

The Wathonian



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House Notes. ATHENS.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Mr. Orgill at the end of last term, but we are pleased to welcome Mr. Smith, and hope he will be happy among us.

Again our hopes of winning the Sports Cup were blighted. When will the illustrious name of Athens lead the way instead of adorning the middle regions? More united effort from both boys and girls is required if we are to win through. The same applies to detentions, which have been far too numerous in the Middle and Lower School, and consequently our chances of the work cup are remote.

The number of Magazines has decreased again this term, owing probably to the fact that we were all "hard-up" after the House Outing. A record number went to Matlock Bath by bus, and we spent the day in hiking, swimming and boating, not to mention the equally important pleasures of feeding. The weather certainly favoured us and I think everyone had a good time.

CARTHAGE.

Carthage did not shine as conspicuously as usual in the Sports this year ; individuals tried hard but, generally because of lack of practice, there seemed to be a certain lack of confidence and enthusiasm.

Detentions have not been earned in great excess by Carthage this term, and it is hoped that this improvement will be continued.

We hope to see many Carthaginians in the list of examination successes next term, and offer our best wishes for the future success of all who are leaving this term.

ROME.

For the second time, Rome has won the Work Cup for three terms in succession, and is now the proud possessor of a second replica.

This term, we have also been successful in obtaining the Sports Cup, which we have not held since 1931. Special reference should be made to Stones and Gundry, and to all other winners of points, both boys and girls. The first year people must work hard to maintain our reputation.

We are hoping to spend our House outing, which is on July 15th, in Derbyshire, but owing to conflicting activities, this point is not quite settled.

We are justly proud of our success, but we would beg all Romans throughout the School to remember that a House is only strong if every girl and boy pulls his weight in conduct, work and play. 90% of the Romans do so—but there are 10% who do not always bring us credit.

SPARTA.

"Sparta—why you were fourth in the Sports, and in Games too you lost all your cricket matches ? "

"Yes, but every match might have been won if all had turned out."

"Well, why don't you do something about it ? "

"We have done. A House Meeting approved of a new system of 'encouragement' to be adopted next term."

"But won't it increase the House detention list ? "

"No. We are depending on the House-spirit."

"But is that spirit there ? There seem to be some regular detention-getters in the House."

"That is true. But we are making a final appeal to them to mend their ways."

"M-m-m. By the way, was the Hathersage outing successful ? "

"Oh yes ! It only rained when we were waiting for the train home."

"And who are your captains ?"

"Margaret Armitage and R. V. Hughes, and we extend our thanks to them for the work they have done for the House."

THEBES.

Well ? Thebes, we again failed to win the Sports Cup, although I think everyone tried very hard, and it was unfortunate that there were no brilliant girls to gain points as the boys did.

Detentions are still too numerous, even though we were second for the Work Cup last term.

The House Outing to Hathersage was held on June 11th, but the numbers were small because of the number of people who were playing in School matches.

We wish all our candidates taking the School Certificate and Higher School Certificate examinations the greatest success, and also those who are leaving us this term.

Senior Literary Society.

"She Stoops to Conquer" was presented on Monday, April 3rd, to a large audience of old boys and girls and members of the School. The play chosen was in contrast to the tragedies which were produced in the two previous years, being Goldsmith's robust and witty comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Although this play is over 150 years old, it has lost none of its freshness and humour. The complicated plotting of Tony Lumpkin supplies a large portion of the humour, and this comedy of situation requires spontaneity and clever acting on the part of the cast. In this production, the actors took all their opportunities for emphasizing this comedy and the audience were quick to appreciate their skill.

The play also gives many opportunities for humorous characterisation, and the principal actors were successful in their efforts to make the people they represented living and pleasing personalities. Kenning, in particular, as old Mr. Hardcastle, who loved "everything that's old," including an old wife, succeeded in portraying garrulous and somewhat bombastic old gentleman. Strelsa Searle cleverly played her dual role as the obedient daughter and the more forward but no less attractive barmaid. The cold aloofness of Marlow and his more sociable attitude towards those whose social position did not overawe him were both admirably portrayed by

Hudson. As Tony Lumpkin, the pivot upon whom the whole plot turns, Simpson very skilfully concealed his scheming brain behind the expression and the voice of a country yokel. Barbara Staton was called upon to play Mrs. Hardcastle at very short notice, and did very well in the difficult part. Mrs. Hardcastle is the nearest approach to a villainess in this play and yet, in order to preserve the happy atmosphere of comedy, it is essential that the audience should be convinced of the strong affection for her son which justifies her actions.

The minor characters and the orchestra supplied with admirable efficiency the details which can make or mar a production, and a considerable sum was raised towards the expenses of the Christmas production.

Scouts.

Having sent our notes in late last term, we have rather a lot to report, for it is essential that the February camp fire, held in the gym. be recorded in the Magazine. Those who attended will never need reminding of that memorable event, the fire built by Boyd and Hughes, the "eight in a bed," and dear old Uncle Adolf, who sang with such timbre, such feeling, such pathetic appeal :

What's the use of German polony

When we have not a German Colony ?

This term there have been two outings, though the walkers to Barnborough were lucky to gain so much practical experience in such a short time : a cycle smash, with two victims to practice first aid on, and a body in a marsh, and the murderer quite a mile away. What an afternoon ! And who will ever forget Murgatroyd and the cornfield ! (It is really foolish to run through growing corn).

Stores Mill welcomes us with a shower of rain, and the words of one Scout's mother will be handed down to posterity. Apparently an open wood fire does not provide the best means of drying a wet shirt.

And so to camp. This year we visit for the third time, the Isle of Man, where we hope to see Mr. Collister, who first introduced us to the Island five years ago. This camp has always proved a success. Remember that Baden Powell said : "Scouting insists on the open-air life in order to attain physical, intellectual, and moral health."

And if this is too deep for you, think of the Duke of Q., who always leads the queue, the P.L.'s who have vowed to introduce culinary novelties (better grub !), those hardy

*E. T. John*

warriors who swim before breakfast, and those who stay in bed, and smile (you will not be able to after an Irish Sea crossing).

Guides.

We have already held two enrolments this term, and have consequently many Guides working for their second class. Surely we may at last entertain hopes of first-class Guides.

The most important event this term was Guide Week, held from the 7th to 14th of May. On Guide Sunday a parade of all Guides in the Barnsley Division was held, and we attended a service in St. Mary's Church, Barnsley. During this week we took part in a Youth Display, also at Barnsley, and assisted in erecting a Model Camp.

Owing to the favourable weather early in the term we were able to go tracking, and our younger Guides have at last mastered the art of cooking sausages on a green-stick. Camp is being held at Grange-over-Sands, and this year's numbers are a record. We wish all Guides who are going a very good time.

Cricket.

2nd XI.

Of the four matches played two have been won and two lost. The weather has been kind in not interfering with any of the matches. Barnsley 2nd XI. beat us by 7 wickets. Batting first, Wath made 54, for which Fawcett and Watson

were mainly responsible. This score was not sufficient to give the bowlers a chance on the very good wicket. Miller was the most successful bowler, taking 2 wickets for 8 runs. Playing at Wath, Thorne were beaten easily by 5 wickets. At one point they had lost 8 wickets for 19 runs, but a ninth wicket stand raised the score to 54. Simpson bowled with considerable accuracy to take 5 wickets for 13 runs and Hudson took 3 for 11. Wath passed the Thorne total with five wickets down, and Robinson continued to score 54 not out; Silcock scored 27.

Playing De La Salle College at Sheffield, Wath were put in to bat and scored only 23, 11 of which were scored by Carr. This proved sufficient, however, since De La Salle were out for 13. Hudson and Robinson bowled unchanged, Robinson taking 7 wickets for 4 runs, and Hudson 3 for 6. This "freak" result was entirely due to the matting pitch and the uneven ground beneath the matting.

At Mexborough the School lost by 61 runs. The bowlers did well to dismiss a very strong batting side for 92, Miller bowling particularly well and taking 6 wickets for 23 runs, but the batsmen failed miserably in their attempt to score runs, and were all out for 31.

This year's 2nd XI. has been a strong bowling side, but only on one occasion have the batsmen proved capable of scoring freely, and this was due mainly to the sound batting of Robinson and Silcock. The fielding has been keen, and very few catches have been missed. It is difficult, however, to find more than four or five of the team who have shown any keenness in turning out to practices, and if the Second XI. is to be really successful in the future, regular practice will be essential.

Tennis.

Ecclesfield (away) Lost 76—23.

This match, first of the season, proved disastrous for the School, but it was probably due to the fact that the tennis VI. had had no practice on account of the sports.

Rotherham (away). Lost 79—20.

The match started with the School feeling the disadvantage of playing on grass courts; but although the School team played a skilful game, the opposing team proved to be far superior. L. Newsham proved a very useful member of the team.

Thorne (away). Lost 87—12.

The first couple, comprising L. Stewardson and M. Swift played a keen game, but the School was hopelessly defeated. The absence of C. Gillet was greatly felt.

A Visit to the Playhouse.

The visit to Sheffield Playhouse to see "Macbeth" surpassed everyone's expectations. The clever green lighting of the first scene, combined with the horrid chantings of the weird sisters made this scene a very vivid one. A green light wandered across the stage to meet the gnarled forms and distorted faces of the witches. Thunder crashed, the clamour of discordant voices was heard and the play began.

An outstanding feature of the play was the way in which the colours of all the costumes harmonized the predominating colours; oranges, reds and browns looked very well against the grey background, the cloaks and tunics of the men.

The play improved as it went along. Lady Macbeth put more and more life into the part, and there were one or two moving scenes between Macbeth and his wife.

One of the most impressive scenes was the one in which Macbeth revisited the witches. Again startling effects were obtained by the red lighting and the bold shadows of Macbeth and the witches. The floating, rippling draperies of the witches' costumes looked uncanny in this peculiar light.

As a result of Mr. Guinness' handling of Macbeth's rather hysterical speeches, passages which could easily have been made ridiculous were impressive.

The same high standard, both of acting and stage effects, was maintained throughout the play, and I think no one who saw the Repertory Company's production was disappointed.

Father Thames.

There should always be something glamorous about the capital of a country, whether it be Rio de Janeiro, Paris, or Dublin. There certainly is with London, no matter from what angle we view it. There are the brightly-lit streets, shops laid out in their luxury, gay hotels, theatres, laughter and music. Then there are those spacious parks, bathed in green through the summer, with living waters and shady trees.

But there is another London, of whose existence few strangers "seeing the sights" are aware; this is the Port of London. It has glamour all its own, a strange mixture of the

curious past and the work-a-day present, the bustle of business transactions, and the adventure of sea life. The gateway to this land of mystery is Tower Bridge, although some warehouses stray up to Westminster Bridge. Every Englishman loves pictures of London Bridge, with its massive piers and slender towers, guarded by the Tower of London. It is quite exciting to watch the bridge being raised by creaking chains, for a large vessel to pass through. This spectacle has a very wide appeal, and although it is quite a common occurrence, a varied crowd of onlookers always gather to watch it.

Steaming downstream, we pass high warehouses rising sheer from the water. Outside each building is a wharf humming with life. Corn, bananas, timber, cotton: every commodity that the peoples of the world barter for English goods, is unloaded from boats from across the seas, and stacked in warehouses which store the nation's goods.

In places there is a gap in the expanse of concrete, where old steps lead down to the water. Here there may be an old-world tavern: perhaps the most famous is that beside the Wapping Old Stairs. There is another old river-side inn called "The Turk's Head," where smugglers were taken for a last drink before being led to the gallows.

There is an atmosphere of mystery surrounding the home of the River Police. It is a dark, dignified Tudor building, with oriel windows. In front, there is a whole fleet of steam launches ready for active service. In our journey down the river we see many such tiny craft, slipping between the ocean monsters like ants, busily engaged on some apparently aimless task. Yet these men in black, the Customs officials aboard, are very necessary in this great port.

There is a larger, very flat launch, with glinting brasses. It is the fire float, from the Fire Station, further upstream. Many boats of the Brigade are continually cruising up and down the river, and are soon on the spot when required.

Then we reach the docks, where ships' funnels extend for miles into the distance. There is a whole peninsular, called the Isle of Dogs, consisting almost entirely of docks.

What a variety of vessels we see as we pass! There are plenty of shabby, smoky, British tugs, noisily going about their business: the men aboard, with their red faces and burly manner, usually have a cheery word for passers-by. Liners and cargo-boats from the four corners of the earth ride at anchor. It is rather awe-inspiring to steam in a tiny boat past these mighty messengers from all countries and climes.

Their crews are scattered about the place: they are very varied, and many speak very little English. They are utter strangers, but they have something in common with the British inhabitants of this quarter—something that used to be called the romance of the roving seas. That is why the Port of London is such an isolated community of strangers, and why it is so interesting to watch it at work.

M. RORISON (Vb.)

Exams.

Exams long looked upon with dread
By all who work, well learned or read,
For several weeks, from great and small,
Claim time and toil—nor is that all.

The "swot" before the fatal day
Continual work and not much play
Is grieved about and hated too
By girls and boys—this is too true.

Success awaiteth those who "swot,"
But those who slack, I know not what,
But all unite to say with cheer,
"They're over for another year."

L. BAILEY (L.V.I.L.)

The Secret of the Old "Bureau."

About a month ago while I was searching the attic, I found something which might have been anything from a small sideboard to a chest of drawers, but anyway I decided to call it a bureau.

I polished it up and put it in a small room which I generally use when I have a friend in for a "snack" anytime, and never gave it another thought until some weeks later.

I hadn't had anyone in for a few weeks and I thought it would be fun to have a kind of buffet supper while my parents were away. About an hour before my friends were due to arrive, I decided to have a "treasure hunt," and as I was hiding the clues I bumped against the bureau, to my surprise something inside rattled and I knew it could not be anything I had put there, as it was mostly used for books and papers.

It was a queer hollow sound which seemed to be coming from one of the lower corners.

Turning the bureau on its side I examined the part whence the knocking came and found that the graining was darker in this place.



E. T. John

For over three-quarters of an hour I knocked, and pushed, and tapped, but nothing happened. Disheartened I turned the right way up again and was walking out of the room when I heard a whirring sound. I turned round quickly just in time to see a small eight-sided door fly open in exactly the same place as the darker graining was. I must have inadvertently touched a hidden spring.

I rushed back excitedly, knocking over a vase in my agitation. To my amazement, gleaming in the darkness, was the most magnificently jewelled cameo I ever set eyes on. I picked it up eagerly and on the back, carved in quaint lettering was the name "Alethea" and underneath the date 1743.

In my enthusiasm I had not noticed Joseline, my friend, standing in the doorway; but now I looked up, and, remembering that her father was an antique dealer, showed her my find, and she promised to ask him to come over and see it when it was convenient.

About two days later Joseline's father came round and his valuation of the brooch far exceeded my expectation. My clues had indeed lead me to a "treasure"! M. HOYLE (III.)

To a Fountain Pen.

(After Shelley).

Gently glide o'er the glassy page,
Fountain pen light !
I rise from my desk each day more sage
Where I brain-harassed ever write,
And myriad questions contemplate
Which make me love thee—and yet hate,
Swift be thy flight !

Patent nib of bright burnished gold,
Skilfully wrought !
Forming words with capitals bold
I write, and all amounts to nought.
Cover the paper, fill the book,
With aching fingers and haggard look,
Pen long sought !

When I came in and saw the ink,
I called for thee ;
When after school the sun did sink
And darkness fell I nought could see,
And thou my pen wert laid aside,
In an empty room my books beside,
I sighed for thee.

From somewhere near my supper cried,
"Wouldst thou me ? "

My warm reposeful bed replied
Knowing how weary I would be
"Wilt not retire thyself to bed,
Wouldst thou me ? " but thus I said,
"No not thee ! "

Toys for ever man contrives
Hundreds more
Coloured pencils sharp penknives,
Will to others joy restore ;
But I'll use the beloved pen
Time on time—and time again
Evermore !

G. E. HUGHES L.VI.Lit.)

A Guilty Conscience.

She tossed about from side to side. Why was she unable to get to sleep ? She was tired ; it had been late when she came to bed, as she had stayed up to finish an interesting book.

Yet sleep seemed far away. It was true that she had not done her English homework ; she did not know Hamlet's dying words or his famous soliloquies. A vague idea of "To be or not to be . . ." floated through her mind, but she assured herself that after all they were not so very important.

She drew the blankets over her head and with a sigh began to count, hoping that in time sleep would come. Sixty-five . . . a hundred . . . a hundred and one . . ."

Suddenly a noise was heard ! She saw a white figure approaching the bed ; its hands were raised on high.

"Oh ! whence and what are thou ?" she screamed in terror.

In a gruff and angry voice the figure replied :

"Mark me, and lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

I am the ghost of neglected homework,

'Tis a great crime, your duty to shirk.

Dost think thou can'st fool me ?

Till dawn I am prepared to haunt thee."

"Oh ! no, no ; I didn't mean to neglect it."

She jumped out of bed crying : "I really thought . . ."

The ghost was gone !

At four o'clock, in the chilly early hours of morning, a tired figure very quietly went to bed. She had spent her allotted hour with Hamlet, and so with a peaceful mind she went to sleep.

M. ABSON (L.VI.Lit.)

"Everything is Possible.

When you take Higher there are two possibilities :

Either you get a County Major

Or you don't.

If you do, everything's all right ;

If you don't there are two possibilities :

Either you go to a training college

Or you don't.

If you don't, everything's all right ;

If you do, there are two possibilities :

Either you become a school teacher

Or you don't.

If you don't, everything's all right ;

If you do, there are two possibilities :

Either you like it

Or you don't.

If you do, everything's all right ;
If you don't, there are two possibilities :
 Either you give it up
 Or you don't.
If you don't, everything's all right ;
If you do, there are two possibilities :
 Either you take to journalism
 Or you don't.
If you do, everything's all right ;
If you don't there are two possibilities :
 Either you get married
 Or you don't.
If you don't everything's all right ;
If you do, there are two possibilities :
 And you'll probably deserve whatever you get.
So hope that you get a County Major.

A Description of "Tobias and the Angel"

During the summer holidays I saw "Tobias and the Angel" produced at the open-air theatre in Regent's Park. The day was fine and clear, with very little breeze, and every word could be heard clearly. The natural amphitheatre also facilitated seeing and hearing. The setting of the play was a level, grass platform, slightly raised in the centre to form a dais, with bushes on either side and at the back.

The play opened with an old blind man, Tobias's father, sitting on the ground lamenting his blindness and poverty. He was clothed in rags and looked very dirty and disreputable. His wife, Anna, had much more spirit, and was very brisk. They were on the verge of starvation and Nehemiah, who had once been rich, decided to send his son, Tobias, to a friend to whom he had lent some money. This friend was now prosperous, and would be able to return the money. However, there was no one to guide Tobias through all the dangers of the journey. The angel then appeared and promised to take Tobias safely. Raphael, the angel, was very tall, with golden hair, and was dressed in a long green robe which came to his feet.

On the journey Tobias caught a large fish. This incident was acted off-stage. There was much splashing and shouting, and after some delay Tobias staggered onto the stage under the weight of a large paper fish. The angel made Tobias take out the gall of the fish, telling him that it would be useful later.

The next scene was placed at the home of Nehemiah's friend. This friend had a very beautiful daughter, and she and her maidens appeared robed in oriental garments of every colour. They sang and danced, and while they were still at play, Tobias appeared. He was later betrothed to the beautiful daughter. This girl had been betrothed many times before and each time the bridegroom had been killed on the eve of his wedding day. Tobias was in the same danger and he was helpless when a spirit, clad in black, with a long tail, leapt out of fumes and smoke, onto the stage. The angel saved Tobias' life by dismissing the spirit to his own realm.

Tobias was duly married. He brought home his wife and all her dowry and restored his father's sight by dashing the gall of the fish in his eyes. So Nehemiah was restored to prosperity and Tobias was safely married to a rich wife.

B. STATON (L.VI.L.)

The Secret of the Old Organ.

I live in a big country house which was formerly the home of an early Elizabethan composer. He had a study in the top room of the house and, being fond of music, he had many different types of musical instruments. Among these instruments was a very old organ. Every time I looked at this old instrument, it made me shudder, and then think hard, for I was almost certain that it contained some mysterious secret. In vain I tried to think of some possible secrets of which I had read, which might apply to the old organ. I could not think of any, however, until one day I came across it by accident.

Outside, the rain was falling heavily. As I could not go outside I decided to go and play on the organ. I could not understand music, and so I had to learn tunes off by heart. It was while I was trying to play like this that I found the solution to my problem. On a black note, near the left-hand end of the key-board, I noticed a small white spot. I then pressed down the note and, to my surprise and delight, I found that the note sank extra deep. On the front of the keyboard was a little button which had been revealed by the whole note sinking. When I pressed this button a small cavity opened in the pipe which corresponded to the bogus note, and inside it was a pink stone. It was a diamond. I retrieved the stone and took the diamond to an expert's shop in the town two miles away. He told me that it was a very valuable stone and he had it placed on the market from whence I received a tidy sum to keep me in comfort for the rest of my life.

C. MYNETT (III.)

Surnames.

(From a Local Directory)

The ordinary etymologist does not include family nomenclature in his almost unlimited sphere. Nevertheless the derivation of existing surnames, and the changes which they have undergone, is a subject of considerable interest. If pains and patience are extended the ordinary Clothing Directory or Telephone Directory can provide hours of entertainment. It is a romantic novel in itself.

In a certain district which can be taken as a suitable average for the whole of England, there are 6,055 people registered in the Directory. Of these, only 683 possess different surnames. This works out at about 8.8 persons to every surname, and if orthographical differences such as "Clark," "Clerke" and "Clerk" are regarded as the same, this figure is considerably increased.

Of the fifty most common names the Smiths head the poll with 78. The Joneses are close runners-up, however, with 69, and then third come the Williams. Following these come Taylors, Browns, Thomases, Evans, Roberts and Johnsons. All others have less than 20, the last of fifty being Griffiths, with only 7. Out of every 20 persons, 4 belong to the commonest fifty.

Among the remaining names are some which are truly peculiar. Nearly all have, however, an origin which is not hard to guess. Connected with military operations there are Dirks, Arrows, Banners, Guns, Sergeants, Sergeantsons, and even Cannons. It does not need much imagination to think how the ancestors of each might have obtained his name.

Of Naval origin there are several names. There is a Fleet with a Deck, a Helm and a Middlemast. A Keel completes the list.

Eating and drinking seems to have played an important part in naming many. The Gammons, Frys, Bacons, are a few of the eatables, while the truly amazing name of Cabbage appears on the list. Sherry, Port, and Porter are supported by the more temperate Wells. Even a Drinkwater is not missing.

Appearance gave name to the Larges, the Shorts and the Slenders, but the Whites, the Grays, Greens, Blacks probably took their name from the manner in which their ancestors attired themselves. Peculiarities of vocal organs gave name to the Silents, the Brays and the Chattaways. The Grumbles, the Stammers and the Bawlers probably are all derived from the similar weaknesses.



R. Marshall

Moral qualities appear in the names Verity, Peace, Sly, Proud, Crass. Less common ones such as Perfect and Faultless are actually in existence, together with Trickers, Rakes, Scamps and Swindlers. The Smiths, Joneses and Williams should be extremely thankful they were not blessed with the appellation of Daft or Dolt.

Probably if everyone were to choose another name the Crowns, Kings, and Princess, would be popular, while the Deaths, the Graves, and the Coffins would be shunned. Even a Fotheringay might be willing to become an Angel.

G. E. HUGHES (L.VI.Lit.)

