

"The Effort"

Vol. III., No. 2.

APRIL, 1924.

Price 7d.

Editress—Miss N. Bates, B.A.

Committee—The Staff.

School Representatives—N. Ford, D. Lomax, A. Dodson, E. Rowcroft, N. Pickering, Walmsley, Watson (H), Miller.

— ♦ —

NOTES AND NOTICES.

The most important event of the term was the General Inspection by the Board of Education. This was the first since 1913, and took place in January, when Mr. Fletcher, Head Inspector of Secondary Schools, and five of his colleagues paid us a visit which extended over three days.

On January 31st the Diocesan Inspector came to examine the Scripture, of which a good report has since been received from Rev. Canon Davidson.

A visit to the Empire Theatre, Preston, came as a welcome change after so much "inspection." On the afternoon of January 31st, the whole School, with the exception of about sixty people, went to see Henry Baynton's Company in "Twelfth Night."

Dr. Weekes, lecturer to the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, paid his third visit to the School on March 6th, when he lectured to the senior forms on "The Blood."

We are sorry that Mr. Wilcocks has had to resign his position as Art Master owing to ill-health. Mr. La Hive we are glad to see with us again after his long illness.

We congratulate J. Hilton on his appointment as Assistant Master at Eccleston C.E. School. He begins work there on the completion of his college course.

Also Miss C. Parker, who takes up an appointment as Assistant Mistress in the Leyland C.E. School on completing her training at Whitelands College.

The Annual Sports are to be held on Saturday, June 21st. We hope that the pupils will show the same enthusiasm as they did last year in raising subscriptions for prizes.

Pupils are reminded that School Blazers and Ties may be procured for both boys and girls. The general appearance of the school at assembly might be much improved if these were more generally worn, instead of the miscellaneous collection that is sometimes seen.

We are pleased to record the appointment of Mrs. Gull (née Decima Kenyon) to a Headship under the London County Council.

Also that of Mr. Chas. Brown, who has been appointed Assistant Chief Engineer at Leyland Motors, Ltd.

And of Mr. Fred Sumner to the position recently vacated by Mr. C. Brown at Messrs. Napier, Ltd. London.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. E. Norbury on the birth of a daughter on April 6th.

T. M. Halliday has been invited to join the Lancashire County ground staff at Old Trafford. At present he is a member of the Leyland Motors Cricket Club, and for the last two seasons he has been second in the club's averages, and he also holds the record for the highest score for the School.

OBITUARY.

Many of our present pupils will remember J. V. Cocker, who left school quite recently. It is with very great regret that we have to record his death on March 22nd.

Though never robust, he entered heartily into all the activities of school life, and was one who strove against adverse conditions of health and strength to fulfil his duty to the school. We desire to extend our sincere sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

THOUGHTS.

When moonbeams cross the sky at night,
And all the world is still,
And owls are calling from the height
Of tall trees by the mill,

'Tis then we think of days gone by,
When all the world was small;
And ladies wore their hair up high
And did for ribbons call.

And then we think of modern days
 And changes which have passed,
 And fashions which have made their ways
 And pleased the world at last.

Ruth Sumner, Form II.

— ❖ —

MORNING.

There is a bird in yonder tree,
 He sings so bright and gay;
 His song is full of love and glee,
 In this beautiful dawn of day.

Hilda Jump, Form II.

— ❖ —

WHO AM I?

My first is in tennis but not in foal,
 My second is in cricket but not in goal,
 My third is in building, but not in school,
 My fourth is in corner but not in stool,
 My fifth is in carry but not in pull,
 My sixth is in singing but not in talk,
 My seventh is in trot but not in walk,
 My last is in pencil but not in chalk,
 My whole is the name of a great poet.

F. Hilton, Form IVb.

— ❖ —

ILLEGAL ENACTMENTS.

1732. Statute of Labourers.—All pupils must work. Any one found slacking will be liable to detention on Friday night. A fixed scale of rewards to be printed at the back of each pupil's mark book.

1906. Riot Act.—This was passed to suppress all attempts to create an uproar in class. Captains were to be invested with the power of inflicting order marks.

1921. First Reform Bill.—The building of huts was enforced, together with a redistribution of seats. Four senior forms were to occupy the said huts, the juniors remaining in the big school and to send a limited number to the huts each year.

1923. Act of Uniformity.—Any pupil found with one shoulder higher than the other will be sent to a drill instructor.

1924. Act of Supremacy.—D.L. and F.F. are heads of the School in all matters sporty (or unsporty).

A.D. 1. Five Mile Act.—No pupil on any one night may write more than 5 miles of homework on any subject whatsoever.

(N.B.—No one has ever broken this law.)

Hannah W. Briggs, Form VI.

— ❖ —

HOWER KLAS.

Hower lesoun in French. "Bonjour, mes enfants," ses teacher. "Bonjour, mamzelle," we ses, larfing, but we soon stops. We downt like French, or parlez-vous, so the lesoun seems hours long. Neckst we 'ave History. We learns about 'Enry XX. and Edwerd XII. and Rufuz, with his carroty hair, and Willyum the Konkerer, who wuz so fat that he fell ov his horse and broke his nek. Neckst we 'ave Aljebra. We have Simontaneous Equations and kwodratrics. Neckst we have Jography, about Snowdon in the Penine Rainj and Seawfell in the Highlands of Scotland. We do add up sums in Arithmetic and take-away and multipli suma, and per-sents and rats and taxis, ecksetera. We have music neckst, and we sing "Yes, we have no brains." Neckst we have the best lesoun ov all, which is dinner. At the end ov afternoon skool teacher ses "Here endeth our day's work," and we ses together with spirit, "Amen."

G. Gulliver, Form IIIa.

LINES TO AN ABSENT SCHOOLMASTER.

Master, thou should'st be with us here this day,
 The school hath need of thee: for teachers here
 Work hard: if you return we will you cheer,
 And then the staff can have a rest, for they
 Have all of them long forfeited their play
 I.e., spare time, and wished that you were near.
 O come again, for you are very dear,
 To all of us: oh, please return to-day.

C. A. Robinson, Form IVa.

— ♦ —

SCHOOL.

We come to school in the morning
 With faces so long and so sad;
 We laugh and we talk on the journey,
 But in class it's "Come, wake up, my lad!"
 We find that the morning goes slowly,
 And its horrors our minds oppress,
 But as twelve o'clock buzzer approaches,
 We think of our work less and less.
 Oh, the joy of that final ringing,
 That comes about three-forty-five!
 Our sorrows all vanish before it,
 Till thoughts of our homework arrive.

A. Jenkinson, Form IIIa.

— ♦ —

"TAKE IT IN YOUR STRIDE."

When a teacher stays away,
 This is what we ought to say,
 "Take it in your stride."

When a lecturer from town,
 To speak to scholars does come down:
 "Take it in your stride."

When examiners we see,
 Let these words your motto be—

"Take it in your stride."

When half-term comes round once more,
 Or excused homework is in store,

"Take it in your stride."

When new masters come to school,
 Keep in mind this golden rule—

"Take it in your stride."

When the gentleman for fees,
 Standing in the hall one sees—

"Take it in your stride."

Store these words up in your heart,
 Scholar, never with them part;

"Take it in your stride."

N. Wilding, Form Vb.

— ♦ —

FRENCH.

Don't I wish I could learn
 Just a few more verbs,
 A little more grammar,
 And the genders of words!

My Algebra's doubtful,
 My English just fair,
 I scrape through with Science,
 But French—I despair!

F. Rigby, Form Vb.

— ♦ —

CARRY ON.

After a performance of "The Rivals," the actors had gone to a hotel for supper, and to pass the time away, somebody suggested a game of Carry on," that is, some one should start a

story, then some one else should continue it; and the actors should tell it in the style of the characters that they have impersonated. A start was made by Miss Lydia Languish:—

"Once, a young lady of high rank was loved by a penniless suitor, whose love she reciprocated, but the marriage was banned by her father, who was a tyrannical old martinet. They continued in their hopeless love for some time, and, nothing turning up, they decided to elope. They had arranged everything when—go on, Faulkland."

"When he began to entertain doubts as to her constancy, for, in his imagination, she began to grow cold towards him. She seemed strained in his presence, and relieved when he departed. Again and again she protested her love for him, but he construed her every action into one of inconstancy. He was beginning to think of telling her that, if she wanted to be released from her engagement he would free her—Mrs. Malaprop, your turn."

"And then her father found out everything about the precipitated elopement. His wrath was impecunious. He asked her if she could not recline an illegible and an importunate lover, like hers, whereupon she elapsed, and went into hydrostatics. She diffused him of cruelty; she told him he was ambiguous in his ideas of love and marriage. She told him this collaborately to his face—go on, Acres."

"Then in came the lover, and, odds flarings and flames, the father transferred the fire of his wrath to him. Odds cannons and cartridges, what a battle of words they had! Odds curses and swears, the father cursed, the lover swore, and, odds quavers and screams, the daughter started.—Sir Anthony, you now."

"Yes, confound me, the lover cursed him for a dog, and an impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate. Yes, mark me, refused to get out of the same country and hemisphere as the girl. Her father threatened to kick him out, and said he'd be

shot if he would not knock his head off; but seeing that whatever he did, his daughter was resolved on marrying the sneering puppy, he actually—on my conscience, he actually gave in and consented to the marriage, whereon—Come on, Lucy!"

"Oh, Lud!—they had a most fashionable wedding, and, Oh, Gemini, they lived happily ever after."

C. Hood, Form Vb.



ON HER POORNESS.

When I consider how my cash is spent,
'Ere half the week has sped upon its way,
And from my pocket goes sixpence each day,
Unto the sweet stores: though 'twas my intent,
To show it to my father and present
What I was worth, lest he my cash delay.
"O father, may I have some cash?" I say,
Trembling and shy. But father to prevent
My question soon replies, "You do not need,
Either sixpence or that you have. Who best
Earn their own cash, they suit me best. I'm sure
If you had more, you'd to the sweet stores run,
And then you would return, to spend the rest.
O go away! My cash box is secure."

C. Parker, Form IVa.



MY LAND OF DREAMS.

Oh! would I had a magic wand,
To change this earth of ours,
Into a land (at my command),
Of palaces and towers.
No homework would be done out there,
No Algebra nor French.
No bag would hang upon my chair,
But "pop" my thirst to quench.

No one would learn Geometry;
 Or be obliged to know
 The "ode on immortality"
 Because 'twould bore them so.
 But boys and girls would sit and read
 Just anything they like;
 Then they no order marks would need,
 Or lines would have to write.
 But when in class of this you dream,
 You're wakened by a shout
 Of "This is not the place to dream.
 Stay when the rest go out!"
 And then you have a task to do,
 How horrible it seems,
 'Tis then you wish it would come true,
 Your fairyland of dreams.

D. Houlden, Form Vb.



A FRIGHT.

They woke in the darkness,
 All in a fright;
 Down dived three curly heads,
 Right out of sight,
 Under the bed clothes,
 Safe, safe retreat,
 Poor little shiverers, how their hearts beat!
 Out through the passage,
 Now in the hall,
 Opened the kitchen door,
 Heard one and all—
 "Thieves," whispered Bobbie;
 "Thieves," sobbed Sue,
 Only brave Jack
 Knew what to do.

In came Nursie,
 And said "What's to do?"
 "Oh!" whispered Bobbie,
 "Oh!" sighed Sue,
 "We thought it was 'thieves,'
 But it's only you!"

Lizzie Bradley, Form IIIa.



YOUNG JERRY CRUNCHER'S FRIGHT.

All through the early watches of the night,
 Jerry Cruncher sat with his pipe alight,
 His hair in spikes stood out from off his head,
 As if to tear the sheets upon the bed.
 At last he rose, and took his tackle out,
 These were queer fishing tackle without doubt,—
 A sack, a crowbar, and a rope and chain.
 No one will ever fish with these again.
 He blew out the light, and opened the door.
 Is that young Jerry peeping from the floor?
 Yes; that young scamp is following in the rear,
 He trudges on behind with ne'er a fear.
 Three fishermen now go along the way,
 Hurrying on before the break of day.
 Down in a corner, peeping up the lane,
 Young Jerry wonders if he's really sane,
 For he sees climbing up an iron gate,
 His father, who is usually sedate.
 Into a churchyard the three fishers went,
 They crawled through the grass with bodies all bent,
 They were fishing with crowbar, and fishing with spade,
 They were working, and working, without any aid.
 Then—'mid screwing and shouting, a coffin came up.
 Young Jerry ran off, like a small frightened pup,
 On, on, he ran, until he reached home,
 And I trow that no more in the dark he did roam.

N. Pickering, Form IVb.

THE AMATEUR FIRE BRIGADE IN ACTION.

A slim fair youth before the blackboard stood,
And cleaned the latter hard as e'er he could,
While near to him, right close against the wall,
Were two more boys, and both of them were tall.
A red tin can they found and pulled it out,
"Don't touch! you'll make a mess!" the third did shout.
Alas! they heeded not, but turned a screw,
And soon their foolishness those boys did rue,
Water gushed forth and spluttered higher and higher
From that tin can—th'extinguisher of fire.
It thus burst forth and soon wet all the floor,
One bravely carried it outside the door;
And so it played upon a building near.
But now a master's voice those pupils hear,
"What do you there? You foolish boys!" it cried.
"Please, sir, it bust; we've brought it from inside."
At last the liquid stream doth flow no more.
They take it back and to its place restore.
Henceforth, until there's drought, and we want rain,
Those boys won't play with red tin cans again.

D. Hey, Form Vb.



THE MODERN FLAPPER FLOUTS HER FATHER.

(Showing the difference between Hermia in 1924 and Hermia in Shakespeare's time.)

E. G. Usse, the Button King, entered the study of his modern mansion in New York, and taking up the daily paper tried to fix his attention on the news. Somewhere in the house a door banged, and a girl's voice shouted, "Hello, anybody, have you seen Pops?" and presently there was a scuffling outside the study door and in came Hermia, the owner of the voice, vainly trying to extricate herself from the clutches of a little dog

which pulled at her skirts as if trying to prevent her from entering the room.

E. G. Usse, eyeing his daughter unfavourably, took no notice of her attempt to kiss him, and said sternly, "Now then, where have you been?" "Don't you like my new jumper, Pops? It's the very latest style!" she asked dreamily. "Answer my question," was all he said. "Did you ask me something, Pops?" "Yes, I did. I want an answer. Where have you been?" "Oh! it shouldn't ask questions," was all she said, as she seated herself on the arm of his chair.

E. G. Usse snorted, "It's that young Lysander, I'll bet, isn't it?" "What a good guess, Daddy. You'll be quite clever in a bit; but we mustn't make it conceited, must we, or else it will have to have a bigger size in hats?"

The Button King snorted again—"Well, there's got to be a stop to this, d'ye hear? I won't have it. Next time I see that young pup, I'll put it across him."

Hermia arose, and going to the mirror, parted her bobbed hair, and then turned round, saying, "You know you won't do anything of the sort." "Oh! won't I," came the response, "we'll see about that, my girl! How would you like your allowance stopped till you came to your senses and married young Demetrius?"

"But, Pops, you couldn't stop my allowance: what should I do? I'm broke as it is. And besides, I don't like Demetrius. His car's only a tin Lizzie, and you should see Lysander's."

"I don't care. After what that young pup said about me in his useless bit of a newspaper, I'd rather you married the dustman."

"But, Daddy, the dustman has a squint."

"Don't be impertinent," bellowed the Button King.

"Oh, Pops, I do believe you're getting angry. What a lark!" "Don't be impertinent," he bellowed still louder. "Diddum den,

put some sugar on its dummy, and then it will keep quiet," soothed his daughter.

"Well, I've spoken now—"("I should say so" sotto voce from Hermia)—and if I find you out with that young pup again, you know what will happen." After saying this the indignant father stalked out of the room.

The girl went to the telephone and asked for No. 1234. "Hello, Lysander. Can you meet me at 7-0 to-night? Pops has been acting funnily. You'll simply scream when I tell you: Toodle-oo!"

E. Swire, Form Va.

— ♦ —
GHOSTS.

As I was lying in bed one night a ghostlike figure appeared and beckoned me. I felt compelled to follow it, till I found myself in a long hall, in which were many well-known figures of the past.

In a flash I recognised Mr. Pickwick bowing to Helen of Troy! Sairy Gamp was chasing Puck with a broom, muttering dire threats of vengeance on the mischievous sprite. Queen Victoria chatted amiably with the Pied Piper, while several famous figures in history were dancing round Sir Lancelot and Nell Gwynne, and singing some melody about "Sweet Nell of old Drury." In one corner I spied Sarah Bernhardt teasing Tutankhamen, and in another Cleopatra and Henry VIII. were enjoying a tete-a-tete. Robin Hood was turning somersaults to amuse Little Nell and David Copperfield. Farther on, Julius Cæsar and Mary Queen of Scots were quarrelling with the Queen of Sheba and Napoleon. Mephistopheles and Queen Elizabeth were dancing "The Blues" together to the music of Pan. Tiny Tim Cratchit and Robinson Crusoe were playing together happily at some obscure game, when suddenly Tim caught sight of Sherlock Holmes and Homer watching them, and scuttled away. Sir John Falstaff was doing his best to make Fagin drink a bowl of punch with him, but Fagin only grinned evilly and shook his head. John Gilpin was excitedly

reciting the story of his famous ride to Hiawatha. Peter Pan and King Charles I. were just inviting me to play hop-scotch with them, when suddenly the hop-scotch jumped up and hit my forehead violently, some one shook me, and then—I woke up.

Jane Jones, Form IIIa.

— ♦ —
GIRLS' SPORTS.

The inter-house hockey matches begun last term were finished a few weeks ago, and the points gained in three matches help to determine the winner of the House Challenge Cup. The number of points gained by each captain is as follows:—

D. Lomax	13
M. Wilson	12
L. Stopforth	12
R. Pickup	10
M. Higham	8
H. Briggs	5

The Hockey Eleven has played five matches this term. The first two, against Wigan High School and Chorley Secondary School, proved victories to be added to last term's total, and it was hoped that the players would finish their career unbeaten. For the third match, however, only ten players were available; consequently Rivington Grammar School won by four goals to one. In the two subsequent matches our team again failed to secure a victory, though the Wigan High School XI., on its own ground, beat our XI. by only two goals to one.

During the whole season, the Eleven has played eight matches, five of which have been victories—a very creditable performance.

E.B.

— ♦ —
FOOTBALL.

INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES.

On February 9th, we entertained Preston Catholic College, who defeated us by ten goals to one, one goal being the result

of a fine solo run by Wilkinson. Gaskell failed to come, and Harrison, who deputised, played a good game at left half. The ground was in a sodden state, and the weight of our opponents was undoubtedly a factor in their favour.

The following week we journeyed to Rivington, where we met with a reverse of 13 goals to 2. In this match one noticed how our half-backs continually closed in on the goals, and did not tackle the opposing forwards until they were well within shooting range. It was early in the second half, following two good raids by our forwards, that our two goals were obtained within a minute of each other.

On March 22nd we entertained Hutton, having been narrowly defeated previously on their ground by two goals to none. In the first few minutes of the game, Iddon gave us the lead with a good shot, which gave the Hutton goalkeeper no chance. Hutton replied by a goal from a corner, and shortly afterwards scored twice. Just before the interval, a free kick taken by Bleasdale landed well into the goal area, where Iddon headed into the goal. The second half provided us with many chances, but neither side increased the score. Wilkinson's absence from the team was felt on the left, though Hey played well in a position to which he was not accustomed. On the whole our team played a very good game.

F. Fairhurst (Captain).

Balshaw's football performances have not added to the school's reputation this winter.

It is not wise to despise the day of small things; it is equally foolish not to seek a remedy when match after match finds us beaten.

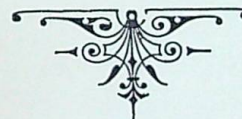
One remedy is to play together as our forwards did in the return match with Hutton, but this remedy is too late to alter the season's indifferent record. The half-backs are now learning how to tackle, to feed the forwards, to help the backs,

and occasionally to try a long range shot.

If they show the same form on Saturday next, the score should be very different from that of the last match at Rivington.

Our thanks are due to those girls of the Sixth Form who arranged for an excellent tea on the occasion of our return match with Hutton.

H.B.





"The Effort"

Vol. III., No. 3.

JULY, 1924.

Price 7d.

Editress—Miss N. Bates, B.A

Committee—The Staff.

School Representatives—N. Ford, D. Lomax, A. Dodson, E. Rowcroft, N. Pickering, Walmsley, Watson (II), Miller.

— ♦ —

NOTES AND NOTICES.

The all-absorbing topic of the first part of term was "Wembley," and a party, consisting of four members of the staff, thirty-four girls and thirty-two boys spent four days in London during Empire week. Our thanks are due to Captain Hacking for his kindness in taking us round the Houses of Parliament, and his further kindness in offering prizes for the best essays on what was seen. About forty have been sent in, and we hope to print the best in our next issue. Prizes were awarded to the following:—Senior—1st, Rosie Pickup, VI., and Helena May Poole, IVa.; 2nd, F. Morris, IVb. Junior—1st, Nora Pickering, IVb.; 2nd, T. Bretherton, IIIb.

We are glad to welcome Mr. J. Sutcliffe, B.Sc., as an additional member of the staff. He is a graduate in Mathematical Honours of Manchester University, and comes to us as Senior Mathematics Master and Assistant Master in Chemistry.

On the afternoon of Friday, June 6th, a concert was given in the hall. Considering the short time there had been for rehearsing, the items were very creditably given. Doris Woodhouse sang "Love was once a little boy," and Cicily Parker

gave one of her popular Lancashire recitations, while Maggie Jones was warmly encored for her recital of "Missing." The "Form II. Amateur Dramatic Society" pleased everyone by their acting of "Tweedledum and Tweedledee." Perhaps the item most appreciated was "Pyramus and Thisbe," given by Va. boys; it was very enjoyable, and they are to be complimented on the remarkable ingenuity they showed in their costumes and "make-up"—we had no idea before that Walsh was such a pretty girl. A collection, amounting to £3 9s. 0d., was taken for the Sports Fund.

On April 15th a collection was taken for the Church Missionary Society, and as a result £3 16s. 8d. was sent as a donation in memory of the late Rev. R. Whiteside, one of our old boys, who was murdered in China last year.

The following marriages have taken place since our last issue:—

- June 5th.—Leonard Williams to Gladys Valentine.
 - June 9th.—Alice Loxham to Angus Graham Saunders.
 - June 16th.—Ethel Dodson to Gilbert Fairbairn.
 - July 3rd.—William Noel Thompson to Jenny Martin.
-

We are pleased to note that Kitty Carr, IVb., recently won the fourth prize, out of four hundred and seventy competitors, in a singing contest at Chorley.

Congratulations to Edna Hailwood, who is captain of the Tennis team at the Hereford Training College.

Our thanks are due to the Old Boys' Association for a voluntary subscription of ten shillings to the Magazine Fund.

We congratulate the following on their successes:—
Manchester University—

- Margaret Foy, B.A., Second Class Honours History.
 - F. Jackson, B.Sc., First Class Honours Chemistry.
 - H. Shaw, B.Sc., First Class Honours Chemistry.
-

The following message from the O.B.A. was received too late for publication in April:—

Our thanks are due to Mr. A. Barnes for the services he has rendered to and the keen interest he has taken in the Old Boys' Association. Always a prominent official in the club, he undertook the entire arrangements for the Annual Dinner. The success of the Re-union Dance in January last was largely due to his efforts, and to the work of Messrs. L. Williams, E. M. Jackson, and E. R. Tomlinson. We trust that their membership of the O.B.A. may long continue.

COMPETITION.—The prizes offered for the best original poem and story written for the Magazine this week have been won by Margaret Worden and C. Walmsley. Honourable mention should also be made of the work of D. Hey, Davies, and N. Pickering.

Under the auspices of the Save the Children International Union, the School has adopted two children—a girl in Budapest and a boy in Riga. The amount subscribed is eight shillings and fourpence a month for each child. Recently the School received the following letter from the boy:—

"Riga,

"17th of June, 1924.

"My heartiest thanks to the unknown gentlemen for the money gift. For me as for an orphan, who has to grow up without a father, every help is precious and good because our mother has it very heavy with us both to gain the daily bread,

for that one can't think about other things to buy. The heart is aching to see and to hear other children speaking and living—if I would have but a small part of all that they have or even of the most necessary it would be so nice, so nice, but there is nothing to be done, one must grow up and suffer; perhaps once there will come better days.

"Once more thanks for the gift, which has made such a great pleasure to me and also my mother was very glad about this support, which has enabled her to buy for me some clothings.

"The thankful receiver,

"ARNOLD,

"son of Martin Skujins."

— ♦ —

THE VISIT TO WEMBLEY.

Before you decide to take a party of sixty-five Balshawns to Wembley you should be certain that you are more patient and long-suffering than the famous old woman "who lived in a shoe," for the methods adopted by that lady in dealing with her family would be quite inadequate there. It is no punishment to give your children "broth without any bread" (which, being interpreted, means "porridge without any sugar," or "sausage roll without any sausage") when there is a tuck shop round the corner, and a fairy godmother, disguised as a postman, distributes postal orders daily. Neither is sending them to bed a satisfactory solution in a Camp Hostel—the old woman presumably rented the whole shoe and so was not disturbed by her neighbours' families romping through her bedroom at midnight or at four o'clock in the morning, and she had never seen, much less heard, paper sheets. The latter, be it noted in passing, seem to have at least one good point—you can tear off a piece whenever you want to polish your shoes, and when there are no more pieces left you can buy a new sheet for a penny, and begin over again.

It is not easy to write an account of our excursion—so much has to be omitted. Collectively, we "did" most of the exhibition, but individually we came home feeling that we wanted another visit to see all the things we had missed.

We were in London when the King and Queen of Italy visited the Exhibition, but we saw Queen Mary and Prince George the following day. We saw the "Storming of Zeebrugge" in the Admiralty Theatre (at any rate, two of us did—the others arrived when it was over). We were fascinated by the representation of life in the tropics as it is to-day, and as it was a quarter of a century ago. We saw the Burmese boys at play with their "basket" ball outside their picturesque pavilion; we watched an African princess making pottery by hand; and we visited the tomb of Tutankhamen in the *Amusements Park*—"How are the mighty fallen!"

We sampled iced fruit drinks in Australia, and milk in the Model Dairy, but no one was brave enough to try birds' nest soup or "puppy-dogs' tails" in Hong-Kong.

Some of us were attracted most by the postage stamps shown in each section, some by the motors (including Leyland makes) in the Palace of Engineering, others liked the Royal Mint,, whilst two of our number were particularly interested in the South African exhibits. We were all agreed that the massed bands in the Stadium provided one of the most impressive features of the Exhibition, and most of us enjoyed the shops on London Bridge, in spite of the "cobble" stones, which were very trying to our already over-tired feet.

An account of our visit to the Houses of Parliament would take up too much space, and must be left to the prize essayist. We had only a short time to spend in Westminster Abbey, but we saw Henry VII.'s Chapel, the Tombs, and the grave of the Unknown Warrior. During the char-a-banc drive we showed a polite interest in the Marble Arch, Buckingham Palace, the

Strand, and other "sights," but the one thing that roused our enthusiasm and called forth our cheers was—a "Trojan!" We were glad to escape from the tropical heat of the London streets to the comparatively temperate climate of the Zoo, where we were idle or strenuous as we pleased.

During the whole time we were fortunate not to have any mishaps more serious than six "minor casualties," and it would be interesting to hear what the victims thought of the excursion. How does the Exhibition look when viewed from a stretcher or from a bed in the Red Cross station? Is the Sanatorium the best spot in the Zoo on a hot day? Is the Sick Bay better than school? The proportion of five boys to one girl among the sufferers leads one to ask whether the average boy's diet is too extensive or too intensive?

We learned many facts at Wembley—among them the following—that cocoa-nuts do not grow exactly as they appear on the fairground; that Canberra is "nothing but fields;" that combs (and dense black smoke) may be included under the heading of Dairy Produce. There are still two problems awaiting solution:—

1. Did we go through the Severn Tunnel?
 2. From what part of the bird is "Kiwi" Boot Polish made?
- Answers may be sent to Box C, Form VI. Room.

F.W.R.



WEMBLEY EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition's in Wembley,
By famous London city;
The River Thames is deep and wide,
Yet does not touch it on any side.
But, when begins my ditty,
Somewhere about three weeks ago,
To see us Balshawns suffer so
From food—you would us pity.

Chefs!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And put them into great big vats,
Until we saw them on the tables,
Portioned out with some big ladles.

At last we folk all in a body
To the head chef came flocking.
'Tis clear," we cried, "our cocoa's muddy,
And as for our lemonade, 'tis shocking!"
At this, the chef cried, "Botheration!"
And quaked with a mighty consternation.

* * * * *

At last the time to leave did come,
We said "Good-bye" to many;
We each had spent up all our cash
Except about a penny.

F. Rigby, Form Vb.



DAYBREAK (Prize Winning Poem).

All is grey, the day's not broken,
On the sea, the pearly mist cloud
Rests so silent, as if keeping
Watch o'er one who still is sleeping;
Not a single flower is peeping;
All the grass with dew is bowed.

Suddenly, beyond the ocean
Comes a shaft of radiance creeping;
Touching all the clouds with glory,
Some rose tinted—others gory,
As from some old battle story;
E'en the trees have ceased their weeping.

O'er the woodlands, where the sunlight
 Flashes, frolics, as in pleasure,
 Breathes a light breeze, soft-caressing,
 Stirs the branches, sets them swinging,
 Till the feathered minstrels, singing,
 Greet the dawn with tuneful blessing.

Margaret M. Worden, Form Vb.

— ❖ —

"TONY'S QUIET DAY" (Prize Winning Story).

It was Tony's first visit to the country, and he was naturally very excited. He had arrived at his uncle's farm the previous evening, tired and weary, but after a good night's rest he was quite refreshed and ready to enjoy himself, though he mentioned to his aunt that he was going to have a very quiet day. Tony, at first, missed his many town friends, but after he had been shown round the farm by his good-natured aunt, and was left to himself, he recovered his high spirits.

It was washing day, and his aunt was busily working when she was disturbed by a horrible cackling and squealing. The big sheep dog growled, and there was a considerable amount of fluttering in the hen-house. The good dame instantly left her work, and ran towards the large barn, from which the original noise had proceeded. A sound of scuffling came from within, and as she threw open the door, a queer sight met her gaze. There in the corner was Tony, dishevelled and breathless, with the large Ancona cock fast between his legs. A wheelbarrow had been overturned, and a ladder was lying on the ground. Tony grinned at his aunt as she entered. "This is fun," he laughed; "I'm trying to tame the cock, and he will keep wriggling, but I'm managing very well." His aunt could only stare, aghast, but finally, after telling him to choose a quieter game, she returned to her washing.

A little later, she was preparing dinner when a series of grunts and groans came from the pig-sty. She again rushed out to enquire what the matter was, and Tony replied cheerfully, "It's all right. I'm only punishing the pig for its laziness. It hasn't laid a single egg yet." His aunt sighed. Tony's quiet day was really too much for her. She explained to him that pigs did not lay eggs, and requested him to be a little more sensible. Tony sighed, and went in to dinner.

When the meal was over, Tony announced his intention of going fishing, and his aunt had a quiet afternoon, but later she found he had dug up the potato patch in looking for worms!

He was sent off home without the least delay. Although his aunt was quite exasperated by Tony's antics then, nothing can now provoke a laugh so readily as an account of "his quiet day."

C. Walmsley, Form IIIa.

— ❖ —

SPORTS NEWS.—Boys.

Not much cricket has yet been played, though two months of the term have passed. Weather, Wembley, and Whit-week have compelled us to pack all our cricket matches into the month of July, where they will prove a counter-attraction to Oxford and Terminal Examinations. However, the cricket field is in capital condition, and, should the weather be favourable, the the next few weeks should provide several games of more than average interest. Of the two House matches, Fairhurst v. Wilde, and Lancaster v. Bleasdale, Wilde easily won the former, and Bleasdale the latter by three wickets.

Racing at Ashton on June 21st, Cockram (Va.) received four yards in the heat for the 100 yards from Applegarth. This is interesting, as throwing some light on the relative value of B.G.S. athletics.

H.B.

Girls.

There is little to report this term in the matter of girls' sports. Owing to the very bad weather, the tennis ties, both singles and doubles, are unfinished, so that the winners of the racquet and of the shield cannot yet be proclaimed.

Sports Badges.—The most notable feature of our sports life is the institution of a school badge, which may be won only by a girl who has played in two-thirds of the first eleven's hockey matches, by the winner and runner-up of the tennis singles, and by the winner of the Championship Cup on Sports Day.

In the same way, Boys may obtain their colours for cricket, football, and for School Championships won on Sports Day.

Old boys or girls who, during their school life, fulfilled these conditions for the winning of the sports badges, should apply for them, stating their qualifications, to the Head Master.

H.B.



THE ANNUAL SPORTS DAY (June 21st, 1924).

As far as weather conditions are concerned, this part of the country will always provide the unexpected. Friday was a day of brilliant sunshine, and everything pointed to a continuance of the fine weather. No one was prepared for the heavy rain which fell on Saturday morning, and which threatened to cause postponement of our Annual Sports. However, from 1-30 p.m. onwards, the day gradually improved until the sun again shone brilliantly. The water lay in pools over portions of the field, and resort had to be made to forking, sawdust, etc. The condition of the field necessitated a re-arrangement of the programme to give time for the drying of the parts affected.

The programme was begun promptly by the march past of the competitors, headed by the Chorley Military Band. This event, which is an annual one, is a sight not to be forgotten, and the pupils are to be congratulated on their splendid show. The various athletic events followed immediately and aroused considerable interest among an assembly of parents and friends, which must surely have constituted a record in point of numbers. All the events were keenly contested, but space will only allow of brief mention. The success of Gaskell, Va., in carrying off the Championship Cup was, if not unexpected, a popular one. Hutchinson, his only serious rival, received the gold medal as runner-up. In the high jump Gaskell cleared 4 ft. 7½ ins., which must be regarded as quite creditable under the unfavourable ground conditions. Among the Juniors Birtill showed himself possessed of an admirable turn of speed, and Miller again demonstrated his capabilities in long distance events. Miller has an excellent style, and promises well for the future. Some excellent jumping was also seen. Fairhurst's House easily outpointed the other houses, and carried off the House Cup for one year.

The Girls' events were, as usual, more spectacular than strenuous. Eunice Holmes was the most successful competitor among the Seniors, and was awarded the Championship Cup. In the high jump F. Rigby among the Seniors and Margery Lomax among the Juniors again showed their capabilities in this event. A very popular success was that of R. Sumner in the hopping race, a success obtained under difficult circumstances. As usual, the relay races caused the greatest enthusiasm, and were keenly contested.

During the afternoon the Chorley Military Band played selections, and tea was served in the School Hall. On the conclusion of the events the prizes were distributed by Mrs. W. Forrester, and the proceedings terminated by the singing of the National Anthem.

Our grateful thanks are due to those members of the Old Boys' Association and friends of the School who so willingly and ably assisted in the carrying out of the programme. Also we would thank the parents and friends who enabled us by their gifts to make such a fine show of prizes.

Appended are the detailed results:—

Boys.

100 Yards Senior Handicap.—1st, Gaskell; 2nd, Hood; 3rd, Lancaster.

100 Yards Intermediate Handicap.—1st, Birtill; 2nd, Haselden; 3rd, Moss; 4th, Watson.

100 Yards Junior Handicap.—1st, Lees; 2nd, Riding S.; 3rd, Jackson T.

High Jump, Senior.—1st, Gaskell; 2nd, Fairhurst; 3rd, Hutchinson.

High Jump, Junior.—1st, Wilkinson; 2nd, Moss; 3rd, Birtill.

Long Jump, Senior.—1st, Gaskell; 2nd, Hutchinson; 3rd, Hood.

Long Jump, Junior.—1st, Haselden; 2nd, Sumner H. B.; 3rd, Wilkinson E.

440 Yards Handicap.—1st, Birtill; 2nd, Miller; 3rd, Gaskell; 4th, Watson H.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1st, Gaskell; 2nd, Hutchinson; 3rd, Fairhurst.

100 Yards Championship.—1st, Gaskell; 2nd, Lancaster; 3rd, Hood.

220 Yards Championship.—1st, Gaskell; 2nd, Lancaster; 3rd, Hood.

440 Yards Championship.—1st, Gaskell; 2nd, Hutchinson; 3rd, Bleasdale.

880 Yards Championship.—1st, Gaskell; 2nd, Hutchinson; 3rd, Bleasdale.

Sports Championship.—Gaskell (21 points). **Runner-up**, Hutchinson (9 points).

House Challenge Cup.—Fairhurst's House.

Girls.

100 Yards, Senior.—1st, E. Holmes; 2nd, B. Baxendale; 3, B. Whipp.

100 Yards, Junior.—1st, J. Reid; 2nd, A. Dodson; 3rd, E. Rowcroft.

75 Yards.—1st, L. Norris; 2nd, E. Bradley; 3rd, M. Jones.

High Jump, Senior.—1st, F. Rigby; 2nd, B. Whipp; 3rd, D. Lomax.

High Jump, Junior.—1st, M. Lomax; 2nd, E. Rowcroft; 3rd, G. Leigh.

Obstacle Race.—1st, B. Whipp; 2nd, F. Rigby and L. Stopforth (dead heat).

Egg and Spoon.—1st, L. Stopforth; 2nd, M. Miller; 3rd, A. Wright.

Hopping Race.—1, R. Sumner; 2nd, E. Worden; 3rd, K. Sheehan.

Hockey Race.—1st, E. Holmes; 2nd, D. Lomax; 3rd, N. Carter.

Skipping Race.—1st, N. Sanderson; 2nd, I. Bimson; 3rd, M. Lomax.

Slow Cycle Race.—1st, B. Baxendale; 2nd, B. Ryding; 3rd, M. Hunter.

Cycle Parade (special prize presented by Mrs. Forrester).—Margaret Wilson.

Chariot Race.—1st, N. Waterhouse, M. Fazackerley, and A. Dodson; 2nd, J. Clarkson, A. Watson, and E. Worden; 3rd, J. Reid, L. Bradley, and E. Smithies.

220 Yards.—1st, E. Rowcroft; 2nd, M. Robinson; 3rd, E. Holmes.

Championship Cup.—E. Holmes.

House Challenge Cup.—D. Lomax's House.

HOUSE CHALLENGE CUP FOR FOOTBALL, CRICKET, AND FINALS IN SPORTS.

Fairhurst's House:—Football, 10; Cricket, —; 100 yards—over 14, 5; 12-14, 5; 440 yards handicap, 4; 100 yards scratch, 4; 220 yards scratch, 4; 440 yards scratch, 5; 880 yards scratch, 5; high jump (senior), 6; high jump (junior), 1; long jump (senior), 6; long jump (junior), 3; tug-of-war, 3; relay race, 3; throwing cricket ball, 6; total, 70.

Wilde's House:—Football, 2; Cricket, —; 100 yards—12-14, 1; under 12, 5; high jump (junior), 2; tug-of-war, 2; total, 12.

Bleasdale's House:—Football, 6; Cricket, —; 440 yards scratch, 1; 880 yards scratch, 1; relay race, 1; total, 9.

Lancaster's House:—Football, 6; Cricket, —; 100 yards—over 14, 1; under 12, 1; 440 yards handicap, 2; 100 yards scratch, 2; 220 yards scratch, 2; high jump (junior), 3; long jump (junior), 3; tug-of-war, 1; relay race, 2; total, 23.



HOUSE CHALLENGE CUP FOR HOCKEY AND FINALS IN SPORTS.

D. Lomax's House:—Hockey, 13; 100 yards—senior, 3; junior, 1; 220 yards, 5; hockey, 3; egg and spoon, 3; high jump—senior, 3; junior, 2; cycle, 3; relay, 3; obstacle, 3; total, 41.

M. Higham's House:—Hockey, 8; 75 yards, 3; skipping, 3; high jump, senior, 3; obstacle, 2; total, 19.

L. Stopforth's House:—Hockey, 12; 100 yards, junior, 3; egg and spoon, 3; hopping, 1; cycle, 1; obstacle, 2; total, 21.

M. Wilson's House:—Hockey, 12; 100 yards, senior, 3; 75 yards, 3; 220 yards, 1; hockey, 3; hopping, 2; high jump, junior, 1; cycle, 2; relay, 1; total, 28.

R. Pickup's House:—Hockey, 10; skipping, 1; high jump, junior, 3; total, 14.

H. Brigg's House:—Hockey, 5; 100 yards, junior, 3; skipping, 2; hopping, 3; relay, 2; total, 15.

H.J.L.

THE MARCH ROUND.

Hark! I hear the tramp of hundreds,
And of armed men, with drums;
Lo! the Balshawn hosts have gathered,
In their teams behind the drums,—

Saying, "March,
Schoolfriends, march!

Ere the rain comes down in torrents," says
The loudly beaten drum.

Marching in a field of puddles,
Marching to a noisy drum;
"Look there at her shoes," one whispers;
"What if it rains?" asks another;

But the drum
Answers, "Come,

You can't stop it if it does," says the solemn
Sounding drum.

Marching to the claps of parents,
March the best that e'er you've done,
Till the parade is almost over,
'Fore the races are begun,

Still the drum
Echoes, "Come,

You must finish this parade, ere I stop my
Steady hum!"

Bessie Whipp, Form Iia.



THE MERRY BOYS OF BALSHAW'S.

The merry boys of Balshaw's,
Get ready for the race;
The master runs before them,
With a "Stand by!" "Clear a space!"

Oh! Captain, my Captain!
 You yearn for points three,
 But when I go a-racing,
 Place not your hopes on me.

The merry boys of Balshaw's,
 Wear diamonds on their caps:
 They sit all night at home work,
 At algebra and maps.
 But Master, my Master!
 I know you want my French,
 I regret to disappoint you,
 But I've left it on the bench.

Francis Rose, Form IVa.

— ♦ —

THE END OF THE STORY.

After eating a good meal provided by mine host, Juan of the posada, I was calmly enjoying a bottle of wine. My wanderings in Spain had brought me to the city of Trujillo, in Estremadura, the birth-place of Francisco Pizarro, whose brilliant conquest of Peru was still the eager theme of needy adventurers.

The worthy innkeeper still lingered, solicitous for my comfort, when a gloomy old Spaniard entered the room with majestic step.

"Buenas tardes, senores," he greeted us.

As we replied I looked up and caught his fiery glance, which spoke of a spirit that still fought against the onslaught of age.

A bottle of vino tinto was rapidly placed before him. He drank half the bottle before he spoke again.

"Pizarro is dead."

"The Conqueror of Peru?"

"Si, senores. Death has conquered the Conquistador!" and with this tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Senor Anton de Carrion was with Pizarro," explained Juan, "and he mourns his lost capitan."

Old Anton's eye flashed as at the remembrance of his ancient exploits.

"Si, senores. I was one of the faithful thirteen who followed Pizarro when, on the Isla del Gallo, he drew his sword and traced a line east and west on the sand. Turning to the south, our noble capitan exclaimed, 'Friends and comrades! on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south.' We would have followed him into el infierno at his command. So brave, so bold, so generous, full of energy and courage. When shall we see his equal again? The old lion is slain by the jackals."

Old Anton paced the room with rapid steps, his knotted hands clasping and unclasping as with nervous haste he poured out his tribute to the dead Conquistador. The period of excitement soon passed, and Anton subsided into a shapeless heap upon a wooden bench. His lips still moved convulsively, his eyelids fluttered, and tremors stirred his withered frame, as if to indicate the power of the memories that passed so rapidly and secretly through his brain.

"Never have I seen Anton de Carrion so moved," whispered Juan in my ear.

By now the old man had sunk into a torpid stupor, occasionally rousing himself to mutter "Pizarro." Carelessly turning his head he spied the wine gleaming red in the bottle. "Sangri," he ejaculated, and seizing the bottle, emptied it at a gulp. Life seemed to course through his aged members, and he raised his head and gazed proudly around.

"Another bottle of good red wine for Senor Anton de Carrion," I ordered Juan.

We plied the old man with wine, and anon, with old memories revived and loosened tongue, he told us of that immortal disgrace—the conquest of Peru by a handful of ragged outcasts. The cunning stratagem of the treacherous Pizarro delivered the unsuspecting Inca Atahualpa into their hands. Henceforth their safety and success lay in guarding with diligent, ceaseless care, their royal prisoner. Never before did greater extremes meet. The former pig-tender of Estremadura held in bondage the Inca, descended from a divine race, sons of the Sun. His voice sank to a whisper as he told with many an avaricious chuckle of the huge golden ransom the Inca gave for his life.

"As high as a man could reach we filled the room with gold ornaments and utensils. That was el dorado, indeed. All melted down and shared out with scrupulous justice by el capitan. What a golden harvest we reaped for all our toil!"

"What became of the Inca?" queried Juan.

At this simple question Anton stopped his garrulous tale with a convulsive shudder.

"I forget—I forget," and he passed his hand over his brow. "I must rest now."

Seizing his hat, he hurried hastily to his room with a brief "Buenas noches."

Juan turned to me.

"Never, never will he tell of the Inca's fate. Many times has he told me of the treasure which the Inca paid; but of what befel Atahualpa he is as silent as the grave."

"Surely he knows," I returned.

"All the world knows," cried Juan.

"Was he not tried and condemned to be burnt at the stake as a fraticide and usurper? He entered the bosom of Holy Church, and ever merciful to the sinner, she commuted his sentence to death by el garrotte."

"And who was the executioner of such an infamous decree?" I cried.

"Quien sabe?" he exclaimed.

* * * * *

I was aroused from sleep by the sound of furniture being dragged across the corridor. I flung on some clothes and, cautiously opening my bedroom door, I peered out. In the dim morning light old Anton could be perceived standing at attention by the side of a chair on which he had placed a wicker basket, containing a large wine jar with a neck as large as a man's. His head was bent down, and his hands piously crossed on his breast. I wondered at the scene being enacted before my eyes. Evidently Anton de Carrion was a sleep walker, for his eyes were fast closed. What hidden force of secret memory had driven him from bed on this chilly morning to act again some ancient scene in which he had played a part?

As I gazed he lifted up his head, and took a strong piece of cord, which he carefully twisted round the neck of the jar. Then he took one end of the cord in each hand and pulled with such force that the neck flew off and rolled with a great clatter down the wooden stairs.

As the sound echoed along the corridor Juan, half clothed, rushed on the scene. Anton's eyes opened—startled out of sleep. He cried, with a fearful cry; "Ah, Atahualpa, spare me," and fell prostrate.

We raised him from the ground, but his heart had ceased to beat.

* * * * *

The old physician told me that Anton had died of apoplexy. That may be, I am no student of disorders; but I had seen a thin red line round the old man's neck, which looked exactly like the line that el garrotte leaves on its victims. Had the old man's vivid dream of the Inca's execution, combined with the shock of his awakening to reality, caused his fearful end? Quien sabe?

Bavard.

— ♦ —

THE AMATEUR ELOCUTIONIST.

It was a fair young schoolboy
That stood upon a chair
When he beheld the audience,
His heart filled with despair,
For he, before his classmates,
A poem must recite;
He shuddered, and he trembled,
For he had got stage fright.

He was extremely nervous,
And he trembled at this thought,
And so his mind was worried,
And his brain was overwrought.
He started, then he faltered;
But continued with a sigh,
" 'Twas a bright September morning,
In the middle of July.
The flowers were singing gaily,
The birds were in full bloom;
When I went down the cellar,
To clean the upstairs room.

I saw, ten thousand miles away,
A house, just out of sight;
It stood alone, between two more,
And it was blackwashed white."

D. Hey, Form Va.

— ♦ —

CAPTAINS ALL.

Lancaster, Fairhurst, Bleasdale, Wilde,
Here's to the house captains!
Minnie, Dorothy, Rosie, Margaret,
Hannah, Lilian, join in the games!
Captains all, for Our School's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as schools shall last,
To Balshaw's noble name.

Fairhurst was wanting to win the cup
With the Sports Day about to come.
Others at last gave him his way,
And the word was passed to run.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he
Since Sports Days first began;
He tossed his cap right into the air,
And up to the tapes they ran.

Captains all, for our School's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as schools shall last,
To Balshaw's noble name.

C. A. Robinson, Form IVa.

— ♦ —

LINES FROM "THE TEMPEST" APPLIED TO EVENTS CONCERNING SCHOOL.

"My old brain is troubled."—Exclamations in Arithmetic.
"Silence! there's something else to do; hush, be mute."—A
teacher's order.

"What harmony is this, my good friends, hark!"—Music lessons.

"Aye, but to lose our bottles in the pool."—The chariot race on the Thursday afternoon before Sports Day.

"No, my precious creature,

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you such dishonour should undergo."

—A declaration to a captain during Sports week.

"Such shapes, such gestures, such sound expressing.—The arrival at the hostel.

"Lead off this ground and let's make further search."—'Bus hunting, Wembley.

"Our revels now are ended."—The return of the Wembley people.

Margaret Hunter, Form Vb.



A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, the old village clock boomed forth the hour when fairies awake from their day-dreams. How restless I was lying in bed on such a hot night! Weary with tossing I threw off the counterpane, and then felt much cooler. Suddenly I heard a gentle tap at the window, and glancing in that direction I saw a figure of very small stature. Nearer and nearer came the figure until it was revealed as a little fairy robed in a scarlet cloak, underneath which was a dress of dazzling whiteness. She placed in my hand a little envelope, the contents of which I read by the light of her wand. It ran thus:—

"Fairyland.

"Dear Hazel,

"My subjects will be pleased to welcome you to-night as it is the birthday of the little Princess Mayrose. If you would

like to visit us, Night-shade, my private secretary, will bring you.

"Your loving friend,

"Rosebud."

The little fairy then made a bow, and when I said, "I shall be very pleased to go," she replied, "Close your eyes," and immediately I obeyed her.

What a lovely scene I beheld on opening them. Troops of elves and fairies flocked to greet me from within the gates of Fairyland. The leader, who was a sprightly elf, told me to follow him. Down brightly-lit corridors and winding passages we sped, until in sight came a beautiful archway, bedecked with sweet-smelling flowers. Before this came the dressing-room. On a couch lay a pale grey muslin dress, which was trimmed with blue flowers tastefully arranged. Little fairies-in-waiting told me to put it on. I did so. After having my hair dressed to perfection I was escorted to the ballroom by Prince Sunshine, who took me to the Queen. Her dress was of pink satin, embroidered with little pearls, and on her head was a crown of gold. Near her throne was playing the Princess; we soon became good friends. A quarter of an hour went by, and then the music started. I danced until my feet ached. Then I enjoyed watching the fairies, elves, and gnomes singing and dancing together. We had early supper, which consisted of fairies' bread, ice-cream with waffles, and the birthday cake. Little silver cups were passed round with raspberry wine in them. The feasting and merry-making soon came to an end, because the Queen said I must not be late home. I bade her good-night, and kissed the Princess. Night-shade then appeared and waved her wand over me. All that I could remember after was that it was morning, and mother was calling me to get up. My first visit to Fairyland was over.

Hazel Walker, Form II.

