

# THE PHŒNIX

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# C O N T E N T S

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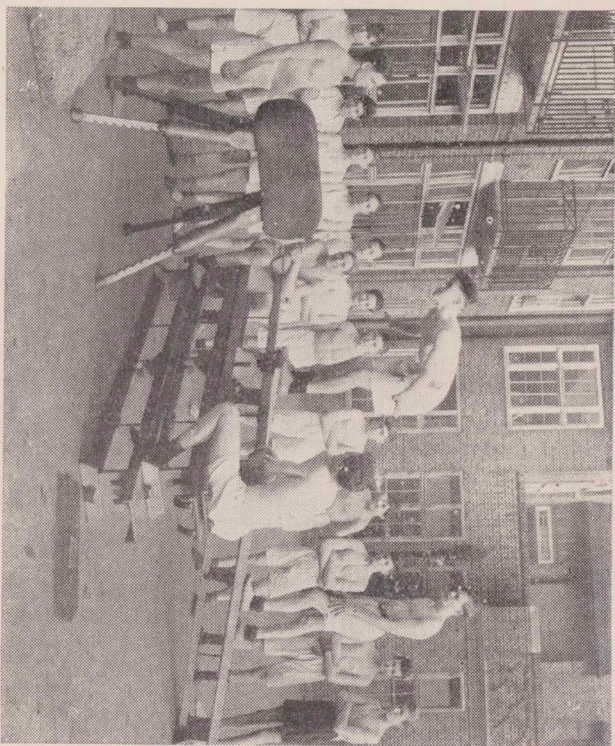
SEPTEMBER

*Non mihi, non tibi, sed nobis.*

1938

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*PHYSICAL TRAINING.*

## EDITORIAL

It is not without a feeling of satisfaction that I find myself for the third time writing the Editorial for our Magazine, "The Phoenix." I am under the impression, not without reason, I hope, that the bird is not only leaving ashes behind, but quite a distinct cloud of smoke.

Looking back over our last issue, I note that explanations were given at some length concerning the financial details of this publication, including comments on the price charged for the Magazine. The explanations were not out of place, but the tone now seems to have been superfluously apologetic in which they were couched. Having just concluded the putting together of this issue, I realise that you are getting good value for your money. When the bound volumes of our first fifty numbers are on the market, first editions of the early numbers will fetch their weight in gold.

It has been customary in former issues to open the feast of intellectual pabulum by a message in the form of a Foreword from some person or persons of eminence and note in circles educational, which appears to be lacking in the present number. This, however, is not so, and I am happy to announce that in place of a more formal Foreword, I have had the good fortune to secure a complete article from Mr. J. B. Chapman, our Divisional Inspector. You will find this interesting and thought-provoking article on another page under the title of "Protograms."

When I set out to write this article I felt the urge to say quite a lot to you about various things, and realising that the Editorial would become too long and unwieldy—I have no desire to make use of my position to write *all* the Magazine—I have incorporated most of the things I felt impelled to say in a separate article. And there is alone in these two articles ample value for your money.

Some time ago I gave out that two prizes were offered for either an original sketch or an original poem. I got quite a lot of entries—chiefly for the sketch, however. I am sorry to say that the good ones were not original, and the original ones were not good. But, the offer is not withdrawn, and I hope that you will really try to do something in that line. Put your name, age, and class on any attempts you send in.

Looking over the remainder of the present issue, it appears to have chiefly been written by E. Fitt, but this is an illusion. I am pleased to be able to . . . (Reminds me of the joke about "his Lordship was very pleased to see you . . . in fact his Lordship was very pleased *to be able* to see you.") I am pleased to be able to congratulate E. Fitt on again winning the Mackower Cup at the London Museum. I hope he succeeds in winning it for the third time, when, I am given to understand, he is entitled to keep the Museum. I hope he does, it will look nice in the Hall. While on the subject of E. Fitt, I find I have had to hold over (sounds better than "cut out") an article from him and also one from T. Hughes. I am publishing one from the joint pens of



these loquacious and versatile authors on the subject of the School Journey, and have really no space for more from their able pens this issue, but will try and find room for them next issue. Our various critics, who alternately charge us with being "high-brow" and "low-brow," will probably wonder at the considerable space I have allotted to the efforts of all kinds and conditions of boys, some not remarkable for their literary ability, scintillating wit, or poetical fervour, grouped together under one title. I must admit I have chosen some for the unconscious humour inherent in them, but I am sure that the writers will not mind a little innocent fun at their expense. As you people will not send me in stuff of a humorous nature I have to get it somewhere.

I am pleased to note an attempt by one contributor at a Book Review. This is the sort of stuff we should like more of—your own personal opinions on what you are reading or doing or hoping to do. So send some more Book Reviews in, somebody!

It was with pleasure that we hear—too late to record elsewhere—that C. H. Gregory, who passed his Oxford School Leaving Certificate in December, 1936, has just recently sat for the External Matriculation Examination of the London University and passed. This is an achievement by no means to be despised. Was it not the late Sir Oliver Lodge, a very noted scientist of his time, who said that the hardest examination he had ever sat for was the London Matric., and the easiest was the peculiar process he went through which got him his Doctorship of Science?

In my last issue I remember talking about forms of verse and quoting or more probably sadly mis-quoting, one or two examples of what are known as "Clerihews," which were invented by Edmund Clerihew Bentley. Another example just comes into my mind:—

How odd  
Of God  
To choose  
The Jews.

As I am assured that all jokes about Scotsmen are invented in Aberdeen and that all jokes about Jews are invented and spread abroad by them, I hope no one will mind my repeating this old chestnut—not to appear in your next Scripture Exam., please. I am sure this sort of stuff must be very easy. Here goes for an original one:—

*Der Fuehrer Hitler*  
*Of Europa the Mittler,*  
Though not so boering  
Is Nazier than Goering.

I will present the book prize offered for the poem to anyone who sends me in not less than three nor more than six original Clerihews. If any member of the Staff competes I will make the prize a dozen bottles of . . . milk, of course. Study the examples I gave in my last Editorial, and the two here, and you will see how it is done. The ones on famous people seem the easier to tackle, so send in your efforts whenever you like.

## PROTOGRAMS

By J. B. C.

The Americanism with which a visitor once startled a London shopkeeper will serve as an illustration. After ordering several articles the lady said that she guessed these could be sent to her "Cod." Never before had the attendant heard of such a relative or destination, and he was reassured of the sanity of his customer only when her abbreviation of "Cash on Delivery" was explained to him. The "Cod" of the Anecdote is a protogram, a first letter word, the formation of which is rendered possible by a lucky combination of the initials of the phrase which it supplants.

The abbreviation of words in any manner whatsoever has always been anathema to highbrows, but the sensible custom of the Romans who, for instance, reduced "Senatus Populusque Romanus" to S.P.Q.R., could not fail to appeal to a practical people like ourselves. Despite the opposition of Victorian purists, a considerable number of abbreviations had become firmly established before the end of last century. Utility was the guiding principle. A great saving of time and breath or of ink and space is effected by the use of such abbreviations as L.C.C., G.P.O., I.D.B., M.C.C., and Y.M.C.A. None of these, of course, is a protogram. Indeed, pre-war protograms are not very numerous. Schoolboy nicknames and trade terms come most readily to the mind. Because his surname happened to be "Gordon" it was ordained practically at the font that the "James Urquhart" there bestowed should condemn one individual to go through life under the appellation of "Jug." "Lemco," curtailed from "Leitig Extract of Meat Company," and "Bifocal," the telegraphic address of the "British and Foreign Corporation Limited," also illustrate this form of protogram making.

In your history books you may have read of "Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley and Lauderdale," that group of Charles II's ministers who signed a Treaty of Alliance with France in 1672, and you may also have read that the initials of their names gave us the word "Cabal," which means a small body of intriguers, but your teachers will be able to give you examples of the use of the word "Cabal" in this sense even in the reign of Charles I.

In a certain London tavern, we are told, a collecting box was kept for the benefit of the attendants. This box bore the inscription, "To Insure Promptness," from which phrase a contribution came to be called a "tip." One wonders whether or not this last derivation is apocryphal, like the schoolboy's "snob" from "sine nobilitate."

Of the protograms born during the Great War "Anzac" is one of the earliest. It was used, of course, to describe anything belonging to the "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps," but by whom the word was invented, or rather, discovered, it is impossible to tell. This statement is unfortunately applicable to nearly all War protograms with the exception of "Dora," the happy abbreviation coined by Mr. Justice Scrutton for "Defence

of the Rcalm Act." Early in 1915, at Farnborough, the circular wires connecting the upper and lower planes of a B.E. 2.C. aeroplane were removed and replaced by streamline wires specially rolled at the "Royal Aircraft Factory" there. The consequent increase in the speed of the machine, about ten miles an hour, caused these "raf" wires to be adopted thereafter on all the heavier types of aeroplanes.

Some of you may have read a novel by John Masefield bearing the strange title "Ootaa"; this word is a protogram, but I dare not tell you what it stands for; perhaps you'll guess. It would be an interesting thing to jot down when you come across them such words as I have been describing. In addition to those mentioned in this contribution to your excellent magazine I could weary you with thirty or forty more, but I won't.

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## CHOP-SUEY

*The following extracts have been taken from articles sent in that it was not possible to print in full, or from compositions done in class. The Italics are the Editor's, as are also, in places, the spelling and punctuation.*

### *Aviation.*—A. Weight, IS.

In the last war aeroplanes took a great part . . . . One of the fastest was the "Camel" . . . a small machine with two cockpits, one for the pilot and one for the observer. In the first cockpit there were two twin Vickers machine guns. These guns spit out red-hot lead, and if ever you stop half a belt of "tracer" bullets *the blow would be fatal.*

(The Editor agrees: Half a belt would be three hundred rounds.)

### *Safe Crackers.*—G. Musto.

On the misty moor stood a lonely house with lights gleaming like phantoms in the mist. This house belonged to Mr. Johnston, a rich diamond cutter, who was in London with his family. From the house came a thundering crash of an explosion, and the shout of a man running for a saloon car. When Mr. Johnston came back he saw his house in a state of confusion, chairs turned upside down, a table transfixed in the door of a cupboard. He knew what had happened. His Diamond of Doom was missing—it was worth £25,000. He sent for Capt. Moulburn, of Scotland Yard, who came by autogyro. He had a look round, and he noticed a piece of cloth hanging on a sharp piece of steel on the safe. At that moment the butler came downstairs. He said he had been out in Dover and had stopped there for three hours. The Captain told Johnston that he had got the man. Next day was the butler's day off and he said he was going for a walk. The Captain followed. He went to the river side and pulled a string which was lying there in the grass. Attached to the string was



a water-proof bag (*These diamonds easily catch cold.—Ed.*) containing the diamond. He told Johnston. (*The title of this hair-raising story should have been "Swift Work."*)

*The Marvel of the Pick-a-back Planes.—K. Isaac, IIA.*

. . . The Mercury zooms upwards and the Maia dives down towards the earth. *The two pilots come down on the aerodrome safe, with only a small scare.*

*The Radio Listener.—M. Greeno, IIS.*

Really I enjoy listening to the Radio. I do not enjoy listening to that torture that goes on by the name of "hot rhythm" . . . a lot of boys like "swing," which is another name for that killing of good music. But on the other hand, I do not know of any boy who likes Chamber Music. That to my idea is almost as bad as "Swing." *Classics are my favourite.* The best of all I think is the late George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" . . . They have a fine series on once a week called "Famous Men and Women of England." *These are very explanatory* and, of course, teach history to the *juvenile* listeners. . . . Of course, there is "Monday Night at Seven." *You all know what that is like.*

*When the Steel Men Lost Their Temper.—S. Perkins I Alpha.*

"Who's there?" came a rough voice. "Me, Dad," was the answer, and in walked a *neatly dressed* young man in *evening dress*. "Why do you want me now, as I was just going to a dance?" said the voice of Tom. His father was the owner of a *well-built* steel factory. "You mackerel, you're not going out to-night, I'm going to have a talk with you," said Sir Stanley Viney. "When I was a child of twenty, I started a small factory, but year after year it became better. Now I am sixty, and liable to die at any moment, you are a sissy. Who can I leave the firm to?" Tom protested, but he knew it was no use. So he hurries out of the room feeling disheartened. After he got out of his father's factory, *which was the biggest factory in the British Isles*, he started to think what to do. After many hard tries, his best plan was to do something good so his father would praise him. After three hours of walking, he arrived at the place where the employees lived. The first thing to do was to get the right clothes. "Which suit, Sir? Is this all right?" *came the voice from the pawnshop.* Half an hour later Tom was out with a new suit, not a very good one. *In fact, it was no good. Just the kind they used at his father's factory.* Six o'clock and Tom was at the employees' entrance. It was the first time Tom got up so early. Half an hour later Tom was working at his father's firm. He was sweating. His job was to give coal to the huge boilers in which were molten *lead*. Every minute the foreman . . . a big enormous man . . . was on him. . . . Tom was there a week. . . . Three weeks later the foreman was getting Tom angry, so one lunch-time he lost his temper and hit the foreman. . . . Just as the foreman hit the ground someone shouted, "One of the biggest



boilers have busted, and fifteen hundred tons of molten steel is heading this way." Hardly had he finished when all the men were outside, except Tom and the foreman. Tom did not know the meaning of this. And just as he looked round he saw the steel rising towards him. If he ran he could not have got to the door in time. Looking up he saw a crane's hook over his head. Picking up the foreman *with his feet* he lifted him in the air. Some of the men, picking up their nerve, went to the room where the crane was worked. Seeing Tom and his burden (*another example of the white man's burden*) they got the crane to go to safety. Three hours later Tom came to, for as he touched the ground, he fainted. "Who was the man I hit?" he asked his father. "Me," was the answer. (*Sir Stanley, sixty, and on the verge of death, a master of disguise, was certainly no sissy.—Ed.*)

*How to know one car from another.—Butler, IIA.*

If you saw a car coming along the road, it would be easy to distinguish it from another car by its badge which is usually fixed to the top of the radiator and also to the spare wheel at the rear. A Daimler hasn't a badge but can be recognised by the groove on the top of the radiator. The Swift has a club for a badge with two birds, one at the top and one at the bottom. The Vauxhall has a dragon with a flag on which is the letter "V." It also has grooves which run right along each side of the bonnet. The Standard has got a Union Jack on it with "Standard" over the top and "Coventry" at the bottom. The Studebaker has a motor-car wheel with the name across it, Triumph has a world, whilst Stars have a six-pointed star with a woman dancing on them. The Rover has an old Viking on it as a figure-head—the Trojan has a soldier of Troy with a red background—the Berliet has a train with a cow-catcher on the front—the "Ballot" has an anchor with "E" on one side and "B" on the other (this car is made in Paris). It is easy to tell a Renault by its pointed bonnet, unlike any other car—its radiator covered by the bonnet, its badge a grey diamond. . . . The Wolseley has a radiator which slopes backward and has an egg-shaped badge which lights up. The Armstrong-Siddeley has a pointed radiator with a Sphinx seated on the top (but lately the point has been done away with). The Morris . . . a point on the top of the radiator like the Rolls Royce (Morris, the first to make the stream-lined car by making a bullet-nosed radiator).

The Ford has a blue oval with "Ford" stamped on it . . . also known by a round red badge with 8, 10, 30, according to the power of the car . . . the Minerva distinguished by the bust of a lady with . . . Trojan hat on, screwed on top of radiator. The Hillman Minx recognised by the way the radiator bends up at the bottom.

*Are There Visitors From Mars?—Stock.*

Mars is drawing away from us after one of its nearest conjunctions. The distance is increasing at the rate of two million miles a week, which astronomically is pretty slow.

While it was a big red ball in the sky, people asked themselves if it would be possible to bridge the gap of roughly forty-eight miles. . . . Very few of these people pondered the idea of beings from Mars visiting us. If there ever was a civilisation on Mars, if there still is, facts go to prove that it is older than ours. and problems that we now face were solved there centuries ago.

Several scientists think that something at various periods in history has visited this planet. Charles Fort, an American scientist who died some months ago, and others have unearthed facts that take us back to the "70's" of last century.

Any thing that flew then was bound to create excitement as the only flying things were balloons and a spherical balloon isn't easy to mistake for anything else. Yet power-driven machines were seen in the sky.

There was a machine, wedge-shaped, putting out a tail of flame, and making a roaring noise, that was seen by the inhabitants of Delaware, U.S.A., 1880. It was not a meteor. It disappeared over the horizon and was not seen again.

Later, three times a machine rather like a modern warship, but smaller, was seen over various parts of Britain—it was stream-lined like a cigar. Again there were reliable witnesses, not in twos or threes, but in dozens.

Early in this century a fleet of winged things were seen high up in Switzerland. They were seen through a telescope and were similar to a modern monoplane, but there weren't any monoplanes in the world at that date.

Astronomy and physics say that a machine that travels through space with radiation as its form of propulsion would be best formed as a wheel—if the machine were driven by rocket-power its best form would be that of a wedge—and the records of wedges and wheels are legion. One wedge was found in Arizona . . . made of stone and having some form of inscription on it which no one could decipher. Fort claimed that it came from outer space and bore a message.

Two queries arise in everybody's minds. One . . . if beings from outer space have visited us, why haven't they communicated with us? . . . if strange machines have been seen in the past, why aren't they seen now? Airmen flying over Africa no longer bother to land to investigate the habits of the natives, because everybody knows them . . . if these people—travellers from space—look upon us as savages or wild animals (*not without reason—Ed.*), and have solved the mysteries of space, our civilisation must be very dull to them, so why should they communicate with us?

Secondly, they have probably made all the investigations they want to, so why should they trouble to come again?

#### *My Queer Hobby.*—P. Tansley.

My unusual hobby is collecting different match-box tops . . . queer but interesting. You start off with easy ones like Bryant and May's and Camp.



After you have about fifty tops then you get difficulties in finding new and rarer tops. After passing the one hundred mark . . . this is even more difficult. I have one hundred and fifty-two.

I own tops from Newcastle and Southend . . . a Dutch, a German and two French match-box tops.

Lots of people say it is stupid, but when I show them my small collection they get interested. . . . Some grown-ups have over ten thousand of them.

*The Japanese and Their Ways.*—P. Tohi.

In Japan people dress differently—they wear light cotton or silk kimonos and also have a light type of sandal. The workers wear cotton garments . . . but the richer class wear silk dresses, but in recent years the land of the "Rising Sun" has taken to wearing Western clothes.

Some people of this country have an idea that the houses of Japan are made of paper . . . in big cities like Tokio and Yokahama they have big buildings to resist earthquakes and in smaller towns the houses are made of bricks and cement . . . in the country some houses are made of wood. The house is one big room, divided by light oil-painted screens that are slid from the room when necessary. The beds are easily rolled and put into a snug corner. In the evening the beds are rolled out and separate bedrooms divided for the men, women and children.

The food of Japan differs very much from the food in England. Rice and fish are very common in Japan, like eggs and bacon in England, but that is not all there is; a certain prepared seaweed is commonly eaten. A very common meal is called "sukiyuki" which consists of onions, meat, celery, soya sauce, with a certain type of gravy, all fried together and eaten with rice. (*Do not bamboo shoots, and beancurd also appear in this dish?—Ed.*)

The sport of Japan is rowing, judo, swimming, "soccer," and kendo. Kendo is a very thrilling sport to watch. Two men in a type of protective armour and helmets are provided with bamboo sticks and then begin to fight, and they scream and shout to make the fight more thrilling. Judo is taught in the schools of Japan and matches are held between the boys.

The schools of Japan are first class and have every modern convenience. Boys begin school when they are seven and stay at school until they are thirteen, then they go to High School till they are eighteen. They may leave when they are fourteen. At the age of eighteen the boys must join the army for a period of three years. Some of those who are not fit and who wish to carry on with their schooling are excused and go on to the University.

*Sport.*—E. Porter, IS.

Sport was first thought of soon after the beginning of the world. The people did not know it was sport because they could only just speak *English*, and they didn't understand much. Sport includes, though people *do not know it*, shooting of animals, bull-fighting, riding on elephants and, in the days of the Romans,



chariot-racing. Football was brought to us by the Romans. (*Julius Caesar played half-back, I gather.—Ed.*) It was played of course, without rules, such as we have nowadays. . . .

*We Go Hiking.*—E. Whittle.

We decided to go hiking on the morrow . . . so we had to get ready . . . and buy food. The food problem started an argument between us—Jim said we needed a lot of food or else we would drop down on the road-side and die of hunger. I said we didn't need much for just a day, but I finally gave in to him because he said he wouldn't like people to find us with vultures picking our bones. It's no use not giving in to Jim, because if you didn't he will pretend something has happened to him through your not giving in. At last we got the food; half a dozen tins of fruit, beans, butter, tea, potatoes, chocolate, and methylated spirit because he was sure it would seep through the food. . . . I was to carry the "Primus," billycan, knives, forks, plates and mugs and Jim would carry his beloved food, which he said would just, but only just, be sufficient.

We started out on the Great North Road about nine. After we had walked about a mile Jim said he didn't think it was as far as this, and that he couldn't possibly go any further without some nourishment.

Of course we had to stop to get the chocolates out of the knap-sack. The chocolate, of course, was at the bottom—it always happens when one wants to go on. He raked everything out of his bag to find it wasn't there . . . of course he then wanted to empty mine—he would be obstinate—and I sat down on the grass and watched him empty my haversack. He couldn't find it. He said it wasn't there. Suddenly he tripped and sat down on the billycan, which he dented. I had to help him pack and told him not to do it again, causing a lot of trouble for nothing. Then he mumbled something about people always getting on to him, and we went on our way. After we had walked eleven miles (approx.) we decided to unpack and cook dinner. . . . It dawned on us we had no water so I went in search of some. I came across a little stream which tasted like—well, like monkey-nuts. I took some back and gave it to Jim to put in the billycan. The potatoes we had peeled beforehand, so we put them in the water to cook them. Curiously enough, the water turned brown, and pieces of paper floated about. We fished a piece out and on it were the words, "Cadbury's Chocolate." I raved at Jim for not noticing it. He said it was daft, packing chocolate in a billycan. For dinner we had potatoes, liquid chocolate, and beans, and we brewed some tea. We both agreed that it was too weak to hold itself up, so we cleared away and as Jim was packing the "Primus" up he burned himself—he's always doing something.

We walked a couple more miles and then stopped for a rest in a field. Jim, who is a pig, now wanted his tea. We got out the stove again and made some more tea. This was a bit better than the first lot. Jim said practice makes perfect. Then we

dragged out a disreputable object supposed to be a loaf. A search for butter then started. It wasn't to be found, so we came to the conclusion that we had left it at home, till Jim sat down and said he felt something greasy, and dragged out the remains of the butter plus dirt, crumbs and fluff. Anyway we enjoyed it . . . we made a royal feast, packed up, and started back—and so, as Jim said, we finished a very successful hike. (*Whoever inspired this effort, had undoubtedly been reading Jerome K. Jerome.—Ed.*)

*Immortality.*—L. Goodwin.

Immortality can be described as a state in which annihilation is not possible. Most people, however, when talking on this subject, refer to it as relating to the immortality of the soul; the great problem which has ever troubled man is whether the soul can exist before and after death.

There have been many differences of opinion on this. The present-day Western way of looking at it is still as divided as ever it was. This statement may seem to lay itself open to criticism, for some might say that Europe in the Middle Ages was united under the Pope, in believing in the immortality of the soul.

Actually this was not so; even in those days of repression a few brave men wrote against this idea. The East has always regarded immortality as a fact. The superstitious natives must have had some idea of immortality when they raised their barbaric, stone Gods. Many people have an idea that immortality is a state of degrees, that there are different stages of immortality, that life may be lengthened by spells or potions, or cut short by the same means.

In Europe at the present moment there are many different types of religious or anti-religious teachings, and they all stress immortality in different ways. It is safe to say, however, that most Europeans believe in immortality. To the dwellers in Tibet, it is regarded as an absolute fact, and the head of their religion is thought to be the re-incarnation of the last ruler. Every country in the world has stories and fables in which immortality, both of the body and of the soul, is constantly occurring. Ghosts must also be included as evidence of immortality, and people who claim to have seen and established communication with other people long dead, substantiate the theory of existence beyond the grave.

History and literature furnish untold numbers of examples corroborating all this. Where is there in England a country-house without its ancestral spectre, complete with groans, chains, and head 'neath arm? And does not Anne Boleyn still roam the night-cooled walks of the Tower? The Greek legends were full of immortal people and spirits; Achilles of the vulnerable heel and the Olympian Gods; the Norse Sagas with Thor and his hammer and his immortal warriors; all pointing to an undying belief in the immortality of the soul.



*The Man in the Iron Mask.*—Needs and Robson, IIIA.

The Man in the Iron Mask has been the subject of many conjectures, but one of the few things that is certain about him is that he was imprisoned in the Paris Bastille in 1789, and his mask, which was made of black velvet, was never removed until he died, a prisoner, in 1803.

Voltaire made the mask into one of iron, and its wearer into a brother of Louis XIV, imprisoned to prevent war over the succession to the throne. Dumas supported this theory in his historical novel, "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," regardless of the fact that when the prisoner died he was buried under the name of Marchill.

His identity can never be proved, for even the Assistant-Governor of the Bastille did not know his name, and the prisoner was forbidden to speak to anyone under pain of instant death, two Musketeers being constantly by his side.

Other persons who might have been the Man in the Iron Mask were the son of Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII, or the Duke of Buckingham, or the twin brother of Louis XIV, or the father of Louis XIV.

The Man in the Iron Mask never wore an Iron Mask, but a black velvet mask, which was strengthened with whalebone and secured behind the head with steel strings which he wore while journeying from prison to prison, and although treated with the utmost deference he was forbidden to uncover himself—and was forced to wear his mask at all times.

## PRIZE ESSAY

The following essay has again, in 1938, won the Makower Cup for Barnsbury. The cup is offered by the London Museum for the best essay on a special topic connected with the museum, and E. Fitt has done splendidly to head the list on two successive years. We shall try to win it for the third year, in which case the cup may be held by the school permanently.

The presentation ceremony at the London Museum on July 13th was a most interesting afternoon. Charles Robertson, Esq., Chairman of the Education Committee, presented the cup and certificates and gave a splendid address. "Tea on the Terrace," amid beautiful surroundings, ended the afternoon.

Now—anyone who would like to enjoy a similar afternoon next year—try hard with your essays.

A. D.

**EARLY MAN IN BRITAIN**—From material gained by a visit to the London Museum

It is extremely difficult to realise what Britain must have looked like two to three hundred thousand years ago, when man first left traces of his existence here. In a picture of the Thames Basin in these times, exhibited in the London Museum, however, the artist depicts the site of our present London as being covered with dense vegetation of a tropical nature, very much like that of the Amazon Basin to-day. It is not hard to



imagine that great mammoths, half as large again as the biggest elephants, huge oxen, and gigantic rhinoceroses tore their way through this thick undergrowth.

Man at this time was little more than an ape, but soon he accomplished the all-important first step in his evolution, the knowledge of how to make for himself stone weapons with which to overcome the great animals of his time, against whom, if he were unarmed, his puny strength would have been impotent. Thus he was able to obtain flesh to eat, skins for clothing, and bones for weapons.

The first stone weapons of man were rough pieces of stone which he found on the earth's surface. Soon, however, with the aid of deerhorn picks—some of which are on view at the London Museum—he dug flint from his flint-mines.

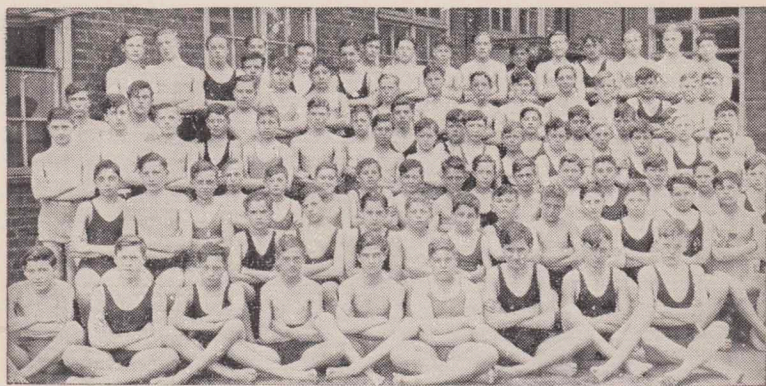
By this time it would be false to think of man as having a mentality closely allied to that of the ape. He had now built up some crude religious belief, comparable with that of some of the uncivilised peoples of to-day. For instance, most of the early weapons and utensils in the London Museum have been found in the burial-places of these Ancient Britons, who left them there, obviously believing that the dead would find use for them in some after-life. From these tools and weapons it is apparent that, as time went on, man was able to make the most of the stone at his disposal, to polish it, and to fashion it with altogether fine workmanship.

Like all primitive men, the Stone Age men attributed such things as were beyond their comprehension to the work of evil spirits. This superstition, it probably was, that prompted them to perform the difficult operation of trepanning upon lunatics, in attempt to free evil spirits from the top of the head. In a trepanned skull of this time, exhibited at the London Museum, it is surprising to notice that the bone has to some extent grown in round the perforation. This means that although the subject of the operation endured all the pain which the use of a coarse stone knife entailed without any form of anæsthetic, he lived for some years afterwards!

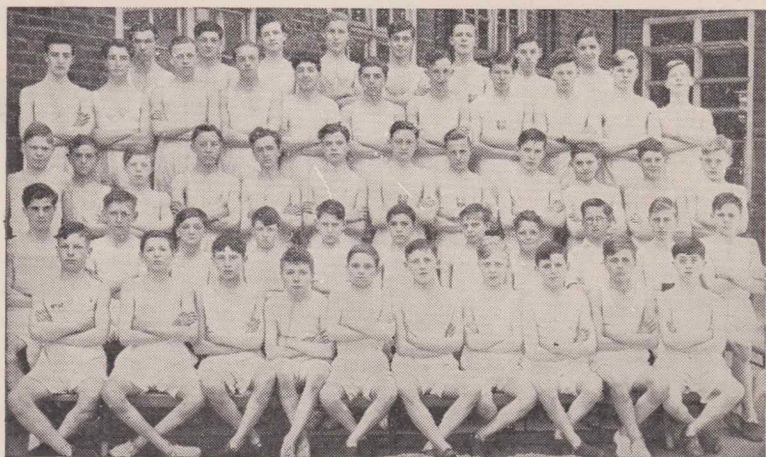
A gradual introduction of eastern ideas soon began to set in, and a great change became noticeable in the lives of these Britons. Agriculture was introduced, and so the men of the New Stone Age began to live settled lives instead of their old nomadic existences. Small villages grew up, and thus exchanges of ideas were facilitated.

A thousand or so years after this bronze was brought into the country. As the working and making of bronze required special knowledge and skill, the first craftsmen of Britain came into existence. Swords, daggers, pins, ornaments and cooking utensils were made of bronze, and the London Museum has a fine collection of bronze articles made at this time.

Metals, of course, were not equally distributed, so it became necessary to build roads to communicate with the mining districts



*Holders of 100 Yards SWIMMING CERTIFICATES.*



*ATHLETIC TEAM, 1938*



in order that these new and extremely efficient bronze weapons might be obtained by barter from the metal-workers.

So, by small steps such as these, civilisation dawned upon that Britain of yesterday.

E. FITT, Va.

## TAKE IT EASY

In a novel by the American writer Hemingway, whom you probably know as the author of the work "immortalised" in a recently-revived film, "Farewell to Arms," appears a character who lives and dies in an atmosphere of lead—of all calibres, both coming and going—and whose very expressive vocabulary is entirely bounded by the words, "Take it easy." From his first appearance in a somewhat troubled, but decidedly metallurgical, world he starts "taking it easy" in his bullet-proof cot, from whence he enters on his life's work, interspersed with sniping, potting, and fusillading, of telling all and surly to "Take it easy." Hunted, chased, wounded, maimed, and finally bumped off, many as are the leaden pleasantries that surround himself and all those shot-at and shot-up people who come into contact with him, every bullet is sent on its gladsome way with the accompaniment of his theme song—"Take that—and take it easy."

How symbolical of the age in which we live! We not only are constantly imploring all around to "take it easy"—we are surrounded by experts on all sides who strive in all ways and in every branch of human activity to make things easy. Not only in our intellectual and cultural pursuits, but even when taking it easy, we strive to make it easier. Modern entertainment and so-called distraction has achieved its ideal in the "pictures" and "wireless."

When reading a book—even the most inane of books—we are compelled to employ something resembling thought, but when enjoying the "movies" we relapse into that state spoken of by Stephen Leacock, "a state resembling death"—a process of activity approximating to complete inactivity—reminiscent of Coleridge's "life in Death." When from the nebulous haze in which all cinema audiences are slowly drowning some of the more juvenile, and therefore more wakeful members, by great effort recognise the hero—and cheer—or the villain—and hiss—the grown-ups come up to breathe and evince signs of continued existence—but few there are who have the faintest idea what it is all about. Those who have sufficient intelligence to follow the plot—if any—are much too active to be in the "flicks" and should be at home reading a good book—or abroad, rigging the stock market.

Time was when as a matter of course children were automatically turned over to the pianoforte instructor or even played with the thought of getting others to listen to their efforts on the violin without too visible anguish. Nowadays we play the



"radio," and even that we play atrociously out of tune—not that anybody ever listens. The correct method of playing the radio is to so fix it that about four different stations all equally out of tune come through at once, adjust the volume so that the effect can be heard down at Brighton, and discuss at the top of one's voice Sir Henry Wood's remarks on how the radio has spread the love of good classical music among the masses—in other words, take it easy—"musically."

When television is perfected we shall no longer go to race meetings, football matches, theatres, "movies," or even to political meetings. We shall turn on the tap, and these things will come to us with perfect reproduction of sound, colour, sight, and probably smell—and we shall as resolutely and purposefully ignore the whole bag of tricks as we do the modern wireless. We shall have achieved the Nirvana of taking things easy in our amusements.

Never in the history of the human race has the word "sport" been so overworked as at present. Larger and larger crowds watch smaller and smaller teams of experts—our very applause is directed, organised, and made easy—no newspaper dare issue a record of the usual "net sales" ramp unless it provides five times as much space to sport as it does to world affairs. But the gospel of "Take it easy" is doing good work now, and instead of attending football matches we play "Littlewoods" football pools.

In the world of education, in which all my readers are supposed to be interested, the policy of taking it easy goes from triumph to triumph. No boy stumbles over the "Pons Asinorum"—he's never even heard of it. Nor does the jest about Algebra being the wife of Euclid convey anything to him. From French without Tears we have now got to French without French—to English without Grammar—to Geography without Topography—in short, to everything without effort.

Our educational experts play up to this by producing shoals of text-books on "The Play-Way to the Differential Calculus," "Physics for the Five-Year Olds," "The Cosmos in a Jamspoon complete with Jam"—not to mention "Outlines." Ever since H. G. Wells started it with his Outline of History, people have been acquiring, with Paul, "all knowledge" in monthly parts at sevenpence a time.

I can see someone reading this, and getting all hot under the collar, want to mount the nearest soap-box to give vent to the current tosh about the marvels of this mechanical age and our scientific achievements, greatest civilisation the world has ever seen, and all the usual clichés, so common to a race brought up on a diet of the popular press, half of which is printed for those who can't think, and the other half, the pictorial, produced for those who can't read.

A short time ago I went round one of our largest and latest liners, and the officer who showed me all the mechanical marvels and safety devices on the bridge said that they had made these

latest ships so "fool-proof" that there was no fun in going to sea nowadays.

Does not this expression "fool-proof," so common on all lips with reference to modern mechanical contrivances, imply that the device is necessarily going to be handled by fools?

We who live in this age of making things easy are not aware of the extent to which this policy is ruling our lives. Should it continue there will be two classes of people as far apart intellectually as the two poles: the expert who produces the fool-proof device and the half-wit who has allowed his brain to become atrophied by this business of taking it easy. There is no need for my multiplying instances—keep your eyes open and you will see them on all sides.

Nothing of value was ever gained without working for it. If any muscle or organ of the body is neglected it atrophies—so does the mind. Quality, value, significance, the things of life that are really worth having, can only be touched through activity. If you read a novel, say, of Dickens, it is only when you put something of yourself into it, only when you feel with the author, and feel with the characters, that out from the page steps Micawber, that *Oliver Twist* once again "asks for more," that Bill Sykes once again swings to his death, that we weep with Paul Dombey, laugh with Sam Weller, go nobly to our deaths with Sidney Carton—in a word, put our own life in these dead figures, through sympathy, understanding, and love.

If you read a scientific or philosophical work of some difficulty, it is only by going through the same intellectual process that the author went through when he wrote it (you will have to be almost as big a genius if you feel the same ecstasy of creation that he did) that you can get any good out of it—get its real significance.

There is no joy greater than the joy of creation; you can share that joy with the creators only by great awareness—not by taking it easier.

Genius is not the art of taking infinite pains—but infinite pains must be taken. The artist may produce a great work with what appears to be effortless ease—inspiration cannot be forced or gate-crashed—but this effortless ease is the result of tremendous and continued effort, not merely that necessary for acquiring technique, but deep effort, interest, emotion, ecstasy. Inspiration flows only when the ground has been ploughed and prepared; in other words, work has to be done before creation is possible.

Count Keyserling, one of the greatest modern philosophers, writes: "The severe form of the sonnet, and more especially of the fugue, is almost entirely responsible for many of the highest achievements of the human spirit, whereas, on the other hand, it is an immediate result of the lack of form of the most modern poetry and music that its creations very often appear so lamentably unspiritual. The more initiative there is in the creator and the spectator, the more spirit comes into existence. Spirit exists



only by being continually created anew; it is created only by the perpetual subduing of nature. And this last succeeds only by means of the greatest exertion of all the vital powers."

You guys can take it easy—personally, I prefer to take it seriously.  
H. L. H.

## PARENTS AND STAFF ASSOCIATION

The Parents' and Staff Association has had, as usual, a very successful year's programme and the initial enthusiasm and energy at its inauguration show no signs of abating. Apart from the social aspect, the Association has been able to furnish financial support to several school activities, and it would not be out of place to record here the thankful appreciation of the school for this, and also to add a special note of thanks to those who have spent so much time and trouble in the necessary organisation.

Any parents wishing to become members can be sure of a genuine welcome and of a sympathetic consideration of any useful suggestion they may make which might contribute in any way towards the continued success of the Association. All particulars may be had from either Mr. G. H. L. Gidley, 8, Carlton House, Stanmore Street, N.1, or from Mr. E. A. Brindley, 39, Islington Park Street, N.1.

The following report and details of the Association have been written by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Gidley, for which the Editor wishes to convey thanks.

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The Association is nearing the close of its second year, which may be regarded as having been very successful. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking our numerous supporters at Whist Drives and Dances.

The Whist Drives have developed a very friendly spirit among the players. Several times we have had our attention drawn to this by people who have attended for the first time; the prizes are also regarded as of a high standard.

At various intervals during the year an "Interesting Evening" has been provided for parents. The subjects of interest are varied; you may see how the boys' education is aided by a cinematograph machine; you may even see your own boy appear on the screen. At other times a master may show you how the boys learn various subjects by the aid of special apparatus, or talk to you on the future of the boys.

The masters are always pleased to answer any questions regarding your boy's education or welfare. There is no charge made for admission and no collection is made. We would like to see the number of those who take an active interest in their sons' future greatly increased; you are all welcome to our "Interesting Evenings," as also to the Whist Drives and Dances.

We learn with the deepest regret of the death of an ex-Barnsbury boy, John Ernest Baker, whilst on a camping holiday. We beg to tender our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Baker on the tragic bereavement.

**(The Editor and Staff of the "Phoenix" take this opportunity to join with Mr. Gidley in this expression of sincere sympathy with the bereaved parents.)**

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The following list gives some idea of the chief activities of the Association during the last year, i.e., since we last went to press:—

1937.  
Sept. 18 Flannel Dance.  
" 24 Executive Council Meeting followed by an "Interesting Evening to Parents."  
Oct. 5 Whist Drive.  
" 6 Cinema Show for Parents.  
" 20 Jumble Sale.  
" 29 Annual Meeting.



Nov. 9	Whist Drive.	Nov. 27	Dance.
„ 29	Science Talk to Parents—Mr. Zissell.		
Dec. 7	Whist Drive.	Dec. 21-22	School Christmas Concert.
1938.			
Jan. 21.	Council Meeting—Talk on “Civil Service,” Mr. Morris.		
Feb. 16	Whist Drive.	Feb. 18	Film Show for Parents.
Mar. 4	School Science Exhibition.	Mar. 9	Whist Drive.
Mar. 26	Dance.		
April 13	Whist Drive.	April 30	Carnival Dance.
May 11	Whist Drive.		
„ 20	Council Meeting—Concert by the Boys. May 28 Flannel Dance		
June 8	Whist Drive.	June 25	Special Invitation Dance.

**Forthcoming Events of 1938:—**

Sept. 14	Whist Drive.	Oct. 29	Dance.
„ 16	Council Meeting.	Nov. 9	Whist Drive
„ 24	Flannel Dance.	„ 26	Dance.
Oct. 5	Whist Drive.	Dec. 7	Whist Drive

**LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS, 1938.**

**ON EXAMINATIONS:—**

	Vth Year.	IVA.	IVT.
George, E.		1. Fitt, E.	1. Hughes, T.
Tye, C.		2. Bignell, G.	2. Wilson, A.
Manderson, L.		3. Thomas, O.	3. Allwright, G.
Fitzwilliam, F.		4. Goodwin, L.	4. Clark, L.
Gardner, I.		5. Thorneycroft, J.	5. Pratt, E.
Scotchmer, J.		6. Coulson, K.	6. Gidley, R.
Johnson, L.			
Sears, R.			
	11IA.	11IT.	11A.
1. Green, G.		1. Dowsett, C.	1. Carter, S.
2. Cawthorn, N.		2. Duggan, J.	2. Hardy, R.
3. Horne, R.		3. Nash, A.	3. Stock, F.
4. Clegg, D.		4. Martin, D.	4. Silvester, E.
5. Winters, G.		5. Smith, A.	5. Nevell, F.
6. Searle, A.		6. Bond, F.	6. Anthony, E.
	11.	11S.	1A.
1. Robinson, R.		1. Stapleton, E.	1. Webb, R.
2. North, E.		2. Davey, J.	2. Carter, E.
3. Lovelock, W.		3. Ross, R.	3. Chandler, F.
4. Squires, S.		4. Dainton, J.	4. Petit, K.
5. Riches, C.		5. Tweed, L.	5. Watson.
6. Loader, W.		6. Rawlings, R.	6. Kinnedy, R.
	1S.	1A.	
1. Crawley, F.		1. Clarke, A.	
2. Emerson, J.		2. Emery, J.	
3. Coldecott, P.		3. Austin, L.	
4. Freeman, R.		4. Cresswell, R.	
5. Coren, A.		5. Graisgour, J.	
6. Swaffer, R.		6. Brookes, C.	
7. Petts, H.		7. Birch, J.	

**ON MENTIONS:—**

Fitt, E. 45.	Hardy, R. 27.	Gingell, G. 22.
Carter, E. 44.	Ford, G. 27.	Needs, L. 22.
Clegg, D. 43.	Allwright, G. 26.	Butt, D. 22.
Dowsett, C. 41.	Cawthorne, N. 26.	Thomas, O. 22.
Silvester, E. 37.	Hughes, T. 25.	Webb, R. 21.
Stapleton, E. 36.	Bond, F. 25.	Greeno, M. 21.
Carter, S. 33.	Squires, S. 25.	Harvey, V. 21.
Horne, R. 32.	Green, G. 24.	Crawley, L. 18.
Bignell, G. 29.	Ross, R. 24.	
Davey, J. 28.	North, E. 23.	

# ANNUAL REPORT, JUNE, 1938

## Scholastic Details

1. The following boys passed the Senior Oxford School Leaving Certificate Examination in December, 1937: J. FitzWilliam, E. George, L. Manderson, and C. Tye.
2. R. Hill (formally of Robert Blair J.M. School), gained a Supplementary County Scholarship.
3. The following boys were awarded Technical Exhibitions: H. Draper, R. Walker, and R. Tenchio.
4. The following boys have been awarded Technical Free Places at the Northern Polytechnic; W. Loader, R. Plummer, R. Tye, B. Wiltshire, and R. Woodruffe.
5. A. Neighbour obtained a free place in the Nautical Training School, Rotherhithe.

## NEWS OF OLD SCHOLARS AND EMPLOYMENT.

1. Of last year's Vth year leavers, T. Gardner and J. Scotchmer have gone to the Hearts of Oak Friendly Society, C. Tye is with the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co., E. George is with the Islington Borough Council, and L. Manderson is with the St. Pancras Borough Council.
2. S. Appleton sat for the L.C.C. General Grade Examination in April, 1937, and was successful in obtaining a place.
3. Hare, Johnson and Tinworth, who left in 1937, have entered the Engineering Section of the Post Office.
4. We congratulate Mr. L. Page, who left some years ago, on winning the "Stern" Scholarship as a result of the Inter B. Com. Examination of the London University.
5. With the help of the Central School Exchange, direct approach of employers to the School, and application through the good offices of old scholars, we continue to help boys who desire employment. Parents are welcome to see the Headmaster on this matter.

## EDUCATIONAL FILMS.

History, Geography, Science and Technical Work have been illustrated throughout by films secured from the G.P.O., The Imperial Institute, and Messrs. Kodak, Ltd.

## SCIENCE SOCIETY.

The Science Society in its third session was fortunate in having a most active committee composed of fourth and fifth year boys. Lectures by members of the staff, by visitors, and by the boys themselves, were arranged on alternate Fridays at 4 o'clock. The laboratory was opened as a Science Society Library during the mid-day period on Wednesdays and was well patronised. Several educational visits were arranged in connection with the Science Society.

## ATHLETICS.

We were runners-up with 35 points for the Championship at the North London Central Schools' Championship Meeting at Tufnell Park.

## CRICKET.

The Central team went through the season without defeat until the last match when we lost to Acland for the Championship of the combined division. We were leaders of our own section.

L. Lack (104 v. Bounds Green) won a Hobbs' bat.

T. Gardner was awarded Colours for his fine bowling performances, including 6 for 9, 2 for 7, 5 for 5, 4 for 8.

## FOOTBALL.

We reached the final of the North London Central Schools Championship and the final of the Lipton Trophy Competition. Clarke and Fontana played for London against Glasgow.

The Senior Team were 3rd in their league. Holmes and Clegg played for Islington.

The Junior Team were 4th in the Intermediate League.

## SWIMMING.

Certificates:	25 yds. ...	51
	50 yds. ...	55
	100 yds. ...	50
	Total ...	156

South Islington Schools' Gala:—

Inter Championship—60 yds.—Inter. Team Race. Cup won by:  
Plummer, Dalziel, Issac and Bartlett. Elliot Cup won by Plummer.  
Breast stroke, senior (30 yds.): Wright Cup won by Willers.  
School Gala: House championship won by White House.

## NATIONAL SAVING ASSOCIATION.

The school organizer says: "The sale of sixpenny and penny stamps continues." Stamps may be purchased each week on Monday mornings.

## SCHOOL CONCERT.

A School Concert was held on two evenings at Christmas, 1937. These are happy evenings, and being well attended by old scholars and parents, are very enjoyable reunions for people interested in Barnsbury.

## EVENING CLASSES.

All boys are strongly advised to continue their education after they leave school by attendance at evening classes. All students on leaving should apply to the Headmaster for a voucher which will enable them to take up a course of study at Highbury Commercial Institute, the principal of which, Mr. W. Chalk, will be glad to supply them with a detailed syllabus of courses.

Technical boys who are certified by me to have reached the necessary standard, may enrol at the Northern Polytechnic.

## FURTHER OPPORTUNITIES FOR FULL-TIME DAY STUDY.

For those boys who are able to remain at school for two years after the age of 16, there are several openings. If a boy passes the School Leaving Certificate he may apply for an L.C.C. Intermediate County Exhibition which will allow him to attend for a further two years at a Secondary School or at a Polytechnic.

There are also opportunities at this school for a boy to study for the Clerical Examination of the Civil Service (age limits, 16-17), and the General Trade Examination of the London County Council (age limits, 16-18).

## STAFF CHANGE.

We are pleased to welcome a new member of the staff—Mr. W. E. Davies, from Malmesbury Road School. Mr. H. K. Snell, who did so much for the school with Foreign School Journeys, Film Work, and in the teaching of French, has gone to the Geffrye Museum, and we wish him every success in his new venture.

## MEDICAL SERVICES.

One of the greatest boons of modern education is that all children are examined periodically by duly appointed doctors and dentists. Parents are invited to attend whilst their children are being examined and advice is given free. To supplement this, treatment at various clinics and centres is supplied at a purely nominal cost, thus ensuring that a child's health is cared for and guarded in the critical days of his youth. As a rule parents take advantage of this most essential service, but there are still cases where, owing to carelessness or prejudices, parents do not accept these benefits.

A special feature of this service is the excellent work done by the Eastman Dental Clinic. At examinations our boys show that over 50 per cent. have healthy mouths—a very high standard indeed. This, however, could be made even greater by the co-operation of parents in attending Dental examinations and following the advice given them.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### Adventures of a Collector in Hamburg (*Translated from the German*)

I am very dissatisfied with Hamburg. I find that Hamburg has let me down badly. Hamburg is on the down grade.

Hamburg is in fact no longer Hamburg!

If I grumble and rage against Hamburg it is not without good reason, for something dreadful happened to me in Hamburg and it all came about as follows:—

Everybody who knows me, knows that I am a passionate collector of lead pencils. When I want to write anything I beg my nearest neighbour to lend me his pencil—not that I ever give it back again. I am a lead pencil kleptomaniac. I collect sharpened pencils but I prefer them unsharpened because I only have to break the points off the former. I throw all these pencils into an old sack and whenever I go to Hamburg I take the sack along with me.

With my sack upon my shoulder I walk down the Street of the Virgin until I come to the Alstar Pavilion. There at the entrance to the Pavilion stands a little machine into which I put my pencils one by one. A fascinating, enchanting little machine. One turns the handle, the fine sawdust flies out in all directions and the pencil is withdrawn with a point finer than the sharpest of needles. It is a magnificent machine and I could cheerfully spend the live-long day sharpening stolen pencils with it.

But think of my horror! The last time I went to Hamburg the machine was no longer there.

I put my sack of old blunt pencils into a corner, went into the Pavilion and called the waiter. He told me that three days before the little machine together with the marble slab on to which it had been screwed had been stolen.

I turned pale and sank into a chair. The waiter—a humanitarian—showed his sympathy and told me that over the way on the other side of the street at Kempinski's\* there was also a pencil sharpener. So I went over to Kempinski's.

But this pencil sharpener was an atrocious thing. It didn't turn properly and it wouldn't sharpen pencils. It was utterly useless. In fact it was obvious that the machine had been made in England...

Just as I was turning my back on this abomination, with the tears in my eyes, Herr Kempinski came along and recognised me. He also was a humanitarian and tried to comfort me with a choice lunch and a bottle of 1864 Tokay. Then he brought in his visitors' book. I wrote therein:—

"Dear Herr Kempinski! You are undoubtedly a beloved father of a loving family, a fine fellow and a truly noble soul. But you have a very bad pencil sharpening machine, that doesn't sharpen and is doubtless of English manufacture. Farewell!"

When Herr Kempinski saw that a tear fell on the page as I wrote, he had another bottle of 1864 Tokay brought. Then he told me that whoever had stolen the machine from across the way had been arrested and was now in the "jug" on remand—while the machine was in the hands of the examining magistrate as a "corpus delicti" (i.e., Exhibit No. 1).

Deeply moved, I thanked him, drank the remainder of the bottle, took my sack on my shoulder, and went off to the County Court. On the steps I met an officer of the law, and told him that if he would tell me where the examining magistrate was to be found that was in possession of the pencil sharpener recently stolen from the Alstar Pavilion, I would present him with three sharpened lead pencils.

In turn, one after the other, I promised five pencils to the Assistant Clerk of the Court, seven to the Judge's Under-Secretary, and ten to the chief Secretary. They all looked at me, "more than somewhat," asked if I were out of my mind but duly passed me ever on and ever higher.

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\*The humour of what follows is that Kempinski is the name of one of the most exclusive restaurants in Germany—or was!

In the corridor opposite the door of the examining magistrate in charge of the case I had to wait two hours and fourteen minutes. I occupied this time in counting the collection I had in my sack and found that I had 732 almost whole ones, 635 half pencils, and 379 stumps. I had been over a year collecting that little lot.

Finally the door opened and I was permitted to enter.

"You have come to give evidence in the case of the theft from the Alstar Pavilion," said the magistrate. "Do you know anything about the thief?"

"Don't use that harsh word 'thief,' your Honour," I said. "I believe that he is a collector, an honourable person, who but collects lovely little pencil sharpening machines.

"Herr!" cried the magistrate—it was a "Herr" with seven heavy Prussian R's—"are you mad? What are you talking about?"

But I took no more notice of him. On a side table I noticed the little machine, unfastened my sack immediately, and began to sharpen for dear life.

"Herr," cried the Judge—this time there were at least a dozen "R's"—"are you insane? Kindly get out of this room at once."

"My Lord," I begged, "I am an amateur collector of lead pencils. I spend the whole of my time on pencils, only in order that at the end of a year's collecting I can come to Hamburg to sharpen them on this enchanting machine. Let me sharpen my pencils, please."

I thought I caught a gleam in his eye that betokened some understanding, for he smiled and said: "Well, how many pencils have you to be sharpened?"

I held out my sack and said: "732 whole ones, 635 half, and 379 stumps."

"What?" yelled the Judge, and I saw that he had no humanitarian instinct.

"Such a heap! Out of the question. Get out of here at once."

I tried my last card, "Your Honour, you shall have twelve beautifully sharpened pencils."

That was pretty decent of me, I thought, but the magistrate didn't seem to find it so. He was apparently, through the awful company he associated with, day in day out, absolutely degraded. Here he fairly shrieked at me: "That is an attempt at bribery and corruption! An attempt to bribe an official! Only wait, my man, you will bitterly rue the day you tried to bribe a judge upon his bench."

Whereat he rang so loudly that I had to hold both my ears. However, no one came. Then he called out and as still no one came, he opened the door and yelled out into the corridor. As he stepped out of his door, I slammed the door behind him and quickly turned the key; then I went up to my beloved machine and began in a sort of ecstasy to sharpen pencils.

"Open this door immediately!" he howled from outside.

"I am not finished yet," I answered.

He struck and kicked at the door. But I took no notice, and carried on with my sharpening, whole ones, halves and the stumps. I laid them all in turn as they were completed on the table very neatly. It was a lovely sight.

For a while it was quiet outside, then he came storming again, along with two other people whom he had also made raging mad, court officials or police. They seemed to think I ought to open the door, for they yelled and shrieked and howled.

"Please," I said, "only a little quarter of an hour! Only 427 whole ones, 322 halves, and 152 stumps."

Still, I was pleased that the door and the lock were so strong. I pushed the table and the chairs against the door and pushed every other piece of furniture on top of them that I could find. On top I put a pile of mighty law tomes and on top of those the great ink bottles. It was a proper Punch and Judy show.

Outside more and more people seemed to be collecting—Secretaries, ushers, magistrates, judges, counsel, lawyers, clerks, Clerks of the Court, barristers, and police officials of all ranks. I can truly swear that they were making a frightful row, and I would dearly like to have had them all taken into custody at once for disturbing the peace and for conduct likely to incite a riot. They all deserved heavy punishment.

Then spoke up a voice in honeyed tones while the rest were still: "Don't drive the matter too far, Herr! I give you in all good faith my well meant advice to open this door at once."

In accents equally honey-sweet, I answered, "I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir! May I ask with whom I have the honour of speaking?"

"I am the Recorder of the Quarter Sessions."\*

"Pleased to meet you!" I remarked and sharpened my stumps of pencils calmly on. "Would you be good enough to give me proofs of your identity!"

The honey-sweet tones now became distinctly acid, in fact they sounded as if they had got a burnt flavour.

"Such impudence I have never in all my career encountered! You men, break this door down at once!"

The said men put themselves out quite a lot and exerted themselves to the utmost, but without any effect on the door.

There was now a short but peaceful interval during which I went on sharpening, sharpening, sharpening . . . whole ones, half ones and teeny weeny little stumps.

I was getting on fine and got so caught up with zeal that I called out aloud, "Life is really worth living."

"You only wait a bit and you won't find it so joyful," cried the voice of the Examining Magistrate. I heard the voice with the burnt flavour call out, "Send for a lock-smith," and very soon by the noise I judged that the locksmith was already engaged in unscrewing the lock. The door began to yield to these new attacks and now it was high time to make myself scarce. By good luck the room was on the ground floor, so I opened the window.

"Take your time about it," said the voice of honey-sweet tones that had now lost its somewhat burnt flavour. "Do as little damage as possible to State property."

I finished sharpening my pencils. On the window sill, at one end, I laid twelve wee stumps, at the other end, twenty-five stumps. I added two inscriptions written on official paper that was on the Magistrate's desk, one of which ran, "In grateful memory, to His Honour the Examining Magistrate!" On the other was written, "To His Lordship, the President of the Court of Quarter Sessions. Farewell!"

As I sat on the window sill and carefully let down my sack of pencils, the door flew open. The jolly little Punch and Judy show of law tomes I had built up collapsed, and it rejoiced my heart to see how the ink flew so generously over the law records.

Then I sprang out and ran as quickly as I could to a place of refuge where I knew they would never find me and there I left my sack of pencils. I never have any interest in pencils once they are sharp.

I took a cab and half an hour later I was on board the "Crown Princess Cecilie" (since wrecked on the south coast of England only a comparatively short time ago—Editor) which the pilot was slowly steering down the Elbe.

Since then the gentlemen of the Hamburg County Court have had no good word for me. Naturally I haven't much good to say about them, either. Have I not good cause? What is the use of a place like Hamburg, if a man can only sharpen his pencils under the greatest bodily danger? No good at all!

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\*In country districts and small towns, the Justices in Quarter Sessions are always the Country Magistrates, who are professional lawyers, but in the larger towns, the Quarter Sessions are always presided over by lawyers known as Recorders.



# SCIENCE SOCIETY

PRESIDENT: DR. O. WARDMAN. CHAIRMAN: MR. R. G. ZISSELL, B.Sc.

## COMMITTEE :

Manderson and Tye, Co-Secretaries.

5th Year.—Fitzwilliam, George, Johnson, Scotchmer, Sears.

4a.—Bignell, Fitt, Gingell, Goodwin. 4t.—Allwright, Gidley, Hughes.

Friday, September 24th, 1937, marked the opening of the third session of the Science Society. On that date, at 4 o'clock, the first of the series of addresses was given once more by Dr. Wardman, and was entitled "Odds and Ends of Science." Following a fine beginning, the interesting and instructive nature of the society's programme was ably maintained by the fortnightly talks, each lasting for approximately forty-five minutes, given by various members of the staff. In addition, lectures were given by Sir Edward Penton on "The History of Hospitals," by Dr. Klaber on "The Use of Radium and X-Rays," and by Mr. McGuire, headmaster of Robert Blair (J.M.) School, on "Wireless."

The boys themselves were given the chance of speaking on the two Members' Nights, one in November, when Mr. W. S. Matthews, B.Sc., was chairman, and the other in February, when the chair was taken by Mr. S. Slomson, B.A. Each boy's speech, on his own chosen topic, ranging from "Aviation" to "Television," lasted for ten minutes or so, as he was "gonged" by the chairman's bell if he was thought to be overrunning his time. Many of the talks were carefully revised and printed in the Science Society's yearly publication "Science Review."

The society's magazine club has also had a successful run. In return for a payment of one halfpenny per week, contributors were admitted to the Science Society Reading Room at dinner-time on Wednesdays to read the magazines which were purchased periodically—"Armchair Science," "Athlete," "Meccano Magazine," "Modern Wonder," "World Sports," "Practical Mechanics," and "Zoo." The science library consisting of about a hundred volumes was also open then, and at various other times, and recently Dr. Wardman has authorised the purchase of the books published by the Scientific Book Club.

Three visits were arranged during this session; the first to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the second to a United Dairies' milk depot, and, as we were unable to visit Messrs. Cossors' Valve Works as was intended, the third visit was made to the Science Museum to view the special exhibition of "One Hundred Years of Transatlantic Steam Navigation" and to attend an illustrated lecture on "Television."

The session was brought to a fine conclusion by the "Third Exhibition of Science Apparatus and Experiments" on March 4th, 1938, from 7.30—9.30 p.m. This exhibition was visited by a large number of enthusiastic adults, who enjoyed watching the demonstrations as much as the boys liked giving them. The evening was a huge success and formed a fitting climax to a session that had realised our highest hopes.

G. BIGNELL.

## A REVIEW

"You and the Universe," by Paul Karlson.

Obtainable from the Scientific Book Club. Price, 2s. 6d.

There have been a great many scientific books written during the last year which cater for the lay public. One of these I read quite recently, and my impressions of it are as follows:

The general idea which appears throughout the book, is to keep the reader interested in the construction and workings of the Universe in which he lives, together with some of the inventions of man.

The author has a vivid sense of humour, which assists him to describe, ably, a subject that can be very boring; and, with the help of the examples he chooses, supported by his illustrator, has written an amusing book containing sound knowledge.

A sample of his varied wit is: "The other day, at a fair, I saw a hefty fellow 'trying his strength' with the mallet. He struck the block with terrific energy so that the heavy iron slider flew right off the vertical scale, stood still for a split second in the air, and then, swiftly falling, landed full on the left foot of the hero, who was gazing upwards as though spellbound, amazed by his own performance. He swore lustily as he hobbled away, and I, as a physicist, was tempted to reproach him with the purposelessness of his proceeding. Apart from slight losses by friction, he would have achieved exactly the same result if he had struck his foot directly with the mallet. But evidently he knew nothing about the conservation of energy."

He introduces new subjects with an air that makes the reader interested and able to understand his theory, as is shown by the introductory sentence to the Law of Enertia:

"A rush of white hissing steam, and the driver pulls the lever. Creaking and groaning, the heavy locomotive begins to move. Quite slowly the long row of cars glides out of the station, quickens its pace, and disappears from sight round the curve."

The latest ideas are explained, as well as many which may be familiar, such as: The Structure of the Universe, Relativity, and what you are to understand by "infinity." Practical examples like the radio receiver and the talking film are discussed in an ever-changing mode of life.

If you have not as yet seriously studied these and kindred subjects, now is the time to do so under the excellent guidance of the pen of Dr. Karlson.

G. ALLWRIGHT, Va.

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## LONDON v. GLASGOW

After playing in eight trials the writers were successful in being chosen to play for London against Glasgow at Hampden Park, on Saturday, May 21st. The team, one reserve and twelve officials of the London Schools' Football Association, left King's

Cross at 10 o'clock on Friday, May 20th, and we arrived in Glasgow that evening at 6.45, and were introduced to Dixon, the Glasgow captain, who is the son of the Glasgow Rangers' trainer. From the station we were taken to the Grand Hotel, where we were to stay for four days, and after having dinner we were sent to bed very early.

In the morning a motor-coach met us at the hotel and took us for a tour of the city, and then later on out to one of their beauty spots called Rouken Glen. Then we were taken back to the hotel for lunch.

At two o'clock the coach met us at the hotel and took us to Hampden Park. This football ground, the largest in Great Britain, is amazing in size and can accommodate 140,000 people, though only 6,000 watched our game. The pitch was a perfect carpet of turf, but the rain that had just started made a greasy ball very hard to control. The Scots boys mastered the conditions long before we did and by half-time we were losing 3—0, but by the finish of the game we were unlucky to lose by four goals to three. In the evening, after the match, we were entertained at the City Chambers by the Lord Provost of Glasgow, a title which corresponds to our Lord Mayor's. Here we listened to speeches from different people and had the medals presented to us.

On the following day, Sunday, the motor-coach met us at the hotel and we were taken for a tour, which lasted all day, of the Highlands and lochs around Glasgow. We saw Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond, and also visited Inveraray, the old capital of the Highlands, returning to Glasgow at eight o'clock in the evening.

On Monday morning we were taken to Ibrox Park, the home of the Glasgow Rangers, and were shown over this magnificent ground by Mr. Arthur Dixon, the club's trainer, and also trainer of the Scottish international teams.

This club has everything that is luxurious. Under the stand they have an indoor running track that is over a hundred yards long, and the playing pitch, like that of a number of Scottish clubs, after a full season's play is still in perfect condition.

In the afternoon we visited the chief sight of Glasgow, the Exhibition. We visited a good many of the pavilions and the fun fair, but though we stayed until 10.30 p.m. we had no time to see it properly. On Tuesday we had the morning to ourselves, which was spent strolling around Glasgow. At one o'clock we left for London on the Coronation Scot, and on the way down passed through the wonderful scenery of the Lake District, and arrived in London at 7.45 p.m.

In all, we had a wonderful time, which was only slightly marred by the fact that we lost.

L. CLARKE.  
L. FONTANA.



## THE SCHOOL JOURNEY TO WALES, 1938.

After several visits in previous years to foreign countries, it was decided that this year a school journey should be run to one of the beauty spots of Great Britain. So on July 2nd a party of thirty-three boys and two masters, Mr. Morris and Mr. Matthews, set out from Euston Station for a fortnight's stay at Llanfairfechan, on the North Wales coast.

After some hours of travel the nature of the countryside changed, and the "Sands of Dee" were replaced by the gaunt and mighty Cambrians, which reared up to the west. We knew now that we had really reached Wales. On the train sped, over the River Conway, under the very battlements of Conway Castle, through a narrow gap 'twixt mountain and sea, past Penmaenmawr's rugged granite quarries, to arrive without mishap at our destination.

Our first taste of Welsh countryside and of the Welsh weather in one of its ugly moods we received on the afternoon of the following day, Sunday. We trudged along steep mountain paths in the direction of the village of Abor. Suddenly we were caught in a heavy downpour of rain and were forced to retrace our steps.

Having obtained railway tourist tickets lasting for the first week, and covering a large area of the Snowdonian district, we travelled the next day to Llandudno. We climbed the neighbouring Great Orme, and looked down on to the well-planned streets of this popular resort.

Many other visits were made during our tour to places of interest and importance in our region. Amongst other places we saw were:—

The famous Menai Bridges which link Anglesey with the mainland;

The drab industrial town of Blaenau Ffestinog, where we were shown over a central school;

The seething Swallow Falls which tumbled over the boulders of the Fairy Glen, in the beautiful wooded valley of Bettws-y-Coed;

The three famous Edwardian strongholds of Caernarvon, Beaumaris, and Conway, grim reminders of the times when the English and Welsh were not such good friends as they are to-day;

The world's largest slate quarries at Bethesda and Llanberis, which support Caernarvonshire's staple industry;

Holyhead, with its Irish mail steamers;

Anglesey, with its renowned village of

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch;

and the magnificent university college of Bangor, built by the pennies of the Welsh miners.

During the second week of our stay we set about to explore the country in the district of Llanfairfechan, which, on account of our rail journeys, we had neglected during the first part of our holiday. We found this part of Wales no less interesting and beautiful than the parts we had hitherto seen.

Having seen Aber Falls, and climbed to the summit of Penmaenmawr, we looked for a day fine enough for the climbing of Snowdon. The experience, however, was not to be ours. Day after day the peak of the mountain donned a cap of white mist which put paid to any thoughts of reaching the top. In lieu of this, however, we made a charabanc tour of the famous passes of Nant-francon and Aber Glaslyn. In spite of the low-lying clouds which draped the mountainsides, we were able to appreciate the splendour and magnificence of the region. From the hilltop by Capel Curig we were able to see the peak of Snowdon looming through the haze.

Our last excursion was to the outskirts of Llandudno, from where we made our second climb to the top of the Great Orme, with its views of the Irish Sea and Menai Straits.

There was no fixed programme for our last day in Llanfairfechan, but nevertheless we were able to make it an enjoyable one by swimming and playing football and cricket.

The following day, Saturday, July 16th, we caught the London train at Llanfairfechan, and our enjoyable school journey in North Wales came to a close.

T. HUGHES.

E. FITT.

## SPORT

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, 1937-8

The Central Team had a remarkably successful season and it was unlucky to miss the North London Central League Championship, after extra time had been played, and the London Championship (Lipton Trophy Competition), playing against a team we had beaten twice before during the season! For the second year in succession two boys from this team—L. Clark and L. Fontana were included in the London team that were narrowly beaten by Glasgow.

The following boys have played for the Central Team:—

Goal: A. Wilson, H. Mulholland; R.B.: A. Pritchard; L.B.: A. Manley, D. Hasler, D. Martin; R.H.: J. Dove, G. Winters; C.H.: L. Clark; L.H.: G. Gingell (captain of Lipton Team); O.R.: S. Marshall; I.R.: T. Gardner (captain of League Team), A. Wheeler; C.F.: W. Sellars; I.L.: L. Fontana; O.L.: E. Scillo, L. Kerly. Reserve: Holmes.

#### LIPTON TROPHY COMPETITION.

1st Round	v. Hugh Myddleton Central School	...	Won 2—1
2nd Round	v. Archbishop Temple's Central School	...	Won 3—1
3rd Round	v. Tom Hood Central School	... ..	Won 5—1
Semi-Final	v. Ensham Central School	... ..	Won 2—0
Final	v. Down Lane Central School	... ..	Lost 1—2

(For Senior and Junior Team record see Head Master's report.)

Boys who have played for the Senior and Junior Teams:—Clegg, Dennis, Holmes, Lambley and Lester (who have also played for the Islington and District Team in representative matches), Aldrich, Barter, Brazier, Brindley, Camp, Davenport, Dove, Emery, Garrett, Hay, Jerkins, Large, Phipps, Rolfe and Tenchio.

# HOUSE SPORTS

*May 17th, 1938.*

We had the misfortune to have such a very wet day for House Sports at Finsbury Park that all events, except the 100 yds. heats and finals, had to be run whenever the track was available on a Wednesday or Friday afternoon.

EVENT	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH
High Jump, Senior	Martin (W)	White (B)	Green (W)	Williams (B)
„ Junior	Stock (B)	Harding (R)	Anthony (R)	Cullen (R)
Long Jump, Senior	White (B)	Marshall (B)	Hammond (W)	Chevalier (G)
„ Junior	Harding (R)	Brazier (B)	Stock (B)	Foulger (R)
100 yds. 11-11.6	Cumpstey (B)	Dorton (R)	Bunworth (G)	Robinson (G)
„ 11.6 -12	Porter (R)	Coldicott (W)	Petts (W)	Tilney (R)
„ 12-12.6	James (B)	Verity (W)	Stiles (G)	Downing (W)
„ 12.6 -13	Chatwin (W)	Foulger (R)	Turner (G)	Stapleton (R)
„ 13-13.6	Beaumont (B)	Waring (R)	Hay (W)	Lambeth (R)
„ 13.6 -14	Phipps (R)	Harding (R)	Anthony (R)	Cullen (R)
„ 14-14.6	Dowsett (W)	Stean (G)	Whittle (R)	
„ 14.6 -15	Kerly (G)	Martin (W)	Robson (W)	Lloyd (B)
„ 15-15.6	Allwright (R)	Tonge (W)	Fontana (R)	Sellers (G)
„ 15.6 -16	Bignell (G)	Pratt (R)	Pritchard (W)	Wallace (W)
440 yards	Robson (W)	Marshall (B)	Williams (B)	Sellers (G)
Hurdles 14-15	Stean (G)	Hay (W)	Greeno (W)	Freeman (G)
„ 15-16	Allwright (R)	Bloomfield (R)	Thomas (B)	Mulholland (G)
220 yards 11-13	Chatwin (W)	James (B)	Foulger (R)	Clark (R)
„ 13-14	Beaumont (B)	Stock (B)	Phipps (R)	Waring (R)
„ 14-15	Robson (W)	Kerly (G)	Needs (W)	Fairey (R)
„ 15-16	Allwright (R)	Fontana (R)	Marshall (B)	Williams (B)
Relay Race Junior	Red House	Blue House		
„ Senior	Red House	Blue House		

## HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

1. Red House ... .. 84 points.
2. Blue House ... .. 65 points.
3. White House ... .. 57 points.
4. Green House ... .. 30 points.

### *North London Central Schools Athletic Championship:—*

- |             |        |            |     |
|-------------|--------|------------|-----|
| Barnsbury   | ... .. | 21 points  | 4th |
| Down Lane   | ... .. | 23 points  | 3rd |
| Acland      | ... .. | 24½ points | 2nd |
| Orange Hill | ... .. | 38½ points | 1st |

Points scored as follows:—

Senior Relay Team (Kerly, Tonge, Marshall and Allwright)	... ..	1st	6 points
100 yards (12.6—13), Chatwin	... ..	3rd	1 point
100 yards (13—13.6), Beaumont	... ..	1st	3 points
100 yards (14.6—15), Kerly 2nd, Robson tied 3rd			2½ points
100 yards (15—15.6), Tonge 1st, Allwright tied 2nd			4½ points
220 yards (over 15), Marshall	... ..	3rd	1 point
High Jump (senior), White	... ..	1st	3 points

The high jump, long jump and hurdles were held as preliminaries before Sports day.