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THE MAGAZINE OF
QUEEN'S SCHOOL

RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS
VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1 FEB. 1969

QUEEN'S COURIER

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OF
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General Editor: Mr. S. A. Balding

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Ramifications

If you look at a map of the world, there are not many continents with which Queen's School has or has had no direct personal connexion, either through members of the staff or through pupils. This, of course, is partly the result of Service families being stationed and posted about the world, but also results from the presence in the school of pupils of a fairly wide variety of nationalities whose families are either connected with the Services or are resident for some reason or another in the Federal Republic. Non-British European nationalities represented in the school over the last few years include Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, Belgium and Austria. From further afield we have had representatives of Japan, China, India and Pakistan from the Far East, Israel from the Middle East, the United States and Canada (in relatively large numbers), the West Indies, Australia and New Zealand. This international leavening is of general interest and value. It also comes in useful at times in the course of the day's work, when direct reference can be made to a former inhabitant of a certain country for information on his or her native land.

Another thought, somewhat connected with the foregoing, that crosses one's mind when looking over the fourteen years in which Queen's School has been in existence is the huge number of boys and girls who have passed through the school and are now scattered widely over the globe. This number is of course far higher than in a school at home, where the great majority of pupils spend the whole of their secondary years. Time does not permit accurate research into the school records to arrive at an exact figure, but a reasonable estimate can be made, based on the proportion of leavers over a period of years in relation to the annual size of the school. The figure reached, at an inspired guess, suggests that there are some 15,000 former Queen's School pupils at large about the world!

Almost every day, the post brings news of former pupils, and members of staff, some writing for the sake of keeping in touch, some seeking references, some asking for advice, and so forth. May I appeal to former members of the school to continue to let me know how they are, where they are, what they are doing, where they are going, so that some track may be kept of this vast network of connections which has the school at its centre? To represent our current findings on a map of the world might make an interesting project for our geographers. Are there any volunteers?

W. B. P. A.

Staff notes

Miss June Herbert joined the staff of Queen's School, coming to us from Windsor Girls School, Hamm, in September 1963. She at once made her mark as Senior Mistress, gaining the respect and affection of colleagues and pupils alike. Her full participation in the life of the school was always of the highest quality — she set herself high standards and expected and obtained them from others. In a very wide variety of ways, she exerted her influence with tact, firmness and charm, gaining many friends for herself not only in the school but in the garrison. The senior girls, in particular, who came under her care, will always be grateful to her for the example she set, the good advice she gave and the friendly way in which she coped with their problems.

She left in July 1968 to become Senior Mistress, and eventually Deputy Head, of Loughborough College School. Our sincere thanks go to her for all she did at Queen's; she has our warmest good wishes for the future.

There were several other departures from the staff at the end of the Summer Term. Miss Susan Philpott and Miss Helen Lind, both of whom had been at the school for six years, left for posts in the United Kingdom. Both had played a notable part and contributed greatly to the life of the school in many directions. Our thanks and very good wishes for the future go to them, as they do also to Miss Taylor-Smith, Miss Cockburn, Messrs Ward, Dalton and Lawson, Miss Jolly — School Secretary for two years — and Mlle Arnaud, who for a year was our French assistante.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term, we welcomed Miss York as Head of the Art Department, Miss Hodgson (Biology), Miss Viney (Science), Miss Ball (Commerce), Mrs Plant (P. E.), Mr Lewis (P. E.) Mr Hughes (Technical Studies) and Mlle Blanc (French). We hope they are by now happily settled with us.

Speech days

Upper School Speech Day

Formal Speech Days are somewhat out of fashion these days for various reasons. However, anybody who attended Upper School Speech Day on July 3rd must surely have agreed that, formal as it undoubtedly was, this was a happy and inspiring occasion. The main thanks for this must go to our Guests of Honour, Air Chief Marshal Sir Augustus and Lady Walker, whose enthusiastic interest, humour and charm made the day highly enjoyable.

Our principal guests arrived soon after mid-day, to join several other official guests — members of the Services Board of Education, the Garrison Commander, the Officer Commanding RAF Rheindahlen and others — for a pre-view in the Upper School Hall of the exhibitions of work, art, craft and matters of general information concerning the school. Lunch was taken in the Lower School Hall, after which our guests moved to the Garrison Theatre, for the main ceremony of the day. The Chief Education Officer, BAOR, Brigadier H. H. Evans, B. A., acting as Chairman, welcomed and introduced the principal guests to the assembled company of parents, staff and Upper School pupils, which filled the theatre to capacity. It was Brigadier Evans' last official occasion at Queen's School before returning to the United Kingdom and the Headmaster took this opportunity of thanking him warmly for his constant interest in the school.

As in previous years, the Headmaster's detailed report on the school year had been printed, to allow parents to study it at leisure. In commenting on his report, the Headmaster drew attention to the examination successes of the year under review, which included three university places and fifteen admissions to Colleges of Education. He then referred briefly to the successes achieved in inter-school matches in various sports, adding his congratulations to the girls' Tennis VI on winning the inter-schools tournament for the fourth successive year, and the 1st Soccer XI on their unbeaten school record. Clubs and Societies, on the other hand, had not flourished as fully as they should have done and a re-organisation of Thursday afternoons was envisaged, to give them greater scope.

Concluding his report, the Headmaster paid tribute to the work of his colleagues on the staff and to the service rendered by the School Prefects. It was, in one particular respect, a sad occasion to-day, as official farewells were to be made to eight members of the staff, who were returning to posts in England and Scotland. In particular, the school would sadly miss the loyal and excellent service of Miss J. R. Herbert, the Senior Mistress, who was about to take up the appointment of Senior Mistress and Deputy-Head designate of Loughborough College School. He wished her and his other colleagues who were leaving every success in the future.

When Lady Walker had presented the prizes and cups with much graciousness, the Chairman called on the Air Chief Marshal to address the school. The gist of his message to the school can be summed up in one word: sincerity. Speaking in his typically modest, easy and friendly way, he impressed the audience with his own sincerity and high standards. His advice was thus matched by his own example.

The Senior Mistress, in a delightfully witty short speech, proposed the vote of thanks to our guests of honour, which was seconded by the

Head Boy, Peter Jones, who thanked the Air Chief Marshal for his request for a half-holiday in honour of the occasion.

The ceremonies in the theatre having been concluded, our guests and parents returned to the Upper School for an excellent tea, provided by the Domestic Science department and the school kitchens, after which parents and visitors had the opportunity of visiting the various display, inspecting the new Library and seeing the Language laboratory in action. It was a happy occasion and one to be proud of.

Lower School Speech Day

Lower School Speech Day was held on the 22nd October 1968, in the Garrison Theatre. We were pleased to welcome as our Guests of Honour Mr J. M. Parkin M. A., Command Secretary, B.A.O.R., and Mrs Parkin.

In the morning our guests visited Lower School to see the exhibition of work and showed a very real interest in the work on display.

At 2.30 p.m., the Lower School, together with staff, parents and guests, assembled in the Theatre. The Chairman for the occasion was Colonel Porteous V. C., an old friend and frequent visitor to the school. After his introduction, the Headmaster and Master-in-Charge delivered their reports and Mrs. Parkin presented the prize books and trophies.

After the distribution of prizes the Guest of Honour spoke to the pupils and stressed the importance of co-operation. His address was much appreciated and enjoyed by all.

A Third Year Pupil, Janet Aris, thanked the Guests of Honour.

The ceremony over, our guests with staff, parents and pupils, returned to Lower School for tea and to visit the exhibitions.

A long day was made worthwhile by the interest shown and the praises proffered.

Lower school notes

In September 1967, we welcomed to Lower School Staff Miss McAlinden, Miss Merritt and Miss Walker. Miss Walker's stay proved to be a short one, for at Christmas we were most sorry to learn that she had been posted to Prince Rupert School for the Spring and Summer Terms, and in respect of this, our French Assistante, Mlle. Arnaud, must be highly commended for the efficient manner with which she fulfilled additional commitments.

The Lunchtime League continued to be a vital feature of Lower School life. In a final 5 a-side knockout, the players in the winning

team, "Leeds United", were all presented with a large coloured print of England's Bobby Charlton. The girls also had innumerable opportunities to take part in netball, hockey and tennis during the lunch time, and mixed games of table tennis gave ample time for all who wished to participate.

On alternate Thursdays, Lower School pupils were able to choose a Club from 17 different activities, including some never tried before: tape recording, recipe club and film acting. On the other Thursdays, House games continued with keenness and enthusiasm. We had a wonderfully warm day on which to see our Cross Country run, and Colonel Porteous presented the trophies.

Once again, a party from Lower School joined in the Rheindahlen Village Carnival festivities, representing the British in this four-nationalities event. And at the end of the term, with examinations safely behind, Miss Greig and Miss McAlinden took a party of 43 very interested visitors to Eindhoven.

The tragic and untimely death of one of our pupils — Elizabeth Gray — in April during a camping weekend, turned what should have been a pleasant holiday into a terrible catastrophe for a whole family. Elizabeth's death cast a silence over the school for several days. Always a quiet, conscientious and unassuming pupil, she was greatly missed.

In July we were sorry to lose some of our staff: Miss Cockburn and Miss Taylor-Smith who returned to posts in U.K., Mr. Baker and Miss Prest, who joined Upper School staff but whom we still occasionally see at Lower School, and Mrs. Dalton, Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Mawson who had all joined the staff for a short time only. Herr Mahnke, a tower of strength at Lower School, received this year his certificate for 12 years' service with the British, and Lower School pupils were spectators to the scene when Mr. Arthurson presented him with this award.

School visits and journeys

Visit to St. Paul's, London — November, 1968.

During the last three months of 1968, St. Paul's was attempting an ambitious project in which it aimed to show what young people — in Schools, Colleges, Forces, Clubs and the like — are doing by way of Service and Adventure; and to show their activity in a setting of Worship. The Patron of the project was H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

We felt that Queen's School had something to offer. Over the past few years a good many thoughtful and helpful things have been done

by our young people. Moreover, boys from the Sixth Forms down to the Fourth have done self-contained journeys such as — we feel — few schools can match. The journeys were frequently linked with Biblical study, always with Christian activity and all the Middle East trips began in ancient pilgrim manner from the Joint Headquarters Church of St. Boniface.

When the Dean of St. Paul's was approached, it was readily agreed that if indeed we could get our 'stand' to London, it would be very acceptable.

We entitled our Exhibition "Journeys with a Purpose". It referred to: a Journey to Warsaw at the invitation of the British Ambassador, when an altar and altar linen, made at Queen's School, was presented to the British Embassy Church. The boys who had helped, together with the Woodwork Master and the Chaplain, were the guests of His Excellency and were entertained also by the American and Canadian members of the Church; to journeys to Naples in 1962 and 1963 when Queen's School Parties ran Camps for Fr. Borelli's Neopolitan 'Scugnizzi' boys. We drove a bus purchased for the purpose, and stacked with gifts of clothing and the like, cash had been raised by a garden fête, appeals and dances; to a holiday in Germany for another party of Fr. Borrelli's boys when they were splendidly entertained by Army and Air Force Units, locally and by the German Forces.

There were three Middle East Journeys which were shown: to the Holy Land, Petra and Aqaba in 1964; to Jerusalem, Babylon, Ur and the Persian Gulf in 1965; and to Persepolis and Shiraz in Persia in 1966. We also took in the 'Seven Churches of Asia' and made something of a study of St. Paul's Journeys.

We also illustrated a Journey nearer home, but most impressive in its results — the Shelter Walk organised by Mr. Simpson, the History Master, which raised £ 1,120.

The Exhibition was planned to be simple, direct and of a high standard of detail. A map, 17 ft. x 8 ft., showed all the journeys from Joint HQ., Rheindahlen, which went through, or to, some fourteen countries, including Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, as well as Turkey, Syria, Jordan, Iraq and Persia.

A scale replica of the Warsaw altar was set at the centre of the stand.

A centre screen showed a continuous display of coloured slides of our activities and this display was linked to a taped commentary.

There was a display of well-executed models of such things of interest as the arch of Ctesiphon, the spiral minaret of Samarra and a working Persian water wheel. There was also a scaled replica of our trailer-cum-tents, perfect to the smallest detail, presented to us by the School Metalwork Department.

A photographic exhibition was mounted on to large "wings".

The whole stand was carefully planned by Mr. J. Stallwood to make it transportable. Tribute must be paid to many members of Staff who have given of their time and skill and guided the children's efforts to make a display worthy of such a journey. The Art, Metalwork and Woodwork Departments have been most generous. The Needlework Department reproduced miniatures of the altar linen which they made for the Embassy Church, Warsaw; and they also manufactured scaled replicas of our tents. The first-class photographic display was the work of Mr. P. Matthews.

Thus it was, that with every detail completed and with all our kit stowed in boxes specially constructed by well-wishing boys of the Technical Forms, three masters and fifteen boys set off at the start of half term for London. For a week at the beginning of November, we took turns in manning the Exhibition and in explaining it to visitors. When we were not on duty, there was a busy programme of visits; and some detail of these activities is given below, by the boys themselves.

C. H. S

Further aspects of the trip:

THE OUTWARD JOURNEY

The land-rover party started from Queen's Upper School car park at 4.15 p.m. on Friday, 1st November. The seating arrangement was uncomfortable as four boys had to squeeze into the back along with a load of equipment and overnight bags. Two boys sat in the front with the Padre who was driving. The land-rover made good progress up to the Dutch border, when heavy rain began. The Belgian border was reached without incident and the weather got worse. To add to our difficulties the roads were badly surfaced and the ride was very bumpy.

Half an hour later the first mishap occurred. We had a puncture. We pulled in and John Read and the Padre set about changing the wheel; the rest of us sheltered under the eaves of the garage roof. Our two mechanics were both wet through as the passing lorries had splashed them and it was still pouring. John was so wet that he decided to take his trousers off and sit in all his glory under a blanket for the next hour! It was now pitch dark and we did not find a garage to change the burst tube until after we had passed Brussels. The people here were very helpful. Mr. Stallwood and his party, who had started at the same time, stopped to give us some moral support. By now it had stopped raining and there was thunder and lightning in the direction of the coast.

The spare wheel was at last fixed on to the bonnet of the land-rover and we were ready to set off once again. Five yards further on the engine spluttered and died. We had run out of petrol! Fortunately there were spare jerry-cans full in the trailer and we topped the tank up with these. Eventually we got on the move again, well behind schedule, with Mr. Stallwood tagging along behind us in case we needed any help.

We reached Dunkirk at 12.45 a.m. without further misadventure. We met Mr. Matthews and his party at the docks. They had apparently had an uneventful journey. After stretching our legs we all clambered into our respective vehicles and went in search of our ship. Eventually we found it and immediately wished we hadn't. It was so small and scruffy that we couldn't believe our eyes! Having got over the initial shock we steeled ourselves and warily drove on to the top deck by means of a wooden ramp, and were directed, by the Purser, downstairs to our 'couchettes'. As we went I noticed a small plaque hanging on the wall stating that this ship had been a troop carrier and mine-layer in 1939! Rather ominous we thought! Eventually we reached our destination. The 'couchettes' consisted of a few rows of very hard seats in a small, low-ceilinged room well below water level. We drank some coffee and had a few pills and felt fortified enough to try and get some sleep. This was an impossibility as there was a lot of banging and shouting on the deck above us and then the engines were started up and things were worse.

Eventually we left the safety of Dunkirk harbour and began bumping our way across the Channel. It was not an enjoyable crossing and every so often there was a terrific bang as the bows lifted from the water and crashed back again. We arrived at Dover at 6 a.m. Half an hour later, after much fussing, we docked; but for some obscure reason we did not leave the boat until 7.30. We all got through the Customs easily enough and we began the last leg of our journey to London which was an easy run. When we were about two miles from our destination Mr. Matthews was unlucky enough to tap a blue Corsair parked on a double yellow line! The slight bump only bent the chrome surround to the rear light and didn't even break the glass, but the furious owner was there like a shot.

PEOPLE AND PLACES IN LONDON

During our stay in London we made use of all the spare time we had, by visiting famous people and places of interest.

The first of these outings was to the Cutty Sark on Sunday November 3rd, by kind invitation of the Master. We arrived at 2.30 p.m., half an hour too early. So we visited Gipsy Moth, Sir Francis Chichester's

yacht in which he sailed to Sydney via the Cape of Good Hope. Here the small souvenir shop on the corner did a roaring trade in linen tea towels. Aboard the Cutty Sark, on the main deck, were the crew's quarters. They were most revealing about the way these people lived. Below we saw many delicately carved figureheads, of great sailing ships of Cutty Sark's era. We found when we disembarked that we had time to visit the Greenwich Maritime Museum, where we examined the gorgeous pictures of sea battles and the delicate models of ancient ships.

The following day we were at the Houses of Parliament by 10.00 a.m. by St. Stephen's gate to meet Mr. Mallalieu, Member of Parliament for Brigg, who was to be our host and guide. First he explained some of Parliament's history. He told us that the New Palace of Westminster, together with Westminster Hall, was erected in 1840-50, from the designs of Sir Charles Barry. The building is in the richest late-Gothic style and covers an area of eight acres. It contains 13 courts, 100 staircases and 500 apartments and cost over £2,500,00. We entered through the Visitors' Entrance, through Victoria Tower to the King's Robing Room and into the Royal Gallery. Then through Prince's Chamber and into the House of Lords; next the Peers' Lobby, the Peers' Corridor, Central Hall, Commons Lobby and then the House of Commons, where the benches face each other. Unfortunately we were not allowed to sit in Mr. Wilson's seat. Then we went to Westminster Hall which is part of the ancient Palace which was completed for the second time after a fire in 1398. It is one of the largest halls in the world with a fantastic wooden ceiling unsupported by columns; a masterpiece of Architecture. Here we said goodbye to our host who had been most instructive.

During the same day we paid a short visit to Westminster Abbey, where several vergers in turn showed us different areas of the great Church. The Abbey has been the coronation church of England since the coronation of Harold in 1066. The harmony of the proportions and the beauty of the Purbeck marble columns make a striking impression. The effect is marred, however, by the bad taste displayed in many of the monuments.

On Tuesday November 5th, in the morning, we went to the Science Museum. The original plan was to visit the G.P.O. Tower, but we had already discovered that it took two hours to get up and one hour to get down. The Science Museum was very interesting. Several of the party managed to pull the alarm cord on a Tube train without paying the £25 fine. There were many working models which held our attention. I think the most attended area was the aeronautical section. Some even ventured into the Nuclear and Mathematical sections. A small group visited the Natural History Museum next door, instead.

The next day at 10.30 a.m. we visited Lambeth Palace, an interesting old building of various periods of architecture, which has been the London residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury since 1197. Adjoining the palace gateway and opposite Lambeth Bridge is St. Mary the Virgin's, the mother church of the parish. This Building retains its 14th Century tower. We ventured into the Great Hall, which is mainly full of very ancient books, but has a similar roof to Westminster Hall, but on a smaller scale.

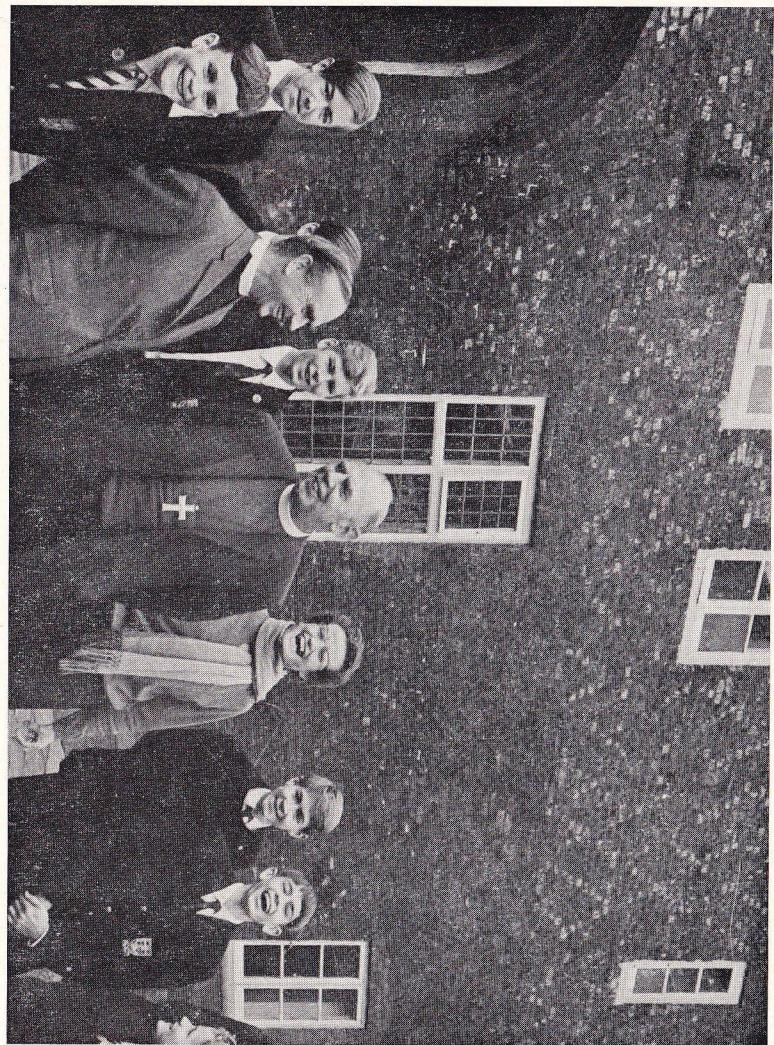
In the afternoon a small group of the less tired members of the party visited the Planetarium, where we had a marvellous journey to far off galaxies much bigger than our own solar system.

On Thursday, in the afternoon, Padre took the boys who were not on duty to the British Museum. I was on duty, but from what I have heard it was mainly for the boys who wish to go on the Padre's 1969 journey down the Nile.

The following afternoon, we went to meet the Bishop of London at Fulham Palace, the residence of the Bishops of London, to whom the manor of Fulham has belonged since 691 A.D. The oldest part is the picturesque West quadrangle, built by Fritz James (1506-32), with the Great Hall where Bonner used to examine heretics, the Muniment Room and the Armour Room. The rest of the building dates from 18-19th Centuries. There are also 28 acres of beautiful grounds. The Bishop himself showed us round most of his palace. He was a charming man. His wife helped to remember dates for him. As we said goodbye, he showed me the way to East Putney Tube station.

On Saturday November 9th at 10.30 a.m. we visited the Tower of London. The Tower, on the bank of the Thames at the angel of the city walls but not included within the City boundary, once a citadel, a royal palace, a state prison and a mint, and still an armoury and a treasury, with a military garrison, is historically the most interesting spot in England. It comprises an irregular mass of buildings, of various periods, surrounded by a double line of wall, strengthened with towers, and a deep moat. In the centre rises conspicuously the square Norman Keep or White Tower. The pentagonal ground plan covers 12 acres within the walls. Firstly we crossed the moat, drained in 1843, which is now a drill ground. We passed beneath, and saw the Byward Tower. The portcullises of the Byward and Bloody Towers are the only ones left in England in working order. We passed Traitors Gate, a double gateway on the Thames, with an arch of 60 feet span, through which State prisoners arriving by water were admitted. Above is St. Thomas's Tower dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. In the Tower the Crown Jewels are kept. We heard several ingenious methods of stealing them, from one or two members of the party. We saw many old guns, cannons and suits of armour in the very interesting armoury. A Warden, father

The Bishop of London and his wife enjoying a joke with the School Chaplain and members of the St. Paul's party



of an old boy of Queen's, who had given up his 'Morning-off', was our guide.

In the afternoon several of us visited the Imperial War Museum. They had an intact Spitfire, Hurricane, Lancaster, 'doodlebug', with several tanks, and a German miniature submarine. It was a pleasant afternoon out.

On Sunday, most of us attended the Morning Service at the Tower chapel at which we were publicly welcomed. Here we met the Governor of the Tower, and Field Marshal Viscount Templar. We met a marvellous old lady whose life-work is to assist students from the developing Commonwealth Countries. She was driving a powerful Jaguar.

At 9.30 p.m. began our last visit in London. It was to the Ceremony of the Keys, in which under armed guard the keys are taken round the Tower to lock the gates at night. This ceremony has been going on for seven hundred and fifty years. At the end was the Last Post.

So you see when you're with the Padre you never have any spare time.

N. Hawkes

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

The centre of our operations was obviously St. Paul's, and it was here that we all assembled. Well known as it is, it was still difficult to find until we became more sure of the way there.

On Saturday afternoon, the Dean of St. Paul's kindly unlocked the back door into the Crypt to allow us to unload.

The Crypt, where the exhibition "St. Paul's Today" is being held, is essentially the basement of the Cathedral, and in this case is a vast place. There were exhibitions along either side of a central aisle, ours being about half way along. The displays had been entered by many different organizations: R.E.M.E., Y.M.C.A., Y.H.A., OXFAM, and various colleges in London, to mention just a few. Away from this central part was a small refreshment room where one could go and have a snack. We brought our own lunches, and those who ate them did so there, together with a strong cup of tea to wash away the taste.

On Sunday morning we started to assemble the stand. The members of staff, Mr. Stallwood, Mr. Matthews and Padre Sellars, together with our two youngest boys, Salt and Brown, did most of the work, while the rest of us tried to help, usually managing to get in each other's way. The first task was to get the base of the stand together. This achieved, the plywood could be laid down. The next thing was to put the side panels in position. To do this, we needed help from the other side; so we put our two smallest boys behind, one each side, to help. At



A Beefeater flanked by Clifford Paskell, an Old Boy of Queen's, and Nigel Lea of 4 B.FW

lunch-time we let them. It now becomes obvious why we chose small boys, because they had to wriggle through an eight-inch gap.

Our tape-recorder was connected to a slide projector, which automatically changed at a signal from the tape. Naturally, this went wrong, and we spent all afternoon trying to fix it. We did not succeed, so the projector had to be worked by hand for the rest of the week. What little work was left was done on Monday morning.

The Crypt was open from Monday to Friday for the public to come in and have a look. To answer any questions that they might have, two boys and a master had to be there the whole time it was open. This was a boring job, but it had to be done, as it was the main reason for coming to London.

The first show in St. Paul's while we were there was a "Carribean Evening". It was, in effect, a Jamaican variety show, consisting of examples of their singing and dancing.

The next show we all went to see was the 'Son et Lumière'. This was a short (hour and a half) account of the history of St. Paul's, from the building of the original Cathedral up to the present day. If you are interested in that sort of thing, all well and good, but otherwise . . .

The last show we could have gone to was the "Organizations' Night". As it was, only two boys and Padre Sellars went, and they said they thoroughly enjoyed it.

By this time it was Saturday, time to dismantle the stand. In the morning the majority of us went to the Transport Museum. The four boys left worked throughout the day, and by five o'clock they had almost finished. The next day, Sunday, the trailer was taken to the Cathedral and work was recommenced by two masters, together with two boys. In the afternoon the trailer was packed and by evening we were away from St. Paul's.

D. Lewis, 5A

THE RETURN TRIP

Following our ten days in London we set out to return to Germany. The party as on the outward trip travelled in three vehicles — Triumph 2000 (Mr. Matthews), Peugeot 404 (Mr. Stallwood) and the Land Rover (Padre). Mrs. Sellars flew to London ahead of the main party but returned with us in the Land Rover. There was a general swap round of places to allow the Land Rover passengers on the outward trip to make the return journey by car.

Leaving the hostel we clambered into the Land Rover — I went to London by car — and after a series of non-starts we found that the Padre — a cautious man — had removed the rotor arm, as he did every night, and eventually found it, still in his pocket.

Off we set for Canterbury, or so we hoped, but our navigation let us down and as we needed petrol the Padre drove into a convenient garage for directions. With eight navigators we managed to find our way out of London and were soon bowling along the M.2. to Canterbury, where we arrived about 12.30 p.m. to find the other cars awaiting us. The party split up, some to visit the Cathedral and others to find lunch.

At about 1.20 p.m. the party left Canterbury by different routes and the eight navigators proved their worth by getting the Land Rover to Dover first, quickly followed by the Peugeot and Triumph.

After refuelling and a wait, as the ship was late arriving, we drove on board and then had some fun with tickets which could not be found. The ship S.S. Chantilly is a new French cross-channel car ferry and must be one of the most modern ferries operating across the Channel. We found four T.V. sets, two in each of the lounges, and escalators to carry passengers to and from the car deck.

We eventually left Dover some 45 minutes late and had a short and calm crossing, quite different from the long, rough outward journey. The powerful engines made the ship vibrate. We arrived in Calais as darkness was falling and quickly disembarked and then all met to share out rations thoughtfully provided by Padre and Mrs. Sellars.

A few minutes later we were all on our way once again, heading for Dunkirk, Ostend and the motorway to Brussels. The French roads are disgusting — even worse than those in Belgium — so the Padre had to drive in the middle of the road for quite some time, to avoid the deep ruts and holes used by the French for road building. Dunkirk and Ostend were reached without mishap and off we went along the motorway. The Land Rover has a tremendous thirst and half way to Brussels we pulled in for more petrol. At the same time we tucked into our rations. On to Brussels where with most of the navigators asleep we lost our way, but were rescued by Mrs. Sellars who led us on to the Louvain road without further trouble.

Mr. Stallwood and his party were ahead of us and just before Louvain Mr. Matthews's Triumph roared passed us hooting to give us encouragement.

Driving on the Louvain ring road, the sleeping navigators were roused by a loud bang, following which the dashboard lights went out. The Padre soon had the front lights working again, at the expense of the rear lights of the Land Rover and trailer and no amount of persuasion on his part brought them on again. About this time we ran into dense fog and had to complete the journey without rear lights. The fog grew worse and the Padre had one of us watching the white lines in the centre of the road whilst another made sure we didn't end up in the ditch.

We successfully passed the border control points without mishap, and entering Germany neared the end of our journey. Here the fog was so thick that we crawled along but still missed the turning at Waldniel and eventually found the other road to J.H.Q. Local knowledge by one of the boys was very useful in this emergency.

We were by now 90 minutes late, and rather cold after this long and very tiring journey. Don't forget the Padre had been driving all this time, and we were all very thankful to arrive at Plymouth Way where the Padre neatly parked us on the grass outside his house.

Home at last!

Our parents and some of the earlier arrivals were waiting anxiously to greet us, and Mrs. Stallwood who had been supplying tea to parents since just after 11 o'clock made yet another brew to warm us up.

The Land Rover and trailer were quickly unpacked and we soon departed to our homes. Padre and Mrs. Sellars provided a temporary home for two of the party who lived a long way away.

So ended our journey home, thanks to the patience, understanding and driving skill of the Padre, not forgetting the encouragement given to a very tired party by Mrs. Sellars.

N. R. J. Lea

THE UPPER WITH VISIT TO A COURT MARTIAL

The news that we had been invited to "witness" (perhaps the wrong word) a Court Martial at the Roy Barracks, Düsseldorf, was greeted with mixed feelings — some showed a keen interest, others amused complaisance and the remaining anarchists a guarded distrust. However, no one declined the invitation and when it was made known that only a limited party of 15 could go, many resorted to underhand tactics to ensure a place in the party (e.g. suddenly claiming allegiance to the Bar and not the L.S.E.). The sense of competition increased interest and, although slightly discouraged by the inevitable impunctuality of the transport, this curiosity grew as we approached our mysterious destination. On the journey light amusement was unwittingly provided by Allan and Gillian in one of their frequent verbal battles; however, all light-heartedness was soon dispelled by the austere atmosphere of the Court House.

Complete with echoing corridors, it did "justice" to the R.S.M.'s barking voice and spotless hobnail boots; the School Party were all tip-toes and apprehensive expressions, only risking critical whispers when not under the eagle eye of one of the officials; but this last vestige of weak bravado crumbled with the loud invitation to "ALL MEMBERS OF THE PRESS AND PUBLIC" — (I've never heard an invi-

tation sound more like an order!). Without further delay and scrambling as quietly as possible, lest we should offend the hosts, we quickly filled the Court Room.

Arranged behind a high table were the Judge and 3 Presiding Officers absorbed in masses of paper work and apparently indifferent to our arrival. The Judge, resplendent in judicial pomp: — wig, fly-away collar etc., epitomised everyone's expectations; peering kindly over tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, balanced precariously on the bridge of his nose, he appeared nothing more than a benevolent grandfather, completely out of contrast with the red sashes and swinging swords which surrounded him. He was enough to disarm the most hardened criminal and our group were put completely at their ease by his demeanour.

The accused was then 'marched in' to the unnerving "HUP-TWO-THREE-FOUR" of the R.S.M. He was to answer charges of 'drunken driving and driving without due care and attention' — he had already pleaded guilty to the first but his plea of 'not guilty' to the latter had given rise to the proceedings we were about to see and a case which was to be more interesting than expected. After arduous examining by the Prosecution and cross-examinations by a very competent Defence it was established that a German Civilian had been 'knocked off' his cycle near Krefeld and alleged that the accused had done this with "tremendous force" whilst driving a Brigadier's private car. A witness for the prosecution substantiated the victim's evidence, but failed to agree upon the force of impact; he claimed it was 'moderate'. However, they both agreed there were scratches on the car and this was substantiated by Military Police and the Polizei, only to be refuted by the Brigadier. This very much respected witness claimed that his car had been in no way damaged and so established a second and far more significant contradiction of the Prosecution's evidence. At this crucial point came well-earned adjournment, but unfortunately we were obliged to forgo the resumption of proceedings and start our return journey to School and it was not until the next morning that we learned of the result: the accused had been found not guilty of the second charge though he received a severe fine on the first and I think the verdict found an echo in each one of us. The whole party are indebted to the Headmaster for a very enlightening visit

M. Keating, Upper Sixth

A Visit to the Rheydt Mädchen-Gymnasium

From the coach window, I could see a large, sombre edifice, which looked nothing like a school; apart from a relic, carved in the wall, of three enormous mädchen. Like a sheep, I mechanically followed the

rest of the lower sixth form, through glass doors into the Rheydt Mädchen-Gymnasium and prepared myself for the boring sight of numerous identical classrooms and numerous, identical pupils.

I had no need to! In spite of the misleading exterior, Rheydt Gymnasium is modern and spacious, with light, airy classrooms and a "Picasso-type" mural covering about twenty square feet of the entrance-hall wall. Here, Queen's School lower sixth congregated for about ten minutes; in which time, countless, mostly German, girls and boys came tripping noisily past, staring at us as though we were biological specimens.

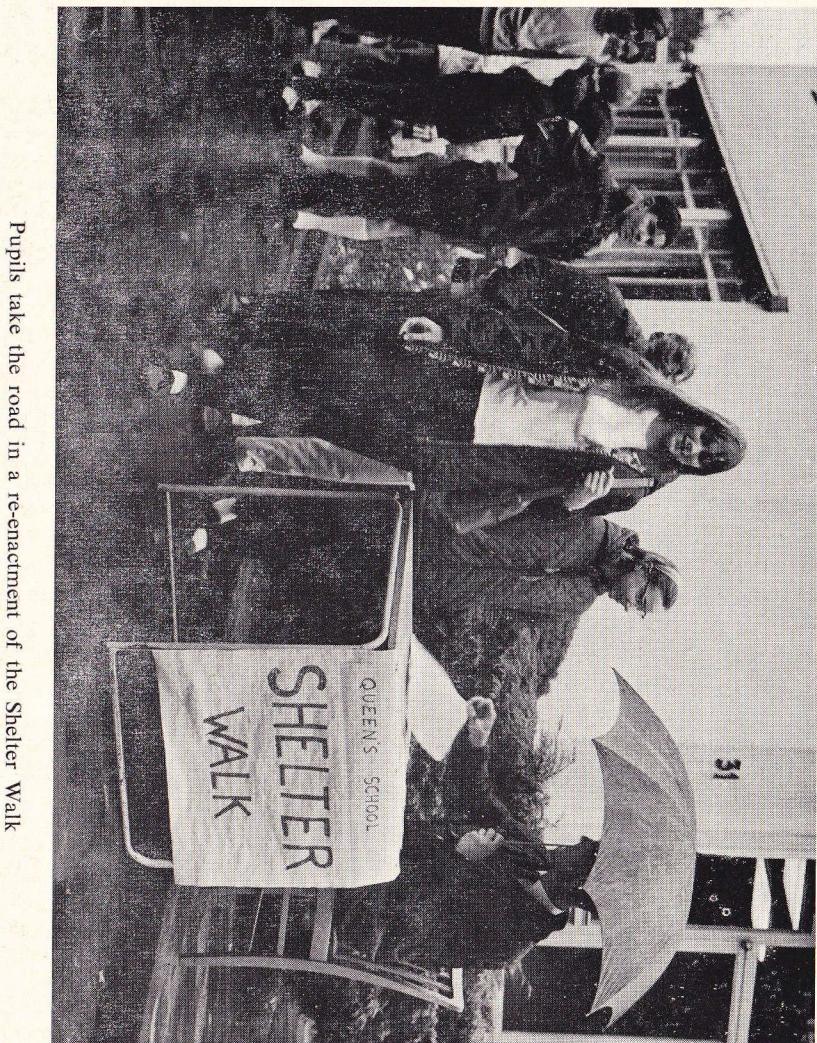
This is hardly surprising, since in German Schools, no pupil has to wear uniform, which made it difficult to separate the sheep from the goats, or rather the pupils from the teachers. However, we were led to a music room, where an attractive young teacher informed us, in English and German, of the plan for our day. While the boys played football, the girls had a choice of watching or going to a nearby bowling alley. I plucked up courage, found someone who had never been bowling too and followed the procession of German boys walking to the 'tenpin bowling alley'. Up till now, no pupil had really begun to 'intermingle' as the teachers had fervently begged us, but we were forced to split up at the alley and I found myself being taught to bowl by two very shy German boys. I felt very inferior when trotting out my few German words since the reply was usually in fluent English, but nevertheless I thoroughly enjoyed losing the game, to both my hosts.

Dinner consisted of sinister-looking soup, which turned out to be chicken with fronds of egg, and some open veal sandwiches. Conversation was hardly scintillating over the dinner-table, since we were seated a German pupil next to an English one. In fact the only thing that bubbled was the coca-cola. However, everyone grew more lively when the young German mistress began to organise some modern dancing and couples of mixed nationality struggled at the Letkiss and the Cha-Cha. Refusing to be my usual, wall-flower self, I joined in, by grabbing the first available male. The unfortunate turned out to be English and did not look too happy about being pressganged into dancing, but anyway, I felt it was better than just looking on wistfully.

At three o'clock Mr. Roll began to organise the return journey and completed the arduous task of separating the masculine contingent of the lower sixth from the German girls. I bid adieu to the German girl with whom I had been talking and re-entered the coach.

Thus in spite of the language difficulty I feel that "a good time was had by all" and I was able to fill in the somewhat hazy idea I had had of what German Gymnasiums are like.

G. Canning, Upper Sixth



Pupils take the road in a re-enactment of the Shelter Walk

The Shelter Walk

THE 4TH MAY 1968

The beginning was small enough. A former Head Girl of the school happened to read "Kathy Come Home" and was shocked by it — and rightly so. Thousands of homeless families in prosperous Britain; family life destroyed by ill health, bitterness and despair; children growing up deprived from birth of their right to health and happiness. The picture was — and still is — a grim one. But mere indignation quickly turned to something more constructive — why can't we do something about it? Other Sixth Formers agreed, and the planning began.

Memories of the great day itself are kaleidoscopic. The length of the queue as the walkers waited to check out from school. The energy and cheerfulness of the Third Formers, intent on shaming their elders. A straggling line plodding across a German heath, like a distant caterpillar. The boy who carried food enough for a week's siege. The girl, so obviously no athlete, whose courage and determination enabled her to cover more miles than she had dared hope. The padre, gleefully pointing his victims into the densest thicket in North Rhine Westphalia. Surprised parents, happily revising their impressions of "modern youth". The smell of fresh Elastoplast at the checkpoints. The geniality of the marshal who found himself posted for the afternoon at the Molzmühle. The small group of star-crossed lovers, ambling slowly homeward through the gathering darkness. The sense of deep satisfaction and achievement as the walkers finished the course. The immense fund of interest and goodwill which the walk generated.

And then, after the aching limbs and blistered feet, the spadework of gathering in the promised cash. The figures are impressive: a total of £ 1106, brought in by 166 walkers who between them covered 3744 miles. The money, of course, was important, but it would be wrong to measure the worth of our Shelter Walk by that alone. Perhaps its real value was guessed at by the schoolboy who was heard to remark a week later, "I wish I had gone on that walk".

I wonder how many will walk next time?

D. S.

THE LONG WALK

Saturday the fourth of May dawned. A watery sun peeped out from behind a dirty great cloud and gave us a sickly smile of welcome. I tottered round to Jayne's house, dragged her out of bed, stuffed a spare pair of socks in my pocket and we went to school. Here we had to wait for nearly half an hour for Pat, Pebbles, Gillian and Beverly. Our

good spirits were becoming dampened; what had we let ourselves in for! They arrived and we set off. After deciding to walk a few inches apart from each other so as not to tread upon each other's heels, we arrived at the first 'forest', where happened dilemma number one. Bev's shoe-lace broke. Of course, her taking size 'tens', nobody could offer a spare pair, — of shoes that is.

We cursed. Still it was an excuse for a sit-down and one of Gill's almond butterscotch sweets; of which we are all extremely fond. We tied the lace, after some quick-thinking from the brains of the party, and off came the top layer of our clothing. It was hot. I studied my route sheet. 'Look for a path by a rickety seat', were the explicit directions, 'and follow'. We didn't, but followed some members of Upper Sixth ahead, hoping they had well-developed senses of direction. They had.

Checkpoint one, and Miss Phillipot and Miss Herbert loomed in the distance. As we approached, Miss Herbert held up her camera. We all delighted in giving toothy grins, all that is except Jayne, who was pointing to the horizon with her mouth gaping wide. Think she saw something.

Another couple of miles to Hariksee where a change of socks and sprinkling of baby powder revived our feet. We passed the café where we were hailed by some fellow walkers.

We seemed to walk round and round those lakes for hours. I must say they were pretty!

We patted a horse who devoured half a dozen apples and a few fingers in one gulp.

We were bewitched with spurts of energy, and charged along the main road to Mühlrather Mühle at a terrific pace. It just about killed me; talk about 'exhilarating'. My throat felt like I'd swallowed all the air in Germany, but Miss Lind helped somewhat by doling out cups of squash at Checkpoint two, after Miss Mathews had shown us across the road in true lollipop-lady style!

We'd actually done eight miles, and it was only one o'clock. We heard the news crackling away on Pebbles' transistor.

Occasionally we passed groups of kids from school; some were quibbling over how much they'd earned, others were tucking into their legs of chicken wrapped in silver-foil; most were happy.

'Into and through the village of Dam' read my route-sheet. Left, right, right again; boy was it hot! Can't remember seeing any wayside chapel called St. Anna, but I prayed anyway. We were now debating whether to have our dinner or not, but decided to go on to Checkpoint three. Through Niederkrüchten, over road by traffic lights and Checkpoint three appeared suddenly.

Miss Milford ticked us off; I think by now we'd had our sandwiches, almond butterscotches and pep-pills. We all felt better anyway.

We came to the river where certain members of the party disappeared into the bushes, and I took the last of my anti-heatbump pills, had a quick snooze and a cigarette. I saw a huge rat jump into the river, which gave me quite a nasty turn; the others were sympathetic though, and we gave ourselves another rest and some cheese biscuits to get over the shock. The river path was terribly long. Jayne and I could not thoroughly appreciate the scenery as much as the others, because we were obsessed by the idea of sitting down at the very next suitable spot, but couldn't find one!

Pat lost her walking stick. We couldn't be bothered to go back and look for it, still she managed to get on all right without it.

We found a seat and had yet another sit. Bev, Pebbles and Pat went on, taking Gillian with them; Jayne and I took off our shoes to air our toes and drank the last of my lemonade supply.

Mr. Hunt greeted us at the end of the river path and set us on the track to Merbeck; he said we were almost last. I think we must have gone the long way round!

Anyway the sun was not quite setting as we dragged ourselves up the last hill to checkpoint four and the Padre, who seemed rather disgusted that we were not going any further. Still, he signed our bits of paper, gave us a drink and we piled into Mr. Bean's car along with about twenty others and drove back down the hill, up which we'd just crawled. Back to school, home and bath. "The Walk" was over for us.

S. Barrett 6 Alpha

The 5 C/D Film

TO SIR, WITH LOVE

This film did not mean to imitate the book or the commercial film at all, it was just a few quick snatches taken here and there to show a teacher's conquest of a riotous class. We had the class but we needed a classroom. An outside set behind the biology lab., with cloth walls, boards for a floor, and a garden shed for a corridor, provided the answer. Mock shooting took place and then the big day arrived.

Mrs. Braithwaite provided the make-up, and did her artistry in the pottery shed amongst the fertilizer. The girls went into this place looking decent and came out gaudy tarts, while the boys on the other hand found themselves in the dreadful position of wearing lipstick. Shooting commenced.

"Sir's" rain-dance didn't pay off, so he had trouble with his words, which his memory would not accept in such a short time. Nevertheless, shooting went well until a freak gale blew up, flapping the walls about and blowing hair everywhere, while the film was kept rolling. (Readers who have seen the film will have noticed this as great chunks of sky and vegetation came into view when a light breeze blew up).

The riot scenes were acted to perfection, everyone went berserk and everything was thrown, from chalk to desks. (Many of these scenes found their way into school to the alarm of a few teachers, who observed paper planes and chalk floating across the classroom). Cut. OK take five. And so the group of actors broke up to ravage Mr. Johnson's cherries or have a drink and listen to records on a portable player, in the shed.

Three days and the shooting is finished, now comes the difficult bit. Dubbing. Mr. Morgan kindly borrowed a special projector for this purpose which dubs the speech into the film. All the actor has to do is watch himself on the screen and speak in time into a mike. Ha! Easy? Would you like to try? Well this was a problem indeed. The actors in the end got sick of the sight of themselves and went utterly, utterly mad at the 101st attempt to synchronize the words in. But all the same, the film was completed down to the last swear-word, and the finished product sounded rather professional with the Beatle's 'Hard Day's Night' being played in the spaces. (The record, by the way, came from modern Mr. Morgan's pop archives).

N.B.

The viewer must realise that this film was a "time filler" after the exams, and is not to be taken seriously or lightly, or anything. Thank you.

Tribute To Mr. Morgan and Miss Bareham for the time, effort, and nice words of consolation to those of us who saw it for the first time.

To Mr. Tomlinson for the work he put in on the Beatle record.

To Mrs. Braithwaite for the lipstick, scars and black eyes.

To Mr. Simpson who had to 'shuv' off while we abused his classroom with the dubbing scenes.

And to 5CD without whom this classic could not be criticised.

Nigel Elven 6 Alpha
Mary Fitzpatrick 6 Beta

The Choir

The school choir, comprising members of staff and pupils, gave its customary contributions to the Carol Service at the end of the Autumn Term.

The anticipation of this event is evident in the way choir members turn up for rehearsals after school, and it is also most gratifying to have a large and appreciative congregation.

The carols as usual were varied, mostly unaccompanied but covering a wide range of styles and periods.

Congregational hymns and the final choral item were accompanied by the R.A.F. Wildenrath Band, and the varied accompaniments to the hymns and the recessional music gave a festive air to the occasion.

As an alternative to our normal Easter Service, the choir took over at St. Boniface Church, and gave a choral evensong. The anthem and original responses were sung unaccompanied, and the general atmosphere of the whole evening was most satisfying. The comment of Padre Davies, that the service was in the tradition of the English Cathedral, was high praise indeed, and the choir have every reason to feel proud of a job well done.

G. Wainwright

House reports

Upper School

CORNWALL HOUSE

Although the performance of the house in the past two terms has not been outstanding, there has been no lack of team spirit or keenness and the results hardly do our teams justice.

On the football field this was all true and once again it became evident that team spirit and effort, however valiant, is no equivalent to superior skill. The seniors succeeded in winning only one match throughout the season. After beating Edinburgh 2 - 0, we succumbed to both Kent and Gloucester. Whereas the Seniors won only one game, the Intermediates made amends by winning all but one of their matches, and credit must certainly go to them for this marvellous achievement. Perhaps they should be asked to coach the Seniors.

In the basketball competition the Seniors could only manage to win one match and after losing one of their best players, F. Leeson, they

somehow managed to win all three matches in the following term. The Intermediates, although not exactly Globetrotters, again played very well, losing only one match.

Our biggest disappointment came in the Swimming Gala where we could only manage fourth place. On the cricket field we also played badly with the Seniors winning only one match. This was due mainly to the amazing lack of good sports players in our house. With courageous efforts from Jack Kettridge, Chris Nappi, Tom Soesman and a few others, we certainly deserved better results and maybe next year we will do better. The Intermediates, who obviously show considerable all-round promise for the future, were again more successful than the Seniors and won all but one of the matches.

Once again we failed to win the Work Trophy but with hard work victory could be ours. We must try harder to keep up the house spirit and work for those cups in the other cupboards.

I am sure the House would join me in a warm "Thank you" to Mr. Stallwood who once again rendered invaluable assistance to us during the last two terms.

On the girls' side the Inters did well in Netball, gaining first place in the Autumn of 1967 and second place this year.

In comparison the seniors were not so good but enjoyed their matches.

During the Easter term hockey was played but unfortunately Cornwall was not very successful. However, many players managed to gain house colours and the teams played well.

For tennis Cornwall is fortunate in having some very arresting players who managed to gain second place in both teams.

COLOURS 1968

Hockey — Seniors

M. Fullerton (Capt.)

C. Henley, H. Masters, L. Storey

G. Hughes, B. Twitchett, C. White

A. Fletcher, Audrey Fletcher

B. Twitchett, C. White

P. Gillespie

J. Bass

B. Twitchett

C. White

M. Fullerton

A. Fletcher

V. Peacock

F. Findley, A. Fletcher

P. McLean

Hockey — Inters

Netball — Inters

Tennis — Seniors

Tennis — Inters

Athletics — Seniors

Athletics — Inters

Swimming — Seniors

Swimming — Inters

AUTUMN TERM 1968

Netball — Seniors

P. Archer, A. Balding
B. Twitchett

Netball — Inters

A. Fletcher, F. Hill

As usual the Book Stall for the Christmas Fair was run by girls from the House and proved to have been very successful, after raising 380 D.M. towards the proceeds.

J. Stallwood
Meriel Krill
Jane Bass

EDINBURGH HOUSE

The past year has been one of success and failure. In the football we had a good Senior team which lost one match and came second and our Inter team also had a good team which lost only one match in the season. In the Basketball we came a disappointing fourth in the Seniors and level third in the Inters. In the annual Cross-country event we fielded quite a strong team which came third in the standard cup, but won the Cross Country cup. The boys who ran particularly well were Scamp (1st) Randerson (3rd) Ball (5th) Homer (10th) in the Inters, and Burrows (7th) Irwin (8th) and Borton (10th) in the Seniors. In the Cricket competition we again fielded a potentially strong team which did well to come second to Gloucester. Our Intermediate Cricketers also did well to come second. In the summer sports of Athletics and Swimming we again did well with a 1st in Athletics and a not very pleasing third in Swimming. In these two meetings it is the house with the best all-round ability in both Lower and Upper school that wins. We have now won the Athletics for three successive years, which is quite an achievement. During the Summer term we managed to win the Work Trophy by quite a clear margin — another good achievement. In the school year 1968-69 we have started very well in the Football, winning all our games and we are clear by 5 points in the league table.

Well done Edinburgh, but let's have some more cups to fill the cupboard!

HOUSE COLOURS:

Football

SENIORS

D. Borton (Capt.), D. Irwin
G. Henderson, M. Davies,
M. McGarry, R. Randerson.

INTERMEDIATES

Homer (Capt.), Foggin, P.
Foggin, D., Fox,
M. Randerson.

Basketball

G. Jermy (Capt.), R. Lusion,
M. Davies, D. Borton,
R. Randerson.

C. Briwa (Capt.), Homer
Randerson

Cross Country

D. Borton (Capt.), B. Burrows
D. Irwin, D. Bell,
M. Lewis.

Scamp (Capt.), Randerson,
Ball, Homer.

Cricket

M. Davies (Capt.), D. Borton,
D. Irwin, R. Lusion,
R. Randerson.

Fox (Capt.), Homer,
M. Randerson, Foggin.

Swimming

D. Borton (Capt.), Alex Cross,
Angus Cross, M. McGarry.

Binder, McDonnell,
M. Randerson.

Athletics

G. Jermy (Capt.) D. Borton,
R. Lusion, D. Irwin,
R. Randerson.

M. Randerson, P. Foggin,
D. Foggin.

Edinburgh girls did very well last Winter, the Seniors coming first both terms in Netball and second in Hockey, losing only to Kent. House Colours were awarded to M. Blewitt, J. Ingamells and L. Dawney in Netball and M. Blewitt, J. Howell and S. Tucker in Hockey.

The Inters won most of their Hockey matches and came first both terms. They also did well in the Netball, coming 2nd in the Autumn and 1st in the Spring. Colours were awarded to D. McDonnell and H. Blewitt in Netball and C. Clarkson, G. Bradford, M. Davies and L. Wark in Hockey.

Unfortunately the Tennis teams did not do so well in the Summer, coming 3rd in both the Inters and Seniors. Credit must be given to C. Hawkesworth and S. Tucker in the Seniors and M. Davies and G. Bradford in the Inters.

Athletics Colours

S. Tucker
A. Harries
C. Clarkson
E. Griffin
D. McDonnell

Swimming Colours

G. Sinclair
D. McDonnell

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

Gloucester House probably enjoyed their most successful season for a long time this year, and special credit must, I feel, go to the Senior contribution who won three of the five major trophies, Football, Basketball and Cricket, while they played a principle role in the gaining of second place in the Athletics. However, it is unfortunate that they had to play an even greater part in securing us fourth place in the Swimming Gala. The football XI won all their matches apart from the 1 — 1 draw with Edinburgh, and the Basketball and Cricket teams managed an unbroken run of victories. Our 'A' XI football team deserves note for attaining second place in their competition and the Inters also showed the same strong spirit to gain third place in their Football league, second place in the Rugby competition and contributed a great deal to our near-victory in the Athletics meeting. Unfortunately they imitated the Swimming Gala defeat by coming fourth in the Basket Ball league, but their spirit as opposed to their skill shows through clearly in the other praiseworthy results. It would not do to laud our success in detail or, equally, to scold those responsible for the failures and so it seems enough merely to record that we are well pleased with our success, but at the same time worried that over-confidence may lead to failure. If this can be checked, then I am sure we can do equally well this coming year.

On the girls' side, during the last school year, the general pattern has been for the intermediates to 'outshine' the seniors. In the netball tournaments neither the intermediates nor the seniors managed to achieve a higher position than third, but the standard of hockey was on the whole much better. The seniors came second to Kent with a number of good players, especially Betty McInnes and Ilse Taylor. The intermediates did even better, winning their competition, and A. Lea played especially well.

Generally, Gloucester girls proved to be rather worse when it came to the Summer Sports. Fourth place was the best that could be managed by the intermediates and seniors in the tennis tournament, though there were some good players in the teams, and Gillian Bailey won her house colours.

As a whole, the House did well in the athletics, coming second by a narrow margin, but again it was the inters who did best in the various events, and L. Kelloway and S. Windmill put up particularly good performances, gaining their colours.

The girls' swimming team was not very strong and only H. Jamieson did really well, and won her house colours.

M. Keating
H. Moore

KENT HOUSE

Last year brought a marked improvement in House spirit and in the results achieved. Altogether six trophies were won, four by the girls and two by the boys.

During the Autumn term the boys played some enthusiastic football, but neither the senior nor the intermediate teams managed to produce sufficient points to gain a trophy. The 'A' team, however, by playing spirited football won their trophy in both halves of the season.

The girls were very successful in their hockey matches and easily won their cup. This success was due to excellent team play, especially by the forwards. In the netball competition the girls were unfortunate in losing to Edinburgh as their standard of play was very good, and particular mention must be made of: C. Warner, P. Arthur and B. Bulbeck.

Both the boys' basketball teams performed with great enthusiasm and quite definite improvement in skills was to be observed as the term progressed. The intermediate team won their trophy but most of the credit for this must be given to J. Lithgow and R. Almerood who never failed to be on form. Not the least of the Spring activities was the Cross-country race in which H. Almond, A. Smith and P. Burrows came 3rd., 4th., and 5th. respectively.

The Summer term proved enjoyable and provided yet more pleasing performances especially in the Athletics and Swimming events. In both these events the performance of the small teams concerned must be commended. In addition to the Swimming trophy, the intermediate boys won their cricket contest and both the girls' tennis teams were triumphant.

Altogether a most satisfactory year. Well done, Kent! Keep it up!

LOWER SCHOOL

CORNWALL HOUSE

Junior Boys

The House had one of its 'lean' years in sport during the 1967/68 season. However, we gave the winners of the separate sports many worries. Our big achievement was winning the cricket trophy in a very exciting final match with Kent, where the result was not decided until the final over. We have only one more word to say to the other houses — we shall be back!

Junior Girls

During the school year 1967/68, Cornwall girls played netball and hockey very well, to be beaten in the netball tournament but to come second in the hockey tournament.

The summer term was more successful as we came second in the Rounders, Tennis and Swimming. Owing to our efforts throughout the year we also shared the merit trophy.

The following girls obtained house colours:

Netball: L. Cherry, P. Timmins, L. Marshall, M. Jones, A. Abrines.

Hockey: M. Jones, L. Marshall, P. Timmins.

Athletics: P. Timmins.

Swimming: L. Cherry.

Rounders: L. Cherry, W. Neller.

Tennis: M. Jones, A. Abrines.

On behalf of all Cornwall girls, I should like to thank Miss Taylor-Smith for all the time she devoted to us, and I should also like to welcome our new house-mistress — Miss York.

Alison Abrines

EDINBURGH HOUSE

Junior Boys

Last year's football team achieved the highest honour when, undefeated in every match they won the Inter-House Soccer Trophy. These matches included a six-goal triumph over Gloucester.

The boys who represented the school team as well as Edinburgh were D. Welch, A. Godber, P. Brown (who have left over the past half year). Those who are left are Ridgeway and Collins at Lower School and Williams and McLaughlin at Upper School.

The cross-country race at Lower School was another sporting event Edinburgh did very well in, as the Standards and House cups went to us. Also 1st and 2nd in both years went to Edinburgh.

Both work trophies (Intermediate and Junior) went to Edinburgh, which made the total cups going to Edinburgh 5 out of 10 cups and 1 shield. In swimming and cricket we did not live up to our previous standards.

Philip Ridgeway
(House Captain)

Junior Girls

Members of the House were thrilled when Edinburgh House was justly awarded the House Shield for work at the end of last school year.

There was an improved attitude towards games last year. The Netball team played well and the Second Years played some good hockey, although their team had to be substantiated by members of the first year, who quickly became interested in this 'new' game.

In the Summer Edinburgh was again successful, this time in winning the Inter-House Athletics Cup. This success was largely due to the efforts of the Lower School Athletics team who worked well together in training, and excelled themselves on Sports Day. The Tennis team played well, and our swimmers gave of their best at the Swimming Gala.

House colours were awarded as follows:

Hockey

Grainne McCann
Jocelyn Riley
Janet Aris
Helen Edis
Brenda Hillary
Veronica McClean
Susan Ray

Netball

Margaret Duncan
Sharon Taylor
Jane Clayton
Grainne McCann
Jocelyn Riley

Tennis

Grainne McCann
Helen Edis
Janet Aris

Athletics

Susan Hayward
Susan Stevens
Sharon Taylor

Swimming

Jocelyn Riley
Susan Hayward

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

Junior Boys

This was a year of great activity for Gloucester boys. In soccer, however, the efforts of the team were not crammed with much success and the House finished at the bottom of the league.

In the Swimming Gala the boys did very well indeed and House Captain, John Brown, won the School Diving Cup.

Our best results came in Athletics when Gloucester were so narrowly beaten into first place.

Red shirts were not so evident in the cross country leaders, though some individuals did very well.

Altogether a year of endeavour in which many lessons were learnt, to be applied in the future.

Junior Girls

The year, 1967-68, was a very successful one for Gloucester girls.

We won the hockey and netball cups in the Winter terms, and the tennis trophy in the Summer term. A great deal of effort was put into both the Swimming Gala and Sports' Day by the girls who took part; and, although we did not win the trophies, we all did our best.

The good results obtained by Gloucester girls may not have been so but for our captains who organized the teams.

Special praise, from all of Lower School Gloucester girls, of course, goes to Miss Greig for her advice and backing, without which, we are sure, we would not have done so well.

The following girls received House Colours:

1st Year Netball

J. Harries
J. Meale
L. Ritchie
S. Mallinson
J. Henwood

Hockey

S. Slater
A. Kears
P. Morley
W. Hulland
S. Samuels

Tennis

A. Kears
B. Chance
W. Hulland

Swimming

S. Mallinson
A. Kears

2nd Year Netball

A. Kears
S. Slater
B. Chance
M. Muzzell

Athletics

A. Kears
J. Meale
D. Wright

Rounders

P. Morley
S. Mallinson
M. Pettifer

S. Mallinson (House Captain)

Junior Boys

Kent House football team played very well last season with some good playing by P. Warren, M. Davies, R. Riley and Captain E. McCready. One of our best matches was a 6-0 victory over Gloucester which brought us second in the tournament. This year's team was not quite so strong, but nevertheless we beat Gloucester 4-2, and on the second time they beat us 4-2.

E. McCready (Captain)

KENT HOUSE

Junior Girls

Kent did not win the netball tournament, but came a close second. The first-year team didn't lose a game, and the second-year team only lost one well-played match. Outstanding players were Moyra Thompson, Angela Knight and Diana Morrison.

Kent were not very successful in the hockey tournament, although they didn't come last. All the team entered into the spirit of the game, and they all enjoyed themselves.

The Swimming Gala showed what Kent could do! They won easily. Lower School played a big part in this. Susan Bulbeck (the captain) swam very well. Moyra Thompson gained a first place, and all the relay-teams did well.

Lower School covered themselves in glory in the Athletics. However, when points were added up it was Edinburgh that won. Angela Knight and Diana Morrison were outstanding.

The Merit Cup was often won by Kent, and most of the girls were awarded merit-badges.

I'm sure all the girls in Kent will join me in thanking Sarah Pipes, our House-captain, and Miss McAlinden, our House-mistress, who both gave us invaluable support. Thanks also must go to all the members of staff who umpired games, and to Miss Prest, who helped team-captains choose teams to their best possible advantage.

M. Hawkesworth (House Captain)

Sport

BASKETBALL 1967/68

Once again the school team was entered for the Rheindahlen Garrison League, only this season as defending champions after winning the League last year. After many hard and fast matches we were finally defeated by the 514 Artillery Gp. U.S.A. Although we had several "experienced" players on the court, the style of playing shown to us by the Americans was completely different from any style previously played against in the League. After leading at half-time by 22 points to 18 points, we slowed down and allowed the Americans to gain control of the game, with the result that we lost by 52 points to 43 points. This was our only defeat of the season in the League and we played some very interesting games against Kent School and Scribes.

In the Garrison Handicap Cup we were fortunate enough to be given a reasonable handicap. This resulted in the school team reaching the final against G. Int/Ord. Due to a slight misunderstanding over the time of the game, we all turned up late and had to rush straight onto the court. The complete difference in our standard of play was very noticeable, for we had had no warm-up and could not play our usual game until early in the second half. In this match we were giving the other team a 23 point lead. After trailing 16-37 at half-time, we almost doubled our scoring rate only to run out of time with the score at 44 points to 56 points. Once again we had finished the competition as runners-up.

Throughout the season the team had a very good spirit and many hours had been spent individually on practice in shooting and handling. However, it once again seems clear that we tend to rely on individual flair, or tactics involving perhaps two players at any one time. Everyone played hard and gave their best, and several new players brought new skills and ideas into the team, and this year we hope to regain our lost title of League Champions.

We would like to thank Mr. Nicholls for his coaching and support, and all the pupils of the school who came along and supported us throughout the season.

J. Stallwood

RUGBY

P	W	L	F	A
9	5	4	177	86

During the 1967/68 season the school team managed to play nine matches, and for the second successive season won more matches than they lost.

After a poor start to the season, in which we narrowly lost our first two matches, against Rhinos and R.A.F. Wegberg, we slowly began to improve, only to be well beaten by the N.O.I.B. Nijenrode team in our third game.

Up to this time the team had been continuously changing, but after our first win of the season against the Bonn R.F.C. our play steadily improved and we won four out of the remaining five matches. We met R.A.F. Wegberg three times during the season, losing twice by 9 points to 6 points and 12 points to 5 points. Our last encounter, however, brought the best out of the team, and we finally gained our revenge by beating them, with the score at 27 points to 5 points.

In the next three matches the team produced some of their best rugby of the season. A handsome 36 point win over Kent School really boosted the team spirit and in a return game against the Bonn R.F.C. we again won by a good margin, the score being 20 points to 6 points.

It was fitting that our final match of the season should be against another school, and this match was indeed one of the toughest of the season. The result was never certain against the King's School team, but with tries from Chris Kirby, Peter Burrows and John Read, we managed to take the initiative and finally emerged victorious by 9 points to 3 points.

It was never possible to establish a regular team, but this did mean that 34 players had the chance to play for the school. In the forwards Alan Vaughan, Richard McLeod and Alex Cross provided much of the power needed to gain possession of the ball; Peter Burrows, the only player not to miss a match, proved a skilful and tricky scrum-half, and Chris Kirby, Alan Smith, John Read and Malcolm Millar all played well in the threequarters.

I would like to thank Mr. Lodge for the time and patience he has spent forming the Rugby XV, and the other members of staff who helped us on several occasions.

J. Stallwood

FOOTBALL

Under 15 years XI

Our first matches were played away from Rheindahlen, for we travelled to Cornwall School, Dortmund to take part in the Intermediate Football festival, where we were to play matches against Edinburgh School, Kent School and our hosts.

Our opening game against Edinburgh School resulted in a victory for us by 5 goals to 1, although the match was a closer one than the score indicates. Raymond Cox scored all five goals for us, but we lost Harding, our right winger in the first half owing to injury.

On the following morning our hosts, Cornwall School, really gave us a hard match. At half-time the score was 1 - 1, but with a few well chosen words our coach, Mr. McCallion, gave us the incentive we needed and we went on to win 6 - 1. Raymond Cox scored five goals again and Chris Homer added the sixth.

Our final match in this tournament was against Kent School who were known to be strong. We did not underestimate them, for at half time we were losing 2 - 1, our goal being scored by Duncan, but we were certainly feeling tired. However, Chris Homer and Martin Randerson scored for us in the second half, both good goals, and we emerged winners by 3 goals to two.

Soon after these fixtures we travelled to King's School, Gütersloh, who were the winners of the Northern Section tournament. On a heavy pitch and in poor conditions we defeated them by 4 goals to 2, thus becoming the Under 15 Champions.

Our final matches were against Arnsbeck Real Schule which we won 2 - 1 and 7 - 1.

So ended a very successful season, much of the success being due to the coaching of Mr. McCallion, who gave so much of his time to our team.

Players

M. Randerson (Capt.) — Now 1st XI
C. Homer — Now 1st XI
R. Cox — Left School
A. Dick — Left School
P. Williams
R. Harding — Left School
M. Fox — Now 1st XI
A. Jones
I. Smith — Left School
G. Cherry — Left School
J. Duncan — Left School
K. Davis — Now U. 15 XI
M. Hobby — Now 1st XI

CROSS COUNTRY 1968

Once again the school team travelled the 300 miles to Gloucester School, Hohne, for the Inter Schools Championships. Luckily this year we were able to travel in our coach's car; Mr Nicholls willingly agreed to this way of travel after suffering from cramp for seven hours the previous year in a bus.

On arriving at Gloucester School we were sent out to various pupils' homes for the night. The next morning bloomed bright but very cold. The course of around 3 miles turned out to be wet and muddy after days of rain. When the race began at 10.00 a.m. there were twenty-four starters, four from each of the six major secondary schools in Germany. Our team was confident of putting up a good show. Of course only winning would satisfy the team, as the previous year's team, of which two still remained, were the current "runners-up".

As expected the Kent School No. 1 set off at a very fast rate, which unfortunately he kept up for the whole race, to pull off a convincing win. When the team totals were counted up, we found that once again we had to be content with second place, behind our great rivals Kent School. With John Read 4th, Peter Jones 5th, Harry Almond 10th and Alan Smith 18th, we amassed a total of 19 pts., whereas Kent with 1st, 3rd, 9th and 19th gained 13 pts. to win by 6 pts.

As soon as we had recovered and had had our lunch, we set off back for Rheindahlen. The four of us would like to thank Mr. Nicholls for giving up his spare time and risking the use of his own car.

John Read

ATHLETICS

The Seventh Inter-School Individual Athletics 1968 Championships

Each year the summer term seems a little more crowded with exams of one form or another and many other activities which make summer Athletics for the day-school more and more of a hit and miss affair. The time which must be devoted to training and coaching is just not available and consequently summer Athletics in our school relies to a great extent on the enthusiasm of the individual performer to train in the evenings and weekends.

The preamble is not intended to be a pre-packed excuse; excuses are not required.

The individual boy entrants from Queen's acquitted themselves well.

Gordon Jermy won the Intermediate boys High Jump, clearing 5ft. 4 ins., and also won the 100 metres sprint for his age group in a time of 11.6.

Peter Jones, the School Athletics Captain, won the Senior 800 metres in a very good race from John Read (also of Queen's) in a time of 2 mins. 1.8 secs. This friendly rivalry was continued in the Senior 400 metres, but this time John Read won in 52.7 secs. with Peter Jones third in 55.3.

The Queen's boys were strong again this year in the jumping events. As already noted, Gordon Jermy won the Inter Boys High Jump, and John Read came second in the Senior Boys High Jump. David Irwin won the Intermediate Boys Long Jump with a leap of 18ft. 5½ ins., just beating Peter Burrows who jumped 18ft. 4ins. to claim second place.

Peter Cowan won the Intermediate Boys Shot Putt event and came 4th in the Inter Boys Discus; but only 6ins. separated the 2nd and 4th in this event.

Other performances in these Individual Championships were:-

Harry Almond, 3rd in the 1500 metres

David Irwin, 3rd in the 200 metres, Intermediate Boys.

Unfortunately our girls did not manage to gain any places in these Championships, but we hope for better things from them this year.

D. J. Nicholls

SWIMMING

The Seventh Inter-Schools Individual Swimming Championships

The standard of school swimming has always been high, and this year was no exception. Much credit must go to the competitors for their devotion to training, a lot of it done in their own time in the early morning and at lunch hour. Credit is also due to the many boys and girls who swam so well and yet were not selected for the team, for it is this ability in depth which keeps the team members on their toes and makes them realise that there is somebody waiting for their place should they ease up in their training.

To mention each performance individually would take more space than the editor would allow, but special mention must be made of the new records established by Barbara Bulbeck in the 100 metres free style event which she won in 1 min. 19.3 secs., and James Lithgow who won the 100 metres breast stroke event in 1 min. 25.4 secs.

As for the others the results printed below indicate their success. In the 17 events Queen's competitors won 8, came second in 6, 3rd in 1 event and 4th in 1 event.

Event	Record	Entrant	Place	Time
50m. Front Crawl	30.2	John Read	1st	30.5
50m. Butterfly	30.0	Peter Jones	2nd	35.8
100m. Front Crawl	1.19.8	Barbara Bulbeck	1st	1.19.3
50m. Breast Stroke	43.6	Susan Haywood	3rd	
50m. Breast Stroke	38.7	David Borton	2nd	40.7
Girls Diving		Audrey Fletcher	1st	13.9 pts.
100m. Front Crawl	1.01.6	Peter Burrows	2nd	1.14.3
50m. Front Crawl	33.5	Audrey Fletcher	1st	34.0
100m. Breast Stroke	1.27.5	James Lithgow	1st	1.25.4
100m. Breast Stroke	1.34.5	Fiona Findlay	2nd	1.38.8
Medley Relay	2.21.5	Queen's	1st	2.25.2
Boys Diving		James Beaton	2nd	15.3 pts.
50m. Back Crawl	33.5	Alec Cross	2nd	38.2
50m. Back Crawl	42.0	Ann Harries	4th	
4x50m. F/S Relay	2.23.0	Queen's	1st	2.24.6
4x50m. F/S Relay	1.56.8	Queen's	1st	2.05.9

COMMAND SECRETARIAT CUP

BEST PERFORMANCE - GIRLS

Audrey Fletcher (Queen's)

1ST XI CRICKET

The school entered the garrison league cricket competition again and did quite well for themselves. Although they potentially had a strong all-round side, ably led by Mike Davis, they couldn't finish higher than 3rd out of nine, for the second year running, winning 5 and losing 3 matches.

Apart from the evening league games the school played several friendlies. The annual match against Windsor Boys School resulted in a win for Queen's by 6 wickets. David Irwin bowled well for Queen's by taking 8 wickets for 10 runs. John Stallwood also bowled well and collected the other 2 wickets. John Read and Jack Ketteridge gave Queen's a solid start of 40 runs for the first wicket, before a minor collapse in the Queen's batting started, but Alan Smith and John Stallwood saw the school safely home.

Kent School also played us and Queen's scored 128 for 7 declared and Kent were all out for 64.

The big game of the season was undoubtedly the game against the staff. The staff slowly built up a score of 146, leaving the school 100 minutes to get 147 runs. It was soon apparent to the school that they weren't going to win, so Rodney Randerson and Mark Holding stonewalled the bowling and the game ended in a very controversial draw.

The team would like to thank Mr. Morgan for all the help and encouragement he gave to us during a very enjoyable season and for the many hours he gave up to "stand" at one end with the white coat on.

John Legry

Editor's comment:

The scores for the staff match were Staff 147-6 declared, School 47-9.

The Staff feel this needs little further comment, as the boys fought a good rearguard action from the first ball onwards.

GIRLS' GAMES AUTUMN TERM 1968

This term many enthusiastic players have worked hard to try and get into the School Hockey and Netball teams. The seniors are a very determined set of players, but are at the moment lacking in skill. This we hope to rectify! The inters are now beginning to play a very promising game and we expect great things from them in the future.

The Inter Netball Festival took place at Queen's on October 15th and the Senior Netball Festival took place at Windsor Girls School two weeks later. We gained first place in the Inter Schools Netball Tournament and we tied 2nd with King's School in the Senior Tournament, Windsor School gaining first place.

Results to date.

Netball	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against
1st VII	2	2	0	0	32	8
Inters	8	6	1	1	111	39
Hockey						
1st XI	2	1	0	1	4	5
Inters	2	2	0	0	4	0

Teams chosen from:—

Netball

1st VII	G. Smith, H. Battle, S. Homer, C. Kirby, B. Bulbeck, S. Hames, D. Davis, B. Twitchett, P. Archer.
Inter VII	A. Kears, F. Hill, P. Archer, A. Fletcher, M. Davis, C. Robinson, D. McDonnell.

Hockey

1st XI	B. Twitchett, S. Bulbeck (Captain), M. Verspoor, J. Sinclair, D. Davis, J. Berridge, L. Wark, S. Hames, A. Lea, G. Bradford, L. Smith, M. O'Gorman, S. Ireland.
Inter XI	S. Hedgethorne, C. Warner, A. Kears, G. Hughes, D. Morrison, M. Davies, C. Robinson, S. Windmill, S. Zegveldt, L. Mallinson, G. McCann, S. Slater.

This term we have also run an inter-forms Hockey Competition. 6 Alpha/Beta and 4A/B emerged the finalists. The final game was exciting, both teams scoring one goal each. A replay was arranged the following week and 4A/B made no mistake this time and won 2-0.

INTER-SCHOOL JUNIOR SWIMMING MÜNSTER

Queen's School had a successful day in the swimming festival. From 31 events we gained 11 firsts, 8 seconds and 3 thirds.

Particular congratulations to:

Winners: C. Seward (Lower Junior 50 m. Free Style)
M. Childs (Lower Junior 50 m. Back Crawl)
A. Charlton (Junior 50 m. Back Crawl)
Junior Boys 4x50 m. Free Style Relay Team.

and Runners Up

C. Seward (Lower Junior 25 m. Free Style)
D. Horne (Junior 25 m. Free Style)
M. Blake (Junior 25 m. Breast Stroke)
M. Childs (Lower Junior 25 m. Back Crawl)
A. Charlton (Junior 50 m. Back Crawl)

The girls excelled themselves in all events they took part in. Out of the seven events they could take part in they gained six first places and one second.

Results were as follows:

1st Places

S. Haywood	25 m. Breast Stroke
	50 m. Breast Stroke
M. Thompson	25 m. Crawl
	50 m. Crawl
C. Dobie	25 m. Back Stroke
Queen's School Relay	

2nd Place

C. Dobie	50 m. Back Stroke
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INTER SCHOOL JUNIOR ATHLETICS, HAMM.

Queen's boys represented the school well at Hamm, but without many outstanding performances. A. Godber captained the team, and set a fine example with a clear win in the 200 m. The relay team worked very well to gain 2nd place in the final. In a hotly contested event, Wilkins gained a good third in the 100 m. final.

The team consisted of Godber, Lemm, Wilkins, Brown and Borton.

Queen's girls once again had a successful athletics season. They trained hard with rewarding results at the Inter-School festival. We were especially pleased with the hurdles results, as we had borrowed one set, and only had two weeks training over them.

Lower Junior Results.

1st Places

100 m.	M. Hawksworth
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2nd Places

70 yd. Hurdles	S. Taylor
150 m.	M. Hawksworth
Long Jump	S. Stevens
Discus	L. Cherry

3rd Places

Discus	M. Hawksworth
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Junior Results

1st Places

150 m.	S. Windmill
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2nd Places

80 yds. Hurdles	S. Windmill
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LOWER SCHOOL SWIMMING

During the Thursday Club sessions, some competent swimmers trained for the A.S.A. Personal Survival Awards. This is completely different work from normal technique and competitive training. The

Gold Award is a severe test of skill and endurance, involving as a final task a swim of 1,000 yards within 30 minutes.

Six boys gained the Gold Award — congratulations to—

M. Childs
J. Brown
C. Seward
A. Godber
P. Duncan
M. McDonnell

QUEEN'S LOWER SCHOOL v MÖNCHENGLADBACH NAT. GYMNASIUM

In the annual athletics and soccer match against the Mönchengladbach Gymnasium, the boys were unlucky to lose the athletics by 93 to 105. Although Queen's had as many wins, the Gymnasium showed more strength in the middle placings. The soccer was a disappointment — the age range was too great to provide a reasonable match.

J. Skilton had a busy day, winning the 100 m. and the Long Jump. A. Godber ran a 600 m. race very intelligently and won easily. J. Brown won the 1st year Long Jump and C. Seward nearly threw the cricket ball out of Ernst Reutter Stadion to win that event. The 1st year team won their Shuttle Relay, thus justifying a lot of lunchtime practice.

The team consisted of Wilkins, Borton, Godber, Macumber, Brown, Seward, Davies, McCullagh, Welsh, Owens, Skilton, Adams, Fletcher, Kilpatrick, Duncan, Brzezicki, Klewin, Fleming, Henderson, Broomfield.

LOWER JUNIOR SOCCER TOURNAMENT, OCTOBER 1968

Queen's School were hosts this season, and the team had trained very hard for the tournament.

In the first game against Kent School the boys' training reaped a rich reward with a runaway win of 7-1. Kent lacked cohesion as a team and had a couple of greedy players who reduced what could have been a good school effort.

Haydon and Collins played very constructive attacking football, the covering by Bolt and Timmins was excellent, Owens showed up well as left back and Ridgeway made some good saves.

In the second match on the Saturday morning Queen's played Edinburgh, who were stronger than Kent, but fairly well beaten 4-2. We rested some players for the 3rd match following, namely Timmins and O'Riley. Naughton scored two good goals by perseverance in

following up. Macumber began to prove his worth and had a good game.

In the third and final game Queen's were against Cornwall, a strong team, and as expected a close game ensued. They had a huge, strong centre-half, who played centre forward for the last fifteen minutes, and he commanded the mid-field play. Only Gale seemed to get the measure of him. However, despite some anxious moments we managed to hold out and win 4-3. Brown and O'Riley began to show real attacking force in this game. It was, however, marred by a member from each team being sent off for fighting. It is a thought that team selection accounts for one's ability not to be drawn into this sort of thing!

There is no doubt that this good win of the tournament was brought about by the general team attitude, and the training which the boys so fully gave themselves to in the weeks prior to the game.

QUEEN'S v. KING'S — NOVEMBER 1968

It was well known beforehand that this game would probably be harder than the tournament matches.

We had won the Southern Section, King's the Northern.

Queen's quickly went into top gear before an animated home crowd, and had nearly all the first half play. Chances were badly missed in front of goal.

However, King's scored just before half time, — a high lob which was misjudged by the goalie and he was beaten by the bounce over his head, despite the warning yell of "watch the bounce!" by our most ardent supporter?!

This injected new life into King's and they commanded the play for most of the second half, their forwards moving quickly onto the ball. An unfortunate defence misunderstanding gave them a goal on a plate! Queen's fought back and recovered good attacking form for a short while, but this was mainly inspired by the defence, and far too many of our forwards expected the ball to come to them without working. The whole team can be thankful that Bolt and Timmins had excellent games, turning defence into attack which unfortunately broke down in front of goal.

King's deserved to win although the play was fairly even, because they remembered what to do with the ball in front of goal — put it in the net!!

B. W. J. Lewis

Clubs

BASKETBALL CLUB.

The club, consisting of twenty boys ranging from complete beginners to members of the school team, meets once a fortnight in the R.A.F. gymnasium. After a session of warming up in which the boys concentrate on skills, teams are chosen so that they match their opposition. The club lasts from 3.40 to 5.00 and we manage about three games against each other, with Mr. Stallwood refereeing and teaching the rules and the art of playing basketball.

Thanks to Mr. Stallwood who is keen to give advice on all aspects of basketball, the club's activities have been enjoyed by those taking part.

D. Borton

LOWER SCHOOL FILM ACTING CLUB

The club has completed a six-minute ghost film in 8 mm. black and white. The story tells of the discovery of a ghost by a group of pupils and the amusing consequences. Although the group as a whole were the principals of the plot, D. Kelly (now 3. C.) deserves a mention for his natural acting. He and others suggested lots of ideas, some of which were included. A second film is being made at the moment in club time.

L. B.

GOLF CLUB

The golf club started this session with a swing. From an initial membership of six we eventually reached a figure of twelve. We have had two outings on the Garrison miniature course, but most of our work has been done in the Hall which we share with the fencing club. This may seem a hazardous business to the uninitiated, but in fact we hit our air-flow balls with our backs firmly directed towards the kitchen and thus "foil" any inadvertent sally from the stage end.

F. M.

NETBALL CLUB

Once a fortnight a group of girls gathers on the tree playground in full games kit.

Both poor and good players of various ages mix enthusiastically to form at least two teams. The effort made by all proves to be not only exercise but total enjoyment and allows those who want it a chance of practice for both house and school teams.

P. M. Bratt
6 Alpha

BADMINTON CLUB.

The club has twenty-six enthusiastic members with some who are very competent and should, with practice, become quite formidable players.

Unfortunately, due to the closure of the gymnasium for November we have had very few practice periods.

RIFLE CLUB

Having been placed over a barrel by the Editor for a small bore on a new club, I have rifled through my stock of butts and quips for something to write about. Rather than go off half-cocked, I shall aim to show some foresight, and increase the elevation, as well as the noise, of this report. After all, what is a magazine for? Surely to range over the merits of various groupings as well as individual application. Whether the club member is a hit or a miss, an inner or an outer, we all try to shoot . . . a lot of bull!

J. Turner

THE FOLLOWING CLUBS ALSO MEET REGULARLY:

Puppet making	3rd year football	Needlework
Squash	Stamps	German
Chess	Educational films	Rugby Ist XV
Typing	Table Tennis	Hockey
Fencing	Netball	Rugby U. 15 XV

Present Staff and Prefects

Headmaster: Mr. W. B. P. Aspinall, O. B. E., M. A.

Deputy Headmaster: Mr. G. G. Gibbens, M. A.

Master i/c Lower School: Mr. J. W. Arthurson

Senior Mistress Lower School: Miss M. M. Sherwin

School Chaplain: Rev. C. H. Sellars, B. A.

Mr. T. H. Baker, Dip. P.E.

Mr. S. A. Balding, B.A.

Miss A. J. Ball

Miss M. Bancroft

Miss A. E. Bareham, B.A.

Mr. H. Bishop

Mr. P. Brindley, B.A.

Mr. L. W. Bristow, B.A.

Mr. P. J. Cocking, A.T.D.

Mr. L. H. W. Daisy, B.Sc.

Mr. D. O. Eastman

Mr. P. G. Gilbert

Miss I. J. Greig, M.A.

Miss L. M. Hepworth

Miss A. J. M. Hodgson, B.Sc.

Mr. W. H. Hughes

Mr. B. R. Hunt, B.A.

Mr. D. A. Kay

Mr. B. W. J. Lewis

Mr. C. Lodge

Mr. W. A. Lonsdale

Miss S. E. McAlinden, B.A.

Mr. J. J. McCallion, M.A.

Mr. F. C. Macklin, M.A.

Miss N. Mathews, M.A.

Mr. P. Matthews, A.R.P.S.

Miss E. A. Merritt

Miss D. A. Milford, B.Sc.

Mr. G. W. T. Morgan

Mr. D. J. N. Nicholls, Dip.P.E.

Miss B. F. Poole, B.A.

Miss B. E. Prest

Mrs. A. Priest

Mr. A. J. Reilly, B.Sc.

Mr. H. K. Roll, B.A.

Mr. D. A. Simpson, B.A.

Mr. J. A. Stallwood

Miss B. A. Steane

Mr. J. B. Theaker

Mr. D. G. Thomas, B.Sc.

Mr. J. Tomlinson, M.Coll.H.

Mr. J. Turner, B.A.

Miss M. C. Viney

Mr. K. E. Vipas, M.A.

Mr. G. Wainwright, LRAM(T)

Mr. D. R. Walker

Miss F. E. Walker, B.A.

Mr. D. Wells, B.Sc.

Miss M. York

Mlle M. C. Blanc

Mrs. A. D. J. Plant

Administrative and Clerical Staff

Mr. E. Bell

Miss L. J. Jeffree

Mr. W. G. Gaddy

Miss K. Smith

Mrs. N. Robinson

Mrs. M. Taylor

School Prefects

J. Read: Head Boy
H. Almond: Dep. Head Boy
D. Borton
J. Stallwood
A. Vaughan
M. Dray
L. Kilpatrick
M. Fliderbaum

Gillian Bailey: Head Girl
B. Bulbeck: Dep. Head Girl
Rosemary Bagley
Diane Windmill
Meriel Krill
Hilary Moore

Assistant Prefects

D. Bell
C. Benning
M. Braithwaite
J. Legry
F. Maltby
A. Rosie
M. Keating
K. Baird
D. Lyon
C. Nappi
D. Pullen
R. Randerson

Jane Bass
Pat Dawney
Margaret Singleton
Sally Ferguson
Beverley Heuchan
Anne Ashworth
Maureen Berry
Hilary Masters
Susan Ireland

Examination successes

1968: University and Training College Places

University Places

R. Barrett
M. Davies
Hilary Godber
B. Greer
M. McCrae
R. McLeod

Bristol University
Hull University
Sheffield University
University of East Anglia
Edinburgh University
Nottingham University

Colleges

Jacqueline Bennedik
P. Jones
Janet Taylor
Jean Braithwaite
D. Donen
Susan Lay
M. Oliver

Hereford
Chester
Moray House
Rose Bruford
Nottingham
Kingston
Portsmouth

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

A: Art, B: Biology, C: Chemistry, CK: Cookery, E: English Literature, F: French, G: Geography, Gr: German, H: History, M W: Metalwork, PM: Pure Mathematics, AM: Applied Mathematics, P/A: Pure and Applied Mathematics, P: Physics, T/D: Technical Drawing, W/W: Woodwork.

"A" Level (January and June 1968)

Baird, K.	P
Bagley, R.	Gr
Barratt, R.	G and H
Borton, D.	G
Cross, A.	C and P
Davies, M.	Gr, E and F
Davies, P.	F and P/A
Donen, D.	Gr, F and H
Evasion, P.	E, G and H
Findlater, D.	T/D
Francis, S.	E and H
Godber, H.	E, F and H
Greer, B.	PM, AM and P
Henderson, J.	T/D
Ivison, R.	T/D
Jones, P.	B and G
Keating, M.	A
Kelly, G.	G and H
Ketteridge, J.	Gr
Krill, M.	CK
Laughton, A.	A
Lay, S.	B
Lewis, M.	T/D
McAllister, N.	G
McBirnie, A.	G and H
McCrae, M.	B, C and P
McLeod, R.	PM, P and C
Miller, M.	B and G
Norton, L.	T/D and M/W
Oliver, M.	PA and P
Pound, R.	T/D
Sandes, V.	E and H
Stallwood, J.	G
Stewart, C.	A
Storey, L.	E
Taylor, J.	F
Vaughan, A.	G and H
Wainwright, R.	Gr
Wood, D.	P

"O" Level (January 1968)

The following candidates obtained:

Six Passes

Postance, D.

Three Passes

Chapman, A., Webster, R.

Two Passes

Braithwaite, J., Bulbeck, B., Caldwell, J., Cochrane, S., Lewis, M., Shaw, A., Smith, A., Wiggins, S.

One Pass

Almond, H., Bailey, G., Bass, J., Dawney, L., Dawney, P., Dengate, M., Fliderbaum, M., Girvan-Brown, F., Howard, J., Jones, L., Jones, P., Moore, M., Nappi, C., Oliver, M., Pullen, D., Rees, S., Scriven, R., Wood, C.

"O" Level (June 1968)

The following candidates obtained:

Eight Passes

Hawsworth, C., Toomer, G., Tucker, S.

Seven Passes

Cross, A., Gambrill, C., Hooper, M., Hurley, G., Ingamells, J., Rosie, A., Singleton, M.

Six Passes

Ashworth, A., McGovern, M., Greer, D., Wnuck, C.

Five Passes

Bailey, W., Baillie, A., Berry, M., Green, A., Howell, J.

Four Passes

Burrows, P., Cruickshanks, S., Espie, L., Henderson, E., Henderson, G., Hooper, C., Juul, P., Masters, H.

Three Passes

Archer, P., Bampton, N., Bell, D., Brain, B., Elvin, N., Imrie, J., Peacock, V., Rolfe, D., Shaw, A., Smith, G., Sudbury, J., Webster, R.

Two Passes

Almond, C., Bass, J., Borton, D., Bowman, D., Browne, R., Bulbeck, B., Chapman, A., Cowan, P., Cruickshanks, C., Dengate, M., Fliderbaum, M., Harding, L., Harris, T., Hoban, L., Irwin, D., Lay, S., Lewis, M., Locke, K., McGarry, M., Pullen, D., Read, J., Riseley, J., Saye, P., Smout, J., Storey, L., Taylor, J.

One Pass

Arthurson, C., Bagley, R., Bennedik, J., Benning, C., Braithwaite, M., Brennan, H., Browne, J., Caldwell, J., Chilton, S., Cooper, J., Cross, J., Dawney, P., Downey, B., Echlin, F., Fried, Z., Fullerton, M., Gillespie, P., Godber, H., Griffin, M., Grosse, M., Henderson, J., Henley, C., Hoban, F., Howard, J., Ivison, R., Jack, I., Jermy, G., Latter, R., McInnes, E., McNaughton, J., Miller, M., Norton, L., Oliver, M., Pound, R., Riseley, J., Sinclair, G., Stallwood, J., Stewart, C., Thurston, R., Trevena, E., Vaughan, A., Vivian, S., Windmill, D.

CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION (Summer 1968)

The following candidates obtained certificates

in Eight Subjects

Ellis, C., Gurden, A.-T., Trevena, E.

in Seven Subjects

Borton, K., Crowhurst, G., Echlin, F., Fitzpatrick, M., Krill, G., Thurston, W.

in Six Subjects

Bennan, H., Burrows, W., Cross, J., Davis, R., Eleven, N., Harris, T., Hogan, M., Irwin, D., Palmer, J., Smith, G., Smith, J.

in Five Subjects

Browne, R., Hubbert, S., Kelly, M., Scheinmann, D.

in Four Subjects

Gillespie, P., Jermy, G., Locke, K., Poole, M., Riseley, J., Saye, P.

in Three Subjects

Akeroyd, J., Brain, B., Findlater, D., Godber, P., Harries, S., Henderson, D., Hill, S., Homer, S., Legry, J., Scott, M., Thompson, I., White, T., Williams, A., Winder, S., Wynn, T.

in Two Subjects

Almond, C., Armitage, C., Arnold, L., Arthurson, C., Bailey, W., Bampton, N., Battle, H., Bowman, D., Cowan, P., Cruickshanks, C., Dengate, M., Downey, B., Espie, L., Griffin, M., Imrie, J., Ketteridge, J., McCoy, J., McInnes, E., Rayney, S., Rolfe, D., Smout, J.

in One Subject

Archer, P., Baillie, A., Browne, J., Burrows, P., Chapman, A., Chilton, S., Cooper, J., Cross, A., Cruickshanks, S., Fox, T., Green, A., Greer, D., Harding, L., Henderson, E., Henderson, G., Hoban, L., Howard, J., Ivison, R., Kirby, C., McGarry, M., McLean, G., Noone, S., Peacock, V., Pugh, G., Pugh, P., Randerson, R., Shaw, A., Sheppard, R., Sinclair, G., Smith, G., Stewart, C., Sudbury, J., Wnuck, C.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS (Easter and Summer 1968)

The following candidates obtained certificates

in Two Subjects

White, T.

in One Subject

Arnold, L., Godber, P., Henderson, D., Hill, S., Scott, M.

SINGLE SUBJECT EXAMINATIONS *

Typewriting - Stage I

Arnold, L., Fox, T., Harries, S., Homer, S.

Typewriting - Stage II

Cooper, J., Hill, S.

Typewriting - Stage III

Sheppard, R.

Shorthand - Stage I

Cooper, J. (50)*, Cooper, J. (60)*, Homer, S., Sheppard, R.

Shorthand - Stage II

Sheppard, R.

(* = with credit)

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GENERAL

SECTION

A MODERN BESTIARY BY 6 A/B

(Can you guess the names of the creatures concerned? See P. 81.)

1. His small eyes peer nearsightedly, and he becomes cranky, like the old man who has lost his spectacles.
Dale Johnson
2. He hunches his tawney back like A tired old king, and sits on his Throne, the branch of a high elm tree.
Susan Homer
3. His scaly skin, splashed with green and yellow; His eye a cool clear darkness. Reaching the ground his body waits, quietly for his prey.
Ann Harries
4. It is like an old Egyptian statue, something like the Sphinx. It doesn't move very much, just lies in the same position, with its grey skin like old Egyptian stone, slowly deteriorating, but alive.
David Irwin
5. He is like a real smart, card-playing gangster. His cruel smile and glazed eyes make him seem like a gangster who knows he can't lose.
David Irwin
6. She gives an air of a fine lady wearing a new dress, Head up high, trotting along.
Trevor Harris
7. The rehearsed stance — Should be a member of the animal Royal Family. Inquisitive, trying to understand, With the eyes set back in thought; Becomes enraged quickly.
Keith Locke
8. Submerging under water and then Rising above it, to reality and The alleged kindness of humanity And they sank with despair.
Bill Russell
9. The two large legs that would propel it faster than flight, Gawky, chicken legs with extensions, which pound the bird to safety.
Alan Norris

10. He sits in his cage, alone, Erect yet slumped As only he can be. He stares into space With his large wide eyes Reminding me of a Buddha Statue Alone on his resting place.

Karen Borton

Two Poems on One Theme — Peace

The deep, mournful howls,
Twisted into screaming echoes by the skies,
Conjure visions of bloodshot eyes and bloody jowls,
Cacti, canyons and the ghost of long-dead Comanche.
Silently,
Unspoken unbidden works crept to our minds . . .
Telling tales of past places, past people . . .
Of man and men of ev'ry species, creed and kind.
Ev'ry mood and madness.
Restless,
A cloud passed by . . .
Its shadow silhouetting others, darker with no silver lining . . .
A night-bird called and the notes were tears wond'ring why
Man knew war.
God . . .
Oh, God, what have we done to your gentle world of Paradise?
Are we true disciples . . .
Or rodents, vultures with the heartless minds of lice?
What diff'rence feathered arrow or flaming bomb,
Forgotten spear or fatal fire?
The cloud's companions covered the stars
And the storm split suddenly, its silver fury echoing mine . . .
Big Horn . . .
Gettysburg . . .
The Alamo . . .
Just one century more and Vietnam to take the glorious role
Of bloody history?
God,
What was warped in the makings of our race's soul
That we can thus honour murder?

A breeze caresses the pastel dawn
And shatters the light of a thousand diamonds
To silver'd spray.
The night has died and the day is not yet born
When the deer awake in the forest
Widening liquid eye, lifting antler'd brow
Melting dappled coats to dappled copse
And dusting the dying blossom from the cherry-bough.
As a blackbird's gilded notes drop into the silence,
Echoed by the outpouring of a lark's inner soul,
I feel the peace flow gently
And wonder if in search of "higher" goal
Man has overlooked that which he seeks.

Y. Gower, 4 A

MIST

The blanket, faint and white,
Forms a transparent shield between
The heavens above, and the sodden earth;
It was a phantom of delight,
When she first fell upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her clinging folds
Soften the hard outlines,
And deafen the harsh sounds;
A ghostly shape, an image gray,
To haunt, and startle, and waylay.

J. Zellma, 3 D

ARMAGEDDON (I)

I scuffed through the park as the dead autumn leaves were gently falling in the breeze. It seemed appropriate somehow that the world I loved should be clothed in the burnt orange shades of death almost as though it understood. Instinctively I looked at my watch. Ten minutes. I had all the time in the world, but was it enough? I quickened my pace. The dead leaves rustled under my feet.

It was strange how quiet it all was; no traffic on the roads and only the occasional person hurrying to his destination. I turned right and on to the pavement. Just the sound of the wind. Even the birds had stopped singing. They had nothing to sing about, even on this bright sunny day.

It was a beautiful day. At least they had given us that much. A warm day in Autumn, it was unusual; but then it was an unusual day. Six Minutes. I crossed the road and headed towards the flats. It had been like this the day they put the satellite up. How it had changed our lives, that ingenious invention; how it had changed our fates, knowing what was going to happen an hour in advance.

What a shock it had been at the office, that sudden realization. It had taken me almost an hour to get from the office. "Oh damn this door, it always sticks when I'm in a hurry. Ah, well at least the lift's here." My footsteps clanged and echoed ominously in the building. "Monday 4th." It's funny the other boys hadn't said much. They knew why he had to leave so suddenly. A man belonged with his family at a time like this. Only Steve had said Good-bye and that he would see the lawyers for me, and explain to the boss. The lift hummed to a halt and I stepped out, the echo of my footsteps vibrating down the corridor. Four minutes.

I fitted the key in the lock. Mary was waiting. She looked anxious, but then that was to be expected. I found it suddenly hard to say anything. "The kids?" "I've given them sleeping pills, they're in their bedroom". "Good, I must go and see them. Did they realize? I mean about..." "I don't know. I don't think so. The teacher just sent them home early." I went into the kids' room. They were asleep. At least they would be spared knowing what was to happen. I bent to kiss their foreheads. Yes, this was how it should be — the family together. "Mary have you any fast-acting pills?" "They're ready."

Two minutes. We took the pills and lay down on the bed.

"It's funny", she said drowsily, "I'm not scared, are you?"

"No, not any more".

I turned to look at her. She was asleep. I would be soon.

No I wasn't scared. The drone of the plane would come soon, but I didn't care any more. They could drop all they wanted on us. I started to doze off. I always thought it would be different. That there would be panic, confusion, pain, anger, I'd be scared stiff, petrified; but no, there was not anything, just the peace, the calm, the quiet, the tranquillity, the end.

L. Dewberry, 6 B

THE RUGGED PATH OF TIME

Even our domestic mouser had royal beginnings.
Years ago, when the earth was young,
A five-foot engine of destruction, with pointed fangs,
Steel claws,
Slavering jaws
And glittering eyes, ruled supreme;
The sabre-toothed tiger.
The scholars call him Smilodon,
Yet never a shadow of a smile
Could bend those inscrutable lips.
And 'neath a soft exterior, beat
A cold and vicious heart.
When fiery eyes alighted on the prey,
There was one life less.
Yet a glorious beast.
With flailing tail and striped coat,
And heart of stone.
But what motherly instinct burned in that icy breast?
What fire sparkled behind slanted eyes,
Reflecting in the face of the beholder?
None may harm the young of this tempestuous beast,
Lest fiery love for the departed
Should burn away the very life
Of the living murderer.
But time rolls on, as the restless sea . . .
. . . And now love sprang in human hearts,
Of Egypt long ago.
Where faithful cats
Their vigil kept,
In grain houses,
To turn the tide of rodent destruction.
Lithe cats now in godly state were held,
But jewels and sweet praises,
Fell on stony ground.
She was cat and cared nought for those around.
Later still a dark age came,
When satanical Louis of France
Would cast live cats in burning flames
And festivities rang
With the screams of tortured cats.
But evil is destined to pass away,
And herald in the happy day,
When cat is once more a friend.
Some maybe, by instinct led,

Recalling sharp teeth and gnashing jaws,
The hollow sound of dry bones,
And constant fear,
Withhold the praise always due
To the hardy, egotistical queen,
Who has survived man's brutality
And attempt to spoil,
With cold contempt.
And after her rough ride, retains
The virtue which inspires
Both hate and love,
Personal freedom;
Which man cannot attain,
Through mortal strivings or deadly pain.

L. Parker, 4A

S P E E D

"Oh, here comes that big head Armstrong." The crowd of youths in black leather jackets turned to watch a big lout ride in on his blue Honda 500.

"Well, have I got any challengers?" Armstrong thought he was the best rider around town, on the fastest bike. So far, nobody had beaten him round the 'circuit'. The circuit was the gang's race track. It started from the café, where they met each evening, down a long straight road. Then it went through a housing estate, and on to the bypass. Then, there was the long haul, back through twisty country roads, back into town and eventually back to the café. It was a good twenty miles. Armstrong had done it in seventeen minutes.

"Come on, are you a load of cowards?" It was the same every evening. Each night, Armstrong would issue the challenge, but nobody would take him on, until tonight.

"O.K." A quiet voice spoke out from the back of the crowd. "You're on."

Everybody turned to see who was going to race the braggart. They all stared in surprise at the challenger.

"Come off it, Johnny, you're a good rider, but you don't stand a chance on your 250."

"Yeah, Johnny, you'll only get beaten." Johnny was liked by almost everybody, nobody wanted to see him beaten by Armstrong.

"I got rid of the 250." The tall youth at whom the remarks had been aimed stood aside and let the gang see his new bike, a B.S.A. 750. The crowd peered over the bike, its glistening paint, the shining carburettors, the gleaming handlebars and the two enormous exhaust pipes which glittered in the sun. "Are you ready, Armstrong?"

"Sure," but he didn't sound it. "Sure."

The two youths donned their helmets, as knights of old, preparing to go out to do battle. They mounted their steeds, and kicked the starters. The silence of the quiet evening was shattered by the roar of the exhausts. The nearby pedestrians grimaced, some of the gang put their hands to their ears as the two contestants revved their engines.

And then they were off. Johnny let in the clutch and felt the bike surge with power. Wind screamed at his face and plucked at his clothes. The speedo' zoomed up: thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy. Johnny whipped the bike through the gears, the speedo' touched ninety. But the Honda was right behind, its rider low over the handlebars. The speedo' flickered up to the magic ton, and then it was time to brake, and slam through the gears. The lighter Honda whipped by the B.S.A. Johnny watched with horror as Armstrong cut the corner in an effort to get ahead. He was lucky.

Then they were accelerating away, through the housing estate, the B.S.A. right behind the Honda, neither gaining nor losing. It was as if they were tied together with string, six inches long! Around a ninety-degree bend, and then up the hill. The hill wasn't very steep, but it was three-quarters of a mile long. Johnny whipped down a gear, and twisted the accelerator as far as it would go. Slowly the extra torque of the B.S.A.'s engine came into play. Slowly the Honda was overhauled. Armstrong grimaced as he tried all he could to keep with the B.S.A., but to no avail.

At the top of the hill, Johnny had a ten-yard lead, which he managed to keep as they rode through the outskirts, and on to the dual carriageway. Johnny opened up as soon as he was on the by-pass. The speedo' rose, seventy, eighty, ninety; he changed up, one hundred, one hundred and ten; he looked in his mirror, the Honda was fifteen yards behind, and slowly falling back. He was doing one hundred and twenty now, his eyes were watering, even though he was wearing goggles. He found it hard to breathe, the wind noise made thought impossible. But there was one feeling above all others, a feeling Johnny always got when going fast, exhilaration. A fantastic feeling which was beyond description as he strove for yet more and more speed.

Slowly now, the needle rose, until it showed one hundred and thirty! Top speed, just had to hope the Honda couldn't go any faster. Johnny glanced in his mirror, the Honda was thirty yards behind, it wasn't going to catch him now.

Suddenly, the signs announcing the end of the by-pass flashed by. Johnny could see the end ahead, he changed down and put on the brakes. He was still doing sixty when he came to the end of the dual carriageway, but it was like standing still. A slight dab on the brakes, and he rounded the half-way stage, only just missing a van coming the other way.

Slowly the lighter Honda caught up the B.S.A. during the long windy stretch of country road, until it was right behind. They came to a two-hundred yard straight, side by side. The B.S.A. drew ahead as they accelerated, but as Johnny applied the brakes, the Honda went shooting by.

Hey, you're going too fast. Johnny almost shouted as he watched Armstrong try to get round the bend. Lower and lower Armstrong leant, until it seemed he must hit the ground. But, gradually the bike began to rise. The 'fluky b . . .' had make it. But he hadn't! Suddenly, the stirrup hit the ground, the bike pivoted on it and spun-round. Armstrong was thrown, straight into an oncoming car! The car swerved, hit Armstrong, the bike and a tree. Johnny saw the driver slump over the wheel. He skidded to a stop, but as he approached the car, hell broke loose. Red flames leapt up from the car, Johnny was forced back by the heat. Dirty, black clouds rose slowly into the air, marking the point of the tragedy.

M. J. Holding, 5B

DREAMS

I am alone!
Except for the trees, the grass, the flowers —
And the clouds.
No, not the clouds
For I look up and see a ship;
A beautiful galleon laden with treasure,
Its sails billowing in the wind.
And as it sails over the horizon
I see in its place a bride,
Her pure white skirts flowing;
She steps into her beautiful carriage,
Which is drawn by six white horses,
Then she floats over the clouds and out of sight.
Then twelve dancers appear leaping across the sky.
They wear frilly white skirts edged with pink
..... Then, in a flash everything disappears
As the noise of civilisation joins me.
And my dreams are forgotten.

Kim McGovern, 1A

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCHOOL DESK

Let me tell you about myself. I have been on active service for five years, and I belong to Queen's School. Although I have been used a lot, I am still in fairly good condition, except for the fact that I have my inkwell missing. I am situated in Room 9 near the wall. My name is Cuthbert and my next door neighbour is Rupert. I am by far the oldest desk in the room. My best friend is a schoolmistress named Miss Poole, who doesn't let people write on me, and this is the story of a day in my life. It begins on Wednesday the 9th October, 1968.

I am woken up every morning by the beautiful singing of the birds. I come out of my blissful slumber slowly, because I know it is the start of another hectic day. I notice that my friend Rupert is also listening to the chanting of the birds. I hear the soft turning of a key in the outside door, and the thump of elephant-type feet as the little horrors armed with compasses advance through the open door. It is the form of 5 B and my pupil is a tall boy called Vincent. He's all right, a lot better than some I know; Rupert's pupil is Richard and he is a little horror.

Soon it is time for Registration, and Miss Poole enters. There is dead silence, except for my pupil and Richard who are talking about the picture they had seen last night. She turns slowly and deliberately and tells them mildly that they have each a French composition to do for tomorrow; I laugh under my breath. They are swearing under theirs! After Ma'am has called the register, there are the usual late-comers, consisting of girls, who regularly say, "Oh, but Ma'am the bus was late." She doesn't answer, but finishes, and the perishers all go off to their heathen assemblies. Why can't they be like us and worship the high and heavy Blackboard?

Our first lesson is English with a Welshman called Mr. Morgan. He is tall with distinct features. This lesson he opens up with Personification, something to do with, "The desk looked happy." It was a fairly quiet lesson except for that horror Bilbrough butting in about irony on purpose to cause an argument. Then there was Maths with Mr. Wells, C.D.M., who is late for some unknown reason, and insists on giving our pupils extra homework for scheming diabolical plans against him. First of all he utters forth with Quadratic equations, then the subject rapidly changes to jobs and employment. Then the moment Rupert and I have been waiting for — Break. Ouch! Oh, that horror Richard has got his great big red felt-tip out and written 'Vincent loves Susan' on my after-part, really ruining my grain. Still Vincent hasn't noticed, and if he did he didn't mind, and they all trample off to their sainted Tuck-shop, which is too small.

Then we have another rest at dinner. During this time I have heard from Roma, a female desk across the room. She said that during the last lesson, she had had written on her, 'I love Kim' and various other expressions.

Then after the usual influx at registration my pupil sits down to a humorous hard-working hour and a half of German with that wonder of nature Mr. Roll. Which was only broken at the end of the first lesson by Mr. Roll's disappearance for a quick drag.

Then, it is the end of the day. I relax with a copy of Vincent's "Beano", which he left behind. Soon I am once more in a dreamy slumber. Who knows what tomorrow holds?

N. Hawkes, 5 B

THE MOTH

The darkness outside is like
Some impenetrable substance,
Its limits unknown.
All is quiet.
Only the ticking of the clock
Disturbs the peace.
The bright static sun,
Hanging from the ceiling,
Rules majestically
Over its subjects.
Suddenly a tiny shadow
Hits the window.
What creature is this
That throws itself incessantly
Against the pane?
Again and again
The faint tap
As the moth tries to reach
The fascinating ball which attracts it.
It finds an open window
And is in like a shot.
It hovers around, unsure,
Suspicious of that creature
Which seems to draw it
To its secret depths.
The moth lands on the ceiling
Above the yellow globe,
Basking in its light and warmth.
It dives suddenly
Into the lamp shade.

It flutters and struggles
But can't get out.
Round and round it goes,
Trying to escape,
But lands again unsuccessful.
Time and again
It tries to pass
That great heat,
Which is torment and torture now,
Only to fall back exhausted.
Feebly it tries again
While the lamp
Gradually draws the life
Out of its body.
Eventually it comes to rest
And sleeps the eternal sleep,
'Neath that great irresistible orb
Of bright light
That lured it to its death.

Helen Edis, 2 A (1967-68)

A TIME FOR DYING.

Wind crying in the barren trees;
The empty fields sighing
And the breeze full of the falling leaves —
Then is the time for dying.

"O then my fine huntsmen
Come riding five by four
On their high and flying horses
They come riding five by four.
To tantivy they come —
To tantivy the fox —
To tantivy tantivy the tumbling furrows."

The horn loud in the misty morn;
The drunken hounds crying
And the slinking fox slips ghostly by —
Then is the time for dying.

Tantara tantara! on the horn
And the harrying hounds and steaming horses
And huntsmen on fire leap out of the mist.
Down! O down! To down the quarry they come!



Blood glistening on the whispering leaves;
The fox fallen and torn.
A mournful tale rings out across the meadows
And the pheasant-ghosted spinneys
As the horses amble tantivy tantivy
And dwindle
away
into
the
mourning
mist.

Wind crying in the barren trees;
The empty fields sighing
And the breeze full of the falling leaves —
O then is the time for dying.

"For then my fine huntsmen
Came riding five by four
On their high and flying horses
They came riding five by four.
They came to tantivy —
The fox to tantivy —
They came to tantivy tantivy tantivy"

M. Singleton, Lower Sixth

(The above poem won an award in the Daily Mirror Tenth Children's Literary Competition, and is reprinted by kind permission of the Daily Mirror)

THE LION

My name is M'bata. I am the king of the Animal World — or I was. For I am now nought but a captive in a rusty cage, which has been my prison for twenty-four moons, and I will stay until I die or am put to sleep.

I was caught one perfect day in the dry season, shipped to this cold wet place, and here will I stay, lost, lonely, without hope and, perhaps, forgotten. Oh! I can still see that last glimpse of my homeland, leaving with nothing but hope in my heart, and how I left in the great silver hawk which swooped me up into the sky and away into my limbo.

I still wake as the sun rises, as I have always done. But now I do not see that majestic, flaming globe conquering the great, black mountain which slowly turns through a myriad of colour to that deep dry orange which symbolises my home — Kenya. No, that is gone forever;

now I see a pitiful, pale ghost sneaking up over the wan, virgin-concrete forest. I cannot see beyond it and it confronts me eternally, laughing superciliously at my plight.

And now the people come. They always arrive when I am at my bitterest and loneliest. What do they care for me, or I for them? I am a great lazy yellow beast, and they, pathetic creatures, worthy only of my contempt. This mutual hostile confrontation goes on until that negative sun begins to wane and I am left again to my thoughts, my hopes and my dreams.

I am alone in this cold, meagre prison, save for a lioness, an Ethiopian — Saka — and she is as humdrum and mercenary as are the rest of her cunning race. She is quite content to parade in front of that crowd, striking some feeling into their miserable hearts — or trying to. For it is hard to arouse any emotion in these phlegmatic creatures. They are incapable of love, and — worse — of hate.

They have tried to inflict their way of thinking on to us, these icebergs, but they find it difficult. Even the keeper, our one bright spot in the grey day, attempts to indoctrinate us, but he cannot.

For what can compensate for the lazy feel of the Kenyan sun and the mystery of the deep fathomless nights where everything is alive and awake, where the impossible will happen? How can he make Saka and me love each other as I loved Ma'andi and she Zaounu? How can he give us that full, proud, pulsating beat that comes before a good kill?

Yes, they may try to change me and they may kill me in trying to break me. But I, M'bata, will never be conquered.

I am the King of the Animals.

D. Callwood, 5 B

POEM

In rows like soldiers as they died,
The gravestones dead but still alive
Bear flowers which in the breezes dance,
Around the Garden of Remembrance.

The flowers mute with dying stalks,
Their petals hang like frozen hawks.
The sun sinks low as the church bells chime,
The moon hovers high as the Peregrine.

The twinkling stars on high do see
The quiv'ring in the willow tree,
That hangs its head o'er gravestones grey
Murmuring still with nought to say.

Vases in front of the gravestones tilt,
Heavy mist hangs as their quilt,
Covering all as the shroud does shield,
Covering all and nought does yield.

Shadows still but dancing yet,
Dancing while the moon is set
High in the sky and downward shines,
Mournfully on the Grave-Yard Lines.

C. Almond, 6 Alpha

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Silver salt-cellars,
Impersonal on the spotless cloth,
Stole the crisp whiteness of the outdoor scene;
Precisely rolled napkins strangled a dream,
And affected cheer mocked what should have been.

Clatter of knives
And weak attempts at mirth
Echoed throughout the hostile halls,
Returned the infertility within these walls
An emptiness that this day recalls.

She winced on her kipper,
He on his toast.
"It is of no Matter",
He attempted to boast;
But turned away and sadly smiled
For the cruelty of Christmas without a child;

No Billy Smart
To ruin the meal,
No urgent Nativity
To trouble the smile,
But no life after their death
To inherit the trial.

M. Keating, Upper Sixth

ARMAGEDDON (2)

"They" said it wouldn't happen, but . . . Liquid oxygen vaporized itself in synthetic cumulus clouds of white, while the last of ten seconds ignited tons of fuel to form a volcanic thrust. Gantry melted.

And the Soviet Union claimed the moon as Russian territory. America's type of Godliness was deflated abruptly, but three sets of twenty-four hours went by and a dauntless Apollo leapt to the heavens.

Soviet property was invaded.

Pentagon versus Kremlin.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones,

But words will never hurt me".

The world just watched

Abuse. Slander. Threats.

The world rose

Words were said and they hurt. Sticks and stones broke many bones, and guns killed many people.

The world took sides

A cold war formed a skin, bubbled around the edges, and boiled over into the gas-ring.

Mass hysteria rocked the globe on its axis, while Russia waggled an "itchy" button finger in America's face, and had it snapped off at the knuckle.

The world no longer watched because it had no eyes to watch with.

Our little planet cried out for pity.

"Please . . . please . . . "

But its tiny voice was blasted away by nuclear echo. Its poor, innocent face scarred and ripped away by sadistic atomic force.

Why was greed invented?

Deathly silence.

Now it hung in the universe, ashamed; a radioactive chunk.

A contaminated century fell into useless time, and then "they" who said it wouldn't happen dared show their faces at the slab lead doorways. Black. Grey. Desolation.

And oh how they wept when they saw what they had done. Oh how they wept.

Because it was only "they" who had lived to weep.

Only "they".

N. Elven, 6 A

FOG

It creeps like a cat after a mouse.
It's as grey as me old man's suit.
It crept upon the land like a tide coming in.
Sometimes thin, sometimes thick,
It comes silently and goes silently like
A hawk after its prey.
It does not kill, it does not eat.
But when it comes, it comes like a sudden
Flash across the sky.
The fog horn sounds to warn the boats,
But the warning is sometimes in vain, the
Boats are lost and never seen again.

F. Ritchie, 3 D

THE MADMAN

I am called Napoleon,
God sent me to save the earth.
It's not very nice in this padded cell,
But they say I was mad from birth.

The walls are all padded thickly,
But the door I'm afraid is not;
But if I chance to go outside,
I'm liable to be shot.

I've got lots of friends, called wardens;
They're dressed in clean white coats;
But they never come too close to me,
'Cause I grab them by their throats.

God sent me to redeem the world,
But I'm really not doing much,
It's hard to do a thing, you know,
Locked up in this rabbit hutch.

N. Turner, 4 A

THOUGHTS OF THE SEA'S CREATIONS

Here was I, alone,
With the noise of civilisation behind me
And the restlessness of the sea in front;
I held a pebble,
A pebble so smooth, so beautiful, so bright!

Yet I was faced with a decision;
Should I throw it into the sea, the greedy sea?
Or should I leave it on the sandy beach?
The pebble was bright, so beautiful;
Could I be so cruel and give it to the sea?

Never to feel the dryness of land again,
The warmth of the sun?
Yet the pebble was round
And smooth
The sea made it smooth and colourful,
The sea with its swirling waters.

So, the sea must have it back!

Robert Masters, 2 A

MEMORIES OF MALAYA

It is amazing how people's homes differ, from country to country and from street to street. I have visited Malayan people's homes. These are, for the rich people, large, with beautiful ornaments, very widely spaced. There appear to be acres of beautifully patterned marble floors, small chairs and low tables with ornate vases and ashtrays. Very often there is a bird in a large cage and stand. These birds are not pets, they are strictly ornaments and are fed by servants. The only pet the rich Chinese have is usually an ugly, fat and very irritable Pekinese.

When you arrive you are ushered by a servant into the large, cool living-room. The hosts are so polite it is just not true, and after a while it irritates you. The atmosphere is cool and somehow you all seem to be waiting for something to happen, and when you leave, you feel a little disappointed.

These visits never seem to last very long, and after everyone has drunk some delicious cold mint tea, you either sit and talk for a while; or you leave. These visits never seemed real to me, and I felt I was in another world when I walked into one of these houses.

The difference between these and the peasants' houses is amazing. To get to one of the "Kampongs" or "little villages" of the poorer Malayans you would have to walk through a semi-cleared jungle,

between bamboo canes and sugar-cane and long grass, banana trees etc. Occasionally a snake will slither across the path; for this reason I always cycled to the Kampong, although this was not very good for the bike, but I would rather a snake slithered between the spokes of my bike than over my foot, as did happen on one occasion.

The moment you are noticed, a stream of screaming, squawking, yelping, howling girls and boys, dogs, cats, goats, chickens and ducks surges around you, all trying to welcome you at once. At first this is a terrifying experience, but I think it is marvellous.

When you have managed to wade through this 'lake of life' and get to the front of the house, standing at the door are mother and father, uncles, aunts and cousins; whatever they are doing, they stop and come and welcome you. The house is very picturesque, usually wooden and raised on stilts to protect the house from the heavy rains of the monsoon season.

You always enter the house first, followed by the most important members of the 'family'. You sit on the floor and are plied with fruit grown themselves, and wines made out of rice. As you sit there, the house fills up with children, cats, dogs, chickens and goats all crowding in. It is very dark inside as there is usually only one large room which is partitioned off, with only one window. There is a very 'homely' smell of cooking etc., and when you leave, you are escorted by the crowd that greeted you, to the edge of the clearing. The mongrel dogs follow you all the way home, barking excitedly when they manage to topple you off your bike. I don't know which house you would prefer to visit, but I do know which I prefer.

S. Denison, 5 C

MY ENCOUNTER WITH A WASP

I stood there,
Armed with a half-full container of Aerosol.
The wasp stumbled over the sill;
It paused.
Now was my chance.
I approached ready to destroy.
Wait...
Could I be so cruel?
It hadn't done anything;
If I don't kill someone else is sure to.
I aimed
It was then I noticed
Its yellow and black colouring was tinted with a sticky stream
of scarlet.
Ugh!

I looked again.
Its bisected head was struggling,
Struggling with a bloody second part.
In horror I watched it stagger across the sill,
Decisively my finger pressed the button.

It died instantly
I had ended its agony.

S. Pipes, 2 A (1967-68)

THE THINGS

I stood and watched amazed,
Stuck to the ground, like a pin to a magnet,
While gradually forms appeared on the surface of the sea.
Things! What were they? What were they doing?
All was silent and I watched them from the top of the cliff.
It was dark, but the sky shone from the stars and the moon,
And these "things", they too were luminous;
They quivered and moaned,
But I could not make out what they were doing.
Suddenly a huge wave formed next to the "things",
And out of it appeared a monster,
A terrible construction, with gleaming eyes,
And skin like leaves in Spring.
This monster appeared to be their master,
For as soon as he had come,
The "things" stopped moaning and were silent,
And as I looked at them closely,
I saw, by the look of their faces,
That they were petrified of their master.
Suddenly the monster let out a cry of rage,
And screams came from the "things",
Then, as gradually as they had come,
They were sucked into the water and gone for ever.

Juliet Gordon, 1 Alpha



THE ENCOUNTER

The moonlight shone over the narrow strip of water, which was the lake upon which a few muffled ripples were created by a light but chilling wind. The wind was also gently stirring the pine trees, which fringed the lake, making them cast strange unearthly shadows upon a sandy reflected path.

A silver shadow flits among the trees and is gone without a sound. You wonder if you saw it at all. A man and a dog appear from around a bend in the path, the man obviously taking a constitutional, with his dog for company. Apparently he does not come this way regularly, for he walks with vaguely hesitant steps, or maybe he feels the atmosphere which suddenly and almost imperceptively has changed to one of charged electricity. He falters, shrugs his shoulders and continues. His dog begins to whine. A sudden gust of wind howls through the trees and the dog gives one yelp and is off like a shot, tail between its legs leaving its master bewildered and frightened.

The man shouts after his dog and is surprised to hear the terror in his voice. 'What am I afraid of?' he thinks. 'it's just a spooky night.' He starts off after his dog, and he has only gone a few yards when he is aware of a sound, like an animal or a human breathing heavily. The hairs on the back of his neck are prickly and a sudden blind terror wells up in him, and uttering a strangled cry, he begins to run back down the path. In his panic he trips and falls, and rolling over stares death in the face, in the form of an animal the size of a man with a silver coat of hairs.

The struggle is brief and one-sided . . .

The sky is lightening slightly and the wind has dropped; the dawn will be peaceful. But a gory body lies on a sandy neglected path, eyes staring wide, its throat ripped out.

L. Espie, 6A

CATS

When the lid's off a bin and a nose peers in,
It's a cat.
When a noise in the night makes you jump up in fright,
It's a cat.
When a small dainty paw shows a sharp white claw,
It's a cat.
When a pink tongue licks and a long tail flicks,
It's a cat.
Long, lean, alley cats; fat, short, tabby cats;
Timid cats, fluffy cats, proud Siamese cats,
With their independent air and wide-eyed stare,
Their soft, silky fur and deep, throaty purr.
And the stealthy way they trap their prey,
With leaps and bounds and never a sound.
Now tell me the best of all creations?
IT'S A CAT!

G. Hughes, 4A

ARMAGEDDON (3)

He lifted his head and shook it, utterly dejected. The bedlam had stopped now, leaving only this unbearable silence and stillness. He was too dazed to wonder why.

Slowly, painfully, he rose to his feet. The rubble cascaded into miniature avalanches in protest as he stumbled and limped towards what used to be his home...

Yesterday he had been happy. Yesterday had been a good day, with the sun pouring over his world. He had run over the moors yesterday, wild as the wind and glad to escape his masters...

His masters. Where were they? He forgot the beatings and brutality in a sudden wave of loneliness... forgot the fear and awe and remembered only that they might have loved him. They were here somewhere, they had to be...

Dimly, he wondered where. Beneath the misshapen form of his skull he wondered...

The amber skies burnt deep into what was left of earth. They stained the remnants of once-living cities and dried them into dusty oblivion, scattering the now-empty shells of man into sealess shores that mocked his memory. Great crevasses had engulfed those terrains unravaged by the vast volcanic chaos that had so recently been unleashed. Leaving only these scarred tombs...

Thunder began to roar in the distance, but the numb senses left to the lone survivor refused to hear it. To him, thunder was that

which roared at the command of his masters and struck their feathered victims to his feet. He hated the thunder. It meant a chain and a curse, a day of hunger...

His masters never fed him when they needed his speed and sharp eyes. They saved food as a reward for slavery, something to be earned...

Still, he was lost and numb without them. They were solid, real... he could not survive in this harsh, hard new world without them to obey. Unchained, he knew he was their prisoner...

Lengthening and steadyng his stride, he began to trot, then lope and finally run at full gallop. Headlong, heedless now of the heat and strangeness, he ran and ran...

Breath came to him sparingly, grudgingly, wet with blood and saliva. His sides retched and heaved as his lungs strained to pump the oxygen from his gasping nostrils. Head down, he had finally realised how alone he was...

Completely. Unbelievably, he was the only living thing to survive man's holocaust. Not even his master... not even man himself had endured his self-inflicted destruction...

The dog could not understand, but he could mourn. Into his deep, uncanny howls he poured all the heartache of what had so irrevocably destroyed his world...

Why did man and thunder roar so terribly? He laid his ragged ears to his back and cried the question to the emptiness.

Y. Gower, 4A

Answers to 'A Modern Bestiary'

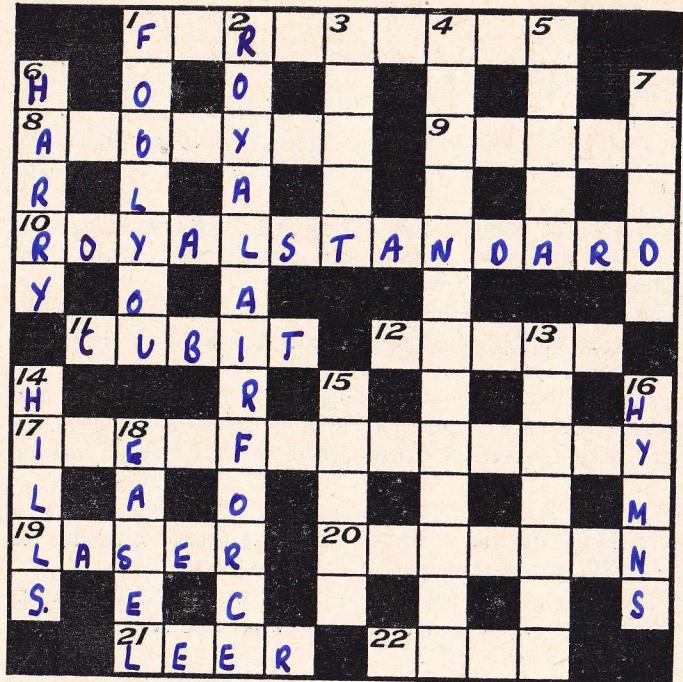
- | | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| 1. Buffalo | 6. Gazelle |
| 2. Owl | 7. Ostrich |
| 3. Snake | 8. Hippopotamuses |
| 4. Lizard | 9. Ostrich |
| 5. Crocodile | 10. Gorilla |
-

Stop press!

THE CHRISTMAS FAIR 1968

The Christmas Fair, held on December 6th, 1968, was as usual a great success. A net profit of over £ 1000 was made, of which £ 200 was donated to various charities. Those supported were Cheshire Homes, Star Centre for Youth, Royal National Life-Boat Institution and once again a home for spastic children in Mönchengladbach.

The Christmas Fair Committee would like to thank all parents and friends who supported the Fair so generously.



*Cross-
word
compe-
tition*

Three prizes of DM 10 will be awarded for the first correct solutions opened from the Lower, Middle and Upper Schools. Conditions as announced.

Across

1. Roman half-century and short British Railway queues are thoroughly confused in a dramatic send-up (9)
8. Re-assemble any seal to ascertain the elements. (7)
9. Rex told to lose head and tail to praise enthusiastically. (5)
10. What the Queen lives up to — and under. (5, 8)
11. In this ancient unit of measurement, Noah's ark was 300 by 50 by 30. (5)
12. Sounds like a bone-head, but can propel a boat. (5)
17. Uselessly. (13)
19. Initially, light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation. (5)
20. Given and received in lessons. (7)
21. German empty, English look full of malignity. (4)
22. Apparel is turned back to front for a game of cards. (4)

Down

1. Keep trying! Don't let this one — —. (4, 3)
2. At length, R.A.F. will provide the right answer. (5, 3, 5)
3. Some personnel in 2 have to do this in an emergency. (5)
4. Monarch's messenger makes magazine of the moment. (6, 7)
5. Formerly mixed-up rat employed in movie crowd-scenes. (5)
6. "Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, 'God for —, England and Saint George.'" (Henry V) (5)
7. A film of ice for projection? (5)
13. Reclining lazily, I'll come up in long division. (7)
14. "And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic —?" (Blake) (5)
15. For those who dwell north of the border, put a shilling at each end of baby's bed. (5)
16. The quotation in 14 could have come from a book of these. (5)
18. A new lease provides equipment for artist or teacher. (5)