

The numbers continue to increase steadily, and are now well past the second century—210 all told.

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Members of the School, past and present, will regret to learn that the stay of C. E. W. Bean in England is likely to end in April. He has become deservedly popular as a genial friend, a generous helper, patient and untiring in coaching the games, and a thorough good sportsman, with no cause nearer his heart than the good fame of Brentwood School.

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The cricket pitch is receiving another dressing of marl under his supervision, and nothing is being left undone to make it perfect.

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It is estimated that the New Fives Court will cost about £80. Of this amount, £25 is being given by Mr. Heseltine, £15 by the Governors as a grant, and £40 has been raised from other sources, including about £18 from Mr. Burgess' Concert. Unavoidable causes have delayed the building, but it is hoped that the work will be completed next spring.

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The librarian acknowledges with thanks the receipt of seven handsome volumes, bound in half-calf, the gift of J. S. Madge (O.B.); also of "Sports in Australia," by Gordon Inglis, presented by the author, in which we observe some notices of the Headmaster's former Sports Work in Australian Schools.

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Overheard in 2nd XI. match v. Billericay. Visiting forward (after continually being penalised for off-

side) to School backs: "Play the game backs! Don't get so far up the field!"

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The following are praepostors for this term. School House: Norton, Parrish, Jebb. North Town: Reed, Lynch, Cruickshank. South Town: Rac, Constable, Bill, Ward. East Town: Parmenter, Mallett, Turrell, Ashbee. West Town: Kelley i, Moss, Gott, Hitchcock.

THE OLD RED WALL.

They bound a lad by a green elm tree
And they burned him there for folks
to see;
And in shame, for his brothers and
playmates all
They built them a school with a new
red wall.

CHORUS—

We may ride by land, we may ride
by sea,
Ten thousand miles from the old grey
tree,
But the best of days were, after all,
The days that we lived by the old red
wall.

The lads and their sons are long since
cold,
And hundred on hundred of years
have rolled,
But still there stands for folks to see
An old red wall by an old grey tree.

Drake rolled the Spaniards down the
sea,
And they heard the guns by the old
grey tree;
The Dutchman left our ships aflare
And the wall looked out on a far red
glare.