

A. Marshall



Deus Dix Doctrina Lux.

The Mitre



Christchurch School Old Boys' Association

August 1917.

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VOL. I, NO. I.

AUGUST, 1917.

Editorial.

Hail! The Christchurch *MITRE* bounds cheerfully forth straight from the noisy printing machine into this world of ups and downs and disappointments with all the gleeful bumptiousness of the fledgling magazine. Celebrate! Bang the drums, sound the trumpets, crash the cymbals *fortissimo pesante!* Let the corkscrews squeal, the corks pop and fly and the merry fizz bubble and froth in abundance in full honor of the momentous occasion! In one short word, Rejoice!

And now, having let off a little of the hot air we really think (we're not at all modest about it) the occasion in full justice demands, we will, with more decorum and sobriety, proceed to explain who we are and why we are.

At the close of historical 1914 and during 1915, many Christchurch chaps; several of whom had attended the School since its opening in 1909, reluctantly packed their belongings for the last time. Some of us commenced the new year right away in commercial life; others went on to more advanced colleges to strive for further honors in the scholastic field before joining up in the ranks of the wage-earners. It was a general separation. In a few short months we were scattered far and wide all over the land, a few of us going East, and several to England, or to the War. And so, as time whirled on, old and once inseparable friends found themselves almost unconsciously drifting away from one another. Faces, once so familiar that we needed but to glance at them in the mornings before School to tell whether their owners had done their prep. or not, because of our now widely varied occupations, passed without our ken for

sometimes months on end—perhaps in some cases for good and all.

Everybody knows that the friends a fellow makes during his roaring school-boy days very often remain his closest and best throughout after life. Some very close friendships were formed between various boys at the old School, but now that the almost inevitable separation had come on both or either of them leaving, it seemed that the mutual benefit that could be derived from their manly admiration and affection for one another was not to be. With this one thought burning on his mind, the day came when a certain bright youth was punched hard in the plexus with a gilt-edged idea. An Old Boys' Association! Like the familiar street poster-advt., if not, why not?

The idea caught on. The usual crop of objections which seems to spring up with mushroom-like vigor when any new scheme is afoot was quickly dried up and burnt out as the flame of enthusiasm spread among those concerned. The pessimistic person who opined that there were not enough Old Boys to form an Association was metaphorically hung, drawn and quartered with neatness and despatch. The feeble chap who said he didn't think any of the fellows would join, was dealt with in like manner; and the conservative youth who remarked that it wasn't customary for little schools like Christchurch to have an O.B.A., was clean bowled by the brilliant and scientific argument of our present Secretary that because our respected great-grandfathers never buzzed about astride snorting motor-bikes, that constituted no logical reason why we should refrain from doing so.

When anything is required to be done, enthusiasm is an aid towards its accomplishment not easily excelled. Fired with it at last, soon even the objectionists forgot their objections, and offered suggestions instead. Things began to move. A committee was formed, circulars sent out to all eligible for membership in the Association, subscriptions invited and received with encouraging promptitude. All went well.

The idea of a small magazine to chronicle the doings of the Association and its members was brought forward and welcomed. Plans were made, an editor nominated by the committee and duly elected at a grand inaugural tea of the Association at Claremont, on Saturday 7th, July last. The tea was an immense success, and with it the Christchurch Old Boys' Association was at last started in full swing.

In running this little magazine we are fully aware that we are inviting a great deal of criticism from various quarters. Some of it will be friendly—and we'll welcome it for that reason; but some also will be hostile—and we're not afraid of it. As a matter of fact, we are quite convinced that several people are going to seize an early opportunity of informing us that they think this no time to start an O.B.A. or a magazine, and tell us that we should have waited until the conclusion of the War, etc., etc. All we've got to say to these people when they blow along is that we don't agree with 'em. As before pointed out, the primary reason for the formation of the Association was to endeavour to preserve the close friendships which grew between and united us all during those eventful days when good old Canon Mac. and genial Mr. Daimpre enthusiastically thumped learning into us with suitable lengths of pine-tree. We don't know how much longer the War is going to continue, and anybody who says that friendship has not much value in times of trouble—there are dark days ahead of us yet—can come to us and we will cheerfully pay his cab fare out to the asylum.

And now, in conclusion, we would like to make an appeal to all you fellows to back us up with might and main. Buy *THE MITRE* yourself and sell as many copies to other people who will be interested in it as you can. If you are a member of the Association it is the organ and mouthpiece of, it is your plain duty; if you are still attending the School, you will find plenty of matter in it to interest you and your parents. You will become a member of the O.B.A. one day yourself and, if you

happen to be of a literary turn, future numbers of this little magazine, we hope, will contain many little bits from your pen. *THE MITRE* is for School fellows as well as the Old Boys, and we all want it to be a success. We are going to back-up the School every time, and in turn and in fairness, we ask that you try and help us too.



OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

The following of our old School-fellows are now serving with the Empire's Forces on land or sea, and right proud of them we are, too:—

A. R. B. COX	E. HOGAN
R. CROFTS	C. A. R. SADLEIR
A. O. GAZE	I. SALMON
G. A. C. WILLIAMS	

Christchurch School Old Boys' Association.

The office-bearers in the Association are as follows:—
President, S. C. Noake, Esq., M.A.; Vice-Presidents: Canon W. J. McClemons, M.A., Messrs. W. T. Loton, F. W. Preshaw, and the Revs. R. J. Smith and W. T. Watson; Chairman of Committee, P. W. Parker; Committee: Messrs. H. Boys, M. Brooking, R. Kendall, G. Mathieson-Jacoby, T. C. Parker and K. Piesse; Treasurer, K. Whitlock; Secretary, J. C. Rooney; Editor of *THE MITRE*, G. Mathieson-Jacoby.

The idea of the Christchurch Old Boys forming an Association was first fully discussed early in the present year, when the School prefects, understanding the desirability of such an institution, called a meeting of twenty-eight Old Boys to go into the matter. All present agreed

that an Old Boys' Association be formed, and the following first few working rules decided upon:—

Membership fee, Five Shillings (5s.).

Note.—The membership fee is payable, if desired, in two equal half-yearly instalments of half-a-crown.

Financial year: April 1st to March 31st.

Membership.—All past students of the School who have reached the age of fourteen, or will reach it by October in the financial year, are eligible to become members of the Association.

Considerable discussion took place over the membership fee. Many wanted 7s. 6d. per annum, but others thought this too high, while agreeing anything below 5s. would not enable a small and a new society to carry on. Eventually 5s. was decided upon.

Since then, just on forty Old Boys have joined the Association. This is a fair start, but it is not good enough. Just on 110 boys have passed through the School, and more than forty of these should have joined the Association. Of course there are few who are not yet old enough to join, and again there are some who are out of Western Australia or in distant parts of the State, whose whereabouts we do not know of. There are also seven who are at the War and who have been elected honorary members. In all there are about fifty who have not yet paid their sub. Some have given no reasons for not joining, while some offered various excuses, such as the plea that they are leaving for the country; that they are joining their present secondary school O.B.A.; or that circumstances prevent them taking part in any functions connected with the Association and that they want to have something for their 5s. None of these excuses hold.

If you are leaving for the country or going out of the State, it is true you cannot take part in any Old Boys' socials, but you can keep in touch with all old friends and with the School by means of our magazine *THE MITRE*. It is your duty to join us, and by paying your

sub. to help along the old School, and what is more, establish a strong O.B.A. By making the Association stronger, it will be able to do more, and naturally the benefits that you and others will derive from it will be greater. The fact that you are joining your secondary school O.B.A. does not debar you from joining your preparatory school O.B.A. You might not, perhaps, care to join say, the unions of two rival public schools, but you can join your public school Association and at the same time the Association connected with Christchurch, which has prepared boys for all the public schools of the State.

As to the activities of the Association, they are many. We have held our first social and tea, of which an account appears elsewhere. On the 14th September the Association is holding a dance, and some time in November a social evening. A School library has been formed, and by means of an appeal to the Old Boys, we have been able to hand over several books to the librarian.

The committee takes this opportunity of thanking all those Old Boys who sent along books. We would specially mention the generous donation of fifty books by K. Lyall. Another matter in which the Association is moving is the erection of a Roll of Honour. Till such a time as when a permanent board can be erected, we are having a temporary art engraved Honour Roll. Mr. Adamson has very kindly offered to engrave the scroll and the O.B.A. is providing the frame.

Our biggest effort is the production of this magazine. It was only after due consideration that it was decided to run a paper, and we now appeal to all to support it. The paper will be a big help both to the School and the Association, and we want it to be a success. Recognising that financial obligations at the present time are hard to meet, and that we have already made one call upon the Old Boys, we are charging for this first issue the minimum price of 1/- per copy. This should not be too much for anyone.

In conclusion, we appeal to all Old Boys to join the Association, to buy the magazine, and to back us up generally.

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Notes and Notices.

Will all budding Byrons, both among Old Boys and School fellows, please note that the Editor will be only too pleased to consider as much matter in the way of verse as they like to send along for publication in *THE MITRE*? If you happen to have shown any of it to your more candid friends, don't let any possible difference of opinion which may arise as to its merit deter you. Just send it all along, and we'll decide its fate for you in a moment. And, while you are about it, you can make it as humorous as you like. Funereal dirges and vapid stanzas hinting vaguely here and there of beautiful maidens in distress will only distress us in turn, and perhaps the frowzy gentleman who has to empty our W.P.B. We were so short of poetry for this issue that we were compelled to fall back on selected pieces instead. Therefore remember, all original verse for the next number of the magazine will be welcomed—unless it is so original as to be unintelligible.

And now a word to the coming Dickenses. What about sending us a few of your little efforts for next issue? We will appreciate them. Short articles and literary sketches likely to be of some interest to the majority of our readers are wanted; and if you can help it, don't let them run beyond a couple of hundred or so words each. Observe strictly the usual rules appertaining to contributors by writing in ink on one side of the paper only, leaving plenty of space between your lines. The present size of our magazine does not permit us publishing a short story. Later, if everybody does his full in backing us up, in all probability the size and number of our pages will be increased considerably, thus giving

us room for a little yarn. But until then—, two hundred-word sketches and articles will bring the brightest beam of satisfaction to the Editorial countenance.

Besides being a mere chronicle of the doings of the Christchurch School Old Boys' Association, the magazine is intended to be a sure medium by which all members can keep in constant touch with one another. We have already invited writers of verse and short articles to help us with their contributions. We are going to make our "Personal" Pages one of the main features of *THE MITRE*. But material is scarce—hence this par. We want as much up-to-date personal information about Old Boys as we can possibly get. Everybody can help us by sending such material along. If you do anything wonderful or out of the ordinary yourself, don't be bashful. Send the facts to us and we will look after everything else. That is what the paper is for—to let members of the O.B.A. know what their old pals are doing. All clear?

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A Few Words to Old Boys

FROM THE HEADMASTER.

In this, the first issue of *The Mitre*, I take the opportunity of welcoming the Association of Old Boys of Christchurch School, and of wishing success to the paper.

Christchurch School has come to stay, and is beginning to take its place among the older established Schools of

DON'T TROUBLE TROUBLE TILL TROUBLE TROUBLES YOU.

Go not half-way to meet a coming sorrow,
But thankful be for blessings of to-day.
And pray that thou be still more blest
to-morrow,
So shalt thou go with joy upon thy way.

—JOHN OXENHAM.

the State. This being so it is only right that we, too, should enjoy all the usual activities of a well-conducted establishment. Hence our Old Boys' Association and our paper.



Mr. S. C. NOAKE,
Headmaster of Christchurch.

Although the School has been in existence only since 1909, many boys have passed through who look back with affection and gratitude for the good they received here. Hitherto there has been little opportunity for

their keeping in touch both with one another and with the School. This defect is now remedied and the opportunity is provided for all old scholars not to lose grip. The influence of a good school does not cease with one's school-days, but is continued through life. For boys to receive and retain all the best they can from the School which matured them in their early days, it is important to keep in close fellowship, and this can best be done by the opportunities for frequent foregatherings supplied through the Association. I trust I am not trespassing unduly upon the Editor's domain, but I should like to repeat what I said at the Old Boys' dinner so as to reach those who for various reasons could not attend that function.

When we grow up and leave our old home to found a new one of our own, we do not forget the old folk, nor the lessons we learned beneath the roof of that once early home, but remember everything with affection, and as opportunity permits, revisit the old familiar scenes. So those boys who have left Christchurch and gone to other schools can still be members of C.C. O.B.A. without being in any way disloyal to their present school.

Others whom distance prevents attending any functions of the O.B.A., I would remind of the duty (no less than privilege) they owe to their School to support it in every way possible. Such boys should become members of the Association, and by means of the magazine they can keep in touch with their old School and school-fellows.

Concerning the policy and scope of the School, the primary object of course is to ensure that while thorough tuition is given in all secular subjects, the more solemn side of education is not neglected, and that sons of the Church School receive systematic instruction in the doctrines of their church. The ideal is to train and develop all that is best in the manifold nature of boys, to educate them to be true sons of the Church, and good citizens of the State; to develop the latent powers of body,

mind, and spirit in each individual that he may be able to make the most of himself as he progresses through life. The realisation of such an ideal depends largely upon a good school spirit, and Old Boys can play a very useful part in keeping alive and fostering such a school spirit.

The standard of secular education in the School once more finally undergoes a change. From now onward, boys will not be required to leave at 14, but may continue their studies here until they are ready to go on to the University. Boys will in future be prepared for all public examinations, and next year we expect to begin preparing for the University Junior Exams. of 1919, with a class of not less than sixteen. We hope that these boys will be with us for another four years. This addition to the scope of the School naturally increases our opportunities for meeting the boys of other schools in the realms of sport. Under the systematic coaching in cricket and football the present boys are getting, and the increased age of the players, it should not be long before our teams should be able to hold their own against the corresponding teams from any other school. We are only just beginning, but we look forward with hope and confidence to the day when the secondary position of the School will be in a firm position.

In conclusion, I am going to make an appeal to all Old Boys and to all friends of the School: the School is young and practically untried; it needs gentle but enthusiastic help. It is true that our church is behind it and that the Diocesan trustees, with the Archbishop as Chairman, form the Board of Management, and that means a great deal; but that is not sufficient: it needs the help of all Old Boys and friends in the City and in the country to talk about it, to recommend it, and to do whatever lies in their power to further its prosperity so that it may become as much as any other school here a source of influence in our great State.

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Opportunities, like eggs, come one at a time.

School Notes.

We have again instituted a system of prefects in the School. The School prefects are K. Calthrop and R. Ross, and the House prefects are H. Noyes and J. Stansfeld.

Last year His Grace the Archbishop confirmed three boys in the Parish Church: K. Whitlock, E. Hayward, and T. Muir.

Some boys have expressed a wish to be confirmed before next 'Xmas, and a class from the School will be prepared by the Rev. W. H. Watson Th.h., during next term. If the Archbishop is willing, we should like to have the confirmation service at one of the School services on Friday afternoon during December.

It is nice for boys of the School to be confirmed at a purely School service in the presence of their school-fellows.

During Michaelmas term, Rev. W. H. Watson will prepare for confirmation such boys as have expressed a wish to be confirmed and whose parents approve. Some ten boys have already signified their desire. The Archbishop has kindly promised to perform the rite at the School service some Friday afternoon in December next. Parents, Old Boys, and friends are welcome to attend this service, and indeed any of the School services on Friday afternoons.

The second annual Swimming Carnival took place at the local baths on 14th March last, and a fair number of parents and some Old Boys were present. The chief event, School Championship (100 yards), was won by Stansfeld, with Mathieson second. The prize for this event was a gold medal given for the second time by Mr. Manford.

The second annual sports athletic meeting will take place on a Friday, either 26th October or 2nd November, and if possible on a local ground. Definite particu-

lars will be published in the daily Press. Events will be arranged for the Old Boys. Last year's gathering proved an unqualified success. The Old Boys can give much assistance by marking out the ground and acting as ground stewards in various capacities.

**The School Library.**

A start has at last been made. The inaugural concert provided 104 books; a handsome donation from Ken. Lyall of 50, and other gifts from the Old Boys and others, together with a donation of 20 books from Messrs. Dwyer & Carroll, have brought the total up to 205. This is a wonderfully gratifying result for only three weeks' effort. We hope to bring the total up to 300 during Michaelmas term, which ends December 4th.

We aim at having eventually a well equipped library of 1,000 volumes. Besides books, we have nearly a dozen games of various kinds for the use of boarders.

To keep the library well stocked and fresh, we hope to establish a School custom by which boys when leaving will make a gift to the library of one or more books.

Any books suitable for boys, not necessarily new, provided they be in good condition, will be gratefully accepted and inscribed with the donor's name.

The library is available for all boys attending the School, whether day boys or boarders, and no charge is made for the use of the books.

The first librarian is R. Todd, and his assistants are A. Christian and S. Prior.



Of what shall a man be proud if he is not proud of his friends?—STEVENSON.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.—SWIFT.

The Old Boys' Tea.

BY THE SECRETARY.

Saturday, July 7th will, no doubt, be remembered by many of our Old Boys as one of the most pleasant evenings they have yet spent. The occasion was the first annual "tea" of the Christchurch School Old Boys' Association. Both as a social and an Old Boys' gathering the evening was a great success, and those present carried away with them pleasant thoughts of their past days at the School, to say nothing of the good time they had just spent.

About fifty Old Boys and guests, with Mr. Noake, the Headmaster and President of the Association, in the seat of honour, enjoyed the very substantial feast which the School domestic staff had provided. After the meal, speeches were made by Mr. Noake, Canon McClemans, founder of the School, Mr. Hope, trustee, and Messrs. Parker and Rooney, Chairman and Secretary respectively of the Association. The speeches were interspersed with patriotic and other choruses. Following on this a short business meeting was held, and to wind up the evening a euchre tournament was carried through. The successful player was Keith Whitlock, while Mervyn Brooking was the unfortunate winner of the "booby" prize.

The guests of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Noake, Canon McClemans, the Rev. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. W. H. Hope, Miss M. Brine, and the Matron, Mrs. Douglas. Apologies for absence were received from Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Loŕon, Rev. R. J. Smith, Archdeacon Huddleston and Mr. Preshaw, who also enclosed a generous donation towards the funds of the Association, and one or two Old Boys.

It has been suggested that it would be interesting to publish a record of those Old Boys who were present, and so it is appended herewith:

A. E. Adamson, L. Andrews, J. Battye, H. Boys, M. Brooking, R. Carlton, J. de Castilla, H. Everard, T. Flintoff, K. H. Fuller, F. Gloŕter, C. Groom, D. C. Hall, N. Hall, H. Hodge, F. Howe, I. Jacoby, B. Wardell-Johnson, R. Kendall, H. Kelsall, F. Manford, K. Napier, J. Nicholson, P. W. Parker, T. Parker, L. Pearce, K. R. W. Piesse, N. Porter, J. C. Rooney, D. Rushton, T. Tuckfield, G. Tuckfield, E. Vizard, K. W. Whitlock; and L. Woodroffe.

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Personal.

Private Ian Salmon is at present in training at Black-boy. It is some time now since Salmon was at the School, and during this time he has grown and developed immensely. Recently, in order to enlist, Ian underwent an operation at the Menzies Military Hospital. Having fully recovered, he is now in camp at Helena Vale. The best wishes of all Old Boys are with him.

Two-and-half years ago "Dal" Gaze left the School and went out to his father's farm. He did not stay there long, but soon joined the Tenth Light Horse, and is now on active service. Trooper Gaze was barely eighteen when he left for the Front, over twelve months ago. While in camp "Dal" had to spend some time in quarantine owing to one of his company contracting meningitis.

Private R. Crofts was at the School in its early days, but left some time ago. Crofts left for the Front during the early stages of the War, and has managed to get through many months of fighting unscathed.

Corporal "Derf" Cox enlisted before he had reached the age of eighteen, and left for the Front with the Engineers early last winter. "Derf" is getting on well in France, and has been awarded his corporal stripes.

He is attached to the headquarters of the Mining Corps. His brother Lin. is at present attached to the staff of the Bank of Australasia at Beverley.

Canon McClemons, the founder of the School, and our first Headmaster, returned from the Front at Easter time, after having served in the A.I.F. as Captain-Chaplain for eighteen months. When he left Australia,



Captain-Chaplain W. J. McCLEMONS,
Founder of Christchurch.

Captain McClemons was first stationed at Ismaila, but when the Australians moved to France he went with them. He was stationed in the country around Pozieres and Armentieres, his headquarters being Etaples. The Canon

saw a great deal of the life of the men at the Front, his duties bringing him in touch with some of the most painful scenes on the battlefield. While in France he met the Prince of Wales and was photographed with this celebrity. The Canon was greatly amused by the Australian's pronunciation of the French names. With them Pozieres was "Pozy"; Armentieres, "Ar-men-tears," while Etaples was called "Eat Apples."

"Teddy" Hogan will be remembered as one of the liveliest little fellows we ever had at the School. Like Cox and Gaze, he enlisted before he had reached the age required by the regulations. He went away some time ago with one of the Infantry reinforcements, and by now should be in France. We wish him luck.

Midshipman Roy P. Sadleir is now serving on board the H.M.A.S. *Australia* "somewhere in somewhere else." "Sad." was one of the foundation members of the old School, and in 1912 won a scholarship admitting him to the Royal Australian Naval College, Jervis Bay. He entered the College in 1913, and last year passed out of the institution a full-blown middy. At Christchurch Roy was a true sportsman, a good scholar, and a gentleman, and he fully maintained his reputation at Jervis Bay. In January last, in company with several fellow-midshipmen, he left for England to join the Fleet. The Australian middies were drafted into sixes, and Roy had the good fortune to be placed with the half-dozen going aboard the *Australia*. Writing to friends in Claremont, "Sad." said his boat at the time was engaged in pilot work, and that he was enjoying the life immensely. Good luck, Roy!

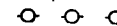
Midshipman G. A. C. Williams, of the Imperial Navy, was also at the School in the early days, and in 1912 gained admission to Osborne Naval College. He left for England that year. At Osborne "Willy" did splendidly, and came out top of the College on more than one occasion. Beyond the fact that he is serving on some

boat of the Imperial Fleet in the North Sea, we unfortunately know nothing more about his movements. We hope to hear from him before we go to press again.

Our popular old master, Mr. Daimpre, is having an adventurous time of it. Some while ago he was appointed to a chaplaincy in the A.I.F. by the Archbishop, and shortly afterwards left for the fighting front. The following interesting letter, dated 27th April, received by an Old Boy from him, is well worth publishing: "Since last seeing you," he writes, "I have had many experiences and adventures. I spent three days in Colombo, and got to Suez just four weeks after leaving Fremantle. I spent nearly three weeks in Egypt and came out to the regiment four weeks ago. I am with the Eighth Light Horse Regiment, A.I.F. That address will find me. Since joining the regiment I have had enough experience to last for many years. I have just been through a fortnight I won't easily forget. For ten days I never had my clothes off; not even my spurs. Most of the time was spent in the saddle. I only washed my face and hands once, and hardly slept at all. Then one day there was enough noise to shake the earth, and I saw enough to curdle one's blood. And here I am trying to write this in an impossible sort of posture, close to the sea, in the land of Palestine. It is a wonderful time, and the men are splendid fellows—every one of them. The A6 was a grand ship, and we had a ripping voyage, if one leaves out the anxious side of things. The captain was one of the best, and did all he could to make things happy. Long before this reaches you you will have seen in the papers what we did the other day. It was a hard go, but we held our own. This country is quite fertile, and the principal crop seems to be barley, with olives, figs and dates as side shows. The Bedouin is the inhabitant—a treacherous beggar he is, too. We have to round lots of them up and concentrate them into camps. The weather is decent—warm days and cold nights generally. A few days this week were unbearably hot, with a hot wind blowing (called a khamseen). It is now cold and trying

to rain—probably a reaction from the hot winds." We all wish you the best of health and luck, and hope soon to see your cheery face again, Mr. Daimpre!

Fighting is all the fashion these days—or if it isn't fighting, it is getting ready to fight. Among those of the Old Boys training in the Navy is Noel M. Jacoby, known generally at Christchurch as "Tweet-tweet." Noel is aboard the H.M.A.S. *Tingira*, and apart from spending a few weeks in hospital down with diphtheria, has been getting along famously. He hopes ultimately to win through to the ranks of a commissioned officer, in spite of numerous obstacles in his path. Work hard, Noel old chap! You'll get there.



Answers to Correspondents.

[Seekers after information on both big matters and little ones, can always write to us. If we can answer your questions, we will. But if you don't see a reply, blame the postal authorities without hesitation. We didn't receive your letter.—Ed.]

Very Curious is anxious to know who the charming little thing is who invariably accompanies a certain noisy member of the Committee of the O.B.A. on his frequent moonlight strolls along the banks of the river.

As we are neither private detectives nor spoil-sports we decline to answer our correspondent's question, but will leave him to *piesse* the matter together for himself. (Sssh!)

Duckie-Daddles writes: "Somehow I have a presentiment that my boss and I, although we have only known one another three days, are not going to get along too well together. He has an annoying notice posted above his desk, "IS IT DONE," and every time I happen to go near him he never fails to point a fat finger at it and then turn back to me with a questioning look in his eyes. Now, Mr. Editor, in the event of me getting the "bullet," could you put me wise to some way in which I can even things a little with him?"

Our correspondent asks a somewhat difficult question, as we do not know the little ins-and-outs of his office. Anyway, if he *is* handed the lead, just before saying good-bye to the typiste, why not daub in large letters under the Boss's hustle-up notice, "THEN ORDER ANOTHER BOTTLE"?

Poet Laureate: "I enclose five pages of poetry which I wrote the other night. I would like you to have it printed in the magazine in large type and have it following on the Editorial, or, on second thoughts, before it. Let me see a proof of it before it is printed."

For frozen cheek "Laureate," whoever he is, runs away with the whole biscuit factory. Verse (!) like the sodden tripe he sent us would only get into the magazine over the dead bodies of the staff—presuming it had the energy, after it had killed us, to crawl over the corpses. Before dumping them finally in that indispensable article, the W.P.B., the sub-editor, whose unhappy lot it was to read through the five pages of mush, fell into a deep slumber three or four times, the rest of the staff finding it more and more difficult to rouse the unfortunate fellow from each succeeding lapse of consciousness. He fainted dead away when he came to the last agonising lines, which read:

"And when she recovered
He gazed into those soft velvety eyes:
'Darling, I love thee,' he said,
And she cried, 'Oh beloved, beloved!'"



WELL FOR THE TROUBADOR.

O Minstrel or romantic days!
Well for thy harp and thee
That ye have gone immortal ways
Where sustenance is free;
For scarce could now your master-tones
Win guerdon from the mob,
When auto-harps and gramophones
Are steady on the job.

—J. B. JEWETT.