



QUEEN'S
COURIER

NUMBER 3



THE MAGAZINE
OF
QUEEN'S SCHOOL

Mönchen-Gladbach

1957-1958

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 3

CHRISTMAS 1958

QUEEN'S SCHOOL STAFF LIST

Mr. J. V. TAYLOR, B.Sc., A.R.I.C.	Headmaster
Mr. H. CHIGNELL, B.A.	Deputy Headmaster, German, French
Miss E.G.M. BROWNING, B.A.	Senior Mistress: French
Miss D.E. ABBOTT	Geography, Mathematics
Miss J.C. BARRY, B.A.	Head of History Department
Miss E.M.D. BAXTER, M.A.	English, German
Mr. G.V.N. BEAVER (M. Coll. H.)	Metalwork, Tech. Drawing
Miss V.D. BLAND	Domestic Subjects
Mr. R.H. CORKE, B.Sc.	Mathematics
Mrs. I. DAVEY, L ès L.	French
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 V.C. HUDSON	Needlework
Mrs. N. JENKINS	Domestic Subjects, General Subjects
Mrs. F.M. JOSLIN	General Subjects
Miss B.L. LANCASHIRE, B.Sc.	Head of Mathematics Department
Mr. I. MACGILLIVRAY, B.Sc.	Chemistry
Mr. J.W. MEIKLEJOHN	Rural Science
Mr. J.W. MORGAN, B.Sc. (Econ)	Librarian, English, History
Mr. C.M. PEARCE, M.A.	Head of English Department
Mr. D.H. PURVIS, L.R.A.M.	Music
Miss K.M.P. SMITH	General Subjects
Mr. J.A. STALLWOOD	Woodwork
Miss S. STEPHENS	Physical Education (Girls)
Mr. R.M. STEPHENS, B.Sc.	Biology, General Science
Mr. I. WALKER	Physical Education (Boys)
Mr. J. WEATHERHEAD, B.A.	Religious Instruction, English
Mr. P. WILCOCKSON	Art and Craft
Miss E.A.R. WILLIAMS, B.Comm.	Commercial Subjects
Miss K. WOOD, B.A.	English, French
Miss S. WORTON	General Subjects
Mr. B. SULLIVAN, B.A.	Latin

Administrative Staff

Mr. W.G. WILSON
Miss A.M. CREELMAN

Administrative Officer
Secretary to Headmaster

SCHOOL PREFECTS AND MONITORS

APPOINTMENTS 24. 9. 58 'FW

Re-appointed Prefect, re-appointed Head Boy	— L. Williams
Re-appointed Prefect, appointed Head Girl	— Pat Yates
Re-appointed Prefect, appointed Deputy Head Boy	— J. McLuckie
Re-appointed Prefect, appointed Deputy Head Girl	— Z. Goodeve-Docker
Re-appointed Prefect	— D. Cooper
Re-appointed Prefect	— Betty Cullen
Monitors appointed Prefect: -	— R. Taylor
	— W. Bragg
	— M. Ray
	— Clare Dodkins
	— Pat Syme
	— Helen Price
	— Dorothy Bawden
	— Joyce Thomson
Appointed Monitor:	— S. Hodgins
	— T. Davies
	— M. Cawton
	— M. Roberts

LOG.

One of the results of splitting up a school year into three Terms is that the year seems to pass with a most unusual rapidity. There are always examinations or holidays just a few weeks ahead, and in the anxiety to fill each week with its due quota of work the passage of the months tends to be overlooked. It seems a very short time since Queen's Courier first appeared, and yet these notes are now being written for the third edition of a magazine that has already established itself as a worthy companion to the publications of the other B.F.E.S. Schools.

The year began with 438 pupils on our roll, but it was not long before it became evident that accommodation would have to be found for some of the children of secondary school age who had come into our catchment area and for whom, under our existing arrangements, we did not have room. Re-arrangement, compression and adaptation were the order of the day, and by the month's end we had 468 pupils and a new 1st Form. That represented high water mark for the remainder of the 1957 academic year, and the tide gradually ebbed until by July only 392 remained. The start of the new School year in September however saw it return in full spate. At the time of writing these notes our numbers are 554, a number we would almost have been prepared to swear we could not deal with — until we tried it and found we could. This has not been entirely possible within our existing buildings. We have been given the use of two rooms in the Army Instructional Centre and these are used by some of our 1st Year Forms; but since these children join the main body for Assembly, Games, Music, Clubs and practical subjects there can arise no feeling that they are with Queen's School but not of it. The numbers of Staff too have increased and during the year our new recruits have included Mrs. Joslin, Mrs. Davey, Miss Baxter, Miss Smith, Miss Hudson, Miss Worton, Mr. Stephens and Mr. Weatherhead. On the debit side we have lost the services of Miss Hardy, Miss Harner and Miss Knight. An old member of Staff also appeared in new guise, since Mr. Chignell was appointed Deputy Head Master.

Though not occurring in 1958 mention must be made here (since it occurred too late for inclusion in the last Log) of the Christmas Play which was produced by the School in the Garrison Theatre. This was an outstanding performance, both for the

beauty of the staging and costumes, and the singing. According to some, the Angels were particularly to be congratulated on a fine piece of acting, since their stage performance was so quite out of keeping with their character as known in school!

During the Spring Term we had our usual sporting fixture with Windsor School. On this occasion the venue was Hamm and the weather was shocking, with ice and a heavy and steady fall of snow. There was a feeling of considerable relief when the journey back by bus was safely completed. The weather was kinder when a party of boys taking the Technical course visited the Mannesmannröhren Steel Works at Düsseldorf, where they were received with great kindness and hospitality. This Term too a school party organised an expedition to the Van Gogh Museum at Arnhem, while another went to the Wuppertal Zoo.

The Summer Term, as always, was a busy one. We had our usual Swimming Gala and Sports Day and once again entertained Windsor School for games. For the first time this was made a two-day fixture and this precedent was so popular and successful that it seems likely to become established. Accommodation for our visitors for the night was very kindly provided by the parents of our teams. Another event of note was the visit of almost 200 of our pupils to the Brussels Exhibition. This was our most ambitious expedition so far, but the results were well worth the effort though it did mean some tired heads and lighter pockets. The Summer Term of course also means public examinations, and while not content to rest on our oars we have every reason to be satisfied with our G.C.E. results. In particular the two Distinctions which were gained at 'A' level by our Head Girl and Head Boy, Christine Parkinson and W.H.L. Williams were a source of pride and pleasure. In this Term too we had our Speech Day which, unfortunately, because of wet weather, had to be held indoors — unfortunately, because the size of our Assembly Hall is such that seats could not be provided for other than the guests, some parents and prize-winners. The Guests of Honour were Air Marshal Sir Humphrey and Lady Edwardes-Jones and the Address was well up to the high standard which we have learned to expect on these occasions.

During the year we have been honoured to receive visits from a number of distinguished guests. These have included General Sir Charles Loewen, the Adjutant-General, Major-General Brockle-

hurst, G.O.C. Rhine District, Major-General Moore-Coulson, Director of Army Education, Air Vice-Marshal Kermodé, Director of Educational Services of the R.A.F., Mr. Howard, a Member of the Grigg Committee, and Sir Ifor Evans, Chairman of the Army Education Advisory Board.

Last, but by no means least, in this Log of the year's events one must chronicle a very happy and significant increase in the intellectual life of the school. Extra-curricular activities and clubs have increased rapidly. All these now take place outside school time and the keenness and enthusiasm shown have surprised every one. There is particular pleasure too to be found in the efficient functioning of our C.C.F. — now one year old and in the process of forming a new R.A.F. section; and in the institution of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award which, though still preparing for the first Award, will shortly be moving on to the second. It is hoped soon that we will be able to start the Award too for our girls.

All these are signs of the vitality one can feel in the school and give tangible proof of it. And they are also signs that though Queen's may be the most junior of the B.F.E.S. schools it is maturing and growing up — fast.

EXAMINATION RESULTS — NOV. 1957 — NOV. 1958

General Certificate of Education

Key: A : Art, B : Biology, C : Chemistry, E : English Language, EL : English Literature, F : French, G : Geography, Gn : German, GMD : Geometrical & Mechanical Drawing, H : History, L : Latin, M : Pure Maths, MA : Applied Maths, Mw : Metalwork, N : Needlework, P : Physics, PC : Physics-with-Chemistry, W : Woodwork.

Passes at 'O' Level (Winter 1957)

Cullen, Betty	E.	McLuckie, J.	C.
Goode, D.	E, G.	Sargent, L.	EL, PC.

Passes at 'A' Level (Summer 1958)

Holden, Ann	E. Lit, F.
Parkinson, Christine	E. Lit, L, H (distinction)
Williams, L.	M, MA (distinction)

Passes at 'O' Level (Summer 1958)

Campbell, Jennifer	E, G, A.
Connell, Elke	Gn.
Cooke, A.	E, EL, M, F, C, P, L.
Cooper, D.	E, EL, M, F, C, G, A.
Dodkins, Clare	Gn.
Feldon, Brenda	E, B.
Garbutt, Judith	N.
Gibbon, Paula	E, EL, F, L.
Gibbons, Valerie	E, F, G, A.
Goddard, Terese	E, EL, F, B, H.
Greenwood, W.	E, M, F, Gn, G.
Johns, P.	E, EL, M, F, C, P.
Keech, Marion	E, Gn, H.
Kelly, Susan	E, EL, A.
Lawrence, Denise	F.
Morshead, Anne	E, F, A.
Peain, Jennifer	E, EL, L, H.
Price, Helen	E, EL, F, B, L, H.
Pulleyn, Pat	EL, Gn.
Ray, M.	Mw.
Robertson, M.	Mw, W, GMD.
Soulsby, D.	E, EL, M, F, P, L, H.
Syme, Pat	E, EL, M, F, B, H, G.
Welsh, Janet	E, EL, M, C.
Woodrow, M.	PC.
Wootton, D.	E, G.
Yates, Pat	E, EL, M, F, C, B, G.
Yell, Linda	E, EL, M, F, Gn.

Royal Society of Arts (Autumn, Easter & Summer)

Shorthand Stage I — Geraldine Thomas, Ruth Spencer, Caroline Smith.
 Typewriting Stage I — Betty Smith, Jill Morgan, Geraldine Thomas, Carole Smith, Sandra Chaplin.
 English Stage I — Penelope Wood, Pat Cressy, Jill Morgan, Sandra Chaplin, Geraldine Thomas, Heather Upstone, Judith Garbutt, M. Ray, S. Defries.
 Arithmetic Stage I — Jennifer Peain, Judith Garbutt, Helen Price, Pamela Horsfall, J. Watt.
 Shorthand Stage II — Penelope Wood, Joan Willoughby, Betty Smith, Geraldine Thomas, Jill Morgan.
 Typewriting Stage II — Penelope Wood, Betty Smith.
 Shorthand Typist's Certificate — Penelope Wood.
 Group Commercial Certificate — Betty Smith.
 Group Technical Certificate — M. Robertson.

BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

1958.

To see 200 schoolchildren clamber excitedly into coaches and know that for the next 12 hours all that energy must be kept under reasonable control, makes even a teacher quail. But the day was fine and though we met a shower or two en route, spirits were high — and well fortified with sandwiches, sweets and "pop". It did not seem long before someone had sighted the silvery Atomium on the skyline and then we were driving through Brussels and soon tumbling out of the coaches at the very gates of the Fair, looking up at the waving flags and trying to identify them.

Now we divided into small groups and after everyone had hesitated and gasped at that first beautiful view of the fountains and flowers and fantastic buildings, we separated to explore. In spite of the size of the Exhibition, the place soon seemed full of Queen's School uniforms. We had only about 6 hours but we saw all the main pavilions, only pausing to exchange news. "The Russian pavilion is giving away the most literature and has the biggest ice-creams!" "The American is beautiful but there's nothing inside!" "The British is the best, but you have to queue!" And always, the search for souvenirs, for presents, for more Coca-Cola.

Long before we had seen all the sights it was 6 o'clock and time to spend the last francs and rush back to our rendez-vous with the coaches. Was it really so far to the gate? There were the poor teachers rounding up the stragglers and settling down at last for the journey home. And out came more sandwiches and more sweets and more pop, and we wondered did children ever get tired or ever feel they had eaten enough? Oh dear! hours more of chatter and song. But strangely enough when we all climbed, exhausted, from the coaches once more in front of Queen's School we were all saying "What a good day!" "Wasn't it worthwhile?" And not one child lost. Better luck next time.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

There have been a number of changes in the Library Committee in the last year and we should like to thank those members who have left for the work and enthusiasm they have put into Library work. These include Miss J. Knight, Mr. C. Lewis, C. Parkinson 6th, J. Willoughby 5 B, P. Wood 5 B, and A. Read 4 A. Taking their place we should like to offer a warm welcome to Miss E. Baxter, Mr. I. MacGillivray, P. Pulleyn 5 A, P. Syme 6th, R. Usher 4 A and W. Morgan 4 A.

During the year the number of books in the library has continued to grow and at the time of going to press these were 3350 non-fiction books and 1543 fiction books, making a total of 4893. With book orders still to come it is our ambition to reach 5000 books by Christmas 1958. Probably our most notable addition this year has been the 15 volumes of Chambers Encyclopaedia. We should like to thank those parents and pupils who have presented books to the Library when boys and girls have left the school. We feel this is a most useful manner in which pupils can leave behind them some permanent remembrance of their stay at Queen's; their generous gifts are very much appreciated.

Like all libraries we lose books but try in every possible way to keep this loss to an absolute minimum. At our stock-taking in 1957 there were 35 books lost out of 2919 or 1.2%. At our 1958 stock-taking 26 of these books had been returned, so that our final loss for the year was 9 books out of 2919 or 0.31%. Our initial loss in 1958 was 39 books out of 4556 or 0.86%. We feel that these figures compare favourably with any school library in England.

Our most enjoyable event in the year was the Competition held for the best book reviews and drawings based on a book in the library. There was a most encouraging entry of 101 book reviews and 85 drawings, making a total of 186 out of just over 400 children. The general level of entries was very high and the Library Committee had to consult with the Headmaster in making their final decision.

The final results were;

Book Review Senior Prize — J. James 3 A
 Junior Prize — J. Stanton 2 B

Drawing Senior Prize — Q. Gibbs 3 A
 Junior Prize — Roberts 1 B

The Committee also Highly Commended G. Thomas 5 B, W. Hudman 2 A and R. Usher 3 A. for their book reviews, and A. King 1 C for his drawing.

The two winning book reviews are published in the magazine.
School Librarian.

Awarded 1st Prize — Senior Section

THE SECOND WORLD WAR by CYRIL FALLS

The book deals with the main events of the Second World War, namely: The Invasion of Poland, The Finnish and Norwegian Campaigns, The Campaign in the Low Countries and France, The Battle of Britain, The Western Desert, Stalingrad, The War in the Pacific, Invasion of Italy, The Invasion of Europe, Burma, and the End of Japan.

This book gives a sketch of events, not boring you with complicated battles. It gives the strengths of armies and navies at certain times, the losses on each side, ground gained at each offensive, strategic withdrawals and what was happening in some countries, due to the War.

It is useful to the person who wishes to know what more or less happened in the Second World War. It gives diagrams of some campaigns, a good thing, for then one does not have to go searching for an atlas to see where offensives took place.

The book tells what plans commanders made and what they did, what mistakes they made and altogether the general layout of what happened.

How the U-boats tried to crush Great Britain into defeat by sinking her supply ships, how the Luftwaffe tried to smash Britain in 1940, how the Americans slowly built up their strength in the Pacific, and, in the end drove Japan with British help from the sea and air are all recorded. The decision to drop the Atomic-bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, is also included.

The book does not go into unnecessary details, it grasps the main idea and expresses it, thereby allotting to a long campaign one or two chapters. Matters of importance are not investigated deeply, just put down. This book is extremely good for anyone who is interested in the Second World War.

D. James. III A

Awarded 1st Prize — Junior Section

“Goodbye Mr. Chips” by James Hilton

This is a story about an old man who was once a school-master in a boys' school at Brookfield, and throughout the book he looks back over the past.

Mr. Chips, whose real name was Mr. Chipping, although everybody knew him as Mr. Chips, was devoted to the school and even when he had retired he lived in lodgings just across the road. He would sit in front of the fire with a cup of tea and a detective novel and listen to the school bell sounding dinner, call over, prep, and lights out. Mr. Chips was a shy, good natured, witty, and very studious man. He was tall and wore spectacles. Even as an old man he was fit and healthy and the doctor guaranteed he would die a natural death as he does at the end of the book.

The only fault I found with this book was that at times I found it rather muddling especially at the beginning, but on the whole I thoroughly enjoyed it and found it a pleasant evening's reading.

Jennifer Stanton. II B.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD.

To quote the words of the Duke of Edinburgh in introducing the Award, “This scheme is designed to help both the young and the grown up. It is designed as an introduction to leisure time activities, a challenge to the individual to personal achievement, and as a guide to these people and organization who are concerned about the development of our future citizens.” A boy has to pass four sections in each series, the standard of which is intended to match average ability. The standards should be within the reach of most boys, provided that they make the effort. The sections are Reserve and Public Service Training (First Aid), the Expedition, Pursuit and Fitness. The crux of the scheme is to develop initiative and to help a boy to enjoy a full life by finding new interests. The scheme is in no way a competition. Boys are not competing against other boys, nor is the scheme designed to give rise to competition between schools or

youth organizations. Its purpose is to interest and benefit the boy himself, and through him to benefit the community.

The scheme was introduced into Queen's School during the Summer Term but there was difficulty in obtaining somebody to give first-aid instruction. However, in answer to the Headmaster's appeal on Speech Day Mrs. Sandys from Birgelen very kindly offered to do this for us. Over forty boys entered for the scheme and before the end of the Summer Term ten of these had passed all their fitness tests, whilst a number of them had passed part of this test. On the 1st October a film, “The Way Ahead” was shown to all the Senior Boys of the School. The film, which was introduced by the Chief Education Officer, Brigadier Folkard, showed how the scheme is developing in England.

At the beginning of the Autumn term we experienced some difficulty in obtaining transport, but the boys in the scheme now meet regularly on a Tuesday after school from 4.15 to 5.15 p.m. During this time half of them receive first-aid lectures, whilst the other half are either following their Pursuit, often in the Woodwork Room, or practising or passing various parts of their fitness tests in the Gym. During the Autumn term boys, who already had had considerable camping experience, have been sent out on their expedition. This is a real test of whether a boy can look after himself. In twenty-four hours he has to walk fifteen miles, sleep out and cook his own food. Much of the walk is across country thereby testing in a practical fashion, his ability at mapreading and compass work. After the hike he has to produce any sketch maps asked for, and an account of the journey in the form of a log. For his Pursuit a boy must follow “some creative or purposeful leisure activity” for six months. This gives a boy the widest of choices and so far, as a random sample, boys have chosen, Modelling, Reading, Stamp Collecting, Art, Air-Navigation, Aircraft Recognition and Cycling.

As with so many aspects of B.F.E.S. life our one disappointment is to see boys leaving just as they have passed one or two tests and are becoming really keen. Concern was felt about this at H.Q. and arrangements are now made whereby the Education Authority where the boy is going to England, is notified he is taking part in the scheme and his progress to date. Finally, a special word of thanks must go to all the people, and they are many, who in some way have helped the scheme to get off with

Awarded 1st Prize — Junior Section

“Goodbye Mr. Chips” by James Hilton

This is a story about an old man who was once a school-master in a boys' school at Brookfield, and throughout the book he looks back over the past.

Mr. Chips, whose real name was Mr. Chipping, although everybody knew him as Mr. Chips, was devoted to the school and even when he had retired he lived in lodgings just across the road. He would sit in front of the fire with a cup of tea and a detective novel and listen to the school bell sounding dinner, call over, prep, and lights out. Mr. Chips was a shy, good natured, witty, and very studious man. He was tall and wore spectacles. Even as an old man he was fit and healthy and the doctor guaranteed he would die a natural death as he does at the end of the book.

The only fault I found with this book was that at times I found it rather muddling especially at the beginning, but on the whole I thoroughly enjoyed it and found it a pleasant evening's reading.

Jennifer Stanton. II B.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD.

To quote the words of the Duke of Edinburgh in introducing the Award, “This scheme is designed to help both the young and the grown up. It is designed as an introduction to leisure time activities, a challenge to the individual to personal achievement, and as a guide to these people and organization who are concerned about the development of our future citizens.” A boy has to pass four sections in each series, the standard of which is intended to match average ability. The standards should be within the reach of most boys, provided that they make the effort. The sections are Reserve and Public Service Training (First Aid), the Expedition, Pursuit and Fitness. The crux of the scheme is to develop initiative and to help a boy to enjoy a full life by finding new interests. The scheme is in no way a competition. Boys are not competing against other boys, nor is the scheme designed to give rise to competition between schools or

youth organizations. Its purpose is to interest and benefit the boy himself, and through him to benefit the community.

The scheme was introduced into Queen's School during the Summer Term but there was difficulty in obtaining somebody to give first-aid instruction. However, in answer to the Headmaster's appeal on Speech Day Mrs. Sandys from Birgelen very kindly offered to do this for us. Over forty boys entered for the scheme and before the end of the Summer Term ten of these had passed all their fitness tests, whilst a number of them had passed part of this test. On the 1st October a film, “The Way Ahead” was shown to all the Senior Boys of the School. The film, which was introduced by the Chief Education Officer, Brigadier Folkard, showed how the scheme is developing in England.

At the beginning of the Autumn term we experienced some difficulty in obtaining transport, but the boys in the scheme now meet regularly on a Tuesday after school from 4.15 to 5.15 p.m. During this time half of them receive first-aid lectures, whilst the other half are either following their Pursuit, often in the Woodwork Room, or practising or passing various parts of their fitness tests in the Gym. During the Autumn term boys, who already had had considerable camping experience, have been sent out on their expedition. This is a real test of whether a boy can look after himself. In twenty-four hours he has to walk fifteen miles, sleep out and cook his own food. Much of the walk is across country thereby testing in a practical fashion, his ability at mapreading and compass work. After the hike he has to produce any sketch maps asked for, and an account of the journey in the form of a log. For his Pursuit a boy must follow “some creative or purposeful leisure activity” for six months. This gives a boy the widest of choices and so far, as a random sample, boys have chosen, Modelling, Reading, Stamp Collecting, Art, Air-Navigation, Aircraft Recognition and Cycling.

As with so many aspects of B.F.E.S. life our one disappointment is to see boys leaving just as they have passed one or two tests and are becoming really keen. Concern was felt about this at H.Q. and arrangements are now made whereby the Education Authority where the boy is going to England, is notified he is taking part in the scheme and his progress to date. Finally, a special word of thanks must go to all the people, and they are many, who in some way have helped the scheme to get off with

a good start. Whether it is members of Staff, obtaining permission for a camp site, stores from the Q.M., the Camp Guard Room, our own C.C.F. or the Scout Commissioner, we have at all time received the utmost help and friendly treatment. J.M.

Music.

The lights dimmed, a distantly approaching voice began "Once in royal David's city", and the hushed onlookers turned to watch two files of the choir descend slowly through the theatre, their shirts and blouses a brilliant train of white in the twin spotlights that followed them. More voices were added, then a descant, and finally the packed audience joined in as the files converged on the stage in a climax of light and sound.

Thus began "Christmas Prelude, 1957" in the Garrison Theatre of H.Q. NORTHAG. This was the "Lunch-hour Choir" singing in the first half of the programme, their groups of carols interspersed with the speaking of Christmas verse, admirably selected and produced by Miss Wood.

Among the carols was a group of five written by pupils of the school — unfortunately only two of these youthful composers still remain with us — Gillian Alexander and Peter Halford.

The second part of the concert was given by the "Camp Choir", which performed Sir Arthur Somerville's cantata "Christmas", as a four act pageant.

Of the soloists, mention must be made of Anne Holden who sang with both choirs, and whose rich contralto voice matched the dignity of her acting as a Nun. Peter Williams, a bass, played the large double role of Watchman and Narrator. The pure cathedral treble tones of David Wallace and Christopher Hart were outstanding. It was not only the wide golden wings of Penny Clifton as the Angel Gabriel which shone but the easy clarity of her "high A's". Paula Gibbons portrayed the Blessed Virgin Mary with a sweet tenderness and sincerity.

So that the reality of the scenes should not be disturbed, the choir itself sang its many choruses without conductor, and of course without copies.

Such a production cannot be staged without the help of many. For a start, eighty of the crowd were costumed by their parents.

Two parents especially helped in endless directions, including the making of the angels' garments. Mr. Beaver was a willing and expert manufacturer of everything from crooks to haloes. Mr. Stallwood constructed the manger and other attractive scenery. The Dramatic Societies of both the RAF and Army gave invaluable support with the lighting, and a host of others must be forgiving if space prevents mention of their much appreciated backing.

The cantata itself. — It opened at Advent, sombrely with a dark stage, and the chorus "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord?" sang by the slowly entering crowd, with dim lanterns weaving a glimmering pattern amongst them. The mood of the music and the lighting gradually brightened, until these crowds, waiting at the gates of Jerusalem, demanded, "Watchmen! What of the night." Cheered by the reply that the day was at hand, the throng burst into the final chorus of the act. In a startling flash of light, two angels appeared, leading the amazed singers right off the front of the stage, and through the centre of the audience until they disappeared in a final crescendo of hope.

The annunciation formed most of the Second Act, its simplicity in sight and sound an immediate contrast. Accompanied by a gentle solo treble carol, infant children brought their gifts to Mary. Gabriel appeared a sudden gold and white against a blue Mediterranean sky. Imperceptibly the lights changed until a single glow remained on Mary, alone on the stage, the curtains slowly closing towards her, as in plain song she quietly intoned her "Magnificat".

A brief scene then took place in front of the curtains. A soothing carol was hummed by hidden voices, while from the sides came a procession of choir boys with ruffs and scarlet surplices, holding candles. As they mounted the central steps, a white-clad nun appeared between them, singing a recitature beginning the Nativity Story. Then came a carol, an exchange of question and answer between chorister and nun "Surely this bed was found that night in castle or in hall?"

This inevitably led to a flash-back and curtains opened to show light through the length of the theatre advanced the Three Kings,

Heralding the last act, a trumpet rang out, and in an avenue of light through the length of the theatre advanced the Three Kings, their trumpeter blowing a jubilant fanfare before them. The

Second King cast his censer solemnly about him — the scent of the incense and sight of it curling up through the spotlights to the darkness of the roof, impressed us all with its significance.

Finally, the curtains parted before the waiting Magi to reveal the Holy Family. Throngs of richly coloured citizens and peasants gradually came to the Manger in adoration, until a chorus of 120 singers was gathered there, a setting on which the light focussed and swelled, gilding haloes and angel's wings as the music mounted higher, and then faded from the sky, leaving the silhouetted figures kneeling in prayer at the last quiet Amen.

Writing of this the following week Brigadier Folkard, the Chief Education Officer, said, "the true meaning of Christmas was brought home to us all in a most moving manner".

Last June, Gilbert and Sullivans, "The Pirates of Penzance" was staged in the Theatre by the West Rhine Music Society. Most of the classes in the school learned and liked sections of it, several members of the School Choir and of the staff, took part in it, and large numbers of the pupils attended it.

Next Easter the School Choirs and the West Rhine Music Society are once more joining forces, this time to perform an Easter Oratorio specially composed for them, contrasting and combining the particular needs and effects of both children's and adult voices.

"One third of the school took part in Christmas Prelude," and now although the school number have risen to over 500, one third of it has still volunteered for this Easter project, and has already started work on it.

Combined Cadet Force.

The Queen's School contingent of the Combined Cadet Force has now completed its first year. The contingent started in October 1957 with 39 cadets in the Basis Section.

The Field Days in the Autumn and Spring Terms were spent on the Arsbeck Ranges doing basic training and stalking exercises. For the Summer Term Field Day, cadets left school at 9 a.m. on Friday morning for the Tented Training Site near Arsbeck. They erected their own tents and spent 24 hours on the site. A very heavy thunderstorm in the afternoon caused the night exercise to be cancelled, so that training had to stop at 9.30 p.m.

The Certificate A Part I & II examination was held on 11th July 1957 and was conducted by a visiting board of officers and the following cadets were successful:

Certificate A Part II	Davies, T. C.
Certificate A Part I	Bond, A. H., Cooke, A. C., Dunmore, S. M., Harbord, M. B., Johns, P. M., Moon, M., Powell, S. T., Ray, M. W., Richards, M. G., Wareing, T. J.

The Annual Inspection took place on 18th July 1957. The contingent, who were doing normal training, were inspected by Major A. F. Brocklehurst C.B.D.S.A., the G.O.C., Rhine District.

Twenty-six cadets went for Annual Camp to the All Arms Training Centre at Sennelager and joined the contingents of the three boarding schools for ten days. All facilities of the AATC were made available and activities included demonstration of tanks and rides for all cadets, demonstrations of 17 pdr. Anti-Tank Guns, and of an infantry platoon in the attack firing live rounds, mortar firing and grenade throwing for all cadets, a War dog demonstration, Bren, .303 in. and .22 in. shooting and classification and training included section attacks and two night patrol exercises. Cadets were housed in normal barrack blocks and most voted it an excellent way to spend ten days.

The following promotions were made during the first year:- to Cadet-Sergeant, Davies T. C.; to Cadet Corporal, Hodgins D.M.; to Cadet Lance Corporal, McLuckie, J.D. and Johns P.M.

This September, there were 46 new cadets making the total strength 70, some of the senior cadets having left.

The following cadets sat their Army Basic Test (the old Certificate A Part I examination) and were successful:-

Cooke H., Cooper D.M., Defries S.L., Derrick D.A., Eames N. A., Halford P., Howard M.W.W., McLuckie J.D., McPherson J.K., Parkinson J.R., Soulsby D.R., Steed M.J., Williams W.H.L.

BOYS' SPORTS REPORT 1957-58.

Soon after the beginning of term House Soccer competitions were under way. Gloucester House were strong in both Junior and Senior age groups and at the half way stage of the competition were leading by four points. During this term we enter-

tained Windsor School Hamm to fixtures of Senior Soccer and Intermediate Basketball. With no school support to give the team that extra spur, which is necessary to beat Windsor, they did extremely well to draw the game 2 - 2. The Basketball team was beaten 28 - 16 by a bigger, stronger and more skilful team.

The first half of the Basketball competition was also completed and Gloucester were leaders at the half way stage.

After Christmas the Basketball and Football tournaments were completed and were both won by Gloucester.

We had our usual bleak day for the Inter-House Cross Country Competition and with great effort and determined running by Juniors and Seniors the final result was Edinburgh House as winners.

We lost our return soccer game at Windsor School by 4 - 2. The Windsor Cross Country Team was also too strong for us. They took the first six places. School support for the Home side was at full strength.

During the summer term we had Cricket, Athletics and Swimming Inter-House Competitions. Cornwall won both Cricket and Swimming and Kent the Athletics Cup.

Our Windsor friends stayed with us for a week-end fixture during the Summer and this proved to be quite a successful experimnet and likely to be repeated.

Once again they proved to be better all-round performers at Swimming, Cricket and Athletics.

Once again we owe thanks to the Army and R.A.F. for the use of their facilities and further thanks to W. O. Oak, A.O.T.C., Sgt. Kerry, R.A.F., Sgt. Myatt, R.A.F., Cpl. Irvine, W.R.A.F. for their help and co-operation during the summer term.

Colours were awarded to the following:

Soccer: Taylor, McLuckie
Cricket: McLuckie, Dunmore
Swimming: M. Williams

GIRLS' GAMES.

The standard of all the House Tournaments during 1957-1958 was appreciably higher than in the previous year, and shows that despite the constant change of pupils we are gradually becoming

more skilful at all games. Lack of facilities on hand make it impossible for full practices to be held except on Saturday mornings but it is encouraging to note that now there are usually a large number of enthusiasts who endeavour to appear regularly and from these girls we build up our school teams.

Hockey.

Our matches on Camp are well supported by eager Fathers and other less partial spectators, who nevertheless all join in to proffer valuable advice to the teams at suitable moments. We appreciate this encouragement and have high hopes of gaining victories during the coming season, now that we have regular places on the W.R.A.F. and W.R.A.C. fixture lists. Last year we were unsuccessful from the result point of view, but all our matches against the W.R.A.F., the "Grasshoppers" and Windsor School were both exciting and enjoyable. Once again our strength was in defence and in particular Anne Holden must be mentioned, who captained the team at Left Back, and was at all times a sure and reliable player. The forward-line showed considerable promise and was beginning to develop a greater variety of dodges, though these need to be practised until they can be executed at speed if they are to avoid successfully a good defence.

The House Tournament was played in two rounds again and Cornwall are to be congratulated on winning the cup after winning all their matches, except the one against Kent which was a draw. Kent, the holders, finished in second place, three points behind Cornwall and Edinburgh, and Gloucester finished third, and fourth respectively.

Netball.

The school netball team had a most successful season on the whole, winning six matches and losing three. Several good matches were played against the W.R.A.C. and despite the new rules, which allow for the interception of shots, the scores were high showing a much improved standard of shooting.

Against Windsor School in the Autumn we were unlucky to lose 10-12 and the Under-14 team lost their match 7-8 after quite a good game, though without the seniors' better standard of

shooting. In the Spring Term the netball matches were played in Windsor's vast gym with the whole school surrounding the court. Rather overwhelmed, our juniors were outclassed by a very competent Windsor team, who marked relentlessly and were very speedy in attack. Queen's 1st. VII, playing two reserves, took the court determined to improve the situation and played a fast and business-like game in which they held the lead for some time. It was disappointing that despite all efforts this attack was not quite upheld and the final score was against us, 16-13.

In the Inter-House Tournament, Cornwall and Kent once again tussled for first place, drawing their match in the first round and each winning all the other games. In the second round Cornwall managed to defeat their rivals thus winning the Kent Shield with a lead of three points. Gloucester and Edinburgh tied for third place. The Ladyman Shield was won by Kent Juniors who were a capable and determined team, and lost only one point throughout the two rounds. Edinburgh finished second, Cornwall third and Gloucester, the previous holders, last.

Summer Activities.

The Rounders teams were given good practice by an enthusiastic group of boys and although the match against Windsor was lost by 5,5 rounders to 0,5, lack of hitting in this game was more than made up for in the House Tournament. Cornwall Senior team, who won all their matches, twice scored 12 Rounders and Kent Juniors are also to be congratulated on remaining undefeated. Cornwall completed a successful year by again winning the Tournament, this time with 10 points to Kents 9, Edinburgh finishing third. Next year we hope to see Gloucester fighting to regain a higher placing in all the tournaments.

Less time on the whole was spent at the Swimming Pool and those forms which had only a quick dip were able to fit in visits to the tennis courts as well, and were beginning to make real progress.

Our Summer meeting with Windsor was most enjoyable and the Swimming Gala, held for the first time, was voted most successful feature.

In the Athletics Meeting the girls did well by winning 5 out of 6 first places and 3 second places.

Colours Awarded 1957-1958.

Hockey	Anne Holden Susan Kelly Paula Gibbon Geraldine Thomas
Netball	Geraldine Thomas Madeline Radford Penelope Wood
Swimming	Marianne Larpent Marion Keech
Athletics	Janet Ovendon.

CORNWALL GIRLS' AND BOYS' HOUSE REPORT.

The past year has in some aspects been very successful. The Senior Girls won both the Hockey and Netball Cups, with the Juniors doing their full share. The Senior Boys did not start with a very high standard in football or basketball, and although by the end of the season they had improved considerably, this progress was too late to alter their being placed 3rd and 4th respectively.

During the Spring term the Cross Country was held, and although in the final placing we were last, some good individual efforts were recorded. Training for this event was not popular, but it is hoped that after this defeat, the importance of regular training will be fully realised.

The Summer term was perhaps the best term for the whole House. The Boys won the Cricket Cup, and Prescott and Watt deserve a special mention for their hard work and very successful season.

The Senior Girls won the Rounders with the Juniors in second place. Although we trained hard, our progress on Sports' Day was disappointing, and only third place was obtained. The bright spot in the afternoon's activities, was that one of our members created two new School records. For the second year running we won the Swimming Cup. The outstanding swimmers were Marian Keech, Marianne Larpent, and M. Williams, all of whom were awarded their School colours. As yet there is no inter-House Tennis Tournament, but we were pleased to have five members representing the School in a match against Windsor School.

At the end of last term Miss Hardy left for England on completion of her contract and a small gift was presented to her as a memento.

We extend our belated greetings to Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. Pearce who joined us in the middle of the year. A newcomer is Miss Smith. We hope they will all enjoy being members of the house, and help us rise to even greater heights.

We take this opportunity of thanking the members of our House staff who devote most of their Saturday mornings to coaching and training. If more attention were paid to the Notice Board about these activities we might match some of the staff's records of attendances.

The collection of subscriptions is still a difficult job, and the people who can manage to pay the term's subscription at one time, help considerably. After all, a penny per head per week 'perhaps' — only just covers the cost of refreshments for matches, and practices, plus a free raffle occasionally.

In the Work Competition there has been a great improvement on last year's effort. Now let us go 'from strength to strength' and win the Work Cup by earning a full measure of House points, with no deductions for detentions.

Patricia Yates. James McLuckie.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE BOYS' REPORT

We can look back over the last year with a certain amount of satisfaction, providing always that we remember our mistakes as well. Before reviewing our achievements, however, we must remember our past members who have left. First we would like to thank Mr. Walker, who as Sports Master, is no longer in a House, for all the hard work he put into making our Sports team amongst the best in the School. At the end of the Summer-term we lost many old faces who had been with the House since it was first founded, Peter Eustace, the House Captain, Cooke the Senior Football Captain, Dunthorne and Greenwood, who all made a great contribution to the House while they were here. We hope that the present members of the House will continue to uphold the high standards and traditions which these first leaders

so ably set us. We should also like to extend a warm welcome to Mr. Weatherhead who joined the House in September.

The outstanding event of last year was winning the Wright Soccer Cup. Our congratulation must go to both our Senior and Junior teams, the former winning every match of the season, except one, which they drew, and the latter losing only one match. So far this season we have not done so well. Whilst an Intermediate team has been very successful and our Juniors moderately so, our Seniors have had to fight hard to keep their side up. However, after much practice and training they are playing much better and next term we look forward to them achieving real success.

Our other notable success was winning the George Wright Work Cup, which shows that our members are as interested in the House in school as on the Sports' Field. In Athletics, along with the Girls, we gained second place. After our previous year's failure this was a most encouraging improvement and came as the result of some really hard work in training by some of our members. Congratulations to them all. We also came second in the Cross-Country Competition, just being beaten by Edinburgh, although our Senior Team came in first. In Swimming and Cricket we did not do as well as we should have liked. Finally, we want to see that spirit of keenness and sportsmanship enthusing all our House activities in the future as it has done in the past.

(House Captain)

GLOUCESTER GIRLS' HOUSE REPORT

The academic abilities of Gloucester House are obviously much greater than their athletic ones, because in the past year we succeeded in obtaining the Work Cup, but dismally failed in achieving any of the Sports' Trophies. It is the second time in succession that we have been awarded the Work Cup, and hope we shall complete the hat-trick.

From our sports' results, it is obvious that a great deal more practice is needed, then perhaps we might win something. Our best result was second in Athletics, and we came fourth in four events. I am sure the house will join me in congratulating Janet Ovenden on receiving her school colours for athletics.

We are very glad to welcome Miss Worton to our house and hope she will enjoy being in it. She replaces Miss Knight who left us at the end of last term to be married. At the same time, we also lost our house Captain Christine Parkinson and Vice Captain Anne Morshead. We wish to them and to all those who have left success in their new lives, because although they may not have held a position, they did help to maintain the name 'Gloucester'.

Zoe Goodeve-Docker (Captain).

EDINBURGH BOYS' HOUSE REPORT.

The past year has seen the house more than hold its own in the various competitions. The greatest triumph was the complete annihilation of all opposition in the cross-country. In the junior event the whole team finished within the first fifteen places! We also produced the individual winner in the senior race, M. Moon who shook off all opposition right from the start. This was a very fine performance on his part as he finished two hundred and fifty yards in front of the second.

Although our success in football was not as great as in cross-country it was, if not the best, almost as good, for we came second, drawing with Kent and Gloucester and losing to Cornwall three — nil.

We also came second in the Basketball competition beating Kent and Cornwall, only to lose to Gloucester.

Our losing the cricket cup to Cornwall was due, in the main, to the loss of our wicket keeper, Richards, with a broken thumb. It is significant that after this tragedy we should lose to Cornwall through byes. Despite this we won against Gloucester and Kent.

Our position in athletics was third.

For our swimming (fourth) we have no excuse and must certainly try harder next year. Our position in the Work Cup results was also fourth and this again must be improved upon, as I am sure it will.

Thus the house has not had a bad year, in fact I would consider it above average. There are of course various fields in which we do not excel, and here our only hope is to try harder.

D. Cooper (Captain)

EDINBURGH HOUSE — GIRLS' REPORT

The past year has not been a very successful one for us. Though many members are enthusiastic in Sports and games, more practice is needed.

We were in third position in the Inter-house Hockey competition last season, but we hope to improve this year. So far results are encouraging. Our present Hockey team includes three of the School team, all of whom play with enthusiasm and skill.

In Netball the Juniors reached Second place, while the Seniors drew with Gloucester for third place.

Swimming and Athletic results were also disappointing. In these, our results were third in Athletics and fourth in Swimming.

In the work competition the contribution of every member of the House is important. With a real effort this year we can certainly improve on last year's result.

Last term we were sorry to lose two of our captains. Denise Lawrence has been our House captain and also has been in charge of Senior Rounders. Paula Gibbon was our Swimming Captain and did valuable work with the Senior Hockey team. We should like to offer our good wishes to these girls and to thank them for all their work for the House.

This term the results in work and games are more promising and we hope to be taking the lead in some events by the end of the year.

Betty Cullen (Captain)

KENT BOYS' HOUSE REPORT.

The past year in many ways has been a successful one and our achievements in the realm of sport have proved us once again to be a house of great potential and attainment.

The year started with football and although we were fourth in the competition the games were very close and of a good standard, Kent taking third place in the overall result.

The standard of cross-country running could be much improved. Training sessions were not strongly supported and we should have done better than third place. There was a marked lack of team spirit and enthusiasm.

During the summer cricket, swimming and athletics competitions were held. In cricket the house fared badly but in

swimming and athletics we did well. In swimming the house came second for the second year running.

In athletics Kent once again romped away finishing a good forty points in front of the second house. A special tribute must be paid to Mike Robertson who established a number of school records. He has done so much for the house both in athletics and swimming but he has now unfortunately left.

During the year my predecessor David Goode left us and to him and to all our other house-leavers we should like to extend our good wishes for the future. As to prospects of the house most of our stalwarts remain and we look to a more successful year.

Finally, I should like to place in a word of appreciation for our Housemasters especially Mr. Chignell who has now left the house and to Mr. Francis, who between them have taken a keen interest in all our activities.

R. Taylor (House Captain).

KENT GIRLS' HOUSE REPORT.

The past year has been quite an eventful one, of steady progress in both work and sport.

Our popular House Mistress, Miss Harner left this August, to get married and she was presented with a small parting gift as a token of our good wishes and appreciation. We now extend a warm welcome to Mrs. Joslin and Miss Hudson, new members of Staff who have joined us.

Two House Captains have also left, Susan Kelly and Jill Morgan, and other departures include two of our prominent sportswomen, Geraldine Thomas and Penelope Wood.

Had it not been for our close rivals, Cornwall, achievement in the sporting sphere might have been more impressive. Having run a very close second in Senior Netball, Senior Rounders, Swimming and also second in Hockey we did succeed, with the help of the boys in winning the Athletics Cup.

The Juniors have done very well and are to be congratulated on winning the Netball and the Rounders-Tournaments. It is hoped they will continue in their fine efforts for the House.

In the Work Cup Kent came second.

Although everyone is interested in House activities, with a little more enthusiasm Kent ought to secure a few more First Places in the future.

Janet Welsh (Captain).

HIPPOTAMUS

"The hippopotamus! Ah! It's a big, ugly, useless beast!" You're wrong! There's more to it than that, which I will prove to you.

The hippo is like an undersized elephant, but slightly more flabby fat is present on this sluggish mammal. It has pig-like eyes, with a broadmuzzled head, and when it yawns, it shows with a proud look, large, formidable tusks. The hippo is probably the ugliest mammal in existence. It has a great, lumbering body, with short stocky legs, taking the weight by some miracle. It is, quite surprisingly, an extremely good swimmer, and is expert at diving and submerging. Thus, since it is far from graceful on land, it is obviously at home in a muddy, African river of a reasonable depth. Hippos are also quite comfortable in deep, oozy, mud and they preside in massive herds in the rivers.

The name hippopotamus is derived from 'hippo', Greek for horse, and 'potamus' meaning 'river', thus river-horse. Actually, it is related to the pig.

The hippo is the largest existing land-mammal, after the elephant, in the world. The hippo can measure up to fourteen feet long, and five feet high, weighing up to ten thousand pounds, a truly tremendous weight. The hippo's body is covered by a one-inch hide, its back and sides being hairless, except on the tip of the tail. When a hippo submerges in water, it can close its large nostrils and small ears.

Hippos go about in herds of twenty to forty, and can stay under water for four to five minutes. An interesting and unusual fact about the hippo is that, when it is excited or in pain, its body becomes covered with beads of red sweat, (not blood, as people tend to think.) At night they feed on shrubs and grass. Hippos will travel many miles in search of good pasture-land, and they are nuisances to native villages, for they trample on their crops, and even crash through their huts, when in a hurry.

Natives hunt hippos for their thick, tough hide and their teeth especially, which are a harder ivory than an elephant's tusks. The hippo can be kept reasonably well in captivity.

Fossil remains of the common hippo have been found in the North of England, showing that this species was once wides-

pread. Now they exist mainly in Equatorial Africa. They were once plentiful in Egypt.

There is a pigmy species of hippo, about half as high, and half the length. This weighs up to four hundred pounds approximately, when fully-grown, and is found in Liberia and other regions of the West African coast.

Hippos are likened to huge, partly-submerged rocks or timbers, when resting contentedly by river banks. If they did not have their bright, twinkling eyes, one would hardly recognise them as animals at all. Indeed, it is not surprising that, in ancient times, this beast was looked upon as a semi-fabulous monster, or rather, the "behemoth" of the Bible.

W. Morgan. Form IVG

FINIS
or "The last exam."

The word was "finis", a longed-for word.
We clambered for the door,
Each gasping, harassed and depressed
By what had gone before.
The papers in, and past recall —
The papers that we'll see no more!
"Hooray! hooray!" cry one and all,
Though their results were still in store.
Oh happy day remembered yet —
And one that we shall ne'er forget.
Farewell to Latin, nouns and verbs,
And Virgil's snakes and poisonous herbs,
Victorious Caesar and his men —
Farewell! We'll not meet **you** again!

A. Chartres, Form VI.

HOT CHESTNUTS

There were five of us; I noticed that as soon as I entered. Four were huddled round a meagre fire, which was dying a slow death in a small, sooty, purple-stoned grate. I stood in the doorway



and walked across the room, the sound of my footsteps rising into the stony silence and being quickly engulfed, to join them. There was one chair left, an acid-yellow 'modern' chair that looked out of place. I sat down, drawing my coat tightly round me and stretching my feet out to receive a little warmth from the fire.

One of my neighbours turned to speak with me, a tall, bald man with a bulbous nose, red with cold, and a brown and purple scarf. Just as he opened his mouth, the words were drowned by a thundering express train in the station below. I could not hear a word he said, and looked around for help. He seemed non-

plussed and a little bewildered; the others looked away, fidgeting, as if embarrassed. Then the small, shrivelled woman opposite me spoke, flatly.

"E said, were you for the train to Lewisham?"

"Yes," I stammered, surprised.

"Oh!" said the man who had spoken before, in a very cultured voice. "Because it's going to be three hours late."

"Oh!" said I; and I think I looked rather annoyed and superior — I was thinking hard — for the factory girl with badly-dyed blonde hair, sitting to the left of me, spoke:

"Anyone would think it was our fault!" she said in a peevish voice.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," I mumbled weakly, and blushed in silence.

No-one else spoke. The small woman fished in her pocket and brought out a tin of green cough sweets, and sucked one audibly. A ferrety-looking little man, wearing a cloth cap, began picking his teeth with a twisted bit of wire from his pocket. The tall man who had first spoken to me glanced at me apologetically, then cleared his throat noisily, looked away and fidgeted when he saw I had seen him. I gazed into the few faintly-glowing cinders for what seemed like hours, listening to the biting cold wind whistling outside, and feeling its sly fingers creep beneath the door and touch the back of my neck, my nose, and my fingers.

My companions seemed to be locked away in prisons of silence. After a half-hearted battering they had found it easier and less embarrassing to stay there. They (and I) hardly moved: a slight shiver, a furtive shifting of position, a rustle of newspaper. Someone gave the fire, or its remains, a futile poke, and sat back muttering and rubbing his hands.

Trains came, trains went, whistles blew, guards shouted and waved flags, their hands wrapped in thick hand-knitted woollen gloves. Still we waited, growing colder and more silent every minute. We ceased to wonder in a hurt manner why nobody talked to us.

Suddenly, dramatically, the door banged open. We leapt to our feet, jolted out of our spell. In the doorway stood a little man with a bright red scarf and a cheery expression.

"Come on, ducks, wake up there! Charlie's 'ot chestnuts! do you the world of good! sixpence a bag!"

Around his neck hung a tray with a brightly coloured placard saying "HOT CHESTNUTS." On the tray were many bulging bags, hot to the touch. We walked the few steps towards him happily, eagerly, all chattering at once to each other. Charlie was besieged for over ten minutes, then he said a cheery 'good-bye'. And we drew our chairs closer together, talking nineteen to the dozen, not feeling the cold, and forgetting our peevish boredom.

E. Macaulay, IIIA.

MISERY GUARANTEED!

Camping — I wonder what this word means to you? To me it's the worst word in the O. E. D. Others, of course, disagree. Still, my motto is "Live and let live", and it certainly takes all sorts to make a world! I think camping is ghastly — there's no other word for it! How people who have had to wash in freezing - cold water, at about six-thirty in the morning, in a smelly old cloak-room, can actually enjoy camping, beats me. Still, they do, obviously. Uncivilized ones!

My first experience of camping was in the summer of 1956. We had decided to go down the Moselle, camping, (little did we realize what we were letting ourselves in for.) The first night was fine. We stopped quite early and out came the tent (borrowed). After about half an hour of trying to decide what went where, of hammered thumbs, and rapidly fraying tempers, the "thing" was up. Admittedly it was a bit wrinkled but, when the thing had collapsed on us three times, we weren't worried about that! ! ! That night we went to bed about eighty-thirty, worn out by our struggles with "the monster".

My parents slept in the car. They were warm. My sister and I slept in the tent. We were freezing despite the fact that we had on cardigans and long woollen khaki R. A. F. socks. In the middle of the night it rained. About six-thirty, we were forced to get up. The rest of the camp seemed to have been up for hours. Then we dashed for the wash-place. It smelt awful! However, we survived to tell the tale and started breakfast. After this we thought we would take down the tent. It was saturated! No doubt the self-styled experts have a way to pack wet canvas but I think it is a terrible job.

Mummy also seemed to have spent a hard night. She had slept on the steering-wheel side of the car and had apparently spent the night wrapping and unwrapping herself round the steering wheel.

The next night we spent in a hotel. But the indomitable Price spirit refused to be beaten, and we tried again the night after. Need I say more?

We still refused to give up and the next Whitsun we went for a camping holiday in Holland. This time we borrowed tent and fly-sheet. How people manage with extensions as well I can't think! We could only camp on a slight hummock — not by choice — and one night it was really windy. Six times we stumbled out of bed that night, crawled over each other, and prevented the fly-sheet from blowing away.

This is not, of course, the sum total of my experiences, but I hope I have convinced some of you, at least, never to go camping!! Also, wherever you go, the weather-man is sure to be 'agin' you.

C. C. F.

At school each Thursday afternoon
At fourteen-thirty hours,
The C. C. F. is on parade:
The sergeant stands and glowers;
"Eft 'ight, 'eft 'ight, you motley shower,
I'll 'ave you round the square,
And you there, Mop-Top, at the back,
You're treading on your 'air!"
"Left turn," the drill instructor yells,
And half the squad turns right.
"If I can do it, so can you:
You're young, I'm forty 'ight!"
"My boys, when I first joined the ranks,
They were brutes, they were not fair.
I'm kind to you, my boys, I'm kind,
Now double round that square!!"
Drill finished, the squad, fagged and spent,
Is hoping for a rest —
But no, a happy treat's in store:

A hard map-reading test.
At four o'clock, the school goes home,
But not the C. C. F.
There's weapon training to be done,
Another hour is left.
At five o'clock the squad's dismissed,
They set off at a run,
But all their woes are not yet o'er,
There's homework to be done.
But when you join the C. C. F.
You'll find there's fun in it;
And after each long march, you'll find
At least it keeps you fit.

Peter Halford, VG.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

It was three days before the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa and I was out practising on my modified version of the Guzzi V. 8. I was about half-way round the course and going into a fast right hand bend but the trouble was that I was going too fast. I gave the brakes a gentle squeeze and nothing happened. I clung to the handlebars grimly but I might as well have let go for all the good it did me. I was going so fast that I shot over the ditch which bordered the track and hit one of the many pine trees around the track. The shell of the bike just folded up around me like a lot of paper.

After my non-arrival the mechanics had become worried and had come and found me with a smashed collar-bone, three ribs gone, a broken arm and a number of other more minor injuries. I regained consciousness to find my three mechanics and a doctor standing at my bedside.

At that moment, the doctor gave my friends a few instructions and left. My old friends moved aside and I was able to see three huge mirrors suspended at different angles. At least, two of them were old friends, but there was a new-comer named Mike who had joined the team a few months before. With the mirrors I could see about a hundred yards of the track which included the start and finish and a good view of the pits. I was then told

that the three of them could get the bike mended for the race and that Mike would ride it.

For the next two days I lay in bed watching the pits through the mirrors. Every so often one of my friends would give a thumbs up sign to show that something else was ready for the race. After all the other teams had packed up for the night the lights would still be on in our pit. At last they finished. Mike was right on the last grid as he had not put up any times in practice.

The roar of the engines drowned everything else and down



came the flag. Mike got off to rather a poor start and had to push her quite a way. After all the excitement had died down there was a short period of waiting and the roar of the machines hit us again and four Italian machines, closely followed by Mike, swept past. He had worked up to fifth and was going like a bomb. In the next lap the positions were the same, with Mike slipstreaming the fourth man. With only one lap to go, the leading man dropped out. He was riding the works' V. 8. and Mike was in second place. Then I saw two machines (on one of

which was Mike) come into view on my mirror. Both machines drew ahead but the chequered flag dropped for him. Mike had won his first Grand Prix, and the way he had ridden it looked as though he would win many more and bring success to Britain and our team.
D. Proctor. 4 T-C.

A Dog's Dream

The great forest was lulled in the wind, when a little pit-pat-pit-pat of the paws of a spaniel broke the silence. Parth stopped and sniffed. "Where are those rabbits?" he thought. He trotted on and soon he reached a large rabbit hole. "Oh, good," he thought, and dived in. After a long time the passage ended. Parth looked out but, to his amazement, he saw a little brown man standing on his head!

Parth opened his mouth to bark, but found he couldn't. The little man smiled, "I have cast a spell on you, so you cannot speak until I do." Parth blinked as the little man went on. "Come with me to my house and I will undo the spell that I cast". As he walked along, they met a frog and a cat walking upside down. The little brown man whispered in his ear, "Do not be afraid but swallow this pill and you will be upside down." Parth took it and immediately he felt queer inside and, before he had time to say "Jack Robinson", he was standing on his head. It was quite comfortable.

The little man said, "My name's Famine Gewass."

Parth barked, "What a funny name, but is this your home?"

"Yes," responded Famine. Famine Gewass's house was a mouldy turnip. On the leaf were the words: -

"Please ring before you come in,
Or the dog will bite;
The cat will go white,
And you won't come in, come in."

On the grass windows were printed the words: -

Our windows are green,
They make the house sheen,
We clean them by day:
That makes them so gay.

They rang the bell and a little brown lady answered the door. "Famine, where have you been? Gallivanting, I'll be bound."

Famine went scarlet. "I didn't go with Gostropher Gibson to the "Merry Milkmaid," honestly I didn't "he faltered. His wife gave a snort and went back to the kitchen.

Parth asked, "Have you any dinner?"

Famine grinned, "We don't have dinner in Upside-Down-Land."

Parth paled, "No dinner!"

"But come," Famine added, "we'll find some frogs."

Parth gave him one look and scampered away as fast as he could.

"Stop!" cried the man.

"No, no, no," cried Parth. "I can run without turning upside down, so good-bye!" He panted as he hurried through the forest.

Soon he came to a red apple-house. There he saw a book with a pair of spectacles perched on its nose walking round the house. The book stopped circling and edged towards Parth, "I will cast a spell on you." The spaniel yelped and tore away from the book. The book rushed after the dog and, just as he was going to open his pages and trap Parth, a hard stone fell on his little feet. The book crashed down and so did Parth, since he was so exhausted. Soon he fell asleep.

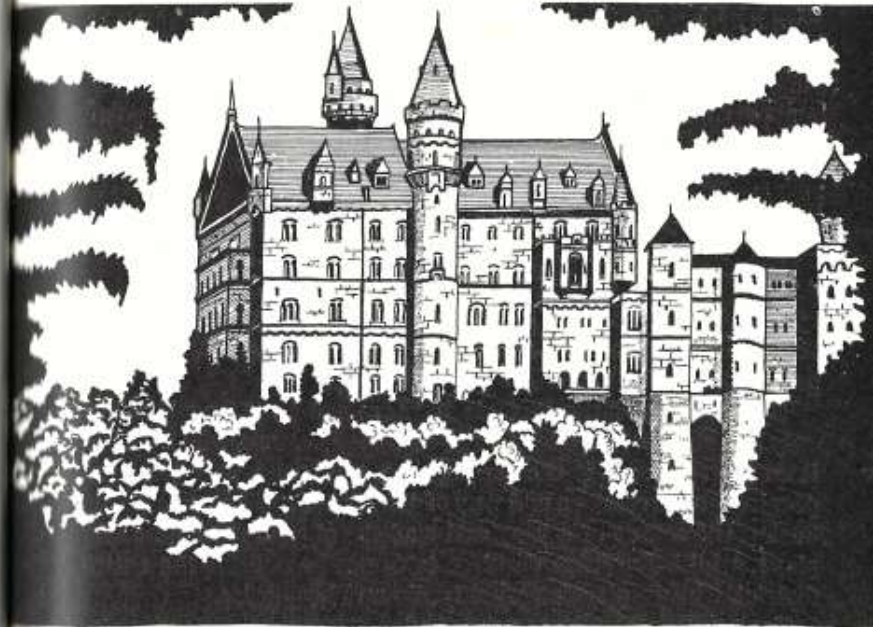
When Parth awoke, his master was peering down at him. "Wake up, boy, we have been looking everywhere for you," he said softly. Parth gave him a loving lick. "I was dreaming," he seemed to say.

Anne Reid, Form GI.

LIMERICK

A wall of death rider named Spike,
Said, "I've got an infallible bike,
But the charms of Fair Lizzie
Are making me dizzy
Now I know what a Sputnik feels like."

Howard Goodwin. 4G.



UPPER BAVARIA

Munich, in the valley of the River Isar, is the gateway to the mountains of Upper Bavaria, and is surrounded by beautiful scenery. It is a city rich in architecture. There are the curiously-shaped domes of the Church of Our Lady, the large Renaissance and Baroque churches, the unique Nymphenburg Castle and the city gates. There are gigantic statues, wonderful gardens and public parks. That is Old Munich; New Munich also has its attractions, such as carnivals and the October festival which lasts a fortnight. It is only a stone's throw from the noise and gaiety of the large city to the quiet and solitude of the mountains.

The mountains tower above picturesque villages nestling at the feet of them. They are magnificent giants covered with pine-trees and crowned with snow and ice. Waterfalls cascade down the sides and form wonderful lakes, on the shores of which are delightful villages, ancient towns, churches, monasteries and castles. It is little wonder that Hitler chose to spend much of his

time at Berchtesgaden! The lakes lie resplendent at the foot of the Alps and water thunders and splashes through gorges and deep ravines as it carves its way through the mountainside.

Upper Bavaria is the land of health resorts and spas. This is an ideal area for restoring one to good health; altitude, bracing climate, freedom from oppressive heat and fresh mountain and woodland air. There is the spa of Reichenhall set amidst the mountains, which is the ideal place for treatment of chest ailments, with its brine baths and decompression chambers. Bad Aibling indulges in mud cures for rheumatics. There are other spas and health resorts in Upper Bavaria all equally well known for their curative devices. In all spas are parks and gardens, promenades, theatres and other amenities.

The motto of Upper Bavaria is, "Live and Let Live." It is not only the beauty of the landscape of Upper Bavaria which makes it so attractive; it is the atmosphere, the customs of the local people, their traditions and way of life. There are many festivals during the course of a year and traditional peasant dances and plays, whilst Bavarian costume is worn throughout the entire district. The people are very friendly and hospitable.

Each village has its own particular attraction, either its picturesque aspect or fresco-painted houses. There is a very ancient pilgrimage centre at Burghausen at the foot of the largest well-preserved castle in Germany. There are beautiful churches and monasteries and specimens of ancient Gothic architecture. There are also other places of interest such as the Glacier Garden on the Alpine Road or the salt-mines at Berchtesgaden, or the castles. All over the mountainsides are dotted pretty alpine chalets, with the cattle, with bells around their necks, grazing in the fields.

This is a beautiful district, and even the Rhineland with its many castles and vineyards, and picturesque towns and villages, cannot compete with the beauty and attractions of Upper Bavaria.

Ann Walker 5G.

My Second Day in Egypt

On the first day of my stay in Egypt I developed Scarlet Fever, so that I had to stay in bed and play with my cousin David. David and his parents were staying with us until they got a house.

As David and I were playing a quiet game of cards, we heard a lot of yelling and shouting outside. Our servant Rashid ran into the room wringing his hands and talking very quickly in Arabic. Mummy told him to stop jabbering and tell her what was happening. He started explaining very slowly, and sometimes he would go off into Arabic.

When he had finished, we found out that the Egyptians were trying to get the English out of the country by breaking into their houses and stealing their belongings.

Afterwards, it occurred to us that they might break into our house. We sat in horrified silence, only broken by the ticking of the clock.

As I was praying that I could think of something to break the silence, David asked Mummy if we should close the shutters and lock the doors. We all said that it was a good idea, so Rashid locked the doors and closed the shutters.

After that, we felt very secure and safe, so I went back to bed and David and I continued our interrupted game.

The shouting outside grew steadily worse, so that we stopped the game and just listened. Suddenly, there was a grinding noise and I saw that a huge boulder was being banged against the door. Egyptians were scrambling through the hole which it made.

The Egyptians were mad with delight as they smashed first one thing and then another. I got out of bed and the four of us leaned against the wall in my bedroom.

When the Egyptians came into my room, one of them picked up my ballet dress that was lying on the chair. This was my most treasured possession, so that I screamed at him and asked for it back, but he just threw a pillow at me and said something in Arabic.

After this, we all retired into the garden and stayed there watching the men hand our belongings out through the windows to the women.

Suddenly, Mummy and Auntie Muriel dashed forward, leaving David and me behind. They sprang at two men, dressed in khaki uniform, and hugged them. When David and I saw that, we thought the men were our fathers, so we too ran forward, shouting "Daddy," but when we came near them, we found out that they were two complete strangers who were, in fact, two of a truck-load of soldiers who had come to rescue us. We were then taken away to safety in an ambulance, with an armed escort.

Anne Smith, Form IIA.

LIMERICK

There was a young man from Kowloon,
Who went for a trip to the moon,
He met Sputnik two,
Who said "How do you do?"
To that silly young man from Kowloon.

Caroline Buchanan 1G.

The Wood at Night

All was quiet in the little vale, and not a thing moved. The gamekeeper, whose cottage was at the end of the wood, had just drawn thick curtains across the windows to keep out the night. What a foolish action! If only he had waited a little longer, what a pleasant sight he would have seen!

The night was dark, and the twinkling stars gave off a friendly light in the sky. The moon had just come out from behind a cloud, and everything shone with a silvery light. The lake was still, and the moon gazed down into its depths and used it as a looking glass. All around dark trees rose, and seemed to touch the sky with their branches.

All of a sudden something moved in the dark shadows at the edge of the wood. One by one graceful, reddish-brown creatures came down to the lake to drink. Deep in the heart of the wood an owl hooted, and the deer lifted their heads to listen. Only after a few minutes did they continue drinking.

How peaceful it all was! How far away from the bustle of everyday life! Where one's problems ran away like water, and one wished to stay for ever among its beauty.

Snap! A twig cracked, and the deer ran back into the woods. The snapping of the twig had been caused by the game-keeper who had come outside with his pipe to gaze on the scene before he went to bed.

Pauline Fisher, Form IIB.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SNAIL

I drew back into my shell as the beat of wings sounded above me. That is the worst of being a snail, one must always be on the alert. It was a fine sunny day. Tired of being at home with my garrulous sisters, I had slipped out when no one was looking. The sun warmed my shell and I felt extremely happy, I even condescended to return Slikery Slug's dismal. "Good mornin' mate."

Suddenly the heavy clump, dump of boots sounded on the path. "Detestible old human," I muttered disdainfully and crawled out of harm's way under a convenient weed. But luck was against me, a gigantic object, used by humans for digging up unfortunate worms, whistled through the air and thrust itself deep in the ground just near me. The next moment the ground beneath me trembled and cracked and I found myself sailing through the air, still sitting on a clod of earth, to land with a

thud in a large barrel. "Disgraceful," I gasped indignantly, "Can't let a fellow alone for a minute." Luckily the barrel had a large rent in its side and I crawled through this and landed on some soft turf beneath. Some-what deflated I continued on my way still muttering indignantly.

Cautiously I approached a dense forest of grass. There was a rustle, the grass parted and an enormous kitten pounced on me. The next five minutes were a night-mare. I was pummelled and buffeted, bullied and tossed. Luckily my shell kept the worst off. But by the time the kitten had tired of me, I felt black and blue all over. "Dearie me," I sighed, "I'm thinking snails lead a very hard life."

I turned away from the forest and dragged my weary self towards the ditch at the edge of the field. "Nice and safe in here," I mumbled, "Think I'll go to sleep," — I must have dozed off, for the next thing I knew, was that something was breathing heavily all over me. Feeling uncomfortably hot, I rolled over and looked up. A vast object stood over me, I think it practically blotted out the sky. I couldn't for the life of me think what it was and I didn't quite like to ask. The thing suddenly lifted its head and a deafening "moo" rent the air. I nearly jumped out of my shell with fright. It was a cow. — That was that! I crawled home as fast as my battered body would let me, and practically fell into my bed. "Never again," I muttered and sank deep into a slumbering, life restoring sleep.

Ilona Linthwaite. III B.

GETTING UP.

I hate getting up on a winters morn,
My bed is so cosy, my room is so warm,
I lower the sheet and put out my feet,
Then remembering it's Sunday, sink back with a yawn.

A PROBLEM.

For homework today the teacher said "Right!
I'll set you a problem, two poems to write".
After trying for hours
Despite all my powers
My page was still blank, so I'll just say, "Goodnight".

Ian Turner, 2c.

MY MONGOOSE.

A mongoose is a furry creature, about eighteen inches long, which serves in tropical countries, in nearly the same way as a watch-dog, but instead of burglars its victims are usually snakes and rats.

Once I had a pet mongoose which I kept in a small run in the back garden. He was very mischievous and used to love roast chicken. One day we went away to spend the day with my Aunt and had to leave "Ricky" as my mongoose was called, at home, so I put "Ricky" in his run and filled his plate with enough food to last him the time we were going to be away. While we were away, however, Ricky had burrowed under the wire fence and when we came back there were only the bones of the chicken which Mother had roasted ready for our return. When we went round to the run, there was Ricky fast asleep in his bed of straw, then looking over to his plate I found that the food I had set him had not been touched.

P. COORE. FORM IHC.

A VISIT TO WUPPERTAL

On Sunday the 28th September I paid a visit to Wuppertal with my Scout group. We left Rheindahlen at nine o'clock, in a luxury coach. We travelled through Moenchen-Gladbach, Neuss and Düsseldorf.

On reaching Wuppertal I was very surprised to see such large girders on either side of the main street, Looking up to see what they were supporting, I saw the over-head railway, for which Wuppertal is famous.

We passed through the town of Wuppertal and made our way to the Zoo. There we had our picnic lunch. After lunch we were divided into small groups with a Scout master in charge. We then began our tour of the Zoo, starting with the wild birds, including eagles and vultures, and passed on to the bear pit and seals. We saw the lion-keeper, with a large piece of meat on a long pole, push it between the bars of the cage. The lion pulled the meat off the pole with his paw and savagely began his tea.

We left the Zoo and made our way back to the coach, where we had our tea, before commencing the homeward journey. On the way home we sang our Scout songs, while our skipper kept us in tune with his guitar.

We arrived home about eight o'clock feeling tired but happy, after spending an enjoyable day.

George Weaving. IIC.

The Highwayman

Across the meadows, across the plain,
That hooded figure came riding again.
With a pair of pistols by his side,
When the lantern light of the coach did show
Through a gap in the trees, and let him know
That time had come for his work to start,
He slowly advanced with a fearless heart.
"Stand and deliver," rang through the night,
The horses shied and shuddered with fright.
Quickly and quietly, he gathered his gains,
And rode away, with a tug at the reins.
Across the meadows, across the plain,
That hooded figure went riding again.
His pockets were full, his work was done.
The reward for his daring had been won.

Jennifer Soulsby. 3A.

CAIRO ADVENTURE

It was late evening when I finally arrived at the H. Q. in Cairo. I said goodbye to my two British companions and followed a dusky-skinned Arab boy, who was to lead me to General Ridley, head of the Intelligence Service in Cairo.

The Arab boy, led me into a room which had been graciously furnished and then retired.

While waiting for the General, I amused myself by looking at several hunting-trophies adorning the walls. I was looking into the vicious face of a stuffed tiger when I heard the rustle of a

grass curtain, which was draped over the door behind me. Turning round, I surveyed the General, walking towards a large magogany desk, with a sheaf of papers in his hands.

He was a stout, florid little man, and walked with a slight limp. His eyes were bright and piercing and he wore a huge grey moustache, with a little beard on his chin.

He appeared indifferent to my presence and it was only when I coughed a little pointedly, that he looked up at me, and spoke.

His voice was low, and yet firm, and he wished me a happy stay in Cairo, and told me that I was to report back to him the following morning, and learn of my duties. He then rang a silver bell, which stood on his desk, and instructed the Arab boy, who had obeyed its summons to take me to my living quarters.

The next day I learned that my duties were to question enemy prisoners and help the General with Foreign Affairs.

During the next few weeks I settled in, and became thoroughly accustomed to the humid heat. I worked a great deal with my friend Paddy O'Hara, and found his straightforward Irish manner very refreshing.

One particularly hot evening, in August, I had just left H. Q., when I encountered an old Arab beggar, in a dark alley-way. He mysteriously beckoned to me, and I rashly followed him into another narrow alley-way. Suddenly from the deep shadows of the road, three Arabs sprang forward. They attacked me with surprising suddenness, and I yelled for help.

In the weird light of the stars, I saw the glint of a dagger as they advanced towards me. It was then that I saw a fourth figure come running into view, shouting loudly in an Irish voice. Yes, it was my old friend Paddy and when the Arabs saw him, his bright red hair standing on end they took to their heels, and ran!

Life in Cairo, was filled with adventure like that, and I loved it.

Joyce Thomson. Form 5 T-C.

PATCHES

The wind was gently teasing the chestnut trees in a large green paddock in the heart of a Welsh valley. Beneath the largest of the trees stood Patches, a small brown and white Shetland

pony, nodding his head gently as the breeze ruffled his thick mane. He was very small and round with short, thick legs which were almost hidden in the long grass. His inquisitive muzzle, large eyes and white star gave him an intelligent, yet docile look. His thick coat of brown and white resembled a jigsaw puzzle made of polished oak and ivory.

He shifted his weight from one foot to the other and turned to gaze across the paddock. By the brook at the far end of the field stood a large black Arab stallion peacefully nibbling at the tender grass on the banks of the clear bubbling stream, his coat shining like polished ebony.

The Shetland pony lifted his head and, wrinkling up his mealy nose, gave a shrill neigh. With neck arched and head high he broke into a smooth gallop, his hooves beating out a tattoo which echoed round the valley.

On reaching the far end of the paddock he came to a standstill beside the large stallion and lowering his head began to relate his day's adventures — how he had been to his first show and won his first rosette. As they stood there he told of the thrills of the show-ring, of enormous horses jumping obstacles as high as themselves, of races, of pony events, of cups, of prizes, but most of all, of course, of his own triumph in the showing class with his master, and the scarlet rosette which a lady had pinned on his bridle.

The sun was slipping silently behind the hills casting a soft orange light into the valley and as the darkness crept in, the dark silhouette of the little Shetland pony stood out against the green hillside.

Margaret Cone. IIA.

WINTER

Winter is coming,
Is drawing nigh
Winter is coming
Say flowers with a sigh.
Red-breast is happy
For he loves the snow
And to watch children playing
With rosy cheeks aglow.

Soon will come Christmas,
Bringing us joy
Snow on the ground,
Every child a toy.

Linda Milne. G3

Leading a Dog's Life.

When, in the morning, I lay dozing peacefully in my basket, I was awakened rudely by the sound of water striking metal with force. Once shocked from my lethargy I realized the dreadful truth. It was my bath day.

My first thought was escape. I crept out of my basket, listened to ensure that no-one would know of my going and crawled to the door farthest from the sound of running water. I opened it silently, this was a trick I had learned from the house cat, and slunk away. But alas! alack! just as I thought I was safe the hue and cry was set up. Even the most hardened criminals make mistakes, and I am neither hardened nor criminal, I had left the door open, thus pointing out the avenue of my departure. Speed, being now my only chance, I leapt over the garden fence and made for safety, unfortunately making a noise as I did so. My master rushed out, vaulted over the fence with ease equal to mine and raced after me. I am sure I could have got away because I had a good start and could run well but then my master called me in a very sharp tone. I was torn between two conflicting desires: one, to run from the terror of the bath and two, to obey my master. Eventually the second overcame the first and



pony, nodding his head gently as the breeze ruffled his thick mane. He was very small and round with short, thick legs which were almost hidden in the long grass. His inquisitive muzzle, large eyes and white star gave him an intelligent, yet docile look. His thick coat of brown and white resembled a jigsaw puzzle made of polished oak and ivory.

He shifted his weight from one foot to the other and turned to gaze across the paddock. By the brook at the far end of the field stood a large black Arab stallion peacefully nibbling at the tender grass on the banks of the clear bubbling stream, his coat shining like polished ebony.

The Shetland pony lifted his head and, wrinkling up his mealy nose, gave a shrill neigh. With neck arched and head high he broke into a smooth gallop, his hooves beating out a tattoo which echoed round the valley.

On reaching the far end of the paddock he came to a standstill beside the large stallion and lowering his head began to relate his day's adventures — how he had been to his first show and won his first rosette. As they stood there he told of the thrills of the show-ring, of enormous horses jumping obstacles as high as themselves, of races, of pony events, of cups, of prizes, but most of all, of course, of his own triumph in the showing class with his master, and the scarlet rosette which a lady had pinned on his bridle.

The sun was slipping silently behind the hills casting a soft orange light into the valley and as the darkness crept in, the dark silhouette of the little Shetland pony stood out against the green hillside.

Margaret Cone. IIA.

WINTER

Winter is coming,
Is drawing nigh
Winter is coming
Say flowers with a sigh.
Red-breast is happy
For he loves the snow
And to watch children playing
With rosy cheeks aglow.

Soon will come Christmas,
Bringing us joy
Snow on the ground,
Every child a toy.

Linda Milne. G3

Leading a Dog's Life.

When, in the morning, I lay dozing peacefully in my basket, I was awakened rudely by the sound of water striking metal with force. Once shocked from my lethargy I realized the dreadful truth. It was my bath day.

My first thought was escape. I crept out of my basket, listened to ensure that no-one would know of my going and crawled to the door farthest from the sound of running water. I opened it silently, this was a trick I had learned from the house cat, and slunk away. But alas! alack! just as I thought I was safe the hue and cry was set up. Even the most hardened criminals make mistakes, and I am neither hardened nor criminal, I had left the door open, thus pointing out the avenue of my departure. Speed, being now my only chance, I leapt over the garden fence and made for safety, unfortunately making a noise as I did so. My master rushed out, vaulted over the fence with ease equal to mine and raced after me. I am sure I could have got away because I had a good start and could run well but then my master called me in a very sharp tone. I was torn between two conflicting desires: one, to run from the terror of the bath and two, to obey my master. Eventually the second overcame the first and



I came to a grinding halt. I turned guiltily, wagged my tail and pawed the ground, in a most hypocritical manner for I felt not in the least ashamed, and was forgiven my sins. I was then led firmly home. When I saw the bath itself I wondered if I had been wise to obey my master. I backed away but was dragged into it. The water was so cold that it made me ache and shiver; so I struggled furiously. The next quarter of an hour was a nightmare, full of soap stinging my eyes and brushes pulling at my fur. I noted with satisfaction, however, that I made the water and soap fly and that my master had extreme difficulty in keeping out of the water himself.

When eventually I was allowed out, both my master and I looked like drowned rats after a thunder storm. I left him mopping up the kitchen and went outside where I had a satisfying roll in the mud to get rid of that pervasive smell of soap.

Veronica Williams. 1 VG.

THE LAST DAY.

Dawdling home through the woods, Tommy wondered again if they, the trees, had ever before been quite so pleased to see him. Surely the beams of hot summer sun beckoned to him through the chinks in the foliage, welcoming him to their secrets within. Even the old gnarled trees, once featureless, were suddenly alive — and friends. **Holidays! Holidays at last!** sang out his heart, and the full glory of the wood joined his song with its own haunting refrain.

The path unwound before him and rolled on to Tommy's own special haunt, the pond. How cool the brown water looked, he thought, peering into its depths. A new, undiscovered world of depth and treetops lay mapped out on the smooth surface, with himself, just a nondescript school boy, with one sock up and inky face, in the middle of it all. How hot the day was, and how cool the pond looked. Idly dropping a stick into the centre of the pond, Tommy watched the flat expressionless face crease and ripple into a thousand smiles. Should he? Why not — after all it was the end of term — just this once? Conscience settled and shoes and socks flung away, Tommy stepped on the mud and trod gingerly into the brown ripples. A wave of exultation filled



him as, cares forgotten, he slashed, slithered and slipped. Now he was an Indian, in a grand chase into a tree and back to the pond, now a cowboy — now a lorry.

At length hunger won, and collecting his scattered belongings, he strode away again, kicking up the dust as he went. The wood seemed to have lost its brightness, beckoning no longer, suddenly silent. But Tommy did not notice the thick silence and lengthening shadows, joy of living conquered all. But only, when the monotonous, flat whistle had died away, only then, did the trees shake their gobbly heads together and sigh to the sinking sun.

Elizabeth Cone. 4G.

Christmas

Sleighbell sounding in the snow,
Coloured candles all aglow,
Christmas tree with tinsel bright,
And baubles make a pretty sight.
Children singing! church bell ringing!
Stockings bulging at the seams,
Holly, lanterns, berries bright,
Christmas pudding as it steams.

Kathryn Ward. 2D.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE IN CEYLON

One of the most exciting experiences I have had was in Ceylon. In November, nineteen fifty-two my mother, father and I set off with some friends, in their car, to the city of Kandy. The journey was long and full of hair-pin bends. It was quite a wonder that the car arrived at Kandy in one piece. The Perahera, largely a religious rite, is a famous procession held only in Ceylon, and it is visited from all over the world. This year the procession was one of the most elaborate.

As we took our place on a window seat of the Queen's Hotel the crowd outside was increasing incessantly. As dusk fell we heard the sounds of the whips cracking against the road. These whips are to drive away any "evil spirits" who might interrupt the procession. The road leads direct to the Temple of the Tooth where the procession ends; the holy shrine of Buddha is also here.

Any side turnings were cut off by sacred tape to prevent the "evil spirits" from joining in. After the whip bearers came the Kandian dancers who danced so quickly and lightly, (their bells tinkling) that their feet hardly touched the ground.

After this the dancers came in threes and between the groups came an elephant with beautifully coloured and jewelled garments. In the midst of all appeared a very big elephant in even brighter colours and lights than the others. This sacred



elephant was not allowed to touch the ground so it was continually walking on a red carpet; natives ran ahead rolling another carpet in front of the animal. The elephant was carrying a large illuminated casket, in which was laid the sacred Buddha's Tooth.

In all there were over two hundred elephants, each with its own special function. At the end a firework display was seen overhead and great banquets were held. The people of Kandy really had a wonderful time. It was a great honour for one to see the Perahera.

John Trevor Lockwood, 2A.

THE SHIPWRECK

I shall never forget the nerve-racking experience, when I was shipwrecked in the middle of the Mediterranean sea, in 1954. We were all coming back home to England, after a hot two years in Malaya. The name of the ship was the "Empire Windrush". It was built in Germany, and was quite an old ship. At six o'clock on a Sunday morning when my mother roused me I found the cabin full of smoke and fumes. We hurried out on deck to my father, who had come from his cabin to see if we were all right.

Meanwhile out on deck my mother rushed back to our cabin to get her dressing gown and my coat, because all we had on were our night clothes. We never thought of our life-belts, as there had been no warning.

People stood on deck watching the dense black smoke pouring from the funnels, and the paint peeling off, with the terrific heat coming from the engine room where the explosion had occurred.

At last people were ordered by megaphone to their life-boat stations and all was very quiet — nobody panicked — everybody behaved calmly. My mother and I got into the second life boat that was lowered for the woman and children, it was a bad moment when we left my father on deck, wondering if he would be saved.

By the time our life-boat reached the water some forty feet below, we could see the smoke from the other ship' funnels, coming to our rescue.

Many women in the life-boat helped to row away from our burning ship. Soon after we were picked up by a Swedish oil tanker.

After some time had elapsed, whilst other people were rescued, we proceeded at full speed to the nearest port of Algiers. There the French people were most kind and gave us food and clothing. Three or four hours later, we were very happy to rejoin my father again. The next morning we were given breakfast, then taken down in special buses to the harbour, where the aircraft carrier "H. M. S. Triumph" was waiting to take us to Gibraltar where we spent one day. From there we were flown to Blackbush Airport London.

Home at last, safe and sound.

A. Harris. 3. C.

The Black Skirt

Tidy the hearthrug, tidy the fire,
Make sure the cow is locked in the byre.
See if the curtains are neatly dropped
Over the windows and doors that are locked.
Pat little "Pussy" who's there fast asleep,
Stack the firewood in a tidy heap.
She puts the key, there under the stone,
And trots off to town, all on her own.
Her hat is on smartly, shoes shining bright,
And thick woolly coat is zipped nice and tight.
Her glasses are clean not covered with dust;
Buy a new coat, she really must.
I'll try Mr. Morrison's first, she thinks.
Ah! how disgusting, they're all blues and pinks,
I want a black one, nice and sedate.
Not one, that glares, like a polished plate.
Ah! here is Jackson's, I'll go in and try,
But no! alas! they're too much to buy.
Hallo, my friend, my dear Mrs. Slack, —
What a nice skirt, oh no! not black!
She runs on to Miles', he has a good shop,
Ooh! there are some skirts, and fringed at the top,
She trots in and asks "How much are they, Sir?"
The price is just right, but they're too big for her.
She reflects, could she alter the size,
But she's not good enough, and regretfully sighs.
So, tired and dismal, she trudges back,
And the skirt she does still lack,
She takes the key from under the stone,
And lets herself into her warm little home.
She lights the fire, hot and cosy,
And sits in the chair as she's feeling dozy.
A few minutes later, she's there, fast asleep,
And of that skirt, she's dreaming deep.

P. Orwin. 4 G



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

The leaning tower of Pisa is called one of the seven wonders of the world and rightly so. It is said to be still moving and when you see it in contrast to buildings that are upright you can see how much it does lean.

Climbing to the top you feel most unsafe and the platforms on which you can go out to view the country-side around have no bars to stop anyone falling. When you reach the top the wind blows so hard that you feel it will lift you right off, but on the very top there is a small rail around. In the centre you can look down and see right to the bottom from where you came. On the way down, the stairs are very steep and it is dark almost all the way. The walls are so narrow and the stairs so winding that you can never walk two abreast.

The experience is some- how quite frightening but is very worth-while.

Valerie Jones. IIB.

A DILAPIDATED HOUSE

The house stood well back from the road, and always gave the appearance of standing on tip-toe to see over the tangled mass of rhododendron bushes and brambles which had crept across the gravel drive and entwined themselves round the wooden fence. The house was very tall, thin, and somehow ugly. It had been painted white, but now it was a strange grey, in places the plaster had fallen away, revealing red bricks.

All the windows, except those that were covered with rather lcp-sided shutters, were broken, and through the holes a dim, dusty, grey interior could be seen. Creepers were making a half-hearted attempt to cover the scarred walls, and the only live things to be seen were the sparrows that ruffled their feathers up and perched among the dusty leaves.

At night the house seemed to be dreaming. The black sightless windows gazed over the once beautiful gardens, perhaps imagining the times when its rooms rang with the sound of laughter, and children played among then ow overgrown bushes. As morning came the house appeared to resume its watch over the road, waiting, perhaps in vain, for someone to struggle up the gravel path, open the peeling door, and bring life into the dusty neglected rooms.

Wenda Rising. 4G.

THESE CHANGING FASHIONS

Every year the Fashions change,
And skirts go higher-lower,
And every year the colours range
From shocking pink to powder blue,
From leafy green to orange
Dior dictates and Paris leads
And London quickly follows,
And soon the World is decked in beads
And bows and frills and flounces,
Or even the trapeze.
Two years ago we all laughed loud
When they said we 'd wear sacks

But now there seem to be a crowd
Of sacks and other shapeless gowns
In all major towns.
Shoes are often changing too,
With buckles gay and T-straps,
But no-one seems to have a clue
Whether toes are round or pointed,
Or three-inch heels still'do'.

P. Denton. 4G.

The Netherlands Open-Air Museum.

There are a large number of Art Galleries and Museums in Western Holland but they do not represent the general basic culture of the Netherlands. The purpose of the Netherlands Open-Air Museum is to exhibit in its 82-acre park a collection of buildings and other objects which give a good idea of the way of life of the ordinary Dutch people. The museum has a realistic atmosphere, which is lacking in other museums, because each building is in its natural surroundings.

A good example of this is a Farmhouse from Staphorst. This Farmhouse, the roof thatched, is over one hundred feet long, and the living quarters are built of brick while the rest is of wood. The working premises of the farmhouse comprise a threshing-floor of hard clay, a sunken stall and two compartments in which the hay was stacked. One can see that the farmhouse is in its natural surroundings because, at the left-hand side of it can be seen a small peat-shed and a hay barn, while to the right is a lean-to in which sand was kept. This sand was used for sprinkling on the pavement in front of the house, and on the floor of the kitchen on a Saturday evening.

One of the most attractive places at the museum is the Zaan village which consists of house which originally stood in the Zaan district of North Holland. These houses were brought to the museum in 1939 and they were set close together on either side of a narrow street. The shoemaker's house now contains an exhibition of needlework and embroidery. Then there is the tobacco shop which sold, besides tobacco and snuff, coffee and tea. On one side are five small connected buildings known as the

'Good Year' house. It was so named, because, when a merchant had a good year he added a wing to his house. The interiors with its blue-tiled kitchen and polished brassware is an example of the cleanliness of Dutch homes.

One of the first buildings, which can be seen on entering the museum, houses the Exhibition of Regional Costumes. Besides the costumes there is a collection of Accessories and Ornaments and documentary pictures.

A Fisherman's cottage is one of the most interesting buildings in the museum. The cottage was originally situated on Marken, an island in the Zuyder Zee. It is a wooden structure with black-tarred walls which have been painted yellow, and blue-washed. On the walls are hung a large number of china plates, photos and ornaments. Smoke from the open fire escapes not through an ordinary chimney, but through a trapdoor in the roof. The interest of the Fisherman's cottage with its personal treasures is an example of the typical home created by the Dutch Fisherman for himself and his family.

At the right-hand side of the entrance is the Limburg District which consists of a Farmstead from South Limburg, a Roadside Shrine, a Limburg Shed and Limburg Archery Butts.

These examples of buildings in the Netherlands Open-Air Museum are only a few of the sixty-one buildings which can be visited. On leaving the Museum one has a clearer picture of the life of ordinary Dutch people than could be achieved by visiting any ordinary Museum in Western Holland.

Mary Wylie. 5G.

The Advantages of Foreign Travel

Foreign travel has many advantages. It broadens one's outlook, it helps one to know and understand the natives of the particular country visited, and it helps one to know a little about the land.

My knowledge of Egypt, before I went there, was very limited indeed. Before arriving, I had a picture conjured up from the Bible, of white, flat-roofed houses, yellow sand, and blue sea, with an occasional palm tree; and people with clean friendly, smiling faces, dressed in what seemed fresh white night-shirts,

and wearing red fezzes. The animals of my imaginings always looked clean, well-fed, and well-cared-for.

Egypt is not really a bit like that. It is certainly not all sand and sea; there is a lot of parched scrub as well.

The animals, especially the cows and donkeys, are neglected and cruelly beaten, usually for no reason at all. The poor little donkeys carry heavy burdens and often cannot be seen under the great loads of sand and sacks.

Women are treated with no respect at all out there. They wear dirty black robes, which cover them from head to foot. The Nomad women, travelling with the sheep and goats wear yashmaks, covered with gold and silver coins called piastres. In this way, they carry all their wordly wealth with them. The women work in the fields, almost like slaves, and often with a taskmaster, complete with whip, standing over them.

The men wear dirty, torn gallabeas. Around their heads are wound yards and yards of material to form turbans. The Egyptians seem to have the idea that clothes keep out the heat, for they wear as many as they possibly can.

An Egyptian is either thin, poverty-stricken and hungry, or fat and "rolling in money", as the saying goes; there are no "in-betweens". The poor Egyptian lives, if he is lucky, in a mud shack without a roof. His wife, he and his many children, together with his sheep, goats, cows and horses, live in one room. On the whole, the poor are far more friendly than their richer brethren.

Horses are the only animals that are really looked after. The Arabs worship their horses and take pride in them, as, indeed, they are justified in doing.

There are many different races in Egypt, apart from the real natives, the Arabs. The most friendly are the Turks and Greeks. A number of these, who are far more Westernised than the Egyptians, worked in our N. A. A. F. I., and a very friendly set of people they were.

Running through the whole of Egypt is a canal, ironically called, the Sweet-water Canal. Into this canal are thrown, dead cats, dogs, camels, and animals of all kinds. It is also used for washing and drinking.

I was glad we went to Egypt, even though I did not really like it while I was there. I think this was probably because I was too

young to appreciate it. I would not really mind going back, I suppose, though I was very glad to come back to England again, even if it were only to see lush green grass once more.

Patricia Lawson. 4 T-C.

LIMERICK

There was a young Man from Malta
Who went on a trip to Gibraltar,
He fell overboard and the passengers roared
At that funny young Man from Malta.

Kathleen Higgins. M 1

The Russian Sector of Berlin

The most exciting trip I experienced during one Christmas was a visit into the Russian sector of Berlin. The English sector and the Russian sector are divided by the Brandenburg Tor.

This was a sad sight. The statue on the top was broken and flying from it was a red flag. We went through.

The other side was so different. It was eerie and empty. No-one walked on the streets. There were few shops — in fact few buildings were standing but in those that were, people peeped from behind torn curtains and watched the progress of our car.

Our first stop was a few streets away from a glassware shop. As only German must be spoken in the shops, and my aunt spoke fluent German she returned to do the shopping. The Russians forbid you to buy the ornaments because they are so cheap, the exchange rate being four East marks to one West mark.

While my aunt was gone we all got out of the car and looked at a pair of identical churches which stood side by side in the road. Although they were damaged by bombs they stood imposingly before us. But all the while we stood we were surrounded by that chilly feeling of being watched. Indeed we could see curtains moving and occasionally we caught sight of a steely pair of eyes coldly and suspiciously watching. As soon as my aunt returned we moved swiftly into the car and drove away.

We drove on and then to our great surprise we came to a street of modern houses and shops. In fact it might have been one of the bigger London streets lifted from England and dropped neatly into Berlin. It was like an oasis in the desert, and, as the oasis is surrounded by sand, so this street was surrounded by demolished houses. Wealth amongst poverty and distress.

Our last port of call was the magnificent Russian memorial. It is situated in a large park. We left the car outside and went in. The first thing we saw was a great statue of Mother Russia. At this statue we turned right and went up a wide flagged path bordered by trees. Into sight came two stone figures. They were on either side of the path and each represented a bare-headed soldier bowed in prayer. When we reached these we stood at the head of the stone staircase and there stretched before us was a sight never to be forgotten.

There were four oblongs of carefully tended grass laid one behind the other. Each of these was fifty yards long and thirty yards wide and beneath each lay the remains of twenty thousand soldiers killed in battle. There below us lay the burial ground of eighty thousand men. There were paths at each side of the grass and spaced along these paths were stone blocks onto which were carved Russian words. We reached the end of the communal graves and reached another stone staircase.

At the head of the staircase was a round stone structure and on the top of this was a stone statue of a Russian soldier viciously crushing a swastika with his swords.

We went up to the round building. A Russian sentry was standing around outside. We went inside this small building which must have been about forty five feet in circumference but it was all beautiful mosaic work, of which I have never seen the like. Photographs were expressly forbidden but father talked to the guard while I took my camera, previously concealed beneath my coat, and quickly photographed the magnificent room which depicted the life of the Russian peasants and people. One of the biggest disappointments I had was when this failed to come out.

Time was getting on and so we turned our back on the Russian memorial and got back into the car. We went out of the Russian zone into the American zone and saw immediately the difference. Once more we were into reality, into life where people are allowed

to express themselves and their opinions freely. After seeing this difference between the Russian zone and then the French, American, English zones one can little wonder that between four and five thousand refugees each month seek freedom from the Russians and so leave everything they possess and turn to a new life in the free Western zone of Germany.

Jennifer Peain. VI.

Oh! That Cat Again.

Joseph was usually a quiet, well-behaved dog, but like many good things there is always a snag. There was a delicate furry, little animal he could not like and that was a black cat called Flossy. "Sweet little cat, that Flossy", his master would say.

The climax came one day when Joseph was having a quick nap. 'Miaow, Miaow, Miaow!' That cat again! Joseph could not stand it any longer. Slowly he raised his head. There it was again. 'Miaow, Miaow, Miaow!' O, that cat.

Slowly Joseph raised his shaggy head. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that ghastly cat sitting on the fence.

With a quick movement Joseph ran to the fence. With a last 'Miaow' Flossy leaped down the other side. Joseph took a long run and cleared the fence with a prodigious leap. When he landed Flossy had a lead of over ten yards.

Flossy ran through two greenhouses over the back gate, through two waterfilled ditches with Joseph on her tail. The chase continued through the ploughed field and along a path into a wood. Flossy's lead began to dwindle, three yards, two yards. A big oak loomed ahead and Flossy took a tired leap for it.

Joseph saw what Flossy was going to do and he took a leap for her. Much to Joseph's surprise and pleasure he managed to grab Flossy's long tail and actually bit it off!

Poor Flossy was left with a short stubby piece of fur for a tail. When Joseph's master found out about the damage to the greenhouse and Flossy's tail he gave Joseph a very good beating. "Poor little innocent cat," he said.

Joseph thought it was worth it for never again did that cat trouble Joseph.

If you ever see a cat with a short stubby tail, don't think the cat is a souvenir from the Isle of Man. More than likely Joseph did not like that cat, either.

Gavin Waite. II A.

EXAMINATIONS

My knees are knocking,
My head is hammering,
My whole body's rocking,
My voice is stammering,
The reason is clear,
So I need only say,
That exams are here
For the whole school today.
Now all is prepared,
We stop all our capers,
We all feel scared,
But who has the papers?
It seems they've been lost,
Or delayed on the way,
But whatever the cost,
We are saved for today.

David Carwardine. III A.

A TRIP TO ZÜRICH

For our holidays this year, we stayed at a village called Eris-kirch on the German shore of the Bodensee. It was about four miles east of Friedrichshafen of Zeppelin fame and had a very beautiful beach.

On the Wednesday we decided to tour a little in the car. We had all been sun-burnt during the two previous days and decided to keep out of the sun as much as possible for a short while.

We set off at about 8.30 in the morning, taking with us a packed lunch which the chef of the hotel at which we were staying had provided. With two Union flags on the radiator divulging our nationality, we passed through Friedrichshafen

and Meersburg and reached Schaffhausen Rhine-falls by about one o'clock.

We took several colour and monotone photos. The scenery was really terrific; the spray rose high in the air, drenching those on the observation platform. For a sum of money, people could make the seemingly foolhardy trip to a small islet in the middle of the boiling surf.

We stopped for lunch just inside Swiss territory and then went on to Zürich itself. We must have entered one of the suburbs for it looked no different to me at any rate, from Mön-chen-Gladbach. It was, as I was to learn later, merely a shopping quarter. Where were all the magnificent buildings, the statues and the lake? We couldn't find them, and after making some purchases, we headed for home.

Luckily for us, a rich old Swiss gentleman spotted that we were lost and led us, in his own car, to the centre of the city. It was a distance of about four kilometres to the river but the old gentleman merely waved his hand as he headed back up-town. Unfortunately, owing to the dense traffic, we could not thank him properly.

I saw at least five fine bridges leading to the other side of the city which is across the river. The buildings which were mostly Gothic were very impressive. There was much rebuilding going on; repairs to statues, fountains and buildings were being made.

At about 6.30 p. m., we reached Konstanz, just inside German territory, and after a wait of about forty-five minutes, travelled on the car-ferry, across to Meersburg on our own side of the Bodensee. We arrived back at Eris-kirch at about eight o'clock in the evening after a very pleasant day. It had been an agreeable break from sun-bathing and swimming and I would have liked to have spent more time in Zürich, which is undoubtedly a very beautiful city.

N. A. Eames. 5 G.

A Fire at Sea

It was on the sailing-ship "Balaska". Night was falling fast as I turned over, hot and restless in my bunk. At last I opened the port hole and a cool wind blew in. Refreshed by this I fell into a deep sleep.

It was the howling, rushing roar of the wind which awoke me an hour later. I lay awake listening to the storm, to the ever increasing wind, to the splash of the angry waves beating against the ship, till I heard the cry, "All hands on deck."

Going on deck I saw men flung into the raging sea from the mast, where they had climbed to shorten the sails. Glancing behind me I perceived a blaze, small but dangerous, from the lower hold. "Fire!" I cried, at the top of my voice. A cry of horror broke from the lips of the captain, "Take to the boats; there are high explosives in that hold."

We rowed away from the doomed ship not a moment too soon. Hardly were we at a safe distance when there arose an awful roar, a splitting and crashing of timbers. The deck was forced upwards, its planks were tossed high into the air and a great pillar of smoke rose exultingly into the sky. Great tongues of flame, red and orange, shot rapidly through the rolling volumes of smoke. Even the rising sun looked pale before that glowing mass which reddened the waters far and wide before it sank beneath them, leaving its debris of burnt and blackened wreckage floating idly on its surface.

The sounds of that night forever linger in my memory; the roaring of the wind; the splashing of the hungry waves, the desperate shouts of the men who were flung into a watery grave by the raging tempest.

After forty-eight hours of misery and cold we were picked up by a passing vessel. A few days later we sighted land and to our intense relief set foot on British soil again.

But still the call of the sea is in my ears. Powell. 5mT.

There once was a man from Berlin
Who grew most terribly thin.
His wife said "I'm certain
You'd squeeze through the curtain
And escape to be free in Antrim.

A man from Hampton Court Maze,
Awoke with a very strange craze;
He wanted to swim,
Midst fishes and tin,
And roar for the rest of his days.

Andrew Martin Parkinson. IV G

Solo-Flight

Two years ago, I was in Wales and my father ran the gliding club there. This club was for boys of thirteen and over. One Saturday I was taking off, when another glider crashed. I climbed out of my seat and went across to the scene. The boy was not badly hurt, but had a broken leg. After this I went to my glider and took off. As the car steadily went, I gradually took off into the air.

When I was far enough up in the air, I released the pulley cord and was all alone in the sky. In a glider you cannot do any fancy stuff as in an aeroplane. I looked down to the ground and saw a beautiful scene which was arranged in all different shapes and patterns.

The record flight of our club was one hour six minutes. This record was broken by myself and another boy. My stay up there was one hour and ten minutes, and my friend, whose name was Ian Thomson, stayed up fifty seconds longer than myself. When I landed there was a stone about as big as my head which caught the glider's nose as it touched the ground. I flew (without the glider) out and broke my wrist on the ground. About a week after we were posted and I have not flown since.

W. Gowland. 4 M.

My Hobby

My hobby is an electric train layout. The board which it is on is eight-foot six inches by three-foot three inches. It has a large circuit round the outside and a small one inside joining the main one by electric points. From the small circuit runs a siding with a bumper on the end. If you insert a light shows on the bumpers. a bumper on the end. If you insert a plug a light shows on the bumpers.

In the middle of the board is a village which consists of five houses, a police station, a church, a water mill and two stations. At night by inserting a few plugs you can light all the buildings up. Another plug lights up the street lamps which are at the sides of the roads. On the roads I have put little toy cars to make it look more realistic.

On the outer track is a level crossing which, when the trains go over it, rings the church bell and the gates on the level crossing go down and block the road. Beside the rails are two electric signals. The big signal has two arms and the little one a pointer which indicates what rail the train has to go on to. If the train is coming along by the signal and its arm indicates the train to stop, the train will automatically stop.

I have two engines. One is a Swiss mountain electric engine, which can be driven by overhead wires or on the rails. The Swiss engine has four coaches, two of them passenger coaches which light up when they are on the rails, a dining car and a mail wagon. All these including the engine are painted in a smart dreen, each with the letters "S.B.B. C.F.F." painted in gold. My other engine is a good steam engine which is painted in a smart black and has a big tender. I have five goods trucks, consisting of a flat wagon, a petrol wagon, a gas wagon, a tipper truck and a covered wagon.

I spend all my spare time on the train, and I'm always having to make improvements and repairs. My hobby is, I think, a very fascinating one.

Peter Bingham, G1.

Simone, la souris

La souris demeure dans un trou, et le chat, qui demeure dans la grande maison, n'est pas l'ami de la souris. Il s'appelle Pierre et la souris s'appelle Simone.

Un jour, Simone joue près de la porte de la maison et attend Pierre. Elle déteste le chat. Deux minutes après, Pierre arrive. Il marche rapidement et Simone est prête. Pierre part. Simone dit à ses cinq amies: — Maintenant, mes amies, nous attendons. Ah! Le chat part! Nous pouvons aller.

Une demi-heure après, les souris sont dans la maison, elles mangent tous les oeufs, le fromage — tout! Le chat arrive! Toutes les souris sont prêtes. Elles se cachent derrière les rideaux. Mais en vain! Le chat sait où sont les souris! Il les attrape; il les met dans une casserole; vingt minutes après, les souris sont prêtes à manger. Le chat a un grand repas. Ah, quel appétit!

Et c'est la fin de la pauvre souris et de ses amies!

J. T. Lockwood, IIA.

THE GERLOS DILEMMA

Our holiday wanderings this year took us to the lakeside resort of Zell-am-See in the Austrian Hinterland.

We had all decided, before the journey had begun that we would not attempt to traverse any of the mountain roads for which this resort was famous.

Leaving Krefeld early in the morning of the 18th August we headed southward, taking the Autobahn all the way. Six o'clock in the evening brought us within a hundred miles of our destination. Mummy by this time had grown more than tired of the mountain view, and the monotony of the Autobahn traffic, and suggested we left the Autobahn and took another road to Zell-am-See. This road, numbered 169, took us first to Ziller.

And thence the beginning of the Gerlos road. This road which, once we began to ascend, grew steeper, rougher, and very narrow indeed. The road became nothing more than a track, and wound tortuously round the sides of the mountains. After an hour of gazing anxiously first at the sheer drop on one side, and the steep mountain face on the other, we came to a small village. This was the first time my father could turn his car round. What should we do, turn back or accept the hazards of another seventy miles.

A villager assured us that the road improved as we approached Zell-am-See. So we carried on. Far from improving the road climbed higher, darkness added to the discomfort and with a little mist added to the bargain, we were frozen into silence as we anxiously watched Daddy negotiating impossible little bridges, and sharp bends which put our car wheels within inches of the road edge, and the long drop.

After three very nervous hours, the track ended as it had begun. We came on to the lovely valley road which ran in to Zell-am-See.

We were happy and relieved it was over, and on arriving at the house in which we were to stay, daddy told the owner of our awful journey. On learning the way we had come, he said, "But that is not a recognised motor road, but only a Goat Track, which only the farmers use". We are all still wondering where the route sign 169 was intended to lead us. Perhaps one day we will learn.

G. Todd (G 2).

The Purple-People Eater.

It was quite early on a Sunday morning about three months ago. I had risen to fetch a glass of water. I heard a noise in the garden and peeping out I saw the bushes at the top, waving madly about. Several thoughts crossed my mind; perhaps it was a cat or a deer, perhaps only a few pheasants. I opened the back door and cautiously crept up the garden. When I was only a few yards away from the bushes, they parted, and there stepped out the strangest creature I have ever seen.

It stood about three feet high on two legs, and had two short arms. Its head had a nose, mouth, and one big eye in the middle of its forehead. From the top of its head, which was covered with pink hair, grew a long horn. I was rooted to the ground; before I could shout, it said, "I am Querkol, a Purple-People-Eater. I am hungry. Can you give me just two Purple-People for my breakfast." I was amazed. I told him that we hadn't any Purple-People in our house for my father was buying a car. But I was sure if he went across to 2nd TAF H.Q. he would find plenty because there were civilians over there with plenty of money, who practically lived on Purple-People. With that he flew off and with a wave of his hands disappeared. I went back to bed. I did not awake again until nine o'clock. Strangely enough the family did not believe my tale.

So if there is anyone at 2nd TAF H.Q. that missed two Purple-People about three months ago from his refrigerator, I wish he would let me know for it would support my story.

Peter Williams. II C.

Bimbo's Escapade.

My hamster (Bimbo is his name)
One night up to my bedroom came;
He ran around so full of glee
And jumped upon the sleeping ME.
I woke up with a startled shout,
That made poor Bimbo scurry out;
He jumped upon my sister's bed,
And 'neath her pillow hid his head.

I picked him up (still in a rage)
And put him in his little cage.
He shook the bars with all his might.
I said "You're going to sleep tonight".
He looked at me with big, sad eyes
(I could have sworn that hamster cries!)
He walked towards his little bed;
With dragging steps and heavy head.
He curled up in a little ball
(I hurried out into the hall)
Around the door I took a peep
To see our hamster fast asleep.

Christopher Hart. II A.

The Narrow Escape. (A true story)

In March 1956 it was our time to say good-bye to Cyprus where we had spent many happy and also tense hours. It was the beginning of the warm season and wild flowers were blooming in the green shrubs along the rocky roadside as we drove in armed convoy from Famagusta to Nicosia.

Upon arriving at Nicosia we had difficulty in finding our hotel where we were to spend what we thought was to be our last night in Cyprus. Eventually we found the hotel which turned out to be a pleasant building with an English proprietor.

We spent the night restlessly, owing to the explosions of bombs in the distance and thinking of our journey ahead of us.

At last daylight came and we could count the hours to our departure. That same evening we were in the taxi and on our way to the Airport. We passed petrols as we crossed the city and there were more bomb explosions, but we were safely through and at the customs in no time.

The families, of which there were four, were the last to arrive, and we were the last family to go through the customs. I could see the Hermes Airliner waiting for us, and the Turks loading the luggage onto the plane.

All at once there was a loud explosion and a lot of shouting and bustle. A bomb had gone off in the plane! The plane burst into flames and the fire engines arrived but could not get near

owing to the heat. In twenty minutes the plane was a burnt-out wreck and I was sad thinking of our luggage which we thought was lost but happy to know we had been spared, as the plane had been delayed an hour.

But we were fortunate. As we were late arriving our luggage had not left the trolley, and we recovered all of it. Sad to say, however, the luggage of sixty people had been destroyed.

We went back to the hotel for one more night, and then at last we were really off on another plane and roaring through the night to Malta, Paris, the English Channel, London — home at last.

Dianne Copestake. II B.

A Visit to Hallein Salt Mine

Arriving in Hallein, which is situated on the German-Austrian borders, we saw the mountains in the distance. The entrance to the salt mine is on top of the mountain which is over 7500 feet high. We ascended the mountain by a cable railway and, arriving at the top, we walked towards the mine entrance.

Before going in, a pair of white trousers, jacket and blue beret were given to us. Each guide who went down the mine had ten people to look after. In his hand the guide held a lamp as there were no lights in the mine. As the passages in the mine were so narrow we had to walk in single file. After walking about two kilometres we reached a notice board on which was a plan that showed the whole mine and that told us how to reach the bottom. The guide told us that we had to go down six long slides and cross a salt lake in a boat. After spending about five minutes at the notice board, we continued our journey until we came to the first of the slides. All ten people had to sit on the slide. The guide took his hand off and we went down into the darkness at a terrific speed, until suddenly we stopped with a jerk.

The guide led us to a museum where we saw all sorts of tools which the miners use, and specimens of rock which contained salt. In a glass case we were shown all sorts of things that can be made from salt. We started off again on another long walk, then the guide pointed out to us a wooden post. On this post were the

crests of Germany and Austria, this spot being the frontier between the two countries.

Proceeding on our journey, we at last arrived at the salt lake. The guide asked us to be seated in the boat and as we went sailing the boatman lifted a bucket of water from the lake and asked us to taste the water. It was very salty. Arriving at the other side of the lake, we continued our journey further down the passages, until we came to the last two slides. Having reached the bottom of the slides, we continued our journey on a bench on wheels for five kilometres downhill and then came out of the mountain into day-light once more.

Keith Gregory. G 3. (IST YEAR)

Passing a Monarch

'Neath the mountain's towering crag
Dwells a fierce but lame old stag.
Once proud, a monarch of the glen,
But now a hermit under the Ben.
His days by now are almost done,
And now his haunts are known to none,
But still he walks with that proud air
With toss of head at startled hare.
Until one morning dark and cold,
The old church bell in the valley toll'd.
On high the stag lay in a heap
Peacefully sleeping his last long sleep.

Hamish Reid. IV G.

A Narrow Escape.

Geoff was called up to do his National Service, and like everyone else was issued with a uniform, and given a number. Ever since that day, he was known as 21431301 Private Brown, G. As he had been a long distance lorry driver in civilian life, he was posted to a transport depot and was employed in driving anything from three-ton trucks to tank transporters.

This certain morning, Geoff, otherwise, Private Brown, was ordered to drive a tank-transporter, to a tank unit, and there to collect a tank, the engine of which needed repairing.

He drove the long heavy lorry out of the transport depot and set off down the road in the direction of his destination. After going up steep hills, through towns full of creeping traffic, and twisting villages with cattle on the road, Geoff reached the unit. He collected the tank, signed the necessary forms, and then started off down the road to his home depot.

It was a fine day, the roads were dry, and Geoff felt no danger of the articulated trailer skidding. Whistling softly to himself with his hands resting lightly on the steering-wheel, he admired the neat green fields, rolling by him at 25 m. p. h.

He suddenly became aware that he was approaching a very steep hill, descending into a busy town. He changed into a lower gear to slow down, and as he reached the brow of the hill, he began to pump his brakes. A couple of seconds later, he realised with horror that the lorry was not slowing down. On the contrary it was gathering speed very rapidly.

He pushed his brake down without any response. Quickly he put his hand on the horn, and kept it there. Speeding down the hill, narrowly missing cars which were scuttling out of the way, rushing past shoppers who were staring at him in horror, his gigantic vehicle came weaving, roaring and plunging down the road. In the centre of the town, he saw a wide turning to the left, and decided to try it. As he reached it, he saw with relief that it ascended a hill. He heaved over the wheel, and turned the corner, the metal plates grinding and the tyres screeching in protest. After a few hundred yards the transporter rolled to a stop, and Geoff slumped over the wheel, weak from nervous strain.

P. Orwin. 4 G. -

PURSUIT

After the film I set out on the two-mile journey home, resigned to the fact that my father had once more forgotten to pick me up in the car. After about two hundred yards a car stopped beside me and the couple in it offered me a lift, explaining that they could not take me all the way, but that they could at least take me

halfway. Thankfully I jumped into the car and very soon we came to the road junction where I had to leave them. I thanked them and set off once more into the night.

I had walked only a short distance when I heard footsteps behind me. I looked over my shoulder and saw the figure of a man in the moonlight. Seen in these circumstances, he looked twice as large as he really was and, alone on the unfriendly road with nearly a mile between myself and home, I admit that I was little frightened.

The footsteps quickened and I stole another glance behind me and saw that the man was very close now. Suddenly he shouted to me "Hey! Stop a minute". Now I was terrified. My walk quickened to a run, I could hear the tap-tap-tap of my shoes on the pavement, echoing very loud and clear in the moonlight. Then I heard him break into a run also and his feet sounded heavier than mine, like the dull beating of drums.

Now I was running for dear life, I raced along beneath the street-lamps and my shadow raced along with me. Sometimes I saw it in front, then we would approach another lamp and it would disappear behind me. I think that in those horrible moments, as I heard his running steps gradually gaining on me, I was more frightened than at any other moment before or since.

He was very near, he had nearly caught me, I could hear his breathing. "Stop!" he kept shouting, "Stop and listen to me, stop!" Then I saw a man walking towards me and I knew that my father was there. Suddenly I felt sharp pain as one heel caught the instep of the other foot and I was falling . . . falling . . . falling . . .

My mother was standing beside the bed when I awoke and she looked relieved when I opened my eyes. "Thank goodness, you're all right." she said. Then "there is a gentleman to see you". She opened my bedroom door and a man walked in. He looked embarrassed as he said "I suppose it was stupid of me to run after you like that but you left your handbag in the car"

Maureen Bryan. 5 G.

The winds

In March the wind blows fierce and strong,
It whines and roars its only song,
Blowing roughly all day long.
In June the wind is but a breeze,
Gently swaying the flowers and leaves,
Whispering, rustling in the trees.
The autumn winds sway the ripe corn,
And leaves of every hue are torn
From trees which are left forlorn.
The winter wind brings snow and hail,
There's none so fearsome as its wail,
Screaming in a freezing gale.

Janet Carwardine NG.

SWITZERLAND

This summer on our way to Spain we passed through Switzerland. It is one of the most beautiful countries I have ever visited. Switzerland is covered with mountains, which are called the Alps. There are many tall fir trees on the mountains and some of the peaks have snow on them all year round. The highest mountain I saw on our trip was Mont Blanc, near the border of France.

The Swiss call their homes chalets and they build them high on the mountain side. Some of them are made of logs and are painted in bright colours. The Swiss farms are very neat and tidy and the animals are kept very clean. They have lots of goats that climb high up the mountains and graze on the grassy slopes. There are many beautiful flowers growing in Switzerland and the people decorate their homes with flowers and plants.

The Swiss speak many languages including French, German, Italian and English. They are very happy and have not had a war in their country for 600 years. The Swiss flag is a white cross on a red background. The Swiss make very good watches and they build cuckoo clocks that look like their chalets. Next year I hope to go back and visit Switzerland again.

Sheila Foggo, G 3. (IST YEAR)

AMSTERDAM

Amsterdam, situated on the Zuyder Zee, is often called 'the Venice of the North', for it is intersected by more canals than Venice itself. They are spanned by 500 bridges which range from narrow-foot to modern road bridges. A popular place for parking cars is along the sides of the canals and an average of 40 cars a year fall in because the owners have forgotten to put their brakes on. There is, however, a car-rescue service which operates at a fee of four pounds a car.

The most pleasurable way to see Amsterdam is by travelling on one of the numerous water-buses which run continuously through the city and harbour. On each one, there is a guide who speaks 4 languages: Dutch, English, French and German.

Along the larger canals there are many houseboats of varying sizes and colours, some looking as if they had been moored in the same place for centuries. The houses lining the sides of the waterways are very old and they all possess a large hook on the front outside above the bedroom windows. This is used for hauling their furniture up to the higher storey, for the staircases are, apparently, so narrow that it would be impossible to carry anything up them.

Facing the harbour is a building which was the most expensive hotel in Amsterdam but is now the cheapest as it is now used as the town prison.

There is also a great deal of Amsterdam which has to be seen on foot. In the central square stands the ornate royal palace, looking down on the hustle and bustle of traffic and people hurrying to and fro; in the middle of it all are the inevitable pigeons scratching the ground and wheedling passersby to stop and buy them some grain.

The Ryjksmuseum is the National Gallery of the city and possesses thousand of paintings and also glassware and historical furniture, housed in small rooms connected to each other by narrow corridors. Their most famous painting, 'The Night Watch' by Rembrandt, covers one wall of a room.

As a contrast, other rooms are hung with small paintings depicting every day life in Holland through the ages.

At sunset everything takes on a softer shape and the canals are streaked with the shadows of trees and bridges. The small

streets are deserted and everyone goes to the centre of the city to the cafes and cinemas to enjoy the evening.

Rosemary Linsdale. 5 G.

The Language of Flowers

Quite a few people are, no doubt, unaware that nearly every plant has a meaning, or even two meanings. Sometimes different flowers mean the same thing, both Rhododendron and Rosebay mean Danger; they may mean one word, for example, Dahlia means 'instability'; or a whole sentence, — a peach means, 'your qualities, like your charms, are unequalled', Gum Cistus, which signifies 'I shall die tomorrow.'

Vegetables, grass and trees have meanings too, for example, cabbage expresses 'profit', and lettuce, 'coldheartedness'. The colour, variety and amount of plants might alter the meaning of the message, for instance, Jasmine signifies 'amiability' but a yellow Jasmine means 'Grace and elegance'; or, one musk rose means 'capricious beauty' but a cluster means 'charming'.

All through the ages, people have used flowers to send messages or convey information. The Ancient Greeks hung laurel outside a house in which there was an ill person. In the eighteenth century, Turkish women used to send long messages by making up bouquets of flowers (one hopes their receiver took the meanings in the right order!). In their language, flowers signified things with which their names rhymed.

Shakespeare introduced this idea into 'Hamlet' as Ophelia, when she is mad, says "There's Rosemary, that for remembrance, and there is pansies, that's for thoughts." and she mentions other flowers, whose meanings are appropriate.

In the nineteenth century, a conventional 'Language of Flowers' was popular in Britain, France and the U.S.A. Dictionaries and other books were published to describe the meanings of flowers. This was a popular way of sending messages to sweet-hearts.

Until the early 20th century, begging tramps and gypsies, who called from house to house to ask for food, money or clothes, used to use flowers to indicate to other tramps or gypsies whether the householder was likely to give charity or not; what

excuse to offer for begging; whether the person could be persuaded, or would grow angry and so on.

In the small book I have, on the meanings of flowers, there are many flowers of which I have never heard, let alone seen, but no doubt, some of them have changed their names now, or are very rare. Of course, in some cases, the whole plant could not be given. Hospitality is the meaning of an oak tree, but one hopes a leaf would be sufficient.

I will just give the meanings of a few of the more common flowers, fruits, or vegetables:

Bluebell - constancy; white clover - think of me; buttercup - ingratitude, childishness; red clover - industry; grass-utility - submission; apple - temptation; daffodil - regard; Daisy - innocence; lavender - distrust; holly - foresight; pear - affection; . . .

We all know the advertiser's advice 'say it with flowers'. Therefore it is worthwhile to give careful thought to the choice of our flowers, lest inadvertently we send the wrong message.

Zoe Goodeve-Docker. Upper 6th.

THE IDEAL GARDEN

I hesitated a moment before the small wooden gate, hidden almost completely by creepers and wild rose bushes.

As I closed the gate behind me, I caught my breath in momentary wonder and delight. I had entered into what I would like to describe as almost paradise. Yes, it was indeed my ideal garden. For innumerable years, only the hand of Nature had tended these flowers which grow in wild confusion, defying all human attempts at law and order. No man had intruded upon this small world of its own for countless years.

Before me lay a winding path, disappearing behind ancient oaks towering majestically against the summer sky. On either side lay thick carpets of purple heather.

Slowly I walked along the path, admiring the beautiful flowers everywhere. On a small rock garden, violets looked shyly towards the sky, and lilies reclined on cushions of soft green moss. There were brilliantly coloured orchids, and so many more exquisite flowers whose names I did not know.

To my right, a little stream meandered aimlessly. I turned off the path to follow the brook, to see whither it led. Carefully I trod in and out of the flowers, when suddenly I entered a small glade, in the midst of which sparkled a small lake. Two swans glided gracefully across the water, without causing even a ripple. Water lilies, too, floated upon its polished surface. On the opposite bank, a dilapidated shelter, once designed for animals, stood beneath a weeping willow. Three deer gazed with fearful, inquisitive eyes at me, and then darted hurriedly into the bushes.

I spent several pleasant hours on a bench nearby, watching the swans and listening to the birds.

On retracing my steps, I once more came to the path which led to the dilapidated bungalow. Behind the ruin, I looked upon what had once been a small kitchen garden. Now it was overgrown with weeds and nettles which had sprung up, covering even the old sundial.

I turned to the left, past the summer house, and across the heather. I wandered beneath the shade of ancient trees until I came upon pillars round which ivy had twined itself and clung relentlessly. I stepped through, to find myself gazing on to a



small but extremely beautiful part of the garden. It had formerly consisted only of roses, but now, even here, the weeds reigned supreme.

It was dark as I made my way towards the little gate once more. The moon rose silently above the trees to begin yet another journey across the skies. On either side of the gate, poplars stood like guards, and the birches shone silver in the light of the moon. I looked round once more. In the moonlight the garden looked untamed and full of mystery. With a sigh I closed the gate; it was the end of my dream.

Elke Connell. Form VI.



The Speedway Track.

1. Down the cinder track they fly,
Roaring as they go.
Metal toe-caps scraping dirt
All the riders on the alert.
Slipping, sliding, spurting, gliding,
Skidding for the tape.
People falling, engines stalling,

Excitement all the way.
Roaring, cheering crowds fearing
That riders won't out-live the day.
At last upon the homeward stretch,
Amidst the winning cheers,
Upon a most exhausted bike the winner then appears.
With skill, will, art and luck
He goes forward to receive the cup.

Haran (IIB).

Assisi.

Assisi is in Umbria in central Italy. It is built on a hill looking out over a wide plain and behind it are several similar villages. There is a hill behind Assisi up which one can go and look down onto the little town built closely together. All of the houses have roofs of the same grey brick. Its streets are very narrow and cobbled. Little shops put their embroidery out in famous Assisi work and sometimes pottery or brass.

Assisi is where St. Francis lived. There is a large church called the Church of St. Francis, which at first sight, from the inside will look bare, but on the ceilings and walls are famous frescoes. Giotto painted twenty-eight scenes from the life of St. Francis on the walls. To the left of the altar, in the sacristy, are several of St. Francis's belongings, which include a pair of his sandals, a hair shirt he wore, and a piece of cloth he put over the Stigmata in his side.

Below the church, in the crypt, is his tomb. The place where he was buried used to be where criminals were buried and it was called Infemal Hill. St. Francis asked to be buried there and by order of the Pope the name of the hill was changed to Paradise Hill. There are three kinds of Franciscan monks called after him, black, grey, and brown. A follower of St. Francis called St. Clair, was buried in a church near by and her body, blackened by age, can still be seen.

Rosamund Allen-Jones. 3 A.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH AND THE SPHINX

We had been told that the most pleasant time to visit Gizeh was in November or December when the weather was at its best, so early one November morning we left Heliopolis and travelled to Cairo, the starting point of our journey.

We thought that Cairo, which is both old and new, was a beautiful city with its fine sights. The new Cairo has many imposing buildings, modern hotels and long, shady avenues along which are cafes, shops and theatres which are similar to those of Paris or Vienna. The old Cairo still has twisting, narrow streets teeming with native life, bazaars, beautiful mosques with tall, slender minarets, and balconied houses with windows covered by carved woodwork screens or metal grilles.

Gizeh was just across the Nile from Cairo and the Pyramids and Sphinx, which lay on the edge of the Sahara Desert, were only eight or nine miles from Cairo itself. Unfortunately we were not able to go into all three Pyramids but we did go into the largest, the Great Pyramid of Cheops, which was one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.

Inside it, the air was rather musty and everything was dark and eerie, the only light coming from the guide's candle. He led the way up some steps and after we had been walking up them for what seemed hours, we eventually arrived at the tomb of Cheops. To our surprise it looked quite ordinary. It was not jewel-encrusted as we had imagined it would be but it was made of a hard material which echoed weirdly when one member of the party struck it.

We left after a while and began the slow descent by candlelight. When we walked out into the broad daylight it was almost like going into a new world. We had our photographs taken whilst on camels and then went to see the Sphinx, a huge figure which is half human and half lion. (It is said to be at least two hundred feet long and the face is fourteen feet wide.) There was once an open-air temple between the gigantic paws but now only the remains are left.

We returned to Cairo and spent several pleasant hours in the Zoo after which we made our way back to Heliopolis, the finishing point of our interesting and unusual outing.

Patricia Syme. Form VI.

My first is in chair but not in stool.
My second 's in lake but not in pool.
My third is in lamp but not in light.
My fourth is in day but not in night.
My fifth is in moat but not in ditch.
My sixth is in scratch but not in itch.
My seventh 's in short but not in mule.
My eighth is in tempest but not in squall.
My ninth is in weapon but not in tool.
My tenth is in horse but not in mule.
My all is a person to do with the school.

A. F. Singleton. 3 A

For answer see back page.

Life in Cambridge

Cambridge is much livelier when the students are about than in the vacation. You can always tell when they are back, because they wander round the town with kettles and saucepans under their arms (they must have cooking utensils in their rooms in case of unexpected visitors). Woolworth's does a great trade with undergraduates at the beginning of term. Within a week all the newest freshmen have joined the old-timers on their daily dash to lectures on their bicycles.

The first great event in the term is Poppy Day. It could very dangerous travelling through the town then, as you would be in danger of a flour-wash or something similar. If you do not give any money, you could not be allowed through the barrier and you would have fish slapped on the windscreen. Each college plans some original device for extracting money from the public, and the prize for the college that has collected the most is a barrel of beer, which is given by one of the Cambridge breweries. Other things which may be seen on Poppy Day are Hieronymus and his son jumping through a burning hoop into the river, can-can girls, cave-men laboriously drawing animals on the University Press, jazz-bands and fashion parades on lorries.

Every year the students put on a show, which is very good. They also hold open-air plays, with college grounds as settings.

All through the year students are getting up to pranks. It was no unusual sight to see gowns flying from the top of colleges. A few weeks ago they tied a bow of pink ribbon on the minute hand of the Guildhall clock. Just before we left a van was hoisted on to the senate house. This news found its way into the national papers.

The May balls are another yearly event. It was great fun looking at the evening dresses as we were on our way to school. (The balls never finished till about eight the following morning.) The students end up by punting down the river, and they have breakfast at one of the inns along the river.

One event, which has nothing to do with the students, is the "swim-through" they have about three-quarters of hute to swim Cambridge. All ages take part, the youngest being about eight, the eldest about 50, and they go through the back of the colleges. When the swimmers emerge at the other end, they are black with dirt.

The most recent event in Cambridge was the filming of "Freshman", the stars of which are Hardy Kruger and Sylvia Sims. One night I waited until 11.30 to see them filming, but I was told that the actual filming would not start till 2.0 the following morning. The poor stars!

These are only a few of the goings on in Cambridge and if you live there, there is always something interesting happening.

Isabel Bonnie. 5 G

Passing Thoughts

Roses red and violets blue,
Geraniums gay, and lilies, too,
All are with the Summer sped
Leaving brown and empty bed.
Leaves of gold and brown and red
Fall and carpet where you tread.
Bonfires crackle, smoke haze blue;
Fireworks dazzle with every hue.
Snow, frost and ice come quickly after,
And soon the sound of festive laughter.
Cosy and warm with the happy throng,
One hopes that Spring will not be long.

Wenda Rising. 4 G.

The Art of the Red Pencil.

To the uninitiated schoolgirl the art of the red pencil must present problems which appear, at first sight, to be insuperable. They leave the anxious pupil puzzled and mystified, hoping that an explanation will follow. It is important to emphasize that the work of the red pencil is not to beautify the page. Its function is rather more specialized — it is an aid to memory, a timely reminder to the forgetful and, above all, a signpost to the truth. As such its usefulness cannot be over emphasized.

A guide to three aspects of its work may be of help to pupils. The first concerns punctuation marks. These include the exclamation mark and question mark and normally follow such words as "Say!", "sort of?", "well!", "okay." In dire cases, the rules of grammar are broken and two exclamation marks may appear together in the margin. These show inexcusable error.

Wide scope is offered under this section concerning Remarks. They may be praising or disparaging, according to the style of work. Opinion may differ on their value as sources of encouragement or deep discouragement. Their range may vary from "You could have done better" to "You could not have done worse".

Under this heading of underlining are included all lines drawn across the page, straight but never ruled. The intensity of feeling under which they are drawn is proportional to the shock received by the reader. It is advisable to increase the number indefinitely rather than to increase the length of line drawn. This creates an impression of greater error and produces shame and remorse in the author.

Linda Yell. VI.

NEWS OF OLD SCHOLARS.

CHRISTINE PARKINSON is working for an English Honours degree at Durham University.

ANNE HOLDEN is now at the Lycée Français, where she is taking a bi-lingual Secretarial Course.

RUTH SPENCER, living in Rutlandshire, is to take up a Secretarial post.

BETTY SMITH is Personal Clerk to the Chief Signals Officer, H. Q.

BRENDA FELDON has taken a clerical post with British Railways.

PAULA GIBBON, now living in Stafford, is doing a Secretarial Course before beginning her Nursing Training.

JOYCE PARRY is a Nursing Cadet at Lister Hospital in Hitchin, Herts.

MARION KEECH is in Chester, SUSAN KELLY in Paisley and ANNE MORSHEAD is in Glamorgan.

DENISE LAWRENCE is at King Alfred School, Plön; CHRISTINE MASSEY is at Grammar School in Blackpool, but is soon moving to Andover.

MARGARET WILLIAMS is at St. Bernard's Convent, Westcliff-on-Sea.

GERALDINE THOMAS and PENNY WOOD have taken Secretarial jobs in Shrewsbury and London, respectively.

JILL MORGAN is to continue commercial studies in England.

HUNT and ROBERTSON are both with the R.A.F. at Halton.

WOOTTON is near Salisbury.

LAKIN is at Broadstairs, GREENWOOD is at Newark.

EUSTACE and GOODE are both at Grammar Schools at Folkestone and Hull; the latter is to study Forestry.

DUNMORE is at boarding-school in Lancaster.

MITCHELL is a weekly boarder in a school in North Ireland.

SAMMES is at boarding-school at Sandwich in Kent and JOHNS has just returned to England to Woolverstone School at Ipswich.

JO-ANNE HUMBLE and her brother ALAN, who left England for Australia in September have now arrived — just in time for their summer holidays!

Other distant travellers. The POWER brothers are now in Mombasa.

MARY SATCHELL is attending Westwood's Grammar School in Gloucestershire.

DUNTHORNE is very pleased to have passed all his 'O' Level subjects and is taking up electrical engineering as a career.

GREEN is at Technical College in Birmingham taking a full "G.C.E." course. He was amused to find our Prefects' tie identical with that of a famous Midlands Rugby team.

DOCHERTY is studying accountancy.

Our list of Old Scholars' news is very far from complete, and we would like to hear from many more of the boys and girls who have been at Queen's.

Answer to Riddle - mepee — HEADMASTER.



School Prefects 1958 *

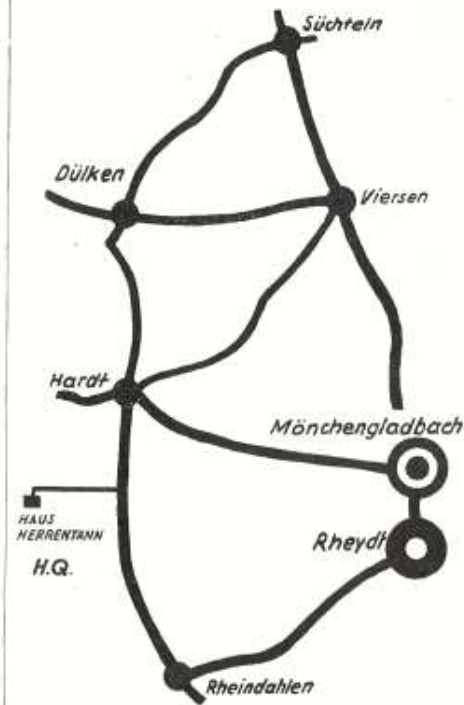
Haus Herrentann

im Hardter Wald

RESTAURANT · CAFÉ

M.Gladbach-Hardt

Ungermannsweg 19 · Tel. 31436



Haus Herrentann provides, besides its well-known Coffee- and Cake specialities, appetising Lunch and Dinner meals.

Haus Herrentann situated in the heart of a beautiful forest, close to the main road between M.Gladbach and Rheindahlen.

Haus Herrentann with its cheerful and friendly atmosphere, keeps a good table combined with courteous and efficient service. Ideal for celebrations of every kind.

Any time of the day or night you can be sure of a welcome. Breakfast, Lunch, Tea or Dinner and even morning Coffee at your disposal!

VERY SPECIAL PRICES FOR BRITISH PERSONNEL

HIRE PURCHASE WITH VERY LOW DOWN PAYMENT

		Basic UK Price ex-factory	Price to you ex-factory
PEUGEOT	'203'	£ 633.	£ 419.
	'403'	£ 796.	£ 555.

The above Right Hand Drive Models include Heater, Screen Washer, Bed conversion seats, Courtesy Lights, Overdrive Top Gear.

ROVER	'60'	£ 899.	£ 770.
	'75'	£ 985.	£ 810.
	'90'	£ 1025.	£ 880.
	'1058'	£ 1085.	£ 950.

All Rover Models fitted with Heater, Screen Washer, Leather Upholstery, Courtesy Lights, at no extra cost.

STANDARD	Ten De Luxe	£ 464. 5.0.	£ 430.
	Companion Estate	£ 509. 5.0.	£ 482.
	Pennant	£ 504. 5.0.	£ 478.
	Ensign	£ 615. 0.0.	£ 560.
	Vanguard	£ 695. 0.0.	£ 580.
	Vanguard Estate	£ 770. 10.0.	£ 705.

The above prices include Heater, Screen Washer, Courtesy Lights.

TRIUMPH	TR3 Soft Top	£ 709.	£ 699.
	TR3 Hard Top	£ 744.	£ 734.

CALL OR WRITE FOR A FULL DEMONSTRATION

Service Agencies Throughout Germany

WALTER HAGEN & CO. GMBH

KREFELD
103, Ostwall
Tel.: Krefeld 281 71

RHEINDAHLEN / HQ
Esso Service Station
Tel.: M.Gladbach 5295



Pictures and Picture framing
good Reproductions
from first class Publishers

R HEYDT
Hauptstraße 22/24

KARL HEIL

Prints, original paintings,
etchings and watercolours.
Pottery and objets d'art.
Picture framing and repairs.

Hindenburgstraße 66
Tel.: M.G. 23494



HEINRICH VENNEN

Sales · Service

M. GLADBACH-HARDT
Tomper Str. 71 · Tel.: 32094

Repairs of all types of cars, both British
and German manufacture.

YOUR RADIO AND ELECTRICAL SHOP

J. SCHUCKMANN

Oakham Way, German Shopping Centre, H. Q. Northag,

Hoover and Goblin models in
stock all German equipment
available
Grundig and Philips stockist
repair service on our own
premises.

Tel.: M.G. 5270



SERVICE STATION
FOR:
MORRIS WOLSELEY
RILEY



ROLF HERTMANNI K.G.

M. GLADBACH

Hohenzollernstraße 361

Tel.: 23257

**B.M.W. AGENTS
AND SECOND HAND CAR
DEALER**



KARMAHN

Ghia

„Would you like to try this wonderful car yourself!“

„We always have a Karmann Ghia Coupé for a test ride at your disposal. When may we collect you? Please ring.“



H. GUSTAV SCHREIBER, RHEYDT

Phone. 4 03 57/58

Friedrich-Ebert-Straße 217/225

SERVICE & SALES

A
U
S
T
I
N

SERVICE & SALES

BENEDIKT ARETZ

RHEINPREUSSEN FILLING STATION

M. GLADBACH-RHEYDT

Vorster Straße 267 · Telefon Nr. 31700

Say it with flowers by your florist

GUDELL

opposite NAAFI-Shop H.Q.

Interflora-Service

Phone 5315

**RENAULT
DAUPHINE**

850 ccm



**RENAULT Service
Dealer**

LAMBERT SCHMITZ

RHEYDT

Markt 5/6

Tel.: 41766 Rheydt

Service Station Bachstraße 121

You may buy with confidence at



HANS RISKES

The special shop for Cameras and all photographic materials.

GERMAN SHOPPING CENTRE

Tel.: M.G. West 5019

Next time ask for (EN) Prints—they are bigger and cheaper.
A fully equipped modern dark room to process your films.

BOOKSELLERS

L. Boltze
BUCHHANDLUNG
M. GLADBACH
gegenüber der Hauptpost

Hindenburgstr. 139 - Tel.: M.G. 22236

We sell all types of German and foreign books, newspapers and Magazines.

YOUR HAIRDRESSER

» FIGARO «

Figaro

ALBERT PENATZER

German Shopping Centre, H. G. Northag, Telephone 5268

Bring the children with you to

The centuries old

MOLZMÜHLE

situated in a pleasantly secluded wooded valley yet only two miles from H.Q. Northag.
- just off the Rickeirath-Wegberg road -

There you can enjoy a first class meal at reasonable cost.

There are private rooms for parties and comfortable accommodation is available for guests.

English spoken

Tel. 284 Wegberg

YOUR LAUNDRY

SCHNELLWÄSCHEREI

FIRST CLASS SERVICE

German Shopping Centre, Marlborough Rd.

Tel. 5333



„Quality pays in the long run.“

LUDWIG SCHRAUT OHG · M. GLADBACH

Tel.: 22222/26222



A journey to the KAUFHOF pays for itself!

KAUFHOF A.G. M. GLADBACH, Hindenburgstr. 125-127