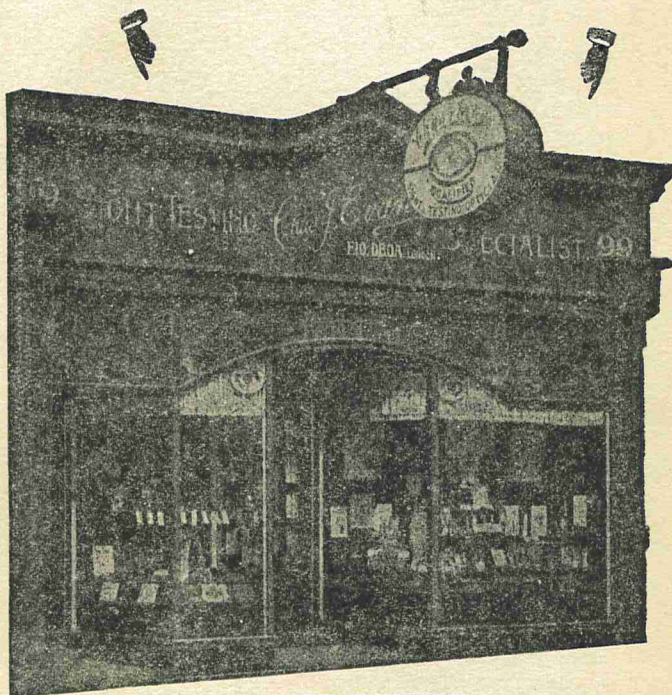


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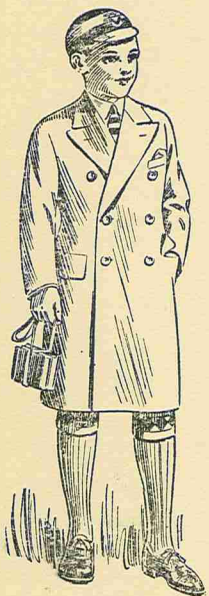
# THE LOWESTOFTIAN





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# THE LOWESTOFTIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE PAST AND  
PRESENT SCHOLARS OF THE LOWESTOFT  
SECONDARY SCHOOL . . . . .

No. 16

December 1928



Printed by  
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The Library Press, LOWESTOFT

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### Magazine Staff

F. L. BEARD. *Editor.*

BARBARA BROWN. *Sub-Editor.*

S. KIRBY. *Sub-Editor.*

A. EVANS. *Business Manager.*

JOAN LEWIS.

DOREEN EDWARDS.

## EDITORIAL

EDITORS are to be pitied and not envied. To the Editor of the *Lowestoftian* the most valuable part of that journal is the Editorial; for then and only then has he an opportunity to relieve his feelings. His pent-up wrath, accumulated in the weeks of patient waiting, of vain peeps into the Editor's Box, of papering the notice-boards with desperate appeals meant to strike home to the conscience of every boy in the school (they do not seem to possess a respectable conscience among them), and of even condescending to make personal demands, all equally in vain, can, in its blackest moment find an outlet in the Editorial. Contributing to the magazine has taken rather a new turn; it seems now to be a case of either sending in something good enough to go in or not to send anything at all. Now this is a most exasperating thought to an Editor. He sits in the foreground savagely cursing the apathy of the school in general, while perhaps, all unknown to him, there is a veritable hive of industry in the background, the results of which never reach his hands. If this is so, we make an urgent appeal to those who are perhaps suppressing their talent to show up the fruits of their labours, for it must be remembered that there is always a great difficulty in judging one's own work. Even if this is the state of things, it cannot mitigate the rage and indignation that one, so shamefully left in the lurch, can justly feel.

The Sixth Form boys, under personal supervision, responded nobly to the call, and we have nothing but thanks for their loyal support. Of the rest of the school the less said the better; we received precisely two articles from all the boys from the upper Fifth downwards. We sincerely hope that their Nemesis will soon overtake them, by Christmas Eve, preferably. The Fifth Forms were abominably slack, unforgiveably lazy, and seemed to be in a stupefied, apathetic state of lethargy that could not be dispersed by the most passionate appeals. If they get any sleep for a week after reading this, there is no such thing as justice.

In contrast with the apathy of the boys, the girls this term have shown a marked growth of enthusiasm. Their articles



were of good quality but, unfortunately, few in number. However, they have contributed considerably better than the boys in general, and are to be congratulated on this achievement, for in past years the magazine has been left almost entirely to the boys. The magazine is still too much dependent on the staff and such supporters as R. Mallett and J. H. Bayfield, whom we have to thank for their support this term.

Our financial position is still very secure, due largely to the efforts of our Business Manager and other willing helpers. The boys are paying up very steadily under the persuasion of A. Evans, although the girls are rather slow in subscribing, due to the fact, probably, that the persuasive powers of the collectors are not quite so strong.

In conclusion, we urge all those boys and girls who left school last summer not to dismiss everything that savours of school from their mind and work, but to keep in constant touch with the school by means of the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Associations, which need the support of every past member of the school. Therefore, join up to swell the ranks of those anxious to preserve the memories of their school life; you will not regret it.

### Headmaster's Notes

**W**ELCOME to Miss Lockyer (in place of Miss Sargent); and to Mr. Thompson, who comes to us from Chester in place of Mr. Millican.

\* \* \* \*

The magazine starts the New School Year under its new Editor and Staff. I wish them good fortune, and I hope they will have the strong support of all those who can contribute to the literary portions of the magazine, as well as of all those who can help to get advertisements for it or assist in its circulation. It has now a reputation to keep up.

\* \* \* \*

The Social Service Society contributes five guineas to the fund for the dependents of the brave lifeboatmen recently drowned off Rye. I congratulate them on their wise choice and prompt action.

\* \* \* \*

It is the duty of all the School Societies to keep records and to publish some account of their activities in the School

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magazine. This duty does not seem to have been fully realized during the last year. The coming generations will, I hope, be more vigorous and will give to themselves a little "publicity" as well as to the magazine a little "copy."

\* \* \* \*

All girls and boys are supposed to be alive and active. Every one has some talent, something to give to the School. Some are clever students—and these are apt to be content with being nothing more. Some are good footballers—and these are often well satisfied with themselves. Many members of the middle and lower School give useful service in one way or another, always enough to prove that they are alive. What are *you* doing? If no job has been found for you yet, ask your House Mistress or House Master. Everyone (I repeat) has something to give to the School; and the School can find something for everyone to do.

\* \* \* \*

It is a great satisfaction to me to be able to congratulate the School on the good conduct of its members outside (as well as inside) the buildings—in the streets and on the public vehicles. May I not look forward to the day when there will be no girl or boy who will let us down in this respect?

\* \* \* \*

Every member of the School is expected to justify his (her) place in it by making some progress, however slow, in study. When you receive this copy of the magazine at the end of term, you must ask yourself: Have I made any progress in any subject this term? Or have I missed every opportunity and fallen short everywhere?

### Examination Results, 1928

#### *Higher School Certificate Examination*

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Alice Elmy  
Gwendoline Halls  
Eileen Murrills  
Joan Sheppard  
Madge White  
Edna Rogers

*Boys*

E. Crossland  
W. Cutting  
W. Long  
J. May  
S. Reeman  
R. Savage  
F. Solomon  
A. Turner  
G. Penny  
L. Willimott

**Old Boys' Notes**

**CHRISTMAS SOCIAL**

**T**HE Annual Christmas Social will be held at the School as usual on Wednesday, December 19th, commencing at 7.30 p.m. All Old Students who have paid their subscriptions for 1928 will be welcome, and those who have not done so and wish to come are asked to forward their subscriptions to the Treasurer at the School before December 19th or to pay them on that date.

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The programme will consist of songs, choruses, games,  
competitions and dances together with refreshments, and the  
usual charge of 1/6 each will be made to cover expenses.

## OLD BOYS' DINNER

This year the date of the Annual Dinner has been brought  
forward to December 29th, in order to give a chance to be  
present to those Old Boys whose occupations are away from  
Lowestoft and who can only visit the town during the holiday  
seasons. The committee feel sure that Old Boys so situated  
will appreciate this effort on their behalf and hope that they  
will make an effort to be present and help to make the dinner  
as successful as those in the past.

The dinner will be held as usual at the Hotel Imperial at  
7.30 p.m., and tickets can be obtained from Mr. R. Atkins,  
Warren Road, at 4/6 each. In the past the catering arrange-  
ments have been excellent, and those who intend being present  
can rest assured that on this coming occasion Mrs. Moyes  
will see that the same high standard is maintained. It will  
help considerably if Old Boys who are likely to be present will  
apply for their tickets before Christmas Day.

## OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL MATCH

The Christmas Match this year will be played on the  
School field on Saturday, December 29th at 2.15 p.m. All  
Old Boys who are interested in the School sports are invited  
to be present. After the match tea will be provided at a small  
cost.

## MAGAZINE

Mr. R. Mallett, 2 Pakefield Road, will be glad to receive  
articles or items of interest for the magazine.

Will all Old Boys who are receiving the magazine and  
whose subscriptions are not up to date please forward the same  
to the Treasurer. The funds of the association are very limited,  
but the Committee are reluctant to strike off the register any  
defaulting members who have merely forgotten their sub-  
scription.



## Historical Society

IT is somewhat difficult to talk about the activities of the society at the end of even the first half of the term. For some unknown reason the society does not seem to be able to hold its first meeting till about the end of October. I sincerely hope that in future terms we will be able to commence rather earlier, because it is very difficult to hold a sufficient number of meetings so as to maintain interest in the Society.

On Tuesday, October 30th, S. Kirby gave a very interesting lecture in the School Hall on the "World To-day." Considering the vastness of the subject, Kirby handled the matter very successfully. The Committee has at least arranged several meetings for the coming term, of which at the time of writing, a social was to be the next, it being conducted on historical lines.

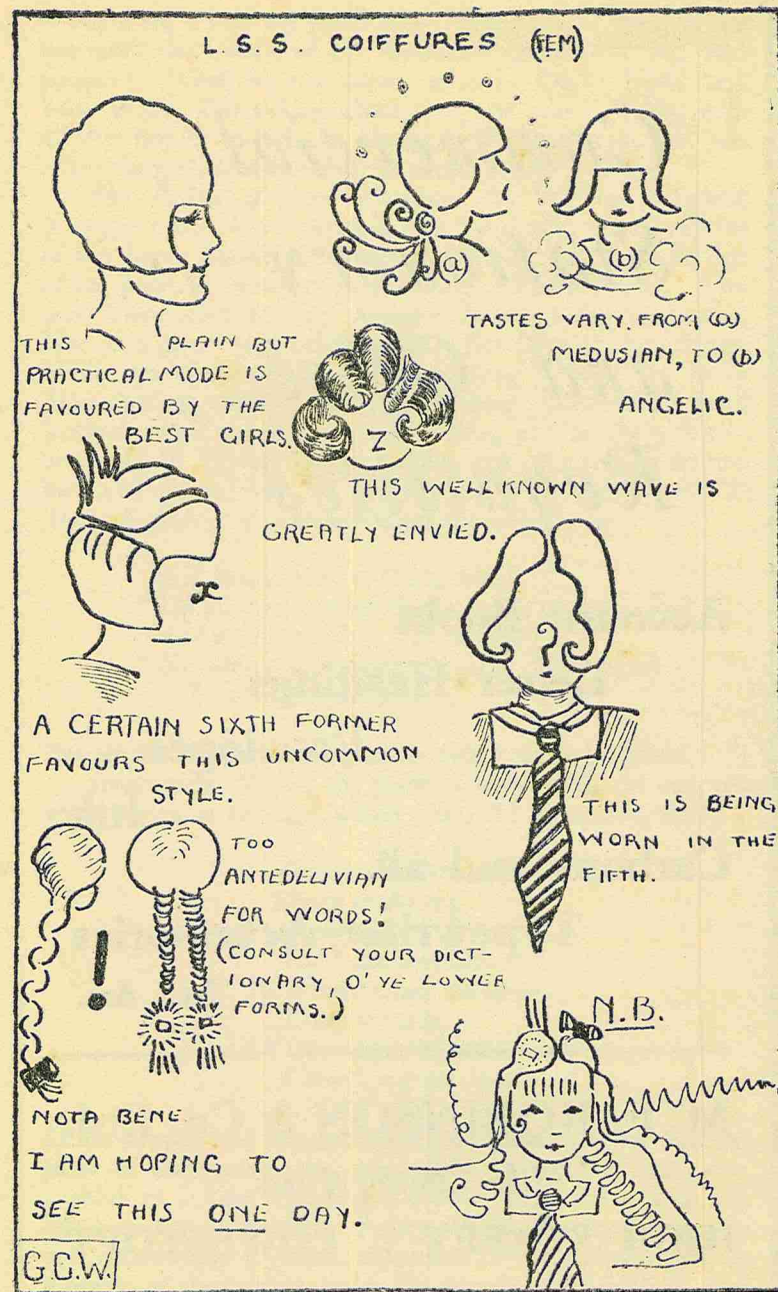
Every member of the Society must realize that no new Society can really be a live thing without the co-operation of its members. The Committee does arrange its meetings with the idea of pleasing its members, but of course this is a difficult task. It would be much more satisfactory if members would inform their representatives of their likes and dislikes, instead of criticising the Society without attempting themselves to make it a success.

S. G. R.

## Little Willie's Lessons in English Literature—II

THE Norman Conquest, Willie—when was that?—quite right—silenced, or drove underground, all literary writing in English for nearly a century and a half. What? Now, that's very wrong of you. You *may* think it splendid now, Willie, but when you get older you will—er—join with Professor C. H. Herford and—ahem—me, in deploring the—in regretting the—in sorrowing for—oh, let's get on. Take your thumb out of your mouth.

Now, a few deathless songs, Willie, when you've stopped shuffling your feet, date from the thirteenth century. Do you know what he means by deathless songs? Songs that will never die, quite right. Do you know any songs like that? Well? No, no, no, my dear boy, you *can't* call *Felix* a song





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—oh, well, I can see you'll never understand. Well, it was not until the middle of the fourteenth century—I beg your pardon? What do you mean, *whose*? Oh! Now, look here, Willie, I'm talking about *time*, not runs. Hobbs, with all due respect to him, be blowed. Well, anyway, that was when the genius of the English people found its voice.

*The Vision of Piers Plowman*, by William Langland (c. 1330-1400), is a "mystical epic" depicting the corruption of the upper classes of Church and State, and the sufferings of the poor, in trenchant and moving alliterative verse. You don't know what trenchant means? Nor do I, for that matter. Nor do a great many other people. But there are two things, Willie, you'll always be safe in applying it to: (1) *Daily Mail* leading articles, and (2) anything written by Lord Rothermere, if you happen to be writing to *The Daily Mail*; or (1) *Daily Express* leading articles, and (2) anything written by Lord Beaverbrook, if you happen to be writing to *The Daily Express*. You should know the little rhyme:

Said Beavermere to Rotherbrook:

"Do all your readers think as you do?"

Said Rotherbrook to Beavermere:

"No—bless your simple heart! They think  
Just as I tell them to do."

But all this has got nothing to do with English literature.

Structurally, Willie, the poem is loose—like the one you wrote a year or two ago, which went, if I remember, thus:

In Spring when the sun  
Shines in the sky  
I eat my bun  
And I am very spry;  
In Winter when the snow  
Is on the earth,  
Of leaves upon the trees  
There is a great dearth.

If the structure of that had been a bit looser and you had left some of the rhymes out, you might have got it into print. I think as I keep digressing I'd better give you a little talk about poetry in general. Poetry, Willie, is the spontaneous and occasionally rhythmic expression of the hitherto pent-up emotion of the subject under the stimulus of beauty or even ugliness or squalor, but at any rate a stimulus of some sort, spontaneously, as I said, spontaneously—er—expressed, set



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down, in fact, by the—er—poet, on paper,—er—entirely,  
 as I said, spontaneously, and occasionally rhythmically. Bergson,  
 Willie, Herbert Spencer, Willie, I think I may also mention  
 Kant, Willie—bless me, what's happened to the lad? Wake  
 up, boy! Wake up!

*(To be discontinued, probably.)*

R. M.

**The Editor answers his Correspondents**

*Anxious Va*: No, there is not the slightest danger of  
 the VI Form boys being hit by a hockey ball while watching  
 their house-matches.

*Optimist Ia*: You are not yet entitled to wear your cap  
 slantwise; this privilege is confined to the Admiral of the  
 Fleet and G-ll-n.

*Inquirer IIa*: You appear to be misinformed. The  
 missing article is spelt K—E—Y and not Q—U—A—Y.  
 This will obviously not affect the herring industry.

*Curious IVc*: No! The Secretary of the Historical  
 Society was NOT brought up on Virol, and in future please  
 refrain from being personal.

*Worried Ib*. You wonder why "Amen" is not sung at  
 the end of our hymns. You think the hymn is not finished.  
 "Our men" however disagree with this, and remember you  
 are but a "hymn"fant yet.

*Pr—tty Ic*. I admire your spirit. It is quite right for  
 a boy in your position to aspire to higher things. However,  
 our medical staff is somewhat incompetent, and all I can do  
 is to refer you to M—y who could possibly give you some  
 hints.

**Modern Plays**

**I**N accordance with the general progress of civilization during  
 the past twenty years, popular plays have adapted them-  
 selves both in prose and technique to suit the times.

At the end of the nineteenth century, plays could be  
 divided into two general groups—(a) the mild drawing-room  
 comedy, involving elderly spinsters and exceedingly sentimental



love-scenes ; and (b) the blood-curdling drama, complete with handsome hero, shrieking heroine, and moustachioed villain.

These have gradually been transfused into the delightful combination of comedy and drama of the present-day stage. In this a short-skirted, eton-cropped night-club nymph smoking cigarettes (kindly supplied, so we are informed in the programme, by Messrs. Abdulla) blandly discusses marriages, politics and Nietzsche. These discussions, however, are not altogether valueless. For example, in that much criticized play "The Fanatics", a young man explains his thoughts on life, which it is certain correspond closely with the feelings of the present generation, particularly concerning the Great War and its ultimate futility.

But plays are for our amusement essentially, and to amuse a modern mind one must have modern thoughts and ideas. Thus plays now depend largely for their attraction on the subtle properties of that mysterious element which our critics label sex-appeal. They are frank and outspoken, a necessity with the young people of to-day, although this is not often realized by some of our more narrow-minded and old-fashioned play-goers.

"Modern plays for the modern age" is the unspoken motto of many of our popular writers, and may this idea ever prevail, that our stages may still be held by the eton-cropped nymph to the utter discomfiture of the aged spinster of twenty years back.

CRITIC.

### **Trials of a Lowestoftian Reporter when interviewing a few L.S.S. celebrities**

**E** DITORS are callous beings, they have NO pity ; I was hauled into the Editorial Sanctum three weeks ago and stood trembling before the great man, who glared at me, and savagely chewed lumps of blotting-paper from his pad, and then barked :

"Whathaveyouwrittenforthemagthisterm?"

I stood dumb, trying to grasp this gem of Editorial eloquence; he went on :

"You needn't try to think of anything because you know you haven't done anything. But you're jolly well going to do something (relapsing into childishness) so there ! Go and interview someone."

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I ventured a mild :

'Who, on what?'

He waved one hand airily,

"Oh, anyone well known; criminals, swots, first-eleven men, prefects (here a slight grin crossed his face) champion ink-pellet thrower of the 1st, etc., etc., on any old subject you think would interest them. You'd better start at once, so pop off."

I popped.

The first room that caught my eye was Room II; I entered, a notebook in one hand, a pencil in the other and my heart in my mouth. I received some hostile glares; brandish a note-book in any Vth Form and you're its enemy for life; you remind them of the dear, dead days beyond recall when they did some work in the IVth.

A voice growled :

"What do you want?"

"Opinions," I said lightly, "on any subject you like."

The same voice went on :

"Who sent you here?"

"The Editor," I replied, "at least he told me to interview some famous people."

The atmosphere grew warmer.

"What sort of famous people?"

I thought of my senior's words and began airily :

"Criminals, swots, fir——"

I picked myself up, dusty and dishevelled on the other side of the door. After retrieving my book from under the piano and my pencil from down the back of my neck I espied a prefect coming along, so bruised but not beaten, I accosted him.

"Please, M——y, how many lines do you dole out a week?"

He smiled kindly, and I felt encouraged.

"Oh, on an average of about three hundred a week, but (with a change of tone) it'll be four hundred this week; bring them to me before break to-morrow; can't you realize that I'm supposed to be stopping those kids from making all that row?"

Three days later I again stood before the Editor, and silently passed him my note-book. The solitary entry ran :

"School Cat: No, there aren't as many mice about as there used to be."

I caught his eye, and, mindful of my recent experiences, I stood not upon the order of my going; I went.

D. EDWARDS, IVc.

## Accidental Death?

"YES," said the Old Boy, laying down his daily paper, "after all, there are many things about which the police know comparatively little. Did you read of this man who on his death-bed confessed that he was an eye-witness to a dastardly murder about which there was no other verdict considered than accidental death?"

I nodded assent, wondering vaguely what he was driving at. He folded up his newspaper, refilled his pipe, and, drawing up his chair to the fire, sat puffing away meditatively. He turned suddenly to me and said :

"Tom, old man, I'm going to tell you a story. I know you've heard plenty of stories at the Club and elsewhere, but this one has the rare merit of being perfectly true. But before I begin there is a little formality which I shall have to go through with. Just a minute."

And, rising, he crossed over to the bookcase and came back with a leather-bound volume which he placed on the arm of my chair. It was a Bible.

"Tom," he said, "you may think I'm making a lot of fuss but you'll understand when I've told you the yarn. Anyway, Tom, I want you to swear that you will impart to no living soul a single word or minutest particular of anything you hear or see this night. Do you swear?"

I looked up into his face, trying to detect a twinkle in his eye or twitch of the mouth, but his face was dead serious; so serious indeed that I was quite startled. Thus, my curiosity completely aroused, I laid my hand reverently on the book and said :

"I swear."

With a grunt of satisfaction the Old Boy put up the book, and, settling himself comfortably in his armchair, requested me to draw up close and listen.

"Now then, Tom, this story will appear so fantastic to you that I know you will not believe it, but I don't happen to be such a fool as to try to convince you of such a fact without concrete proof. I have that proof, which I will show you in due course. Well, to get to business.

"You remember poor old Fred Kingston, don't you? we were great friends, us three at school. And you remember that awful day in October?"

I nodded dully. How well I remembered it. Would I ever forget it? How poor old Fred, one of the best friends a man ever had, was found dead in the Physics Laboratory, electrocuted while doing a high-power electricity experiment.



It was an awful tragedy ; it cast a gloom over the whole school, masters and boys alike, for he was very popular, was Fred. Such an experiment, it is needless to say, has never been allowed in the Laboratory since.

"I don't think," continued the Old Boy, "that I need remind you of any of the facts, but," he paused suggestively, "the verdict of accidental death passed on poor Fred was of precisely the same character as was passed on that body which you have just read of in that paper."

"What !" cried I, rising precipitately, "you don't mean to say——?"

"That's exactly what I do mean. Fred Kingston was murdered !"

"Good God !"

I sank back limply into my chair breathing heavily.

"Now don't raise any questions ; leave them until I've finished and I'll explain everything from the beginning.

"Tom, you were a prefect, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"And did you ever realize that you were hated at any time?"

"No."

"Exactly ! it was the same with Kingston. Do you remember that fellow named Claude Barson?"

"You mean that chap who was so terribly cut up because he was not made a prefect?"

"Yes—that's the one. Well, that fellow's hatred for Fred Kingston has surpassed any I have encountered in my life, and, furthermore, in case you've forgotten, he was the one who was in the Lab. on that terrible occasion."

"Do you mean to suggest?——"

"I said don't interrupt. I suggest nothing. You know how we were sitting alone in the Sixth Form room doing some Latin or something when we heard a terrible shrieking, and rushing out we saw this chap Barson, tearing out of the Lab. yelling at the top of his voice something like, 'Kingston's dead, dead ! dead !' Then we rushed into the Lab. and found Fred, or what was left of him, lying in a ghastly position on the stone floor of the Lab. with one rubber glove lying on the bench and the live wire clutched in the horrible remains of his hand. Having ascertained that Barson had had the presence of mind to switch off the current, we reeled drunkenly out of the room to leave the awful task of removing his body to the masters. Correct me if I'm wrong in any of these facts, but I think they are fairly accurate.

"The next morning I went to the Lab. to help to clear up

# EDMONDS

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that fatal apparatus while you were helping to calm down the younger boys. Well, just as I was about to leave, the others having already gone, I happened to glance into the corner, and noticed that the handle of that small cinematograph apparatus which, if you can remember, always stands in the corner under the bookshelf, had been pushed down from its usual upright position, and on the floor was a book. The conclusion was, of course, obvious. The book had fallen off the shelf and had knocked down the handle of the ‘ciné.’ More from curiosity than anything else, for I, like all the world, believed Fred’s death to be perfectly accidental, I removed the film that had been taken when the handle came down, and that afternoon developed it in the dark room. I don’t think I was ever more thunderstruck in my life than when I examined that film; I was positively stunned by the enormity of my discovery. The next day, when I was alone in the Lab., I drew all the blinds, took out the lantern and threw that picture on the screen. And now, Tom, if you’ll follow me, I’ll show you what I saw, and what nobody else in the world has seen.”

He rose and walked out of the room to the back of the house, where he had his own private laboratory. I followed him dazedly, stunned by this terrible revelation.

He entered the room and locked the door after me. He then drew the dark blinds and switched on the light. He fixed up his small lantern while I arranged the screen at the other end of the room. When everything was ready, he crossed over to a small safe that stood in one corner and withdrew from its interior a small envelope from which he removed the all-important piece of film. Then, placing it in the lantern, he threw upon the screen the most terrible picture I’ve ever seen.

It showed the familiar interior of the Lab. with that fatal apparatus standing on the bench. On the floor near the apparatus lay the still form of Fred Kingston; bending over the body was Claude Barson, his hands encased in rubber gloves, in the act of placing the live wire in the hand of Fred Kingston. But the most awful part of the picture was Barson’s face; it was absolutely livid with hatred, a face that will haunt me for ever. I turned away feeling very sick and, the Old Boy having switched off the current in the lantern, we returned in silence to the drawing-room.

“Well, Tom, there’s your proof, and a camera cannot lie. This is how I construct the whole business.

“Fred was busy on his experiment and, as you know, Barson was in the room. Suddenly Fred trips over a chair or some-



thing, which Barson afterwards moved, and falls down cracking his head badly. Barson, in a moment of sheer madness, urged on by his fierce hatred, rushes up to him, rips off his rubber glove and thrusts the live wire into his hand, thereby electrocuting him."

"But," I burst out, "why, in Heaven's name didn't you inform the authorities?"

"Because, Tom, it wouldn't have done poor Fred any good; he was past all help, and, in case you don't know, I will tell you that Barson's own act so frightened him that he has been a changed man ever since, and now he is as straight and honest as you yourself.

"And, in a half a minute, Barson's life, which by his own efforts he has made one worth living, will be safe for ever from the hangman's rope or prison cell. I think it is better so."

And as I watched the flames in the grate consume that tiny piece of film on the fate of which a human life depended, I thought that perhaps after all the Old Boy was right.

F. L. B.

## 1st Eleven Football Notes

THE First Eleven has experienced a very satisfactory start to its football campaign. We started disastrously against Bungay Grammar School, but have revenged this defeat on the School field. Up to the time of writing 6 matches have been played with a record of 5 won and 1 lost. Play was, in the early part of the season, disjointed, but is now getting much smoother. We understand that Utting is rapidly recovering from his serious illness and we hope that, before the end of the season, we shall have his help again in our forward line.

### THE 1ST ELEVEN: A WHO'S WHO

(Goal) REYNER: A very sound and sometimes brilliant keeper. Has however let in some very simple shots.

(Right-back) GOODWIN: Has played some fine games especially against St. Margaret's. Must learn to kick with his left foot.

(Left-back) PENNY: A veteran. School leftback for three years. Still plays brilliantly despite old age.

(Right-half) HUKÉ: 1st year in School football. Rather small, but plays well despite handicap. Head-work lacking.

(Centre-half) SOLOMON (Capt.): A fine all-round player. Tackles well and may be relied upon to clear his lines. Feeds his forwards finely with accurate passes.

(Left-half) NEWSON: Tackles well and knows how to use his weight. Dribbles too much. Must develop his right foot kick.

(Outside-right) HARVEY, ISTED: Both have filled this berth. The former has played inside-right. Both centre well. The latter is rather slow, but makes up for this in dribbling.

(Inside-right) TOVELL: Has played at inside-left. Dribbles well; head-work good. A good shot with either foot.

(Centre-forward) CROSSLAND (Vice-Capt.): A sure shot who keeps both wings well supplied. Very speedy. Head-work might be improved a little.

(Inside-left) JONES: Very hard to knock off the ball. Head-work and shooting good. Must speed up.

(Outside-left) BECKETT: Centres well and has a strong kick in either foot. Rather inclined to dribble too much. Shoots well at times.

F. G. SOLOMON (Capt.).

E. A. W. CROSSLAND (Vice-Capt.).

## "To the Editor"

IT seems to me to be a grave defect in the readers of *The Lowestoftian* that, when they are moved to write to the Editor, they never seem to display in their letters that degree of absolute idiocy which is apparently inseparable from the correspondence columns of *The Daily Mail*, *The Daily Express*, *The Daily News* and *Westminster Gazette*, *The Daily Chronicle*, *The Daily Herald* and even (alas!) *The Lowestoft Journal*.

(The Editor: Will you kindly put that into simple language for the benefit of Form IVb?)

Me (sharply): No.)

It is only fair to say that I myself have written letters to all the above newspapers except *The Daily Herald*, although letters from me have only appeared in two of them. I can



"The English eat great quantities of beef"  
A Foreigner in England. (1576)

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only conclude that my effusions (all except those in *The Lowestoft Journal*<sup>1</sup>) being restricted by me to one pithy sentence, and thus giving the Correspondence Editor no chance to use his blue pencil on them, aroused his professional jealousy.

(*The Editor, haughtily*) : No Editor would allow himself to be influenced by what you are pleased to call professional jealousy.

(*Me, nastily*) : Oh yes he would.

However, several of my letters have appeared in print, and no doubt they carried on the noble tradition of complacent fatuity which has been built up by many generations of regular newspaper correspondents.

(*The Editor, bitterly*) : No doubt they did.

My point is that the correspondents of *The Lowestoftian* do not seem to know the right way to set about writing a letter to the Editor. If they have grasped the fact that they must write on one side of the paper only, that is all they have grasped. In the first place they very seldom write.

(Derisive laughter from Mr. Algernon Ashton and the Rev. J. P. Bacon Phillips.)

In the second place they quite frequently have something definitely interesting to write about. . . .

(Sneers from Messrs. William Farren and B. Simmons, junr., of *The Daily Mail*, and from Mr. W. Margrie, of *The Daily News and Westminster Gazette* : three inveterate and thoroughly irritating correspondents.)

. . . and even then have the forbearance not to write about it. In the third place— But they are quite hopeless. I have, therefore, composed a number of letters to the Editor of *The Lowestoftian* as a guide for intending correspondents.

First, the musical Letter :—

To the Editor of *The Lowestoftian*,

Sir,

Allow me the privilege of your valuable columns to say that I know I am voicing the sentiment of all right-thinking British people when I say that anyone who does not prefer the sweet and tender music of Albert W. Ketelbey to the blaring strains of Beethoven, has no music, as the Bard of Avon said, in his soul.

JAS. WM. SQUIFF.

<sup>1</sup> A paper for which I have a real affection, because it prints my words exactly as I write them, and because it prints other people's mistakes exactly as they make them.



This is an excellent letter for the beginner to follow. Observe that in the first place it states that the Editor's "columns" are "valuable"—as if they were studded with diamonds, or would be sought after by collectors. Observe, again, that Mr. Jas. Wm. Squiff knows he is voicing the sentiment of all right-thinking British people. He *knows*. By disagreeing with him you automatically become a person who thinks wrongly. He has besides said "the Bard of Avon" instead of "Shakespeare", which shows his culture, and he has misquoted, which shows his lordly independence of mere accuracy. The beginner should lose no opportunity of displaying these qualities.

Finally, he has written "Jas. Wm. Squiff" instead of "J. W. Squiff" or even "James William Squiff." I am credibly assured that there are people who are not irritated by this practice, just as there are (it is said) those who have no objection to the bowler hat.

As for the general opinion expressed in his letter, of course—but stay. I have been told that there are persons who agree with it.

Then there is the Boastful Letter :—

Sir,

This morning, on walking in my garden, I found three perfect full-blown roses. Roses in December ! Is this a record ?

EMILY A. WIMP.

There are several variants of the Boastful Letter, but whether it is about November strawberries or hearing the cuckoo or growing a vegetable marrow ten feet thick or being the seventh member of the same family with a birthday in March, it is invariably boastful. The beginner, when he writes to the Editor of *The Lowestoftian* to say that he has found fourteen mole-hills on the cricket-pitch, must always imply that only he *could* have found them.

Then there is the letter about—

(*The Editor, coughing*) : look here—  
*Me (testily)* : Oh, all right.

After all, perhaps that is enough. You see what I mean. I shall now watch the slow improvement of the Correspondence Pages.

R. M.

## Bananas and Princes

ONCE upon a time, in the kingdom of Pqrstuvwamba (pronounced Zyxxwvut), there reigned a king, whom, for the sake of brevity, will be called Potti etc.

The king was the unhappy possessor of two sons, Phew and Whew respectively. Besides being brothers, Phew and Whew were twins of the same age to the millionth part of a 'bim.' (Pqrstuvwambaic for a "second").

Now Phew and Whew, till three days old, had been the most affectionate of brothers. Unhappily, however, a person of evil visage threw a banana into the Royal residence. The banana, sad to relate, descended in a well-defined parabola, into the Royal Cradle.

"Ho !" said Phew.

"What Ho ?" demanded Whew.

"Soho," replied Phew.

"But surely," argued Whew, "you mean Plymouth Ho."

"No," answered Phew firmly, "just a common or garden hoe." Reluctantly departing from the above absorbing subject, they each regarded the banana thoughtfully.

"Wannit," said Whew avidly.

"Wannit," echoed Phew greedily.

Now, in the kingdom of Pqrstuvwamba, the younger of two brothers always had preference. But, as before stated, Phew and Whew were twins of the same age to the millionth part of a bim.

Thus there arose a great question in the land of the Pqrstuvwambans : Who was to have the banana ?

The Senior of the Order of the Great Pluxtez (Pqrstuvwamba equivalent for Vizir) was called in to judge the claims of the rival twins. Unfortunately, he mislaid his head the next morning, and was unable to proceed with the case.

As he also happened to be the last of the Order of the Great Pluxtez, there was nobody left in the land fit to judge for the Royal brethren.

Thus there arose a great civil war in the kingdom of Pqrstuvwamba, in which both Phew and Whew sustained a permanent stoppage of the heart.

Nevertheless, the civil war continued until the kingdom of Pqrstuvwamba was no more.

And so, through the false economy of the evil-visaged man, came the downfall of a great kingdom.

Moral I : Two bananas are better than one.

Moral II : A place for everything and everything in its place.

N. A. La RUTREN.



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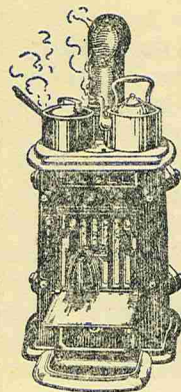
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## The Coming of Autumn

"AUTUMN is coming !" twittered the birds,  
 " And we must up and away  
 We must not stay to be caught by Autumn  
 And she will come any day ! "

" Autumn is coming !" whispered the leaves  
 As they softly sighed together,  
 " And we must change our dresses green  
 To suit the Autumn weather ! "

" Autumn is coming !" murmured the flowers,  
 " And we must hurry home ;  
 We cannot be here when Autumn arrives,  
 And face cold days to come ! "

" Autumn is coming !" laughed the breeze,  
 " And then I can play all day,  
 Blowing the leaves from their homes so high,  
 For Autumn is on the way ! "

" Autumn is coming !" the warm wind moaned,  
 As it restlessly tossed to and fro.  
 " The cold east wind comes to take my place,  
 And I shall have to go ! "

" Autumn is coming !" chorused each thing,  
 " We've scarcely changed since we came,  
 Autumn indeed will be kind to us,  
 But we'll not remain the same ! "

VERA LAWSON, IIa.

## " Perseverance "

### A LITTLE MORAL STORY FOR OLD, YOUNG, AND MAIDEN LADIES

THE heavens shook not, neither did the earth tremble, when Egbert first opened rheumy eyes and screamed feebly to an apathetic world. No epoch-making event heralded his arrival ; no sudden death, no Atlantic flyer, not even a tolerably gory murder in Kentish Town, to hail his

birth or to aid his parents in the task of christening him. So appalling was the lack of news that the history-book had to be called into service, and the tiny mite was honoured with the august name of the first King of England. Nor was this the only bitter pill for Egbert's parents. Their son's arrival in the world failed to create the slightest bit of a sensation in Ponsonby Street itself, for Ponsonby Street had been hardened and de-sentimentalized by astonishingly frequent visits from the stork, palpably overworked bird that it is. So Egbert toddled on to boyhood and adolescence, insignificant and unnoticed, amidst the ceaseless roar of the heavy traffic which shook Ponsonby Street to its jerry-built foundations. Nor was this insignificance greatly to be wondered at, for Egbert was, despite the avowals of adoring parents, somewhat slow-witted and exceedingly awkward, ox-eyed and blatantly innocent, forgetful to the extreme. He was a plumber's mate.

On the other side of Ponsonby Street lived the Contrast. Charles Lindbergh Jones was the wonder of the neighbourhood. A benignant star had shone at his nativity. At every point he had outstripped Egbert in the race for greatness. Long before Egbert had taken his first faltering steps down the garden path, Charles L. was toddling bravely out by himself. At the age of six the latter smoked his first " gasper " ; Egbert tried a puff at ten, and was sick. Charles L. was top of his form with monotonous regularity ; Egbert sustained the entire weight of the bottom class upon his shoulders with equally monotonous precision. If the two found a penny in the gutter, Charles L. always saw it first. By the time Egbert was aspiring to the post of linesman for Ponsonby Street F.C., Charles L. was a fully-fledged centre-forward, had struck four referees, had been ordered off eight times and suspended six times, and was the idol of the home crowd. Everywhere and in every way Charles L., metaphorically speaking, went one better and better. Ponsonby Street forecasted a future for him.

The years rolled on (as is usual in moral tales), and Egbert approached the sober age of forty ; Charles L. was one month ahead of him. Charles L., was aiming, with a practical certainty of success, at the Mayoralty. Egbert was hoping, with outrageous optimism, for a rise in wages, from his master the plumber. Charles L. was married ; Egbert still had hopes.

Then came the fateful week. One Saturday night Ponsonby Street was startled to see the phlegmatic Egbert rush out of his house, moustache lop-sided with emotion, attempt to vault the garden gate, fall heavily on the pavement, and sing " God Bless the Prince of Wales " in a dazed and wandering fashion. Ponsonby Street went, with one accord, for the



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policeman. When the majesty of the law appeared, Egbert had vanished. Ponsonby Street wondered, in its usual garrulous way. . . . Days passed. Egbert absented himself from work. The plumber was seriously inconvenienced by the lack of his tools. Ponsonby Street decided that it would be a case of suicide. It hardly dared to hope for a murder.

Sunday came round again, and the Street was in its shirt-sleeves, considering the football news. After due examination it reached the news-page. An audible gasp ran the whole length of Rosemary Terrace, was echoed in Flanders Cottages, and was relayed the whole length of Ponsonby Street. Surely not!—yet?—well, there it was, in black and white—the greatest achievement of Ponsonby Street in all its glamorous history.

LOCAL READER WINS £20,000 PRIZE. Mr. E. HUGGETT GETS 24 RIGHT!

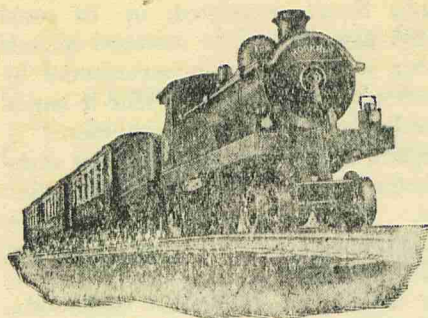
And there was Egbert in his Sunday best, beaming from an inset photograph, side by side with another distinguished man, Lord Rothermere, to wit. And there was Egbert feeding the pigeons on Trafalgar Square; and Egbert looking foolish in his baby clothes; and Egbert's landlady; and Egbert's grandfather, reading the *Sunday* —. Oh! everything was Egbert! . . . Ponsonby Street girded up its loins, and marched 'en masse' to Egbert's humble dwelling. Cheers drew the hero to his doorstep. The plumber made a speech, introducing plenty of trade allusions and subtle self-advertisement; the Mayor spoke with great and aspirated eloquence; lastly, Charles L. spoke, frankly acknowledging the genius of the man who got 24 right, and alleging that he knew it would come. The day closed on beer, newspaper reporters, and photographic tableaux.

Egbert went on from strength to strength. He represented Ponsonby Street as a silent but successful Councillor. He rose to the Mayoralty. He startled the world by eloquent dissertations on the Modern Girl. He sat in the House of Commons for as long as he liked. He married.—Perhaps he is still happy.

*Moral*: If at first you don't succeed—try more coupons.

J. H. B.





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## On Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens— tarred and feathered

**W**E left you in the evening, when the sun was sinking fast,  
Reluctantly we turned away, your grove to quit at last ;  
And how we longed to stay and watch the fairies circling  
round,

Who come when stars are shining, and the dew is on the ground.

We found you in the morning, before the town had stirred,  
We saw the sun arising slow, the soaring larks we heard,  
But sad the golden light diffused, on your graceful beauty  
marred

By some foul being who your glorious form had tarred !

Yea, draped from head to foot, in thick and slimy tar,  
And even sprinkled you with feathers—he carried the deed so  
far ;

We wondered what the fairies thought, their idol so disgraced,  
If they would seek revenge, when they the culprit traced.

Was it wrathful Pan, who avenging fairies sent,  
To desecrate your handsome form, whose charm will ne'er be  
spent ;

Or p'raps a wandering band of goblins, mad with jealous hate—  
Or was it merely mortals, turned by the hand of fate ?

We leave you in the evening, the sun is sinking fast ;  
Once more does your inspiring beauty a clear-cut shadow cast ;  
Now we know that when we go, the fairies will circle round,  
They'll come when stars are shining, when the dew is on the  
ground.

J. F. B.

## In Defence of Jazz

**A** CERTAIN master has recently stated that : “ If  
there is anything worse than a kettle humming with the  
lid rattling, it is a jazz-band with saxaphones.” This  
criticism, however, is totally unjustified, for various reasons.

It must be remembered that jazz is not intended to be  
listened to as music by itself, but in harmony with certain dances.  
These dances, having a particular rhythm, it is an essential



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*Taming of the Shrew.*

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point in a dance tune that it should conform to this rhythm. On careful examination of any jazz piece, it will be found that it does, as a rule, keep strictly to the rhythm, in the air, and if it does not, the bass supplies anything missing. At any rate, the drum, beating almost throughout the piece, marks the rhythm with unfailing exactness. If we examine certain pieces of Chopin, we find that there is no rhythm in them at all, and that they are a succession of notes strung together, with bar-lines almost "shoved in anywhere". A certain waltz by this most illustrious composer, who, we do not doubt, was a musical genius, has the rhythm in such a muddle that it is almost lost, although it is intended to be danced to. If it is played at a tremendous rate, putting the accent in the wrong place, and supplying certain notes, a fairly respectable tune may be obtained.

The mention of this waltz brings us to another point, the much-disputed subject of syncopation. We will not, however, enter into a long discussion about this matter, as it has been done so many times before. At any rate, since Chopin in the waltz in question makes use of syncopation, as also do Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms and others, the modern composers are quite justified in introducing a syncopated passage here and there.

It is also interesting to note that the newspapers say that jazz is dying out in New York. This means that it will in Lowestoft in about ten years' time, therefore why not live up to the times? Instead of adhering to antiquated ideas and being an old "fogey", we would advise our reader to be modern in his ideas, and take an interest, however small, in modern music, and from this go on to the modern dances, which are really very graceful if properly done. Also, the tunes are very pretty if properly listened to, and, at any rate, may we venture to ask why the strong opponents of jazz can often be heard humming or whistling jazz tunes. At least, we hope it can be seen by all that our illustrious master's criticism of jazz is not quite justified.

J. B. F. VI.

"Ships that pass in the Night"

(Written soon after the Graf Zeppelin had passed over Lowestoft)

I WAS sitting, staring at a particularly exasperating piece of complicated magnetism when I was startled out of my reverie by a reverberating drone. Looking up I suggested



that the neighbouring electrician had started his dynamo, but before the words had hardly left my mouth the droning had increased tenfold to a steady roar, and, the full realization bursting upon me, with a cry of "It's the Zepp!" I rushed out to gaze on the most awe-inspiring sight it has ever been my lot to witness: the sight of the world's largest Zeppelin passing in the night.

It came steadily up from the south, looking like a gleaming pillar hanging in the air, and, with a thunderous roar passed overhead. People poured out from their houses to see the awful monstrosity that had come upon them, and gazed into the blackness, "bouche bée," with frank admiration and wonder written on their faces. Its long body shrouded in blackness could just be distinguished, the numerous lights below twinkling eerily in the darkness, and all the time a monotonous roaring drone, like that of a monster bumble-bee, pervaded the whole air, that a moment before was wrapped in the stillness of night.

The apparition quickly passed, and soon, all that could be seen of her was her tail-lights, flickering under her gigantic rudder. At last the spell was broken, and I once more returned to my magnetism and reseated myself with a sigh of satisfaction that, in spite of all I hadn't done that evening, I had at least seen the largest Zeppelin, and, until the R 100 takes the air, the largest flying machine the world has yet seen.

F. L. B.

## Boys' House Notes

### FOOTBALL, 1928

#### Goals.

Houses :	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against	Points
Spartans	6	4	1	1	14	3	22
Romans	6	4	0	2	19	4	20
Athenians	6	2	1	3	5	11	12
Trojans	6	1	0	5	3	23	5

#### 1st XI Results

Spartans	0	Romans	2
Athenians	1	Trojans	2
Spartans	5	Trojans	0
Romans	5	Athenians	0
Romans	10	Trojans	0
Spartans	0	Athenians	0

#### 2nd XI Results

Spartans	2	Romans	0
Athenians	2	Trojans	0
Spartans	3	Trojans	1
Romans	0	Athenians	2
Romans	2	Trojans	0
Spartans	4	Athenians	0

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## Girls' House Notes

SO far this term the chief business has been the electing (with the exception of the Nightingales, who are fortunate in retaining their Captain and Secretary from last year) of new Captains and Secretaries, and the deciding upon new schemes for the term. Apart from the fact that the Nightingales have started a club which meets once a fortnight, nothing new has been undertaken in any house.

There have been several practice hockey matches, and it appears that the Houses are fairly well matched in strength.

The Social Service Society is still prospering, and it is hoped that it will retain the height of proficiency which it reached under its former secretary, K. Lawton, who has not, up to the present, been replaced.

## Hockey Notes

THE season opened very early for us with a match against Lowestoft Ladies on September 27th. This resulted in a draw, and after two victories over Southwold Ladies and the Central School we were beaten by Beccles on their ground, which was rather a disadvantage. Out of eight matches we have won five, lost two, and drawn one, so that in spite of the fact that we have lost seven of our last year's team, we have been fairly successful. On October 27th we defeated Norwich Secondary, thereby reaching the second round of the League. On December 8th we shall meet Beccles in the second round, and although they beat us on their own ground we have hopes of defeating them here, as we did last year in the Final.

Date	Opponent	Result	Home or Away	Score
Sept. 27	Lowestoft Ladies	Draw	Home	2—2
Oct. 3	Southwold Ladies	Win	Home	3—1
" 6	Central School	Win	Home	9—0
" 13	Beccles Secondary	Loss	Away	1—2
" 20	Yarmouth High School	Loss	Away	0—4
" 24	Southwold Ladies	Win	Home	9—2
" 27	Norwich Secondary (League)	Win	Home	7—0
Nov. 8	Gorleston Ladies	Win	Home	5—1

J. LEWIS (Capt.).

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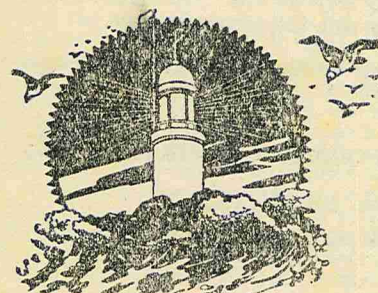
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## Letters to the Editor

Trinity College,  
Cambridge,

November 10th, 1928.

MY DEAR BEARD,

I am afraid this letter will not be so packed with interest as Editors (and similar taskmasters) desire.

As I embark for the fifth time upon the opening sentence, I am painfully aware of the fact that (i) letters consist mainly of small-talk, and (ii) Editors are not interested in small-talk of any description, and consequently (iii) this effort is trembling on the very edge of the Editorial waste-paper basket. As a matter of fact, it is really extremely difficult to sit down and reel off a whole list of events of first-rate and staggering importance which have taken place in the Cambridge Michaelmas Term. It would need, in the first place, a remarkable imagination and a complete distortion of fact. Nothing, to cut this preamble short, has happened. We are all in a state of flux, doing nothing of importance, but all extraordinarily busy getting ready to do something really gigantic next term. Take rowing, for instance. The Cam is simply packed with boats from morning till night, with perspiring Freshmen juggling with immense oars, and listening meekly to the expletives of a scornful "coach." Yet nothing has happened. Everybody is getting in trim for the "Mays."

Just the same phenomenon is taking place in Athletics, in Rugby and Soccer, and, truth to tell, in studies. Every undergraduate has vowed to get really down to work next term.

I have one or two reserves to call upon, however. Naturally, there is the "Guy Fawkes" rag, and the "Poppy Day" collections. The first was a hopeless and complete fiasco—put no trust in the Press accounts! Towards seven o'clock, several thousands of townspeople marched to the Market Square to see the "fun." Immediately the entire police-force turned out, plus several hundreds of Metropolitan Police. The whole mass waited patiently in the square, while the Press nosed feverishly among the townsmen's Catherine Wheels and whizz-bangs. This went on till mid-night, when they all went home. Meanwhile the University was amusing itself secretly elsewhere. Truth to tell, the Town, the Police, and the Press, are feeling very sore about it all.

On Poppy Day, however, it was all the University. Roads were skilfully blocked, and recalcitrant motorists forced to subscribe. Old ladies were pursued by Ku Klux Klansmen. Public-houses were invaded by Temperance Society workers. Policemen were tracked down by hosts of Bolsheviks. Grave clergymen were accosted by brawny char-ladies. Net result—Cambridge was effectively sucked dry of pennies and loose silver. Even the Proctors did not escape.





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Apart from these events, the Union Club and the Musical Societies have supplied most of the "reportable" events. In the first debate of the season, the Union passed its time-honoured and inevitable vote of censure on His Majesty's Government, despite a brilliant defence by Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for the Dominions and the Colonies. The presence of Mr. A. J. Cook, the Miners' Secretary, at the second debate drew an enormous crowd. Everybody was very favourably impressed by the passionate sincerity of his speech, relieved, be it said, by frequent touches of keen humour. Far from resembling the hairy Bolshevik, Mr. Cook is an insignificant-looking little fellow, with gigantic horn-rimmed spectacles and an extraordinary resemblance to "John Henry," the "wireless" man.

Various musical celebrities are descending upon Cambridge. Pachmann has come and gone, with his little "bag of tricks"; Paderewski is now with us; Cortot, Thilband, and Casals, the Léner quartet, and Kreisler, will all be here shortly. The Festival Theatre has just finished with "The Subway," a modernist play by an American, and is reverting to Shakespeare.

That, I think, is all—oh, by the way, Cambridge are a 'cert.' for the Boat Race.

Yours very sincerely,

J. H. BAYFIELD

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