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THE LUPTONIAN

Vol. VI SUMMER, 1953 No. 2

EDITORS: 
H. N. L. MELLERSH.
J. T. WARD.

TREASURER: J. E. G. McILDOWIE.

EDITORIAL.

I do not suppose that many of us, seeing the advertisement on the back of the *Luptonian*, have mistaken the magazine for a biscuit tin, but many more, seeing the figure on the front, must have failed to recognise bluff King Hal, bluff Roger Lupton, bluff Betty Hastings, or whoever it is meant to be, and thought of him as the hero of the historical novel written inside. I myself am among that number. The feather in his hat and his expression have always made me think he is French. He is called, to my mind, de Tremouille.

The action takes place in Italy: ‘over the Po into the sun-baked valleys of Italy, Italy land of learning, land of beauty, land of fear, de Tremouille pressed onwards.’ The big scene is his meeting with Leonardo da Vinci, Cesare Borgia, the elder Cato, and Juvenal. De Tremouille plunged his sword deep into the green sword and faced the vacillating Italians. ‘For the nonce’ quoth he ‘if one of you base varlets dares but lay an ungloved finger on Mistress Helen, I will disembowel his very vitals, parbleu!’ Juvenal paled and Leonardo apprehensively fingered his wrought-iron pencil. Then the banquet scene with the Borgias: He threw the poisoned goblet in Machiavelli’s face at the same time avoiding a cascade of poisoned arrows. He ran for the door. The evil Niccolo smiled. ‘He will fall through the trapdoor,’ he said. Too late he noticed that de Tremouille had swung out on the candelabra; de Tremouille’s mocking laughter ran round the corpse-strewn hall. ‘I will be back,’ it seemed to say. That is a scene indeed, and then there is the finale in which he saves Helen’s father from the moneylenders, her brother from being kidnapped, her sister from murder by a demented abbot, and Helen herself from a fate worse than death at the hands of Machiavelli.
“Parbleu! it has been a hard day, Helen, ma chérie.”
Baroness Orczy, are you plunging your trusty pen into divers inkpots for fear of your rival? Don’t worry, the Luptonian is just the same as ever.

HOUSE NOTES.

N. McShane is once again Head of House. W. J. M. Hood is still a School Prefect and H. N. L. Mellersh continues to borrow other people’s razors. Next door, the Study is littered with bottles of Silvikrin (lotion “with oil”), and J. M. Beharrell, J. K. Winders and J. T. Ward may all be seen drowning themselves at 7-24 a.m.

As Beharrell had pushed off on a gardening tour of the Channel Islands, McShane and Ward went to Ireland last holidays without him to sample Irish hospitality, which they found excellent and even to play a little rugger when they could find time. This term they have contrived to play on the Tennis VI. G. L. P. Highton swam regularly for the School and J. B. Daly was also on the VIII before he got mumps, which he fortunately kept to himself. We were rather sparsely represented in the upper half of the cricketing world. Our only experts were W. F. Cattin and J. K. Winders who both played on the 2nd XI; on Colts the situation was much brighter; B. W. J. G. Wilson captained the side and C. M. Bedford and P. T. Dransfield played regularly. Congratulations to all!

While we are on the subject of cricket, we must mention one or two of the excuses for not playing put forward by our less keen performers. One person shook us considerably by saying that he had to find a Roman road by the week-end. This turned out to be quite genuine, but we had never heard anything like it before and thought it rather original. Another pleaded insomnia and a third that he had to cut up a frog!

As befits the Secretary of the Photographic Society, R. D. Nelson (he of the perilous tripod) won the Douglas Shield; P. V. Addyman also distinguished himself and won the Sedgwick Society prize.

A humiliating incident occurred on Carlisle Station at the very beginning of term. As all the reserved compartments had been occupied, several members of the House ensconced themselves in an unreserved carriage (1st class). A B.R. official noticed them and said, without the suggestion of a smile: “What are you doing here? (fatuous question) This is for ordinary people!” We have not yet fathomed the significance of this sinister remark.

The would-be Hogans of the House have again been digging up the football field, losing many balls and much temper in the process. We shall play rugger on what is left of the pitches next term, which reminds us...

Golfer (taking an enormous divot): “Caddie, replace that turf!”

Caddie (who has been doing it all day and is thoroughly fed up): “…! it’s not replacing the turf I’m doing, it’s re-turfing the place!”

We regret to say that the junior half of the House is not what it used to be; they can’t take it! To the horror of all true Luptonians, a thermostat is being installed in Footer View, which, we are told, is intended to keep the dormitories at a constant temperature of 50° F. What would G.C.M. have said! Most of the inhabitants think that it is a microphone system connected to A.T.I.B.’s room, so perhaps there will be fewer midnight crimes in future.

The House has been further improved by the addition of a large, handsome clock which the Junior Dayroom put back when they want an excuse for being late for call-over.

The Coronation fun-fair, in which several of us took part, was a great success. Mellerah, alias the Great Nikara, looking like the Sheikh of Arabi, told fortunes in his inimitable fashion. Nicholson and Cattin were in charge of a white line which had to be walked with the aid of a reversed telescope, a feat which would have taxed the most hardened drunkard. Other Luptonians rolled golf balls, ping-pong balls, pennies, etc., etc., and generally thoroughly enjoyed themselves, at the same time collecting a fair-sized sum of money for the Sedbergh Youth Club. McShane had the enviable job of organising the whole show.

A Junior Fives competition held this term was won by A. M. Merer and J. Basham. It aroused considerable interest, and we hope to continue it next year.
OLD LUPTONIAN NEWS.

No trig. post on Winder for me this time: it is summer. That is to say, it is a field day, and the troops are out; cricket is rained off; the Test match has not been able to start; the new heaters in Elysium are in full blast, and I am off for another pullover. In fact, July as usual. But it will please the editor, for it keeps my nose to the typewriter and the "copy" looks like being on time.

"Old men forget", the Bard of Avon assured us, and if I remember with advantages the various bits of information I have collected, you must remember the "already thinning thatch." To the gossip column, then. Soon after last term's letter had gone to press, Haythornthwaite and J. L. Cornes appeared beaming at the door: the former said he had another fifteen months to do at pure science at Edinburgh: the latter, that he was weaving on three looms. It sounds a complicated web, but doubtless means something to the experts. We have a number of "spinners", for Shannon is somewhere in the area, doing well I am told, and C. R. Walton, his arm again in one piece, likewise. He tells me that his brother, having finished with Cambridge, is on the way to make his fortune as a stockbroker. He just missed the chance of exchanging reminiscences of IIIIs with the Dunns, who came a few days later. J. S. is, I believe he said, an electrical accountant, and G. E. S. is on velvet as an engineer, an expert in Diesel engines. He was detailed to show his works to some R.A.F. types, and among them found one of the types was R. H. Dodds, of whom more anon.

Armstrong is here now, taking a fortnight's holiday after graduating as a B.Sc. at Newcastle, and getting up his strength to lift tea cups in the employ of the N.C.B. I see the price of coal has gone up, so I suppose his services have been secured for an enormous salary. Snowden came to try to get a certificate of good conduct (the future is always rosy for optimists) to enable him to go to Cirencester, to learn agriculture, silvi-, arbor-, or other culture. I am told he is there now, so his mission must have been successful. Clasper shades his light, but a faint glimmer from Sunderland way indicates that he is surveying: maybe if he perseveres he will notice there is a road to Sedbergh. Conway has had some fun with his cars. My notes say that his engine got a hole in it, was remodelled, and blew up. He came to see us in a "new" car, an Austin 7 of 1927 vintage. I last saw him on my way to chapel: he was then thirstily drinking petrol from his carburettor, while the inards of the car adorned the road. I hear he was nearly arrested, by the police on his way back for driving too slowly to the danger of the public, and for taking all the hills in reverse gear. A great life, if you don't weaken!

A long figure, topped with a well-known lock of hair, told that Watson had temporarily escaped from the gaiety of Paris, which city he rates below Blackburn. I hear the General sixth is going there in August, and maybe they will show him some more interesting corners. Berry is to go into the R.N. for two years in August: meanwhile he is breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. Capstick appears from time to time, and is soon to go for his national service with the R.A.F., one presumes, as an Air-gunner. A. L. L. Ferguson is, according to his sister, doing well in Sydney, where he is a buyer in a ladies' clothing store: his sister is off to see what it is all about.

Preston put in a brief appearance before going to signal at Catterick, a change from teaching maths. at a prep. school, as he was doing for half a term. Varied curriculum in the upper sixth classical, one deduces. Moore has got his "pip", and is off to Germany, if he has not already gone. The papers have been full of a strike there, ascribed to Western Powers. J. R. Pollock apparently damaged his leg again, and passed his driving test, but I did not gather which came first. He has been touring in his car, before starting work. The Holmes family gave me news of D. R. Holmes, who is now touring the British Isles (by water) in the Aircraft-carrier Indefatigable: he is taking his midshipman's exam., and hoped for leave early next term. An earlier R. Holmes is one of the six top announcers with the B.B.C., and can often be heard, if not identified, reading the news.

Other Luptonians are also on the wander. Cassels is theoretically in Rome, but a friend of his tells me he was last heard of "going native" in Casablanca. Dodds was here for O.S. Day, with attendant lady, and set off at once for Constantinople in a jeep. I understand that was a mere starting point for Eastern adventure, and that he was hoping to take the golden road to Samarkand, or some such distant place. J. G. D. Shaw, now on the Committee of the Union, was also here, and
is to start later for Belgrade, or Buda, or Pesth, to take his
place on the return journey, so that R.H.D. can get back more
quickly to domestic charms. His brother, R. D. Shaw, is work-
ing with his father, but escapes a good deal to the pleasures
of the Lake District. A. N. Spinney adopted Eastern disguise
for his visit, hiding his identity behind a fine pair of sun-glasses,
for which there was actually some excuse on O.S. Day. I have
two notes: that he is going to Sweden: that he shot the R.S.M.
I can't imagine what it means. His brother has graduated at
Cambridge, and gone down with some fame as a shot there, and
now goes to the R.A.F. to do his two years. D. K. MacInnes
was touring in the Outer Hebrides, or some such distant spot;
Byrd was coming to the end of his time farming with Turnbull:
the seventh member of that gang I have not recently heard of.

J. C. Bentham was here, and says that he is still in business
as before, in spite of cracking his skull and breaking his jaw.
It seems that he goes in for motor-cycling in a big way. His
brother has forsaken business for the R.A.F., and is now at
Cranwell. Tinning is with the R.A.F. in Singapore, and intends
to stay there after his demob. Wannop is at an agricultural
college in Cumberland. Hyde I hear has a motor-cycle, and is
still in journalism, but I do not know where. Moralee caused
some havoc in the 1st XI on O.S. Day as a fast bowler: he has
another year to go at Cambridge. Rhodes-James had a good
time coxing his second boat at Oxford: from what I heard of
the Worcester first boat, there is need of him there.

O.S. Day saw an invasion from Ireland, for Belle D. A. W.
and R. McC. were with us; the former tore himself from the tea
trade, in which he is trying to convince himself he is working;
the latter from Queen's College, Belfast, where he has gradu-
ated. He is now hoping to go to Edinburgh, to learn Greek
and Hebrew, in preparation for taking Orders in the Presby-
terian Church. They brought with them Blakely, who is a
‘complete sports outfitter’ in Belfast. He stayed in the San.,
and found it more suitable to his state than he had expected.
He is now said to be well again. Clarkson is teaching somewhere
in England. Mallinson, in the early stages of Law, is preparing
for an exam., studying Habeas Corpus and Torts, and from the
top benches came Judge Walmsley, to show what can happen
to those who study enough. Beharrell also is in the same line,
I fancy: anyway, he brought number three to have a look at
what was in store for him before long. The new heaters in
Elysium, now giving off a fine smell, should have encouraged
him to face the rigours of our climate: which brings me full
circle. And as the sun is shining, I think I may venture across
to the editor’s Study, though first I ought to mention that Mrs.
Wilson again resides in Sedbergh, looking after I.C. and his
mother, and is delighted to welcome O.L.s who can find their
way to the Gowans.

Best wishes to you all.

A.T.I.B.

THE TEN MILE, 1933.

Excitement among the sporting community up town was
high. Hood was tipped as a likely winner, but one shrewd
individual fancied Thompson (w.) for his “fine breeding” (i.e.,
his father won in 1924). Wood (p.) was also thought to have a
good chance and a fast race was expected.

In broiling heat (the Wilson Run Times says “warm”) Hood
seemed well set after two miles, but at Thrush Gill he tore a
ligament and was forced to hobble the remaining eight miles as
best he could; to finish 8th under this handicap was a magnifi-
cent effort. Hobbs, meanwhile, had got well into his stride: fourth
to Cautley and second to Danny, he chased the winner, Thomp-
son, all the way home to finish only two seconds behind him in
1 hr. 16 mins. 35.5 secs. He was awarded his House and School
colours and the Cavaghan Cup for the best Luptonian effort and
we feel this to be no more than his due for a splendid perform-
ance. Congratulations to him! M. Beck (23rd) and Wilcox
(24th) were our next arrivals; with Hobbs and Hood they gained
us third place in the team placings, for which we received one
whole point towards the Athletics Cup. Gill was next (26th),
and was quickly followed by Beharrell (29th), Winders (31st),
and Mellersh (32nd). A couple of minutes later Stuart White
arrived (42nd), then Catlin (44th), Ward (45th) and Crease (56th).
Presently Aston dragged himself in (68th), feeling very groggy,
and finally J. Beck appeared at 74th. Seventy-seven martyrs ran.
Places we have not mentioned were gained by Medhurst
(w.) 3rd, Brown (h.) 4th, Priestley (s.) 5th and Cree (s.) 6th.

We congratulate Thompson in particular on a fine race and
Winder House in general on their thirty points. Still, our
eleven are not to be frowned upon!
THE THREE MILE.

As the Clerk of the Weather had made a bad miscalculation, the race was not run in the customary rain and mist but under even hotter conditions than the Ten. Tyler (w.) won by three-quarters of a minute in 18 mins. 41.2 secs., a very fine effort; Roobson and Garney, both s.h., came second and third. Our first arrival was Cuthbertson who did very well to come fifth as he had come on to full exercise only ten days before the race, owing to a bruised heel. Bland was next home (22nd), followed by Philip (24th), Basham (28th), C. M. Bedford (36th), and Dransfield, substituting for Valentine who had a bad knee, (36th). As several of our performers can not, by any stretch of imagination, be called natural long-distance runners, there were some very creditable efforts under gruelling conditions.

BOXING.

Thanks mainly to McShane, a vague interest in boxing developed into real enthusiasm, and we entered a relatively large team of ten.

In the gun-weight, Bland and Valentine both fought pluckily but were defeated by the longer reach of Gunn who won this weight. Both Goodwin in the mosquito- and Birkett in the paper-weight had to scratch through illness, but in the latter J. Beck used his reach well to win, although fighting above his weight. Basham succumbed gallantly to the eventual winner of the fly-weight and in the bantam Merer suffered the same fate, but both put up a good fight against more experienced boxers. Aston boxed very well and won the light-weight, having no trouble in his only fight. In the heavyweight Highton was unlucky to lose to Collis after battering him hard in the final round, and McShane, attacking the whole time, as did most of our boxers, had no difficulty in beating Rossiter.

On the final day both Beck and McShane had to win their fights to bring us victory. The former just defeated Kelly, and in agonizing suspense, with enough blood spilt to set up a large transfusion service, McShane beat Collis.

Most of our boxers will be here next year and the future is bright; meanwhile congratulations to all. It was a fine performance!

MUSIC COMPETITIONS.

We have somehow retained the Unison Cup. We say 'somehow' because, had you heard the singing at the earlier rehearsals, you would have wondered how we dared to show ourselves on the Powell Hall stage. (We know we always say something like this, but it is perfectly true.) Yet shortly before the competition there was a vast improvement, and in the finals, whether by our sincere rendering of 'Linden Lea' or by the split-second timing of the chorus in 'Salt Beef', we do not know, we managed to impress the judge. Our thanks must go once again to Mr. Boggis who succeeded, after hours of toil in the Brian Harrison Room, to extract a very impressive sound from the usual non-musical material.

We hoped that the quartet, patiently coached by Mr. Gairdner, would again reach the finals. In our opinion, their close harmony in 'Silent Night' was both tuneful and effective, but the powers that be thought otherwise. The quartet was: R. J. Valentine (treble), G. P. Goodwin (alto), J. J. Wilcox (tenor), J. H. Gill (bass).

Our Orchestra had little talent and depended mainly upon our few players from the first orchestra. In Mendelssohn's 'Lift thine eyes' the three violinists were well together but, unfortunately, were slightly out of tune. The Orchestra was on the whole well balanced but the ensemble in the two pieces by Handel left room for improvement. The large number of young players in the House, however, is very encouraging and perhaps we shall one day get into the finals.

DRILL CUP.

Once again we approached the competition determined to distinguish ourselves or die in the attempt. We feel that the appropriate comment is 'de mortuis'; etc! With brasses glowing and hearts high, almost in our mouths in fact, we tramped up to Powell Hall where we were put through the 'sentry go'; this, taken as a whole, went fairly well, as the N.C.O.'s addressed us in English, which we understood, instead of the Esperanto used last year. After a wash and brush-up, we set out for Burnholme for drill proper. Unfortunately, in our anxiety not to take up too much of the officer's valuable time (we had already kept him five minutes before we even started) we omitted to port arms, which was rather a handicap.
On the other hand, this particular movement, as done by the squash, was not very good.

It only remains for us to say that, as Evans had risen to the dizzy heights of second place, we were last (Winder won) and that we do try, really!

We had as little success in the Lord Roberts' Cup (anything remotely connected with the army seems to paralyse us into utter incompetence). Our marksmen were: J. E. G. McIdowie, A. M. Merer, M. R. Wilkinson and J. H. Gill. They did their best but it simply wasn't good enough; only one of them is a regular shooter and the others had had little practice. Powell shot very well indeed and won.

HOUSE MATCHES.

We started off the season somewhat apprehensively as our team contained a bumper crop of tennis players, golfers and gardeners, but no outstanding cricketers. We had therefore to rely on good fielding and hope that fortune would smile on us.

We played Hart first and they chose to bat on a very soft wicket. Catlin, who took 6 for 25, was spinning the ball viciously, though it came off the pitch very slowly. With the aid of Hiley, 3 for 26, he dismissed Hart for 62. We were soon in trouble against the bowling of Haldane and Wood, but McShane scored a solid 17 and Beharrell made two mighty drives before we were all out for 47. Hart's second innings was almost a replica of their first — Haldane alone offered any real resistance and they were out for 64, leaving us to make 80 on the following half holiday. After one quick wicket the score mounted steadily, and thanks to 39 from Winders, who took advantage of dropped catches, and a good innings by Hiley, we reached the required total for the loss of five wickets.

We next faced Sedgwick on a hard wicket in the middle of a heat wave. They were a strong batting side, and against some rather weak bowling they amassed the unpleasantly large total of 289 for 9, declared. However, our fielding never wilted and we gave away few runs; the highlights were some very good catches in the deep by Sitton and McShane. After a promising opening stand between Sitton and Aston our batting never looked very confident, though Beharrell hit a bright 21. We were dismissed for 76. We followed on and wickets again fell quickly although Winders and Gill staged a fourth-wicket partnership of 25, and Ward showed himself a capable golfer, scoring 15. We were all out for 100, losing by an innings and 13 runs. Nevertheless, considering our limited resources, the team was by no means a failure; our fielding was usually sound and we feel sure that spectators will agree that both our matches were packed with action!

J.K.W.


PANTERS.

Panters potentially were a good side as seven of last year's team remained, but somehow they did not come up to expectations.

In the first match, Hart batted first on a soft wicket. Hopes of success, aroused by two early wickets, were soon dampened by the solid batting of Sangwin (35) and Hutchinson (58). After a thirty-minute break, we again got two quick wickets but did not take advantage of the opportunity, and Hart finally declared at 152 for 8. Batting in bad light, we had lost 4 for 16 at the close and were finally all out for 89, Merer contributing a useful 18. Wilson, unfortunately, had to go in eighth as he had been having an exam, and did not have time to make his presence really felt.

Against Powell we were on much better form. Although at one stage we were 1 for 1, we eventually reached 134, Bedford making a valuable 33. Miller, Powell's opening bowler, was very steady and in twenty-five overs took 4 for 42. We got 2 wickets for 16 before the close; Powell finally collapsed and were all out for 71, only Farrington (10 not out) batting with any confidence. Partridge bowled very well and took 4 for 17. We won by 63 runs, the same margin by which we had lost to Hart.

We had to beat Sedgwick in the third round to get a replay and have a chance of entering the final. We batted first and the situation seemed well under control when the first wicket produced 25 runs (Wilson 19). There was then an appalling collapse and we were skittled out for 40. Thyne took 5 for 12
and Charlton 4 for 4. Sedgwick amassed 149, of which Judge, by an incredible series of golf shots, got 79 not out. We then tried to go for the runs and get a chance of bowling them out in a second innings, but after a promising start we were all out for 86 (Bedford 21).

Although he did not strike last year’s form, Wilson was still the best batsman. Bedford was an excellent all-rounder and Merer and Dransfield played some good innings. Partridge and Chambers are promising bowlers, and Hiley’s wicket-keeping will be useful next year. If all goes well we should have a good side next season and perhaps they will have more success.

C.M.B., P.T.D.


THE MUSIC HALL.

As part of the School Coronation festivities a Music-Hall competition was held in Powell Hall. The Lupton contribution consisted of a very vivid sketch in the true music-hall style of work and play in a cigarette factory. This was organised by Catlin, and followed by one of Comrade Mellersh’s Iron Curtain Thrillers; this, to those of the audience who understood what was going on, was a grim warning as to what would happen if the Public Schools were to fall into the hands of the Party. It was a very enjoyable evening and we hope ours was a worthy contribution. At the end of the performance it was announced that there was no competition and that no one had won!

"TEENIES, ANYONE?"

The clouds moved lazily overhead and "Oaklings" looked fresh and clean nestled under the blue-washed sky.

Eager cries of "Deuce" and "Van in" shattered the silence of the August afternoon as John Smith crept through the gates. "Hullo, m’boy," said his father, "how have you been getting on at school? The rose garden has changed a bit since you were here? What? Better run along and play tennis. Your cousins are here."

The word "cousins" suddenly broke through the theme of the Chopin prelude. John was humming to himself. Cousins! Tennis! He remembered the dire stories that had been whispered to him among the boys who had spent their holidays playing tennis with their cousins instead of practising, and who had never been heard of again. His thoughts of a musical holiday faded, and he walked on in a mood of suppressed temperament. After trying, unsuccessfully, to kick the footman, who was by now used to this treatment, he moodily walked up the marble staircase, opened the door of his bedroom, placed his violin on the bed and threw himself dejectedly on to the floor. He had hummed three of Beethoven’s symphonies before consolation came to his mind. He remembered the widely quoted words: "We must expect opposition to our ideas on education, at home as much as elsewhere, but you must not despair of your parents or your family; you must try to make them understand our way of life."

The four tennis enthusiasts were lying at the side of the court drinking lemonade, when suddenly they heard the sound of gipsy music approaching.

"That’s my brother," said Pam.

"Oh, good. I do want to meet him," said Sheila. Jim, her brother, just looked slightly more sick than he had been doing before.

John came through the laurel hedge, sat down on the far side of the court and continued to play.

"Hullo, John. How did you get on, John? We’ve been waiting for you, John." They all spoke at once.

John pursed his lips and continued to play. "Oh, Lord, he’s being a highbrow again," said Pam. "Let’s go on playing."

"What can I do when I reach the end of the movement?" thought John, but the situation never arose, for after ten minutes even Sheila and Jill got tired of shouting against the Spanish rhythms and had begun to play.

This went on for the whole week with nothing of note happening. The chauffeur once set up a rival show with the klaxon, and three of the maids had given notice because of the music, but otherwise John was having little success, indeed he almost
seemed to be losing the battle. Once he found himself trying to serve with his violin, and the big bouncing blonde, Sheila, had almost displaced in his mind the aetherial beauty of Mary.

Two weeks after he came home he played a game of tennis.

The immensity of his crime did not strike him till after supper (of ham sandwiches and lemonade), but then in despair he took his violin and walked through the sombre landscape to the darkening woods.

"Oh, he'll come back in the end," said his sister. "I'd leave him."

But Sheila was made of sterner stuff; she went round questioning all the servants.

"Why yes; I saw young master disappearing into the woods shouting out about killing himself," said the Gardener.

"John says he is going to kill himself," said Sheila dramatically to the others.

"Not again?" said his sister, "it's the third time this year. I only wish he would do it this time. The place is so dull."

"Perhaps we'd better help him," suggested Jill.

John had made up his mind during his walk in the woods. He walked into the house resolutely and tried, unsuccessfully, to give the footman a farewell kick. John was above caring now. He picked up a vase and threw it at the footman's head. Again he missed. "Master John's in one of his little moods," thought the faithful footman.

Upstairs in his room John found a long coil of rope with this message:

"Darling,

I know you have betrayed your trust as an artist and a Winchelsea boy. Show you are a man and take the only way out.

Love, Sheila."

"Darling," he thought, "how well you understand me. I will play you one last piece — play it as I have never played before."

John took the violin in his trembling hands and tuned it with a drawn face. Through the Adagio and the Allegro (md non troppo) John's purpose never wavered. "I will be remembered as a martyr to the cause." But with the Rondo his determination wavered. "There is always tomorrow, yes, tomorrow, and a new start. I owe it to my genius to go on. I will not fall again."

Bars of light flecked the Eastern sky as John played the last few bars of the finale. He pushed his head out of the window into the fresh dawn air. "A new dawn," he cried, "and a new start. I owe it to my art, to go on."

"I told you that's what'd happen," said his sister below on the lawn.

"What a sell," said Sheila. "Let's go to bed."

"An artist's life is full of trials," thought John. He stepped back from the window and put his foot through his violin.

H.N.L.M.

VALETE.

N. McShane.

"Youth delights in horses, dogs, and turf." — Horace.

W. J. M. Hood.

"Doest thou not hear my horse's legs as they canter away?" — Tennyson.

H. N. L. Mellersh.

"All poets are mad!" — Burton.

J. M. Beharrell.

"I desire that death may find me planting my cabbages." — Montaigne.


"Often treachery lurking lies Underneath the fairest hair." — Longfellow.

J. J. Willcox.

"He was a fiddler and consequently a rogue." — Swift.

P. Crease.

"Would I were in an alehouse in Durham!" — Shakespeare.

M. R. Wilkinson.

"And Esau was a very hairy man." — O.T.

SALVETE.

R. D. Meek (Dalhousie Castle), M. G. Chambers (Marton Hall), P. V. Addyman (Norwood College), S. G. Brunner (Charney Hall).
LAMB'S
POTATO CRISPS

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