we returned to Winsford via Whitegate. A torchlight ramble is to be held shortly one evening after School.

C.J.

P.G.16

The Stam Club.

This term has seen another development in the “outside” activities of the School, in the formation of a Stamp Club. It is not the good fortune of many schools to have on its Staff such an expert and experienced philatelist as Mr. Pelper, and it is owing to his efforts and organisation that the Club has been formed. Each week several boys meet, bringing their albums and duplicates, to catalogue and arrange their collections and exchange their duplicates. With a view to intensive collecting, rather than extensive, each member is specialising on two or three countries, and all are awaiting the end of term, when the different collections will be judged by the Headmaster.

G. Henshall

The History of Our School.

We print the following press account of the Headmaster’s lecture on “The Historical Associations of the Grammar School.”

The second of a series of three lectures on local history, arranged by the Cheshire Rural Community Council, was given in the Nantwich and Acton Grammar School, Nantwich, on Wednesday evening, November 22nd, by Mr. John Lodge, Headmaster of the School, who took for his address, “The Historical Associations of the Grammar School.” Mr. W. Harlock (Chairman of the School Governors) presided, and there was a large attendance.

“The Schoole-House Besydes the Churche.”

In his address, Mr. Lodge stated that in indicating the historical associations of the Grammar School it would be useful to follow three streams—Nantwich Grammar School, the Blue Cap School and Acton Grammar School, the Blue Cap School and Acton Grammar School—which converged to form the present Grammar School. The precise date of the founding of Nantwich Grammar School was unknown, but, curiously enough, it was first mentioned in connection with a brawl which occurred in Nantwich in 1572. A certain Roger Crocket was killed, and of the 120 witnesses called at the subsequent legal proceedings one was Humphrey Manwaringe, “at the schoolehouse besydes the churche.” The locality of the School was there indicated, and in 1621 there was direct reference to its founders, John and Thomas Thrush, of London, woolpackers, and to the then Headmaster, Randle Kent, who had the famous porch built in 1611, and whose signature was seen in the present school Hall.

Visit of James I.

In his headmastership King James I. visited Nantwich and graciously listened to an oration (doubtless in Latin) by one of the Grammar School boys. From the parish registers a list of succeeding Headmasters could be gleaned, but no detailed information

P.G.17

Was available about the way in which the School was conducted. That, however, continued the lecturer, could be deduced from what happened at Acton Grammar School. The precise date of the founding of Acton Grammar School was known, since it was preserved in an ancient vellum minute book, which contained entries from the founding of the School on May 26th, 1662, until its amalgamation with Nantwich Grammar School in 1885. From that book much could be learned about the work, play and penalties of schoolboys in those days.

Opening School at Seven A.M.

Religious instruction and the study of Latin and Greek constituted the bulk of the day's programme, which continued from seven a.m. to 11 a.m. and from one p.m. to five p.m. in the summer, with some remission in the winter. There were severe penalties for such offences as "swearing, cursing, filthy talking, fighting, robbing orchards and gardens, gaming, stealing their fellows' books, breaking of windows," &c. The salary of the headmasters was remarkably small, but they held church benefices as well. The School stood in the churchyard at Acton.

The Blue Cap School.

The third stream, proceeded Mr. Lodge, which contributed to the present Nantwich and Acton Grammar School was the Blue Cap School, which was first mentioned in 1712--"40 boys taught, who wear blue caps that their behaviour may be better observed abroad." the school was designed for the training of apprentices and the instruction was arranged accordingly. The charity of William Hodgkin (1689) was designed to assist apprentices to the shoe trade, but had latterly formed part of the Grammar School endowment. Perhaps the most famous Headmaster of the Blue Cap School was Toby Thompson, who held office for 55 years and died in 1851, leaving behind him a reputation for wit and singularity. The school was held in a building in Pepper Street. In 1860 Nantwich Grammar School was amalgamated with the Blue Cap School and removed to the site now occupied by the Headmaster's house, the old half-timber building being demolished. In 1885 Acton Grammar School was also amalgamated.

The Interest of The Wilbraham Family.

All three schools had owed much to the patronage of the Wilbraham family. The school passed through anxious times, but recovered itself by the end of the century. Its subsequent history as a co-educational secondary school was well known, and might be compared with the broad and

prosperous, but somewhat uninteresting estuary of a stream, whose beginnings had been small and unpretentious, but without romance, and whose course had passed within hailing distance of notable landmarks.

P.G.18

Reminiscences

Further reminiscences of The Old School.

By kind permission of Dr. Mathews we print the following letter from a former Headmaster of the School:---

Vicarage Terrace, Kendal,

Nov. 20,1932.

Mr dear Mathews,

Your request puts me in a difficulty, for I cannot lay my hands on any records. I fear they were destroyed when I left K.G.S.,--annual reports, concert programmes and so forth—but I will try to put on paper a few memories which may be of interest.

When I went to the Grammar School at Eater, 1901, there were 32 boys on the register, and I began with a staff of 2, on ridiculously low salaries. After I had been there a few weeks, Hy. Martin, the Chairman of Governors, came to the School and told me that he had been going into the accounts. They were very alarming. Unless things improved soon there would be a heavy deficit and the School would have to be closed. He was sympathetic, of course, but the Governors would have to face the facts.

Fortunately things soon did begin to mend. In my second term there were 45 boys and at the end of eighteen months 70, a number which, I was assured, had never before been reached in the history of the School. I managed to attract a few boarders and that helped, but what helped most I think was the annual Speech Day and entertainment, which it was decided to have in what I remember as the Town Hall. People pulled long faces when it was suggested. No one would come. It was bound to be a failure. But it was a success from the beginning and I have many happy recollections of those occasions. All the fun of extemporising a gallery at the back of the platform for the boys and so on. Later we became rather more ambitious. At

At the end of four years we had outgrown the accommodation of the School buildings and the Lower School was transferred to another building, the Technical School, if I remember rightly. Pressure

was then brought to bear on us to admit girls and we decided to do so. Dual education of girls were urgently needed in Nantwich. We began with quite young children, and my recollection is that we only admitted them to the lowest form.

The question of extension of the buildings had by now become very pressing. Plans were approved by the Cheshire County Council which promised a considerable grant in aid. These were submitted to the Board of Education, who sat on them for a year and then turned them down on the ground that

P.G.19

The site was not suitable in views of future probable requirements.

Then came the County Council scheme for the reorganisation of secondary education in Cheshire and their determination to erect a large County Secondary School at Crewe. This, they held, rendered Nantwich Grammar School redundant, and the prospect was that they would withdraw their grants to us (which as I see in a letter from Mr. Martin rose during my Headmastership from £60 per annum to £330 per annum). A compromise was reached under which the County Council would continue their support on condition that the School was given a "rural" bias. This led to the large scheme which resulted in the present buildings.

Meanwhile the girls, first admitted to the junior school, had grown up and began to flow into the upper school, which was sadly inadequate for a dual school. In my last term the number on the registers had risen to 122, the admissions that term, 30, being the largest during my Headmastership. Plans for temporary buildings had been passed and the erection of these buildings began the very week I left Nantwich for Kendal.

I am afraid this is an untidy production, but I must let it stand.

Yours very sincerely, S. A. Moor.

Deification, or A Night with The Goddesses.

Soft Lydian airs played by an unseen hand--
The trembling goddess, waiting in the wings,
Kicks off her shoes, glides in and takes her stand,
With thoughts that now transcend all earthly things.

She tries her best to look benevolent.
A thousand doubts and dears assail her mind,
She wonders if her gown was badly rent
When someone trod on't in the rush behind.
The music fades, 'tis time to speak her part,
She clears her throat, and ready to begin
She leaves behind this world of woe and sin,
Forgets her sister goddess, stately, fair,
A few hours since was charging down the wing,

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

With stick in hand, red cheeks and streaming hair,
As now of wondrous blessings she 'gins sing;
Forgets the weeks of endless practicing;
The struggling time she had to learn that song;
She feels she is indeed a heavenly thing--
A very deity.--But not for long.
With rude haste Prosper bids them all depart.
The lights go out, and back to earth comes she.
She doffs her crown, and sighs with heavy heart
For one more taste of immortality.

Dois Lake, Form VI.

P.G.20

The Gruffies

Quite recently the male element of the fifth and sixth forms respectively has been the object of amusement for the others of our noble institute. We have earned an uncommonly original sobriquet—the Gruffies at the Back—a sort of nom de voix, since it pertains to our vocal ability. “Gruffiy” is not very complimentary to us, for it conveys to the reader that our voices are harsh, grating and—gruff! Permit me to state, on behalf of the injured party, that we Gruffies have several voices each—on the average about three. The average fifth and sixth former can suit one of his voices to suit anything, but its effects is generally to depress the listener, for it is deep and unmelodious and there is a sort of languid and dejected twang about the whole thing. Its range is from the bigger bunch of black keys on the left of the lock of a piano, to about the very bottom F, after which it fades away altogether. This voice is the one used when singing the hymns at Prayers in the morning, and the National Anthem, and such like. We can sing “Auld lang syne” fairly well with this voice too, but we have to take refuge in our second voice for some of the higher notes. This second voice has a much shorter range—about one and a-half octaves in all: It starts near the lock of the School piano and ends in the vicinity of the top fah. This is our bathroom voice and is admirable for songs like “The Vicar of Bray” and “I am the Ruler of the Queen’s Navee. ”Of course, we only sing when washing and drying (this to females and juniors)--it is dangerous to sing while washing—and the noise omitted when cleaning one’s teeth is not unlike the blab-blab-blab of the war cries of a North American Indian as he trots round the paleface in the stew pot over the fire. This voice is superseded by a third—a melodious flute-like soprano at first—then a shrill falsetto, and finally ends in an ear splitting, banshee like shriek.

These three voices have thir advantages and disadvantages; for one thing they are not entirely controllable. On several occasions, I have unthinkingly ripped out “God save the King,” with m third falsetto voice, much to the amusement of some, and to the righteous indignation of others, who have asked me if I were trying to be funny. And all my fellow-men are in the same boat! Anyway,

“Variety’s the very spice of life

That gives it all its flavour,”

As Cowper wisely remarks, and this is where the males go one—or rather two—better than the females, who have to be content with one screech.

There are exceptions to every rule, and there are naturally exceptions in the matter of voices, sub and abnormal. There are, for instance, Remi(Nom de francais) and Ghandi (nom de leint). These gentlemen are the envy of all boys in the matter of voices, for Remi can give a horse whisper and neigh, and

P.G.21

Ghandi (at least he says he can—not that I am doubting his work—I would not for the world) has the special gift of singing, with volume, in a voice deeper than Flotsam’s or Jetsam’s! Ghandi has other gifts besides his vocal ability—for example, he hath a right-merry, excellent wit. He came to me the other day and said, “Why was John Arthur Green?” I looked at him, shook my head and muttered something like “A pity—so young—quite, quite batty—no hope—none!” the wronged lad looked me full in the face, there was an exultant gleam in his eyes as he perceived my confused and perplexed expression. His moment of triumph was at hand, he sniggered exuberantly, and uttered the words, “Because he say Joan White!” the confused and perplexed expression of my face still remained, and he explained “I think that’s a jolly good joe for the Mag., don’t you? Quite ingenious, what?”

“And genius shall not go unrewarded!” quoth I, flinging the waste paper basket at him. Thereupon he took up the challenge and lammed me with a gym shoe—and Mr.X---gave us two conduct marks each. Oh, yes gentlemen of the third forms, persons in the sixth, and event prefects, are in the running for those inglorious marks.

And now to resume my burbles on voices. Some time last term, at the Senior School Party, many of us had to endure the unmusical brawlings of five gawky individuals, who called themselves the Thrush Choir, because they all come from the grub eating faction. [N.B.--I suppose I’ll be slippered for this later, but here goes.]. The row was agonising, the play “Storming Weather” was foul, and all the persons concerned deserved annihilation. But, although the Thrush Choir was rotten, it could not possibly have been worse than three miscreants who sang “Tan tan tivvy-tally ho” at the Beer drinkers’ social a year ago. Fortunately those three dis-illusioned persons have left, so we shan’t have any more of them.

C. Sanders, Form VI.

Astronomy.

Our worthy head
One morning said:
“I wonder who

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

Can pint out true
Twenty stars in the sky
As they shine on high?"
To his surprise there was but one
(And she knew all the stars that shone),
And so he told us about the stars
(And also planets—he mentioned Mars).
We all of us knew the Major Urse,
But found that was but a precursor,
For there was Orion and Perseus,
And Cassiopeia and Cepheus.

P.G.22

Castor and Pollux, the heavenly twins,
Are across the sky from the great Serpens.
Near Perseus are the Pleiades:
I cannot find the Hyades.
Of course—it needless is to say--
Everyone knows the Milky Way.
Thus ev'ry night may be seen
Standing upon the village green,
Scanning the skies for the sight of some star
That we haven't been bale to find so far.

G. J. King, Form VI.

The Loch Ness Monster.

It may be black, it may be blue,
It may be green, or other bhue.
Each separate conjecture shows
That there's no-one who really knows.
It may be fat, it may be thin:
Perhaps it frowns—or does it grin?
It may be flesh, it may be fish;
Perhaps 'twould make a tasty dish.
Is it a seal?--or is it a shark?
Is it a whale?--or is it a lark
Got up for an advertisement?
Perhaps it is a dinosaur:
Perhaps it is a minotaur;
Perhaps it's something I can't spell.
One person who to see it went,
Said that 'twas a sea-serpent;

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

But there's no-one can really tell.
I put it to you:
I don't say it's true
But if you should ask for my private view
I should answer at once, without further ado,
That, as it possesses no kin and no kith,
The creature is probably only a myth.

G. King, Form VI.

"The Tempest".

Just about now (now being Ash Wednesday) Cacoethes Scribendi has come to dwell amongst us, which is not an excuse for, but an explanation of this and sundry other journalistic efforts. Dash it all, we can't all be Liam O'Flaherty--er—can we? Thus consoled, I will attack my own subject.

Well, a few months back the School was granted some sort of an amusement license, and the Staff dressed up, and thrilled us, as you will remember, with "The Importance of Being Earnest." And so either because the licence had not then expired,

P.G.23

Or because the School wanted to prove that the Staff "had nothing on them," comrade Shakespeare's "Tempest" was presented by an all scholars' cast. To say it was excellent is grossly under-rating it. According to the "New York Times" critic "it was a wow."

But now this article-writing business gets tricky. What to do next? If any of those Dramatis Personae are not mentioned they will surely be insulted or offended. A most subtle point this. So having dipped mypen in diplomacy, I will start off with the female of the species. Helen Crabtree, as Miranda, was the ravishing heroine, and it is regrettable that she had nothing heroic to do. Doris, Ruth and grace were naturally alluring, and having never seen a goddess up to the time of going to press, who am I to say that they looked a trifle baggy? Ariel was enchanting, she was indeed sylph like,--and that concludes the survey of the ladies.

Perhaps Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo were the most popular of the males, but it was not their manly beauty which thrilled us; Caliban's attraction lay in his repulsiveness, Stephano was our inimitable Charley, and Trinculo was just a silly ass. The handsome hero was Ferdinand (Barker). He was a very good actor, but why were some of his postures remindful of Sydney Howard? Alonzo succeeded in being quite regal, though his royal legs gave him a somewhat coltish appearance. His brother Sebastian bore no family resemblance whatever, and as for Prospero and Antonio they were the most unbrotherly duet yet seen upon any stage. But this was William Shakespeare's fault. Prospero was the most difficult and boring part of the whole play, yet Dunning made quite a lot of it. Still, how I wish he had not worn that unique hat. You remember, it was designed a la girls' slipper bag and executed in blue plush. This remarkable mode is absolutely unforgettable and it is hoped that it doesn't become popular. Next in the formidable list labelled Dramatis Personae comes Gonzalo, "an honest old counsellor," who sounds a trifle unnecessary. Bennett, however, was a jolly good "honest old counsellor," despite his tender years and possibly untried counselling. The only dual personality was Boulding, who played both Adrian and Francisco, although the author never intended him to. But who cares, for he did it very well. As for bosun,--well, his lurching in the ship-

wrecking scene was nearly magnificent. This leaves only the dear little nymphs and reapers to be mentioned. They were just sweet like most people at their age.

And now if anyone has been omitted it is because they were not worth mentioning: only those who did fine acting and showed the Staff "where they got off" having been considered worthy of inclusion in this survey. Dramatis Personae, the scholar spectators bow to you!

Bridget Durcan, Form VI.

P.G.24

Sea Moods.

The crystal blueness of the shining waters,
With sandy bottoms showing far below,
Small pearly sea-shells, coral-tipped and turquoise,
And fishes gliding where the ripples go.

Or sea-green water laughing at the sunshine,
Swelling gently in the summer breeze;
And out at sea white sails are slowly dipping,
As stately schooner rides upon the seas.

And there are times when winter winds are blowing,
When seas are grey as are the clouds above,
And sea-gulls fly o'verhead, and circle screaming
Around the cape or cross the wide grey cove.

Or in the climes where sun is always shining,
And though the skies are blue and blue the sea,
A mist upon the sea's face oft is hanging,
As though the sun sucks up the waves in glee.

Better than these is when days are windy,
With racing clouds that scud across the sky,
And wild white horses prancing over shorewards,
Hurling themselves o'er rocks with spray flung high.

Heraldry.

We first hear of heraldry in England in the eleventh century. When soldiers were covered from head to foot with armour it was necessary to have some means by which one soldier could be distinguished from another.

In this way the arms of one great leader would become famous and his family would adopt it for their coat of arms. Incidentally, the badge must be distinguished from the crest. The badge may be worn on liveries and uniforms, but the crest is only for personal use. Soon coats of arms became so numerous that heralds had to be appointed to prevent anybody using a coat of arms belonging to somebody else. The present headquarters of the heralds is the Royal College of Arms in London.

Shields are generally divided either horizontally and vertically, or diagonally. The left hand side of the shield, when facing it, is called the Dexter side and the right hand the Sinister side.

The centre point at the top of a shield is called the Chief. The top point on the Dexter side is called the Dexter-Chief, and the top point on the Sinister side is called the Sinister-Chief. The bottom point of the shield is the Base, to one side of it is the

P.G.25

Dexter Base and to the other side the Sinister Base. Half way between the Chief and the Base, in the exact centre of the shield, is the Fess Point. The description of a shield in proper heraldic language is called blazoning.

Sometimes the main divisions of a shield are converted into bands and are known as Ordinaries. The most important of these are the Chief, a band across the top occupying one-third; the Bend, a band extending diagonally from Dexter-Chief to Sinister Base; the Bend-Sinister, a band extending diagonally from Sinister Chief to Dexter Base; the Fess, a band as wide as the Pale, extending horizontally across the middle of the shield; the Chevron, two bars coming the Dexter and Sinister Bases respectively and conjoining in the centre; the Saltire, formed by the combination of a Bend and a Bend-Sinister; the Cross, an Ordinary having a perpendicular band meeting a horizontal band near the Fess Point.

Fortunately heraldic terms have changed very little. The background of a shield is called the field and is always of metal, colour or fur. The metals are Gold (Or), Silver (Argent). The colours are Red (gules), Blue (Azure), Black (Sable), Green (Vert), Purple (purpure). There are also two other colours, Tanne and Sanguine, but these are seldom ever used. The Furs are Ermine, Ermines, Erminois, Pean, Vair, Countervair, Potent and Counterpotent.

In the olden days everyone who considered himself a gentleman possessed a coat of arms. If a knight did something dishonourable, such as revoking his challenge or deserting his sovereign's banner, he either had his arms taken away from him altogether, or had a certain sign or abatement put on his shield. Shakespear, referring to this custom writes:--

“Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,

And be an eyesore in my golden coat;

Some loathsome dash the Herald will contrive

To cipher me.”

Any device on a shield excluding the Ordinaries is called a Charge. Geometrical designs and animals are often found on shields. The commonest animal on English arms is the lion, which is depicted on the shield in various attitudes.

A shield was often quartered to show the arms of ancestors. This is called marshalling. Sometimes a shield was divided in this way into sixteen parts. A knight was also allowed to adopt the arms of a vanquished enemy.

One comes across curious stories relating to some arms. The arms of Ulster are a red hand on a silver inescutcheon. This is the story which is said to be the origin of it. Two chieftains were approaching the shore of some new territory in boats and they decided that the first one to touch the land should become king. One chieftain, finding that the other was outstripping him, cut off his left hand and threw it on to the shore. Thus he became King of Ulster.

P.G.26

Heraldry has also proved useful in settling disputes. One law suit depended on finding out who was the founder of an ancient chapel. The counsel went to see the chapel and found the Ten Commandments written on some old plaster. He thought that perhaps a coat of arms was underneath. He managed to chip away some of the plaster and found the desired arms engraved beneath. These examples show that the study of Heraldry is useful as well as interesting.

Mary Timmis, Form Vua.

Matric.

Next term we sit for our matric.,
And the weeks are flying by;
We simply have to work and work,
As the time draws ever nigh.

I'm not afraid of French so much,
It's not so hard to learn;
But when it comes to swotting Maths.,
I don't know where to turn.
I never could do Geometry,

It gets me into a knot;
And after four years' work at it,
I still believe it's rot.

Mary Kirkham, Form Vua.

On Board the "M. V. Georgic."

Majestic and mighty, yet so calm and tranquil, lay the "Georgic" beside the wharves. The "Georgic" was immense, but how much more immense was her reflection, mirrored in the depths of the big, black, dock. As I walked by the side of the "Georgic" and, between the "Georgic" and the wharves, human beings seemed insignificant, puny objects; yet it was these insignificant, puny objects, that build and control these gigantic monsters. I then walked up the gangway, and the last thing I noticed before going on board the ship, was the huge nets going to and fro, empty to the wharf, loaded with crates and tubs, to the ship, when they were lowered into the blackness of the hold.

Here, I will not trouble the reader with a great amount of trivial detail, but I will just mention the most outstanding features. The ship was as firm as a rock; there was only the slightest trace of a gentle rise and fall. As I went along the corridors, one room took my eye in particular, that was the key room, where the walls were festooned with thousands of keys. The walls in the passages were of purest white and the walls around the stairs were ornamented more luxuriously.

P.G.27

I was shown into several rooms, and then I came to the first-class state room, which was a scene of palatial splendour. The carpets were of great thickness; when walked upon, it was like walking on feathery down. The furniture was superb, a king could not wish for better.

At the stern of the ship was the "Palm Court," where in the evening, concerts were held in fine weather under azure skies. This was gorgeously decorated with palms and other oriental plants.

I, in my wanderings, then came upon a fairly large swimming bath; the walls all around the room were richly decorated to represent scenes under the sea, such as Neptune with all his royal throng. The tiles at the bottom of the bath were greenish, and gave to the clear, crystal water a soft, greenish effect. The day was rather hot, almost oppressive, and to see the beautiful clear water made me want to drop in with my clothes on.

Finally, I came out on to the promenade deck and was met by a rush of cool and bracing air from the River Mersey, which relieved the heat of the day somewhat. I arrived at the end of my tour of inspection, and walked down the gangway. With one last look, I thought how impressive it was, the majestic aloofness of the "Georgic" and the frowning silence of the black dock.

D. Lewis, Form Vua.

Dawn

The raindrops tapped on the window,
The birds began to rill;
A soft breeze passed through the tree tops

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

As dawn came over the hill.

From far away—the sound of bells;
Dogs barked, and milk maids yawned;
A cockerel crowed in the old farm yard
Just as the new day dawned.

The shadowy veil was rent from the sky,
The sun sent a shimmering beam,
To awaken the earth from its sleep down below,
And Dawn passed away like a dream

Gwen Hughes, Form Vub.

Sum Prose.

The editor of this magerzeen sed in the last edition that he wonted more prose, so I thort I wud rite him sum. I am just riting about enythink, ou can corll it news.

The first bit of news is from Jamaker, where Miss Olson who yewst to teach at out scool, has succeeded in growing bananas with zip fasteners: Mr. Mills, however sez he is going to beet

P.G.28

This and is werking hard in an attempt to grow square trees.--This lesson the waist in the cutting of planks. Torking of masters my cheaf reporter tells me that I poor fourth former earned a hefty smak in the dial (spoiling a luvly set of adenoids) by upsetting a buckit of worter in the hall: Still that sort of thing does leave a nasty clean pach on the floor.

King Kong is now rowing up to Scotland in the Mauritania. He's going fishing for tiddlers in Loch Ness. Wile on the subject of fish I hear from a detectiv frend of mine staying at Pwthlyllwph, Whales, that a man has bean turned into a tadpole by a gypsy; It is nice to no, however, thath the simpathectic villagers presented the poor wife with a silver mounted jam-jar to keep him in. In a letter from this defectiv, he sed he had picked up a number of clues and was now aukshusly awaiting a crime to take plaice. Yes! Crimes are just like trouser buttons—they are constantly cuming off. Why, only last week a heading in the Acton Daily Graphic red-- "Man wonted for smash and grab raid/"--I take it the successful applicant wud be required to supply his own brick.

Buoys and girls are often disturbed from their swotting by the rook shooters in Dorfud park. Iam led to believe that last season they shot nine hudnred and ninety-nine, but I cannot believe the roomer that one sporting old crow flue down and offered to make up the thousand. Figures!--we all love figure (of a type) so an enthewsiastick sixth former has werked it out that the average family of today is 3.1. The .1 of course being farther.

Before I finish y prose I wont to make a remark about scool. Why on earth have 'so-and-so ski's' Andanti in somebody else's flat, played on the radiogram (you will be pleased to no that it will now go for three and a half minutes without the help of the master hand). I suggest that surely 'Stormy

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

Weather' played by Jack Payne wud be much popularer. To finish off properly this masterpiece I must give you sum poetry (Blow the editor and his prose), so here is a peace written in Ellserian type of stanza.

Now you must hear the story of the sergant taking drill

On Christmas day, when orl his men ate above their fill.
His soldiers cud not do their jerks, though dressed in all their glory,
So he sed, "You lot of louts I'll tell you a true story.
One Birthday my a gave to me sum soldiers made of wood,
And these I thort a lot of, just as eny smorll boy wud.
I went to Sunday Scool one day, and got quite tender hearted
That I thort of a weak child, and with my soldiers parted.
My mother whispered then to me, "Gud boy my little Jack,
I hope you will some day get your wooden soldiers back,"
But I short that day'd never cum, and so shed many a tar:
But now I find, you lot of louts, that day is surely here.

W. G. Ellson, Form Vub.

P.G.29

Irish Wit.

It was a very hot and sultry day when an Irishman strolled into the bar of a public house and said to the waitress, "Sure! I'll have a pint of yer fine ale, mavourneen." This was quickly brought to him by the barmaid and he drank it without allowing his lips to leave the mug until the last spot had been drained. He, then, put down five pence half-penny on the counter and prepared to take his leave, but the landlord, passing at that moment, called to him. "here! My man, you're a ha'penny short." "Sure, it's nothing of the kind," returned Pat, "it's yourself that's the ha'penny short," and stalked out of the house.

Margaret Moore, Form Vub.

A Ballad.

It was a ferrye passenger,
Stepped forth so hastily;
The boat it sayled upon the houre,
God wot he'd have to flee!

He hadna gone a steppe, a steppe,
A steppe but barely three,
But that he saw the lytel shippe,
Comme ploughing through the sea.

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

“A ticket, a ticket, good sir clerk,
A ticket I thee pray,
For I will catch you lytel boat,
If you doe not delaye.”

“No ticket, no ticket,” the clerk, he said,
No ticket I’ll thee gie,
Till you have payed the proper fare,
And gi’en it unto me.”

And he has got his ticket,
Has payed his gude monie,
And now is running down the pier,
Is running hastilye.

And he has but a yarde to go,
A yarde but barely three,
When the bell tolls, the gangways creak,
And left behind is he.

And from this song all passengers
Take hede, attend and marke;
And when you on the boat must go,
Be up before the larke.

Freda Edwards, | Form VIa.
P.G.30

The Torture Chamber

Life has many sorrows and life has many joys. One of its worst sorrows is having to visit the dentist. Once you have made an appointment at the dentist you cannot forget the evil hour. All through your work, all through your recreation, you think that the awful time is drawing near, and you hope that the dentist is only going to fill your teeth, and not pull one out, or vice-versa, according to taste. When, at length, the dreadful day arrives, you walk to the front door of the dentist's house, bravely ring the bell, and wait, quivering and quaking for an answer. A neatly-dressed maid comes to the door, and invited you upstairs. After a few minutes of suspense in the waiting room Mr. Dentist arrives, and shows you into his torture chamber. If it is your first visit, you are rather frightened by the horrible drill which hangs so near your head, and by the other weird instruments which furnish the room. You sit comfortably in your chair and are lowered or highered, which is rather a pleasant sensation. Then your mouth is explored, and the teeth are poked into with a sharp-pointed instrument. Then the dentist says, “What a pity; a large double tooth going there. One wants filling on this side, and two on the left side. It is exceedingly unfortunate, but your enamel is very soft.” Then he begins to fill your teeth, and grinds and grinds with that detestable drill, and when a large hole has been made, and the channel explored in the hopes of catching the nerve, it is filled up. When the actual filling commences you feel that your troubles are over.

Yes, they care certainly over for that day, but then the dentist comes towards you, saying, "Well, that is enough for to-day, thank you. Now, let me see, will next Saturday, at 11.30 a.m., suit you?" and you cannot escape him but meekly answer "Yes," and tremblingly wait for the next Saturday.

Jenefer Pearson, Form VIa.

My Gallery of fine arts.

Picture.	Title.	Artist.
A gas bill.	"The Charge of the Light Brigade."	S. O. Dear.
A dummy.	"A celebrated composer."	B. Aby.
A red handkerchief.	"An old organ blower."	A. Ragge.
A knife and fork.	"Ready for the meat."	D. Inner.
A hook and eye.	"Mated."	A. Button.
A nut	"The old colonel at home."	U. C. Racket.
A horse's tail.	"End of an old favourite"	K. Icker.
A Spanish onion.	"Natives of Spain in full costume."	S. Mell.
A pair of gloves.	"Kids at rest."	C. Hildren.

P.G.31

Picture.	Title.	Artist.
A pair of braces.	"A responsible pair."	B. Utton.
Candles.	"Pillars of Greece."	D. Ripping.
Cigar Dust.	"Ashes of the Great."	C. Oal.
Jam Jars.	"The Family Jars."	S. Quabble.
Needles.	"Rent collectors."	A. Bodger.
Potatoes.	"Commentators."	G. Arden.
An old pipe.	"Scene in Yarmouth."	O. Twist.

Nora Tomkinson, Form VIa.

A visit to the Photographer's.

The great day had arrived, I was to have my photograph taken at last. I spent a whole half hour in front of the mirror, endeavouring to find the position which best suited my noble nose. The rest of the family were trying to be helpful; my sarcastic sister said in her estimation, a back view would be the best. Needless to say, I promptly silenced her with a cutting remark.

Having decided on the position, I sallied forth to the studio, where I was received by a charming lady, and taken to a room, in which were the artificial aids to beauty. Needing none of these (?), I was soon ready.

The lady accompanied me to the studio, where the first thing I saw, was a fearsome looking apparatus on three legs, which was the camera.

The photographer soon put in an appearance, and placed me in position. He then disappeared behind the camera, while I conjured up the most seraphic of smiles, and waited patiently. After what seemed hours, when the smile had become a ghastly grin, he reappeared.

Three times he did this, each time rearranging my position. By this time I had decided not to smile, as my face was aching. He again disappeared behind the camera, when suddenly there was a loud bang; my sister's worst fears had been realised, I had broken the camera.

Eva Salmon, Form VIa.

Gypsy.

I'd love to be a gypsy, to live upon the moors,
To have a big red caravan, with little yellow doors,
With tiny lattice windows, and curtains oh! So neat,
A little crooked chimney, and a fire made of peat.

I'd love to be a gypsy, to live a country life,
A big black dog to play with and guard me through the night,
I'd take him with me to the town where I should sell my wares,
And we would play upon the moors without any cares.

Connie Cowell, VIb.

P.G.32

Cheddar Gorge and Caves.

One day in my summer holidays I had the pleasure of motoring through Cheddar Gorge and village (which is in Somerset, near Wells), and also of visiting the wonderful caves there.

The Cheddar Gorge, that immense chasm dividing the Mendip hills, presents a scene of indescribable beauty and grandeur. Opposite the well-known "Lion Rock" is the entrance to the beautiful caves.

These are probably the finest stalactite caves open to the public in the world. At the entrance to the caves many relics of ancient man have been unearthed, including bone and flint tools.. They form an interesting collection which are exhibited in the museum attached to the cave. Some little distance further in the cave, in a rift, the skeleton of the Cheddar Man was discovered in 1903, and some of the bones are still left to mark the spot.

Proceeding further into the cave, we came to the lofty and beautiful chamber known as the Fonts, formed by descending water and coated with stalagmite. Extending upwards it appears like a flight of steps, but closer scrutiny shows it to be a series of beautifully formed fonts or basins.

We next come to the Fairy Grotto on the corner of the path leading to the immense chamber known as Saint Paul's. This is the largest of the caverns, with a lofty dome-shaped roof. The sides and roof are coated with variously tinted stalagmite, which appear as if poured over the cliff like a frozen

waterfall. Here is Alladin's Cave, a most beautiful grotto. On the right are the magnificent stalagmite columns known as the pillars of Solom's Temple. The Niagara Falls and Frozen River are close by here and are very beautiful.

We then retrace our steps to the entrance of the cave and once more were out in the warm sunshine surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and finally after a flitting visit we passed through the quaint little village and were soon on our way once more.

Edna Charlesworth, Form VIb.

The Thunderstorm.

It is a hot sultry afternoon, the atmosphere is stifling, while black clouds, heavy with rain are angling overhead. In the distance one may hear an occasional rumbling of thunder or the half-frightened cry of a bird, as if the latter senses what tumult is to come.

Then comes a lull broken only by frequent gusts of wind. Not a bird sings; the whole nature world seems as if under some strange spell or else asleep. Now, the very silence seems uncanny,, but it is only "the calm before the storm."

P.G.33

Without warning there comes a crash of thunder and almost simultaneously the sky lights up under a blinding flash of lighting; heavy raindrops begin to fall from an angry sky.

The traveller raises anxious eyes and quickens his steps, hoping to find shelter before the storm gets worse, and so he hurries on with coat buttoned up and head bent. Overhead, the tall poplars rock dangerously, their slender trunks at the mercy of the tempest.

The next morning everything has changed. An invigorating freshness fills the air. The sky has cast off its dark mantle; the flowers hold up their heads again, while the grass underfoot looks fresh and sweet. Hark; we can hear the thrush piping a merry tune in the orchard, for sheer joy of the morning.

Everything seems gay once more.

Gweneth B. Roberts, Form VIb.

A night in the open.

The red glow of the old log fire gradually became duller as the logs burnt away. It was just ten o'clock and it was a cold, dull night, with no moon or stars in the sky.

My companion and I had come out of our tent to the fire to see if we could warm ourselves. There was slight crash as a half-burnt-out log fell through the embers. This sent up a shower of sparks, which for a moment lit up the ground around us. I stood up and picked up a broken tree branch about three feet long. With which I stirred the fire, causing it to throw a red glow around us.

Walking a short distance from the fire, as I stooped down and gathered a few short logs which I threw on the fire. Soon these began to crackle, as the flame caught the dry wood.

"There, that's better," I remarked, as I sat down by the fire again. "I feel a lot warmer now. How about you?" I added, turning to my companion, who was crouching close to the fire a short distance from me.

"Oh, I'm warmer, too, now, thanks," he answered, "but I'm tired out. I think I'll go back to bed."

I watched him go into the tent. A few minutes later when I joined him, he was on the point of going to sleep, but still he found time for another work or two.

"Which would you rather do, if you had the choice; sleep in a tent like this or indoors in a room in a house?" he asked with a yawn, as I was making myself comfortable.

"I, why I would rather sleep outside than in a stuffy bedroom. Who wants to sleep indoors on a lovely night like to-night? I don't, anyhow. I'm not afraid of the cold. I'd sleep outside any fine night. But what about you?" I added, turning to my companion.

P.G.34

"I agree with you," he answered sleepily. "It's much nicer to wake up in the morning in a tent in the open than in a stuffy bedroom.

"Quite," I agreed. "Well, it's half past ten. What about going to sleep?"

"Yes, I'm going to. Good night."

"Good night," I answered, turning over to go to sleep.

S. Lloyd, Form VIb.

My Chance.

I cannot sing, my gentle friends,
I merely write bad verse
And even then my poem tends
To go from bad to worse.

I set to work with book and pen,
Without hesitation,

But when it comes to writing; then
I'm short of inspiration.

So please excuse this effort, friends,
If I appear to lag,
On it my only hoe depends,
Of getting in the mag.

Hiklary Evans, Form Ra.

"Star Gazing."

"Twinkle, twinkle little star," and it is your duty to do so, for here I am especially equipped to gaze at your shining light. A hoar frost covers the ground and my ears tingle as I try to bury them more deeply in my scarf. Ah! That must be the "Plough" over there; as the carrier says in Henry IV., "Charles' wain is over the new chimney." I change my position only to find a tree between myself and the constellation. I move again and gaze rapturously at the "Plough." Following the two "pointers," I find the North Pole Star. How this twinkling light must have lured on and encouraged the courageous explorers who, for so many years, attempted to reach the North Pole! How many "travellers in the dark" has it directed on pathless hilltops or when lost on a lonesome moor. No doubt it helped many a wounded soldier in "No Man's Land" to crawl back to his own lines instead of the enemy. "I am very proud to know you, North Pole Star."
Alas, I am not a brave adventurer, for I jump at least three feet high when something suddenly rubs against my legs. It is only a black cat wondering what has brought me forth at this unwonted hour. I continue my "star gazing" and look somewhat

P.G.35

Enviously at Cassiopeia comfortably seated in her chair. Her husband seems to be keeping in the background to-night for I fail to find him. By turning about, however, I can find Orion resplendent with his sword and belt. The dog star is like a brilliant jewel as it flashes in different colours. A cool breeze begins to blow; little white clouds appear between me and the milky way as "Goddess excellently bright," the Moon herself, appears above the horizon. A silvery light spreads around me and the trees cast ghostly shadows as I make my way towards the house. When I reach the doorstep I take one last look at the beauty of the sky and think that Lorenzo was right when he said, "Look how the floor of heave
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

Ena Carr, Form Ra.

My dream cottage.

Oh! That wind would carry me,
Or a gentle stream bear me away,
To a happy land!

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

A care-free land!
Where summer would never decay.

And oh! To find a cottage there,
A cottage built of stone,
With a thatched roof,
And an oak door,
Where the world would leave me alone.

And oh! For an old-world garden,
With bee-hives and flowers gay,
And a bird-bath,
And a stone path,
Then the close of day.

Margaret Dutton, Form Ra.

A visit to Liverpool Docks.

Twelve months ago "Uncle" Horace kindly offered to take me on a tour of Liverpool docks. On reaching Queen's Ferry, we inserted our pennies in the slot machine, and two tickets appeared forthwith. After waiting awhile, we heard a rattling sound of sliding chains, and on looking round I espied the newly painted ferry boat, on which we were to make the crossing. A section of the bulwark slid noisily down to form a gangway, and was attached to the shore by grappling irons. When our turn came, we went on board, and as it was a fine day, mounted some iron steps on the top deck; and the boat was soon steaming along a semi-circular route across the "bottle neck" of the Mersey. As far as our eyes could reach, there were ship-building yards

P.G.36

(one particular one being Camel Laird's), cranes and grey smoke. From the boat we had an excellent view of the great Liver building and imposing buildings of White Star, Cunard and Canadian Pacific Lines, all on the Liverpool side, which we were rapidly approaching. Then, with a grating and rattling of chains, the gangway was again lowered, and once more we found ourselves in the crowd, and were soon off the boat and on the concrete landing stage.

Here we stayed for a while talking, and Uncle Horace said, "It seems wonderful in the extreme, but this structure is floating on iron!" I stared at him aghast, but he enlightened me by saying "Yes, it is true. There are numerous hollow iron cubes, of large dimensions, filled with air," and continued, "If one of these springs a leak, it does not sink, for each one of these is fastened with chains to the stage."

After watching the lock's gates swinging round, we went to the large new Gladstone Dock by the overhead railway. We were hailed by a peasant officer, who gave us permits to go round the "Duchess of Richmond."

The first thing I saw was the ship's crow's nest, with the enclosed ladder leading to it. Further along we came to large libraries, lounges, dining-rooms, a nursery, and some luxurious smoking-rooms. Descending further stairs, we arrived in a kitchen, where there were all manner of electrical conveniences, except, of course, in the grill. Next we saw how the lifeboats were lowered and launched, and, at the end of our tour we were shown a compact little switchboard, which was concealed by an ingenious "sliding panel" device.

We reached home soon after dusk, and I was very glad to be able to look back on such an interesting and instructive experience.

J. O Green, Form Ra.

The Stream.

The peaceful stream flowed slowly onwards beneath the archway of willows, whose low, hanging branches dipped into the placid water. The sun shone through the interlocked branches and threw an intricate mosaic of light and shadow on to the surface. The reeds along the banks swayed to and fro with the movement of the water. In the shadow of these reeds lurked a solitary trout, his brightly speckled back adding a touch of colour to the depths. Over the surface a swarm of insects buzzed and hummed unceasingly. Suddenly a kingfisher flashed across the stream and dated his beak into the water, to withdraw it with a poor fish held tightly in it. The fish made desperate efforts to escape, but without success. He was gulped unmercifully down as the bird returned to his hole in the bank to watch for other unwary prey, who might venture too near his domain.

K. Sambrook, Form Ra.

P.G.37

Articles.

Our form has been asked to write something for the Magazine, as I suppose every form has.

The first idea that came into my head was to obtain a large sheet of paper, and inscribe thereon 'A.' Some people (only the clever ones) know that 'A' is an article. Well, I nearly did this, but after some thought decided I would not, as I feared the consequences.

Sometimes when I have but one night in which to write a poem, verses such as:

Once on a time there was a man
Who drank his tea from a frying –pan.

Or:--

One day I was climbing up a tree, What did I see there? Why! A bee!

Keep running through my head and preventing my mind running into more serious channels of thought.

Usually at about 10 o'clock at night genius burns. Quite unaccountably parents consider this to be a most inopportune time for home-work, and orders for bed stop the 'flow of genius.'

Peggy Haighton, Form Ra.

Gypsy Life.

I should love to be a gypsy,
With a free and easy life;
To roam about the hills and moors,
Away from noise and strife.
I should have a pretty caravan,
All painted white and gold;
Inside it would be cosy,
To keep me from the cold.

I should take my little basket,
To sell my pretty things;
My lace and bright red ribbons,
Beads, and lucky golden rings.

Margaret Dentith, Form Rb.

"Candlemas Bells."

Only a few days have passed since Candlemas Day, but already there are very distinct signs of the advent of Spring. Under the leafless trees 'Candlemas bells,' brave little messengers of brighter days, bow their heads to the cold winds and cruel frosts, but it only requires one warm ray of sunshine to encourage the beautifully poised white bells of the snowdrops to chime once again their message of hope to mankind.

In the woodlands the gay little blue-tit, with his glorious plumage and lifting love-call of two notes, is trying to attract the attention of a demure little hen bird; while in a hawthorn bush near by two precocious young blackbirds are having a

P.G.38

Strong argument over the possession of a bright eyed little female's affections. She, however, pretends to be quite unaware of the tumult she is causing in the hearts of the two arrogant young gentlemen.

As the days pass by and the sun's rays become stronger, here and there pale primroses or shy violets raise their pretty faces to the warmth. So by degrees all Nature answers the call of the little Candlemas bells, until at last the dainty daffodils, dancing in the bright March sunshine, proclaim with a fanfare of golden trumpets that "Spring is here>"

M. Lancaster, Form Rb.

An Adventure.

One day as I walking along the shore, I saw a small motor boat approaching at a tremendous speed. I saw it reach the shore; as soon as it touched the sand, out leapt three brawny, rough looking

seamen, who, by dint of great exertion, managed to drag their boat into some bushes which were growing near by. After filling in the groove in the sand made by the boat, they all took from the boat a goodly sized packet and retired to a cave, near to where I was lying watching the proceedings. Two of the men entered, leaving a third on guard. This aroused my suspicions and I thought of notifying the coastguard. But how was I to escape? I looked around; there were plenty of rocks and bushes for cover, but to my disadvantage there were many loose, easily moved small stones to cross. I began to crawl forward on my stomach. Crack! A loose stone rattled down. Has the guard heard? No! The man has not moved. After more cautious creeping I reached the grassy edge of the cliff upon I could run to the coastguard.

The coastguard arrived and took the men, who had proved to be dope smugglers, away. For this service I received a handsome reward and everyone was well pleased—except the smugglers!

W. Ridgway, Form Rb.

Ode to A Violet.

Violet, O Violet,
Thou art the sweetest
Flower I know,
Underneath
The hedgerow.
Violet,
My Violet.
I class thee above
All other flowers,
Thy head is bent,
And sweet thy scent.
With thee I spent
My happy hours.
Violet,
My Violet.

P.G.39

Thou growest with
The moss so clean,
But above it all
Thy head is seen;
'Tis mauve and green.
Violet,
My Violet.
When Spring is gone,
Gone far away;
And summer's come,
Thou dost decay.

I laid me down,
For thee I wept.

Violet,

My Violet. Pamela Ball, Form IVa.

An Irish Legend.

In the remotest part of Ireland stands a large house. Surrounding it are immense pine woods, dark and dreary, where little hob-goblins are said to have been seen. Not far away stand a few little cottages, but not even these simple village inhabitants dare go near this house. Why? It has a reputation of being haunted! No one can remember if the house had been habited—I daresay it had once, many years ago, but it has been empty for as long as I can remember.

At night, when all is still, strange lights have been seen, and ghostly forms gliding down the worm-eaten staircase, and the nightly 'tu-whit-to-who' of the owls echo in the huge oak-beamed rooms. Long black webs hang from the dirty, cracked ceilings, and large, brown-winged night moths flutter by.

Not even tramps go near the house, whether it be wet or fine—one, I believe, did, but I doubt if he stayed in long. I should not have done myself.

You may believe this tale, and you may not, but if you really wish to know whether it is true, , I advise you to go and find out for yourself!

Pamela Ball, Form IVa.

Thoughts of Flowers.

Only a few flowers in my garden bed,
But of these few flowers so much can be said.

The purple pansies lift their drooping heads,
They stand for Great Thoughts so I've heard it said.

The blue forget-me-not, so wee, so bright,
Brings to us memories of friends out of sight.

There clothed in snow-white gowns the lilies stand,
They show the mark of Purity, I understand.

And last, but not the least, the red, red rose,
The emblem of our England, the pride of all to know.

Vera Purcell, Form IVa.

P.G.40

Hunting

One Saturday morn we hunting went;
To catch our thoughts were bent.
The hounds they met at Doddington,
And we were out to have some fun.

The Chapel Wood concealed a fox,
We ran it to the Checkley rocks;
It beat us there and ran to ground,
And then we all had to turn round.

The Chapel Wood again was drawn,
It was the second time that morn;
This fox it went to Betley moss.
The fox came down and it was lost.

R. Barnett, Form IIIb.

A walk through the woods.

One beautiful morning in Spring I went for a ramble through the woods about a quarter of a mile away from where I live. It is surprising how very interesting it is if one is at all observant. The blue-bells looked like a mist through the trees and the birds were singing their beautiful songs. As I sauntered along a snake wriggled across the path. It was about one yard long. I have been told they are quite harmless. When I reached the middle of the wood I heard a faint squeak and looking round saw a stoat had caught a wild rabbit. The stoat ran away, but the little rabbit died from fight. As I stood admiring the honeysuckle twined around an old tree, I noticed a little robin fly out of a rusty tin which lay on the ground. Walking nearer, I saw five little eggs inside the cosiest nest I have ever seen.

Peggy Purcell, Form IIIb.

The Meeting.

The king and queen they met together,
They stood among the purple heather;
One wore red, an done wore green.
The one in red was not the queen.

H. Bellamy, J.D.

The Illness.

Mary's feeling sick and ill,
I think she ought to take a pill;
She's feeling like I don't know what,
Her face is red, her forehead hot.

H. Bellamy, J.D.

P.G.41

Wishes.

I wish I were a luckman,
I wish I were a whale,
I wish I were a monster,
With long and curly tail.

H. Bellamy, J.D.

Washing Day.

Washing day is here again;

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

I love to play on Mondays
To get my hands all soapy wet,
And wash my dollies' undies.

I think its jolly playing here,
And spilling all the water;
But when my mother comes along,
She spansks her little daughter.

Joy Briggs, J.D.

The Tanning of Sole Leather.

One afternoon last term Mr. Harere changed into sole leather.

First the hides are washed in fresh water pits, then transferred to lime pits. The lime and sodium sulphide loosen the hair and cleans up the pelts. They are then taken to the unhairing machine. For knives attached to a long roller come down and cut the hair of the pelts Now they are brought to the fleshing machine and inserted between two iron rollers below, and one grooved iron above, which revolve and so remove the flesh. (The flesh is afterwards used for making wine gums.)The hides are now cut up into shoulders, "bucks," or backs , and bellies. This is done skilfully by hand with a sharp knife. The tanning process now begins. The hides are suspended In tanning fluid in large pits and kept moving up and down by machinery. The tanning liquor in the pits is at first weak, and the hides are gradually transferred to pits containing stronger liquor, until they are thoroughly tanned. They are then piled high one on top of another and roped in so as to squeeze the tan into them.

Now they are put into hot tan pits, then taken to the drums to be washed in clean water, after which they are put into drums containing oil. This penetrates the leather and makes it soft and pliable.

They are again oiled by hand, and put on to a drying machine, where they hang in the air till they are half dried. Any remaining hair is removed by a revolving machine, with a narrow roller covered with emery paper. Then a heavy rolling

P.G.42

Machine rolls out all creases and makes the leather smooth. More oil is applied, the bucks are cut in half and all the leather is hung on hooks in a heated room to dry. They are lastly roped into bundles and are ready for sale.

Mr. Barnett said that he processes now used are almost the same as were used hundreds of years ago.

H. Backley, J.D.

Nantwich and Acton Old Grammarians Association.

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

The Annual General Meeting was held at the School on February 9th, about 25 members being present. The following officials were elected for 1934:--

President, Mr. J. Lodge; Chairman, Mr. E. H. Steventon; Treasurer, Mr. G. K. Evans; Joint Secretaries, Miss M. Whitlow and Mr. W. Blud; Vice –Presidents of the Association are as follows, Misses W. Trentham, E. Hall, Messrs. W. Harlock, B. Mills, W. Emberton, R. W. Mather, M. Boyer, H. T. Johnson, G. K. Evans, E. H. Steventon, E. C. Grocott, J. Pickerill. Members of the Committee are: Misses E. Whitlow, D. Green, M. Day, E. Garne, S. Belfield, Messrs. H. Owen, P. Moore, L. Boughey, A. Kane, R. Edwards.

Arrangements are being made for the Annual Dinner, which is to be held at the School on |Friday, February 23rd, when we hope to meet many old friends.

Subscriptions are now due; please joining and help to make 1934 a record year for both Annual Members and Life Members.

M. W.

B. M.

First Impressions of Sweden.

We are grateful to Mr. Mather for the following account of his early experiences in Sweden.

Living in a foreign county is undoubtedly a very interesting and enlightening experience, but it can also sometimes be a very embarrassing one too. At least it was in my case. I landed in Sweden in September last, with no knowledge of the language, a geography-book idea of the country, and a very hazy idea of where my destination lay. Eventually I did manage to get to the right place, having taken the initial precaution of typing the address in order to display it before the railway porters and such people with a view to getting travelling directions. Once I tried to pronounce the name of my destination, but the look of inexpressible amazement which appeared on the face of the person whom I was addressing, convinced me that it was quicker and safer to produce my typewritten card. Well, having reached Svalof, an agricultural village, of about eight hundred people, |I paid a visit to the institution at which I was to work, only to find that the head and all the other English speaking people were away. Fortunately the Professor's

P.G.43

Wife spoke a little English and she fixed me up at the local hotel for the time being. Finally I was put to live with the local policeman. I have never been able to find out whether this was merely the best arrangement that could be made, or whether it was intended as a precautionary measure. So far the only interest that the law has displayed in me has been to have me sign a number of very official looking forms, none of which I could read, as they were all in Swedish. I can only trust that they were not incriminating in any way. Still, I have been allowed to remain here, so I must have been passed as a comparatively harmless human being.

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

The villagers soon picked me out as a rather unusual zoological specimen, as they displayed that rather obvious interest in me, which villagers do in anything novel. However, the word went round that if anyone saw a person with a somewhat outlandish colour scheme and speaking a strange gibberish, they need not run for the policeman, as it was merely the new Englishman who had been approved by the local constable. Hence I was soon fixed up with the name of "Engelsmanen" and accepted as a harmless, if curious, member of society.

I soon decided that being too obviously English was unnecessarily conspicuous, so I conformed to the customs of the country as well as I could, ate the food with as good a face as I could produce, and endeavoured to learn some Swedish. I have succeeded in liking, or at least becoming accustomed to, the food although certain dishes, particularly one consisting of goose's blood and prunes, make me feel a little unsteady inside to this day, but the language is a very different matter. I can buy the ordinary necessities of life by means of my Swedish; I can even tell whether a railway carriage is intended for smokers or travellers with dogs; but I simply cannot say "seven" in Swedish. The correct pronunciation of this and certain other words which apparently must be produced from somewhere in the regions of the lowest waistcoat button, but I have never attempted to hold conversation in this language, even if I do have to say six plus one instead of seven, and I have the consolation of hearing some really amusing Swedish attempts at pronouncing English words.

I have not said anything about the people or the country, as there is really not much to say. This part of Sweden, the province of Skana, is very flat and looks very much like Cheshire, except that the fields have no hedges to them and that it is mainly arable land. Incidentally, what cows there are are chained down to pegs in the fields to stop their eating too much grass. The climate, though windy, is not terribly cold, although the people here treat winter with a very wholesome respect. They appear to think that because I do not wear an overcoat with at least six woollen linings, I must be perpetually cold.

The people are extremely nice and never lose patience with my rather rambling attempts to make myself understood. They

P.G.44

Appear to think that because I am a foreigner it is not my fault if I make some occasional faux pas, as I really cannot be expected to know better, and they do their best to make me comfortable and to entertain me.

Finally I must say that up to the present my time in Sweden has been very enjoyable, is a little embarrassing sometimes, and I am sure that it will continue to be so.

K. Mather.

Valete Et Salvete.

Left:--

Hodgkin House.--

Boys: R. Clarke.

Girls: K. Griffiths.

Thrush House.--

Boys: R. Ankers, C. A. Hinde.

Girls: J. Bromley.

Wilbraham House.---

Boys: C. A. Green.

Girls: B. Lake, D. Simpson.

New Pupils.--

Hodgkin House.--

Boys: D. M. Adams, S. J. Adams.

Girls : R. Williamson.

Wilbraham House.--

Boys: D. H. A. Ratcliffe, D. H. Hall.

Girls: M. Vernon, D. Knowles.

C. Ardern and E. Norman have not yet been assigned to Houses.

Acknowledgments.

We beg to acknowledge:---

Several most interesting Canadian newspapers from our late Headmaster, Col. A. T. Powell.

The Wittonian.