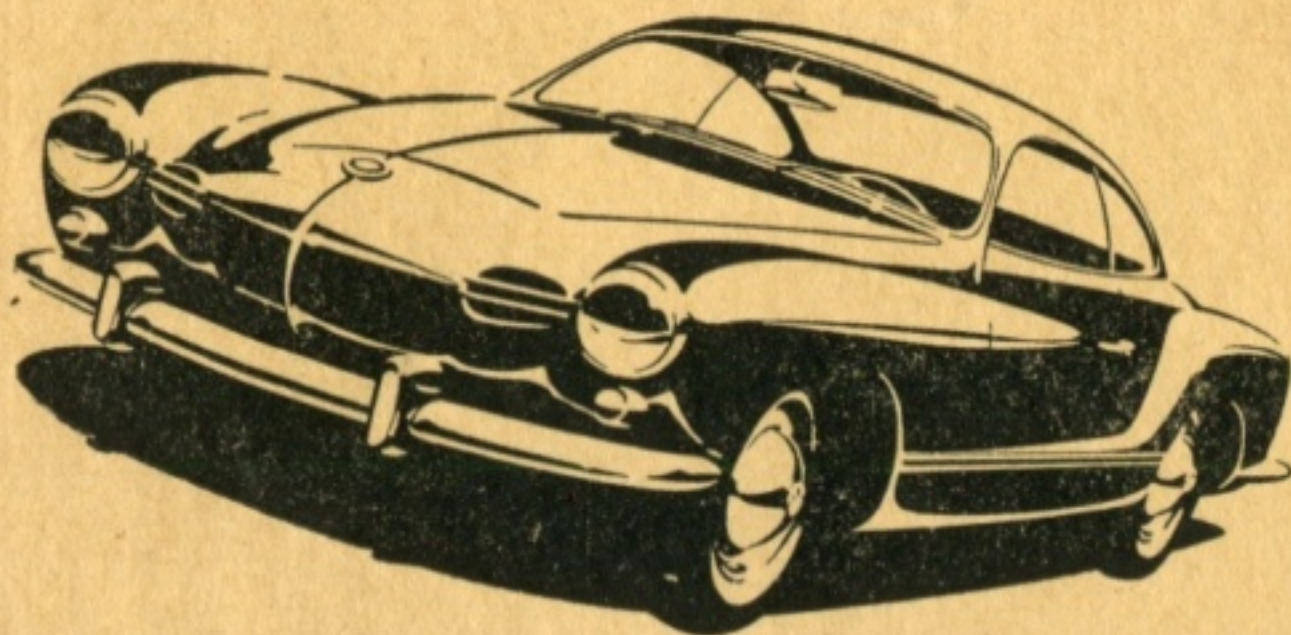




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THE MAGAZINE
OF
QUEEN'S SCHOOL

Mönchen Gladbach

1955-1956

VOLUME I

NUMBER I

AUTUMN. MCMLVI



SOUTHERN ASPECT OF QUEEN'S SCHOOL^{*FW}

Editorial

We feel proud to present the first issue of Queen's School magazine, although, in producing it, we have had to accept a number of challenges. To begin with, we had read the several issues of the other three B.F.E.S. secondary schools with great interest and much envy: their standard was so high, and they all seemed so well established! But, at the beginning of this term, we thought that Queen's School, which had by then been working in its permanent home for over a year, was also sufficiently established for us to try to offer an impression of that first year.

All B.F.E.S. schools are faced with the same problems in producing records of their work. Since they are recently-founded schools, and of a temporary nature, they are still in the process of forming their traditions, and this is necessarily hampered by the shifting society in which we, in B.F.E.S., live, for teaching staff in our schools remain for only a few years; and our pupils are even more transitory, moving to and from schools as their families are reposted. It is difficult, therefore, to survey any one year as a whole; one must try, rather, to join the links of a chain. Moreover, just because of the transitory quality of so many aspects of an English school in Germany, it is important to try to arrest time for a moment, and to crystallize some of the events and achievements of the year.

There are advantages, on the other hand, in having our type of community. For example, we find very keen enthusiasm among the pupils for the school magazine, because both the school and the magazine are new ventures. We hope that this enthusiasm, which has prompted a tremendous number of original contributions, will be maintained for all the issues to come. We are also fortunate in having with us so many boys and girls who have travelled widely with their Army and R.A.F. families; many of these travellers have written most interesting impressions of their experiences in other countries. Yet we offer not only armchair travel-tours: we have included the knowledge and experiences of some ardent scientists, naturalists, historians, musicians, artists, linguists and poets. A few pupils — per-

haps potential schoolmasters — have been moved, not to tell us what *they* know, but to discover what *we* know: their contributions are in the form of quizzes.

We should like to thank all boys and girls for their interesting and varied entries, and the members of the Magazine Committee for their help and valuable suggestions. We thank Mr. Beaver particularly for dealing with the arrangements for printing; and Mr. Wilcockson particularly for arranging the illustrations and cover design. We are grateful to Miss Abbott and to Mr. Chignell for so efficiently managing the advertisements, and to Frau Gronenberg for her indefatigable typing of the manuscripts.

B.L.L.

Queen's School Staff List

Appointments, January 1955

Mr. G. Wright, B.Sc.	Headmaster	Died December 1955
Mr. T. G. Benyon, M.A.	Senior Master, Head of English Department	
Miss J. C. Barry, B.A.	Head of History Department	
Miss M. Brown, M.A.	Head of Mathematics Department	Left July 1956
Miss G. D. Coe	Physical Education (Girls)	Left December 1955

Appointments, April 1955

Miss P. Webber, B.A.	Senior Mistress, Head of Languages Department	
Miss D. E. Abbott	General Subjects	
Mr. G. H. Edwardson, B.Sc.	Head of Science Department	
Mr. J. W. Morgan, B.Sc. (Econ.)	General Subjects, R.I.	
Mr. J. A. Stallwood	Woodwork	
Mr. A. T. Stevens	Physical Education (Boys)	Left July 1956

*Appointments, September 1955**

Mr. G. V. N. Beaver	Metalwork, Technical Drawing
Miss V. Bland	Domestic Subjects
Mr. H. Chignell, B.A.	German
Mr. W. C. Francis, B.A.	Geography
Miss C. E. Hardy	Needlework
Miss B. Harner, B.Sc.	Biology

Miss M. M. Killian	Commercial Subjects	
Mr. C. E. Lewis	General Subjects	
Mr. J. W. Meiklejohn	Rural Science	
Mr. D. H. Purvis, L.R.A.M.	Music	
Mrs. F. M. Prescott, B.A.	Latin	Left July 1956
Mr. P. Wilcockson	Art and Craft	

Appointments, January 1956

Mrs. K. Fielder	General Subjects	Left July 1956
Miss S. J. Stephens	Physical Education (Girls)	
Mrs. R. Walkington, B.A.	French, General Subjects	Left July 1956

Appointments, September 1956

Miss B. L. Lacaille, B.A.	English, Latin
Miss D. I. Lancashire, B.Sc.	Head of Mathematics Department
Mr. I. Macgillivray, B.Sc.	Chemistry
Miss J. Knight	General Subjects, R.I.
Mr. I. C. Walker	Physical Education (Boys)
Miss K. Wood, B.A.	English, French

Administrative Staff

Mr. W. G. Wilson	Administrative Officer
Miss A. M. Davidson	Secretary to Headmaster

School Office Bearers

MONITORS

Appointments 9th May 1955

Pamela Anne Hudman	Nominated Prefect and Head Girl 12. 9. 56
Edward Pook	

Appointments 26th September 1955

Margaret Maureen Aylett	
Teresa Stone	Nominated Prefect 3. 11. 55 and Head Girl 3. 11. 55
Robert William Dunn	Nominated Prefect 3. 11. 55 and Head Boy 3. 11. 55

Appointment 4th October 1955

Sandra Mary Winkill	Nominated Prefect 12. 9. 56
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Appointments 17th January 1956

Robert John Gray	
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Keith Carl Brooker Nominated Prefect 12. 9. 56
Michael James Hurley
Patricia C. E. Cox Nominated Prefect 12. 9. 56

Appointments 12th September

Michael Dixon Nominated Prefect 12. 9. 56
Geoffrey Francis Ashby
Anthony Victor Corke
Kenneth Docherty
David Anthony Goode
Virginia Carver
Valerie Willis

Examination Successes

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

P. Hudman (6 subjects)

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

Intermediate

P. Cox (1 subject)
A. Gray (2 subjects)
T. Stone (2 subjects)

Elementary

R. Spencer (1 subject)
V. Williams (1 subject)
J. Willoughby (2 subjects)

ARMY APPRENTICE TRADESMEN

J. C. Dandy
P. H. Dandy
D. Sallows
K. J. Thomas

AIR FORCE APPRENTICE

N. Bacon
J. D. Gray

Queen's School Song

This School, this branch of Britain's youth,
Set deep in foreign soil,
Must bear aloft the right and truth
Gained by our forbears' toil.
Four Houses here within one School
Unite with common aim
That our example, work and play
Achieve a worthy name.

Atlantic breakers smash in vain
On Cornwall's rugged shore:
Her people, fearless, brave the seas
In storm, in peace, in war.
Of Edinburgh's fortress rock
No conqueror can boast:
Its every strength has won respect
And peace from coast to coast.

Now Gloucester's towers serene and proud
Beside the Severn stand,
A symbol of our ancient faith,
The spirit of our land:
Invaders fear, whilst travellers greet,
The chalk-white cliffs of Kent,
And from her orchards, thick with bloom,
Our nation draws content.

Such scenes, beliefs, from ages past,
We hold to, all our days.
For youth to-day, to-morrow leads,
And guides our country's ways.
So strive we must, and knowledge gain,
That war shall one day cease,
For through our work the future's built,
And, through our learning, peace:
"Pax a Discendo".

Words and Music: David Purvis

Log

Although many people had been working on the project which was to be Queen's School long before 10th January 1955, it is from that date that I reckon the School, as a school, began. All the boys and girls over eleven in the Junior School moved into two rooms in Cambridge House. Staff were Mr. G. Wright, Headmaster designate of Queen's School, Mr. T. G. Benyon, Miss J. Barry, Miss G. Coe and Herr Kerber, lent to us by Mr. Day. Miss Brown joined from Hamburg after a few days. When we assembled we had about fifty pupils, desks, blackboards and chalk, a few assorted books and our own wits.

Having two rooms, we divided, unlike Gaul, into two parts, and did the best we could to cope with pupils of very varied age and ability. Major Pounds and the staff of Cambridge House were most forbearing hosts and gave us all the help they could. The Headmaster started off in the way he meant Queen's School to go on, so there were work, play and discipline from the beginning. By Easter a happy and flourishing little community with a strong corporate spirit had flowered in the frozen snow of that first winter.

Meanwhile little progress had been made with our proper building, but St. George's School had been completed. Queen's had pupils but no building, and St. George's at first had a building but no pupils. So we were allotted four classrooms in St. George's School. This enabled us to make a more sensible division of our growing numbers. Mr. Edwardson, Mr. Stallwood, Miss Webber, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Stevens joined the Staff. Herr Grosser, who had been doing the office work since January, was joined by Frau Gronenberg and Fräulein Lindt, and Mr. Wilson arrived to take over the duties of Administrative Officer. The work of organisation and supply against the day when our building should be ready was pushed forward vigorously. We held our first Sports Day, our first Swimming Gala, had our first visit from her Majesty's Inspectors, held our first full examinations and were regarded with amused tolerance by the few workmen who saw us wandering like lost souls in the shell of our proper building which they seemed to have no intention of finishing. By now the Monitorial system, started in Cambridge House, was well established, and our first two Houses, Cornwall and Edinburgh, were thriving. Apart from an almost total absence of practical work,

a normal secondary curriculum was in force. We not only were a school, but in a proper building were beginning to look like one.

In the first days of the summer "holiday" we took over most of our present building. The Headmaster, the teaching and administrative Staff and a number of loyal and public-spirited boys and girls worked all through the holiday to move in the furniture, equipment, and stores which have made Queen's School one of the best equipped secondary schools anywhere. Much-needed light relief was provided by the arrival of such things as poker and coal scuttles for a building whose only fire roars in Metalwork shop.

On 6th September our remaining Staff arrived. On 8th September the full staff assembled for the first time and by 14th September all was ready for the arrival of 283 pupils from over 80 different schools. Few people have the thrill of participating in the creation of a brand new school with staff and pupils meeting for the first time, a fine new building and equipment straight from the manufacturer.

Everyone present at our first assembly felt that it was an occasion. The plans we had made worked well and the School settled down with remarkable smoothness to a routine of work — and homework — much to the surprise of some pupils who, knowing the circumstances, had looked forward to a spell of confusion in which their enterprise would find scope!

Our House organisation was completed by the creation of Kent and Gloucester and the expansion of Cornwall and Edinburgh; the School's first two Prefects and a number of additional Monitors were appointed. We played our first international Soccer match against the Moench-Gladbacher Naturwissenschaftliches Gymnasium, held our first Parents' Evening, were visited by the Bishop of Fulham and gave our first public performance — a concert of music and poetry for Christmas. School Christmas parties went with a swing, all the more joyous, perhaps, because our first full dress examinations were just over. The term came to an end with the Service of Nine Lessons and Carols in the School Hall. Miss Coe left the Staff for reasons of health. She had made a notable contribution to our traditions and we were very sorry to lose her.

The Headmaster decided to take the first leave he had had since January 1955 and left for England on 21st December. We were all shocked to learn of his sudden death on stepping off the train at the Hook of Holland. It seemed all the more poignant when we thought of his relative youth and his never seeing the full fruits of his splendid work for the School. The Senior Master accompanied his body to

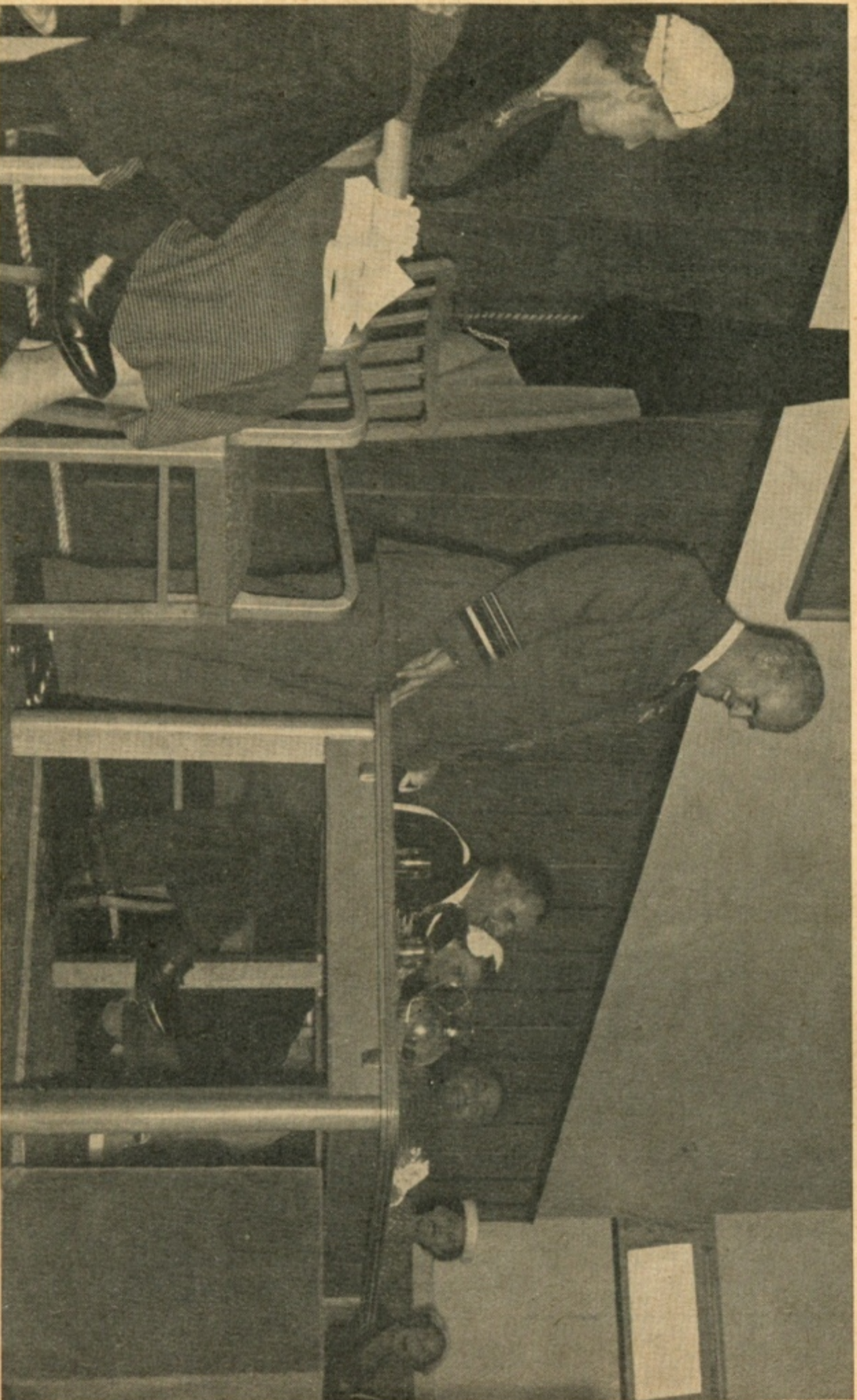
England, arriving on Christmas Day in the morning. The Senior Mistress and Miss Barry represented B.A.O.R. and B.F.E.S. at his funeral.

Mrs. Wright came over from England to attend the Memorial Service held on 14 January 1956 in the Church of St. Boniface, in the presence of a great congregation. A Requiem Mass was said in the Church of St. Thomas More.

Mr. Benyon had assumed the duties of Acting Headmaster until a new permanent Headmaster could be appointed, and one of his main tasks during an eventful Spring Term was to assist in formulating plans for the expansion of the School premises to cater for its growth. This has proved a continuing preoccupation. Visitors to the School were numerous this term. A party of British and German ladies led by Mrs. M. Johnston, wife of the D.A.G., spent an afternoon in our classes. Lt. General Sir C. F. Sugden, Maj. Gen. W. G. Roe and Maj. Gen. H. H. C. Sugden, Mr. Murray-Rust H. M. I. and Miss Cornforth H. M. I., Col. Coult, Maj. Gen. C. B. Fairbanks and Brigadier Chamberlain were among the notable people who were our guests. On 8th March we welcomed teams from Windsor School and were beaten at Netball and Cross Country, though the Junior of our two Basketball teams managed to score a well-earned victory. A very large number of parents came to our Parents' Evening and enjoyed the incidental exhibitions of work, Physical Education demonstrations and Musical Interlude. Lady Napier later in the term gave an exciting illustrated talk on the violin to the whole School, and a number of groups of actors entertained one another and their forms with playlets in French.

The Summer Term, though longer, was just as crowded. Our inter-House Work Competition was launched, our first full scale Sports Day and Swimming Gala took place, a number of distinguished visitors came to see us, but the term was undoubtedly dominated by our Official Opening on Speech Day by Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon, C. B., C. V. O., D. S. O., accompanied by Lady Bandon.

Our plans to hold the ceremony out of doors had to be abandoned at the last minute because of the weather. Nearly five hundred pupils, parents and guests crowded into the hall. Two hundred or more in the corridor and classrooms and the entire lower school in the Gym listened to the speeches relayed on the public address system. Dr. H. Priestley, Director B.F.E.S., presided over a gathering which included many high-ranking officers and distinguished visitors. After the Chairman's remarks and the Headmaster's Report,



OFFICIAL OPENING, 4 TH JULY, 1956
BY AIR MARSHAL THE EARL OF BANDON, C. B., C. V. O., D. S. O.



GEORGE WRIGHT

1912 — 1955

Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon unveiled a handsome plaque carved by Mr. J. Stallwood to commemorate the occasion. The entertaining and sage remarks passed by our guest of honour after he had presented the prizes, as well as everything else that was said, was put on permanent record by the School's tape recorder. Maj. Gen. Roe, most effectively seconded by Teresa Stone, our first Head Girl, proposed the vote of thanks. The school lined the drive to cheer the Commander-in-Chief as he left. Tea for the School's official guests was served in the Library.

On 16 July, probably for the first time since it opened, the school shut down completely for all to enjoy the Commander-in-Chief's holiday.

We said farewell to Miss Brown and Mr. Stevens, and wished them bon voyage to Singapore and Hong Kong respectively. Both had contributed much to the foundation of the school.

Work started just after the end of term on the conversion of one of our cloakrooms into the present Music Room and the installation of sliding partitions in two classrooms to give more teaching space for small groups. The workmen left the day before we reopened for the Autumn Term. Six new members of Staff arrived from the U. K. to replace those who had left and bring our teaching staff up to strength.

We had completed our first full academic year 309 strong. We started our second with 394 pupils and have already above 420.

Queen's School no longer feels like a new school, and faces the prospect of further rapid expansion with confidence.

T. G. B.

Foundation Headmaster

George Wright

I first heard George Wright's voice on the telephone in London early in 1954, inviting me to meet him and discuss the possibility of an appointment at a new school in Germany. I liked the sound of him straight away. I saw him in a shabby room in gloomy, cavernous Northumberland House and we went thoroughly into the whole thing. I ceased to be aware of our depressing surroundings as I realis-

ed the practical enthusiasm of the man. With characteristic modesty, he refrained from mentioning that he was to be Headmaster. When he offered me, subject to approval, a post on the staff, and I learned that he was Headmaster designate, I had no hesitation in accepting. I knew as certainly as anyone can know such a thing that Queen's School would be the sort of school I should be happy to work in.

And so it turned out. We transacted a good deal of Queen's School business by correspondence during the summer and autumn of 1954, and first impressions of thoroughness, modesty and enthusiasm were deepened. I began to be aware, too, of the immense amount of work George Wright had already done, on top of his arduous duties as Senior Master at Prince Rupert School, towards organising and equipping Queen's School.

In January, 1955, we met in the new Headquarters. Our immediate task was the unenviable one of making bricks without straw. George Wright would be content with nothing but the best bricks, straw or no straw, and so, cost what it might in work and worry to himself, he set about ensuring the essentials of secondary education to the pupils we taught in two rooms in Cambridge House. From then until his death in December, 1955, he worked all hours and took no holidays to speak of. He was a meticulous organiser, a man of foresight who could work out a principle in detail, a perfectionist with a conscience that gave him no rest, a convinced Christian, an enthusiast for sport, a man dedicated to his chosen profession of teaching the young. He expected and got a high standard from those he had to deal with. Those competent to judge agreed that the opening of Queen's School in its permanent buildings in September, 1955, was a model of how a new school should start.

All this sounds formidable, but George Wright never gave that impression. No matter who knocked on his office door, member of staff, small boy, parent anxious about his child's future, officer with a query about the building or equipment, he would listen patiently and devote his time and attention to the problem. He was never too busy to be kind, never forgot the needs and uniqueness of individuals, was always willing to reconsider a decision, but was firm when his mind was made up. Hospitable and friendly, he was excellent company when the day's work was over, and I laughed often and heartily at his stories of experiences in Germany during the early post-war days, at his shrewd comments on men and affairs. He concerned himself deeply about the personal welfare of all his staff, British and German, and remembered to ask the tactful questions

which can mean so much to people settling down in a new place, or living through a time of stress.

I suppose that few men have devoted themselves so entirely to the service of youth, and that few have so consistently underrated their own achievement and worth.

T. G. Benyon

Clubs

No school is complete without its clubs. "When are our clubs going to begin?" was a frequent question from members of staff and boys and girls when Queen's School was very young. It became apparent that lack of transport would deprive boys and girls living outside H.Q. of the chance of joining in these out-of-school activities, and so it was decided to use for the running of clubs the last period on Fridays, which previously had been devoted exclusively to House Matches.

The Houses do not suffer since their matches continue as before. Certainly it is disconcerting to find at times that half the club members are away on the sports field, yet we are learning to be philosophical about this.

The time available may be limited, the problem of absentees may be irritating, but the variety of activities offered is highly satisfactory. We have founded eighteen clubs; true, some are in their infancy, but they appear to be thriving. There is something for everyone: Sports for our athletes; Recorder Playing for our musicians; Science, Natural History, Geography, Archaeology, History, Chess and Stamp Collecting for our scholars; Printing, Aero-Modelling, Model Railway for our technicians; Drama for our actors and actresses; Ball-room Dancing and Scottish Dancing for our social butterflies; and even Rifle shooting and Fencing for our sportsmen and women.

All members of the school will join me in thanking our members of staff for the time, attention and sympathetic interest they give to this valuable aspect of our school life.

A particular mention must be made of Mr. Chignell, who has been responsible at the beginning of each new term for the great task of finding suitable hobbies for every boy and girl in the school.

P. Webber

Music 1955-56

With an ominous splintering and cracking of wood, the legs of the grand piano, which had been specially hired for the visiting pianist, subsided through the flimsy staging. The pianist was to be Harriet Cohen, on tour in Germany.

The stage? — not in Queen's School, fortunately, but in an anonymous place she visited just before playing to us here.

We all knew the international repute of Harriet Cohen's name, that she was the brilliant pianist behind the scenes in the film that featured "Cornish Rhapsody", that she had been awarded the C.B.E., that many of Sir Arnold Bax's piano works were dedicated to her, and so forth — yet none of us knew quite what to expect, for we all knew just a little bit more.

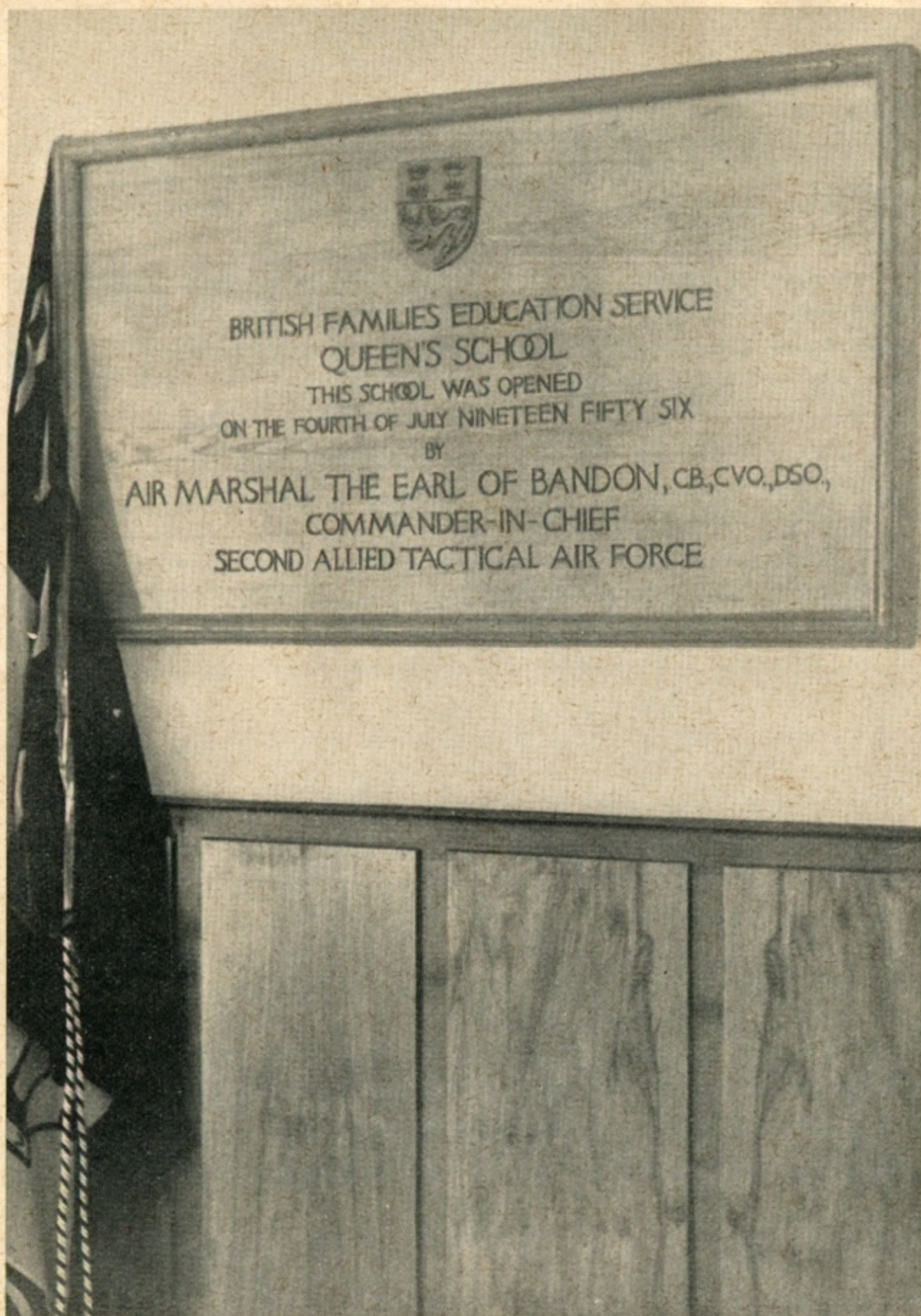
Harriet Cohen's right hand was severely injured in an accident in 1948, and it was feared that she would never play again. To encourage her to do so, Bax wrote a Piano Concerto for the left hand, but by the time she first played it in 1950, she was actually able to use both her hands again.

Even so, it seemed to us here that the pieces in her programme, from the opening Bach Chorale Prelude of her own arrangement, to the Sibelius that rounded it off, had probably all been chosen to keep well within the limitations of her injured hand.

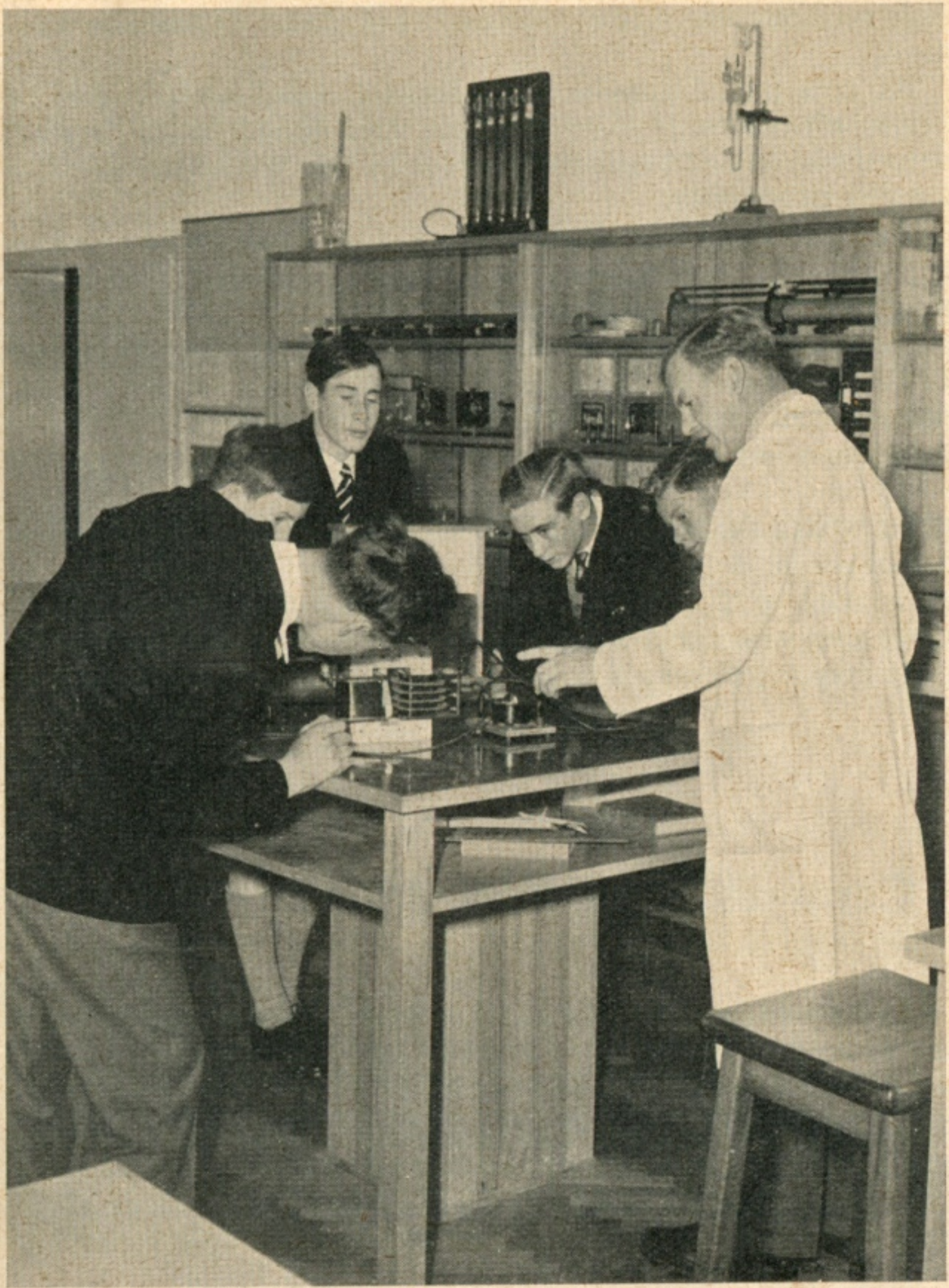
To make up for this, Harriet Cohen has of necessity evolved a new approach. Between her pieces, she talked to us informally, as if we were gathered round her drawing-room piano, until any unavoidable shortcomings in her technique were amply outweighed by the charm of her personality.

So much for our musical highlight — all over in one evening. Less in the public eye, but of longer life, the choir goes steadily on. Because of the present youth of the school, we have not yet enough settled broken voices to found tenor and bass departments. As it has never been possible to rehearse choristers who live in Headquarters together in their spare time with those who come in from outside, a second choir has been formed to give everyone an equal chance, the two combined now numbering 120 voices. Just before Christmas we hope to sing in a concert at the Garrison Theatre, together with the West Rhine Choral Society and the band of the Buffs.

We are grateful to the former for giving Queen's School pupils not only seats at reduced prices, but, at times, free admission to



OFFICIAL OPENING:
COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE CARVED BY
MR. J. A. STALLWOOD



THE PHYSICS LABORATORY

such performances as the "Messiah" and Bach's "Christmas Oratorio".

An eerie piping may be heard floating round our corridors on Friday afternoons. It comes from the Recorder Clubs for both advanced players and beginners, ably run by Mr. Wilcockson and Miss Lacaille respectively.

The Record Spinners Club has started its winter season, and on any Friday its members may spend a musical lunch hour, listening to records of their own choice.

Twice during the year we all enjoyed visits from Elizabeth Napier. In them we not only heard violin music finely played, but we had demonstrated to us, in a lucid and entertaining manner, the many surprisingly different effects a violin can produce. The school was vastly amused at Lady Napier's story of her visit to an East African school where she had played her violin, which is of the Cremona School and of around 1720. A native pupil included these words in an account of the visit: — "It was wonderful to see and hear a violin over two hundred years old, but still more so to think how Lady Napier had kept it in such good condition for all those years."

D. P.

Cornwall House Girls' and Boys' Report

Cornwall House has certainly not lacked enthusiasm, especially in the realm of sport. The games this year were played in a spirit second to none. Unfortunately results have not always done justice to Cornwall's team spirit. The girls' Hockey Team did not shine last winter, but in Netball we achieved first place with our Senior Team and second with our Junior. Outstanding players were Alice O'Neil, Valerie Burbedge and Frances Scott. We had reason to be very proud also of our Football Team which won the Football Cup.

Summer activities included swimming, rounders and cricket. Again the boys did exceptionally well, coming second in the House Cricket contests which we had won the year before. In Rounders we managed only a third position this year and in swimming suffered a great disappointment when we were just beaten by a margin of only six points.

The culminating sports event was the Annual Athletics Meeting of July 18th. The competition was close and none of those taking part spared themselves to help their House. They really deserved their hard won victory. This great success was due to the regular Saturday morning practices they had held during the Summer term.

The Autumn Term started well with a 15.6 victory for the Senior Netball Team and a 7.0 victory for the Football team. Our outstanding football players, incidentally, are Pyatt and Aldous.

Of general interest to the whole House was the glass-blowing demonstration we attended at Cambridge House. We have also seen an excellent set of films on motoring, lent to us by the Rootes Group. These included "The Monte Carlo Rally", "The Alpine Rally" and "Eight countries in twenty-four hours". We were also interested to watch the B.A.O.R. Badminton Finals at the R.A.F. Gymnasium.

The first House to begin collecting subscriptions from members, we have found the money very useful towards Games refreshments, indoor games, raffle prizes, House badges and such necessary House expenses.

It is only hoped that the enthusiasm with which Cornwall House has worked since its inauguration will continue. So, Cornwall, for the coming term- more effort, more House-points and fewer detentions!

Elke Connell and B. Hurley (House Captains)

Edinburgh House Girls' Report

Edinburgh House girls congratulate Cornwall on winning the Cup, but hope, with some hard work, to be the lucky winners next year. Edinburgh won the inter-house swimming after a competition which was so close that our win depended on the last relay. We came a close second in the sports, second in the hockey and third in rounders. The juniors won in netball, having played very well, but the seniors came last. We hope, however, to do better this year.

At the end of last term, we were sorry to say goodbye to Miss Brown, who was a most encouraging house-mistress. In her place we are glad to welcome Miss Lancashire and also another new member of staff, Miss Wood. We were very sorry to lose our Games Captain, Terry Stone, whose position is now filled by Daphne Johnson.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Killian for her help and encouragement during the past year.

Pamela Hudman (House Captain)

Edinburgh House Boys' Report

Edinburgh was one of the first Houses to be formed before we moved into Queen's School.

The House Masters were Mr. Edwardson, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Purvis, who are still with us. The first House Captain was Edward Pook, who did so much in helping towards the success of the House, and whom we were sorry to lose at the end of the summer term.

In the House Sports activities we did not do very well in the Football Competition, but made up for this by winning the Cricket and Swimming Competitions, and narrowly losing the Athletics Competition to Cornwall, whom we must congratulate on their success. This year we hope to do even better, in spite of an early defeat at football by Cornwall, which we shall try to avenge in the next game.

Geoffrey Ashby (House Captain)

Gloucester House Girls' Report

During the year we had a very pleasant and interesting visit to the Camp waterworks and another to the boiler house.

Over the past year we have played many matches against the other houses. In the Autumn and Spring terms we played hockey and netball, but regret to say that we came only third in both events. We hope, however, to do better this season. The games were most enjoyable. In the Summer term we had a swimming gala, in which, with the help of the boys, we managed to come third. We also had the Interhouse athletics in which the house came fourth. The rounders matches caused much excitement.

I should like to thank all those who took part in any of the games mentioned, for their lively house spirit, especially that of Karin Pratt, who came first in the senior Girls' long jump.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Prescott, who has now left us, for her unceasing interest in the house.

With the house subscription which members have so kindly given each week, Miss Bland and Mr. Morgan have been able to have some very nice badges made. I am sure you will all join with me in thanking them most sincerely for all the trouble they went to.

To all those who have left us we extend all our good wishes for the future.

I hope to see a decrease in the number of detentions this year.

Patricia Cox (House Captain)

Gloucester House Boys' Report

Gloucester, although she did not prove to be the best house in sport, has in general held her own.

When the cricket season started, Gloucester looked forward to putting her team into the field. The team did very well and we thought that we should be the first to win the cricket cup. However, we lost the final match and the cup. Much of the success of the team was a result of the captaincy of Gray, who has since left school to join the R.A.F. as an apprentice.

The swimming gala showed our star performer in that field to be Echols, an American boy who left last term to return to California. He excelled in diving.

As for football, most of the boys in Gloucester are keen supporters of the teams. In the league we came third.

The School sports were held in July. Gloucester proved herself rather good at field events, but let herself down in track events.

As well as announced interhouse events, Gloucester has played several games of basketball and found that she has no mean ability in that sphere.

Before the Friday afternoon clubs began, our House, besides catering for the boys who enjoy sport, endeavoured to provide sources of interest for those who enjoy indoor activities.

During last term, the House ran a competition. A prize was awarded for the best collection of articles posted into a scrap book.

It is evident that all members of Gloucester show a keen sense of house spirit. This shows that they are satisfied that their house can take the lead in interhouse events. Although at the time of writing this we have suffered two defeats in the football league, the House is not deterred and hopes the football teams will, with practice, become as skilful as they are keen.

Robert Dunn (House Captain)

Kent House Girls' Report

At the end of the Spring Term, with regret we said goodbye to Miss Coe, who had been our House Mistress from when Kent House was first formed.

We welcomed Miss Stephens as our new Housemistress at the beginning of the Summer Term.

In the sports field, we gained the inter-house hockey cup, and were runners-up for the netball cup! The gaining of the work cup was another achievement.

This term we welcomed Miss Lacaille to our House Staff.

We have this term started a fund, contributions being paid weekly. We hope this will prove a help to the House.

At the beginning of this term, Ann Stanley was appointed House Vice-Captain.

Sandra Winskill (House Captain)

Kent House Boys' Report

The year has been a most successful one in many ways, but Kent House seems to be better at using its brains than its muscles.

The football teams finished second at the end of the Easter term, and the standard of football was very good considering that all the

houses had to pick teams in the School's first term and get them up to a decent standard.

Kent did not do very well in the inter-house cross-country race, owing mainly to lack of enthusiasm and lack of practice on the team's part.

The house work competition trophy was won by Kent House with a good margin between the first and second places.

In the athletics meeting Kent came third and established a number of records.

There have been no alterations in the male members of staff of Kent House, but we do welcome Miss Lacaille on to the ladies' side.

David Goode (House Captain)

Sports

Although we have never been able to devote to out-of-school sporting activities all the time and attention that we should have liked, on the whole the programme envisaged in September 1955 has been largely carried out. We have always been hampered by the fact that half the school must be on the 'buses by 4.25 each evening and this has severely limited our scope. However, the few Inter-School events and the House Athletics and Swimming Meetings were most successful.

We have throughout been greatly assisted by the Service units at H. Q. We have used freely both the Army and R. A. F. Gymnasia, running tracks and football and hockey pitches and the Garrison Swimming Pool.

Boys' Sports

FOOTBALL

Our under 13's visited Hamm in December and held them to a 2.2 draw. A return visit was arranged in March but on account of bad weather the fixture was converted into a C C meeting.

We also entertained Senior and Junior teams from the Naturwissenschaftliches Gymnasium, M.Gladbach. The greater skill and experience of the German boys was truly reflected in the results: Seniors 0—4, Juniors 2—5.

The Inter-House competition produced some excellent games. There was a tendency for the matches to be dominated by the few older boys playing. A year ago more than half the school was in the "under 12" category with only very few in the "15 group".

Cornwall eventually carried off the trophy but only after a play-off with Kent. The Boys beat the Staff team despite the assistance of our late friend and Headmaster, George Wright, who refereed the game.

BASKETBALL

Matches were played at home against Hamm Juniors (won 15-13) and Seniors (lost 20-27). It had been hoped to run an Inter-House Competition but it was found that Friday afternoon was too fully taken up already. Every time a House Match is played between 3.30 and 4.30 on a Friday it means already that the Clubs must lose members for that occasion. However, an after-school club was run for boys living in Camp who were independent of "transport".

CROSS COUNTRY

Hamm visited us in March and defeated us soundly. They brought eight runners who took all the first eight places. The Inter-House event was won by Cornwall (Seniors) and Gloucester (Juniors) on the same course, which involves a number of laps on well ditched and wooded ground just behind the school. We shall have to put in more training time if we are to improve in this branch. Many of the units do provide transport on Saturday mornings and this concession should be more fully used. However, it seems that where time is limited Cross Country Running must inevitably take second place to football.

BADMINTON AND TABLE TENNIS

A club was run after school hours for boys on Camp.

ATHLETICS

The inter-house Trophy presented by 19 Army Signals Group Regt. was won by Cornwall after a most interesting meeting held on 18 July at the R. A. F. track. We were blessed with great good fortune with the weather. After the trophies had been presented, there followed a downpour which — had it arrived half an hour earlier — would have ruined the meeting.

SWIMMING

Edinburgh captured the Swimming Championship contested on June 21st. Again we were favoured with sunny weather and the event attracted fair support from parents.

CRICKET

The House Competition Cup presented by the Garrison H. Q. was won by Edinburgh again after a play-off, this time with Gloucester. It is interesting to note that Cornwall and Edinburgh, the two original Houses of the School before the present building was opened, have captured all the major honours in the year 1955/56.

The Staff took ample revenge against the boys at cricket in a match which will be remembered for the wicket keeping of Mr. A. Stevens who has now left us for an appointment in Hong-Kong.

A team of Boys with Staff support played matches against the W. O's and Sgts. of the R. A. F. Mess and the Civilians of C. E. P. O.

We look forward in the coming year to an all-round raising of standards. A number of senior boys have left, but in general numbers are greater and the average age higher than last year, and we are certain that the sporting spirit so admirably and enthusiastically instilled by Mr. Stevens will be further developed during the régime of Mr. I. Walker, whom we welcome from Scotland in his place.

H. C.

Girls' Sports

HOCKEY

During the Autumn, hockey was played enthusiastically by most girls in the school, the Inter-House Tournament being held in the second half of the term. Very few girls had experienced match play before, and this showed in the muddling which inevitably occurs when players run all over the field after the ball. Despite this, the games were exciting and eagerly anticipated week by week.

Kent, having won two of their matches and drawn the third, proudly became the first winners of the Hockey Cup.

A match was arranged against Windsor School in March, but, after being snowcovered for weeks, the fields were water-logged and the fixture had to be altered to netball. Next season we hope to arrange some matches for the School XI on the Camp.

NETBALL

Junior and Senior netball teams visited Hamm in December to play teams at Windsor School. They were defeated in both matches and Windsor were again the victors in the return matches played in March. On this occasion three matches took place. Our Under 13 team playing in their first match lost by 4 goals to 12.

The Under 14 team played well together and proved themselves the equals of their opponents except in the attacking circle. The final score of 16-3 does not do justice to the general standard of the play.

In the senior match the final score was 12-6, after a fast and enjoyable game in which the Windsor girls' team work was the outstanding feature.

The Inter-House Netball Tournaments were played in two rounds during the Autumn and Spring Terms, often with a bitter wind blowing, which hindered the shooters and accounted for some low goal scores. There was an exciting match between Cornwall and Kent Seniors, who had already won two games each. Cornwall team, remaining undefeated throughout the Tournament, gained the maxi-

mum, 12 points. The Junior Section of Edinburgh succeeded in gaining the honours, also unbeaten, with a good team who played well together and deserved their victories.

SUMMER ACTIVITIES

TENNIS

Unfortunately very little tennis was played in the summer as the two courts allocated for use were a long way from the school and playing fields. A short singles Tournament was held for seniors at the end of July, however, in the final of which Sandra Winskill defeated Caroline Burns.

SWIMMING AND ATHLETICS

By arrangement with Camp Authorities, every form had ample time at the Pool, where most girls learnt to swim or to master new strokes and skills in the water, and many proved their ability by taking part in the Inter-House Swimming Gala.

Athletics also played an important part in the Summer programme and Javelin throwing, included as a senior event for the first time, became especially popular. Despite the difficulties in mastering this art, several girls showed real promise. Next year it is hoped to introduce throwing and hurdling as well.

ROUNDERS

Inter-House matches were played regularly during the term, often on days which climatically were far more suited to active winter games. Kent Junior and Senior teams lost only one match between them and won the championship with a total of 10 points, well ahead of Edinburgh, who were second with 5 points.

We hope that in the new School year Gloucester will have more success and head at least one of the girls' sporting events.

S. S.

Athletic Sports

House Championship

1. Cornwall	104 ¹ / ₂ pts.
2. Edinburgh	95 ¹ / ₂ pts.
3. Kent	90 pts.
4. Gloucester	59 pts.

Relays

Junior Girls 4 x 100 M	Edin. Corn. Kent Glouc.
Junior Boys 4 x 100 M	Kent Corn. Glouc.
Senior Girls 4 x 100 M	Edin. Corn. Glouc. Kent
Senior Boys 4 x 100 M	Corn. Kent Edin. Glouc.

Individual Results

Boys

Junior Long Jump	Derrick (E)	Hughes (K)	Hobbs (C)
Senior Long Jump	Dunn (G)	Taylor (K)	Lawrence (C)
Junior High Jump	Proctor (C)	Aldous (K)	Knight (G)
Senior High Jump	Pyatt (C)	Dunn (G)	Sallows (E)
Senior Hop, Step & Jump	Dunn (G)	Aldous (C)	Hurley (K)
Senior Shot	Aldous (C)	Pook (E)	Ellis (G)
Senior Discus	Gray (G)	Pook (E)	Dunthorne (G)
Senior Javelin	Hurley (K)	Lawrence (C)	Taylor (K)
Junior 80 M	Hobbs (C)	Derrick (E)	Stone (E)
Inter 100 M	Williams (C)	Weir (K)	O'Dowd (K)
Senior 100 M	Aldous (C)	Ashby (G)	Sargent (K)
Junior 200 M	Hughes (K)	Hobbs (C)	Derrick (E)
Inter 200 M	Williams (C)	O'Dowd (G)	Morgan (C)
Senior 200 M	Pyatt (C)	Hurley (K)	Ashby (E)
Senior 800 M	Pyatt (C)	Pook (E)	Ashby (E)
Open Mile H'cap	Hughes (K)	Pyatt (C)	Orwin (G)
Junior Cricket Ball	Hughes (K)	Copestake (C)	Hamilton (E)

Girls

Junior Long Jump	V. Perryman (E)	A. Macmillan (K)	L. Haines (G)
Senior Long Jump	K. Pratt (G)	D. Johnson (E)	E. Connell (C)
Junior High Jump	A. Macmillan (K)	V. Perryman (E)	S. Poppy (C)
Junior High Jump	V Burbidge (C)	J. Sanders (E)	A. Walker (E)
Senior Javelin	G. Thomas (K)	A. O'Neill (C)	T. Stone (E)
Junior 80 M	B. Jackson (E)	J. Morgan (C)	P. Jones (G)
Junior Rounders Ball	M. Bryan (E)	P. Salter (K)	J. Freestone (E)
Junior 100 M	S. Chaplin (K)	D. Johnson (E)	J. Sanders (E)
Senior 100 M	G. Thomas (K)	T. Stone (E)	A. O'Neill (C)
Senior 150 M	A. Stanley (K)	M. Bacon (G)	P. Fitzpatrick (C)

Cross-Country House Matches

Junior Cross - Country House Match 21st March 1956

Team Result

1. Gloucester 48 pts.
2. Cornwall 79 pts.
3. Kent 92 pts.
4. Edinburgh 98 pts.

Individual Placings

1. Morgan (C) 10 m 47 sec (Three Laps)
2. Cox (E) 10 m 59 sec
3. Baker (G) 11 m 17 sec
4. Mead (K) 11 m 20 sec

Senior Cross-Contry House Match

Team Result

1. Cornwall 62 pts.
2. Edinburgh 65 pts.
3. Gloucester 78 pts.
4. Kent 103 pts.

Individual Placings

1. Pyatt (C) 17 m 57 sec (Five Laps)
2. Goode (K) 18 m 20 sec
3. Dunthorne (G) 18 m 37 sec
4. Lawrence (C) 18 m 38 sec

Match Results

NETBALL

Senior

Position	House	Points	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st	Cornwall	12	6	0	0
2nd	Kent	8	4	0	2
3rd	Edinburgh	Tied 2	1	0	5
	Gloucester		1	0	5

Junior

1st	Edinburgh	12	6	0	0
2nd	Cornwall	7	3	1	2
3rd	Kent	3	1	1	4
4th	Gloucester	0	0	0	3

HOCKEY

1st	Kent	5	2	1	0
2nd	Edinburgh	4	2	0	1
3rd	Gloucester	3	1	1	1
4th	Cornwall	0	0	0	6

ROUNDERS

		Rounders scored				
1st	Kent	10	5	0	1	14
2nd	Edinburgh	5	2	1	3	15
3rd	Cornwall	5	2	1	3	14 ^{1/2}
4th	Gloucester	4	2	0	4	11

SWIMMING GALA 21st June 1956

Edinburgh	96 pts.
Cornwall	90 ^{1/2} pts.
Gloucester	63 pts.
Kent	44 pts.

Relays

Junior Girls 4 x 1 width	Edin. Kent Glou. Corn.
Junior Boys 4 x 1 width	Edin. Corn. Glou. Kent
Senior Girls 3 x 1 width	Corn. Edin. Glou. Kent
Senior Boys 4 x 1 length	Glou. Edin. Corn. Kent
Open Mixed 4 x 1 width	Edin. Corn. Kent Glou.

Individual Results

Boys

Senior 1 L BS	Dixon	(E)	Wootton	(C)	Thorwesten	(C)
Junior 2 W FS	Hamilton	(E)	Grant	(C)	Johnson	(E)
Open 1 W Novices	Hurley	(C)	Dutton	(E)	Gray	(G)
Junior 2 W BS	Hobbs	(C)	Derrick	(E)	Barry	(G)

W = width
L = length

BS = Breast Stroke
FS = Free Stroke

Senior 1 L FS	Pook	(E)	Ellis	(G)	Aldous	(C)
Open Diving	Echols	(G)	Ray	(K)	Morgan	(C)
Open 1 L Life-Saving	Bullmore	(G)				
Junior Obstacle	Copestake	(C)	Hamilton	(E)	Carruthers	(C)
Senior Obstacle	Dixon	(E)	Morgan	(C)	Shilling	(E)
Senior 1 L Back S.	Ray	(K)	Ellis	(G)	Brooker	(K)

Girls

Senior 1 L FS	M. Keech	(C)	T. Stone	(E)	H. Price	(C)
Junior 2 W BS	A. Sugden	(G)	A. Macmillan	(K)	S. Lloyd	(K)
Open Style BS	S. Trudgian	(G)	M. Bacon	(G)	C. Burns	(C)
Open 1 W Novices	N. Shepherd	(C)	J. Smith	(K)	E. Timney	(C)
Junior 2 W FS	J. Ledford	(E)	H. Higgins	(E)	C. Sugden	(G)
Senior 1 L BS	T. Stone	(E)	M. Carey	(C)	M. Phillips	(G)
Open Diving	M. Carey	(C)	V. Burbidge	(C)	B. Feldon	(K)
					B. Pearson	(K)
Senior Obstacle	M. Keech	(C)	P. Cox	(G)	P. McCormack	(K)
Senior 1 L BS	D. Johnson	(E)	M. Carey	(C)	B. Feldon	(K)

Two Letters to a Friend

30th July, 1955.

Dear F.,

I have now spent one term at Queen's School, and it has been a most interesting and unusual experience for me. It is all so different from your school — my old school.

There are only four classes, and the pupils in my class range from twelve years to fifteen. We are all working at different stages, according to our standards. Sometimes, we may even have a German and a Latin lesson in progress at the same time, in one room, but it is not as confusing as you might imagine. In fact, it can be most useful, as I often find myself listening in with one ear to the German lesson when I am doing Latin, and have picked up a number of words and phrases — thus learning two languages at one time!

At the moment, the school is divided into two houses, which are named after present-day dukes — "Edinburgh" and "Cornwall". There is very keen, but friendly, rivalry between the two houses, and

we put all our energy into the interhouse matches on Friday afternoons. It is essential not to be the losing house, when only two exist, as second place means last.

The atmosphere in this small school has been so friendly that we are very sorry to be leaving it for the large, unfamiliar, and, as yet, soulless building which is to be the Queen's School of next term. It is incredible to think that our present small number will have, by then, increased sufficiently to accommodate the new school.

A score of questions and doubts fill my mind as I anticipate next term. Will it all be so very different from now? Shall we settle down quickly to the new routine? However, all that remains to be seen . . .

30th July, 1956.

Dear F.,

Another term has now ended and a year has passed since my last letter. How different Queen's School is now! — so many changes have taken place in the short time that has passed. I have proved to be quite wrong in my doubts and fears about the new school. The first year of its existence has been a very full and interesting one.

Although the form I am now in — VIth form — consists of only two pupils, the rest of the school has expanded so much that the building itself has had to be expanded. In a school of this kind, so many pupils come and go each term, but the number which comes exceeds by far the number which leaves.

Now we are divided into four houses, the two new ones being Gloucester and Kent, and it is interesting to note that competition is still especially keen between the two original houses.

I think that Queen's School has achieved a great deal in its short existence. Besides those things which schools usually do — such as putting on concerts — Queen's School has even been on the air in a quiz, an achievement of which very few schools can boast, and certainly no school as young as ours. And now we are issuing our first school magazine — the first, I hope, of many to come.

Pamela Hudman VI.

An Impression of British Army Headquarters, Germany

You might expect the camp to consist of rows of corrugated iron huts, parade grounds, flag poles, and hundreds of soldiers marching about. If you do, you will be wrong. You also probably expect to find cinemas in huts with wooden seats, and films which have been round the United Kingdom at least twice. We shall be able to dispel your fears on that as well.

The camp is a model new town. There are rows of council houses, all looking the same. The Headquarters buildings, which is nicknamed the "Kremlin", looks like one colossal insurance office building. There are three new churches, Catholic, Church of England, and the Other Denominations' Church. There are two good luxurious cinemas which show all the latest films. There is the Garrison Theatre, which is used for plays and as a lecture hall for Monty's annual lecture. We have a very good swimming pool, and a multitude of tennis courts. There are squash courts, football and Rugby pitches, and a small golf-course. There is a police station, a fire station, and, nearby, two hospitals, one for the R. A. F. and the other for the Army.

At first sight, the R. A. F. seems to rule the place: there are the R. A. F. Amenities Club, R. A. F. Gym, and R. A. F. playing fields. Actually it is just that the R. A. F. advertise their property more. The Army have all the same things but they keep them in the backroom.

Among the people you are bound to notice are the Military Police in their jeeps, the ladies in the Thrift Shop, the German workers and drivers dressed in their green uniforms.

You can easily tell you are in Germany because of the N.A.A.F.I. girls, huge lorries, tiny Volkswagens, the German shops opposite the N.A.A.F.I., German workers, everyone using German words like "Danke schoen", "bitte", and "ja", in among their English, and thinking they are talking fluent German.

Although you can see plainly that you are in Germany, there is plenty to remind you of England: for instance, all the roads are named after towns in England and Scotland. The children go to school every day just as at home, and the whole camp is built on the same lines as a British "new town".

Hugh Wright IV A

Riddle-Me-Ree

My first is in feather but not in down,
My second's in grumble and also in frown,
My third is in blackboard but isn't in chalk,
My fourth is in twig but never in stalk,
My fifth is in weasel and also in stoat,
My sixth is in pig but isn't in goat,
My seventh's in playtime but never in school,
My eighth is in water but isn't in pool,
My ninth is in distance and also beyond.
My whole you will proably find in a pond.
What am I ?

Barbara Sugden I B.

Desert Island Diary

July 24th.

I have been on this island for nearly a week. There is no other human being here. I have no friends except for Peter, my parrot, and Dan, my Alsatian.

Today I went out of my little bamboo hut, which I made myself, to look for food. I left Dan on guard to stop any thieving monkeys or other animals from taking anything. I came back with some yams and a strong bamboo stick for a spear. I fashioned the thin end into a point, then ate some of the yams, giving Dan and Peter some.

Just after I had finished, I heard a wild boar crashing through the undergrowth not far away. Partly because I wanted to try my spear, and partly because I wanted some meat, I set off after it. After about a quarter of a mile, I caught up with it. I poised my spear, ready to throw, when Dan growled. I looked round, and saw a large boar making for me. Quick as lightning, I threw the spear. It was a lucky throw, for it pierced the boar's heart. Before the other boar could charge me, I wrenched the spear out of the other and threw it. It nearly missed and only just pinned his leg to the ground. I had my knife out in a twinkling and stabbed his heart. "Ah!" I said to Dan, "We shall not be out of meat for a long time!"

July 25th.

This morning we had a good breakfast of roast meat and yams. After that I took Dan and Peter out for exercise, Peter riding on Dan's back. When they had had enough exercise, I set about teaching them new tricks. First of all I placed Peter on Dan's neck like a mahout. Then I made Dan walk slowly with short steps. When I thought they had learnt this, I made them do it themselves. They were marvellous, considering they had not been taught it before.

The afternoon was not eventful.

July 26th.

I saw a ship on the horizon to-day. I lit a fire and put some wet ferns on it to make smoke, but I do not think this was seen.

I started making a raft out of bamboo and driftwood, big enough for a small hut. I intend to transfer my hut on to it, so that I can travel from island to island and eventually find an inhabited island with a port, from where I can travel by ship back to England and my relations, who will have given me up for lost.

July 27th.

I have built half of my raft now. To-morrow I shall make the other half. I had to start on the second boar to-day. I went out and collected a store of yams. It began to rain heavily in the afternoon, and carried on until the evening, when it became a severe thunderstorm. Dan and Peter were thoroughly frightened and cowered behind me. I had to stay near them and comfort them until they and I fell asleep.

July 28th.

The thunderstorm is over. I started work on the other half of my raft and finished it in the afternoon. I went out again, killed another boar, and found a dead one. Dan and Peter have recovered from their fright.

July 29th.

Last night I had a nightmare. I dreamt that Peter and Dan turned against me and tried to kill me, and I had to kill them instead. I went hunting this morning and killed another boar and collected some more yams. This afternoon I saw another ship heading towards the island. I lit another fire and made it smoke. The ship came as far as it dared and sent me this message: „Make a raft as soon as you can and come out to us“.

July 30th.

I sailed out in my raft and now I am heading back to England in the "South Sea Islander". I am glad I lit a fire and put leaves on it to make it smoke, a few days ago. My relations have been notified, and when we dock at Southampton, they will be there to greet me.

D. Williams (Last year's I X)

How a Mail-Bag is transferred to a Mail Train travelling at Express Speed

Outside, beside the railway track, is the ground apparatus which consists of an upright standard. Shortly before the train passes, the pouches containing the mail-bags are hung on the standard, which is turned so that the arms point towards the rail track. The men in charge of the apparatus in the carriage open some sliding doors, outside which a net is fixed. A huge lever inside the carriage is pulled over, and the net is extended, ready to take the pouches off the standard beside the line.

Inside the train an electric bell rings, warning everyone to stand clear, and a stream of cold air rushes through the open doorway. Suddenly the pouches are hurled into the train on to the floor of the coach. The net is pulled in, the sliding doors are closed and fastened, the pouches are unpacked, and their contents taken to the part of the train where sorting is done.

A. Robinson III A

Limericks

A prospector both daring and bold
In November went panning for gold.
At the end of the day,
He had three tons of clay,
Four fish, seven boots, and a cold.

There was a young fellow named Ben,
Who kept an intelligent hen.
His homework each night
It would grab with delight,
And work out his sums with a pen.

There was a young laddie of Crete
Who was proud of his massive great feet.
Each one seemed as large
As a fairly big barge,
And he'd walked them bare in the street.

R. Wightman I B

Das zweimotorige Auto

Frau Miller hatte gerade ein neues Auto gekauft und zwar einen VW (Volkswagen). Sie fuhr das erste Mal auf der Straße in ihrem neuen Auto. Die Fahrt war sehr schön, die Sonne schien, die Vögel sangen in den Bäumen, und Frau Miller war glücklich.

Plötzlich versagte der Motor. Kein Benzin! Aber das wußte sie nicht. Ärgerlich sprang sie aus dem Auto. Sie stellte sich davor und hob die Haube auf.

„Gott im Himmel!“ sagte sie, „der Motor ist ’rausgefallen.“ Nach fünf Minuten hielt eine andere Frau ihren Wagen an. Sie hatte ebenfalls einen ganz neuen VW. „Kann ich Ihnen helfen?“ fragte die zweite Frau. „Was fehlt Ihnen?“

„Mein Motor fehlt“, heulte Frau Miller, „und ich kann ihn nirgends finden“.

Die beiden Frauen suchten hier und da auf der Straße, unter dem Wagen, unter den Sitzen und überall.

„Oh“, weinte Frau Miller, „was wird mein Mann sagen, wenn ich nach Hause komme?“

„Das ist nicht so tragisch“, sagte die andere Frau, „es ist gut, daß ich angehalten habe. Heute Morgen habe ich glücklicherweise einen zweiten Motor in meinem Gepäckraum gefunden, den Sie gerne haben können“.

III A German Group

Choosing a Career

When I grow up, I'd like to be
A glamour girl, for all to see.
But, no, I think I'll change my mind,
And be one of the farming kind.
But yet I think that's rather tough;
I'd never work quite hard enough.
Perhaps a dancer, light and neat,
But Mummy says I've got big feet!
A typist might be rather fun-
If I could get the letters done.
Oh, dear! I don't know what I'll be;
I s'pose I'd better wait and see.

Marianne Larpent III A

A Letter to the B.B.C.

36, Essex Drive,
R.A.F., München-Gladbach.

Dear Sirs,

This letter is going to tell you what I think of Children's Television.

First of all, I am disappointed in the way you start your programme. Every day it always starts with the same tune and picture.

I suggest that you have a choir to sing a different folksong every day, and a hymn on Sundays. This would be very pleasant.

Some of the announcers are dull and look very bored. If you could arrange for a young person, aged about fifteen or sixteen, to do the announcing, I am sure this would bring more life into the programme.

Some of the programmes are good, such as "Jack in a Box", the Western film on Fridays, and the taxi man who tells stories to the five and six year-olds about his taxi, Bessie.

"All Your Own" would also be interesting if you did not have such a long introduction, but started with "Charlie Smith from London", and "Bessie Bunter from Gloucester", or whatever the person's name happens to be.

Most of the plays and serials are very good and dramatic, and I have enjoyed them. I think the best of them all was the serial "The Three Musketeers".

I should like it more if you showed more ballet. I am never allowed to stay up late to watch a ballet on grown ups' television, and it would be a great joy to me if I could see some of the famous ballets on Children's Television.

Last of all, I must say how much I enjoy the International Children's Newsreel, which shows us what children and adults are like in other lands, how they live and play, and what major events occur in their lives.

I hope you will take into consideration some of my ideas.

Yours faithfully, *Lesley Haines (Last year's I A)*

Riddles

When is an artist like a dentist?
When he draws from real life.

When are letters sharp?
When they are filed.

Why is a nobleman like a book?
Because he has a title and several pages.

When are roads greasy?
When the rain is dripping.

Why is coffee like a dull axe?
It must be ground before it is used.

When is a chair like a piece of cloth?
When it is sat in.

What can a young artist not draw?
The old-age pension.

When does a man have to keep his word?
When no one will take it.

Assembled by A. Cartwright I B

A Winter Scene in England

It was hours since the last snow had fallen, and it lay crisp and white in the clear moonlight. Although it was past eight o'clock, as we trudged along the country lanes, the moon was reflected in the snow, and a gleaming brightness resulted. The country-side lay still and silent in the moonlight. Here and there bushes sighed and shook amid a flurry of snow, only to be recoated by a fall from one of the shimmering trees above it. Silent snow-drifts were piled against the jewelled hedge-rows, looking like fallen snow-men after a fight. Occasionally a holly bush was reflected in a drift, giving to it a tinge of green. Imaginary shadows were here and there, dusky, in the snow, and an isolated footprint added an air of mystery to the scene. A few remaining cattle looked hopefully towards the brightly-lit farmhouse two fields away. As we neared the village, snow flakes began to fall softly, obliterating our tracks as we walked.

Anne Read III A

The Autobahn

Speedy little Volkswagen, racing up the Autobahn,
Streaking on ahead as fast as it can.
With a cargo of luggage,
Swimming trunks, tennis rackets,
Tennis balls, golf sticks,
All off to the sands.

Stately British Daimler, gliding down the Autobahn,
Nose up in the air, as it feels so grand.
With a cargo of princes,
Lords, dukes and baronets,
All with their ladies,
From a distant foreign land.

Dirty, muddy lorry, roaring up the Autobahn,
Heaving at its trailer full of big square crates.
With a cargo of wood-logs,
Lead pikes, steel-rods,
Red bricks, rafters,
And old tin plates.

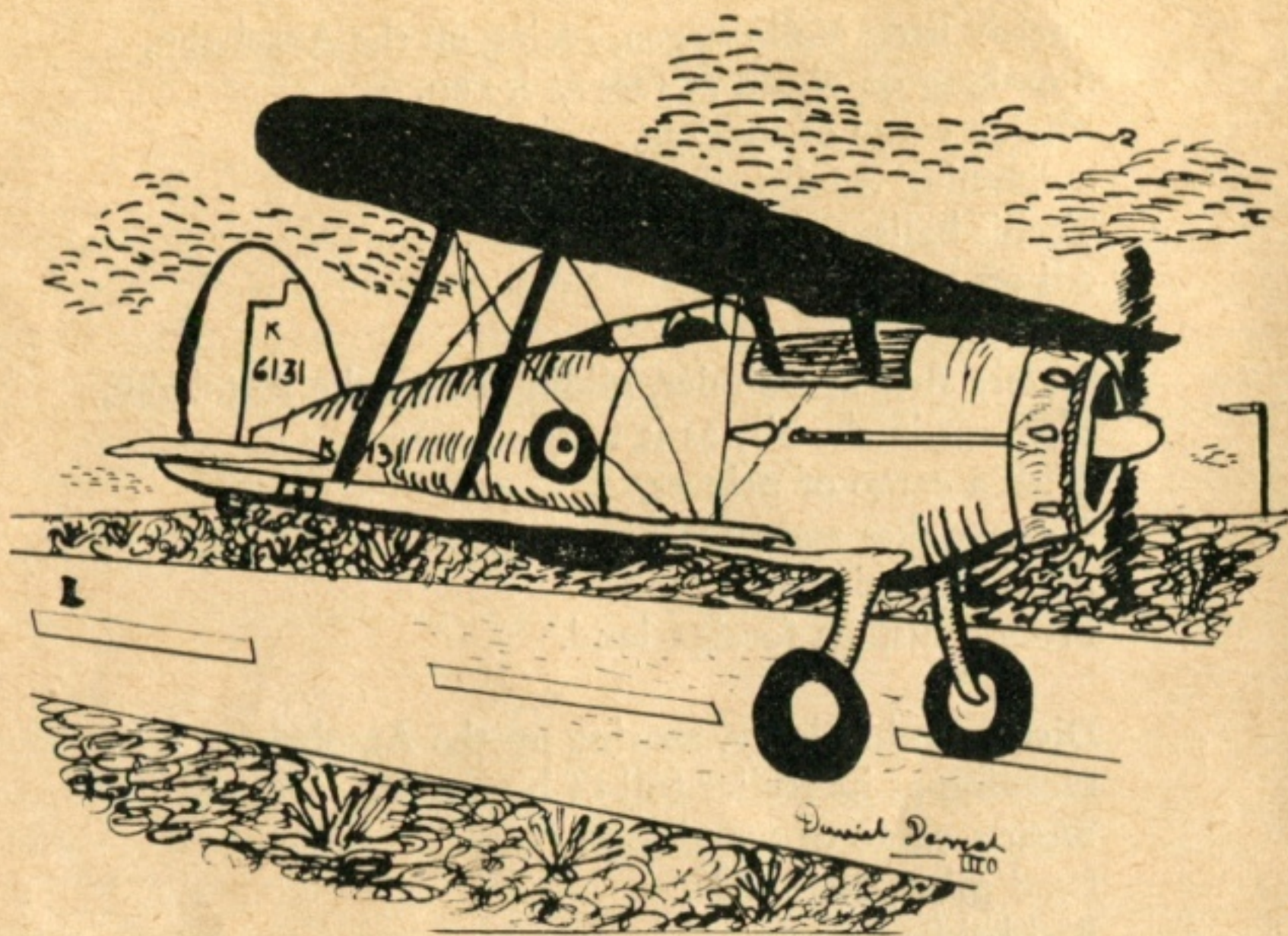
M. Satchell I B

Space Travel

I was one of three men travelling in a space ship. Our destination, we hoped, would be Mars. When our ship had taken off from the earth, a horrible sensation came over me, and I think I must have come round when we left the pull of gravity. I floated down to my friend's bunk.

He was the ship's radio operator; without him we could never have made contact with Earth. The other man, a very learned scientist, had just come round and was floating down from his bunk to the floor.

We made contact with Earth to tell her that we were safe on our way to Mars. Jeff, the radio operator, went over to the televiewer to see what was going on outside. There were millions of bright stars



shining against a black sky. This was my first trip in a space ship; the other two had been on a few trips, including one to the moon. I had heard of their lucky escape from the dwellers of the moon. The people who lived on the moon were rather like the ape-man of many years ago, but these people were quite advanced. They knew all about our planet, but had not reached the stage of knowing how to get to it.

We were not sure that there were people living on Mars. From the photographs we had seen, it appeared desolate. The only vegetation seemed to be some bluish trees or cacti.

Jeff shouted from the televiewer to me to come and have a look. I floated over to him where he was standing, and found we were nearing an object which we thought looked like Mars, judging by what we had seen in photographs. When we came a little closer, we

found that the surface was covered with craters and small, jagged mountains. We decided on a crash landing, as we could not find a suitable place to land.

We landed, with difficulty, for there were no flat spots. We put on our space helmets, opened the air lock, and stepped out to find ourselves standing on ground full of great cracks. It looked as if the sun had been so hot that it had made these large cracks in the earth. We had not been out of the ship very long when we heard a weird noise, rather as though someone was being killed. To our horror, we found a huge animal rather like an elephant, but with webbed feet like a duck. Not far behind this creature was another one, and another: there must have been a herd of them. These queer-looking creatures must have sensed we had come, and had come to investigate — much to our displeasure, for they were not altogether friendly. They made it very clear by threatening gestures that they did not want us on their planet, and would, if we stayed any longer, kill us. We decided that the only thing to do was to go. We stepped back into the space ship, feeling much safer than we had on that hostile planet. At least we had landed on Mars, even though our visit had been so short!

Pat Kendall (Last year's Senior Girls)

Quiz No. 1

1. In what country is the river Fitzroy?
2. Of what countries is the forty-ninth parallel the boundary?
3. Name the second largest of the Maltese islands.
4. Who was Alfonso the Wise?
5. In which English county is Sedgemoor?
6. What is the name of the third highest mountain in the world?
7. What is the name of the third largest island in the world?
8. How long is the river Yangtse?
9. What is the population of Philadelphia?
10. What is the capital of Indonesia?

Question master Roger Cox III A

Answers on P. 97

A Dream

I went to bed, tired and full after a large supper. I went to sleep immediately my head touched the pillow. Then I began to dream.

At first I was looking up at the stars and the moon, high above my head. A voice suddenly called down to me, "Come up here! Come up here!" I stared up towards the stars and the moon, but I could see no one. Then the voice called again and said, "I will send a horse-star down to collect you", and before I could say "yes" or "no", a star shaped like a horse shot down and carried me up and up, till at last I fell off and landed with a bump on the moon.

I stood up and looked about me. I was hungry, so I stooped down and pulled a lump of cheese off the moon. I started to walk away from the edge of the moon, towards a large forest.

About an hour later I arrived at the forest. There were huge fungi, all of different colours, shapes and sizes. There were pretty flowers and gigantic trees. In the middle of the forest was a huge icecream mountain, a lemonade waterfall, a lollipop tree, and dozens of other trees with fruits and sweets on them. I walked on, and soon came to massive trees bigger than any I had ever seen. I climbed to the top of one and looked down. Far below, I could see the moon, and below the moon I could see Earth. I climbed down again and walked on. Presently I left the forest and came to a beautiful meadow.

In the meadow were pretty lambs and wonderful birds. There were rabbits, hares, hedgehogs, squirrels, moles and mice. I made myself a lovely necklace of flowers and wreaths to put round the lambs' necks. They looked so sweet, dancing and frisking in the sun. The birds were singing lovely songs, and the peacock had his tail fanned out and let me admire his beautiful feathers. I had a simply lovely time there until I heard a huge roar and everything went black.

When I could see again, I saw myself faced with a monstrous dragon. He had huge teeth and massive claws. From his nose he breathed fire. In his eyes was a hungry look. I screamed and ran out of the meadow, through the forest, and out on to the bare, barren plain. The dragon was still behind me, gaining very quickly, and I was almost out of breath. Once I hid behind a volcano, but still he found me. At last I came to the edge of the moon, and jumped off it.

I went hurtling down among the stars, till at last I saw my home,
then everything went black.

The next thing I knew was that I had fallen out of my bed with
a bump, crying, "He'll eat me, he'll eat me! Help!" My parents came
rushing into my room to see what had happened and told me I had
been dreaming.

Anne Hardy Last year's I Y

Live and Learn

Why did I have those shilling cream cakes,
Four iced buns, and two milk shakes?
Why didn't anyone bid me nay,
Instead of letting me eat away?
The cake was good, the buns were nice,
But they didn't quite mix with that strawberry ice.
Now, lying here in this hospital bed,
Feeling as though I shall shortly be dead,
In the distance I fancy I hear the bell rolling,
But my stomach continues its rocking and rolling.
I doubt if the pleasure is worth all this pain,
And I vow that I'll never be greedy again.
My lesson is learned: I know the connection
'Twixt evening's enjoyment and morning's reflection.

Gillian Alexander III A

Tennessee Valley Authority

The Tennessee Valley Authority, or T. V. A., for short, began as
a plan for land reclamation, which has developed into one of the
greatest experiments in Combined Social and Economical Planning
and Civil Engineering yet made. It has given new direction to the
life of a large area and has influenced the economy of the greatest
industrial country in the world.

The Tennessee — a tributary of the Ohio, which is itself a tributary of the Mississippi — is a great river some nine hundred miles long, flowing across several Southern States of America. Its valley, covering about 42,000 square miles, was once surrounded by wooded hills and was richly fertile. But early settlers, in greed for more land, felled trees until the hills were bare. The rain, instead of soaking into the earth, then ran down the hillsides, forming torrents and carving channels as they went. The good soil, no longer held by roots, was washed down, or blown away as dust. The river, the valley's chief means of transport, became choked with silt and was liable to flooding. This once prosperous and happy valley became a district of country slums, poverty spread gradually, and hatred broke out between its white and negro inhabitants.

In the 1920's the United States Government realized that something had to be done to help the area, and a practical scheme of reclamation was drawn up. For years there was bitter dispute as to whether the scheme would be carried out by the Federal Government or by private enterprise, and not until 1933, when Franklin D. Roosevelt became President, was the necessary legislation passed by Congress, creating the Tennessee Valley Authority, and entrusting to it the task of restoring the valley's prosperity by means of reclamation, flood control, hydro-electric power, afforestation, and modern farming methods, and by making the river navigable once again. Dams were constructed on the Tennessee river; there are seven altogether and power-houses were built to provide power for a large area. Factories were also erected for the production of fertilizers and aluminium.

Tennessee has again turned into an agricultural state. The crops the valley grows are maize, cotton, hay, wheat and tobacco. Cattle, sheep and horses are bred. Fruit-growing is an important industry. Coal is the most valuable of the mineral resources, which include copper, zinc, iron, marble and limestone. The forest, which has now grown again, bears a different variety of trees: oak, chestnut, hickory, walnut, ash and maple.

The population of Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga and Knoxville is 821,887 people. At Oak Ridge the first atomic bomb was made. The population of Tennessee at the census of 1950 was 3,291,718. All these facts show how successful the Tennessee Valley Authority has been in its work of reclamation.

M. Ray IV B

Donkeys

The donkey has been described as having the awkwardness and slowness of an elephant, without the intelligence. But the ass has, throughout history, been a much maligned beast. While he is certainly stubborn, he is in no way senseless.

People are now beginning to realize that the more you put into him, and the better you treat him, the more you will get out of him. If he is treated well, he will work if he feels like it; but if he is badly treated, he will go on strike. It is better to persuade him with kindness that he is doing what he wants to.

The forefather of our domestic donkey is the wild ass, which is a fine animal, often reaching fifteen hands at the withers. It is strong and has a long, fast-trotting stride. Rather strangely, when at speed, its head is held high, as if resisting an invisible rein. Early travellers in Syria and Mesopotamia said that they saw beautiful herds of asses, with which only the fastest horses could keep pace.

It is only in countries where the breed has been domesticated and then neglected that it has deteriorated to a miserable little half-starved creature, ill-fitted for any task, and unwilling to work even under very forceful persuasion.

There are animals closely related to the donkey, such as the zebra. There is one thing they all have in common. They all bray noisily.

There are fine donkeys sometimes reaching sixteen hands and with build closely resembling carthorses, and used for breeding heavy-weight mules. For breeding faster animals of lighter weight, the Andalusian and Catalonian asses are used in Spain.

There are also some very small donkeys, barely reaching seven hands when fully grown. The Ghuda breed of India is the dwarf of all donkeys, but this diminutive breed is very hardy.

Most donkeys are slate-grey, though some tame ones tend to turn black, and others almost white. Yet no one has succeeded in producing a chestnut or bay donkey.

Donkeys are not as hardy as horses, a point often ignored or not known. They are very temperamental and sensitive to changes in temperature. They should never be put into a field which has no windbreak of any sort. In fact, they are so sensitive to temperature that, if you want to buy a donkey, you should buy it when it is raining, because the donkey will then be at its worst. Likewise, if

you wish to sell one, try to sell it on a warm, sunny day, when it will be at its liveliest.

Donkeys are favourites on the beaches, because they like clean sand, which is why they are so popular. These strange and often perverse animals dislike wet and mud. If they have to go along a muddy lane, they will pick their way in and out among the puddles, as cats do. They appear to dislike tar macadam or hard surfaces just as much. If you are on the look out for a riding donkey, do not be misled into thinking that the big-boned, large-headed ones are the best. On the contrary, they are best for the shafts. The small, neatly-fashioned beasts are the best for the job. Big ears are always a sign of good breeding.

In the east, the riding donkey may be seen at its best. Although it may cost only the equivalent of two-and-sixpence, it is the pride of the owner, and is usually well fed and groomed. In many lowly stables in the middle east, you will see the donkey's saddle and bridle hung on a peg, the proud possession of the owner. Sometimes the harness is beautifully decorated with beads and trinkets. When the owner sets out to visit his friends or goes on a shopping expedition, he wears his best clothes and is very proud of himself and of the mount between his dangling legs. While I was in Egypt, one of the sights I thought funniest was to see someone go past on a donkey with his dangling legs almost scraping the ground.

The ass is mentioned in the Bible more than any other animal, and it is well to remember that in religious history the donkey is a greatly privileged animal. Together with the ox, it was in the lowly inn stable in Bethlehem, when the Christ Child was born. And, later, the King of Kings chose this humble beast to ride on when he entered Jerusalem. It is pleasant to think that the cross which the donkey bears upon its shoulders is a mark showing that Our Lord blessed the ass for its services to Him.

Peter Johns IV A

My Chicken

I have a golden chicken,
That lays one egg a day.
The naughty little chicken
One day did run away.

When at last we found her,
She was underneath a tree,
Where she was sitting on an egg
Which then I had for tea.

C. Carter I D

The Fury

The sea raged and stormed. The waves crashed about the ship's hull, and the white foam hissed and leapt. The sails flapped and bent under the strain of the wind and rain. The wheel spun round endlessly, making no noise, and a rotten plank creaked and groaned.

Then it happened! The sails, flapping in the wind, caught on a mast, and, with a gigantic crashing and tearing noise, fell on to the deck. The ship lurched, and, with a creaking, bellowing sound, the timber began to break up. Pieces of timber were caught in the swirl of the sea, and were swept away. The roaring sea swept over the deck, and the white foam washed away the sodden planks. Then with a mighty heave, the ship fell sideways, scattering timber and torn sailcloth into the sea. Slowly, it began to sink.

The sea had become calm now, and the wind had dragged. All was still and quiet, the only noise that of the gulls overhead. Slowly the ship's mast disappeared from view, and so ended the turmoil of "The Fury".

Valerie Willis V B

Hiawatha's Visit to the Cinema

Then the little Hiawatha,
In his hand a shining shilling,
Did embark upon the river.
In his bark canoe of birchwood,
Down the long and lonely river,
Sculled the little Hiawatha.
Down towards the white man's city,
Past the lights and shops and buses,

And the cars and trams and cycles -
All together so exciting -
Made his visit to the Regal,
Where the white man's moving pictures
On a silver screen were showing.
Then the little Hiawatha
Paid away his shining shilling
For a coloured paper ticket.
Then into the darkened building
Went the little Hiawatha,
Went and saw the moving pictures,
Saw the deeds of Wild Bill Hicock,
Riding out across the prairie.
Then, too soon, the film had ended,
And the little Hiawatha,
With a sigh of satisfaction,
Slowly made his way back homeward,
Up the long and lonely river,
Back to old Nokomis' wigwam.

Peter Halford III A

Sponges

„Is a sponge animal or vegetable?“ That question, addressed quite suddenly to any chance group looking at a sponge, would almost certainly bring the answer “vegetable“. But it would be wrong. A natural sponge (there are artificial ones), as used in the home, is the skeleton of infinitely small sea creatures which lived as one. This colony of single simple cells was fished out of the sea, killed, cleaned of the flesh, washed, trimmed to shape, bleached, and sold in a shop.

There are about 20,000 species of sponge, a few living in fresh water. The colours range from white to purple, and the shapes vary quite remarkably, according to the species. Some assume the form of a vase; some are tree-like; some are fan-shaped; some look like bunches of fingers. Others, the ones of commercial importance, are no particular shape, until they are “smartened up“ by being trimmed before sale.

A sponge grows in several ways. Tiny larvae hatch out from minute egg-cells, swim about for an hour or two, then sink to the

bottom of the water and undergo a change which leaves each larva as a representative sponge-cell. A sponge sometimes also produces buds, which break off or fall away as a new generation. And sometimes a sponge will divide into several portions, all of which are foundations of new colonies. The larvae and the pieces join when they make contact, and some sponges reach a diameter of three feet.

The skeleton, or framework, is gradually built up of chemical substances extracted from the water; and the body-substance, or flesh, covering this, is pierced all over. Microscopic holes lead to interior channels along which run streams of water drawn in by the specialised cells within the sponge. These cells have minute "whips", which beat the water in such a way that it continues to be sucked in. The ingoing water carries with it oxygen and microscopic food; when the circulation is complete, the water is forced out through large holes.

So it continues.

The world's best natural sponges are fished for with nets, or rakes, or are brought up by divers — bare-skinned natives or men equipped with modern diving equipment.

Detached from their anchorage (how the attachment is made by the sponge is not known), they are laid out in the sunshine to perish, then soaked in sea-water until the flesh rots and falls away. After this they are flailed to complete the removal of any remaining flesh.

They are next washed free of sand and grit, then they are clipped to shape and bleached in the sun. After this they are exported all over the world, to be finally sold in shops and markets.

J. Higgins III B

King Canute

Canute a king of England was,
Though Danish born and bred.
And he well ruled for many years —
King Alfred now was dead.

Courtiers flattered him to face,
And many of them sighed:
"Sire, greater still would be thy fame,
If thou couldst turn the tide".

“Fools! utter fools!” he stormed aloud;
“Come to the water side,
And I’ll show you there who is
The Master of the tide.”

The waves did lap against his feet,
Though bid them stop did he.
Then to his men he turned and laughed:
“’Tis God who rules the sea.”

Frances Scott II A

The Traveller and the Castle

(A Study in Romantick Gothick Style)

The sun is setting after a long, dreary day, and, as the evening shadows dance, a traveller is seen coming round a bend in the road. He is wearing a long, dark cloak, with a matching hat. The hat is pulled so far over his face that it is almost impossible to see his weather-beaten features. He walks, leaning heavily on a stout stick, with slow, dragging paces, which quicken slightly when he notices a grey castle, perched high on a gloomy hill.

Up the hill he wearily wends his way, and across the drawbridge. Then, with a sigh, he knocks loudly at the door, listening to the sound re-echoing within the four great walls. The traveller waits impatiently for a few minutes, then he knocks again, and yet again. As that is of no avail, he grasps the rusty door-handle, turns it and pushes. With loud creaks and groans the door opens, no longer barring the entrance of the traveller.

The sight within soon damps his high hopes of food. “Still, he thinks, I shall be able to get shelter for the night. So, brushing the clinging cobwebs away from his face, he makes towards the far side of the room. He is just going to sit down, when his attention is drawn to a staircase. Though the entrance is dark and dreary, he is determined to go down.

He fumbles for a while in his pockets, and then produces a box of matches and a candle. He strikes a match, lights the candle, then, looking behind him, retreats to the pitch-black entrance. His shadow flickers on the wall as he stealthily creeps, following the stairs whe-

rever they go. All the time he grows more tired, hungry and thirsty,

Soon his weariness overcomes him, and he is just going to sink on to the stairs when he notices a door a few steps below him. He gets up, and, almost overjoyed, he rushes to the door, wrenches it open, in very great hope of finding a bed. But again our traveller is disappointed, for inside there seems to be a dungeon. In it are a few skeletons, which he peers at. In the candle-light they seem most gruesome. He starts back in horror. One, he observes, has a bunch of keys clutched tightly in its hand. "These may come in useful to me", he thinks, and, bending, takes them from the skeleton. He turns, looking for a way out of the dungeon and, discovering a door, he opens it, after many tugs and heaves.

The traveller lifts up his eyes, and gives a short, exasperated sigh. Another set of stairs! Nevertheless, he follows them. Up and up, on and on; they seem never-ending. But eventually he reaches the top, the battlements.

He walks to the edge, clutches the wall, and gazes up at the moon, which disappears every now and then behind clouds. Then his attention is drawn away, for, out of the corner of his eye, he thinks he sees a flicker of white. He turns and looks. Sure enough, it is there, for he sees it again. Panic-stricken, he turns, open and dashes through the door that is behind him. The door slams shut with a metallic clang! and again he sees the flicker of white, so he dashes down the stairs, two at a time, blundering into walls, and often tripping over, for his candle has long since gone out.

He runs for about five minutes before he reaches flat ground, and even then he runs headlong into a door. Quickly he finds the handle, turns it and flings himself against the door. It does not budge. So, with shaking hands, he fumbles with the keys that he had taken from the skeleton, then tries them one after another in the lock.

Ah! At last our hero has the right key, and with a sigh of relief, he closes the door behind him. With his back to the door, he scans the room, which is dimly lit with candles. In the middle stands a massive four-poster bed, with red velvet hangings and a cover of the same material. By the side, on the floor, is a richly embroidered mat, as long as the bed. On the mat, by head of the bed, stands a table with two goblets of wine, red and white. In the far corner of the room stands a wardrobe, and, opposite it, on the other side of the room, stand a wash-table, jug and basin.

But our traveller is tired, hungry and thirsty, especially after his run from the white, flickering object. So, flinging himself on the bed,

he picks up the goblet of red wine, and pours it down his throat . . . Crash! He hears a loud explosion, and a humming in his ears, which becomes louder and louder, till at last the world fades from him for a matter of seconds

Now our traveller is seen walking, but leaning heavily on a stout stick, with slow, dragging paces, which quicken slightly when he notices a grey castle perched high on a gloomy hill. Up the hill he wearily wends his way, and across the drawbridge

Frances Scott II A

Two School Riddles

Father: "How did you get on at school today?"

Jack: "Oh! Right back in lessons and centre forward in football!"

Q. What is the difference between a teacher and a guard on a train?

A. One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

sent in by *D. Halford I B*

My Trip to a Pearl Farm

When I was seven years old, my father had to make a trip to a pearl farm to make arrangements for army personnel to visit it. As another family was going, my father decided that our family should go. So we went on our private train, which was made up of a locomotive, a kitchen car in which lived our two cooks and our maid, and a living car for us.

When we had gone as far as we could by train, we transferred to a boat which took us to Mr. Mikimoto's pearl farm.

As soon as we arrived, we were each given a wooden model of a pearl diver with a real in his hand. Then we went to Mr. Mikimoto's private house to have lunch.

Some of the things his servants served to us were oysters, rice, fish and lobsters. When I started to eat the oysters, I almost swallowed a pearl. I ate another oyster and I found another pearl. In fact, all nine of us found pearls.

After we had eaten, we all asked for Mr. Mikimoto's autograph. Then we went to see the pearl divers dive for pearls. We also went to a small building to see the pearls sorted and put on strings. We saw how a small piece of Mississippi mussel shell was inserted in the oyster to make an irritation to form the pearl.

Then, after thanking Mr. Mikimoto for a fascinating experience, we left for our journey home.

Timothy Shrewsbury II B

Woe!

My mind is a jumble of crosses and noughts,
A higgledy-piggledy whirlpool of thoughts.
The rain outside, thund'ring just like a drum,
Is falling unevenly, um te tum tum.
I don't really seem to be much of a poet:
What'll rhyme with that last line? Ah, yes, indeed! — Blow it!
This seems to be coming out awfully nonsensical!
It would be so nice for once to be whimsical -
And charming and witty
And — oh! what a poet! Oh! — what a pity.

Penny Line IV A

A History of Silk

For many years people have said that silk is the richest and most beautiful of materials.

Early in the summer, the moths lay their eggs up to four hundred at a time. Later, the silk worms hatch. The worms then live on mulberry leaves. When the worms have hatched, they are very small, but the worm lives to four or five weeks only, and in this time it has to change its skin four times. The worm grows to about three inches in length. The worm spins itself a cocoon made of silk, in

which it stays while it is changing into a moth. When this has taken place, the moth makes the end of the cocoon soft, leaves the cocoon, and a few days later the female moth lays its eggs and dies.

Silk was sold by the ancients for more than its weight in pure gold. Silk was brought to Japan at the end of third century. It was smuggled out of China by four Chinese girls who trained the Japanese in the art of silk. A Chinese princess, going to India to join her Indian husband, took the eggs of a silk worm in her head-dress.

The Emperor Justinian gave two monks a hollow cane with the eggs of a silk worm in it and that was the beginning of silk-making in Europe in the sixth century. Silk had been in Europe for a long time before it spread to the Western countries of Europe. First it went to Sicily and then to northern Italy. It was not till four hundred years later that the art of silk went to France. In 1825 it came to England. The art of silk went on till 1854, when a silk worm plague nearly stopped France from getting any more silk.

The cocoons are produced mostly in China, Japan, India, Asia Minor, Italy and France, and are yellow, white or green. To keep the cocoon from damage, the chrysalis is killed by hot air. The cocoon consists of very fine threads of silk coated with gum. The gum is softened in water, then, slowly, three hundred to five hundred and fifty yards of silk can be wound off the cocoon. Several threads are twisted together to make nett silk. The cocoons which have been damaged go to form spun silk. The raw spun silk is the same as nett silk, only the treatment of the fibres is different. The spun silk is combed to make laps of spun silk. After the silk has been dyed, the thread is converted from hanks, and wound by machines on spools, reels and cardboard caps. The silk is then ready for use as sewing thread or for weaving purposes.

Valerie Malins (Last year's Senior Girls)

Silk-Making in Progress

The visit to the silk making factory was very interesting. There we saw the making from the very beginning to the time it is ready to be sold to a shop.

The first room we entered, which was very large, held a great number of machines, which made a dreadful noise. These were winding skeins of silk on to bobbins. The skeins of silk were on wooden wheels which turned as the silk wound itself on to the bobbins. As each bobbin was filled, they were put into boxes and taken to a different part of the room. The machines were very large, but only one person was needed to look after them.

At the far end of the room we saw the warping machines which had wooden rollers on them. Hundreds of threads turned on these to make the warp of the material. The threads stretched from one part of the machine to the end where the roller was. One woman worked at each machine. If one of the hundreds of threads that were again. This called for very good eyesight, skilful fingers and good experience.

In another room the warp was put on to a weaving loom and a shuttle flew backwards and forwards between the warp threads, after which a wooden piece of the machinery, the heddle, pushed the thread, which was left by the shuttle, as close as possible to the last thread, to make it firm. As this happened time and time again, the material became larger. On the end of machine there was a piece of paper which was the pattern for the weaving of the material. There were many different patterns.

In one room spare threads were being wound on to reels. The reels were put on to a piece of wood and turned as the threads passed on to them. In this room, at the far end, a woman joined the material together by means of a sewing machine which was controlled by the foot. When it had been joined, the seam was hardly noticeable.

We next went to the top the factory, where we saw machines make lovely white perlon net. There were also a few women who were cutting the unwanted threads of the material off. After they had cut them, they ironed them, folded them, and put them in a box.

Lastly we saw the finished materials. They were laid out on shelves ready to be packed. There were many delightful shades of net. There were, of course, other kinds of material which were also very nice.

Before we left, we were all presented with a cloth-covered book which was about the making of silk in that factory. Thus ended an interesting morning.

Sandra Winskill (Last year's Upper Grammar)

King Henry VIII

For forty years Kin Henry ruled
O'er Britain. good and well,
Six wives he took, or so tis said;
Their stories here I tell.

His brother's widow first he wed,
'Twas Katherine of Aragon,
But soon another love he found;
For him Kath's charms were gone.

Alack, alas, his second love
Did not have long to reign.
Poor Anne Boleyn soon lost her head,
So Henry tried again.

Jane Seymour then he took to wife;
Her days as Queen were few;
Ere twelve short months were gone, she died,
And bade the King adieu.

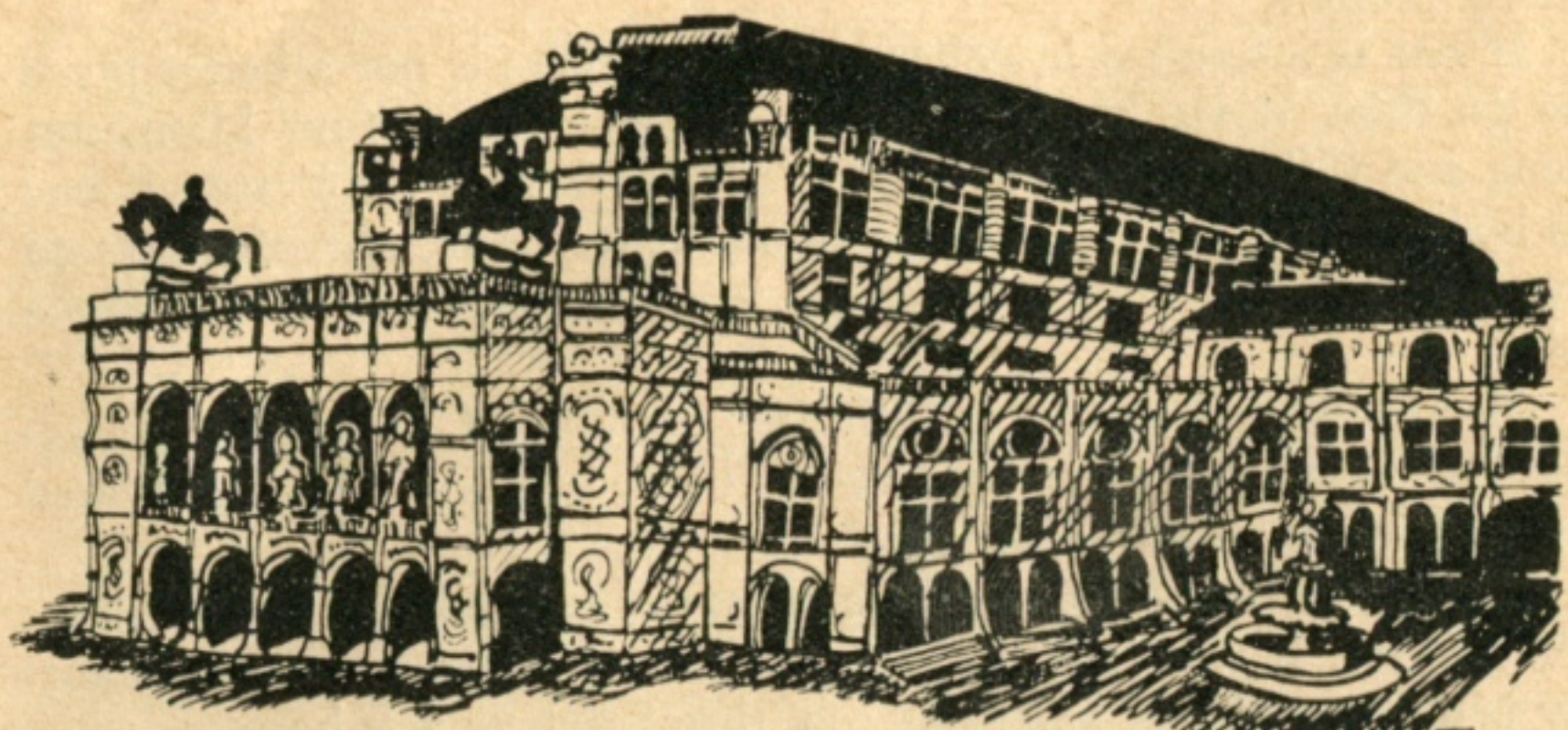
Next Anne of Cleves became his bride,
But much to her remorse,
The King soon sought another love,
And Anne he did divorce.

For Katherine Howard took his eye;
He wooed her in her bower.
Ah! faithless one, she lost her head,
Like Anne, in London's Tower.

At last King Henry met his match,
When Katherine Parr he wed
In fifteen forty-seven he died
Upon his royal bed.

But Katherine lived for twelve months more,
A power in the land.
In fifteen forty-eight she died,
The last of Henry's band.

Anne Brown II A



VIENNA STATE OPERA HOUSE.

ANNE STANLEY VA

Vienna

“Vienna, city of romance”: the person who described it thus must have loved it. It is indeed a romantic and beautiful city, from the famous Vienna woods to the small wine cellars in which Beethoven stayed. Vienna is remarkable in its varying forms of beauty: the solid architecture of the Parliament, especially the red marble pillars from Salzburg; the beautiful Schoenbrunn Palace with the Gloriette, built in 1775, meant to represent Roman architecture, and built because the Royalty had to have something to boast about. There is famous Stephansdom, the Cathedral, which has just been renovated. There are the catacombs under the cathedral, in which the intestines of the Hapsburgs are preserved in copper casks. In another church the bones are preserved, and in another the hearts, livers and kidneys of the Hapsburgs.

Whatever one's mood, there is always something to suit it in Vienna. There are the Alps on which stand the Vienna woods. In the woods one can roam at leisure, looking down on to the River Danube which is hardly ever as blue as it is supposed to be according

to the "Blue Danube" of Johann Strauss. From the Vienna woods a beautiful view of the city can be admired, as it is by sightseers from many nations.

If one is interested in collecting curios, there is not a better place to go than Maria Theresa Strasse, which is about four kilometres long and full of curious shops. Of course, there is the Prater, if one is bored. There one can try one's luck at anything, and of course go on the big wheel from which there is a beautiful view of the whole city.

The Opera House is a magnificent example of imposing architecture, though I have not been inside, because it was being renovated when I visited Vienna last year.

Totally different are the wine cellars of Grinzing on the outskirts of the city. It was from these streets that Beethoven was consistently being turned out, and here, too, that Schubert was born.

I cannot end this account without mentioning the Viennese themselves. They are all very friendly, except the severe-looking police who are, nevertheless, a gay contrast to the English policemen. Cars travel very quickly through the city, and to cross the main road takes about half an hour without the help of a policeman.

Many people have written poems, music and books about Vienna - none of which can pay sufficient tribute to this great city, which is truly a "city of romance".

Patricia Yates IV A

A School Day

7.30 in the morning,
Is the time for getting up,
Wash and dress and have our breakfast;
And, if you've time, a second cup.

Gather up your books and paper,
All the doings for the day,
Say good-bye and put your cap on,
Shut the door; you're on your way.

Catch the 'bus and then the trolley,
Or perhaps you catch the train,
Get to school and settle down there,
In good time to use your brain.

Latin, Science, French and History,
English, Maths - and Art - the lot,
Geography and Rugby football;
Then see what homework you have got.

Grab your cap and all your what-not,
Dash for home and then be fed,
Do your homework, have your supper,
Then at last relax in bed.

David Wootton IV A

Geographical Features

There is a member of Queen's School Staff about whom I find plenty to tell. By no means uncomplimentary, as you will find, though I am not so sure if the stage steps in the assembly hall have such kind feelings towards him. He is always cheerful and has a loud voice, and I believe he swallowed an encyclopaedia some years ago. He wears a blue suit which barely encompasses his equator. His hair is neat and on an inclined stratum at the back, but in time the surface hair will recede, as it is a temporary feature.

The climate in his classroom is usually temperate, but when extra homework is manufactured, the temperature rises at an amazing rate, and earthquakes and torrents are not unusual. Through all this he emerges unharmed, thinking that next time he will save the bad weather till the end of the lesson. This world-loving professor meanders on about oxbow lakes, and although the current of knowledge flows into the ear, it unhappily fails to undercut the thick layer of sawdust in the pupil's brain.

The Laurentian Shield of Canada is necessary for the economy of the country. Likewise, this master needs a shield, mainly against the barrage of questions and complaints fired at him, when some new part of that monster called learning has been introduced. He never appears to be angry, though sometimes, when his patience has been tried to the full, I am sure he must be having volcanic eruptions (sorry, convulsions) inside.

If anyone asks who wrote this, say it was someone who wished to show his (or her) respects to a venerated master, and who, for safety's sake, wishes to remain anonymous.

Ardent though anonymous student of Geography

The Jaguar

The alligators in the mud,
The monkeys in their pools of blood,
The fishes in their pools of foam,
The jaguar in his jungle home.

Up in the tree where the sunbeams play,
A jaguar sat watching for his prey.
Listen, listen, listen! the jaguar's ears are keen;
Suddenly a monkey gave a piercing scream.

The alligators in the mud,
The monkeys in their pools of blood.
The fishes in their pools of foam,
The jaguar in his jungle home.

Patricia Johnson IC

Les Victoria Falls

Il y a cinq ans depuis que je suis allée, en Afrique, aux Victoria Falls, qui sont dans un beau pays plein de choses intéressantes. Les Victoria Falls sont situées sur le fleuve qui s'appelle Zambesi. Près des Falls il y a un grand hôtel avec beaucoup de salles et une rue magnifique.

On voit toutes les couleurs d'un arc-en-ciel dans l'eau des cascades. Au bord des Falls, on voit les grandes grenouilles qui chantent et qui restent assises toute la journée. Il y a là aussi les éléphants, qui mangent la nourriture qu'on leur donne. Haut dans les arbres on trouve beaucoup d'oiseaux avec de belles plumes de toutes les couleurs.

Un jour j'y irai encore pour le reste de ma vie, parce que c'est si beau.

Elizabeth Burns III A

Quiz No. 2

1. Who is the present British Foreign Minister?
2. Which is the tallest building in the world?
3. Who holds the present water speed record?
4. In what country is Gyantse?
5. Who first climbed Mt. Everest?
6. What was the real name of Lord Haw-Haw?
7. Who discovered penicillin?
8. What is the present world record for the mile?
9. What is the world air speed record?
10. Where is the Vatican?

Question Master: Nicholas Hamilton, III A

Answers on Page 97.

Air Intelligence Faith, Hope and Charity

During the Second World War, Mussolini was going to drop a few bombs on Malta and make the island surrender, just like that.

As the convoys moved out of the harbour, four packages were left on the quay. On investigation, they were found to contain Gloster Gladiators. They were soon made airworthy and with a few Hurricanes they were the sole air defence of Malta.

They held off the enemy for three months. Soon "Hope and Charity" were shot down, leaving "Faith" all alone with two Hurricanes.

On April 15th, 1942, King George VI sent Malta the George Cross, and the battered remains of "Faith" were presented to the Island.

D. Derrick III B

A Pageant of Stuarts

When Elizabeth died in 1603,
There was question of who the king would be.
James VI of Scotland, the Stuart king,

Was James I in our reckoning.
Religion caused a great unrest:
Protestant, Catholic, which was best?
Guy Fawkes with his gunpowder plot lost out,
The Puritans quietly moved about.
Then Charles I took over the reign;
To ask advice he would not deign.
His death at Whitehall paved the way
For Cromwell's Roundheads to win the day.
Those true to the king were cavaliers,
But they lost; and then, for a decade of years,
The Puritans ruled with an iron hand.
No fun, no liberty in the land.
So when Charles II returned from France,
He was welcomed in England with song and dance.
The people quickly again took heart,
Encouraging science, sport and art;
There were great disasters-plague and fire,
The flames ascending higher and higher,
Until old St. Paul's was wrapped in flame.
'T was partly a blessing, just the same,
For the filthy alleys and narrow roads
Were now replaced by better abodes.
The country was called to arms once more,
And added hardships came with war.
The Dutch fleet landed with mighty stir,
Burning Chatham and Rochester.
Poor James II, in great affright,
Fled to France to avoid the fight.
Parliament decreed he'd abdicated,
And so the throne was now vacated.
Mary, his daughter, was next of kin,
But William, her husband, soon stepped in.
The Dutchman argued, as Dutchmen do,
"The country is better when ruled by two."
And to this day we learn of the time
That said goodbye to the Stuart line.

Maureen Cronin IV A

Visit to Winterberg

I was very excited indeed, as my parents had just told me that we were going to spend two days in the Leave Centre at Winterberg. We went to Hamm, where, after a short wait, we hired a car.

The land, at first, is flat, with fields, on either side, in which cattle graze, but gradually we reached the hilly country, and the road climbed through thick pine forests, where deer could be seen frequently.

On arrival at the Leave Centre, at about lunch-time, we ate an enormous meal, being very hungry.

Every day was full of enjoyment, with something always to be done, such as swimming, long walks up to the Bobhaus, which is a very interesting museum where broken skiis, toboggans and other equipment of skiers who were killed are preserved. Another walk was to the village, which was very interesting, and where I bought a few souvenirs. One day we walked to the ski-jump, and climbed to the top of a very high hill, from where we admired many other hills.

It was with great regret that we had to return home. We had enjoyed every moment of it, especially seeing hills after so much flat land further north.

K. Clarke, II C

There was an old man from Dundee,
Who wanted to see the sea.
He got in a boat,
Which set him afloat,
But sank in the depths of the sea.

Richard McSorley II D

Ballet

Ballet originated in France when King Louis XIV was on the throne. It was very popular in the French court, and Louis was a very keen dancer. He often used to arrange concerts in which he gave himself the main dancing part. Ballet has now been introduced into practically every country.

A ballet is a story, but it has no words, either sung or spoken. It is a story which is acted only by dancing and miming. There are several sorts of ballet: the Classical ballet or pure ballet, for example, "Les Sylphides". Then there is character dancing, which is ballet, but it is mostly mimed, as, for example, in "Coppelia".

Ballet is a form of dancing designed for grace. It may look easy when you see it performed, but in fact it is very hard and strenuous. Dancers have to be strong, especially male dancers, because they have to perform great leaps and difficult turns in the air. They also have to support the ballerina and lift her high into the air. Men have to be athletes before they even think of becoming dancers. The essential thing in ballet is to make every movement and step appear graceful.

If children want to start learning ballet, they should do so when they are about eight or nine. This is the best age, because then they will have time to become used to the "turned out" positions, and they will have been doing ballet for two or three years before going on points. There is no necessity for a child to go on her points until she is at least twelve. It takes two to three months to learn how to stand correctly on points.

Music is essential for ballet, because it seems to tell you the mood of the dance. Once a ballet was designed without music as an experiment, but it was a complete failure. Even when you practise in class, you have music, so that when you do your exercises, you have a definite rhythm to work to.

Before the war, most of the famous dancers were Russian, such as Anna Pavlova, Marie Taglionie and Nyjinsky. After the war, it was the English dancers who took the lead, such as Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann. Dame Ninette de Valois was a very great dancer, but now she teaches ballet.

Anna Pavlova was the greatest ballerina of our time, and she always considered her audience before herself. No distance was too great and no theatre was too small for her. She danced until she died, at the age of fifty-one. Marie Taglioni was one of the greatest dancers of the nineteenth century. It is said that she was the first person to go on her points. Nyjinsky was an amazing person. In every-day life he had no personality whatsoever, but on the stage he was full of it. Fonteyn, who was born in Shanghai, is one of the few ballerinas who can gain success in both classical and dramatic roles. Helpmann is one of the finest male dancers of to-day. He is often Fonteyn's partner.

Ballet is made up of four things: dancing, music, drama and décor. When all these are united and presented on the stage, the result is beautiful, and it is difficult to imagine the continuous hard work that must have gone on during rehearsals.

Margaret Hanna III A

Nature's Way

Dawn is a lovely thing,
When all the birds do sing,
And as my watching eyes
See the sun arise.
It gives me such a thrill
To sit and watch until
I hear the children sing
And the church-bells ring.

But twilight is serene;
'Tis such a lovely scene.
The clouds go floating by,
Long clouds of pink and blue,
And those of purple hue.
'Tis such a lovely way
To close a happy day.

Julienne Ford, I A

Deefteling

The Scouts went on an outing this year to a place called Deefteling in Holland between Antwerp and Utrecht. It is a Recreation Park. When we arrived, we had to pay a certain amount of money at the gate. Once we were inside, nearly everything was free except for the boats on the boating lake, and things we bought in the shops, such as icecreams and bottles of lemonade.

One of the main attractions was a fifty-foot slide, which was made of wood. In one part of the park was a large castle which we went through. When we arrived at the other side, there was a pool

with a fountain in the centre, the force of whose water held up a golden ball. In each corner of the square pool was a large frog made out of stone, painted green, and water kept coming out of their mouths. In another place, not far from the pool, were four heralds with trumpets in their hands, and four times every hour their trumpets echoed over the fountain, and the large clock near the heralds started striking.

In a cave there, Snow White lies in her glass coffin, mourned over by seven dwarfs. Through a miniature landscape, complete with farm, windmill, ruins and other interesting scenes, run trains which children can operate themselves.

The boating lake is very large, and is divided into two parts, one for canoes, and the other small and large rowing boats. It cost thirty cents for one person for a canoe, and forty-five cents for a canoe for two, but it is more fun by yourself.

There are large restaurants, for those who want a meal, where food is very good but rather expensive. Or, if you prefer, you may eat sandwiches in certain parts of the grounds, as we did.

Stuart Cartlich II C

A Limerick

There was an old man called Wright,
Who was flying a very large kite,
But the wind was too strong,
And he held on too long,
So soon he was Wright out of sight.

Martin Smart II D

The Buzzard

The common buzzard is, to the bird-watcher in Germany, an interesting bird, and is easy to study on account of its frequency in these parts.

It is a large bird of prey (20—22"), coming next in size to the European eagles and kites. The adult is a dark brown and is mottled with white on its underside. It has a narrowly-barred brown and

grey tail. The mattle and legs are bright yellow, like most buzzards. A buzzard's cry is a high, mewling "pee-oo" and sometimes a short croak.

It is most commonly seen in flight, soaring in circles, with few wingbeats. Although flying fairly high, it can detect any animal upon which it preys, moving on the ground. Such animals include voles, mice, reptiles, beetles and even small birds. When the buzzard sees its prey, it makes a sudden swoop, and in a trice the creature is in its claws. The buzzard is one of the birds which kill snakes, and it is the farmer's friend. Buzzards do not always hunt alone, and on occasion I saw as many as seven looking for food, just like a flock of vultures. Another interesting habit I have observed in the buzzard is its friendly association with crows, and I have on three occasions seen a single buzzard accompanied by three crows. I can only surmise that they wait for their host to make a kill and then share or rob his booty, for crows are notorious thieves and carrion-feeders. The common buzzard inhabits rocky coasts, moors, mountains and wooded regions. It nests on rocky ledges and trees, and I know one nest only fifty yards from a farmstead, probably because of the vermin to be found there. The nest of sticks is lined with grass, wood, sticks or moss. There is only one clutch of two or three eggs, laid in late April. These have a greyish ground colour, with brown blotches.

A good deal is still not known about the buzzard, and the chief ornithological societies welcome notes from anyone with personal experience of buzzards, so this provides a good line of research to anyone who is interested.

M. Dixon V A

History

The nine Historians of Form IV A
Are soundly instructed in every way;
They sweat, they toil, they tear their hair,
They cry and pray, and, in despair,
They shout, "Please, teacher, please, No Prep!"
But "Yes", she says, "I'll give it yet."
And so, with solemn faces, they
Try to make the strange facts stay,
The dates of every King and Queen,

The wretched battles in between,
Who was good, and who was bad,
Who was merry, who was sad,
Who it was who had six wives,
Or was it eight, or more besides?
Who it was who lost his head,
Then walked and talked — or so 'tis said —
The Fire, the Plague, The Powder Plot,
The Princes and their doleful lot.
So many facts, so many things:
I'd drown the lot — these Queens and Kings!

Susan Trudgian IV A

My Two Dogs

My first dog was a collie dog called Chappie. But unluckily he was apt to stray. Sometimes he would not come back for a week or so.

One day, as my father was riding on his bike across the aerodrome, he saw Chappie being fed by one of the cooks outside the cook-house, and enjoying every moment of it. I suppose he had the wild life of straying in his blood. At last Daddy would not allow it to go on, so we gave Chappie to a Welsh sweep who was on holiday in England.

My second dog came as rather a surprise. Several families seemed to go on holiday all at once, and three of those families asked if they could leave their dogs with us, and Mummy said, "Yes". There was a Dachshund called Roly, a spaniel called Pixie, and a mongrel called Spot. After a week the Dachshund had puppies, seven in all. Two days later the spaniel had six puppies. I could hardly tell what a state my mother was going to be in next. To tell the truth, my mother nearly went up the wall!

Our first bit of luck was when Spot's owner came home a week later. Then we had only fifteen dogs. Later, the Dachshund and its puppies were taken from us by their owner. We had seven dogs for nine more days, until Mrs. Mowe, who lived next door, came home.

But the very next day, when Mummy went to get the milk in,

there, wrapped in a blanket, was a little spaniel pup with a label round its neck, saying "To José". And only since we left England has that dog died. It had lived with us for seven years.

José Ratcliffe II D

The Barge Hand's Song of the River

The deep, slow-moving river
Can tell a lively tale
Of happy children coming
With their boats to sail.

It glides through many a meadow,
Starts as a mountain stream,
Passes across the rapids,
With foam like clotted cream.

The river is my haven;
On it I float my home,
And forever on this river
My mind will freely roam.

Brenda Feldon IV A

To the Rescue

We were all going home to England in July, 1952, from Egypt, and it was extremely hot. We were about fifty miles east of Malta. Some people were leaning over the rails on the decks; some were sitting in deck chairs, reading or just staring as if thinking of home in England. Boys and girls were running up and down the decks. There was not much to do on that ship, and every one was anxious to reach Malta for a change of scenery after staring at water all day long and longing for the next meal. But we were to have an adventure before docking.

For, suddenly, there was an announcement by the captain. He said that there had been a 'plane crash and the ship had been ordered to go to the rescue. There was a short silence, then a steady climax of talking and excited murmuring. The ship went full speed for the

spot where the crash had occurred, which was about ninety miles south of Malta. Most of the personnel on board were soldiers and airmen, with some Australians who were being stationed at Malta. These soldiers and airmen began to file past us and make their way to the bows of the ship.

About two hours later, we were able to see the rocket signals showing the ship the whereabouts of the crash. Nearly everyone on board was at the bows of the ship by now, and we were all looking with anxious eyes over the now sparkling sea, as it was just sunset.

As we reached the site of the crash, we could see that the navy had got there first. Three destroyers were there and apparently had picked up the survivors. As we found out later, there were no casualties from the 'plane crash. We drew alongside the first destroyer to pick up the survivors. As the first of them came up the gang plank, there was a hushed silence among the passengers. The survivors were dressed in naval overalls, and were in remarkably high spirits. There was one stretcher-case, a woman suffering from shock. One man was even carrying his passport as well as a bundle of wet belongings.

The next morning we sailed into the grand harbour of Valetta, where the survivors of the 'plane crash were landed.

Peter Williams III A



ANNE MORSHEAD

Cats

The cats in our street
Are full of surprises.
They are all sorts of colours
And all shapes and sizes.

Some are big
Some are small,
Some climb trees,
Or sit on a wall.

But they all have fur
Which is soft as silk,
And all of them purr
When you offer them milk.

Ronald Martin I D

Singapore

Singapore: one word, that suggests beauty, excitement, thrills and adventure. Having been there for three years, I found all these, and if I had the chance, I should live those three years all over again. There are those odd people who say they hate even the name of the place, but you will find that most people really enjoyed living in Singapore. There are so many things that could be written about, but that would take too long, so I must concentrate on a few.

The main food of the Chinese is rice; most of their dishes contain it, but there is, of course, a variety of ways in which it is cooked. Natoi-goring consists of rice, onions, pork prawns and coconut oil. Just looking at the ingredients either makes your mouth water or makes you feel sick, but I assure you it is the most tasty dish you could ever wish for. There are some other dishes which are given the most awful names but taste quite nice: bird's nest soup, shark's fin soup, sweet and sour pork, and others. Chop-sticks and a very deep spoon are all the cutlery the Chinese use, the deep spoon being used for the soup. When I went to a Chinese restaurant, I asked for mee-hoon, which looks something like spaghetti, but tastes entirely

different. When it arrived, I was presented with chop sticks, but I hadn't the faintest idea of how to use them; after many unsuccessful attempts, I put them down and used the deep spoon. I have never had so many dirty looks before as when I did this. Once when my brother and I went to a Chinese wedding festival, the meal started with the sweet dish and ended with the soup, there having been, in between, fifteen courses!

Talking about weddings, a Chinese wedding is entirely different from ours. All through the ceremony, there is absolute silence, which lasts until the bride and bride-groom sit down to eat. But funerals are exactly the opposite. The coffin is placed in a truck, which is followed by several other trucks and cars. In each truck there is a band which makes the most awful noise. This is to chase the evil spirits away from the dead.

Now, to change the subject entirely, I should like to talk about the snakes that are found in Singapore. I know something about these, because my elder brother started a collection of dead and live ones. Altogether he collected about twenty-five different kinds. The most poisonous one he collected was the bootlace, which is black, and about three and a half inches long. It is said that the bootlace can kill a cow in sixty seconds. The longest snake he collected was the green-whip snake, which is about seven feet long; and the most harmless was the wolf-snake, which is found in the house. We had three wolf-snakes and named them Big Joe, Little Joe and Young Joe. They were all very sweet. My brother decided to skin a snake one day, to see what it looked like inside. He found a heart and three eggs; the rest he did not recognise.

People flocked from everywhere to see Haw Pah Villa and to take photographs. Haw Pah Villa was a sort of zoo, but was also noted for its famous statues. Each statue had a story associated with it, but as the stories were Chinese, we never found out what they were. There was a special corner in Haw Pah Villa which was reserved for the Torture Chamber. Inside the chamber was the story, told in statues, of the tortures the Japanese gave the Chinese and Malaysians. There was one man having his tongue cut out, another having his inside pulled out, several being thrown into boiling oil, and others were rolled under a carriage which had spikes on its wheels. If ever I have the chance to go back to Singapore, the first place I shall visit will be the Torture Chamber in Haw Pah Villa, to see if there are any changes.

Mary Carey, IV A

How Rock 'n' Roll Came to Stay

There was a time, so I am told,
When people neither rocked nor rolled.
This was history's greatest lull —
Life must have been extremely dull!

This is the tale of Slasher Sid,
Who never bothered what he did.
He really was a cheerful soul —
His chief delight was Rock'n' Roll!
One night when he had nought to do,
He saw a lengthy picture queue.
At what was on he could not peep —
The crowd were queuing fifteen deep!
And then he got a pleasant shock,
The film was "Rock around the Clock".
He danced and shouted out with glee:
"This is the film I want to see!"

And then at last the film began,
The film the critics tried to ban.
The songs all made our Slasher smile.
He Rock'n' Rolled all down the aisle,
And when they'd finished all their firing,
They started coshing, slashing, knifing.
It really was a thrilling fight,
And went on far into the night.
The police then came to intervene
And soon broke up the rowdy scene.
Our Slasher Sid turned deathly pale,
When he was whisked off to the jail.
But then next morning came the shock:
The strains of "Rock around the Clock"
Came from the court. They all raised hell —
The jury men joined in as well.

And that, dear friends, tells of the day
That Rock'n' Roll came here to stay.

Anonymous

The Big Old Barge

There was once a man called Mr. Timbly, but he was always known as Jo. He lived with his family on an old but rather brightly-painted barge. His wife was called Rose, and his children were named Jack and Elizabeth. The big old barge was painted red with green and yellow flowers. It had a large cabin where they ate and slept, and an engine room attached to it on one side. On the other side there was a place where all the timber was stored, or where coal and other things were put when being taken from place to place.

Jack and Elizabeth, being on the barge, could not go to school except when they came to a place where the loading or unloading was done, and then they had to walk to a special school in the town where children could go for a short time.

One day they came to a town where they had to take some logs to another town. It was very exciting for Jack and Elizabeth, because it was a town where was no special school, and that day they were able to watch the big crane as it loomed over the barge, dropping logs into its hold.

When the morning's work was finished, they all sat round the little table in the cabin and had some lovely, hot, bubbling stew and a big cup of hot coffee. In the afternoon they started to get ready to move off from the town, and soon the barge's engine was purring away and sailed off down the dirty old canal to unload their logs at the next town a few miles away.

Nicola Griffith I A

Radioactive Elements

Uranium, that lively element,
Has shot three alphas from the firmament.
Mother Nature from her hat
Pulls rabbit radium instead of that.
Uranium, that lively element,
We'll never more see in the firmament.

Now radium, who's more ambitious,
Holds something he'll soon find pernicious.
Five alpha particles he disposes,
And now has cause to cry to Moses!
Like Humpty Dumpty, who cracked his head,
He's nothing more than a lump of lead!

The alpha particle is the nucleus of a helium atom.

Maureen Cronin IV A

The South American Jungle

In the world there are many jungles. The dangerous one is the South American jungle, called the Amazon jungle. It is very hot there. Monkeys swing from trees, and lianas hang from the giant trees.

There are dangerous tribes of Indians. They are the headhunters and Aroes. The headhunters sometimes are worse than wild beasts. When they catch other Indians they chop their heads off, let them dry in the sun, and then put them on their wigwams. A brave who has got many heads is a very famous man. To the headhunters it seems to be a wonderful idea to chop other Indians' heads off. The Aroes are a brave tribe, and in war they fight very well.

The cannibals are also among the well-known natives. If they catch other Indians, they put them in a nice little pot, just what will fit them, and then cook them. After they are cooked, the cannibals will have a nice meal. People say it should taste very good.

But there are dangerous snakes. There is the anaconda, the boa constrictor, the tree-viper and many others. The anaconda is a poison snake. One bite could kill you. The boa constrictor is not a poison snake. It only squeezes you to death, that's all. The tree-viper hides in trees. If any animal comes along, it just shoots forward, like an arrow, and kills it.

The jaguar and puma are also dangerous. The jaguar is a very good climber. He is a big robber and he kills any sort of animal. The puma also is a good climber. He is a great enemy of the jaguar. These beasts mostly hunt at night.



By the river there are the lazy crocodiles called caimans. There is a little fish called pirahna. If you are wounded and you fall into the river, these pirahnas will make you in a few seconds into a skeleton. If an Indian is paddling in his canoe across the river, many caimans will follow him. They try to get him out of his canoe to eat him, because they are always hungry. With one bite you could lose your leg.

There are poison trees. When it has not rained for a long time and you go near them, you soon faint and die, because they have a poison breath. When rain falls, the poison breath will disappear. Sometimes it rains for five or six days. Then the water of the river will overflow the jungle. When the flood goes back to the river, everything starts to grow.

There are plenty of rubber trees. If you cut the tree trunk with a knife, the rubber comes out. It is quite thick. Rich white men often keep rubber trees in their plantations.

The jungle is full of secrets.

Heinz Thompson I B

Scouts go Camping

Last year the scouts from Bracht went camping in the woods at Dalheim. When we arrived, we set up our tents, and put the food in a hole, as a kind of refrigerator. We then dug a hole for the camp fire to be lit in. There was a bunker nearby, which served as a kitchen.

About six o'clock, we lit our camp fire, and about a quarter past six, a gamekeeper rode up on his motorcycle and made us put our fire out. Luckily he could speak English enough for us to understand what he said. The main reason why he made us put it out was because the woods round us were nearly all of beech trees, which would catch fire easily. That ended our camp fire, but it was lucky that the bunker was there, so that we could cook food. For supper we had fried bacon and eggs. At about ten o'clock we went to bed. We had two blankets each, but we were still cold.

When we got out of bed, the dew on the ground was very thick. We were told to wear only plimsoles, old trousers and scout shirts. After breakfast we laid out our bedding and kitbags for inspection

at ten o'clock. After inspection, the gamekeeper came to tell us to be a little more quiet, because we were blowing bugles all the time. Skip, who was our scout master, told us to fetch wood, but we used to go into a bunker and play about, so that in half an hour we brought back only about four pieces of wood. Some of us used to hide in tents and some climbed trees, so that we could not be found. When it was time for lunch, we could all come out.

After lunch, some of the scouts went down to the "mule" to have a ride on the boats and one fell in and went for a swim instead. We came back at about three o'clock, in time to make tea. Everything went all right until about six o'clock, when one of the boys went for a walk. We could not find him until nearly supper time, when we saw him covered in leaves, climbing down one of the beech trees. Skip made him miss his supper that night, but he got his own back on Skip by loosening the guy rope of his tent, so making it fall on him while he was asleep. When he got up, he was in a temper, but Adrian was in his tent, snoring away.

Next morning, Skip wanted to know who had done it, but nobody would own up. So while we were having a wide game, he loosened all the ropes. Everything went as usual the next day, except that it began to rain, which we liked, because we could rest in our tents instead of having to work. Skip had some lemonade powder in his box outside his tent, and after dark we crept over and finished half the tin.

The next day, which was Sunday, we were visited by a cub pack, and later on by a German scout troop who were going to camp near us. We were surprised at the speed with which they put their tents up. They cooked in the same place as we did, but, as they were staying only the night, it was all right. We were leaving the following day as well, so that night we lit a camp fire in the bunker and the German scouts joined us in singing songs. We did not go to bed till eleven o'clock that night. In the morning we pulled down the tents and packed our kitbags.

Some of us rode home on our bicycles, and some went in the lorry. The German scouts who lived in Rheydt had a small cart in which they put their tents, pots and pans. They were hiking and hoped to reach home before dark. Our last meal was the best: "bangers" and beans, which we all liked. Before we left, we raided the kitchen and took what we could.

Ian Clarke (Last year's III B)

More Riddles

- Q. Why are soldiers always tired on April 1st?
A. Because they have just had a March of thirty-one days.
- Q. Why are libraries the highest buildings in the world?
A. Because they contain thousands of storeys (stories)
- Q. Why is the letter "K" like a pig's tail?
A. Because it is at the end of 'pork'.
- Q. What man likes being let down by his pals?
A. A deep-sea diver.

Assembled by Gavin Charlton-Brown, I B.

Journey to Egypt

Seven years ago I went to Egypt with my mother, brothers and sister. My father was already there, and we were going to join him. We left Victoria Station, London, at 8 a.m. on January 6th, 1949, and took a boat train from London to Dover. Then we crossed the Channel by steamer to Calais, and from there went by train to the Gare de Lyon. By coach we crossed Paris to another station, and went to Marseilles by all-night train.

After breakfast at a hotel, we embarked on a French ship called The Providence. We remained on her for five days. On about the third day the weather became warmer.

Eventually we stopped at Alexandria to pick up fruit, vegetables and coal. The five days had passed like lightning. We sighted land on the fifth day, and soon we were aboard a motor launch, going to the shores of Egypt.

Our stay in Egypt lasted one and a half years. During this time we came across many interesting things. First and foremost came the Egyptian people. The women wore many types of beads, and on their backs they carried woven baskets in which they put their babies. On their heads, too, they carried pitchers, containing some kind of liquid. They wore long flowing gowns, and a veil over their hair, and another one over their mouth and nose, so that only the eyes were showing.

The men wore long white gowns, and turbans on their heads, or, if they were rich men, they wore red caps with black tassels.

Yet, whatever their wealth, everyone appeared to be dirty. Even the food was unappetizing. One food they ate was called Chippatee, and was made from a mixture of flour, water and something resembling dirt in between, then it was baked on a brick in the sun.

Sometimes the men drove donkeys along with whips, hitting them for no reason at all. There were also many wild dogs about.

There was a lake near the camp, and every Saturday we used to pack our sandwiches, go down to the lake, and swim and paddle to our heart's content. This was indeed refreshing.

We had a bearer to do the housework for us. His name was Sheban. However, we sacked him because of his idle and lazy ways, and later had a good worker, an honest man called Abdul.

Nearby also was an Egyptian village. Here they used to sell brass ornaments, such as models of pyramids, camels, donkeys, Cleopatra's Needle and the Sphinx.

After a happy one and a half years we returned to England. I brought back something from Egypt with me: four pieces of mother of pearl, and some happy memories which I shall cherish for ever.

Cecily Newman III C.

The Scarecrow

In a field a Scarecrow stood,
Stiff as a poker,
Hard as wood.
The crows and birds went flying away,
When Scarecrow asked them to come and play.

Until in the field another one stood,
Stiff as a poker,
Hard as wood.
They talked and talked and talked all day,
Commanding the birds to fly away.

Elizabeth Browne I B

Owl Pellets

The subject of bird pellets is very interesting and useful.

Many different types of birds produce pellets, but the pellets of owls are easiest to find. Most birds of prey make pellets, all owls do, and even the chaffinch and yellowhammer make tiny ones.

The pellets are undigested parts of the food, for example, those which have been swallowed into the croup but not passed further. The pellets are furry on the outside and are hard and dry. The inside is a mass of hair and bone, according to what the food was. For instance, a pellet may be made up of feathers from the bird eaten by the owl. The fur of small rodents is found on the outside; this is compressed round the pellet to make it firmer. The pellets vary in size according to the bird, the little owl making pellets of one to two inches long and the tawny owl making pellets up to four inches long. The heron makes pellets seven inches in diameter. After an evening's hunting session, the owl can produce up to fifteen pellets. Usually, smaller bones, such as ribs, are digested, but the skull and larger bones of the limbs can often be found.

Many birds of prey and many owls have been saved from the gamekeeper's gun by analysis of their pellets, which show what they eat. The kestrel and sparrowhawk have both been excluded from the list of pests by the gamekeeper. This has been done by ornithologists, who pull the pellet to pieces and then find out what type of food the bird eats. At one time all owls were shot without question, but now it has been proved that none of the common British owls eats anything larger than rats or small rabbits. Pellets are also useful to birds themselves, in any case. The kingfisher digs a hole in a bank and then lines the roost with pellets formed entirely of fish bones.

I have been studying a little owl which has been roosting during the day in a stack of wood about twenty feet high near the airfield. This owl has its likes and dislikes as regards holes, according to the wind, and I always know on which side of the stack the pellet will be by the direction of the wind. Those which I found are greyish and vary between one and two inches. They are usually covered with fur. The contents have been very varied and surprising. The main part of them is the fur with different types of bones inside it. I found the skull of a shrew, complete with all its top teeth, in one pellet. Another was completely composed of beetles' wing-cases which were stuck together by some type of glue. In another was a piece of gravel



about a quarter of an inch long. The lower jaws of mice and shrews are common. I have found the heads of insects which could be wasps or dragonflies, but my best find was the abdomen of a wasp, complete with yellow stripes. All those were from one type of fowl, the smallest British owl.

This proves that there is great interest for those who are ready to look for it, in any farmyard barn, dark corner, or other place where an owl might roost.

D. Goode V a

He Drummed his Way to Fame

One Christmas when Haydn was about six years old, he ran away from his home and was made drummer in a street procession. While his frantic mother and family were searching for him, little Haydn

was happily marching behind a man who had the big drum strapped on his back, as Haydn was too small to hold it himself. His mother and father had the shock of their lives when they found their son so marching proudly through the streets, beating that big drum.

As he grew up, he developed a talent for music which the cathedral organist in Vienna spotted. He was taken back to the cathedral choir, where he stayed until his voice broke. The choir master was then looking for a chance to dismiss him, because his breaking voice was spoiling the tone of the rest of the choir. He found it not only when Haydn cut off the pigtail of the boy in front of him, but in remembering the occasion when Haydn had been by the Emperor's palace and had decided to climb up the scaffolding to see what was in the windows above. The boy had peered in at one of them, to receive an awful shock when he found he was staring at the Empress herself. "Give that blockhead with the fair hair a good hiding!" she shouted out.

As he grew older, Haydn started composing. One of his works was called the Surprise Symphony. As he wrote it, he said to himself, "This will probably wake up all the old ladies who are dozing!" It certainly ought to have done, because, in the middle of lovely, calm music, there was suddenly a loud bang that made the audience jump from their seats. In another work, when it was coming slowly to a close, the lights faded away one by one and the surprised audience was left in complete darkness. As each candle was extinguished, another player packed up his things and walked quietly off the stage. When the lights were turned on again, the audience was alone in the music hall. This was his "Farewell" Symphony, where he also says farewell to us.

Sarah Lloyd II A

Colour

Colour is an important factor in many people's lives. It is often possible to guess the vocation of different people simply by the colours they wear. Black is the colour for business men and girls, and navy-blue for school children and park-keepers. Men often seem to consider vivid colours too effeminate for them, but women love to wear gay colour, and to brighten their lips and cheeks. Life must be

hard for those who are colour-blind. It must be painful to see darkness instead of the glorious colours of flowers, grass and leaves. It is said that those who are colour-blind see everything in grey or black. It is hard to imagine grey flowers and trees. How dull to eat in a grey dining-room, to sleep in a grey bed-room, drink grey liquids, and wear grey clothes!

Colour sometimes inflicts great sorrow on people, especially on those who are themselves coloured. White people have inflicted great cruelty upon unfortunate black people. In my opinion, this suffering, colour bars and slave trading, are wicked and unnecessary. It was a good thing when slave-trading was abolished, though many whites opposed the abolition.

Colour can, however, bring much happiness into the lives of human beings. I often feel more happy and friendly if I am wearing something gay or pretty. Many people have confessed to feeling the same.

In some countries people have sayings and superstitions about colours. They say that blue is for luck, and that green indicates a witch. In that case I must be lucky and also a witch, for I have one green eye and one blue.

My favourite colour is red. Any shade of red will do. Gay scarlets and dainty pinks are both so captivating that I hardly know which I like best. But rich reds that remind you of wine are my favourites.

Diane O'Connor III A

Endeavour Rewarded

The only exciting incident that has happened to me was when I received a prize at school for endeavour. I was pleased about this, because it was presented to me by Lady Baxter, the wife of Sir Beverley Baxter, member of Parliament, for Southgate, London. It all came as a very pleasant surprise. I had tried hard, and had done my best in class in the last year, but I never realized I had tried quite so hard.

The people who were being presented with prizes were all very excited and nervous, as all the parents would be present, and it's

not every day of your life that you shake hands with a Sir or a Lady. We had a rehearsal in the school hall. We had to walk up to the platform, bow, shake hands, and say 'thank you' nicely. We chose the books we were being presented with before-hand, and our name, form and what they were for were beautifully painted inside by our art master.

On prize night, we were all in our school uniform, very neatly pressed and smart. We took it in turn to go up. Lady Baxter was very charming and told us we were lucky and clever. As I went up to receive the prize, I was shaking. Everybody clapped when we received our prizes, and our colour rose.

We shook hands with Sir Beverley Baxter as well, and he gave us each a nice little quiet speech. When talking to me, he said how he liked the name Lesley.

Lesley Mould III C

The Old Man from Dundee

There was an old man from Dundee,
Who sat down on an old settee,
He sat down with a bump,
Came up with a jump;
"Seat reserved!" said the bee from Dundee.

Patricia Johnson I C

Venice, City of Bridges

Those bewitching islands set in an azure sea, and connected by a maze of canals, have always held a fascination for those visiting them for the first time. Here, the way to travel is by water, by the slow, gliding gondola, or by the quicker, noisier and much less romantic motor boat. Let us step on to a ferry bound for this city of dreams, and mix with the gay, jostling crowds off to Venice for the afternoon.

The people are country folk, the inhabitants of the Lombardian Plain, and are mostly farmers. They talk twenty to the dozen here, and are always free and easy. For a good view of the city step forward with me to the forward deck and stand on this bench here. You will have to take a firm grip of the bar, as there is a considerable swell after the sandstorm we had yesterday evening. Off we go, and here comes the swell; oops!-sorry. I really did not mean to tread on your toe! Look! over there to your left, you can just see the Venice Lido, the pleasure garden of Venice, and you can even travel by tram or car there. Now on the right we are just coming to Venice, and there is our landing stage ahead, by St. Mark's Square.

Here we are on the floating landing-stage. Goodness me, what a scramble it was! There we are again on terra firma, Venetian soil, — or, rather, Venetian pavement. Over there, across the pavement, is a travel bureau. Shall we buy a map and ask which is the best route to take? "The best route for three and a half hours?" says the man in fluent English when I ask him. "Well, I should say St. Mark's Square one hour; Grand Canal one hour; then walk by the Frari church, one and a half hours."

So we set off for St. Mark's Square. Look at those stalls over there, under the arcade! Shall we have a look at them, or shall we go straight to St. Mark's? All right, we 'll see them on our way back. Here is St. Mark's and down there is the Basilica with its wonderful façade of paintings and mosaics.

Before going in, however, we have to put on our cardigans, as women who have uncovered arms are not allowed to enter the cathedral. The church is beautiful inside, and is richly ornamented, as are all the churches in Venice. Here, too, we find peace and quiet after the bustle and noise of the world outside, and the cool dimness is refreshing after the fiery, bright sunshine without.

After our tour of the Cathedral, we go to the Bell Tower and the Clock Tower. The Bell Tower is the tallest in Venice, and has a magnificent view from the top. The Clock Tower has a big bell and two wooden figures strike away the hours. Then when we have seen these, we go in search of the steamer to take us up the Grand Canal. We have been told to go by the blue steamer, as it stops at every landing stage. Oh, dear, what a long queue! still, it will be worth it, to see the sights of the famous canal.

How nice it is to be on the water again! It is so much cooler; the heat was oppressive. If we go up to the front, we shall have a better view, and our map will show us which places we pass. Look how

beautifully the gondolas glide along! I must take a photograph of them in front of the Art Gallery over there. How odd that the Gallery should be next door to the fish market! — Look at the gondolas over there, parked between those poles! There seems to be no end to them, though now and then a few motor boats are to be seen. It seems a pity that the gondolas are all black by tradition now. You did not know it was tradition? Then I'll tell you why.

Once the gondolas were gaily coloured and decorated with gold and purple brocades, and the gondoliers wore bright jackets and sashes, and gay hats and shirts, but when the country was at war and was very poor in the eighteenth century, a plea went out, asking the people if they would give up their satins and brocades, paint their gondolas black, and give their savings to the crown. So nowadays the gondolas are all black, though the gondoliers still dress gaily and they all wear straw hats with gay-coloured ribbons round their crowns.

At the Ponte di Rialto, solid and broad, unlike the usual fairy story, we cross the Grand Canal and set off for the Frari church. Look at the jewellers' shops lining the bridge! I cannot resist a golden bracelet for twelve hundred lire, and I buy it.

This is the way to the Frari church, according to the map. It is really called Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari. Here we are! Now remember your cardigan! Up we go into the cool dimness of this old church, whose solemnity is very soothing. The little side chapels are sweet, and the altar-cloths are of beautiful, hand-embroidered material. Time seems to stand still in this old place, and it is with misgivings that I look at my watch, to find that it is a quarter to six and time we were going.

Outside again into the now pale sunshine, with the babble of children's voices as they chase one another down the narrow alleys. Our path leads to a bridge across a backwater of the Grand Canal. How many bridges we have to cross I do not know, but some of them are charming. One, for instance, is made of stone and has a little flower shop at the far side of it. While we go over the hump of the bridge, a gondola glides beneath, while another stops at the flower shop, with its cargo of flowers, and delivers them to the wrinkled old woman at her door, whose face creases into smiles.

What interesting Italian folk these are! — and quite typical. Their language is almost a mixture of French and Latin, though nearer Latin, of course. Their clothes are carefree and elegantly worn, and

they suit the Italian personality. Walking through the little side streets, we see them at their most natural, lazy but fascinating.

We are now coming near St. Mark's Square again, and this time we are going to see the Bridge of Sighs between the Ducal Palace and the old and new Prisons. The Palace courtyard has two wishing wells, slimy and dark inside, with murky water and gratings over them. Into one we throw some pennies and wish that we may come again to Venice. The bridge is completely enclosed and is ornately decorated on the outside, though not so much inside. Looking through a window, we see the canal below and wonder what the poor prisoners of the past thought about when they saw this for the last time, on their way to prison and death.

We leave the Bridge of Sighs and go back to the travel bureau to say thank you to the guide, and to buy some postcards.

At last! the boat starts. It was supposed to come at a quarter to seven and arrives half an hour late. We move down the water. The crimson sun is slowly dying away to a glorious pink and gold, contrasted by the blackness of the outline of Venice, silhouetted against the flaming sky.

Memories of this fair city of bridges and canals flood my brain, and as we sail away from the glorious sunset we take our last look at Venice and its twinkling lights, like a myriad stars shining through the growing darkness. In this last glimpse we see Venice through the eyes of the Italian artist who said, "Venice is the most loved beautiful city the world."

Valerie Thomson IV A

Quiz No. 3

- 1) What is a paddy mail?
- 2) What is pig iron?
- 3) What is flux used for?
- 4) What is a Bessemer Converter?
- 5) How many kinds of scrap iron are there?
- 6) Name three methods of shaping metal.
- 7) Name six tools used for gauging metal.
- 8) What are the main components of glass?
- 9) What is a parison?
- 10) What is a pontil iron?
- 11) What is meant by the term "throwing"?
- 12) What is a pug-mill?
- 13) What is ginning?
- 14) What is carding?
- 15) What is the main component of rayon?
- 16) What is a damp course?
- 17) What is a routing machine?
- 18) What is a disc-coulter?
- 19) What is a mould-board?
- 20) What is a winnowing fan?

Question-Master Adrian Lamb III A

Answers on Page 98

Christmas Eve

How quickly time flies! Christmas Eve had arrived, and there were still last-minute presents to be bought. Aunts, uncles, cousins, nephews, nieces, brothers and sisters all had to be accounted for.

Yes, it was Christmas Eve again, so, running into the hall, I pulled on my coat and scarf and ran out of the house, slamming the door behind me.

How crisp and cold the wintry air was! How it made my nose tingle, and made me long for the warm glow of a crackling log fire! These pleasant thoughts were swiftly interrupted by the noisy arrival of the brilliant red 'bus.

As the 'bus made its way down the icy road, past the small, snow-covered roofs of tiny cottages, with their faint spiral of black smoke

ascending from the snow-capped chimneys, the distant sounds of a party of carol singers beginning their rounds reached my ears.

Dusk was just beginning to fall, casting dark shadows over the houses, and making the surrounding country-side look eerie and mysterious, like an enchanted wilderness.

The 'bus suddenly came to a halt, jerking me back in the seat, and also breaking my pleasant day-dreams.

We had reached the town, and what a splendid sight it was! Lights of all colours and sizes flickered on and off, forming all kinds of shapes and patterns. Razor blades, soap, sweets, spirits, beers, were all glowing, making a colourful display of advertisements.

I jumped off the 'bus and made my way down the main street, stopping to admire the gaily-decorated windows, and at the same time trying to choose my last-minute presents. What a difficult choice to make, with all the wonderful gifts that were displayed in the windows!

By this time the hands of the great town clock had moved to half-past eight. After lingering a few minutes longer, still gazing at the shop windows, I went in and bought my final presents. With presents filling my arms and making my pockets bulge, I hurried towards the brilliant headlights of the 'bus, glaring towards me like two great yellow eyes.

I stamped my snow-covered shoes on the pavement, and stepped on to the 'bus. I placed the parcels in my lap, plunged my cold hands into my handbag, and paid my fare.

The 'bus arrived at my stop in a matter of minutes, and, stepping off, I turned to take one last look at the snow-covered branches of the trees, silhouetted against the dark sky. Hurrying towards the house, I pushed open the gate. Once again the snow began to fall, softly and silently, to the ground. What a perfect setting for a perfect evening! I opened the door and crept into the hall, put my presents on the table, and pushed open the sitting-room door.

What a wonderful sight met my eyes! A tall tree stood in the far corner of the room, gaily decorated with coloured balls, candles and presents of all shapes and sizes, and there, opposite the tree, was the friendly and welcome glow of a large log fire, with its flames leaping merrily up the chimney, and brightening up the room. I curled up in a chair by the fire and settled down comfortably to enjoy another Christmas Eve.

Jill Morgan IV B

Easter Morning

On Easter morning
I am never late;
I hurry to see
What is on my plate.

A chocolate bunny,
Some Easter eggs,
And a fluffy chicken
With yellow legs.

Christine Mazur I D

Hokusai

Most people, I am sure, will have heard of the greatest Japanese artist, Hokusai. He was born on 5th May, 1760, and, whilst still young, he was adopted. At the age of twelve he was put to work in a bookseller's shop belonging to his stepfather.

Two years later, he was apprenticed to a wood-engraver, and worked with interest at this craft, which served him so faithfully in later years, when he worked at his own wood cuttings.

Having finished his apprenticeship, he was given the art name of Shunio, with the right to use it with the art-surname of Shusho's school, Kataukawa.

Hokusai himself was a plump, dimpled and merry man, with a great sense of humour, and tremendous skill. He had a wonderful imagination and an eye for beauty, all of which he recaptures in his paintings and wood cuttings. His sketch book, known as Mangwa, shows the variety of his interests. An example of this variety is shown in his paintings "The hundred views of Juji" and the "Thirty-six views of Juji". In the years 1823 to 1830, Hokusai produced the following landscapes: the eight "Waterfalls", the eleven "Bridges", and the ones I have already mentioned, "the thirty-six views of Juji", which were his most famous ones, Hokusai changed his name many times during his life. Particularly when he had adopted a new style of painting, he would change his name.

His work ranged from "Sparrows on a grain of rice" and "Fans", to such gigantic and fantastic things as his paintings of Buddha. The



gigantic Buddha which he painted at a fairly old age, in a courtyard, brought him his first fame. People were so much puzzled as to what he had painted, that they had to climb to the roof of a temple to be able to see and recognise the picture.

He was once called to the palace of Shogun, the Japanese dictator. There he was challenged to a painting contest by the Shogun's famous painter. This painter drew a beautiful picture, and when he had finished, Hokusai calmly took down a blue door, placed it on the floor, and let a cockerel, whose feet he had dipped into red paint, run over the door. The cockerel, having marched across, left a beautiful set of footprints, and Hokusai explained, "These are autumn leaves floating down a river".

Hokusai was a great Ukeyo-e painter. This means paintings of the everyday world, a style which was then sensational in Japan.

Life did not treat Hokusai kindly. During part of his life, Japan was a closed country by order of the dictator, the Shogun, and under his rule painting was not allowed, so being an artist meant being more or less a criminal. For a great part of his life, Hokusai was hunted by the Japanese police.

Even though towards the end of his life he was recognised as a great painter, he continued to live in poverty. Sometimes in his struggles to keep alive, he would sell red peppers in the streets, and paint his wonderful pictures for a bowl of rice.

One of his houses was burnt down and he thus lost a great number of valuable paintings, besides all his belongings. Out of the flaming house Hokusai ran, wearing nothing at all, saying: "I came into the world with nothing, and it looks as though I shall go out of it the same way."

Even though thirty thousand paintings were known to be his, among which were landscapes, theatre illustrations, portraits and dramatic paintings, one of which is "The blind men crossing a river", Hokusai, on his death-bed at eighty-nine, mourned that he had not lived long enough to become a great artist.

"If I could have lived ten more years, or even only five, I should have become a real artist". These were his parting words.

Elke Connell IV A

A Forest Fire

I lived in Canada, in a small log-cabin on the banks of Lake Sunrise. Once I was starting off on a journey of about fifty miles through dense forests to see my Indian friends.

I had travelled half-way in my birch-bark canoe, when suddenly I began to be aware of a smell of smoke. I did not worry, because it might have been some campers, but after a few hours I noticed that the air was becoming stuffy and hot. Suddenly I saw fire; it was not a camper's fire, but a great forest fire.

The fire was directly in my path of travel, so I strove to get more speed out of my canoe, but in vain. I knew that in a few minutes the fire would be upon me. Already small and large animals were running along the edge of the water, fleeing from the dreaded forest fire. I knew that if I remained in the middle of the river, I might have a chance of surviving, so that is what I did. While I was doing this, the fire was all round us. Burning embers floated down from burnt trees and bracken.

Then, quite by chance, I saw a great fir tree start to burn. In a few minutes it was a blazing torch, and then I knew my danger. I paddled furiously to get away from the blazing fir tree, when suddenly it fell right across the spot where I had been watching it from. It fell with a great splash into the water with steam rising from each side of it.

After that I did not stop to look round, but paddled for all I was worth down the river, not caring about the flying embers. My only thought was to get out of the blazing furnace of fire and smoke, and into the cool air of the pines further up the river. Then, to my great relief, I came to the end of the forest fire. As I rested in the bottom of my boat, I took a look at the piece of forest I had just come through and I could not believe my eyes. What had been a fine forest of fir trees was now a flat piece of burnt land with smoke rising from the fallen trees. I wondered what the animals which had taken the whole summer to build their homes in the forest must be feeling. A summer's work gone up in flames and smoke. I took one more look at the blackened piece of land and then canoed to visit my friends.

Michael Monk II B

Some Interesting Facts that the Staff have learned from Pupils.

South Africa has an equilateral climate.

Beethoven appeared in concretes at the age of eight.

A violin is shaped like a woman's body with a wooden head.

$\frac{3}{4}$ shows there are three crutches in the bar.

Virginals are female musicians.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is wildly played.

Answers to Quiz No. 1

1. Australia
2. U.S.A. and Canada
3. Goza
4. A celebrated king of Leon and Castille.
5. Somerset.
6. Mt. Kanchanganga (28,146 feet)
7. Baffin land (236,000 sq. miles.)
8. 3,400 miles.
9. 1,965,000
10. Jakarta (Batavia)

Answers to Quiz No. 2 on Page 63

1. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd.
2. The Empire State Building.
3. Sir Malcolm Campbell.
4. Tibet.
5. Sir Edmund Hillary and Tensing.
6. William Joyce.
7. Sir Alexander Fleming.
8. 3 minutes, 58 seconds.
9. 1,132 m.p.h.
10. In Rome.

Answers to Quiz No. 3

- 1) A train composed of trucks fitted with seats and used for transport in mines.
- 2) The term given to iron directly it has left the blast furnace.
- 3) Dissolving the impurities from molten metal. Limestone is the most popular flux.
- 4) A furnace for removing carbon from molten metal.
- 5) Sixteen.
- 6) Rolling, forging and casting.
- 7) Surface gauge, vernier height gauge, vernier calipers, micrometer, gap gauge, and plug gauge.
- 8) Lime, soda, sand and cullet. (Cullet is scrap glass).
- 9) The term given to a lump of molten glass when it is about to be blown or moulded.
- 10) It is the metal tube used for blowing glass.
- 11) Turning clay on a potter's wheel so that it can easily be shaped.
- 12) A machine in which clay is "pugged" or thoroughly mixed, and then ejected in long oblong masses.
- 13) Removing cotton seeds from the fibres.
- 14) Straightening wool fibres, so that they lie parallel, by means of toothed drums.
- 15) Cellulose, obtained from wood pulp.
- 16) A layer of slate in the wall of a house to stop damp from rising.
- 17) A machine for cutting the unwanted portions off a stereotype plate.
- 18) The sharp disc on the front of a plough that cuts in the earth.
- 19) The curved board behind the disc-coulter that turns the earth over.
- 20) The drum-shaped fan in a combined harvester that blows the chaff away from the grain.

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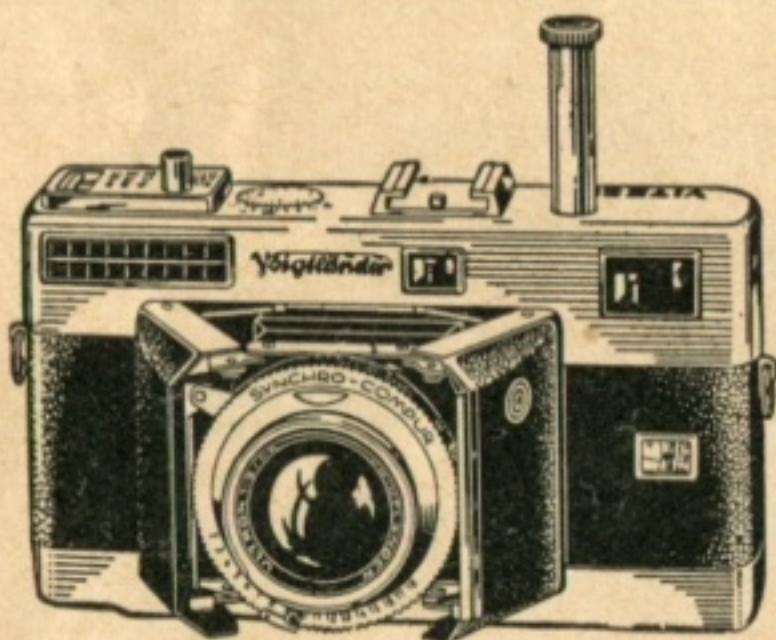
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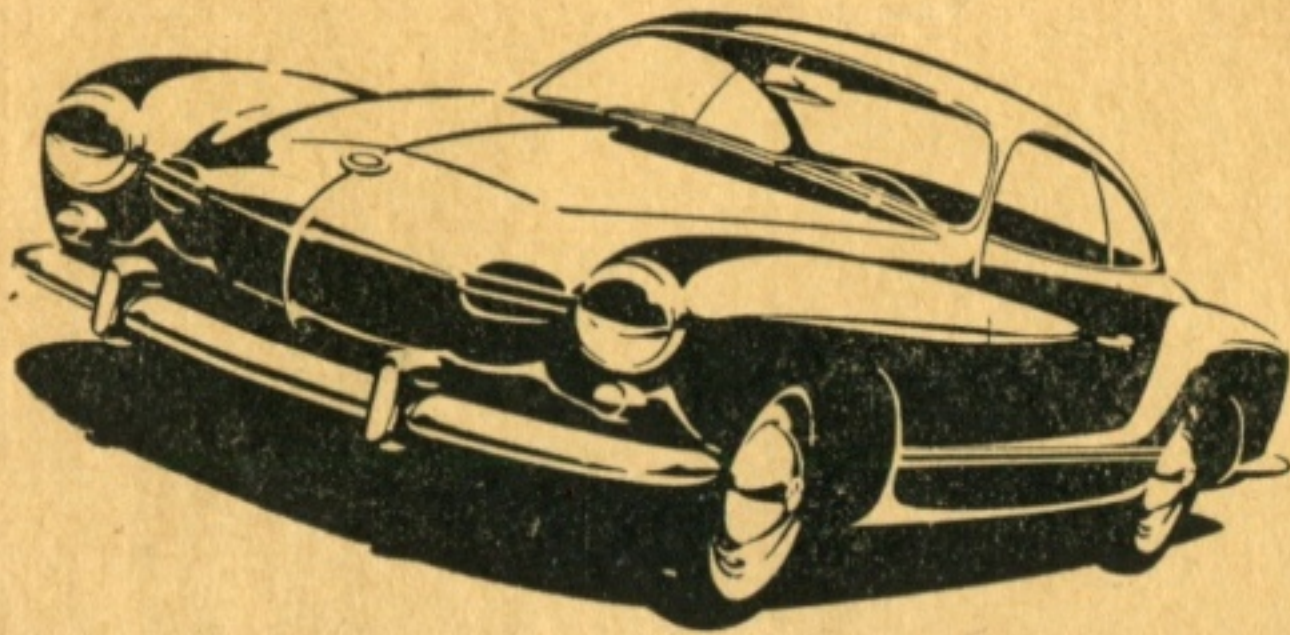
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