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THE MAGAZINE OF QUEEN'S SCHOOL

Mönchen Gladbach

1956-1957

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 2

SPRING 1958



VIEW OF QUEEN'S SCHOOL FROM SNYDER'S RD. 'FW

Queen's School Staff List

Mr J. V. Taylor, B.Sc.	Headmaster ✓
Miss D. E. Abbott	General Subjects ✓
Miss J. C. Barry, B.A.	Head of History Department ✓
Miss E. G. M. Browning, B.A.	Senior Mistress: French ✓
Mr G. V. N. Beaver (M.Coll.H)	Metalwork, Tech. Drawing ✓
Miss V. D. Bland	Domestic Subjects ✓
Mr H. Chignell, B.A.	Head of Modern Languages Department ✓
Mr. R. H. Corke, B.Sc.	Mathematics ✓
Mr G. H. Edwardson, B.Sc.	Head of Science Department ✓
Mr B. L. J. Elliott	Technical Drawing, General Subjects ✓
Mr W. J. C. Francis, B.A.	Geography ✓
Miss C. E. D. Hardy	Needlework ✓
Miss B. Harner, B.Sc.	Biology ✗
Miss J. Knight	General Subjects, Religious Instruction ✗
Mrs N. Jenkins	Domestic Subjects, General Subjects ✓
Miss B. L. Lancashire, B.Sc.	Head of Mathematics Department ✓
Mr C. E. Lewis	General Subjects ✗
Mr I. MacGillivray, B.Sc.	Chemistry ✓
Mr J. W. Meiklejohn	Rural Science ✓
Mr. J. W. Morgan, B.Sc. (Econ)	Librarian, General Subjects ✓
Mr C. M. Pearce, M.A.	English ✓
Mr D. H. Purvis, L.R.A.M.	Music ✓
Mr J. A. Stallwood	Woodwork ✓
Miss S. Stephens	Physical Education (Girls) ✓
Mr B. Sullivan, B.A.	Latin ✓
Mr I. Walker	Physical Education (Boys) ✓
Mrs R. Walkington, B.A.	French, General Subjects ✓
Mr. P. Wilcockson	Art and Craft ✓
Miss E. A. R. Williams, B.Comm.	Commercial Subjects ✓
Miss K. Wood, B.A.	English, French ✓
Administrative Staff	
Mr W. G. Wilson	Administrative Officer ✗
Miss A. M. Davidson	Secretary to Headmaster ✗

Prefects

Appointments 1957

Michael Dixon	Head Boy	4. 1. 1957	X
Christine Parkinson	Prefect	13. 5. 1957	X
	Head Girl	10. 9. 1957	
Ruth Spencer	Prefect	13. 5. 1957	X
Layton Williams	Head Boy	10. 9. 1957	✓
Betty Cullen	Prefect	"	X
Anne Holden	"	"	✓
Alan Cooke	"	"	✓
David Goode	"	"	X
Paula Gibbon	Monitors	"	X
Zoe Goodeve-Docker	"	"	✓
Jill Morgan	"	"	✓
Patricia Yates	"	"	✓
Peter Johns	"	"	✓
James McLuckie	"	"	✓
Martin Ray	"	"	✓

Log

Not by any means the least notable event of the academic year 1956-7 was the launching of this magazine, the first issue of which appeared in time for the Christmas holidays — a notable event, because that first issue was unmistakable evidence that Queen's, the youngest of the B.F.E.S. secondary schools, and the only day school, had within it talent which would allow it to stand comparison with the older members of the community.

The Log of that first issue of Queen's Courier ended with the statement that the Autumn term had just begun with 420 pupils on the roll. Since the school had originally been designed to accommodate only about 350 it was obvious that something had to be done and done quickly. Builders and pupils arrived almost simultaneously. The noise of bulldozers and concrete mixers combined to make teaching for a time even more difficult than it normally is. For various reasons it was not possible to make the extensions as large, or complete them as rapidly, as had been hoped. The hoped for two-storey building in the end had to be reduced to one storey and a basement; but with considerable foresight a light shell roof has been provided so that the addition of the next storey when the next extension is due will not present the same problem. The work took considerably longer than expected and it was not until September that the rooms could be brought into use. The Commercial class, it was soon evident, was being seriously hampered in its work by too small a home; so regretfully, and only because necessity is a hard taskmaster, our one remaining cloakroom was surrendered for conversion to a class room. Nobody can maintain that rows of coats hung on wall pegs along a corridor are sightly, but what we have lost in neatness and appearance has been compensated for by increased efficiency.

Of course increased numbers of pupils need more teachers to teach them and September 1956 saw the arrival of Miss Lancashire, Miss Lacaille, Miss Wood, Miss Knight, Mr Walker and Mr MacGillivray. With their coming it was possible to extend our curriculum, and for the first time Sixth Form work could be begun. It was inevitable that a young school should have an undue preponderance of pupils in the lower Forms, but as the year went on there was a welcome influx into the Upper Forms, and the organisation became better balanced.

Our new found strength enabled us to take part in more out-of-school activities. The B.F.N. 'Do you know' contest provided opportunities for contests with Windsor, Prince Rupert, and King Alfred schools. Although we did not win, it can be claimed in at least partial extenuation that prior to the Windsor contest one of our people, afraid of the bus journey, took rather more travel sickness pills than was wise and was rather 'dopey' in consequence. Major-General and Mrs Roe showed their very real interest in the School by their presence at some of the contests. Soccer matches too were played against Rheydt schoolboys and Windsor School, while among our Hockey opponents were the Grasshoppers. A school contingent carried the school flag in the St. Martin's Day procession in Mönchen-Gladbach, another party attended the St. Martin's pantomime "Puss in Boots". As usual the school rose to the occasion as it can do so well and gave an excellent performance and much pleasure to many with a Christmas Concert in the School Hall. The Term ended with the usual round of parties and a win for boys in a Staff Soccer match.

The Spring Term opened with the arrival of a new Headmaster and a welcome addition to the Mathematics Department in the person of Mr Corke. It ended with the departure of two members of Staff, Miss Killian and Miss Webber, both of whom left to get married. Miss Webber had been with us from the early days when we camped in St. George's School, and had latterly been Senior Mistress. We have much to thank her for, particularly the way in which she helped to set and maintain the standards of deportment and dress for the girls which is so noteworthy. During this Term we were honoured by a visit from the Burgermeisters, Councillors and Senior Officials of Moenchen-Gladbach and Rheydt who showed the greatest interest in our work and were very searching in the questions they asked on the differences between English and German schools. Through the courtesy of Colonel Jones, a party of senior boys was able to tour the Rhine Workshop of R.E.M.E., a visit which was of particular value because of the considerable trouble which had been taken by our hosts to organise every detail. Once again we met Windsor School in a series of Sporting contests, including Boxing, but were not able to win any of them. When one considers the additional opportunities for training and practice which a boarding school inevitably has, this result is not surprising. It is more to the point to say that we were not disgraced.

The Summer Term was a very active one. On the sporting side we had, as usual, our Sports Day and our Swimming Gala,

neither of which was held in particularly clement weather. They were, however, particularly notable for the efficiency of their organisation which reflected considerable credit on both organisers and competitors. On the academic side we had the G.C.E. examinations, the first occasion on which we had made a sizeable entry. The good wishes which everyone extended to the candidates seemed to produce its effect, for the percentage of passes, when the results were known, was high. On the social side we were pleased and honoured to welcome many distinguished visitors. These included the M.G.A., Major-General Craddock, the G.O.C. Rhine District, Major-General Fairbanks, the new Garrison Commandant, Colonel Radford, and Mrs McLaughlin, Mrs Cullen and Mrs Hill, M.P's. respectively for Belfast, Gorbals and Wythenshawe. The high-light of the Term of course, was Speech Day. This year we were luckier than last, and almost a thousand pupils and parents were able to listen to the C-in-C, General Sir Dudley Ward, outdoors and in warm sunshine. His remarks were well suited to his audience and the comments of pupils afterwards showed they had been taken in and understood. The Vote of Thanks was seconded in a witty and well delivered speech by the Head Boy, Michael Dixon.

This Log is written during the Autumn Term, which had scarcely started when we suffered a grievous blow by the death of Miss Lacaille, which is mentioned elsewhere in this issue. We were both saddened and pleased also by another Staff change which involved the posting of the Deputy Headmaster, Mr Benyon, to the Headquarters of B.F.E.S. No one who knows Queen's School needs telling of his work as Deputy and Acting Headmaster, and we are delighted at this recognition of its quality.

Our numbers are now 454, the highest in the school's history, and once again at the year's end we are faced with problems of accomodation similar to those we had at the beginning.

The year has come full cycle.

Examination Successes

General Certificate of Education

R. Dunn (4 subjects)	G. Ashby (1)
J. D. McLuckie (4)	K. Docherty (1)
L. W. Sargent (4)	P. Hudman (1)
L. S. Taylor (4)	M. Mould (1)
K. C. Brooker (3)	A. Stanley (1)
D. A. Goode (3)	
R. P. Taylor (3)	
W. H. Williams (3)	
V. Carver (2)	

Royal Society of Arts

Intermediate	Elementary
V. Willis (2 subjects)	C. Smith (2)
E. A. Gray (1)	E. Willoughby (2)
M. Mould (1)	P. Wood (2)
S. Winskill (1)	B. Brown (1)
A. Stanley (1)	P. Cox (1)
P. Wood (1)	R. Spencer (1)
	V. Willis (1)

Grouped Technical Course

P. O. Donohue (awarded full certificate)	
P. Green (awarded full certificate)	
G. Ashby (passed in Maths. and Tech. Drawing)	
A. Corke (passed in Maths. and English)	

Royal Naval Apprentices

I. Clarke	C. Wareing
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Army Apprentices

P. C. Scully	J. Higgins
R. McGann	P. Goodwin

Air Force Apprentices

L. Taylor	P. Hunt
T. Bell	M. Ray
J. Timney	G. Dunthorne
G. Morrison	J. Austin
D. Morrison	

Blanche Lacaille

1929 — 1957

It came as a shock to the school as a whole and to her colleagues of the B.F.E.S. Mess particularly, to learn of the death of Miss Lacaille. She died in the University Hospital, Bonn, in October, as a result of severe injuries sustained in a motor accident.

Miss Lacaille was a most versatile and enthusiastic teacher. She came to us in September, 1956 from Falmouth High School. Though primarily a teacher of English, she helped with the teaching of Latin and assisted in the French Department — she was bilingual — before being appointed Head of the English Department in September 1957.

She was whole-hearted in the demands she made both on pupils and herself. To everything she applied an uncommon zeal and conviction.

She took part to the full in many aspects of school life. It was she who took on the task of producing the first 'Queen's Courier' and to whom the success of this 'première' was largely due. She was keenly interested in music and assisted the School Choir in its first Christmas Concert.

She will not readily be forgotten. Her scholarship, her sense of calling, her mercurial personality and her kindness had in one short year become a very part of Queen's School.

Speech Day

Speech Day this year, on Wednesday, 17 July was held out of doors. Fortunately, although the weather had been doubtful during the morning, in the afternoon the sun shone down very brightly and warmly on the proceedings. Thus the whole school was able to attend, and about four hundred parents and distinguished guests were also present, whereas only a restricted number of seats was available in the School Hall on Speech Day last year.

The Chairman was Major General R.W. Craddock, C.B.E., D.S.O., and General Sir Dudley Ward, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., who was accompanied by Lady Ward, presented the prizes

SPEECH DAY PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.



after the Chairman's introductory remarks and the Headmaster's Report. Sir Dudley then addressed the school, in particular those pupils who were soon to leave school, advising us to change to another job if we find ourselves in one we do not enjoy, and also to take a certain number of risks in life. We should not be like the people who aimlessly play in the shallow end of the swimming pool, but should be more ambitious and jump in at the deep end. To conclude, the Commander-in-Chief kindly granted the school a holiday, which we enjoyed on Monday, 22 July.

Dr H. Priestley, Director B.F.E.S., expertly seconded by our Head Boy, Michael Dixon, proposed the vote of thanks

Tea for the School's official guests was served in Rooms 1 and 2 after the ceremony and the school was open to parents who had not yet seen round it. Exhibitions of work by the pupils were set out in some of the rooms for visitors to view.

Speech Day, probably the most important day of the school year, was a very successful occasion, and it was pleasing to see all the pupils together in uniform— in fact, a day to be remembered with pride by those senior pupils, like myself, whose last Speech Day it was.

P. Hudman.

Combined Cadet Force

A contingent of the Combined Cadet Force was formed in the school at the beginning of the Autumn term. The cadets, who are drawn from the upper part of the school, form the Basic Army Section of the C.C.F. For the first year they will be doing basic Army training — drill, map reading, fieldcraft, weapon training and firing .22 and .303 rifles on the ranges. At the end of this year they will sit the Certificate A, Part I, Examination. If they are successful in this examination, cadets will be able to express a preference for their next year's training — whether they remain in the Army Section and train for Certificate A, Part II, or join the RAF Section and aim the RAF Proficiency Examination.

The present strength of the contingent is 39 cadets but this number will be increased as the numbers in the school increase. The contingent is commanded by Sqn.Ldr. Corke and much

valuable help this term has been given by Mr. Elliot and W.O. Johnson. The contingent is also indebted to Captain Pugh, Sgt. Major Weaving and his instructors of the Weapon Training Section of Camp H.Q. for help given in fieldcraft and weapon training.

This term Cadet Green has been promoted to Cadet Corporal and Cadet Davies to Cadet Lance-Corporal. All cadets are eligible for promotion to Cadet N.C.O. rank, but this normally occurs when they passed Certificate A, Part I. They are then expected to help with the instruction of the Basic Section.

Field Day this term was spent on the Arsbeck Range and valuable experience was gained of practical fieldcraft, much of the training being made of a competitive nature. R. C.

Music

"Christmas Carillon, 1956": the choir's first venture at public performance. Over a hundred of us from Queen's School gathered at the Garrison Theatre, and sang with the West Rhine Musical Society and the Band of the Buffs. The programme was very mixed, varying from a "Merrie England" Selection, to a carol by Paul Kendall of Form IIIA, this latter receiving the biggest applause of the evening when the young composer was called from his seat.

During those Christmas holidays, a group of us went Carol Singing, raising several pounds for the Hungarian Relief Fund. We also sang a group of carols in St. Boniface Church on the Sunday before Christmas.

With the choir earnings from "Carillon" we bought copies of "Messiah" and started work on it after forming a new bass section. We were pleased that when the Music Society heard we intended to perform this, they asked us to join with them once more. This we did, the performance taking place just before Easter, with the Orchestra of the Royal Engineers. and with two of our senior girls taking solo parts.

Each term brings a new project, and in the summer the choir had to provide a large part of the school broadcast on B.F.N. Although it was recorded in very trying and oppressive heat, we still sounded quite pleasing to ourselves. However, the actual broadcast was extremely disappointing. Probably owing to the placing of the microphones, no difference in volume was apparent between the massed singing of a hundred

voices and that of a mere quartet, or even that of a solo voice. The presence of the basses, who actually sang lustily and valiantly could not even be detected. The clearest effect of all was the intermittent firing from the nearby range.

All these performances were put on in very difficult circumstances: the individual parts of the choir were not able to combine until about the last ten days of rehearsal. Because all practices took place out of "school time", the "Lunch Hour Choir" could never meet the "Camp Choir" as it had gone home for a mid-day meal, and when the "Camp Choir" sang at 4.15 p.m. the others were already on buses travelling far away from the Headquarters.

To start this third year of the choir's life, it has now been reformed as two completely separate bodies. This doubles the number of practices, but halves the insecurity that used to surround each performance.

The two choirs are giving a Christmas Programme in the Garrison Theatre, each presenting a different half of the programme.

The "Lunch Hour Choir" is singing varied groups of carols including four composed by pupils of the School.

The "Camp Choir" is performing Arthur Somervell's Cantata, "Christmas" as a four-act pageant — the School's first full-scale stage work.

Starting with two score voluntary members, the choir has doubled its numbers each year, so that between the two choirs we now number over 160 members, well over one third of the entire School. P. Purvis

Clubs

The time: Any Friday 3.20

The place: Outside the Staff room

New Boy: Can I be put in a club, sir?

M. C.: What! NOW! Where do you want to be?

New Boy: I don't know, sir.

Mr C.: What do you like? Boxing? Chess? Knitting?

New Boy: Can I do Fencing, sir?

Mr C.: That's for girls only. What about Football?

New Boy: I think I'd like to go to the Classical Music club, sir

Every Friday at 3.20, having already worked the routine seven periods, we disperse, school and staff alike, to our clubs. We know it is impossible to **organize** fifty-five minutes of club activities for more than 400 all at once with such things as House Matches or merely dirty weather to contend with. But we **run** our clubs nevertheless and they provide an antidote, — though hectic at times — to the routine of classroom and curriculum.

We disperse to our clubs at 3.20. — Disperse is an appropriate word. Boxers to the R.A.F. Gym., Fencers to the Army Gym., Footballers to the R.A.S.C. pitch, Golfers to the H.Q. Course, Hockey to the H.Q. ground, marksmen to the range, birdwatchers to any place with trees and area-modellers to any place without.

There are twenty clubs now. Not all outdoor. There is a Knitting club where the gentle art and quiet conversation are practised together — real vocational training! There is a Dramatic club rehearsing "The Happiest Days of your Life". An Animated Film Club is making a coloured cartoon movie of legends from "Struwwelpeter". There is a club making Puppets, a Chess Club, a Travel Club where travel films are shown and discussed, a Geography Club, a History Club and, of course, the Classical Music Club where our new boy went (He probably came back later to say he didn't know it would be **THAT** kind of music and could he go elsewhere?)

Clubs are a headache at a day school where so many come many miles to school each day and must start their homeward journey at 4.15. But the reward is great. How many have learned to dance a decent waltz, to play bridge, to do a bit of printing, in other words become interested and proficient in a skill, a recreation or a hobby which might give them a lifetime of pleasure.

Cornwall House

Boys and Girls' Report

The overall results of this year's activities have not placed Cornwall in the highest position, but if we look behind the bare results we find that we are far from vanquished. For instance, at the end of the first term we held such a commanding lead in the Inter-House Football that victory seemed

assured, but we lost a number of our best players and were unable to retain our lead, finishing third. Basketball was one of our highlights and after some hard-fought games we won this competition. The win was somewhat dampened by the fact that we haven't a trophy yet for this sport. During the Summer Term our Junior Cricket XI won every match but the Seniors were unable to find such form and we finished the season by drawing for second position. The girls played some hard-fought games of Netball and in a closely contested finish with Kent, just managed to obtain second position. Rounders also provided its good games. Our Sports Day was not all we might have wished as far as weather was concerned, but it did not dampen our efforts to retain the Sports trophy. Throughout the afternoon we strived to the utmost to obtain maximum points, but the results placed us second, and we congratulate Kent on their fine win.

The grand highlight of our sporting activities was the Swimming Gala. During the two previous years we have been second, but with our swimming talent stretched almost to breaking point, we covered all events. The scoreboard kept everyone in a constant state of tension until the final event had taken place and then mathematicians decided that we had won with a two and a half point lead, ours thus being the first House name to be inscribed on the new trophy. All credit to the girls who took part, and put up such a great performance that the boys were spurred to even greater efforts.

In the Work competition a reasonable number of points were obtained, but the number of detentions caused us to slump badly in the final scores. So it is noses to the grindstone to obtain the points and a greatly reduced number of detentions to enable us to keep them on the credit side.

Until now we have been known as the House without a badge, mainly because we decided to be different from other Houses in the design of badge. The type that we chose was more expensive and the difficulty in collecting weekly subscriptions from the large number of canny Aberdonians in our House has been a slow job, but success is assured and the badges will be ready in the new school year.

Looking back over this past year we seem to have made a reasonable showing. Some of the credit for this must go to the House Staff who have taken a full part in the Saturday morning activities.

We take this chance to thank the other Houses for the keen competition which they have provided and hope that they have enjoyed the games as much as we have.

M. KEECH
L. WILLIAMS

Gloucester House - Boys' Report

Our record of achievement during the past year is something of which we can feel moderately satisfied. This is mainly because we have improved upon our first year records.

In the football competition, after a poor start to the season, we caught up and finished second in the league. We won the Cross Country cup and must congratulate the Junior runners who ran as an excellent team and finished in one large group.

After very nearly winning the Cricket Cup the previous season, we were determined, when the 1957 season arrived, to win it this year and at least be the second house to have our name on the cup. After many thrilling games all the houses finished equal in points, so that a knock-out competition was arranged. As the result of some very good bowling we won the cup.

In the Swimming Gala we did not do as well as we had hoped, although some of our individual swimmers put up some very good performances. In the Athletic Sports, the House again showed herself good at the field events, but rather weak in the track events.

A trophy, to which every member of the House can make his contribution, is the Work shield, and the House has shown that it has a determination to work by winning the shield in the past year. During the Spring term a Collectors and Handicraft competition was held. C. Makeprang gained first prize in the Collectors section with an excellent stamp collection, whilst Eileen Ebdale won the first prize of the Craft section with a hand knitted shawl. Another competition will be held next term, the details of which will be announced later.

R. Dunn, our former House Captain, left during this term and we should like to extend to him and all other leavers our good wishes for the future.

At the time of going to press we have started the new football season in first-class style, having won all our matches so far. We must congratulate both senior and junior teams for this result and also their Captains, A. Cooke and P. Orwin for the skilled manner in which they lead their teams.
P. Eustace (House Captain)

Gloucester House Girls' Report.

At the beginning of the Christmas term we welcomed Mrs Walkington and Mr Corke to our House Staff. Majorie Mould was elected House Vice-Captain, and worked very hard throughout the year collecting House funds. Unfortunately she left at the end of last term.

The Junior Netball team once again won the Ladyman Shield. In Athletics, Janet Ovenden came second in the two hundred metres, second in the one hundred metres, and third in the long jump. In the Swimming Gala, Gloucester Junior relay team was first, and Elizabeth Ellis came first in the crawl and second in the backstroke and plunge events.

A House competition was held throughout the Easter term. There were two prizes, one for a model, and the other for any kind of collection. Eileen Ebdale won in the model section, having entered a circular hand knitted shawl, and Lesly Mould was second, having entered a sun-dress.

Diana Chapman, who has captained Hockey, Netball, and Rounders House teams during her stay at Queen's, is leaving this term. She has been replaced as Hockey Captain by Janet Ovenden.

Perhaps the most surprising event of this year was that Gloucester House won the Work Cup — surprising, in that throughout the year we seemed to be awarded more detentions than house points! Although the Girls' games record for the year is not outstanding, we feel that it is fully atoned for by this success.
Christine Parkinson

Edinburgh House Girls' Report.

Edinburgh girls have enjoyed a full year of inter-house competitions, and wish to thank the other houses for the keen spirit of friendly rivalry in which all matches have been played.

In the inter-house netball tournament, Edinburgh juniors finished in fourth position and the seniors in third. Although this is rather discouraging, with a great deal more team practice and a little more determination the house has as good a chance of winning as any other next year.

However, we did much better in the Hockey tournament, coming second to Kent. In the first round we were a very close second, but in the second round Kent drew well ahead to win by 29 points to 16 — a performance for which they deserve to be congratulated.

Edinburgh House has been well represented in School teams this year. Paula Gibbon, Maureen Bryan, Daphne Johnson and Penny Line all played in the School Hockey XI and Maureen Bryan was highly commended for her excellent play in the team. She has also given much enthusiasm, time and energy to the House in spite of still being a junior.

The Summer term, as always, has been the busiest term of the year. Edinburgh came a close third in Athletics and also third in the Swimming Gala, not managing to retain the glory of having been the winners in the last two galas.

The Captains this term were Denise Lawrence — Senior Rounders, Maureen Bryan — Junior Rounders, Paula Gibbon — Swimming, Athletics — first Penny Line and then Daphne Johnson. All these Captains have been enthusiastic in carrying out their duties and have shown a very keen house spirit.

At the end of the Spring term the house presented a very nice set of pastry forks to Miss Killian, who left us to get married at the beginning of the Summer term. We welcomed Miss Williams in her place. We were also sorry to say goodbye at Whitsun to our Athletics and Netball Captain, Penny Line, who had done so much for the house. On her last day, she kindly presented the house with a mascot which she had made herself.

On the last day of term the Rounders Tournament was a draw between Kent and Edinburgh and, after two very exciting matches, Kent succeeded in winning.

As I am leaving Queen's School this term, I should like to wish the House the very best of luck next year, and I hope to hear that Edinburgh is winning all its matches.

If I may coin a motto — Practice is the passport to winning cups.

P. Hudman (House Captain)

Edinburgh House Boys' Report

Although we are very sorry to lose our House Captain, Ashby, we are very pleased to welcome Mr Sullivan as another House Master.

Ashby was the mainstay of the house in all activities and was a credit to the school. He well deserved to be the first boy to gain school colours.

In House Activities we have not done so well this year. In the cross country run, the seniors were placed first but the juniors were third and the overall result was disappointing. Our football, although enthusiastic, did not produce very good results, and we have hopes this year of doing much better, especially in the junior half.

The results in the Summer term left much to be desired. We lost the cricket cup, even though the seniors won all their matches, and in spite of Ashby's performances in Athletics we only managed to gain a third placing. The swimming also was disappointing.

If we are to win those cups this year, every boy must pull his weight, and we look for an improvement this term. P. J.

Kent House - Boys

This year has been a most successful one in the realm of Sport. We won the Football Cup, the junior team making the major contribution by winning all three matches in the second series. We won the Athletics Cup (with the girls of course) handsomely and finished second in Swimming and Cricket. A special tribute is due to Peter Hughes, a most versatile athletic who has now unfortunately left us. We had 1st and 2nd places in the Junior Cross Country (P. Hughes, P. Flintham) and 3rd and 4th in the Senior (D. Goode, D. Wood.)

After winning the House Work Cup for the first two terms of its existence we lost it at Easter when we finished second — Moral:

Fewer detentions, more house points.

Finally a word of appreciation to our Housemasters who between them have taken an active interest in all our activities.

D. Goode

Kent Girls' House Report

Kent Girls enjoyed an energetic and not unsuccessful Summer Term. We won the Athletic cup and after a praiseworthy struggle came 2nd in Swimming. After a most exciting Rounders final Kent came out on top, defeating Edinburgh who were close runners up.

We were all very pleased with the appointment of Geraldine Thomas as School Hockey Captain; under her leadership the House team retained the Hockey cup without being beaten once. In the Junior Netball however we were not so successful, our position being second. The seniors were the first house to win the Kent Shield.

Kent Girls continue to be well represented in all the various School sports. Sandra Winskill was awarded school hockey colours and Geraldine Thomas was highly commended and in the summer Geraldine was awarded Athletics colours.

With a few exceptions Kent Girls contributed regularly to the House funds, enabling to present the school with a senior netball shield. Prizes for an Art and Literature and a Fashion competition were also donated from the House fund. These competitions were very kindly organized for us by Miss Lacaille.

As this is my final term here I would like to wish Queen's School every success in the future and in particular Kent House, of which I have had the honour of being House Captain for the past two years. S. Winskill.

Sports Report (Boys)

Soccer

Inter-House Association Football was immediately under way at the beginning of the term. Each House had a Junior and a Senior Team. At the half-way stage all houses had a chance of winning. Kent House (thanks to a strong junior side who were undefeated) were worthy winners with a total aggregate, Junior & Senior, of 17 pts. Second, 2 points behind were Gloucester & in third place with 10 pts., came Cornwall with Edinburgh 4th, 9 points.

The standard of play throughout the competition was not outstanding, but team and House spirit was good.

The school Senior XI paid a visit to Windsor School, Hamm. Although playing against stronger and more experienced opponents the team showed great spirit and almost managed to force a draw. We lost 2 — 1.

We also had the pleasure of playing a German Boys' team, "The Rheydt Sports Club", whom we defeated by 3 — 1.

The boys once again beat the staff by two goals to one. The staff possessed most of the skill but lacked the two other requirements, speed and stamina.

For the first time since the school opened Soccer Colours can now be won by outstanding players. Last season G. Ashby was the first boy to be awarded his Soccer Colours.

Basketball,

continues to improve but we must not forget skill is the outstanding feature of this game. There is only one way to improve skill and that is Correct Practice. The Inter-House Basketball was a well fought competition. Kent House were the winners.

Our Junior Basketball team lost to Windsor School by 62 — 18 at Hamm. The following term our Senior team also lost to Windsor School by 34 — 22. We would like to thank W.o. Carter (A.P.T.C.) for his help. A Basketball Club takes place on a Monday after school for boys on camp.

Inter-House Cross Country

was held in March under very severe weather conditions. The competition showed keen spirit and determination not only from the runners but also the all important course makers. Every boy completed the course and the winning House was Gloucester.

The Inter-House Cricket

both Junior and Senior showed quite a high standard and the competition was not decided until the second last day of term. All houses finished equal in points, so we had a knock out finish in which Gloucester beat Kent to win the Cup.

Sports Day was 'the day the rains came' but we managed to complete our House athletics nevertheless. We had some very good running, jumping and throwing, the outstanding performance coming from G. Ashby with wins in the 100 yds, 220 yds and 880 yds. G. Ahby was awarded his Athletic Colours.

We are much indebted to Flt.Lt. Rutter and his Staff for all their help.

The Inter-House Swimming Gala

took place on the 19th July. We had a very close finish with Cornwall winning by half a point from Kent.

We had another enjoyable fixture at Hamm. This was an all-day affair with Athletics in the morning and Cricket in the afternoon. Windsor School proved too strong in both contests. The outstanding feature of the day was a century by one of the Windsor batsmen and a Hat-trick by one of their bowlers in the last over.

The school was presented with two new sporting trophies! The Priestley Cup for Cross-Country Running presented by Dr. Priestley, former Director of B.F.E.S. and a Shield presented by R.E.M.E. for the Inter-House Swimming Competition.

Results

March.

CROSS COUNTRY

SENIOR

		Pts.
1st	EDINBURGH	67
2nd	KENT	68
3rd	GLOUCESTER	80
4th	CORNWALL	85

JUNIOR

1st	GLOUCESTER	42
2nd	KENT	69
3rd	EDINBURGH	96
4th	CORNWALL	134

Overall Totals

1st	Gloucester	122
2nd	Kent	137
3rd	Edinburgh	163
4th	Cornwall	219

INDIVIDUAL

Seniors

1	Ashby	—	Edinburgh	18 min 23 sec
2	McLuckie	—	Cornwall	18 min 49 sec
3	Goode	—	Kent	18 min 50 sec
4	Wood	—	Kent	19 min 10 sec

Juniors

1	Flintham	Kent	11 min 41 sec	
2	Hughes	—	Kent	11 min 45 sec
3	Hafekost	—	Gloucester	11 min 47 sec
4	McSorley	—	Edinburgh	11 min 47 sec

Boxing Club

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McSorley	beat	Quinn
Doyle	lost to	Smith
Richards	beat	Brown
Johnson	lost to	Glossop
Higgins	lost to	West
Eustace	lost to	Hogg
J. Mones	lost to	Scott
Metcalf	lost to	Sheppard

We would like to thank S/Ldr. Brown Command P.F.O. and W/o. Carter, A.P.T.C. who refereed the contest, and also Sgt. Carey of the R.A.F. Gymnasium for the construction of the ring and seating.

Athletic Sports

Houses Championship

1. Kent	134
2. Cornwall	88 ¹ / ₂
3. Edinburgh	86 ¹ / ₂
4. Gloucester	69

Relays

Junior Girls	4 x 100 m	Kent	Cornw.	Glouc.	Edinb.
Junior Boys	4 x 100 m	Kent	Glouc.	Edinb.	Cornw.
Senior Girls	4 x 100 m	Kent	Cornw.	Edinb.	Glouc.
Senior Boys	4 x 100 m	Kent	Cornw.	Glouc.	

Individual Results

Boys

Junior High Jump	Todd	(G)	Burden	(G)	Hughes	(K)
Senior High Jump	Dunn	(G)	McLuckie	(C)	Weir	(K)
Junior Long Jump	Hughes	(K)	Carthlich	(G)	Robertson	(K)
Senior Long Jump	Taylor	(K)	Williams	(C)	Danvers	(E)
Junior Throwing	Hughes	(K)	Copestake	(C)	Reid	(E)
Cricket Ball						
Senior Shot Pull	McLuckie	(C)	Dunthorne	(G)	Hunt	(C)
Senior Javelin	Taylor	(K)	Dunthorne	(G)	Doherty	(E)
Junior 80 m	Bawden	(G)	Humphrey	(E)	Goodwin	(E)
Interm. 100 m	Derrick	(E)	Stead	(C)	Baker	(G)
Senior 100 m	Ashby	(E)	Williams	(C)	Robertson	(K)
Junior 200 m	Hughes	(K)	Goodwin	(E)	Langridge	(K)
Senior 200 m	Ashby	(E)	Monk	(K)	Stead	(C)
Interm. 400 m	Derrick	(E)	McLuckie	(C)	Doherty	(E)
Senior 800 m	Ashby	(E)	Halsey	(C)	Frawley	(K)
Junior 60 m Sack Race	Ovens	(C)	Luck	(C)	Gammon	(G)
Junior Obstacle Race	McSorley	(E)				

Girls

Junior High Jump	A. McMillan	(K)	S. Weir	(K)	J. Taylor	(E)
Senior High Jump	A. Stockwell	(K)	V. Perryman	(E)	A. Aylett	(K)
Junior Long Jump	M. Radford	(K)	C. Price	(C)	M. Bryan	(E)
Senior Long Jump	A. Stockwell	(K)	A. Walker	(E)	J. Ovenden	(G)
Jun. Throw. Round. Ball	M. Bryan	(E)	C. Batcock	(G)	J. Ratcliffe	(E)
Senior Javelin	G. Thomas	(K)	V. Burbage	(C)	D. Johnson	(E)
Junior 80 m	S. Weir	(K)	E. Macaulay	(C)	F. Scott	(C)
Interm. 100 m	M. Radford	(K)	J. Pickard	(K)	C. Price	(C)
Senior 100 m	G. Thomas	(K)	J. Ovenden	(G)	A. Stockwell	(2)
Senior 200 m	G. Thomas	(K)	J. Ovenden	(G)	M. Larpent	(C)
Junior 60 m Skipping	S. McLuckie	(C)	M. McLeod	(E)	C. Kelly	(G)
Interm. 80 m Skipping	M. Radford	(K)	C. Massey	(C)	L. Haines	(G)
Junior 60 m Sack Race	D. Andrews	(K)	M. Smales	(C)	S. Dufour	(E)
Junior Obstacle Race	M. Wilmett	(E)	P. Woodward	(K)	D. Biggs	(C)

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Athletic Sports

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3. Edinburgh	86 $\frac{1}{2}$
4. Gloucester	69

Relays

Junior Girls	4 x 100 m	Kent	Cornw.	Glouc.	Edinb.
Junior Boys	4 x 100 m	Kent	Glouc.	Edinb.	Cornw.
Senior Girls	4 x 100 m	Kent	Cornw.	Edinb.	Glouc.
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Cricket Ball						
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Interm. 100 m	M. Radford	(K)	J. Pickard	(K)	C. Price	(C)
Senior 100 m	G. Thomas	(K)	J. Ovenden	(G)	A. Stockwell	(2)
Senior 200 m	G. Thomas	(K)	J. Ovenden	(G)	M. Larpent	(C)
Junior 60 m Skipping	S. McLuckie	(C)	M. McLeod	(E)	C. Kelly	(G)
Interm. 80 m Skipping	M. Radford	(K)	C. Massey	(C)	L. Haines	(G)
Junior 60 m Sack Race	D. Andrews	(K)	M. Smales	(C)	S. Dufour	(E)
Junior Obstacle Race	M. Wilmett	(E)	P. Woodward	(K)	D. Biggs	(C)

Swimming Gala

Houses Championship

1. Cornwall	83½
2. Kent	79
3. Edinburgh	71½
4. Gloucester	61

Relays

O. Boys Medley Relay 3 x 50 m	Edinb.	Cornw.	Glouc.	Kent
O. Girls Medley Relay 3 x 50 m	Cornw.	Edinb.	Kent	Glouc.
S. mixed 4 x 1 length Relay	Edinb.	Glouc.	Kent	Cornw.
J. mixed 4 x 1 width Relay	Cornw.	Edinb.	Kent	

Individual Results

Boys

S. Boys 50 m Breast Stroke	Robertson (K)	Lakin	(E) McLuckie
S. Boys 50 m Back Stroke	Green & Williams (G)	Ray	(K) Dunthorne
S. Boys 50 m Free Style	Williams (C)	Green	(K) Ellis
J. Boys 2 widths Free Style	Grant (C)	Bawden	(G) Orwin
J. Boys 2 widths BreastStroke	Bourdon (C)	David	(E) McGann
J. Boys 2 widths Back Stroke	Proctor (C)	Cartlich	(G) Grant
O. Boys Diving	David (E)	Williams & Ray	(K) Dunthorne
O. Boys Obstacle	Edinburgh	Cornwall	
O. Boys Diving for plates	Derrick & Goodwin (C)	Bawden & Cartlidge	Copestake (G) McLuckie Kent
O. Boys Towing the Tired Swimmer	Gloucester		
J. Boys Novices Width	McSorley (E)	Stockwell	(K) Ratcliffe

Girls

S. Girls 50 m Free Style	J. Plaistow (E)	J. Clayton	(C) E. Ebdale
S. Girls 50 m Breast Stroke	B. Feldon (K)	M. Carey	(C) D. Johnson
S. Girls 50 m Back Stroke	M. Carey (C)	B. Feldon	(K) J. Clayton
J. Girls 2 widths Breast Stroke	A. McMillan (K)	M. Radford	(K) V. Williams
J. Girls 2 widths Free Style	E. Ellis (G)	J. Pickard	(K) G. Lakin
J. Girls 2 widths Back Stroke	J. Pickard (K)	E. Ellis	(G) V. Williams
O. Girls Long Plunge	V. Thomson (K)	E. Ellis	(G)
O. Girls Style Breast Stroke	C. Andrews (K)	V. Burbidge	(C) A. MacMillan
O. Girls Swimming in clothes	J. Clayton (C)	B. Feldon	(K) V. Williams
O. Girls Diving	M. Larpent (C)	M. Carey	(C) J. Plaistow
J. Girls Novices Width	P. Lampard (K)	D. Andrews	(K) S. McLuckie

Girls' Sports

HOCKEY

Throughout the season 1956-1957 a steady improvement was apparent in the play of all forms and particularly the House Teams. The House Tournament was played in two rounds, one in each term and despite a blizzard during the final matches the games were exciting and showed a definite improvement in stickwork and teamwork.

The School XI practiced as regularly as weather permitted on Saturday mornings, often on a pitch that was half-water and with frequent tumbles in the mud. Several matches were played, two close ones against the "Grasshoppers", in both of which we were narrowly defeated by one goal, one against the WRAC who beat us 2 — 1, and one in each term against Windsor School, which were lost 1 — 3 in the Autumn and 1 — 2 in the Spring.

Though these matches were all supported by a side-line of cheering parents and School, even their efforts could not urge the forwards to shoot the necessary match-winning goals. The team was especially strong in defence with Sandra Winskill rarely letting a ball past her at Centre Half and Alice O'Neill stopping and kicking excellently in goal; the forward line however lacked drive and finish in the circle, often spoiling a good piece of team work with an ineffectual shot. This is something that only practice will improve.

The best game of the season was played against Hemel Hempstead Grammar School whose 1st XI was visiting Germany to play matches in the Wuppertal area. The match was played on the hard red pitch which took the visitors some time to get used to and half-time was reached without either team scoring. In the second half Hemel Hempstead settled down quickly and kept up a determined attack which resulted in their scoring three goals, while Queen's School, though equally determined, were beginning to tire and were able to score one only. This result of 1 — 3 reflected very creditably on our younger and less experienced team and says a lot for the defence who withstood successfully so many attacks.

NETBALL

During the last year two shields were presented, one by Wing-Commander Ladyman for the Junior House Tournament and the other by the girls in the Kent House for the Senior Tournament.

As usual the tournaments were played in two rounds and this year the Kent Senior Team made a determined effort and defeated their close rivals, Cornwall.

The Junior Tournament was won decisively by Gloucester who had looked the winning team throughout the season and had lost none of their matches.

In the Spring we enjoyed a visit from Windsor School and played a Senior VII and an Under 14 VII. They defeated us by 7 — 15 and 8 — 10 goals respectively.

A match was also played against the WRAF and this time our first VII were able to show superior team work and achieved a victory by 12 goals to 9.

SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Once again Tennis was every limited. There are no courts near the School for use in free time and very few forms were able to have lessons on the Army Courts made available to us in the morning. Nevertheless a team of six girls who had played in their own time and had a practice or two together were chosen to visit Windsor School for our Summer fixture. Although losing by 3 matches to 6 the team showed a good spirit and some promising ability which with constant practice would soon develop. The 1st Couple beat Windsor's 1st and 3rd couple and the 2nd couple defeated their 3rd pair. Windsor School's 2nd couple played well together and remained undefeated.

SWIMMING

Swimming was again made possible for every form in the school and very few girls were left unable to swim by the end of term. The Swimming Gala produced some very high standards especially in the diving competition where Mary Carey and Marianne Larpent, both of Cornwall, were required to make extra dives before first place was finally awarded to Marianne.

Athletics played an important part in the term's activities and in the House Athletic Championship 8 new records were made by girls, showing a definite improvement in general standards. After the championship seven girls were selected to compete against Windsor School in a combined team with the boys.

ROUNDERS

The Rounders Tournament this year came to an exciting end with Kent & Edinburgh finishing equal. In the final matches both Kent Junior and Senior teams won and brought off their third success in this year's tournaments.

A Junior Rounders team accompanied the Tennis and Athletics teams to Windsor School and provided the most exciting event of the day. The teams were evenly matched and despite several mistakes both hit well and fielded quickly. Amidst loud cheers from the many spectators drawn to watch, Windsor achieved a victory by 7 Rounders to 6.

COLOURS

The first School Colours were awarded as follows:

Hockey 1956—57

Alice O'Neill Cornwall
Sandra Winskill Kent

Athletics 1957

Geraldine Thomas Kent

Corrida de Toros

I had the opportunity of visiting Malaga, a town on the east coast of Spain, during Fiesta time. Apart from the wine drinking and merry-making the highlight of the festival is the bullfight. On the second day of the fiesta there was a first-class bullfight called a "Corrida" with the famous American bull-fighter, Porter Tuck, topping the bill.

The bull-fight starts at six o'clock in the evening and finishes at nine. The stadium is like an amphitheatre with stone seats right round. Admission varies from 2/- to £ 2 but the ordinary people sit in the cheapest seats facing the sun and the more rich in the shade. It is advisable to go early as the whole township turns out in force.

We take our seats, squashed up between a garlic-smelling Spaniard and a fat old woman on the other.

The stadium is packed and the sun is still high in the sky. Over in the shade are the pretty "senoritas" with the flowing "mantillas" and the handsome Army officers.

Bizet's "March of the Toreador" from "Carmen" echoes round the stadium and the Mayor of Malaga who is acting as President has taken his seat in the special box. Suddenly in

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Tuck's sword is now pointing unerringly at the bull's jugular vein. The bull regards him hatefully with red, bloodshot, eyes. Everyone holds their breath. Tension! Everything is at breaking point. Suddenly the two enemies move simultaneously as if coached beforehand. Tuck is first however. The glittering sword goes right up to its hilt into the bull's neck. The matador throws up his arms in triumph as the bull slowly sinks down and flops over on to its side. The bull is dead and Tuck has won the contest. The prize, two ears and a tail of a bull. Strange prizes, but they mean a lot to a bull-fighter. A bull-fighter's merit is judged by the number of ears and tails.

And so Tuck runs round the ring showing his prizes while the crowd bring the roof down.

Cruel or not, Spain's national pastime can be summed up in two words: ENTERTAINMENT PLUS!

Robin Usher 3A

Welsh Holiday

You may dream of the white cliffs of Dover,
And wonderful lake-side lands,
But come with me where the wind blows free
And the green cliffs meet the sands.

'Twas there that I first saw a lobster,
A living fisherman he,
A delicate dark blue beauty,
Catching his food from the sea.

And when by the water I wandered,
A starfish held my gaze,
Before me he slithered and crawled, and then
Disappeared in the dark blue haze.

Anemones shone on the dark rocks,
Like jewels rich and rare,
While the pools were full of treasures,
To welcome the children there.

Oh, the blue and the green, and the yellow,
Of the Gower Coast of Wales,
Shall still in my memory linger,
When other beauty pales.

Patricia Yates 5A

A Model Railway Set

If you are lucky and have a large train set, it provides much fun. On my train set I have a fast line and a slow line. The fast line carries the passenger-trains and the slow line carries goods traffic. The passenger terminus and the goods terminus are together in one area. The passenger terminus is a large station which has three platforms and can cope with six trains at a time.

The goods yard is the busiest section because it is where all the shunting goes on, the passenger trains and the goods trains are maintained here.

This is a busy time for the controller since he must know every lever. There are the points signals and the engines to control. One error made by the Controller may mean disaster.

There is a turn table in front of the engine shed, which joins on to one of the sidings with all the different wagons and coaches.

With all the engines, coaches and wagons packed away, and the current off, the controller can relax.

B. M. Ratcliffe. IB

First Impressions of the School Cadet Force (with apologies)

A long, long time ago, near the end of the Spring term, the suggestion was made that a contingent of the Combined Cadet Force should be started at Queen's School. Since few people at this school had even heard of a cadet force, Mr Corke arrived at assembly one morning, resplendent in his R.A.F. uniform, to arouse enthusiasm in the minds of us, poor senior boys. Sheets of paper were handed out to be signed by parents, and we were told to return them as soon as possible.

Speculation became rife in our forms as to when the C.C.F. would begin, but for a whole term nothing happened. Then suddenly at the beginning of this, the autumn term, things began to tick over. We were measured for uniforms, asked about sizes in caps and boots, and more papers had to be signed by protesting pens. We were told that the first meeting was to be held on Friday, the 20th of September. Finally the day arrived.

To my horror the first important thing that happened at the meeting was that we were split into two squads according to height. The tall boys formed squad A and the shorter ones

squad B. I, of course. am in the latter, so I have to endure the drilling without the company of my closer friends. Squad A were in for the first session of "square bashing", while we in squad B presided over by Squadron Leader Corke, spent the time in comparative comfort poring over maps of Salisbury Plain.

All too soon, however, our time was up and we straggled out on to the parade ground. The drill is in charge of Warrant Officer Johnson, so for forty-odd minutes he had us practising left-turns, right-turns, attentions and about-turns, until finally the time was up and we trooped wearily back to room four.

The next session was on the care of weapons, and our new master, Lieutenant Elliot, is in charge of this subject. He gave us a very informative and amusing lecture on how to dismantle a rifle. Many of his movements were deft indeed; well, perhaps he was only fooling. Finally the bell rang and he cleared us out of the room, so that we would not see him replace the magazine, a movement of which he pretended to be unsure.

For the next few weeks we cadets must go on parade in normal school uniforms, but soon we hope to have proper cadet uniform. I find it uncomfortable parading in school uniform and for some reason or other non-members seem to find our parades humorous. I am sure that we all hope the new uniform will end the laughing which we hear but cannot retaliate to, but I fear that, as a novelty, it will just bring further bursts of laughter.

W. H. L. Williams — 6th

Riddle

My first is in ape, but is not in monkey.
My second is in ass, but not in donkey.
My third is in axe, but is not in knife.
My fourth is in death, but is not in life.
My fifth is in deed, but is not in act.
My sixth is in fiction, but is not in fact.
My seventh is in sorry, and is also in sad.
My eighth is in cheerful, but is not in glad.
My ninth is in eel, but is not in fish.
My tenth is in pan, but is not in dish.
My eleventh is in dread, but is not in fear.
My last is in noble, but is not in peer.
My whole's in a language that's said to be dead.
Which we all at our school consider with dread.

A Joint effort from Andrew and Christine Parkinson.

ANSWER ON BACK PAGE.

The Fantastic Cloud

One cold blustering day in December of 1942 as Hitler's conquering armies invaded Poland and France, a lone Ace fighter pilot who went by the mysterious name of X.I., was flying steadily over the Channel on a Secret Mission. If there was one thing which puzzled the Air Ministry, it was the mystery of the sudden disappearance of German fighters which were constantly harrying British Aerodromes.

X.I. was musing on this when suddenly a voice crackled on his earphones. He listened intently to the conversation and which he understood quite well, so he listened carefully. What he heard explained everything. X.I. immediately put his Spitfire into a steep climb which took him over the top of a strangely-shaped cloud. His mission could wait, didn't the Air Ministry want to find out the mystery of the German planes?

As he rose above the cloud he saw something which was uncanny; amazement spread over his face and he drew his breath in sharply. Surely! No, it couldn't be! But there it was, somehow X.I. had arrived upon the answer to the mystery. Yes! There was an aerodrome on the cloud; this was something to tell the fellows in the Mess.

Suddenly out of the blue streaked two Messerschmidt 109s, more than a match for X.I. Ace fighter though he was, he could not shake them off although he twisted and turned, dived and zoomed. The end came quickly, the Spitfire went to crash land on the cloud, its tail shot up. Although X.I. didn't think that he could crash land on a cloud he nevertheless had a try, he was not an Ace fighter pilot for nothing.

The cloud had a light and spongy feeling and as he landed he felt the plane bounce. He was caught roughly by the arms as he got out and dragged off to one of the huts by an Oberleutnant in German uniform. X.I. was not perturbed by the outcome of his adventure, his one thought was to escape and live to escape and live to tell the fantastic story to the Higher Command.

That night after a meagre meal of black bread and thin soup and after an interview by the German Kommandant, he thought of a plan to escape. The door of his hut was kept locked with a guard outside but the skylight was open for fresh air! Just then there was a noticeable subsidence and the hut tilted violently. X.I. jumped to his feet. Now was the time! He jumped up and wriggled through the sky-light. The guard was lying on

the floor, somehow he had been knocked out. X.I. ran up to a Messerschmidt and jumping into the cockpit he saw that the tank was full so he started the engine, which responded with a throaty roar.

As X.I. took off from the fantastic cloud the whole place was in confusion, Germans were running amok and officers were vainly trying to restore order. X.I. circled the cloud in a tight turn and then before his eyes the cloud disintegrated. The Secret Agent cruised round looking for wreckage but he found nothing.

He completed the mission the next day and caused complete consternation as he landed in his purloined Messerschmidt. Of course nobody believed X.I.'s account but German planes did not trouble British Aerodromes as so much as before. Had X.I. really seen the cloud? Had it really existed? Nobody knows, and nobody ever will.

T. Wareing IV B.

An Unhappy Experience

Awakening in the morning, a new sight met my eyes,
For, all around my 'bedroom', I saw spiders, beetles, flies.
I looked at them in horror, and jumped up in my bed,
The whole thing toppled over, and I landed on my head.
The bed was quickly up again, and I tucked the blankets in,
But I stood upon a slippery patch and landed on my chin.
With bruises here, and bruises there, I climbed back into bed,
When suddenly a splash I felt upon my aching head!
For now having sprung a leak, the rain came pouring down,
It splashed on all my clothes and shoes, and then my dressing
gown.

Now this was just the last straw, and forever I'll repent
My very first experience of sleeping in a tent!

A. Morshead 5A

The Peace Palace

The Peace Palace which is situated in The Hague is an imposing building with a large drive and courtyard. Conferences are held and it was built by a naturalised American, who was Scottish by birth. Most countries of the world have donated a present to the palace which is a magnificent building.

On approaching, two large black gates loom up in front of your eyes and these were presented by Germany. In the main conference room are beautiful stained glass windows from

Britain. Marble was given by France, and the floors along the corridors are little pieces of mosaic all laid down by hand by French girls. Throughout this building wood of the most wonderful kind was given by America. Not a nail is in any of it. A large urn weighing three tons was presented by Russia.

The most beautiful room in the palace is on the second floor. Around the four walls are hand-worked tapestries of tremendous value sewn by Japanese girls. Originally it was one tapestry, but it had to be cut in four as it was so big. On either side of the door are priceless jars from China. They are very large and have very delicate patterns on them. In the middle of this room is a long table with chairs round it with different countries' emblems embroidered on them. On the table are silver candlesticks and inkwells given by Portugal and Spain. A pair of ivory elephant tusks were sent from Siam.

Out in the gardens is a fountain with porcelain polar bears round it. So valuable in this porcelain that in winter it has to be covered because of frost.

After you have been round the Palace you feel your time has been really well spent, and looking at this tall and dignified place you realise what a marvellous thing it is.

Penelope Wood 5B

The Fight

The fight I saw in Singapore was most unusual, for the fighters were a king cobra and a giant lizard. The cobra was fighting for his lunch and the other for his life. If the cobra lost, he would have to hunt for something else to eat, whereas if the lizard lost, he would never hunt again.

We were twenty feet above the battle, so we were quite safe. We were sitting on a water pipe which carried water to the nearby houses from the reservoir.

With a great twist, the cobra was around his prey, squeezing hard in a killing grip, while the lizard was thrashing with every muscle in his giant body. We saw him twisting frantically for his life, opening and shutting his jaws, trying to get a grip on his opponent. The cobra was tightening his grip, slowly but



surely: tighter and tighter till we could almost see the poor lizard gasping for breath, as his struggles grew less. But then the tables turned as, with one last thresh, he threw the cobra off and turned lurching off into the jungle with the cobra in hot pursuit, angry at missing his lunch.

After that we went home feeling slightly sick.

Doris Ebdale, 3 C.

The Arnhem Open-air Museum

The Open-air Museum at Arnhem is a large park in which there is a collection of old Dutch houses. There are sixty exhibits, ranging from the earliest kind of one-roomed house to the farm houses of a later period. The cottage and farm-houses have been brought from various parts of Holland, and reconstructed in the Park.

One of the earliest houses was barn-like, and the one room housed the family and all the live stock. The cattle had stalls by the walls, but the poultry and other small animals wandered about freely, and slept round the fire, which was shielded with an iron cover to prevent any of them catching alight. The family ate their meals in one corner, using plain wooden chairs and tables, and slept in the cupboard-like beds, which were let into the walls. Once they were in bed they could shut the "cupboard" doors. As there was no chimney in the roof, the smoke had to find its way through the rafters. Thus the bacon and sausages which hung in the rafters acquired a smoked flavour.

The farm houses of a later period were quaint and interesting. The animals had their own sleeping accommodation, and there were separate barns and very tiny rooms for spinning and weaving, also a dairy. However, the family still used one room for living and sleeping; the beds having curtains to cover the alcoves. The fire-places were tiled, and a chimney was used.

Of the five windmills in the park we managed to visit one, a grain mill. The inside was empty, but after climbing several ladders, we were able to stand on an outside platform, which commanded a view of the whole park. We could see many more buildings that we had not visited, but we had to leave. We hope to return one day, however, to finish the tour.

Wenda Rising 3A

The Seven Black Friars

Seven black friars sitting back to back,
Fished from a bridge for pike or a jack,
First caught a tiddler, second caught a crab,
Third caught a wrinkle, fourth caught a dab,
Fifth caught a tadpole, sixth caught an eel,
And the seventh one caught an old cart-wheel.

R. Smith III D

General Knowledge Quiz

1. What is the total length of the Forth Bridge?
2. After whom was Big Ben named?
3. Who invented the telephone and when?
4. After whom was Mount Everest named?
5. R.S.V.P. is often found on letters. What does it stand for?
6. What proportion of an iceberg is above the surface?
7. Which planet has three rings around it?
8. Which cereal is the principal food for one-half of the world?
9. Which island was given the George Cross, and by whom was it given?
10. What is the greatest known depth of the sea?
11. Who has run the mile in under four minutes the most times?
12. What is Mark Twain's real name?
13. Who was Aphrodite?
14. Which British Colony in Africa was recently given its freedom and what is its new name?
15. Who first swam the English Channel?
16. In which year did the Armada sail for England?
17. How many stars are there on the United States of America flag?
18. Which is the highest mountain in Europe?
19. Where was Napoleon born?
20. Which is the largest planet?

S. Dunmore IV A

Answers to General Knowledge Quiz

1. 1½ miles.
2. Sir Benjamin Hall.
3. Alexander Graham Bell in 1876.
4. Sir George Everest who first fixed its position and altitude.
5. Repondez s'il vous plait.
6. One-ninth.
7. Saturn.
8. Rice.
9. Malta by King George VI.
10. 35,400 feet ; nearly seven miles.
11. John Landy of Australia.
12. Samuel Langhorne Clemens.

13. The Goddess of Love.
14. Gold Coast : Ghana.
15. Mathew Webb.
16. 1588.
17. Forty-Eight.
18. Mont Blanc.
19. The island of Corsica.
20. Jupiter.

Photography as a Hobby

Most of the hobbies which I have are the common ones, such as reading and cycling, but recently I have been taught a much more uncommon one, photography. By this term, I do not mean only the taking of photographs but the printing of them as well. Later I hope to learn also how to develop them, but there is one large hindrance in developing: if I make a mistake in mixing the solutions, then the whole film is ruined. I have been told about many tricks of the trade, and I no longer believe the old saying, that the camera can never lie! A man whom I know showed me a lovely photograph of a mountain scene, with a storm brewing. After I had admired it, he told me that he had taken the photograph on a lovely, sunny day. He himself introduced the storm clouds.

I was given three or four lessons on printing by my father's friend, and then I began on my own. I was given a contact frame on which the photographs are printed, and I bought the developer and fixer from the N.A.A.F.I. Three dishes are also needed, each of which usually costs about eleven to fifteen shillings, but I was able to get some admirable dishes from Woolworth's in München Gladbach for about 1/7d. each.

I use the attic bedroom for a dark-room, since it has running water and is well away from everyone else. Here I rigged up a makeshift black-out, and for a safe-light, I tied a red scarf around the light. True photographers would probably be horrified to read about this, but nevertheless, it worked.

My first set of prints was mediocre, and I wasted a lot of paper by not getting the correct exposure. The most difficult part is this judging exactly how long the paper should be exposed. After exposing, the print is placed in the developer for the stated time, rinsed in clear water, and then left in the fixing solution for ten minutes, after which it is washed in

clear running water. If one wants the glazed finish, like a postcard, the simplest way is to lay the print, still wet, on to a piece of highly polished glass, and to press hard on the back of it to remove any air that may have remained between the glass and print. The print is left until it separates itself from the glass. However if one does not want a highly glazed surface, place the prints between sheets of white blotting paper between ordinary towels.

Later I arranged a proper black-out for the room and was given a printing box which dispensed with the need for a safe-light. A printing box has a frame and a light in one. Mine is a Johnson's Main's Contact Printer. The light is in one half of the box and the frame in the other. A blind which controls the amount of light needed, separates these two parts. Moreover, the light, shining through the sides of the box, is sufficient for me to work by.

Printing boxes, which are best for a novice, can be bought at a fairly moderate price, the cheapest being about 32/—.

Phoography is a fascinating subject and the more I learn, the more I want to learn. I am now trying to turn out some really good pictures, not merely the kind of snaps which are records of interest to those involved but which bore anyone else. Enlarging is what I wish to learn next. To achieve this, I hope to join the R.A.F. Camera Club, since then I can use their excellent and extremely up-to-date dark-room, which has three enlargers.

Magazines, such as "Modern Camera Club" and a large number of books are published especially for the amateur, and these provide valuable help and also give enjoyment. I certainly do not regret the day I became an enthusiast of photography.

Helen Price 5A

My Brother

My brother Michael isn't small,
He isn't fat, he isn't tall,
He's just a boy who likes his Mum,
He's just a boy who's full of fun.

At bedtime he is full of woe,
To bed he never wants to go,
He cries and screams with all his might,
He really puts up quite a fight.

But at last the fight is done,
He says good-night to everyone.
He takes his teddy in his hand
And goes up-stairs to dreamy land.

Christinte Jones, IID.

Not At All Remarkable

I had just finished writing a "tall tale" for English composition and was about to begin my Algebra when my pencil broke. I went to the kitchen to sharpen it. When I came back I saw our dog on a chair at the table, with my Algebra and rough books in front of him. His chin was resting on one paw and in the other paw he held a pencil. He was scratching his head and had a very puzzled look on his face. I looked closer and saw that he had already done three of the six equations and was in the middle of the fourth. He soon figured that out and found the others quite easy. When he had completed the Algebra he picked up my "tall tale" and read it through most carefully. When he had finished he said, "Now who would believe a story like that?"

Lee Hassig III A

October in Britain

October is a month of colour. The oaks are dyed a deeper bronze, elms are splashed pale gold, the beeches shade from copper to orange, and the birch wears a dress of new gold. In the hedgerow the leaves of wild cherries glow, a warm red, and the countryside is gay with autumn berries and fruits.

Soon the leaves begin to fall, from ash, elm, beech, oak sycamore and every other kind of tree. Lanes and woods are covered with a leafy carpet of autumn colours.

Squirrels like to sample acorns and hazel nuts, and field-mice enjoy a feast of rose-hips and nuts. Bird linger about the bright red Hawthorn berries, and everything is contented and happy.

Many birds now gather into flocks, and much internal migration takes place among linnets, chaffinches and other small birds.

When one walks through woods or lanes in October, one realises what a wonderful month it is, full of life and colour.

Joyce Thomson, 4C.

A Holiday at Surfer's Paradise

Surfer's Paradise is on the Eastern Coast of Australia about fifty miles south of Brisbane. I have often been there for my holidays.

At one time there was a huge wave that swept the beaches. Lots of people almost jumped out of their skins. Sometimes I go to the Zoo there. When the baby monkeys are born they have no hair on their backs, and they hang up-side-down underneath their mothers' stomach. Little children have the time of their lives having rides in the donkey cart. There is a pony in the Zoo which can count by tapping its feet on the ground and by nodding its head.

On the beach we dig large holes and bury ourselves. We enjoy ourselves very much, jumping off the sand-hills and playing in the surf.

Sometimes surf life-saving carnivals are held and it is very interesting to see the life-savers marching past in their colourful swimming costumes and carrying their surf reels. They have competitions, whereby one man from each team swims out about four hundred yards and acts as the patient; then when the starter's gun goes the remainder of the team dash into action. One man dons the life-saving belt which slips over his shoulders and to which the line is attached, and the remaining men pay out the line as he swims out to the patient. When the swimmer has reached the patient, he signals to his team mates, who start winding in the line on to the surf reel, pulling in the swimmer with his patient. When they reach shallow water, the team carry the patient out on to the sand, where they carry out artificial respiration. Thousands of lives are saved every year on Australian beaches by these volunteer life-savers. It is a comforting thought when on holiday at Surfer's Paradise, that the life-savers are there, watching and waiting lest any swimmers get into difficulties.

Jo-Anne Humble, 1B

My earliest recollection

One of the earliest and most beautiful recollections of my life is of my home. This home stands among hills, surrounded by trees, and with fields of heather lying on all the mountain slopes. I was three years old when I had to leave these surroundings, and not only those, for I had to leave my coun-

try, too. There was a great war, and my grandmother, mother and I were refugees. My sister we left behind, we had to, for she was severely ill and could not walk. I remember clearly as we said good-bye to her. She lay in her bed in the house of a neighbour who had promised to look after her, the window was open and the sun shone through on her face. My mother, tears streaming from her eyes, could not tear herself away, but we pulled her away, because time was short.

From then on, I remember only the long, hard, and dusty roads, along which we walked, day after day, week after week. Russian cannons stood stark against the skies.

Once, as we came to a barrier across the road, the Russians let us all pass, all except my grandmother. She was brave and told us to go on, but we refused to leave her. Mother pleaded with the men, and at last one kind man let her come.

For food we had only the nettles, from which we made soup, berries and very early we received some bread and potatoes from farmers. A dead horse was found which was wonderful for us, because it was the only meat we had ever had on the journey. It was something special.

On my fourth birthday, which we spent in a tumbledown shack, I received my first birthday cake. It was a whole slice of bread with sugar. My dear grandmother gave me a doll. This was the last thing she had saved from her home. It was for me, and I shall never forget my wonder at having received such a beautiful thing.

On our journey we stowed away on trains, and saw many people and children die. One mother, as an aeroplane passed overhead, threw herself over her child to protect it. Both died.

From then on I remember no more, until we were safely across the border.

Elke Connel, 4A

The dog on the train

I met such a dear little dog on the train
I do hope one day I shall meet him again
He had friendly brown eyes, he was curly and small
And I don't think he liked going train rides at all.



For he had such a wondering look on his face,
As the train made him wobble all over the place,
And he wasn't allowed to sit up on the seat
So that dear little dog came and lay on my feet.

Ellen Donaldson, IB.

Beatrix Potter

Most people have been brought up on the tales of Beatrix Potter. She spent most of her life in writing, wonderful short stories about rabbits, cats, ducks and foxes and treating them as if they were real people. These stories are far removed from the ordinary fairy-tale, and form as much a part of one's childhood as one's home and relations. The stories are illustrated by Beatrix Potter herself and if one visits her home, one can see the garden, the woods, the village, and the house from which she took her drawings.

Hill Top Farm is a typical Lakeland cottage in the village of Sawrey, which is quite near Lake Windermere. It was here that Beatrix Potter spent most of her life, and wrote all her stories. As you walk up the garden path, you can see the walled

kitchen garden where the Flopsy Bunnies stole Mr. MacGreggor's cabbages and ate them, hiding behind a wheelbarrow in the potting-shed. You can see the grey porch where Mrs. Ribby, "a very anxious parent", chatted with Mrs. Tabitha Twitchett, and the old-fashioned chimney where Tom Kitten hid from his mother, and was captured by Samuel Whiskers the rat, who made him into a Roly-Poly pudding. You can see the cupboard where Mrs. Tabitha put her children on baking day, and from the windows, the island in the lake, where Squirrel Nutkin frisked from tree to tree and answered the Old Man of the Sea's riddles. The house is full of associations, and is visited by young and old from all over the world.

Beatrix Potter was a short, rather stout person, well-known throughout Westmoreland. She married a Mr. Heelis, a solicitor from Ambleside, and left Hill Top Farm to live in a larger farm house on the other side of the village. She was very interested in sheepfarming, and won many prizes at local shows. She owned several farms, and when she died, left a great deal of property to the National Trust. She does not appear to have been the lively, affectionate person one would imagine from her books, but rather doleful and gloomy, and always very shabbily and untidily dressed. A tramp once met her trudging along the road on a misty wet day and remarked consolingly "It's bad weather for the likes of us, ain't it?" Grumpy or otherwise, however, her little animal characters will live for ever in the hearts of so many people, and will never fail to delight the next generation of children.

C. W. Parkinson, VI.

Water Ski-ing

This summer while on holiday in the South of France we watched with great interest, people water ski-ing on the blue Mediterranean Sea. These people went ski-ing round the bay and sometimes out to sea.

The skis are broad and flat, and they bend upwards at the front. In the middle of the skis, there is some rubber, shaped like a shoe, but the heel is adjustable for different sizes of feet.

To watch a person trying to water-ski for the first time is rather funny. Professor Tolivet, who is the teacher, first makes the person get into the water and put the skis on to his or her feet. After the skis are on the feet, Professor Tolivet ties some

string around the front of the skis in order to keep the legs together. Then the would-be skier must bend his knees to the chest and stretch out his arms.

By this time, the motor-launch which pulls the skier is ready, and the driver throws out a piece of wood attached to a rope. The skier holds the wood, still with the arms stretched. The launch moves slowly until the rope is taut and then the person will get up and, losing balance straight away, fall into the water, get up, move twenty feet and lose balance again. When up on the water the learner instinctively bends his arms and straightens them quickly, therefore causing the rope to jerk and he falls into the water head first. If he has good sense of balance he might get back without falling, out at sea.

Expert water-skiers lean back, bend their arms (without falling over) jump, swing out to the side of the launch, hold the bar with one hand; twist round, and ski on one ski. Moreover if skilled, two or three people can ski together.

My father, brother and I attempted to water ski and we all thoroughly enjoyed it. Annette McMillan

Living in France

Daddy was posted to France in 1951. We were to live there in a little village called Istre near Marseilles which was to be our home for two and a half years. We all thought how nice it would be to live away from England as it was our first overseas posting.

We said good-bye to our friends and the family and started on our journey, to be separated for the first time. We took the day ship across to France. It was the first time I had been across the water, and of course I was sick. After leaving the ship, we took the night train to Marseilles. I had never been in a night train before, and neither had my two sisters.

We arrived in Marseilles round about 8 a.m. and got on another train which took us to Istre. It was a short journey to Istre's little station. After the train got in we walked to where we had to live, a chateau everlooking the village. We were met by English people and introduced to our neighbours.

One, Charmaine was to do our washing and fetch our bread and milk each morning. Charmaine had two sons and kept chickens. Other neighbours, Monsieur and Madame Dumas had four daughters and lived on top of our flat. The French people were very kind to us.

School did not start straight away. We had two weeks' holiday and then had to go to the village school. My little sister was not old enough to go so she stopped at home for a while. Daddy took my big sister, whose name is Jill, and me to school. The Headmistress, who was very striking, could speak English and so could one of the teachers.

All the French children wore aprons, even the boys. It took me six months to learn the language, but my little sister could speak it in three months. We got to know the people very well. They were all very kind to us. Instead of having the Saturday off, we took Thursday instead.

In the summer holidays, the owners of the chateau came over for a holiday. Their names were Monsieur and Madame de Rougemont. They had fourteen children and were very nice people. I got very friendly with Charmaine and often fed the chickens for her and collected the eggs. In the summer, some sheep would come to feed on the chateau fields. Jill and I got very friendly with the shepherd who let us look after the sheep. He kept a mule and I often had rides on it.

Susan How IV B.

A Mouse

A creature small,
With twinkling eyes,
And feet that quickly patter,
Could hardly you would think at all,
Cause such a frightful clatter.

But on a chair,
With skirts held high
In trembling agitation,
The maiden in distress makes cry,
With piercing exclamation —
"A mouse ! ! !"

W. Rising, 3A.

Aus meinem Schulleben

(Dichtung und Wahrheit)

Frühmorgens, wenn die Hähne krähen,
Muß ich, o weh! zur Schule gehen.
Ich trinke schnell die Tasse Tee,
Und schlepp' mich fort durch hohen Schnee.
Ich seh' am Horizont den Bus,
Verdammt nochmal! ich muß zu Fuß.
Ich komme an zur späten Stunde.
Der Lehrer sagt: „Du schlechter Kunde!
Nun sitzt du nach“, schreit er und lacht,
„Erst dann kannst du zurück nach Bracht.“
Bis elf Uhr Pause gibt es Kunst.
Das ist mir nichts als blauer Dunst!
Dann in der Aula ist Kakao,
Wie Schlamm, ein teuflisch Hexenbrau!
Geometrie wird dann gelitten,
Ich denk': „O wär ich auf dem Schlitten!“
Dann gibt's Musik, im kalten Raum,
Starr sitzt man da im tiefen Traum,
Bis daß mit einem Donnerklang,
Der Maestro uns führt in den Sang.
Dann um halb eins, mit Magen hohl,
Geht man zum Essen — Gulasch und Kohl!
Vorher gibt's Suppe, fett und heiß,
Und nachher immer kalten Reis.
Am Nachmittag: Deutsch und Latein,
Physik, Chemie und solche Pein.
Da steh' ich nun, ich armer Tor,
Und bin so klug als wie zuvor.

4 A German Group

Bruges, Venice of the North

Bruges, a quaint Flemish town, is built on the banks of picturesque canals which have earned it the name "Venice of the North". These canals which weave through the little town, are crossed by fifty bridges, many of which date back to the fourteenth century.

The best place to start an exploration of Bruges is the Grande Place, which is dominated by the great Belfry, containing the famous carillon of forty-seven bells. The three hundred and sixty-five steps of the Belfry may seem a great many, but it is worth climbing them, for the beautiful view of the town helps you plan your tour. From the Belfry the spire of Notre Dame can be seen and the canals making their way to the port of Zeebrugge (Bruges by the sea).

When you have descended the steps of the tower, the nearest place of interest is the Basilica of the Holy Blood. The story goes that the Flemish knights returning from the crusades with a phial of Holy Blood, left it for safe keeping with the monks of Bruges. The phial, still in the Basilica, is kept behind a wonderfully decorated altar. Every year in the spring, a procession is held around Bruges, and the Holy Blood is carried in a fabulously-jewelled casket of gold. The casket is very large and quite priceless.

Next you may follow a canal to Groothouse, built by the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who invented the cannon. The Groothouse has been made into a museum, containing many old books, pictures and pieces of furniture. One room in it is devoted to the display of pieces of lace, beautifully made into designs and pictures. Some pieces of lace, quite small, have taken whole families forty years to make.

After seeing the lace of the Groothouse you may continue to the House of the Pelican, an almshouse where the old Bruges lacemakers live and make their lace. Though the lacemakers are very old, their sight is perfect and they can still make intricate lace-patterns.

By the canals are many swans, which rest on the quiet lakes in the town, the most famous being le lac d'Amour. On one quay stands the Béquinage, a convent in which each nun lives in her own separate house. These nuns come together only for prayer.

Near the Béquinage is the Church of Notre Dame of Bruges and what more fitting place is there to end a day in Bruges! To walk through the cobbled streets from Notre Dame to the modern part of the town is to walk from Middle Ages into the modern world. None of the old parts of Bruges has been altered; none damaged by war; it is the same today as it was five hundred years ago, even the interiors of the houses, with their old furniture and rye bread upon the table. To visit Bruges is surely to take a journey in time, back to the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Maureen Bryan 4A.

My German Hobby

When I arrived in Germany, I thought it would be a good idea to keep a record of everything I saw and did during my stay. Since last October I have therefore been collecting every sort of reminder in order to have finally a huge scrap book.

Matchbox tops, bus tickets, entrance-tickets to zoos and pleasure parks receipts, postcards, and programmes, have all been collected. Every so often I spend an evening sorting all my material into various sections. I have left several vacant pages in my scrap book for each section. When sorting is finished my next job is to stick this material into the proper section of my book.

This might not sound a very exciting hobby, but as the scrap book slowly grows so my interest increases. Every ticket, and every postcard that I stick in can tell a story. Anyone opening my scrap book, and turning over the pages would not be very thrilled with what they saw, but with me to tell them the story behind each piece of paper, I am sure that they would soon be interested and envy me my collection.

R. Price 2C.

A Week's Holiday on a Bicycle

During the winter I had decided that I would have a week's holiday on my own, touring as many Welsh mountains as I could in that short space of time. I decided to go for the first week in September, and the week before that I arranged my food and tent in readiness for my trip.

On a hot September day I set out. I stopped at about seven o'clock at a farm, and asked the farmer if I could pitch camp in one of his fields. He was a friendly person and he agreed to let me camp in a field by a running stream.

When I had pitched camp I went to the farm to buy some milk and one or two eggs. After obtaining these, I cooked my supper and half an hour later turned in.

The next morning I was up early, and still half-asleep, wandered across to my bicycle. Not looking where I was going, I tripped and fell head over heels into the stream. This saved me washing myself, and after I had cooked breakfast, I packed up my tent and went to pay the farmer for the night's stay, which to my joy was absolutely free.

Nothing eventful happened for two days after that, but on the fourth day, coming down a steep hill, my back tyre burst. I swerved violently across the road, and hit a low stone wall. The bike stopped, but I did not. I was catapulted right over the wall and landed on top of a flock of sheep. Luckily, I was not hurt after my flying act, so getting up out of the mud left by the sheep (because the sheep had fled), I went to see the damage caused to my bicycle. The front wheel was slightly bent, but I soon straightened that out by means of a large, round stone. I then mended my puncture, and after a few minutes' rest, set out to find a camping site. I soon found one and pitched camp. Later that evening I wondered if I had enough time to go any further for it was Thursday. I decided against this, and in the morning I started off for home.

On Friday the weather was fairly warm, and I rode at an easy pace, admiring the countryside. On the hill sides, flocks of sheep were grazing with sheep dogs watching over them. Birds wheeled in the air, and the gurgle of mountain streams made the countryside peaceful.

On Sunday afternoon I arrived home dusty, tired, but happy. I think that a week's holiday by oneself on a bicycle is a wonderful thing, if the weather is fine.

Michael Monk 3B.



The Circus

Today the circus has come to town,
With lions and tigers and plenty of clowns,
And elephants, bears and horses too,
The big parade is at half-past-two.

Roger Ivey, I.C.

Lion-Hunting with a Camera

All night my sleep was disturbed by the roaring and coughing of the lions, and every time I wakened I heard the boys whisper together as they placed more wood on the fires. I kept my rifle loaded beside me and pulled it closer. I saw that my guide, Nylholm, was awake and listening.

"There are plenty about tonight" I called across to him softly. "Yes, this is good hunting country. You may get a good chance at the lion". "With that I went to sleep until I was awakened by Cockeye, the head boy, with a mug of hot tea."

Breakfast over, we started off on our day's hunt, Nylholm and Cockeye with their guns and I with my camera.

Although I was proud I had a scared feeling deep down inside me. I was nervous and alert. I peered both ways into the bush for signs of movement. I noticed my companions kept their guns cocked ready for action and that their fingers were never far from the trigger. After walking for about an hour we began to emerge from the flat-topped trees into grassy plains, broken by odd bushes and clumps of thorn. Where the trees began to thin there were many clearings of brown grass.

Cockeye hissed behind me and pointed upwards, drawing my attention to five or six vultures hovering in the sky. It was the first sign of danger and we walked forward warily.

Then from behind a clump of bushes in front we heard the signs of a struggle — a threshing of limbs in the grass and the deep grunt of a wild animal. Dropping our heads we tiptoed softly towards it in a cautious crouch. I brought my camera forward into both hands and the others had their guns ready to swing to their shoulders.

We made a close circuit, round a thick patch of thorn and peered stealthily around the corner into a clearing. I saw it first and waved the others back into cover behind me. Three lions —

a lion and two lionesses — were tearing with angry teeth at the body of a zebra. The striped legs were still moving although it was lying on its side, and the lionesses were wrenching great bloody chunks out of its neck and stomach. The male lion was on the other side and did not appear to be feeding, although every few seconds he would drop his shaggy head to sniff at the zebra, with both paws placed on its back; he would then raise his magnificent eyes and look slowly around the clearing. He was a big lion, a terrible picture of dignity and majesty.

For a moment I thought he had seen me, but my fears were groundless, for the slight wind was blowing towards us, carrying our scent into the bush. I knew that the moment had come for me to start photographing, though I could scarcely bring my camera up into position. But I must do it. — Cockeye was there, Cockeye who would despise me for my cowardice. My hands trembled so much I knew that they would not be good pictures. My every instinct told me to run away but I remained and pressed my finger rather waveringly on the camera button. My ambitions were being realised at last, but in a far different manner from anything I had conjured up in my imagination!

Anna Stockwell 5B.

A Stormy Day

One of the most painful and infuriating moments I have ever experienced happened on a cold winter's day, when I set off to post a letter.

A biting wind was hurling itself round the trees, and moaning far into the distance. The skies were grey and the streets deserted. Clutching my coat to me, I clasped an umbrella in one hand and a letter in the other, and hurried along. Suddenly the wind seemed to stop howling, and down came the rain, not a few drops, but torrents of icy rain. Clumsily, I grasped the umbrella, and fumbled with the catch. The wind seemed to have returned again with twice its force, and it was all I could do to stop the umbrella from being torn from my grasp. With one hand I held my hat, my letter crumpled and forgotten in my hand. At last it seemed, with my eyes stinging, hair plastered round my face, my umbrella half inside out, and

my hat askew, I arrived at the pillar box — only to find the letter torn and the address a blue smear. I turned away, tears of mortification running down my face, and declared to myself that never again would I attempt to open an umbrella on a windy day.

Elizabeth Cone 3A.

Yellowstone National Park

Six years ago when my father was stationed in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in the United States of America, we spent a fortnight camping in a large national park in Wyoming. We went with an American family, whom we knew very well, consisting of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Blaum, a boy of twelve, Butch, and a girl of ten, Donna. The children were my brother's and my own ages at the time, and we got on very well.

It took us just under three days to reach our destination, but the trip up to Wyoming was extremely interesting. We travelled approximately two hundred and fifty miles each day. The first night was spent in Rawlins, a small town in Colorado, and not very interesting apart from the surrounding scenery. The second night was spent in Jackson in the Hole, Wyoming. This town used to be the hideout of cattle thieves and outlaws, and the cowboys there still wear high-heeled boots and holsters.

The next day we passed through the Grand Tetons, a range of mountains in Wyoming, which were a beautiful sight. We then experienced some very rough roads, which, in the middle of a thunderstorm, finally brought us to Yellowstone National Park, and I had my first glimpse of bears roaming about, at their own free will. Although there were large notices saying that it was dangerous to feed the bears, everyone seemed to be doing so, and we followed suit. Admittedly I was rather scared at first, but I soon became used to them.

We 'checked in' at the main office, and then drove over the muddy tracks to try to find a suitable camping place. We found the best we could, which was not very good. But soon to our joy, some other campers moved out of their good site. We waited until they departed, and then we took over and pitched our tents on the somewhat muddy ground. Our whole camp consisted of five tents arranged around a central camp fire.

This was to be my first experience of sleeping in a tent, and I had mixed feelings as to whether I liked it or not. After all, who would like the thought of bears roaming round about, with only a piece of canvas between you and them? To make matters worse, we had not realised that the temperature would be zero at night, but this was understandable, as, after all, we were seven thousand feet above sea level. I did not like the idea of bears roaming about, but, when I finally managed to sleep, I must have slept soundly, as I did not realise, until the next morning, how exciting our first night had been. Apparently my mother and father, and also Mr. and Mrs. Blaum had been up most of the night, throwing various utensils at two or three unfortunate bears, that had chosen to rob our larder of butter, cheese, milk and bacon and also to squeeze open our new ice chest and devour its contents.

We later discovered the best way to keep the bears at a distance was to bang our large frying-pan, or a wooden box with a stick. We also discovered that if we hung the larder on a rope, suspended from a tree, the bears could not get a secure-enough grip to squeeze it open.

There was one bear which we liked better than the others. This was a large, nine-hundred-pound, brown bear, named 'Pusscat'. We could distinguish him from the other bears as he was larger, and tamer, even although he was no real friend.

There was a lovely lake, in which we used to wash each morning, and also bathe in before breakfast and nearly every afternoon. The camp store was a large log cabin, and extremely attractive, which sold everything from Indian costumes and shawls to Cheddar cheese and stewing steak. One day, whilst we were there, a bear broke in, and catastrophe reigned until the camp wardens had tempted it outside once more.

On the Sunday we attended the church service, which was held in the open air. The priest stood on a large wooden platform with a microphone, and the congregation was seated on logs. My young sister, Peko, then aged three, came along with us, and when the priest said something like "One has one's own burden to bear", she said in an exceptionally loud voice, "Mummy, I can't see Pusscat anywhere!" Also just when the priest was describing the golden silence of the forest, all the animals seemed to have something to say, for the chipmunks started chattering, and the birds singing and silence was golden no more!

On one of our trips around the park, we visited the geyser and hot springs, and we saw the largest geysers "Old Faithful" erupt.

Although the two weeks passed exceptionally quickly, I do not think that I will ever forget the lovely time that I spent in this park, and to remind the whole family, with the exception of our latest addition, of our visit, we still have the camping permit stuck on the front screen of our American Ford Station Wagon.

Anne Morshead, 5A.

The Road

The busy road is like a play,
The scenes all change by hour and day.
The act begins at break of dawn,
At dusk the final curtain's drawn.
The actors are the working class
The scenes, the cars that hurry past,
The play is free for all to see,
If you have time to watch like me.
At the theatre you would pay —
The road is free to watch all day.

Carl Halsey 2C.

Saturday Morning at the Market

Everywhere seemed to be grey or dull green, and damp. It had been drizzling persistently all morning, an unpleasant kind of drizzle that crept through machintoshes right to one's very soul. Nevertheless, the market went on, as always on a Saturday morning.

The market was in the village square — at least, once it had been, but now it had dribbled out into the streets joining the square, so that, from above, it had the appearance of a damp and ragged starfish that someone had left lying on the beach.

The stalls, counters, small shops and barrows were all painted brightly, as if to quench the greyness of that day. At one end of the market, livestock of all sorts and sizes neighed, squawked, moored, and yapped loudly, adding much to the

general noise of the market, and at the other end fruit and vegetables were loudly proclaimed by their owners to be the cheapest and finest available.

At the livestock end, thin little men with pinched noses walked round, holding several bedraggled and whimpering puppies in each hand, and a couple more stuffed in each pocket. "Buy a puppy, Missis, good pedigree, fine puppies, buy one for your kids", they said, in whining voices like those of their 'pedigree' puppies. Occasionally little Alf or Herbert would decide he wanted a puppy, and one small puppy would change pockets, after howling by Alf and pleading by the hawker.

Large boisterous farmers showed off huge carthorses that clattered about on the wet, shining cobblestones. The people who bought them were of the same type as the farmers, dressed in brown tweeds. They were very good at bargaining, and if one expected them to have loud voices, one was certainly not disappointed. Pale copies of the farmers stood with misplaced pride over wire cages of scrawooly, scrawny chickens, which they declared, were very good egglayers, though many people doubted this as most of them were cocks.

The fruit and vegetable end was the housewives' domain, and was filled with stout, turbaned ladies, wearing dull, baggy old coats. Generally, three or four squalling infants hung around them. Though rather dismal in appearance, these women had brains, logical, calculating brains, and if their husbands could buy beautiful cows and horses, they could give their husbands a good dinner, which was more important. "Huh", said one, holding a battered, limp lettuce at arm's length, "Call this a lettuce?"

The market was a gossiping centre for everyone, and was filled with noises, — shouting, squawking, crying and a multitude of others. It was boisterously noisy, even on a Saturday like that, with wet drizzle, trying its very best to put a damper on their spirits for good.

Every Saturday morning the market would be there, in rain, hail, or snow, with the cobbled square filled to bursting with fat, thin, tall and short, rich and poor, all squashed together, so that they could hardly move.

Elizabeth Macaulay II A.



The Cockatoo

The jungle's green, the bird is bright,
His beak's all hooked; Oh, what delight
'Twould be if I could own this bird,
To watch his tricks all so absurd,
I'd teach him words so he could talk
And not just peck at me and squawk.

III E.

Jamboree

Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, the founder of the Boy Scout Movement, was born in 1857, and a centenary Jamboree was held in his honour at Sutton Coldfield from the 1st to the 12th of August, 1957. I was lucky enough to be chosen as one of the British Scouts Western Europe representatives.

On the 27th July, the Scouters, Rovers, and Scouts from this area left Dalheim Station for the Hook of Holland, where we joined up with the other members of the B.S.W.E. contingent. We sailed on the military ship to Harwich. On arrival there the following morning, we were given breakfast before boarding a train for Ipswich. We stayed in Ipswich overnight and we were accommodated in private houses. This had been previously arranged by the Boy Scouts of Ipswich.

On the morning of the 29th July we boarded a special train for Sutton Coldfield. On this journey we had a two hour stop at Ely where we visited the famous Cathedral. We resumed the journey and reached Sutton Coldfield about 4 p.m., where we were transported by lorry to Moisson sub-camp, which was to be our home under canvas for the next fifteen days.

The United Kingdom Scouts arrived a few days before the beginning of the jamboree, so that they could welcome the contingents from other countries.

After pitching our tents and settling down we began to find our way around the widely-dispersed jamboree site. There were shops of all types, a hospital, banks, a post office, swimming places, and restaurants where we could eat if our own cooking was not up to standard. Fortunately, things were not that bad and we always ate in our own cook-houses. There was a church for each denomination.

On the 31st July the overseas scouts began to arrive. There were contingents from every country in the world, except Russia and Russian-occupied territory. Their uniforms were many and varied, the most colourful belonging to the Indians with their turbans and to the New Zealanders who wore Maori costume. Some of them even brought produce of their home countries, for instance the Iranians brought the most beautiful carpets and carvings.

On the 1st August all the contingents gathered in the arena for the opening ceremony by H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester. It was all most impressive. From then on we got to know our friends from other lands, and nearly every night there was a camp-fire, where each nation performed their national dances and songs. On the Sunday afternoons there were international tea-parties, when the British contingents played host to our overseas visitors. Language provided little difficulty as many of our guests spoke English, and there were always interpreters around when hand signs and all else failed.

The proudest day of the jamboree was Saturday, 3rd August, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the jamboree. As the Queen and Duke drove through our sub-camp, all you could hear was the clicking of camera shutters and cheers from all spectators. Of particular interest to me was the Air Scout display when two gliders were landed in the comparatively small arena by Air Scouts, in front of the Queen.

Various excursions to places of interest were arranged and our contingent visited the British Railways engine sheds and workshops at Derby.

A lot of fuss was made in the newspapers about the camp being flooded out, but this was greatly exaggerated. In any case the rain did not succeed in dampening our spirits.

The time passes very quickly when one is enjoying oneself, and all too soon came the closing ceremony, presided over by Lady Baden-Powell. Whereas in the opening ceremony all Scouts were in their own contingents, this time Scouts intermingled, joined arms and marched round the arena singing the jamboree song, while a firework display went on overhead. So ended another jamboree and possibly the last one ever. It was a sad moment for everyone, but the memories of it will be with us all our lives. It was a privilege and an honour to have been one of the many world Scouts at the Jubilee Jamboree of 1957.

Allan G. Mitchel 3A.

Cats



The first mention of cats in the British Isles is in a law of Hywel Dora, an ancient prince of South Wales, in which he sought to protect household cats. Nowadays where so many animals are protected by law, it is remarkable that the cat has no such legal Status. Perhaps it was thought that the cat was far too clever to come to any harm.

Perhaps you have noticed that, while most cats have a fine furry coat, some cats have longer fur than others. Short-haired cats came originally from Africa and Europe, whereas their long-haired cousins hail from the East. It is probable that cats were first kept for protecting crops against rats and mice for they are rarely found among the nomadic peoples, but tend to congregate round farms and other permanent buildings.

Perhaps the cat is best known for the work it does at sea and by the riversides and ports, waging war on the rats and mice which are the inevitable scavengers of the Ships' holds and dockyards. At the port of Havre there is a special corps of cats, bred especially for their work of seeking out and killing the many thousands of rats in the dockyards. They possess close, thick coats as a protection against rat bites and have a human guardian to feed them daily for it has been found that they rat better when they are doing it for sport only.

The demon cats of Thames-Side are also well known for their efficiency in dealing with these vermin and the Clyde cats are reputed to be even better at this.

Sailers are often credited with making up tall stories, but many are willing to swear to the fact that, should a ships' cat remain ashore too late to catch its own boat, it will catch another bound for the same destination, eventually rejoining its own boat. When a ship berths, the ship's cat goes ashore with the crew. It will return, perhaps a week later, probably a little thinner than formerly, but still with its tail well up and an unconquered spirit. On board it will tolerate no rival and is always supreme over any other animal on the ship.

One of the most popular of the long-haired cats is the Royal Siamese. All Siamese cats have a most weird cry and owe their unusual colouring — seal brown mask, feet, under parts, and tail; with the rest of the body a creamy colour — to the fact that they are semi-albino. They enjoy rain and revel in snow, a weakness not shared by other cats. Normally Siamese cats attach themselves to a single person rather in the manner of a dog, and although not friendly to the more lowly cats, are often friendly towards dogs. One Siamese queen even went so far as to adopt a litter of Pekinese puppies and rear them.

There are many unusual types of cats; some are merely mongrels living on what they can "scrounge" in the alleys, others aristocrats of the feline world. All of them, however, whether large or small have something of the majesty of their jungle cousins. A dog may be the servant of his master, but what cat has ever been the servant of Man? Aloof yet friendly, docile yet independent, playful, thoughtful, graceful, but always with that scornful pride of their wild jungle ancestors.

Anne Read, 4A.

Land Reclamation in Holland

The Dutch people are increasing the area of their land every day without increasing the length of their frontiers. They are doing this by reclaiming the land under the Zuider Zee and Estuary of the Scheldt.

The most noticeable difference between a map of the coastline of Holland in 1900 and one of the present day is the presence of the North East Polder which is now good arable-land with many new villages and a new town, Emmerloord. When visiting this town, one is struck by the newness of it for it has been built in the last seven years and thus has the advantage of modern town planning. In contrast is the fishing village of Urk on the western extremity of the polder. This used to be an island in the middle of the Zuider Zee, with a large expanse of fields surrounded by a dyke on one end and a little village of twisting streets and rickety houses perched on a mound at the other end. Now this is part of the mainland and the mound of houses, all leaning against each other, standing up above the rest of the polder, is a good land-mark for miles around. The men there still wear their national dress when they take their boats out to fish in the Zuider Zee, which is now a freshwater

lake, called Lake Yssel. This lake has been formed by the building of a huge enclosing dam across the north end of the Zuider Zee, thus separating it from the North Sea. This dam, eighteen miles long, has a road, running along it and half-way is a tower which commemorates the completion of the dyke in 1932. The North East Polder, which was the first large polder, was completed in 1954 and at the moment a bigger polder, the South East Polder is being drained, the dykes and first village on the dyke having been completed. While this polder was being drained, the remains of a Norse ship, used during the Viking invasions, were found.

When completely dry this polder will be left for three years during which time reeds will grow to a height of ten feet. These will then be burnt and ploughed into the land to form humus. After another two years the land will be ready for crops and later can be built upon. Eventually two more polders, the North West and South West, will be built out into the Zuider Zee leaving only a small freshwater lake in the middle. This lake will be used for irrigation.

As well as the Zuider Zee reclamation plans, there are plans for the reclamation of the land in the estuary of the Scheldt and of the area between the West Friesian Islands and the coast, but it will be many years before these are completed.

D. Goode VI. S.

Flora Macdonald

After Culloden, Bonnie Prince Charlie and two faithful followers made their way across the Highlands of Scotland in an effort to reach safety. Since many Highlanders were still loyal to the Prince he did not have difficulty in finding a bed, especially when he called on the lonely crofters on the moors.

One night, his two friends sighted a cottage, the owner of which they knew to be a Jacobite. Since the girl who lived at the cottage, Flora Macdonald, was eager to help her beloved Prince, he and his followers stayed with her for a few nights. The leader of the Prince's party, Capain O'Neill, explained to Flora that they hoped to escape to Skye and that they had a plan which they hoped would succeed.

Flora was to cross to her mother in Skye, accompanied by a new spinning-maid. This maid would be Prince Charles

himself, disguised as a woman. Flora's stepfather, a captain in the army of King George, was really a Jacobite and had made the plan for the Prince's escape. With everything ready for the journey, and having promised to meet Flora at Roshinish in a week's time, when a crossing could be made to Skye, the Prince departed.

A week later, as planned, Flora met the Prince on the shore at Roshinish, where a six-oared boat lay ready for them. However, as Charles was about to board the boat he was warned by a herd boy that Red Coats were in the area, and it was not until the following day that they were able to depart. After a stormy night in the boat, Skye was sighted, but the Prince's troubles were not over, for they were fired on by troops on the shore. Several attempts were made before they landed near Monkstadt House, the home of Sir Alexander Macdonald, a supporter of King George. This man was away from home and his wife had Jacobite tendencies, so Flora and the Prince decided to stay at this house. Lady Macdonald had bad news for her friends when they arrived. She told them that Red Coats were all over the island and that it was not safe to stay there long. She advised Flora to take Charles to the small, neighbouring island of Rassay.

Bonnie Prince Charlie, dressed as the spinning-maid ~~not~~ off on foot, with Sir Alexander Macdonald's steward, to Portree. Flora, following later on horseback, passed Charles and his friends, and one of her women remarked how clumsy and like a man the spinning-maid in the walking-party was. The maid was the Prince, and Flora must have felt great fear as she replied that the new maid was an Irish woman, and naturally big and heavy.

It was at Portree that Prince Charles parted from Flora Macdonald, with a wish that they should meet again, "on some not far off day, at St. James' Palace." He then made his way to Rassay where he was able to board a French ship, which took him to the Continent.

Flora never again saw the Prince for whom she had done so much. The British Government heard how she had helped him and arresting her, imprisoned her in London. While in prison she was visited by the Prince of Wales who asked her why she had helped a rebel Prince. She replied that had she found him in such dire need, she would have helped him also. After this visit the Prince of Wales ordered Flora to have greater comforts in prison and soon she was set free.

She married Allan Macdonald, son of Sir Alexander Macdonald's steward, and they went to America. Allan joined the Canadian army but as they could not settle in a strange country, they returned to Scotland, where Flora spent her last years.

Maureen Bryan, 4A.

Modern Time

Buses and trolleys and trams of the past,
Taxis and limousines — even hand-carts.
The shouts and the bustle, the stops and the starts.
The password of life is "you have to go fast".
Whatever you do, you must never be last;
Push, elbow in, kick, scratch till it smarts.
What a strain it must be on everyone's hearts!
For whatever comes next, we must never be last.
What a pity we all have to hurry away,
With a frown on our brows and a rush to be "there",
And never a passing the time of the day —
Until its too late and there's white in our hair,
And then we shall wish that we'd stopped on the way:
If only we could now — if only we dare.

David Wootton 5A

Between Red and White



On the 25th of June in 1876, General George Armstrong Custer of the Seventh U.S. cavalry Regiment rode out with about 4,800 troops to fight Sitting Bull, the great chief of the Hunkpapa Sioux, who had settled down at the little Bighorn river with his tribes. As they arrived at the river, they looked in the valley and saw hundreds of painted wigwams. The troopers searched the wigwams, but there was no sign of an Indian.

When the troopers had finished their searching and just as they were about to turn back the shrill War Cry of the Sioux, screamed out of thousands of throats, was heard. The troopers stood there like stones, stock still, but they were soon awakened by the thundering hooves of the Indian Pintos. Then a trumpet blowing was heard, and gunshots filled the air, the sky seemed to be full of swooping arrows and the valley suddenly seemed to be full of Red Skins, their faces painted thickly with the colour of war-white, yellow and black.

Swirling arrows filled the air. White men were struck down by Indian arrows, and Indians by gunshots. Here and there a Tomahawk crashed in a white man's head. The Cavalry shot their rifles hot. They fell from their horses, having arrows sticking out of their backs, or lances in their chest. Crazy Horse fought like a mad bull among the white men; he had just finished scalping a white soldier's head and held the scalp in his hands in great triumph. There was the fierce Ite-O-Magazu, Rain-in-the-Face shooting at Captain Tom Custer. A good shot it was: Tom Custer fell to the ground, his brother kneeling over him to hear his last words.

Rain-in-the-Face rode up to the General and shouted "Hey, General Longhair, Rain-in-the-Face has come to take your scalp, for you are not worthy to live on this lovely earth". Custer turned white and looked with great terror at his enemy. He did not look long, because Rain-in-the-face jumped straight from his horse, with only a Tomahawk in his hand, and with one big stroke it went through Custer's head and shoulders. Custer was no more; he was wiped out for ever.

Sitting Bull fought like a Grizzly Bear. Longknives fell to the ground when the whirling Tomahawk reached them. His arrows went through flesh, blood and bones, his Tomahawk crushed the white men's heads, his knife cut the white men's throats and his Gun shots went through their foreheads. The knives, arrows, lances, shots and tomahawks did their work. Death they brought everywhere.

The only officer who remained on his horse was M. W. Keogh. In him was put all the hope of the rest of the white men, but soon an arrow, shot from a strong hand, went straight in his beating heart. As the Longknives saw their last officer fall dead they shouted in pleading tones "Sioux, have pity on us", but the Sioux did not listen to them, their words just made their mood fiercer.

The battle lasted for three days and nights and finished on the 29th of June, when the little Bighorn valley was covered with red and white bodies. The bodies of the horses and the white men were embroidered with arrows and lances.

The only living thing of the Longknives which escaped out of this battle was Comanche, Captain Keogh's horse which galloped in great fear southwards. The battle was over, the Indians had won their fight but it was their last one against the Cavalry: They had earned too many scalps. Howgh!

Heinz Thompson 2B.



Autumn Find

Only my footsteps broke the silence as I made my way along the woodland path. Early morning dew hung heavily on everything. The sun played hide and seek between the trees. The air was cool, I filled my lungs with its freshness: Something caught my eye, a glimpse of golden-red among the

greenery, darting like a sunbeam through the tree tops. An imp in red, a squirrel. I had to be quick to keep him in sight. I could see he was not more than a baby, maybe strayed from its mother. He must have jumped on to an unsafe bough or missed his footing for he fell to the ground. I ran quickly to the spot; jumping the puddles as I went. I found him amongst some tall grass, so small and quivering. I took him gently into my hands, he trembled. He was more frightened than hurt.

I hurried home with him, wrapped him in a soft old blanket and placed him in a basket. I called my friend Felix. Every day I fed him on milk in a bottle. He seemed quite content to live in a basket. Don't think he didn't get enough exercise! As soon as he was well he was here, there and everywhere. Up the curtains, along the rod down the other side. Under and over chairs, tumbling, rolling and having the time of his life. As all animals do Felix loved to be petted. I'm afraid I rather spoilt him. If I didn't pay enough attention to him he would soon remind me he was there by giving me a painful dig in the legs with his claws which were sharper than thorns.

Felix made an excellent pet. His coat was now glossy, he was plump and a happy little creature. He would often feel homesick and sat on the window ledge and stare at the woods with big, sorrowful eyes.

So, I fixed a rough branch from the floor to his basket and he used this as a stairway. Felix was very inquisitive and it was not long before he'd found his way to my room. His whole attention was drawn to the mirror. What was this creature inside a cupboard who was just like him, who did whatever he did? He sniffed the glass, patted it with his paw. He looked so funny getting crosser and crosser when the 'other' squirrel didn't come out. Felix returned every day to see if he had changed his mind but the mystery was too difficult for him to solve and he always left in utter bewilderment.

Felix was now living on a diet of nuts, apple, carrot and other vegetables. As a special treat I would give him some of my tea in a saucer. He looked so comical when he put his foot in the saucer and it would fly all over him and there he would sit covered in tea.

I've had Felix a year now. He never seemed to worry about seeing his relations and didn't seem to want company, he hardly made any mess about the house. In fact Felix was the perfect pet.

Lesley Mould IV B.

The Smuggled Rum

Whenever the wind was howling,
From out of the dark did come
A shadowy figure, calling
To his comrades smuggling rum.

As soon as the boat was sighted,
The watcher would quickly run
To tell them all was well above,
And bring up the smuggled rum.

Then the smugglers gathered round,
When all of their work was done.
Their glasses clinked, as they shouted
A toast to the smuggled rum!

Jennifer Soulsby, 2B.

Peaceful Slumbers

"Tib, Tib, Tib — Tib — — Tibby, — TIBBY!" But the voice was unheeded. Nothing moved in the sunlit garden. Only when the footsteps had died away, only then could a shrewd observer have seen the grass swaying and perhaps a small round, fluffy ball with odd-looking ginger and black stripes, hidden far from the chaotic world. Slowly, gradually the ball of fur ceased to be lifeless, and unrolled and lay on its side. It lay for a moment, exhausted again, and then, its whole body shaking with effort, stretched and yawned, and lay limp again. No, it was really too hot to get up. So the kitten yawned, stretching out its paws, and prepared to sleep again.

Buzz — zz, zoom buzz—zz—zz — The peace was shattered, the chaotic world had returned. The kitten, determined that no horrible Buzz was going to shatter its peace, opened one sleepy eye, and blinked sleepily. Yes, there it was. Slowly, with careful deliberation, the kitten raised one clumsy paw. The Buzz came nearer — sleepily it timed its moment, and then brought its paw down. It blinked and gazed at its paw — was the Buzz there? For a second or two the kitten waited, and then with the utmost precision, lifted its paw. There was the Buzz — dead, too! With lazy triumph the kitten pawed the dead Buzz, and, tossing it into the air, swallowed it, and turned over onto its other side.

That was that, so now, back to peace and sleep.

Elizabeth Cone III A.

Riddle

My first is in pig but isn't in sow,
My second's in donkey but isn't in cow,
My third is in kitten and koala-bear too,
But not in menagerie nor in the zoo!
My whole may be black, or blue, or green,
And I hope when you use me you keep yourself clean!
What am I?

ANSWER ON BACK PAGE.

The Dog

If only he could speak his mind
He would tell if you are kind.
He would tell you lots of tales
Of buried bones near garden rails,
Of things that other dogs had said
All stored up in his little head.
And if you speak and ask him more
He would tell of the cat next-door;
A little dog that you call Kim,
But you cannot speak to him.

C. Halsey 2C.

Thor's Cave

Very early one summer morning, as soon as it was light, we set off to visit Thor's Cave. Thor's Cave is a huge hollow in the face of one of the rocks, high above the River Manifold, in Derbyshire. It shows signs of occupation by the early Britons, and is visited by archaeologists and historians from all over England.

It was a lovely, sunny morning, and the banks of the valley were still covered with dew. The path lay along the side of the river as far as Wetton Mill, where the river goes underground. There were a lot of snails and long, black slugs still asleep, and curled up in the grass. We saw several fish jumping, and passed a grass snake, slowly wending its way towards the bank.

Every twenty minutes, my brother and his friend said "Hope you two girls will manage the climb — it's pretty tough going, you know"; and every twenty minutes we gave them withering looks and said "Of course, we will".

At the foot of the track that leads up to the cave, there is a patch of grass and a seat, probably put there by some public-spirited person to help the traveller gather strength before the climb. I think this track up to the cave would make a good practising-ground for Everest climbers, because it is the steepest, narrowest, and most dangerous track I have ever seen, and when we reached Thor's Cave, we were all gasping for water! Entering the cave is like entering a hungry, gaping mouth. It is huge inside, and on every side tunnels lead off into the earth. Our voices echoed round the walls, and the air was bitingly cold. From the entrance, we could see huge expanse of valley, and the moorland on top of many of the surrounding hills. The whole place was rather ghostly, and I must admit I was very glad to get away from it. We tossed up whether to return the way we had come, along the valley as the boys wished, or to climb up to Wetton village and follow the path round Ecton Hill. The boys lost, so we started to climb the dusty road to Wetton.

We had no idea of the time, but I think it must have been about eleven o'clock. The sun was pouring down on us, and we felt sticky and hot. We stopped in Wetton, turned out our pockets and found we had enough money to buy ice-cream and lemonade. We bought these at a little house standing back from the road, and had them sitting in the porch. We felt so tired that we could have sat there for ever. We inquired in the village how to find the path to Ecton, and the man waved his hand vaguely and said "Roond th' bend", which did not really help us much. Anyway, we eventually found what we thought was the track. We must have wandered for hours, trying to get "roond th' bend". It was quite lonely on the hillside, with the plovers calling, and the meres, which even the hot summer had not dried, increased this feeling of loneliness.

At last, we sat down under a wall and tried to get our bearings. The boys waved aside our suggestions. "If it weren't for your suggestions, we wouldn't be in this mess", they said bitterly. "We could look for a sheep track", Aline suggested timidly. We gazed at her wonderingly. Here, in our midst, was an undreamt-of genius. Without a word we got up to hunt for a sheep-track, and found one, too. If we could have found the sheep that made it, we would have painstakingly hugged every

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one of them. Our troubles were not over yet, however. The sheep-track wound round and round and round, but we were determined to follow it to the bitter end, and it faithfully brought us to a tiny hamlet tucked away on the hillside. This was Back Ecton, and we were still three miles from home. Those were the longest three miles I have ever walked. Nobody spoke a word — we just put one foot in front of the other, and eventually reached home. Tired as we were, we took out the map, and found we had been walking for eight hours, and had covered twelve miles! We looked at each other and thought, "On the hottest day of summer, we spend eight hours, without food, tramping the greatest distance we've ever covered on foot in our lives! We must be stark, raving mad!" As we remembered the view from Thor's Cave, though, and the lovely cool porch in Wetton, and that friendly sheep-track, we knew that it had been worth all our struggles; that we had enjoyed it and would be ready to do it again. The boys had the last word, however. "Next time, we'll plan the route", they said.

C. Parkinson 6th Form

Answer to Riddle-me-ree:— **PAX A DISCENDO**

Answer to Riddle on Page 72 **INK**

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