

The Nantonian.

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May, 1940.

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Nantwich and Acton Grammar School Magazine.

Editorial Committee.

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May, 1940.

New Series.

Vol. II., No. I.

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Editorial.

With this issue we begin Volume Two of the New Series. In review of the first volume we may say that we are highly satisfied with the standard of our achievement. The introduction of a varied selection of the work of our Photographic Club in the November Magazine met with universal praise and once again we thank Mr. Bailey and congratulate him on the high quality of his work. Whilst new features merit our attention and approbation, let us be mindful of those contributors who, under the direction of Miss Evans-Hughes, produce a steady stream of finely executed lino cuts and other illustrations, including the permanent headings like the beautiful initials which Brenda Fers has drawn for this issue.

At times we have had cause to complain about the standard of the literary articles; but of late we have had many meritorious efforts and the literary articles; but of late we have had many meritorious efforts and the task of selection has been rendered more difficult. That is what we like: the harder the choice the higher the standard. We must thank members of Staff for their interest in this side of production and now we are pleased to print contributions by Mr. Lewis, Mr. Caunt (whose second instalment of Weights and Measures we have eagerly anticipated), and Mr. Hughes, from whose correspondence to the Headmaster we have chosen extracts, which we feel sure will be read with great interest and appreciation by all.

In the Old Grammarians' Notes Mr. Mills appeals for news of Old Boys (and possibly Old Girls) serving with H.M. Forces Any information—direct or indirect—will be most welcome, since we hope to print news of them as circumstances and occasion permit.

What the future may hold for us we cannot tell; but so long as it is possible we shall strive to make this second volume as great a success as its predecessor, and, as in the past, this will depend on the interest, loyalty and active co-operation of us all.

School Notes, April, 1940.

Work on the extensions began in June, 1938, and will certainly be prolonged into June, 1940. We had the use of the new wing in September, 1939, and of the enlarged hall in March, 1940. Work still continues on the new laboratory and library and other places inside and outside the building.

We actually held our Carol Concert in December, 1939, in the enlarged hall, but with a floor only partially blocked and walls completely undecorated. The Skill of Miss Uttley and Mr. Bailey, however, transformed this desolate scene into a place of beauty, which provided a worthy setting for a delightful Carol Concert, which was given under the direction of Miss Knowelden, and included an admirable "fairy tale," written and produced by Miss Trentham.

During the Christmas holidays a number of senior pupils assisted Mr. Mercer at Reaseheath by copying details of fields on to six inch maps in connection with the scheme for ploughing up land. Their pleasant experience is recorded elsewhere.

The new stage was "tried out" by an interesting dramatic reading of Shakespeare's "Tempest," which was given by certain members of the Staff and pupils before the whole School, and proved so successful that it is proposed to subject Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and Milton's "Comus" to the same treatment during this term.

Last term, which owing to an early Easter ended on March 20th, was short enough in any case, but it was rendered still shorter for some of us by the severe weather which on Monday, January 29th, reduced our numbers to less than 70 and gave us for that week an average attendance of 28 per cent. Many schools had to close owing to shortage of fuel, but we were lucky enough to be able to borrow some coke from the School of Agriculture at Reaseheat, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Mercer, the Principal, and we thus carried on without closing.

It is worth recording here that during mid-winter we had to shorten our day so as to finish school at 3.15 p.m. in order that boys and girls might reach home and cleaners sweep the School before black-out time, roads being dangerous after dark and the building only very partially equipped with dark blinds.

Congratulations to Grace Furber on her magnificent achievement at the Royal Southern Hospital, Liverpool, where she has won several prizes,

Together with a gold medal, which has not been awarded for eight years and which carries with it a special grant of £40 from the John Rankin Fund for Nurses.

We gratefully acknowledge books kindly given by Miss Uttley and A. Lodge, by Mrs. Fairbank in memory of Joyce Kellow, and by Mrs. Marshall Robinson as a parting gift from Helen Robinson, and a picture kindly given by Mr. J. E. Bowers.

With the generous assistance of Miss Uttley and Miss Toale and of Messrs. Bailet, Carey and Gowanlock a number of senior girls and boys have during the past winter received valuable training in first-aid.

The School provides exceptional opportunities for hearing good music. We are daily indebted to Miss Knowelden and Miss Hutt for the musical voluntaries at our morning assembly. To these ladies and to Mr. Lewis we have become further indebted for the arrangement and presentation of the musical recitals, which our large and varied collection of gramophone records enables us to hold on those afternoons when the weather makes games impossible.

J.L.

Preparatory School.

The notes for the last issue were written early in October. We were then making big efforts to secure blankets in case of air raids and we eventually succeeded in collecting thirty-four. They are reposing in two big chests and long may they remain there!

We have also done our best towards the waste paper collection for war purposes. John Lake has been in charge, and has done his work enthusiastically and well.

Pupils have been encouraged to knit comforts for the Forces. Practically every boy and girl has attempted something, and by the end of the Spring Term, with the kind assistance of parents, we had sent off three parcels to the Army, three to the Air Force, and four to the Navy. These contained a total of eighty-nine articles. We have also sent a large parcel to the Army in France, packed with cigarettes, soap, playing cards, mouth organs, magazines and books.

Before Christmas we made a collection of forty-six garments for evacuees, which were sent to the Clinic in Barker Street for distribution.

In November we again made our effort for the Humane Education Society, sending a contribution of twenty-seven shillings to the Bazaar held in The Onward Hall, Manchester.

Owing to the black-out we were unable to hold our Annual Christmas Party, but we did our best to make up by having a "Games Afternoon" as a finish to the term.

We have had a marvellous show of bulbs this year. Fifty-seven pots of various kinds were planted in November, including daffodils, crocuses, scilla, snowdrops, poet's and poetaz narcissi, barri conspicuous, hyacinths, and several varieties of tulips. We buried all under cinders, and lifted half before Christmas. These bloomed from January onwards, but we were unable to take up the rest until after the frost and snow had disappeared. In consequence the flowered very late and unfortunately were at their best when we closed for Easter.

We debated whether to send our subscription to the Wild Flower Society this year, and eventually decided that we must continue our support. A few pupils have already commenced their wild flower collection and there seems to be a very keen and eager group anxious to emulate last year's effort.

During the bad weather in January we still carried on, although one morning our numbers had dwindled to nine pupils. A shortage of coke necessitated our being transferred to the Upper School, which the children regarded as a thrilling experience. They thoroughly enjoyed being moved from room to room, in spite of the fact that they had to carry all their belongings round with them, and they lost all manner of things in transit!

Hodgkin appears to be the strong House at the moment, being the winner of the House Mark Shield and Spelling Plaque for both the Autumn and Spring Terms, by a total margin of sixty-two and ninety-five points respectively.

We ended the Spring Term with a "dramatic" afternoon among ourselves. Form I. gave a little playlet adapted from the ballad "Bar the Door." Form III. Presented "The Man in the Moon," and Form IIu. Gave the fairy scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

It was a very credible effort, and according to remarks overheard, dressing up was not the least part of the children's enjoyment.

M.G.

Speech Day.

We print the following account of our Speech Day ceremony from The Chronicle of March 16th:--

Nantwich and Acton Grammar School Speech Day was held last Friday, March 8th, in the new hall, which is part of the recent extensions of the School. Speech Day is usually held in November, but this time it was postponed until the new hall had been completed.

Naturally, while this and other alterations were being carried out a handicap was placed on teachers and pupils alike, but they met their difficulties in a manner to which the Headmaster (Mr. Joh Lodge), in his report, paid tribute. He said it afforded striking testimony to the healthy discipline of the School.

The accommodation of the new hall was taxed to the limit. Mr. W. Harlock (Chairman of the Governors) presided, and those on the platform included the Headmaster and Mrs. Lodge, Mr. And Mrs. Greaves, and members of the Governing body.

The Chairman said his thoughts were with the boys who would be leaving school to face a national duty. If the war continued, some demand would soon be made upon them, but in the meantime they should all strive in every way to bring about a state of peace. Behind that seeking after peace, however, there should always be prayer to Almighty God that peace might come. He knew it was difficult for boys and girls to cultivate the wonderful privilege given to every human being to seek God in prayer, but in the presence of so many young people he thought it was only right and proper, faced as they were with a great national crisis, that he, as Chairman, should address them in that strain, and impress upon them that at all times they could depend on Divine guidance. Referring to the School extensions, the Chairman described them as a contribution to the cultural life of Nantwich and district, and he urged the students to exert every effort to continue that culture which was the pride and glory of England.

The Headmaster, in his eighth annual review, explained why Speech Day had been postponed. In the course of his report Mr. Lodge said:--

We can feel intense satisfaction that the extension of the hall has been completed, that it had been completed without undue delay, and that it has

Been completed so thoroughly and so tastefully. I do not suggest that the hall is ideal in shape or in size. Its shape is merely the best possible adaptation of the old hall and leaves much to be desired; and you, ladies and gentlemen, are (I am afraid) uncomfortably aware that for an occasion of this kind it should be a good deal bigger: and even so we have been obliged to exclude those pupils who are new to the School this year, as well as the whole of our Preparatory Department, except its staff and its prize winners. And even for the ordinary purposes of every day we find that it is barely large enough; but, whatever its limitations, it assuredly possesses the dignity and comeliness which are such desirable attributes of a school hall, and I can assure you that it gives me particular pleasure to be able to make my eighth annual report in this place.

This report refers to what happened between September, 1938, and July, 1939. Higher school certificates were not so numerous; four pupils were awarded the full certificate, and two others reached matriculation standard. On the other hand, school certificates reached the exceptionally large total of 39. It was an excellent result for a school of this size, especially having regard to the conditions under which work was carried on. Some idea of the conditions under which we worked was carried on. Some idea of the conditions under which we worked is suggested by the fact that every room on the School had to undergo some form of extension or alteration, many lessons were rendered nearly inaudible by hammer-strokes and other loud and ear-splitting noises, queer debris and queerer smells had to be endured where they could not be avoided, and the wonder was that we were able to keep out of the workmen's way and they were bale to keep out of ours. But we managed it somehow, and managed it with real good humour, and we have continued to manage it now for over twenty months, for the workmen are still with us and among us, and look like prolonging their stay for well over two years. I cannot speak too highly of the courtesy and consideration shown to us by Mr. Cotterill, the foreman in charge of the work; all that could be done to avoid interfering with our normal day's work was done by Mr. Cotterill, and his skill in overcoming each difficulty as it arose was masterly in the extreme. The School is deeply indebted to him, and I take this opportunity of expressing our thanks and appreciation.

To the whole School I extend my warmest thanks for the loyal way in which they faced and overcame the difficulties with which we were confronted. They will possibly tell their parents that there were occasions

When I had to scold them, but such occasions were few and unimportant and the offenders also were very few. I feel that the conditions in which we were forced to work and play imposed about as a severe a test upon the discipline of a school as could well be devised, and the reaction of the School these conditions afforded striking testimony to the healthiness of our discipline: there was never any occasion for repressive measures, and, as far as I could see, there was a general desire to be helpful and to do the decent thing. I therefore take this opportunity, on this important public occasion, of again saying to all those who work with me or under me as their Head: "You are always assured of my gratitude and appreciation, even when I do not express it in words, for, like Shakespeare's Cordelia, I have no faculty for heaving my heart into my mouth. For your loyalty to me in my endeavours on behalf of the welfare of the School I again say, simply and in all sincerity, 'Thank you!'"

I much appreciate the support of the Old Grammarians, many of whom are pursuing successful University courses. But the outstanding performance is that of Miss Grace Furber, a nurse at the Royal Southern Hospital, Liverpool, where she has been awarded prizes for senior practical nursing, medicine, and surgery, as well as the Dr. Macalister prize for diets and diseases of children. She also received the gold medal for success in eight subjects, her average percentage being 80.75. This award, which has not been won for eight years, carries with it a special grant of £40 from John Rankin fund for nurses.

Mr Greaves, Headmaster of Ledbury Grammar School, after distributing the prizes, congratulated the successful prize-winners. Some people, he said, held that there ought not to be such things and that they should do their best without the stimulus of a prize, running their hardest without having a carrot dangled in front of their mouths. It was also said that in the Kingdom of Heaven there were not prizes, but he was always suspicious of those people who knew so much about the Kingdom of Heaven. At any rate, he thought they were wrong in that respect. When they played Soccer, the game was not spoiled by the fact that someone could win—it increased the pleasure and gave them zest. If they lost they did not sit in a row along the touch-line and weep! Therefore, it was with sincerity that he congratulated the prize winners and those who had worked hard and had

"pulled their weight." The happy people were those who put all they knew into the job they undertook, and enjoyed it. "Remember this when you leave school," he advised them "that if you put your back into your work and your play, you become a valuable servant of the community." The people he felt sorry for were those who only felt happy in their comparatively few hours of leisure. Mere cleverness was not everything. Character was a real thing. People might be likened to motor-cars and placed in two classes—high horse-power and low horse-power. The former was a valuable member of the community, but for the latter he had no use. A person might be described as "very, very bad," which merely meant that the car was being steered in the wrong direction and that only wise guidance was needed to put him on the right road to the proper use of his talents. The aim of education was to train character, individuality, and the future of mankind depended upon the building up of great personality filled with the love of God and their fellow men—strong, vigorous, sensible persons who were unafraid and full of hope.

Joan Wych (head girl) and Peter Carr (head boy), in neat little speeches proposed and seconded a vote of thanks to the Chairman and speaker, both of whom responded.

The proceedings closed with the singing of the School song, "Glad hearts."

Prize List.

VIa.--Personal, service, R. Owen; religious knowledge, R. Owen; form prize, E. Owen, A. Carr; magazine prize, E. Carr.

VIb.--Form prize, A. Wright.

VU.a.--Form prize, T. G. Green, F. Steele, R. Stanley, O. H. Blacklay, D. Hinde, E. Nickless, O. Booth, M. Cowap, N. Craighead; domestic subjects, B. Shepherd; library, R. Morgan.

VU.b.--Form prize, D. Hannon; handicraft, D. R. Hall; art, J. Jones, E. Garner; elocution, M. Howarth.

VL.a.--Form prize, R. Doody, F. Stubbs, A. Clarke, J. B. Wilson, R. Probert.

VL.b.--Form prize, P. Moulton, J. Clayton, A. Jackson.

R.a.--Form prize, P. Williamson, B. Gowdridge, M. Jones, U. McHale; magazine prize, J. Hope.

R.b.--Form prize, B. Mather, G. Williams, E. Wheeler, M. Hobson; music, S. Simon.

IVa.--Form prize, J. Stubs, J. Faulkner, K. Chadwick, M. Wych.

IVb.--Form prize,, K. Maddock, K. Bromfield.

IIIa.--Form prize, N. Lloyd, B. Cooke, T. Done, I. Steele, D. Price.

IIIb.---Form prize, G. Charlesworth, J. Bowyer.

IIu.--Form prize, E. Adams, D. Benoy.

III.a.--Form prize, P. Garnett.

I.--Form prize, J. Stillwell, A. Ward.

Notes and Comments.

A pleasant footnote to the account of our Speech Day Celebrations was made in the "Notes and Comments" of the Chronicle of March 16th, which we take the liberty of printing in full:--

The Nantwich and Acton Grammar School traces its history back for nearly 400 years. The changes that have taken place in the course of centuries would make interesting reading, but it is with present-day problems and requirements that we have to deal, and there is abundant proof that the school is magnificently upholding its traditions. The "speech day" last week must have been a heartening experience to all concerned—from the headmaster, down to the youngest pupil. To have achieved such outstanding success in face of the distractions which must have arisen owing to extensions and alterations being carried on whilst the school was in session, is a striking tribute not only to the patience and perseverance of Mr. John Lodge and his staff, but to the loyalty and industry of the pupils. As the headmaster stated in his report, there was a general desire to be helpful and do the right thing, and the reaction to the trying conditions under which instruction was given and received was a wonderful testimony to the state of discipline in the school.

Carol Concert, 1939.

"O hush your noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing."

--But But from every corner drilling, hammering and sawing continued. Perhaps our rehearsals had not been angelic enough. However, by the afternoon of December 20th the workmen had retired and our Hall was transformed into a place worthy of the angels' song.

The Carol Concert was the first public performance in the enlarged Hall and we shall long remember the blending of fresh white walls and dark holly, long grey curtains and groups of shining candlesticks.

In the subdued candle-light a large audience waited, until the procession singing,

"Masters in this Hall,
Hear ye news to-day!"

Began the programme. Carols, in which members of every form in the School took part, were interspersed with readings. "While the sleeping Beauty Slept." written and produced by Miss Trentham had spoken by two girls and a boy, whose voices and costume were charmingly contrasted, reminded us that Goodwill is the Christmas message.

Our thanks to all.

M.C.K.

House Notes.

Captains: Girl—M. Howarth; boy—G. White.

Vice-Captains: Girl—J. Wych; Boy—R. Hill.

Hodgkin House has not had any outstanding successes of late, but as always we have done our best and hope to do better in the Summer Term. We came second in both football and hockey and also in the cross country run, where a very sporting junior filled a gap in the senior team. Hodgkin was represented in the School Football XI. By six members.

Since the last edition we have lost two Captains, Barbara Shepherd and Appleton, and recently Lowe has left us. Our best wishes go with them.

Hard work has not been lacking, and Hodgkin are to be congratulated on their keenness in House activities, if not on the results which they have obtained.

M.H.,

G.W.

Captains: Girl—A. Porter; Boy—F. E. Steele.

Vice-Captains: Girl—M. Smith; Boy—F. Stubbs

The girls are to be congratulated on winning the Hockey Shield, but the boys have not been so successful at football, though this was chiefly due to the sudden loss of some of our "stars."

We had back luck in the Cross-Country, though all Thrushes did their best. Allsop is to be congratulated on winning the Junior Race.

We again won the music Competition, chiefly owing to the efforts of our pianist, H. Bostock, and the two conductors, A. Porter and R. Dutton; both Boys' and Girls' Choirs co-operated well to achieve this result.

Thrush will have to try really hard in the House events of the future if they wish to retain the House Championship.

We wish all those who have left the House every success in their future careers and exhort all the remaining members to maintain the Thrush tradition.

A.P.,

F.E.S.

Captains: Girl—E. M. Owen; Boy—P. J. Whittle.

Vice-Captains: Girl—M. Dane; Boy—P. M. Carr.

Our achievements this term have been very cheering and we feel that with continued effort from all members of the House we have a fair chance of wresting the House Championship from our ancient rivals, Thrush.

The girls have unfortunately been beaten in hockey, but have obtained second place, mainly due to the efforts of the Middle School. We

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Have not as yet finished playing the netball matches, owing to the bad weather.

Despite the fact that the boys have suffered a great loss by the departure of three consecutive House Captains—Owen, Furber and Henshall—they have done exceedingly well. They have come first in football under the excellent leadership of Carr, assisted by Steventon, Andrews and Whittle. In the Cross Country run, Wilbraham created a record, gaining six places in the first ten in both Senior and Junior Races. We should especially like to congratulate Stubbs G., the winner of the senior Race.

In the most recent event—the Music Competition—the girls are to be congratulated on having gained the highest number of marks awarded to any choir. The boys did their best, but the Thrushes were definitely superior. Our thanks are due to M. Ellson, M. Maybury and S. Simon, who gave invaluable help to both choirs.

Despite the rising prices, we hope for still more spirit in the Wilbraham House.

E.O.,

P.W.

Hockey Notes.

This hockey season (1939-40) has not been a very successful one. Though we have received some promising young players into the team and individual play has on the whole been good, members have not found it easy to combine well.

Owing to the exceptionally bad weather all matches in the Spring Term were scratched, except one.

The following have represented the School: b. Lovatt, A. Porter, H. Wright, M. Purcell, S. Fyles, S. Jones, M. Jolly, M. Smith, S. Robinson, M. Howarth (Captain), M. Hobson.

Matches played 7, won 4, lost 3.

Fixture List.

| Opponents. | Where played | Result. |
|------------------------------------|--------------|-----------|
| Verdin Grammar School, Winsford | Away | Won, 13—0 |
| Old Grammarians | Home | Won, 6—5 |
| Orme Girls' School, Newcastle | Home | Cancelled |
| Great Moreton Hall | Home | Won, 7—0 |
| Lymm High School | Home | Cancelled |
| Great Moreton Hall | Away | Won, 7—0 |
| Sir John Deane's School, Northwich | Home | Cancelled |
| Crewe Secondary School | Home | Lost, 4—2 |
| Verdin Grammar School, Winsford | Home | Cancelled |
| City and County School, Chester | Home | Cancelled |
| Whitchurch High School | Away | Lost, 7—2 |
| Crewe Secondary School | Away | Lost, 6—3 |

M.T.

Football Notes.

The football eleven has again continued with great success during the past season—its performance reading: played 12, won 9, lost 3; goals for 71, against 25. No inter-school match was lost—a most credible performance. The defence proved very sound, whilst the attack, although suffering unavoidable changes towards the end of the season, “romped home” on several occasions. The unprecedented weather conditions after Christmas caused no fewer than seven successive matches to be cancelled. The whole team deserves congratulation and has established a reputation which it will be difficult to emulate in the future.

Fixture List.

| Opponents | Where played | Result | Score. |
|-------------------------------|--------------|--------|--------|
| Nantwich Apprentices | Home | Won | 3—2 |
| Nantwich Boys' Club | Home | Lost | 1—5 |
| Kings School, Chester | Away | Won | 6—0 |
| Stone Grammar School | Home | Won | 10—1 |
| Market Drayton Grammar School | Away | Won | 5—0 |
| Nantwich Apprentices | Home | Won | 5—0 |
| Crewe Air Cadets' XI | Home | Won | 12—2 |
| Market Drayton Grammar School | Home | Won | 6---0 |
| Wem Grammar School | Away | Won | 8—1 |
| Crewe Air Cadets' XI | Home | Won | 11—2 |
| Old Boys XI. | Home | Lost | 2—6 |
| Permanent Way | Away | Lost | 2—6 |

The following have played for the team: "Appleton, "Henshall, "Hinde, "Carr, "Steventon, "Stubbs, "White, "Tomkinson, *Crosby, *Betts, *Steele, Burkhill, Smith, Lowe, Ellson, Andrews, Rainbird, Moulton, Sadler, Leedham, Whittle.

*Signifies this year's colour.

"Signifies last year's colour.

Goal scorers: Henshall 16, Hinde 12, Appleton 8, Crosby 5, Betts 5, Steventon 4, Lowe 6, White 2, Rainbird 3, Ellson 1, Moulton 1, Sadler 1, Whittle 1, O.G. 5

Only one 2nd XI. Game was arranged; it resulted in a victory for the School over the King's School, Chester, by ten goals to two.

W.M.C.,

P.C.

Junior Football.

Owing to the continual arctic weather in the Spring Ter, all our fixtures had to be cancelled. The position at the end of the Christmas Term was:

P. 4; W. 4; L. 0; Goals F. 22; A. 3.

The following played for the team during the season: Hughes, Williams, Bonell, Owen, Lee, Alltree, Price, West, Platt, Cope, Moulton, Hambridge, Fox.

E.R.L.L.

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The Cross Country Races.

Conditions were very heavy under foot for the Cross Country Races, which took place on Monday, March 18th. Allsop, the Junior winner, was rather a "dark horse" but ran a good race to beat Cope into second place by a margin of 25 yards. Millard, Lloyd and Platt had a tussle throughout the race before they came home in the positions of third, fourth and fifth respectively.

In the Senior event, Stubbs (G.) won comfortably from Rainbird in 28 minutes 40 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. From beginning to end the boys who eventually occupied the first six places struggled against one another. Until Henhull Lane was reached on the return journey Carr had held the lead, but Stubbs then went to the front to win by a margin of 35 yards from Rainbird. Andrews took third place and Carr came in a good fourth.

Wilbraham, the House winners of both races, are to be congratulated on having all their "six scoring" runners home in the first ten in the Senior and Junior events. Individual positions were as follows:--

Seniors.

1. Stubbs (G.).
2. Rainbird.
3. Andrews.
4. Carr.
5. Moulton.
6. Cook.
7. Hill (R.).
8. Jervis.
9. Hope.
10. Stanton.

Time: 28 mins. 40 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

Juniors.

1. Allsop
2. Cope.
3. Millard.
4. Platt.
5. Lloyd.
6. Cooper.
7. Bowyer.
8. Riley.

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9. Lee.

10. Jones.

Time: 15 ins. 59 secs.

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House Placings.

| House. | Placings. | Totals. |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|---------|
| Senior.--1, Wilbraham | 1,3,4,8,9,10 | 35 |
| 2, Hodgkin | 2, 5, 7, 17, 19, 20 | 70 |
| 3, Thrush | 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 18 | 78 |
| Junior.--1, Wilbraham | 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10 | 40 |
| 2, Hodgkin | 2, 5, 7, 14, 15, 17 | 60 |
| 3, Thrush | 1, 11, 12, 13, 16, 18 | 71 |

W. M.C.

Societies and Clubs.

The Literary and Debating Society.

The Society aims at holding fortnightly meetings during the Winter Terms, but the unusually severe weather we have just experienced made this impossible; yet in spite of such drawbacks, the Society has flourished and the meetings have been well attended. We hope this enthusiasm will continue and that Mr. Hughes, its founder, will, on his return, find the Society as active as when he left it.

A new Committee was elected at the beginning of the session and the Headmaster once again kindly consented to be President.

Two debates have taken place during the course of the year; the first on the motion "That this House believes that girls spend their leisure time more profitably than boys," which was defeated by 24 votes to 16—the second, a warmly contested motion, "That this House considers that women are as capable of governing the country as men," when a victory was won for its supporters by a narrow margin of 19 votes to 16.

A reading of Galsworthy's one-act play "The Little Man," very ably produced by Miss Trentham, showed that the Society does not lack dramatic talent, and this was once again proved by a very fine reading of Shakespeare's "Tempest," to which the whole School was invited. This was produced by the Headmaster, and to him and his the congratulations and thanks of all are due for the excellence of their achievement, which must have entailed many hours of hard work.

The last meeting of the Winter Term took the form of a "Christmas Anthology" with a varied programme, which included carol singing, the reading by members of the Society of seasonable poems, prose passages and original papers.

A new feature was a Spelling Bee and General Knowledge Competition, which was held early in the Spring Term and which resulted in the girls asserting themselves as the champion spellers, while the boys turned the tables in the General Knowledge Test.

At the end of the Easter Term the Literary Society joined forces with the Science Club to provide a most enjoyable evening's entertainment, consisting of a visit to the Exhibition of the Science Club and an admirable lecture by the Curator of the Chester Zoo. As we go to press we are eagerly anticipating our summer programme—readings of Hamlet and Comus. The very fact that the Headmaster is producing is a guarantee of the treat in store for us.

P.W.,

F.A.G.

Music Notes.

The House choir competition took place in March. For a month previously the Houses were holding practices, with varying success. The notes and words of test songs had been taught in class and it was left to the House conductors to complete memorising and interpretation, and to prepare one item from a list selected from "Songs of Praise." Care, accuracy and good team work were apparent throughout, but only one conductor was really successful in communicating the vitality of the music through her choir to the audience. Wilbraham girls are to be commended for this; they had made good use of their resources. In the other choirs a little more gaiety and a little less anxiety at the actual performance will produce more lively work next time.

We shall be glad to hear of girls and boys who will play the piano occasionally at Assembly. Please give in your names soon.

If any of you are thinking of giving the School a present when you leave, why not add to our collection of gramophone records?

On April 20th a small choir is to sing in the Parish Church, at the invitation of Mr. Taylor, who is giving an organ recital and has asked us to supply an item.

A Wednesday Wail

A bone-chilling blizzard is sweeping the pitch,
We're knee-deep in snow, and there's ice in the ditch;
But a hope in our hearts that we cannot control,
Asks, "Will there be games, Mr. Carey?
Will there be hockey, Miss Toale?"

The gramophone needles are missing to-day,
I've lost all the records I wanted to play;
The wireless spurts suddenly, 'Twigs in a bowl----'
Why not take hockey, Miss Toale?
Oh, Why aren't there games, Mr. Carey?

"How slack are your muscles! How wide is your aim!
Do you think we like robbing both teams of their game?"
Sweet music, play on! We ask you to console;
But, Oh for our games, Mr. Carey,
Or bones ache for hockey, Miss Toale!

M.K.

Science Club.

The activities of the Club have been limited to a certain extent this year owing to the lighting restrictions of the Spring Term and the heavy snows. Influenza, too, took its toll. At one time it seemed that enough models could not possibly be finished in time for the display, but, owing to the untiring efforts of Mr. Bailey, to whom all our thanks are due, the exhibition was as large and of as great interest as in other years.

We cannot mention particular models lest we should fail to mention some and give offence to their constructors; enough to record that our visitors seemed very interested in all the exhibits. The smoke ring box proved so irresistible to one small person that he upset it and that quarter of the laboratory was rendered uninhabitable for a few moments owing to the ammonia fumes. The proceeds of the exhibition, which was held on the 14th and 15th March, amounted to £1 11s., and will be spent on the growing Science Library.

The Nantonian.

On the whole, the members have acquitted themselves well, and although, through sickness (or visits to the cinema), the numbers attending the meetings have been reduced to five or six, the "faithful" can congratulate themselves on their achievement.

R.E.D.

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National Savings Group.

The advent of the war brought about a very extensive increase in the membership of the Group, which is now in the region of 150. Deposits have been both large and constant and since January 28 Certificates have been purchased.

I should like to emphasise that our Group is primarily a Savings Group. Whole Certificates can be purchased at the Post Office and we exist for the purpose of helping you mount up your small savings until you have enough for a Certificate. Therefore, although all savings are important and valuable, I should like to see a greater number of members subscribing small amounts to the group saved out of their own allowances.

E.R.L.L.

First Aid Societies.

During the Autumn and Spring Terms a new activity was inaugurated which we feel has become permanent because of its interest and usefulness. Groups of the senior boys and girls have been given instruction in the practice of First Aid under the direction of certain members of staff. Whereas the girls have been fortunate in retaining most of their original members, the boys have constantly lost recruits, as several have left school in the course of the year; nevertheless we have managed to enlist new members easily and to maintain the number of our original complement. Boys and girls alike have displayed keenness and competence and will, we feel sure, prove useful helpers in an emergency.

The course has consisted of films, X-ray photographs, lectures, practical work (including "carrying"), and tests. Our only difficulty is lack of triangular bandages (and perhaps casualties?). Gifts of any material, one yard wide and suitable for practice work, would be most welcome.

R.G.

Bookbinding Club.

During this term the meetings of the Club have been held on Saturday mornings, but they have not been too well attended owing to various members being absent through illness and bad weather.

Although most of the work this term has been the repairing of Encyclopaedia Britannica and other library books, we have been a little more adventurous in designing the book covers.

The Nantonian.

At present the Bookbinding Club is rather small and so we could cater for two or three more girls who are interested in this work.

N.L.

22

The Caravan.

The international situation has been responsible for the delay of many letters and, as a result, interest in foreign correspondence has, in many cases, waned.

Christmas and the subsequent six weeks brought a shoal of greetings across the Atlantic and some people were lucky enough to receive presents from American friends. The parents of the recipients who had to pay Customs duty were probably not so pleased.

An appeal has been made from the New York Headquarters that correspondents, who can afford to do so, should subscribe one shilling annually and that only such people should be considered real members of the Caravan. An person who would like to help the movement should give the money to Miss Jackson before the end of the term.

E.R.C.J.

Woodwork Club.

No meetings were held during the Spring Term owing to the combined effect of bad weather, breakdown of the heating apparatus and 'black-out.'

It is not usual to meet in the Summer Term, but, for the benefit of those who have work in hand, the workshop will be open at the usual time on Friday evening until further notice.

E.G.

Guides.

Activities of the Company were very much curtailed during the Spring Term owing to the many absentees. We did manage to have two enrolment ceremonies, at which Miss Bailey very kindly officiated.

Barbara Gowdridge and Winifred Lloyd were successful in obtaining their Cookery Badges.

M.G.

Gym Club.

During the winter months the Voluntary Gym Club for Senior boys has been carried on in spite of various interruptions. About a dozen boys have put in regular attendances and we are looking forward to some outdoor demonstration work in the coming summer months.

E.R.L.L.,

W.M.C.

Folk Dancing Society.

Owing to the black-out we have been unable to hold our usual meetings throughout the winter months, but now with the coming of Spring and lighter evenings we have resumed our regular practices. The period of inactivity has made our members keener and more enthusiastic than ever; and now that they are allowed to dance once more, our patience has been rewarded by a record attendance at our meetings.

School Excursion.

Easter Football Tour (March 20th-23rd).

This year Derby shire was selected as the region in which we should go on tour. A motor-coach was hired to transport the party of fifteen, who were favoured with good weather during the whole of the excursion. With no little ceremony the coach was decorated with our mascots, and to the accompaniment of an enthusiastic, cheering crowd we left Nantwich at mid-day for Swanwick.

We travelled without incident through delightful countryside, some of it preserved by the National Trust, to arrive at Swanwick in time for an evening kick-off. The first of many photographs was taken of the two teams grouped together just prior to the start of the game. The match was contested in a gale, which gave neither team a chance to show its ability, but Swanwick proved winners by 2 goals to 1, scoring the deciding goal five minutes from the end of the game. After tea, some of our players went to the homes of the Swanwick boys, but others were left in an hotel in Cromford, where according to reports they had had not only "a jolly good time," but also "a jolly good breakfast." Mr. Johnson and some of the Swanwick boys were with us on Thursday when we spent the morning in the Matlock district. After a meal at Cromford, we made tracks for Belper, where Brown, an old boy of our school and football eleven, had arranged a match. A good game was witnessed, Nantwich this time winning by 3—2. Tea followed, and then our party "dissolved" among the Belper boys; some went into Derby, some went to the pictures, others went shooting rabbits, whilst others went out into the countryside around the River Derwent.

Good Friday was planned as a rest from football. After a picturesque detour through Via Gellia and a perilous charge through the ford of a broad

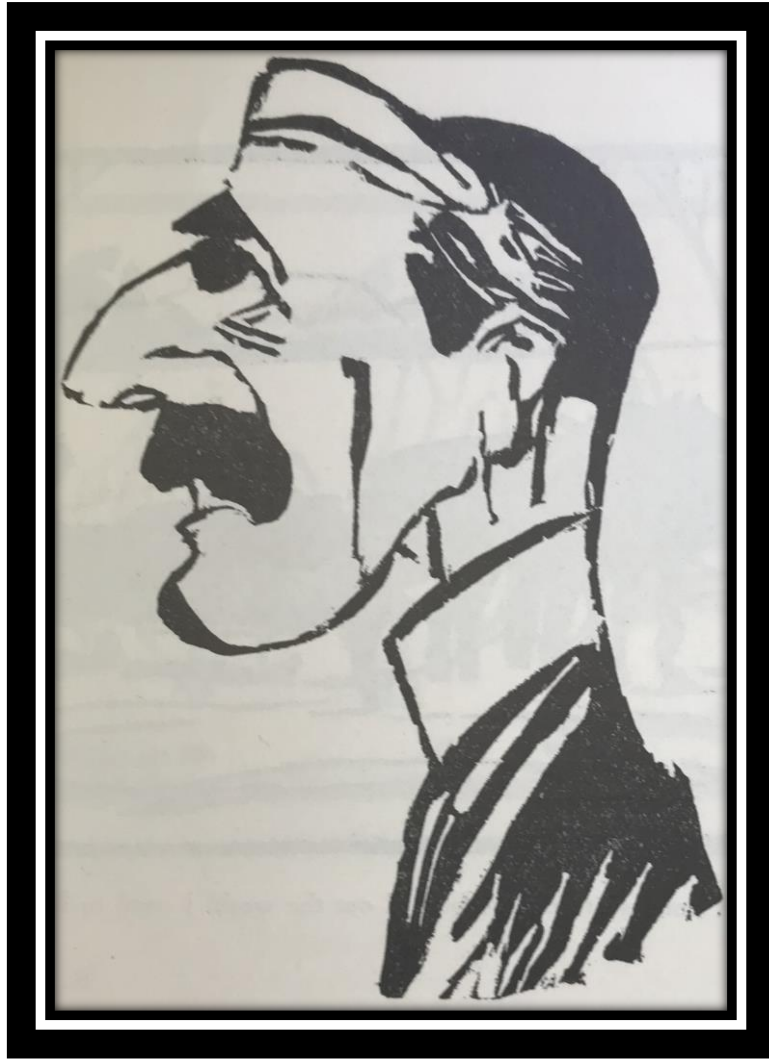
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River, Dovedale was reached soon after mid-day. Here we had planned a ten mile circular ramble, but Fate was to intervene. Within half an hour of arrival, several of us were tending a youth of about sixteen who had come crashing down the rocky hillside. He was seriously injured about the head and hands, so that after sending for a doctor, we had to carry the patient half a mile on an improvising stretcher; eventually the doctor took him off to hospital. Apart from the seriousness of the case itself, the whole affair was valuable experience for our party. The consequences of rashness and general foolhardiness were painfully obvious, and the difficulties of rendering adequate first aid treatment were evident. After this interruption, it was too late to make the circular walk, so the afternoon was spent in a quiet ramble up Dovedale itself. In the evening, by way of Ashbourne, we set out for Wincle. Here it was necessary to take possession of almost the entire village to find sufficient accommodation for our party, of whom some claim they slept "half-way up the wall," some that they "slept on the floor" and some that they "never slept at all."

Saturday morning we dawdled in the Dane valley, before going on to Rudyard Lake and Stoke, where we had dinner. We then made the short journey to Stone, where we won our second victory by 2 goals to 1. Our opponents are temporarily evacuated to Meaford Hall and we were shown over this fine mansion, with its wealth of paintings and other valuables. After tea in a nearby café we set off for Nantwich, where we arrived safely in the early evening.

We are looking forward to the photographic results of the tour, Mr. Bailey having worked very hard in this connection, and the whole venture can be claimed as an unqualified success in every way. Undoubtedly it was a strenuous affair and on our return home one boy was heard to remark "I am going to have a good night's sleep."

Postscript.--We left School on the morning of the Music competition. The party, no doubt, has planned to enter as an "outside" competitor next year, as throughout our travels they were practising their ability to sing, if not in tune or unison, at least with feeling and ferocity. Quite candidly, they will need to continue their practising.



Mr. Neville Chamberlain

G. Rainbird,
Form VI.a.

The Nantonian.



"A pure white mantle blotted out the world I used to know."

R. Doody,

Form Vu.a.



Foals.

J. Alltree,
Form VI.b.



The Cottage in the trees.

E. Millington

Form Rs.

Weights and Measures.--II.

[Our thanks are due to Mr. Caunt for the concluding instalment of his article, which we are delighted to include in this issue.--Ed.]

In a previous article some account of Ancient Weights and Measures was given, and in this article we are going to think about the weights and measures used in our new country during the Middle Ages.

It is well known that there is a close relationship between standards of weight and coinage. A statute of 1280 enacts that the penny (then made of silver) should weigh 24 grains of wheat. This is the origin of "pennyweight," which is still equal to 24 grains. The average wheat grain of the present day does not differ very much from this weight. At a later date the weight of the penny was fixed at 32 grains. It was found that 240 silver pennies could be made out of one pound weight of silver, and this relationship between the penny and the £ has also survived to the present day. The £ was based on a silver standard until the 18th century.

Linear standards originated naturally from parts of the human body. The length of the forearm from the elbow to the middle finger tip was an ancient unit of measurement called the cubit (about 20 inches). The cubit was sub-divided into 2 spans (of about 9 inches), 6 palms (of about 3 inches), 24 digits (of about $\frac{3}{4}$ ins.). Later two-thirds of this cubit became the "Foot" which was sub-divided into 12 thumbnail breadths. The foot unit passed to Rome and so to Britain, where its divisions of twelfths or "unciae" became "inches." In Britain the Roman Foot became merged with the Anglo-Saxon measures which also contained the Fathom or length across two arms outstretched, equal to 4 cubits or 6 feet. Under Norman Kings, half a fathom (or one arm outstretched from the middle of the body) was found to be a more convenient measure of length, particularly for cloth, the most important trade. Thus the yard of 3 feet arose.

Grains of corn would naturally suggest themselves as standards for small measurements. An enactment of Edward I. in 1324 defines the inch as the length of three barley corns taken from the centre of the ear, round and dry, placed end to end. The act also sets out that 12 inches make 1 foot, 3 feet an ell (then equivalent to a yard), 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ells a perch and 40 poles in length and 4 in breadth made an acre. A foot actually varied from 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. to 19 ins. Henry I. decreed that the distance from the point

Of his nose to the end of his thumb was the lawful yard. In the 16th century the lawful "rod" was the length of the left foot of 16 men lined up as they left church on Sunday morning.

Our counties are still divided into "hundreds," which originally consisted of 100 "hides" of arable land. Each hide contained 120 acres (acre defined above) and was cultivated by four tenants, each of whom kept a pair of oxen. Ploughing was usually done by yoking the eight oxen belonging to these four tenants to one plough, four abreast, and the team was able to make a furrow about one eighth of a mile long without stopping. Fields were kept as nearly as possible to this length, i.e., a "furrow-long," or "furlong." The ox-driver carried a goad, which was a rod long enough to reach the front rank of oxen and when the turn was made at the end of the furrow, a breadth was measured by means of the rod, and the return furrow was made. The strip of land thus defined, a furrow long and a rod wide, was a "rood." Each of the four tenants had his rood of land, the four roods lying parallel, and together making an acre.

The earliest recorded attempt to impose uniformity of weight and measure in this country is that of the Saxon King Edgar, who in 965 deposited in a standard bushel measure at Winchester, his capital. The Normans made no change in the Saxon standards which they found in use. An Assize of Measures was made by Richard I. in 1197: this enacted that all measures throughout England should be of the same capacity for corn and pulse, and also for wine, ale and other liquors. Similarly weights and scales and measures of dimension were to be the same throughout the kingdom.

Magna Charta, 1215, contains a clause, afterwards confirmed by Edward I. in 1297, reading: "One measure of wine shall be through our realm, and one measure of ale and one measure of corn, and it shall be of weights as it is of measures."

The oldest British standards now in existence belong to Henry VII.'s reign. There is a yard measure dated 1496, and a bushel made a year earlier, now in the custody of the Board of Trade. Henry VII. Provided sets of bell-metal standards for 43 cities and towns and some of these may still be seen in local museums. Members of Parliament were charged with the duty of conveying the standards to their destinations. After

Delivery, the Mayor was required to keep them in security, and in many cases they were deposited for safe keeping in churches.

Throughout the Middle Ages, the municipal authorities and the trade guilds kept a stringent control on all buying and selling of the necessities of life. One of the principal methods adopted was the "assize." In the case of bread according to the price of wheat. The need for this method is apparent when we remember that the price of loaves in common use was ha half-penny and a farthing.

Old records include many instances of proceedings against trademen for failing to observe the requirements of the assize. In the records of the City of London Guildhall a case is cited of one Richard de Lughteburge, who sold a false loaf in the year 1316 and who was condemned to the punishment of the hurdle, i.e., riding through the streets on a hurdle with the offending loaf hanging round his neck.

The standards of Henry VII. Apparently met the requirements of the age for a considerable time, for there do not appear to be nay bearing the names of his immediate successors. There are, however, any associated with Queen Elizabeth.

There are good collections of old standards at Winchester, Hereford, Salisbury, Hastings, Bristol, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. In the possession of the city of Nottingham is a set of measures dated 1826, which are still serving as Local Standards, and also a 14 lb. Weight dated 1796.

P.C.

Crisis.

This is the room my hands designed
In which I swore that I would try
To live as bravely as I could--
I have not learnt to die.

These are the books from which I sought
To hold eternal truth on high.
Yet now I find myself enslaved
By the eternal lie.

This is the pen I taught to write
My thoughts in all sincerity.
Now marshalled to hypocrisy,
I lay it by.

This is the brain which learnt to woo
Life's beauties with admiring eye.
But now her truth is proved untrue
And it will die.

Skating.

It seems extraordinary that the same pastime interpreted by two different people can embrace both the most grateful and the most grotesque of human movements. Certain variations in execution can be discovered in all human activities, but never is the contrast more clearly defined than in skating. Skating can raise man to the height of the sublime; it can also deposit him in the seat, or worse still on the floor of the ridiculous. Fortunately, it is democratic in its processes and the transformation from the second state to the first is not impossible even though it be long, exacting and penitential. Admittedly, many a pilgrim falls on the way, or disappears under the headstrong fervour and irresistible momentum of his followers; for, in the early stages, the novice, once started, knows no stopping and should one of the company fall, the rest must fall with him. Yet with courage and fortitude, a strong determination and an even stronger hide, the derision of the scoffers can be changed to wonder, the superiority of the connoisseurs to envy. For, to those who renounce living for skating, the world is peopled with two races, the scoffers and the skater.

The spiritual fervour which infests this innocent activity may amaze the stranger, but it is manifestly real. During the skating season their renunciation is complete. Instead of engaging in the usual activities of civilised life, the skater hurries off to his place of ritual, a determined civilised life, the skater hurries off to his place of ritual, a determined gleam in his eye, a pair of dangerous looking instruments under his arm and a handsome allowance of bandages and cushions secreted on his person in the least noticeable manner possible. For the skater is a madman. While normal people become mis-shapen and soured from their relentless struggle with the malice of winter, he will appear with a face as wide as

A lunatic's and a complexion which grows hourly more ruddy with each new degree of frost. When the last drop of blood freezes in our withered veins and we resign ourselves to eternal petrification, the skater will bid us a cheery good morning and bounce away to his sport, the very picture of blossoming health and happiness. We stand with our hands clapped to burst water pipes, engaged in a ceaseless and foodless vigil against premature drowning, awaiting the arrival of the county's plumber (so it now transpires). For at this season this gentleman is canonised to a state of deity, charged with the mission of consummating similar baptism over a vast metallurgic wilderness. The skater, on the other hand, is concerned with no such mundane trifles. Water, to him, is a substance which exists solely for the purpose of freezing. While we strain to extract the last atom of warmth from our inadequate bed covering, he throws open his bedroom window and casts a critical eye upon the morning's frost. He is in a very advanced stage of madness.

Yet madness is fascination. The lake at Reaseheath last winter was a memorable sight. There lay this vast natural arena shrouded behind the latticed branches of the trees, their shapes thrown into stark relief by the imitative pattern of the snow upon them; and through this magic casement, our eyes were entranced by a kaleidoscopic vision splashed with the gay colours of scarves, gloves, pullovers whirled around in a sinuous motion which seemed hardly mortal. For in shaping their flowing curves and graceful turns, the skates seem rarely interrupted by any sudden effort to upset the continuity of their smooth purr.

On closer study, however, it appears that soe are, as yet, only displaying the early symptoms seemingly the more painful. For all the turns are not so graceful nor the curves so uninterrupted. While it is the ambition of some to make the sport look easy, it is certainly the achievement of others to make it look insurmountably difficult. We now see revealed a whole encyclopaedia of skating, a practical manual of instructions in human shape from those in the early gymnastic stage of wearing their skates in the air while they perform on the gorund, to others engaged in the intricate business of carving their names in the ice. There are many other stages in between. There comes a time in every skater's career when the instinctive consequences of a particularly incongruous step is a subsequent hunt for the offending rut in the ice. This sequence once achieved with nonchalance, offers perpetual assurance to his status as

Skater. After this he is incurable. He will even defy nature. Choose the most tempestuous day you can, when all sane people are nestled round a fire, and venture out into this whirling world of demons intent on blotting out all earthly shape and what will you find? The skater, broom in hand, prospecting for his pathetic square which, as soon as discovered, vanishes beneath an even thicker blanket of snow. He is now unconscious of all weathers. The sun comes, the snow melts, but while there is an inch of ice, there will be skaters. Alas, at last his own minion will not hold him. With a crack that sends a chill through gentle spines, the ice opens beneath his feet and swallows him up into its depth to disappear for ever from the sight of man—or at least, for the extensive time it takes to recover from pneumonia.

E.R.L.L.

Death.

I know she is not dead,
For the bright rosy-red
Of her soft lips
Show where she kissed the poppies and the hips.

I know she has not gone,
For every star has shone
With that clear light
Which once I saw deep in her eyes so bright.

I know she is not dead,
For the rich corn's ripe head
Lies golden there,
Cut from the tresses of her golden hair.

I know she cannot die,
For through the hills and sky
The fields and streams
Her spirit circles me with loving dreams.

Enid Owens, Form VI.

Moonlit Ruins.

While slow and sad the long grey shadows creep
 Across the ruins of antiquity,
While every sound is hushed and all birds sleep,
 The moon climbs yet in silver sovereignty.
The pomp and pageantry which once they held
 Long years ago have fled the cold dank walls,
 And silent is the bell which sadly knelled
 When John, last of his lie, died in the halls.
Since then, whene'er the moon has climbed the steep
 Of starry Heaven, and gazed upon the scene,
 Another stone is gone, and mosses creep
 Upon the walls where tapestries have been.
Above a smoke-grey cloud the age-old moon
Smiles at the works of man that fade so soon.

Joan Wych, Form VI.

During the Christmas holidays a little band of senior scholars gathered at Reaseheath Agriculture College to undertake some "work of national importance." They had promised to be there and there they were in spite of cold, snow and slight fog, weather which then seemed very bad, but now in view of later arctic spells seems to have been quite mild.

The most cheering sight we saw on entering was a huge fire doing its best to thaw everyone and everything. Removing ourselves from temptation, we were soon instructed in the work which we had come to temptation, we were soon instructed in the work which we had come to do. It may seem an easy thing to copy out figures, but when the space in which we had to put about six figures was obviously not meant to hold more than two then it became much more difficult and there were some boasts that after that we could easily write the 23rd Psalm on a sixpenny piece. We went to Reaseheath for six mornings and became very interested in the maps and if we did have cramp in the fingers we also increased our knowledge of local geography.

We feel we must thank whoever thought of giving us cocoa and biscuits in the middle of the morning. They were veritable nectar and ambrosia to us and moreover gave us the opportunity of entering into

Temptation and huddling round the fire. We want also to thank Mr. Mercer for the "slight reward" which resolved itself into quite a large one and made not a few of our friends green with envy.

E. Owen, Form VI.

VIth Form Doggerel.

The Loss of the Prefects' Cloakroom.

Our eyes are dim, our handkerchiefs are wet,
Alas! The prefects' cloakroom is no more:
The drying cupboard is firmly set
And we stand weeping here outside the door.
No more shall we play hoop-la with our hats
And bruise our dainty limbs upon the chest
(Wherein repose last summer's rounders bats),
Where we have blown up netballs with the best.
The old historic box hides sins galore,
From broken bottles once containing turps
To newly painted balls upon the floor,
And confiscation torn from little twerps.
We unpaid toilers now have lost our den,
And with the common herd we must mix again.

Our Extensions.

Who is it cheers our lonely hours with noise,
Who is it entertains the hordes of boys,
Who is it handles eight-foot planks as toys?
Our Workman.

Who keeps his kettle boiling all the day,
And ceases work to watch the children play,
With soulful gaze intones "Down Lambeth way"?
Our Workman.

Who ties his working trousers up with string
In spiral fashion, placing ring on ring,
And to his ladder clings like anything?
Our Workman.

Rambles in Wales.

About a week before Christmas a kind gentleman inquired whether I should like to accompany a small party which was going to climb Snowdon during the week-end. I readily agreed, and the following Sunday we went in the kind gentleman's car to a hotel about five miles from the summit of the mountain. Having garaged the car in a shed full of hens, we set off over the rocks in our attempt. As it was winter the path up the mountain was slippery with ice, and was entirely unsafe, so the kind gentleman, who was a very good guide, took the lead and managed to pilot us up the snow-covered ridge, until we reached the railway. This we followed until we reached the summit, where we stood for about a minute in a howling blizzard and gale.

R.N.

Reaching the summit, we had to climb to the top of the cairn and for our trouble we were nearly blown off. Here the wind was very strong and cold, and full of frozen snow, like a blizzard. We then made our way to the sheltered side of the hotel, which was closed and all the windows were boarded up. Here we ate a few sandwiches. We were in the clouds, so we missed the view and viewed the mist (rather stale), and as it was very cold we made our way down. The descent was very bad on account of the ice and snow. About half way down, the mist cleared and we had a beautiful view of the summit for a few minutes—the clouds would roll and seem to break on the summit, and the sun shining on the clouds made a magnificent sight.

O.G.

Unexpected pleasures often prove to be the most enjoyable. In under twelve hours we had made arrangements for what was to be an adventure. Essential nightwear which had been mislaid was speedily recovered, and an enjoyable but strenuous ride was made to Bettws-y-Coed, via Bangor-on-Dee, Llangollen and Corwen. After viewing the Swallow falls, we began to look for accommodation; by 9 p.m., having made nine unsuccessful enquiries, covering a distance of over ten miles in the process, we eventually succeeded, thanks to the helpful but incoherent advice of a "very merry" Welshman!

On Sunday morning, in spite of heavy rain, we made the assault on Snowdon and within twenty minutes were soaked to the skin. In the thick mist and cloud which enveloped us, we recounted ghost stories to keep up our spirits. On the summit the rain and clouds disappeared, the sun shone and we were rewarded with a magnificent view, a hot cup of tea and a thorough drying in front of the fire. We then undertook some exciting rock climbing up Lliwedd before reaching the razor edge; and returning via the Miners' Track to the Pen-y-Pas Hotel, we came down to Llanberis.

E.W.S.,

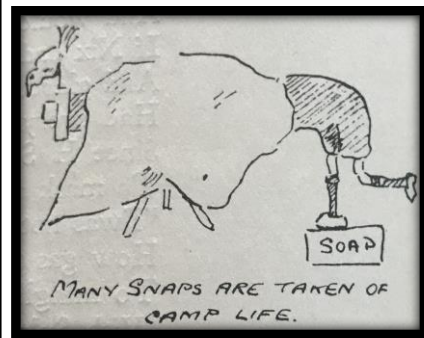
W.M.C.

On Turning Taps.

Of many little things, perhaps
His tendency to toy with taps
Most irked the sundry science men
Who had to deal with little Ben.
For Benjamin had got a way
Of letting hand and fingers stray,
When he was working in the ab.,
To any tap that he could grab,
And idly turning it about
To see if anything came out.
And though his masters made it plain
By precept or by sudden pain
How little they opined his bent
Was worthy of encouragement,
And sternly cried, "We must insist
That thus haphazardly to twist
The top of every tap you touch
Annoys us, very, very much."
It came one day the hour's address
Was due to deal with H₂S,
That substance linked by many folks
With decomposing whites and yokes.
Thus Ben perceived on entering class
The plant designed to brew the gas.

He paused, for Nix was slightly late,
A movement to investigate,
And when he somewhat later beat
Retirement to his proper seat
That H₂S through open vent
Was pouring to his heart's content.
One would have fancied then, perhaps
That local gas and water taps
Would have some rest from Benji's reach,
But no, he twiddled all and each,
And would have twiddled all and more
If Nix had not come through the door
And glared around with nostrils which
Had every excuse to twitch.
Since H₂S is able well
To mask a milder sort of smell
'Twas not observed by those about
How gas taps poured their contents out
To mingle in the lungs of Ben,
With Sulphuretted Hydrogen.
He consequently, wretched lad,
Was, very shortly, very bad.
From every post about the place
First-Aiders flocked to Benji's case.
They sought in haste their printed notes
On "Poisons and their Antidotes";
They gave him this, they have him that,
They tried him doubled up and flat,
They shouted; loudly "Give him air,"
But spite of all their skill and care
It was not very long before
Poor Ben was Benjamin no more,
Oh, if not adequately prone
To leave such things as taps alone
Remember Ben and take the pain
To turn the gas ones off again.

G. A. Stubbs, Form Vu.a.





Camping in Pictures.

P. Whittle, Form Vu.b.

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War does not pay; it damages both Victor and Vanquished.

Most history text-books devote enormous relative space to wars. They are generally said to mark a nation's progress or otherwise. A successful war is a proof of a nation's prosperity, an unsuccessful one as an indication of national failure, while a long peace is a period of decadence and sloth.

Recently, however, the horrors of the last war and the growth of internationalism have caused a reversion against this attitude. It has been seen that both sides lose far more than they gain.

In modern times the machinery of war is so highly developed and on such a tremendous scale as to be so complicated that a major war can endanger the economic systems of both victor and vanquished.

Historians could produce many examples of nations which have apparently risen to greatness by war—France under Louis XIV, and Napoleon, Macedonia under Alexander, even Rome. Yet these periods of greatness were generally short-lived, and the causes of the subsequent decay may be traced to these wars. The chief cause of France's present deficiency in man-power is the wars of Napoleon, highly successful though they were. Thus it is incorrect to say that war is a sign of national vigour, peace or decadence. Rather is the effect of war the surest cause of decadence.

It used to be said that war was Nature's way of ensuring that only the fittest can survive. The last war proved that war is the least efficient way of reducing over-population, as the fit are even more likely to perish than the weak.

From a nationalistic point of view, it would be an exaggeration to say that all wars have been useless. For example, Germany benefited greatly from Bismarck's belligerent policy. Yet wars which do so are generally one-sided and limited in extent. Only in such conditions can a country triumph without an injurious waste.

That type of profitable war is becoming increasingly rare. Powers are so evenly matched and are so jealous of each other, that a quick war of aggression is almost impossible without interference. The terrible destructive power of modern armaments makes warfare equally useless to either side. Both sides find themselves with fertile districts and populous

Cities in ruins, trade disorganised, and their most vigorous men either killed or maimed. Nowadays the victor receives reparations; the defeated can often only pay these in goods, so the victors' own workmen are thrown out of work. If it insists on money payments, the debtor country will have less to spend with other countries and will be obliged to import less. This creates a vicious circle and is an outstanding instance of war damaging both victor and vanquished.

A. Clarke, Form Vu.a.

Sonnet.

When I look back upon my childhood days,
When I was free to ramble far and wide,
O'er every field I wandered, never tied
To walk the beaten tracks and trodden ways;
But o'er the pathless fields and in a maze
Of tangled undergrowth, where birds would hide
In fear from man's approach. I had no guide
To find my way about the fields; the haze
Of morning mists refreshed my eyes, the still
Of twilight soothed the troubled nerves and mind,
And yet when evening came I wandered till
The tired birds slept, then I would slowly wind
My way towards home and rest, or to the hill
To see the setting sun bright red behind.

P. Moulton, Form Vu.b.

War.

"Peace to the Sons of Earth, goodwill towards men" . . .
Across the world resounds the tramp of feet,
The God of War still walks upon the earth
With blazing spear of Hate, and armed with Fear.
The sombre columns wind across the plains,
The cannon speaks with vicious tongue of flame,

The Nantonian.

Thus runs the tale since the world began,
The bitter foe of all mankind is Man.

D. Todhunter, Form VI.a.

43

The First Fly.

Again came that aggravating tickle—I scratched my neck, and then I noticed it! It was the minutest atom of existence I had ever seen—the first fly—a hardy herald of Spring. My thoughts roamed over the fields of memory, the pestilence of those buzzing multitudes on a hot summer day, reminiscences of violent frays with the aid of swat or newspaper.

The tiny speck whirled round and round the lamp at dizzy speed, until, blinded by the glare, it crashed and fell on to the table. It quivered for a few moments, the glittering wings fluttered and then away it flew to a nearby book. The lamp had hypnotic powers, however, for once again the fly dashed towards the dazzling glow, the revolutions becoming faster and more furious, it crashed and crashed again. Darting hither and thither, its flight becoming more staggering and frantic, the fly hurled itself at the lamp with awful impact and then fell. There on a sheet of paper it lay, motionless, one wing still glittering, contrasting with the sombreness of that tiny body.

K. Hope, Form VI.a.

To the Navy.

All along the shores of Britain there are trawlers to be seen,
There are battleships and liners and perhaps a submarine;
They are guarding Britain's waters, they are fighting Britain's foes,
And our Navy leads them forwards in the way our Navy knows.

From the seven seas our trampers and our merchant ships come back,
Bringing food for British people and the goods we Britons lack;
They come home past mines and U-boats steered by gallant sailor men,
They're unloaded in the harbours, but they soon go out again.

But our ships are sometimes battered in the enemy's attack,
And are sometimes torn and broken and they never will come back;
But we Britons will remember their commanders and their men,
And will honour all those vessels that do not return again!

Trees from Beeston Hill.

When I looked down from Beeston Hill,
Upon a world that seemed so still,
It was the trees that caught my eye,
The trees, which reached into the sky.

And on that sunny afternoon
I saw from high the apple bloom,
And stately poplars rear on high
Beneath a blue and cloudless sky.

These things and more my gaze did fill,
As I looked down from Beeston Hill.

G. Williams, Form VI.a.

The Fisher Boy.

As I was walking slowly
Along the old quayside,
I saw a Devonshire fisher lad
Watching the ebbing tide.

And just as I had passed him
He stood up with a sigh;
He looked so sadly out to sea,
To the wild waves and the sky.

I knew just how he longed for
The rough sea and the spray,
To feel the wind across his face

The Nantonian.

All the live-long day.

Betty North, Form VI.b.

45

Stars.

"Any of the heavenly bodies except the sun, moon, and comets, shining with their own light,"--thus says the dictionary on the subject of stars. Stars in the days of yore guided sailors on their travels over the unexplored seas, and one shone over a stable in Bethlehem.

The ancient peoples were fond of studying astronomy and often used to read the future from the heavens. This practice is followed to-day, with perhaps not so much success.

Sometimes, usually after ardently wooing Bacchus, people see stars, of various shapes, sizes and hues. Some people even become stars themselves, as for instance, in one way, according to old mythology, did Andromeda; and in the other, Greta Garbo.

But to return to those twinkling diamonds we see starring the sky at night—what secrets they could tell! Under their friendly gaze many a Romeo has won or lost his Juliet, many a gruesome deed has been witnessed by them, many have striven to be or gain them. Some have given up the struggle on the way, but the patient have carried on till they got to the top and reached their particular star, remembering that one has to go 'per ardua ad astra.'

Lorna Jackson, Form R.a.

Sonnet to a Barrage Balloon.

Beloved "blimp," serenely floating high,
May thy magnificence of form ne'er fade,
Riding majestic in the changing sky,
Thy gas-filled shape I fondly serenade.

Thou hast thy servants, they attend thy state,
And guard thee valiantly, by day or night,
Upon thy glorious majesty they wait,
Encircle thee with beams of amber light.

The Nantonian.

O elephantine guardian of the skies,
Thy fame is recognised o'er all the world;
I see thee from thy moorings radiant rise,
A challenger, a British flag unfurled.

O Blimp, thou art an everlasting joy,
To one who thinks thou couldst have conquered Troy.

Margaret Wych, Form R.a.

46

The Wood in Summer.

Out of the sunshine then into the dark,
Leaving behind me the fields and the park.
The birds in the tree tops were singing so gay,
Enjoying the warmth of that sweet summer's day.

The fine turf below me was springy and green,
And gay smiling flowers all around me were seen;
Ad often from holes fluffy rabbits came out,
And little red squirrels were playing about.

Near a chattering stream dainty bluebells grew tall,
With such slender green stems that I feared they would fall,
They stood firm as an army about to advance,
With each tall slender leaf like a sharp pointed lance.

Mary Booth, Form R.a.

Signs of Spring.

Daffodils swaying in the breeze,
Chaffinches building in the trees;
Low buzzing sounds from the busy bees,
These are the signs of the coming of Spring.

Pure white daisies show their faces,
Little lambs in shady places,
Happy children running races;
These are the signs of the coming of Spring.

The Nantonian.

Primroses their heads are showing,
Bluebells in the woods are growing,
Farmers all their seeds are sowing;
These are the signs of the coming of Spring.

The modest violet now is seen
Peeping from amidst the green,
Of all wild flowers she is Queen;
These are the signs of the coming of Spring.

Green buds opening out their leaves,
Swallows twittering 'neath the eaves,
Nature rejoices when winter leaves;
These are the signs of the coming of Spring.

Vera Fisher, Form R.b.



The coming of Spring.

S. Simon,
Form VI.b.

The Nantonian.

8.50 a.m.--Waken up. Groan when remember it is last day. Dress and go down to breakfast.

(.30 a.m.--Pack sports bag. Go into the garden. Try to dig for victory. Set parsley seeds wrong.

11.0 a.m.--Walk round fields. Look back over holidays. Wish for more holidays.

12.30 p.m.--Dinner.

2.0 p.m.--Set out for movies.

2.20 p.m.--Arrive at the "Plaza." Try to bluff attendant that I am sixteen years old. Short trousers give me away.

2.27 p.m.--Try the same trick at the "Kino." Unsuccessful. Am getting desperate now

2.30 p.m.--Go to "Odeon." Manage to get in there. Pay 6d. Sit in 9d. Seat.

4.45 p.m.--Movies finish. Go home.

5.10 p.m.--Have tea.

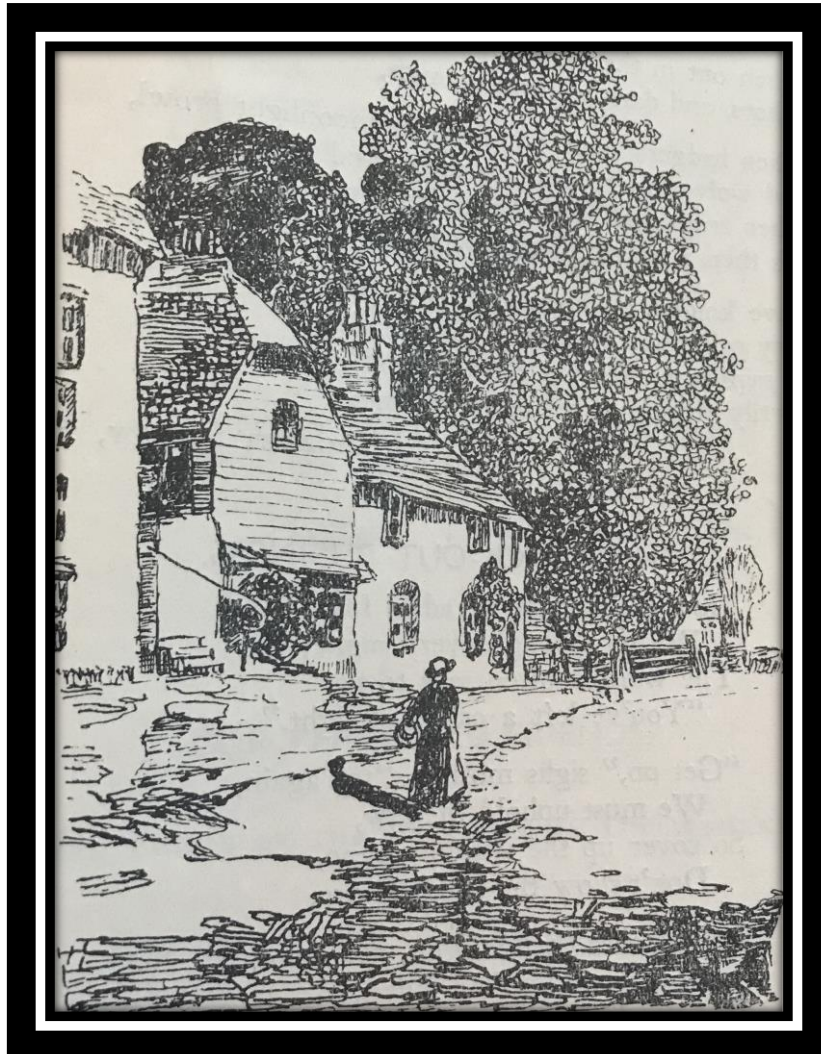
5.35 p.m.--Pack books up ready for the morrow. Try to remember everything I have forgotten. Unsuccessful.

6.0 p.m.--Write mag. Article. Takes me nearly 3 hours. Cannot get brain to work.

9.0 pm.--Have a wash.

9.10 p.m.--Go to bed. Alas! My holidays are over until Whitsuntide. Groan when I think how long it is until then. Cannot sleep through thinking of school.

H. Marriott, Form IVa.



Rustic Peace.

B. Beech.

Form VI.b.

The Nantonian.

Pictures in the Fire.

When the curtains are drawn, and the lamps are bright,
And all around is the still dark night,
When out in the wood the Wise Owl's cry
Echoes, and dark is drawing nigh,

When badgers come out on their moonlight prowl,
And wolves in the distance moan and howl,
When frogs and toads croak loud in the mire,
'Tis then I see pictures glow in the fire:

Brave knights on horseback go riding by,
Fairy princesses on flower couches lie,
Or gypsies in caravans clatter along,
Merrily whistling or singing a song.

Margaret Storey, Form IIIa.

This Black-Out Business.

How I abhor the dreadful fuss
We go through every night;
The warden often says to us,
"You've left a crack of light."

"get up," sighs mother, "try again,
We must uphold the law,
So cover up the window pane,
Don't show the patch I tore.

I think that that will do, my dear;
Now if we lived in Eden,
We should not have to bother there,
We should not have lights even."

So if we are approached at all,
About the dreadful business,
We just retort with bitter gall,
"All right, but, oh! My goodness!"

Patricia Dickens, Form IIIa.

The Falling Leaves.

October's leaves are falling
Down, down, down;
Some of them are red,
And some of them are brown,
Some of them are golden
Like a king's crown,
And they're falling softly down.

And if you can just catch one,
A happy month you'll gain,
They're falling on the hedges
And right cross the lane,
So run, and try and catch one,
For they're falling, falling softly
Down, like April rain.

Olive Warburton, Form IIIb.

Our feathered Friends.

Bird Poems by the Preparatory Department.

Birds.

The blue tit is so very small,
The heron is both large and tall,
The bullfinch has a breast of red,
And glossy black upon his head.

The seagull does so like the sea,
The eagle's taller far than me;
The little owl looks wondrous wise,
He looks for food with piercing eyes.

J. Pelper, Form IIu.

Robin.

Little robin red breast,
He is very gay;
He builds a little tiny nest,
So some people say.

He stays with us in winter,
He does not mind the cold;
He's quite a clever songster,
And very, very bold.

A. Slawson, Form IIu.

The Swallow.

The swallow is a blue black bird,
A lovely little thing,
He rarely perches in a tree,
He's always on the wing.

W. G. Lewis, Form IIu.

A Sparrow.

I met a little sparrow,
Who was plump and round and fat;
He had travelled up from Harrow,
Now what think you of that?"

P. Garnett, Form III.

Old Grammarians' Notes.

We are continually receiving enquiries from Old Boys on Active Service for the address of a school friend also on Active Service. As a result we have started to compile a list, which we hope will do something to meet the case. In a later edition of the School Magazine it may be possible to publish a list of all those serving with the Forces. We shall therefore be grateful if all scholars, Old Grammarians and friends, who have the addresses of Old Grammarians on Active Service, will be good

Enough to send particulars to the School or to any member of the Staff. We are hoping to have a Reunion of all Old Boys when peace is declared. In the meantime may we express the wish on behalf of the Old Grammarians' Association to all now serving with the Forces--"the best of luck and a speedy return."

M.D.,

B.M.

Extracts from A Letter from Mr. Hughes.

4th Regt.,

Royal horse Artillery

c/o Military Post Office

Cairo, Egypt,

8th November, 1939.

Dear Mr. Lodge- thank you for a very comforting letter. It was good to hear from you. I am sorry that I got snatched away in such a hurry, but such things are beyond our control. somebody pulls out files in the W.O., and here we are in Egypt. At this distance and time it all seems rather fantastic and on occasions I find the whole business almost unreal

Egypt is a magic name in England, but Iskendirieh, as the Egyptians call Alexandria, marvellously dispels the mist of glamour. In England I hardly crystallised my feelings at all about Egypt. Probably they were all summed up in that bad penny 'romantic.' Vaguely one conjures up gluey ideas of the Pyramids, the Nile, with Cleopatra somewhere in the offing. Truly, as R.L.S. said, it is better to travel than to arrive. There was little to remind one of Philip's more glorious son when we arrived at Alex. Smells in plenty, yes. Nothing else but dirty fellahs in dirtier nightshirts in the everlasting Tarboosh, who whisper at the top of their voices. Every noise of European civilisation is present without its efficiency, but more discordant on the ear. I have found nothing so suggestive of the impotence and inefficiency of the average Egyptian as the tooter of the Egyptian tram conductor; it is petulant in sound, as well as childish and its size is petulant in inverse proportion to the sound it produces

We are glad the winter has now arrives. To-day is cold in Cairo, with the temp. at 70 degrees F. in the shade, though a fortnight or so ago it was well over a hundred at times and was unbearably hot our first week. Even in shirts and shorts, with no belts, great wet stains collected at one's waist, down the middle of your back and in any fold of your libs covered by clothes. Consequently the flies are a torment. They keep a special brand here. The Egyptian fly never rests, never learns discretion (because he doesn't need to) and knows more irritating things than his English cousin ever dreamt of. Mosquitos do well of me; last Sunday week I counted 41 separate bites, but they leave me alone now the cold weather has come.

I had a day or so in the Citadel in Old Cairo. It has a fine situation overlooking the modern city and behind are the quarries from which the stone for Cheop's pyramid 6 miles away was brought. Apparently Saladin originally started it. In a calmer state of mind and better health I might have admired the wonderful painted ceilings but my most vivid impression of the Citadel was its court-yard.

I have been on leave since then and have spent the last week at an English Pension on the island of Gezira in the Nile, near the club, as it is called in Cairo. Now it is very pleasant, the skies are cloudier and the temperature nearer English summer standards. Here on the island it is very green, very pleasant after the dust, stones and the eternal sand of the camp. About four miles away to the S.W. are the great Pyramids, with the other six extending away in line. In the day time I find them unimpressive. It is better to see them at night with the magnificent Egyptian moon. The Sphinx, however, more than comes up to expectations. Most of the Tutankahmen treasures in the Museum have been secured and there is very little to see now in the Museum. The Nile is now reaching normal levels after its annual and necessary flood; tho' the locals say it has never been as high as it used to before Mussolini got hold of Abyssinia. A few T.E.W.T.s in the desert soon make one vividly realize Egypt's dependence on the Nile- that is the country and the people. Straight through Cairo the width of the country which is irrigated and therefore cultivated is not more than 10 miles. Outside that-desert. It seems incredible. But then again since I've been here there have been only two showers of rain- the second about 30 minutes long last Thursday night; yet through the flatness of the valley there is plenty of water everywhere from the Nile. . . .

The most ubiquitous bird of course is the evil looking hooded kite, which has a most eerie whistling call. Now and again we get a pair of Kitchener's crows, which he is said to have introduced from England. They seem English enough in colouring and caw. About three weeks ago(October 16th) I saw my first swallow and the day after one pied wagtail in front of the Mess. Early the next morning I saw eleven of them sitting huddled on the 'phone wires, looking rather bedraggled and tired. Three days after I was sitting in the afternoon in front of the Mess on the little bit of grass that grows so painfully, when we spotted a brown speckled bird with a muddy breast, who flew out of a bush and then hovered near it. It did this several times, but we never saw it properly as it was against the sun. An R.A.M.C. man thought it might be a flycatcher. Apart from the sparrows these are the only English looking birds we've seen. With sand around one, however, there is little chance. I've had far more luck with butterflies and several times bewailed I hadn't got a net. I've seen some gorgeous peacock specimens, much larger they seem than English ones; large Common Whites several times; one Bath White, a Wall butterfly. These I was certain of. Others I couldn't identify, owing to my inability to move, one Copper, an unidentified Blue, and two Fritillaries, one of which was I think a Black veined. The dragon flies are splendid. I've never seen such colouring on English ones. . . .

My kindest regard to Mrs. Lodge and yourself and to my colleagues on the Staff.

(Censored A.H.).

As we go to press we have to announce the temporary loss of the services of another master, Mr. E. R. L. Lewis, who has been granted a Commission in the Signal Service of the R.A.F. We wish him good luck and a speedy return. Mr. Lewis's contributions to this number, as well as his fine work in re-organising the National Savings Group, here call for special thanks.

J. L.

Valete Et Salvete.

Left:--

Hodgkin House:--

Boys: Appleton J., Davies F. H., Ellson J., Green T. G., Hinde D. A., Hope C., Lowe G., Mottram J. W., Nichols E. Tomkinson D. H., Williams O.

Girls: J. Gray, F. Hitchen, S> Morgan, H. Mottram, P. Williamson, I. Williamson.

Thrush House:--

Boys: Blacklay H. O., Betts G. L., Clarke W. K., Crosby R., Fishwick G., Kelly A., Morgan R., Smith D. R., Steele F. E., Tomkinson F. J., Wilkinson J. R., Wright H.

Girls: J. Bradshaw, H. Kelly,

Wilbraham House:--

Boys: Batchelor J., Burgwin E., Furber B. N., Henshall R., Jones B. L., Morris G., Moseley A. R., Thomas W., Williamson N.

Girl: S. Fyles.

New Comers:--

Hodgkin House:--

Boys: Bond J. M., Burgess J. K., Kingsley T., Svendsen J. H., Wooldridge W. F.

Girls: J. Haighton, J. Kettell, H. Richardson, M. Williams.

Thrush House:--

Boys: Rudnai A., Taylor B., Whittingham R. H., Williamson, J. R.

Girl: J. Moore.

Wilbraham House:--

Boys: Pooley L., Williamson D. E.

Girls: P. Philip, L. Shakeshaft, N. Watkiss.