

Editor :
W. H. DAVIES

All communica-
tions should
be addressed to
*The Secondary
School, Eccles.*

ONE PENNY
MONTHLY

— THE —
**ECCLES SECONDARY
SCHOOL REVIEW.**

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO DOINGS
IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

*The proceeds
from the sale
of this Journal
are devoted
to the purchase
of Comforts
for the Lads
at the Front.*



VOL. I—No. 2.

DECEMBER, 1916.

THE TEACHING STAFF

(Before the Summer Vacation).



Photo by E. Woollacott.

Reproduced by the "Daily Sketch."

Top Row—MISS I. W. PETFORD, MRS. LISTER, MISS G. L. BURMAN, MISS H. HAIGH,
MR. A. HOLLIS, MISS D. E. PROCTOR, MISS M. SEFTON, MR. J. H. GUNTER.

Middle Row—MR. FOSTER SMITH, MISS E. BATCHELOR, MISS N. H. BENT, MISS E.
WOOLLACOTT (*Senior Mistress*), MR. T. I. COWLISHAW (*Head Master*), MISS
L. SPEARING.

Bottom Row—MISS E. BROWN, MISS E. M. CHAMBERLAIN, MRS. BOARDMAN,

 *
 *
EDITORIAL NOTES.
 *
 *

It is a disappointing announcement I have to make this month. The sales of our last issue were the smallest yet recorded, in spite of the increased size. This seems to betoken the fact that interest in our journal is on the wane, if it has not already died out, and if this is the case, there will be no other course open but to cease publication, and relegate our journal to the limbo of the "has beens." It will be a thousand pities if this course has to be taken, for think what it will mean. Our lads in the trenches will be looking forward to receiving parcels from the Eccles Secondary School—thinking of the good time they will have when they arrive—but they will look in vain, for owing to lack of interest in the selling of our journal there will be no funds wherewith to purchase the necessary commodities which go to make up the parcels.

* * * *

No, dear readers, I don't think you intend that we shall suspend publication, and so deprive our gallant lads of their ever-welcome parcels. So with this number I would ask each and everyone to do their best to give us a bumper sale, and thus give all connected with the publication of our journal encouragement to go on with the good work. Let us make it worthy the name of a school journal. Send in anything you think will be of interest—reports of football and hockey matches, walks you have had, any interesting experiences—in fact, anything of general interest to our readers. Let us show the world at large that we of the Eccles Secondary School can, and will, keep a school journal going by our efforts.

* * * *

On the front page I have pleasure in presenting a photograph of the Teaching Staff, which was taken before the Summer Vacation. I am indebted to the proprietors of the "Daily Sketch" for their generosity in supplying me with the block, free of charge, also that of Corporal Shercliff. I am sure all the members of the printing fraternity are treating us in a very generous spirit, and it behoves us to show that we appreciate their kindness by endeavouring to make the sale of our journal as large as we possibly can.

* * * *

On another page will be found the commencement of our new serial, "Pothooks in the Snow." It is by a new author, and I am sure my readers will be delighted with it as the story progresses. I can assure them it is one of the best contributions to our pages for some time, and I feel certain each instalment will be awaited with anxious anticipation.

* * * *

By the time this issue is in the hands of my readers we shall be preparing for the Xmas season. No doubt this year the festivities will not be on so large a scale as hitherto. Most homes have some loved one out in France or elsewhere fighting the nation's battle, and this, together with the anxious time we are experiencing at home, makes us wish for the old-fashioned Christmas we used to spend before the war, when family parties gathered round the festive board, and happiness was depicted on the faces of all. However, let us hope that by the time Christmas comes round again we shall have reached the state I am sure all wish for—"Peace on earth and good will toward men." To my readers I wish

A Merry Xmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

THE EDITOR.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

BY "SEE JAY."

IT WAS Christmas Eve—the time when people in "good old Blighty" were preparing to enjoy the usual seasonal festivities ; when everyone exhibits that spirit of good fellowship which should be prevalent all the year round, but which alas ! is too often only conspicuous at Xmas.

Yes, on the morrow folks would be sitting down at tables laden with appetising fare of all kinds. Perhaps not so sumptuous as usual, owing to war conditions, but still plentiful in every respect. Even the poorest would have some added luxury to their usual fare. There would be smiling faces everywhere, and for the time being sorrow would be forgotten.

These thoughts passed through the mind of Alec Brown as he sat in a "dug-out" away out "Somewhere in France." He was one of the Australian contingent who had come over in the early part of the war, and after escaping injury for a long time, had at last been "bowled over" by a piece of shrapnel, and was sent over to England to receive attention in one of the many hospitals here. After spending several months in England, where he made many friends, he was at last pronounced fit for service again, and here he was on Xmas Eve listening to the booming of the big guns, and wondering whether anyone would remember him at this festive season.

He had gone to Australia several years before, and though he had not made a fortune, he had a nice little sum of money put by. His parents had died before he emigrated, and, so far as he was aware, he had no relatives living.

All the other "boys" were receiving Xmas parcels, some two or three, and it made him feel sad to think there was no one to send him even a letter to cheer him up at this season of the year.

"Ah, well !" sighed he, "I suppose it's part of the game of life," so he commenced to busy himself with his duties, hoping thereby to banish his lonely feelings.

"Brown, here's a parcel for you. It's not often anyone sends you anything, is it ?" Private Jones seemed as surprised as Brown himself.

"A parcel for me ? You must be mistaken."

"Am I ?" replied Jones. "It's addressed to you, anyhow. Open it, and let's see what's inside."

Brown did so, and was astonished at the number of good things it contained. Who could have sent it ? Ah ! there was a note at the bottom of the box. He opened it, and to his surprise read : "With the Season's Compliments, from the Scholars of the Eccles Secondary School."

He remembered now. One day, while in a hospital outside Manchester, he had gone for a walk in one of the parks, and had met with a party of school-boys, to whom he had chatted about his experiences at the Front. One of them seemed particularly interested, and had asked Brown for his number and the name of his regiment, promising to write to him when he should get back into the firing line. Brown had forgot all about the promise, but evidently the lad had not, for here was proof that he had kept his word.



A FARMER'S MAN took the village doctor a note the other day, which, with some difficulty, he spelt out :

"Please send me a bottle of fizzic."

"Hallo !" exclaimed the doctor, "F-i-z-z-i-c doesn't spell physic !"

"Don't it ?" answered the rustic, "what does it spell, then ?"

The doctor gave it up.

DEATH OF MISS EDITH WOOLLACOTT, B.A.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the death of Miss Edith Woollacott, B.A., Senior Mistress of the School, which took place on Wednesday, Nov. 29th, at 12 o'clock noon. Miss Woollacott had only been absent from her duties for a fortnight, and her sudden decease was a terrible blow to all connected with the school, by whom she was held in the highest respect. The funeral service was held on Saturday morning, Dec. 2nd, at Sacred Trinity Church, Salford.

The following letter was received from Miss Woollacott during her illness :—

" 24, Eccles Old Road,

" Pendleton,

" Nov. 23rd, 1916.

" DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,—

" I am so sorry that I shall not be able to teach you again until after the Xmas holidays. But I shall often have you in my thoughts during the time I am away, and I need hardly tell you what I want you to do during that time.

" The thing that will give me most pleasure when I do come back will be to find that you have been working well while I am away, and that your work has not suffered owing to my absence. Think what it will mean to me if I come back to find that you have really learnt some new things which you really know and understand, and can do. You can understand that it would really be a trouble to me if I thought that through my being away your work and progress were going to suffer. So do your very best, both to work and behave well.

" On the whole, you have worked very nicely for me, and I should like to be able to hear the same of you when I come back to you.

" Your affectionate Mathematics Teacher,

" EDITH WOOLLACOTT."

CORPORAL W. SHERCLIFF.



Reproduced by the "Daily Sketch."

AT LAST we have been able to procure a portrait of Corporal W. Shercliff, which no doubt our readers will be pleased to see. We promised to publish one in an early issue of "The Two-Beta Review," but were not able to do so. Corporal Shercliff is now in camp at Lowestoft, which place he thinks very much better than Bedford, where he stayed for many months.



FOOTBALL NOTES.

SINCE last month's issue of the "Review" our first team has played and won three matches—against Chorlton Grammar School (4-0), the Old Boys (3-1), and Xaverian College (5-1). Doubtless many of the Old Boys thought they had an easy victory before them when they met us on the 14th, but the result proved they were mistaken. The combination of the forwards contributed in no small measure to our success, and by quick passing from one to another they were able to repeatedly beat the heavier opposing backs.

Although, of course, the play of the second team cannot be rightly judged from their match on October 21st (when by a misunderstanding they met the same team from the Xaverian College that the first team were to play on the 28th), yet they would do well to employ more combination. However we shall have an opportunity of seeing how they shape in future matches.

 OUR SERIAL STORY.

 POTHOOKS IN THE SNOW.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.—WHAT GUY SAYS.

"IT ain't no manner o' use, gents; it never is, you know. One and another they keeps a-trying of it on; but it never does, you know. They thinks because I've got a wooden leg I've got a wooden head, too; but if my leg's soft—and no wonder, going through the snow and slush and wet for more winters than's good to think of—my head ain't; and so it ain't no manner o' use, you know."

Jack and I laugh, which is the best thing we can do under the circumstances, for we are fairly beaten.

Jack Chambers, in his new capacity of representative of the press, is anxious to gain admittance to a friend of his, the manager and leading actor of the Royal Colosseum Theatre. I, Guy Somers, his friend, have accompanied him. Jack had confidently anticipated a ready admittance to the manager's sanctum, and is not a little taken aback at the hall-keeper's refusal. The keeper of the hall, or stage entrance, is a little, meagre old man, with pinched cheeks and a hungry look about his mouth, but with eyes which look capable of a merry twinkle, if his circumstances had been more propitious. He is shabbily dressed in rusty black, which, however, is carefully darned and brushed; his hands and face are scrupulously clean, and a thin wisp of faint light hair is as carefully carried over his bald head and brushed into a neat curl at the other side. He has a wooden leg, which, as he sits upon a stool in his little den—at far too great an elevation for his comfort—hangs down, stiff and rigid, beside him. As I stand in the dingy entrance hall, partly amused at Jack's discomfiture, and partly interested in this curious old man, I cannot help thinking that, in spite of his shabby exterior, his Cockney accent, and his illiterate mode of expressing himself, he is a man who has seen better days; that he is a man out of whose life the sunshine has departed, and that it only needs a few rays of the former warmth and brightness he has known to make him a genial, hearty, merry old fellow again.

"My good fellow," says Jack, "I am a representative of the press, and want to see Mr. Devereux."

"Wery likely, sir. I don't doubt it; but you see orders is orders, and my orders is no admittance without a order."

"What a nuisance," says Jack, impatiently.

"Just so, sir. That's what a young gent said the other night and mostly what they all says. 'Can't I see Miss Ethelberta Montmorency?' says one. 'Can't I see Miss Totty this, or Topsy that; Etty this, or Blanche t'other?' says others. 'Yes,' I says, 'you can, if you go round and pay your money like gents; and wery much better you'll find 'em looking on that side the house, too.' And then they says, 'What a nuisance.'"

I am amused. Jack looks put out, and says, "It's very provoking."

"Well, I don't know, sir; it may be. Now, there was a young gent he comes round here one night to see one of our ladies, and I says, 'You can wait if you like, but you can't go behind the scenes'; and he says, 'I'll wait.' And he did. Now, he seemed right anxious to see that young lady, and was a admirer of hers no doubt, having a large bouquet in his hand (which must have cost a guinea at Covent Garden), with seeing her in front, which she looked really beautiful; for I saw her the first night myself. She made up better

than any of 'em. Well, sir, when she came out, and I says, 'Here she is,' he just gave one glance at her and nearly fainted; and if I hadn't caught hold of him he'd have tumbled down the steps into the street. And so I tells 'em all, sir—'It's better to see 'em before the footlights with the paint and gas and scenery, than with old shawls and shabby hats, and without the paint and gas and scenery.'

"But, my good fellow, we don't want to see Miss Ethelberta Montmercy, nor Miss Totty Topsy Etty Ethel Blanche—anybody of the female persuasion—we want to see Mr. Devereux, the manager," says Jack.

"Oh, I don't doubt it for a moment, sir, and you'll see him come out of those doors directly as large as life, and twice as natural," with a humorous glance of his eyes of which I had already judged them capable.

So there is nothing for it but waiting in the hall. "You will see a good deal of life here," say I, encouraging him to chatter, which amuses me.

"Well, yes, sir. You see they are all ladies and gentlemen here, whether they are in the back rows of the ballet at eighteenpence a night or leading parts at—I don't know what a week. There's gentlemen of the orchestra and ladies of the ballet—there's ladies and gentlemen of the company—there's pages and peasants—there's bodyguards and warriors—there's court ladies and crowds, and I don't know what besides, and they all come and go, in and out of that door, in hats and coats, and shawls and bonnets, just like ordinary people, and you wouldn't know 'em for the same when they're dressed and painted, and seen in the limelight, with all the scenery and effects. And very nice ladies and gentlemen I finds 'em, sir, and very good they is to me, as looks after their letters and parcels, and keeps this list of the best and handiest lodgings hung up against they wants 'em. Of course, when a gentleman's been a king or a emperor, say for two or three hours, even if he's got killed at the end of the play, he can't forget it all at once, or a lady that's been a queen, or duchess with a hundred thousand pounds—why, she can't forget it either all of a sudden, though she mayn't have three and sixpence of her own—and they are apt to be a bit 'aughty at such times, but lor bless you, they forget all about it next time they come, and ask for their letters as pleasantly as can be."

(To be continued.)



SEND IT IN.

If you have a bit of news,
 Send it in;
Or a joke that will amuse,
 Send it in.
A story that is new,
An incident that's new,
We want to hear from you!
 Send it in.

Will your story make us laugh?
 Send it in;
Send along a photograph,
 Send it in.
Never mind about your style,
If it's only worth the while,
And will make the reader smile,
 Send it in.



THINGS WE NEVER SEE.

A SHEET from the bed of a river,
A tongue from the mouth of a stream,
A toe from the foot of a mountain,
A page from a volume of steam,
A wink from the eye of a needle,
A nail from the finger of fate,
A plume from the wing of an army,
A drink from the bar of a grate,
A hair from the head of a hammer,
A bite from the teeth of a saw,
A race on the course of study,
And a joint from a limb of the law.

"EVERY LITTLE HELPS."

BY THE EDITOR.

This is an old adage, and it certainly is a true one, for in any big undertaking it is the effort put forth by each person connected therewith which helps to the realisation of the whole. In the work of conquering the brutal Hun and his allies, it is the work done by each individual "Tommy" of the British Army which is going to give us the great victory in the end.

So in connection with our journal, the effort put forth by each reader to increase the circulation will in the end result in a glorious success.

I have a scheme to propound which I hope may meet with the approval and assistance of all. It is this.

I would suggest that every scholar in the School takes a dozen copies of our journal each month, and guarantees to sell them to their friends. By this means we should be sure of a fixed circulation each month, and also be assured of a certain amount to spend on parcels for our lads at the Front. I do not necessarily mean that each should only sell a dozen copies. If you can sell two dozen, so much the better; or if you can dispose of three dozen, better still.

In connection with this effort to increase our circulation, I am going to offer prizes each month to the boys or girls who dispose of the greatest number of "Reviews." The prizes will certainly be worthy trying for, independent of the good work you will be doing in providing the means to supply parcels for those who are fighting our battles in France and other parts of the war zone.

Now, friends, put your shoulders to the wheel, and don't let it be said that our journal had to cease publication owing to lack of interest. It is printed free of charge, and costs absolutely nothing for production, so the least we can do is to keep it going, if only for the sake of "good old Tommy."



WHEN Nelson returned to England after the glorious victory of the Nile he landed at Yarmouth. He was a Norfolk man, and the populace, frantic with enthusiasm for their hero, dragged his carriage to the place where he was to be presented with the freedom of the borough.

In taking the oath, Nelson placed his left hand upon the book.

"My lord," said the Town Clerk officiously, "your right hand !"

"I left that at Teneriffe," said the Admiral quietly.



"WHAT is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Be sharp in all things," said the Knife.

"Find a thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.

And so the argument ended.