

Elizabeth
Chris
Doug
Bobby
Bobbie
Bobbie

Geo. Wainwright

J. H. Mallett

All the best
in the future
Pat Roberts

Jerry Howard

H. Gibson

Best Wishes
+ Anne
+ Courtney
+ + +



Best wishes for the future
Pat Ward

Best Wishes
for the future
22nd July 1960

All the best
Julian Carter

Best of luck
for the future
Joan
Yearsdale
22-7-60

QUEEN'S COURIER

THE MAGAZINE

OF

QUEEN'S SCHOOL

RHEINDAHLEN HQ.

Good luck and the best
of luck for the future
EE Brock
Queens School
1960

Best Wishes
+ Prom
+ Linda
+ + +

Diana Mince

Best wishes
Patricia
Asely

J. H. Bedford

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 2

JULY 1960



WORK IN PROGRESS - THE G-IN-C INSPECTS THE METALWORK ROOM

EDITORIAL

Speech Day is the culmination of the school year. This year, our Guests of Honour are General Sir Richard and Lady Gale and we count ourselves greatly honoured that they should fly from Paris to spend the day with us. This issue of the magazine must, of course, go to press before Speech Day if we are to keep to our intention of publishing by the end of term, so the main occasion of the year cannot be reported here. It will be fully covered in our Christmas number.

The growth of Queen's, in years and numbers, brings an increasing responsibility with it, not only towards the members of the school but on the part of its members towards the community.

All schools should play a large part in the life of the community which they serve, not only on the strictly educational side but in many other ways. At Queen's, we are in a somewhat unusual position compared with most schools in the United Kingdom but our position offers in some respects more scope for service to the community and at the same time more of a challenge. We are the only secondary school in the area. We form part of an international organisation, a feature reflected by the pupils of various nationalities now attending the school. Our school buildings are increasingly spread over the

area, ranging from the Annexe in the South corner to the new Craft Centre due to open in September in the Beresford Road building at present occupied by the Church Centre and the Education Centre. As the school grows in size it will reach 840 next term — its influence in good and helpful service should make itself more and more widely felt.

To come down to practical ways and means, how can the school best serve? Certain obvious ways present themselves — assistance in preparing for various functions, such as fêtes; through organisations such as the Guides, Scouts and the Junior Red Cross; through the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and its particular concern with service to the community; by raising funds for charities. There must be many other ways and any suggestions would always be welcome. Nor need service necessarily be rendered through a 'group' organisation. The individual can devise ways and means of his or her own.

The more Queen's School can foster the spirit of service within its members, the better it will be as a school. This is not an idle observation, it is a proved fact, and one of which we must never lose sight.

Calendar - Summer Term 1960

April	27	Term starts	
May	23-26	Visit of Youth Employment Officers	7 C.C.F. Inspection — Major-General E. A. Brocklehurst C.B., D.S.O., Deputy Commander
	27	P.R.S. Teams' visit	15 Swimming Gala
	30	Visit of General Sir James and Lady Cassels *FW	20 Speech Day: General Sir Richard Gale, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe
June	4-7	Whitsun and Half-Term holiday	
	13	G.C.E. Examinations start	22 End of Term
July	1	Windsor Schools Teams' visit	Sept. 12 Autumn Term begins
	6	Sports Day	

School Notes

This is a short term — just over twelve weeks — well larded with odd days and half days off for special occasions such as the Royal Wedding, the Queen's Birthday, and the visit of the C-in-C. We have had the usual fulness of G.C.E. and R.S.A. examinations, Grade Periods and, of course, ordinary periods, and throughout the term we seem always to have had some special event on top of us.

We welcomed the Youth Employment Officers in May. There were three of them this year and they spent an extra day at Queen's. The response from pupils and parents was, however, rather disappointing. It is safe to say that there is no boy or girl in the school above the third year who could not benefit from their advice on future employment. To those undecided they are able to offer really expert guidance; to the boy or girl who is 'fairly sure of his or her future' they are often able to give timely hints on methods of entry into a particular career. They have their finger on the labour situation in the United Kingdom. They are, moreover, not, as their title might suggest, rather forbidding and impersonal government officials, but charming people who take a personal interest in all with whom they come into contact.

We have received parties from P.R.S. and Windsor Schools to play matches against us. Results will be found in the Sports Section. It has not been easy to accommodate them. We hope parents will assist us all they can in the future. Those who have kindly given accommodation to our visitors in the past will, I am sure, agree that it has been a pleasant experience. We know that the boarding schools look upon a visit to Queen's as one of the highlights of the term. We shall in the future stagger the visits. Two in one term have proved a little demanding.

On May 19th we were visited by Mr D.W. Ward of the Ministry of Defence, who was accompanied

by the Director and Brigadier Nicholls, the Chief Education Officer.

On May 30th the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Cassels paid us an informal visit. They stayed some three hours, during which time they inspected the school and annexe and took lunch with members of staff in the B.F.E.S. Mess. The C-in-C spoke to the assembled main school.

On June 15th Colonel Affleck-Graves, the new Garrison Commander, visited the Main School and Annexe.

On June 24th Mr Wilson, Her Majesty's Senior Chief Inspector of Schools, visited the school. He was accompanied by our old friends Mr Staton and Mr Hoy.

Since our last issue we have bid farewell to Miss Charters, Mrs Davey and Mrs Norman. Miss Smith left us at Easter to return during the Summer Term as Mrs Brayden. We offer her our congratulations on her marriage. At the end of April — it seems such a long time ago in terms of eventful moments — we welcomed also three new members of staff: Miss Bedford, Mr Duckhouse and Mr Walters. At the end of this term we say farewell to Miss Browning, who has been Senior Mistress since September 1957, Miss Abbott who completes five years at Queen's and Miss Robertson. We wish them all happiness and success in the future and hope that they will take away with them pleasant memories of their stay.

The school premises have been notably smarter this term. The buildings, in common with other large buildings in the Headquarters, received a new external coat of paint in the Spring and we have, in addition, benefited greatly by Mrs Aspinall's attentions to the school gardens. She has spent much time and thought on them and we are extremely grateful.

Annexe Notes

The Summer term is always crowded with events, but when it is also short then it is also hectic. However, the more there is to do, the quicker time passes and this term has certainly gone like lightning.

In the Annexe it has been a term of consolidation. At last our grounds have been vacated by the contractors and the Engineers have sown grass

and cleared the flower-beds. Each form has now taken one of these flower-beds in charge and is exclusively responsible for the lay-out, watering and weeding of it. At times there are more children than flowers in the beds, but once the boys and girls have shaken the soil out of their hair, it is surprising the improvement they have achieved in the gardens.

At the end of last term the school held a concert in which everybody took part. Besides soloists, and the choir, each form contributed its own item. Unfortunately, because of lack of space it was not possible to invite parents. However, the Annexe choir also sang the same evening in the Queen's School Concert in aid of the World Refugees.

Amongst this term's visitors the most important have undoubtedly been the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir James Cassels, and his wife Lady Cassels. They saw a number of forms at work and although they were not able to visit every room we all received the half-day's holiday granted in honour of the visit.

A Wild Flower Competition, which started at the end of the Spring Term and finished on the 1st June, has produced some very good collections. The standard of presentation was very high and the Judges had difficulty in choosing the winner. Lynda

Werendel IB was finally chosen and her collection will be on display on Speech Day.

This has been a very full term for Sport. Besides our own competitions in Rounders and Cricket we competed in the School Sports and Swimming Gala with our own age group counting towards the awards of the House Cups. In swimming it has been very gratifying to see the number of non-swimmers decreasing each week until by the end of term only very few remain. We were again very pleased that four of our boys were selected to play cricket for the school in the Junior team against both Prince Rupert School and Windsor Boys' School.

Finally we should like to wish all the present members of the Annexe good luck next term either in Queen's School or wherever they may go; and assure them that the traditions and high standards they have set will be lived up to by those who follow.

Exercise in Space

Those who follow the cost-of-living index will be resignedly familiar with the gently rising graph. Those who 'follow the market' and have one or two small equity parcels tucked away in their portfolio will have watched, with some satisfaction, the graph of F.T. Ordinary Shares rise steeply over the past two years. But five years at Queen's has seen a growth graph whose persistence and steepness is quite staggering. I refer of course to the numbers of pupils over the years: -

January 1955	52
April	97
September	283
September 1956	394
September 1957	422
September 1958	535
September 1959	712
September 1960	850 (estimated)

The casual observer who sees the elegant Main School Building (now resplendent in a fresh coat of paint) cannot appreciate the spatial struggle that has gone on behind these four fair walls. There was, however, as far back as January 1953, when Queen's School was merely an idea in words and figures, one anonymous prophet who had an inkling of the struggle to come when he added to the draft proposals: 'It is a matter for consideration whether or not the proposed classroom provision is adequate.'

We opened in January 1955 with no building at all. We had the use of two rooms at Cambridge House.

The Queen's School Building was promised for April but not available. We used four rooms at St George's School which were, by a stroke of fortune, ready but not required.

The Queen's School Building having then been inflexibly guaranteed for June was taken over on July 29th 1955 and the school opened in September. The Foundation Headmaster noted at the time that within a year the building would be six rooms too small. By April 1956 this was agreed to be true and plans were put in hand to extend. By Summer 1957 we had two extra rooms built on, two created out of cloakrooms, and a further two created by the simple device of erecting partitions in existing rooms.

Then the 500 bulge came. We moved into part of the Church Centre and had a few lessons at Cambridge House.

Then we were 700. We were due to move all our First Formers into the German Canteen in September 1959, but in fact this could not happen until November. In the interim we carried out further reconnaissance and obtained further facilities in the R.A.F. Amenities Centre, the Royal Signals Education Centre, St. David's School, St. David's School Annexe, the Church Centre (where our continued presence was borne with fortitude), St. Andrew's School and St. George's School. We did have a couple of classes left over but they managed nicely in the gymnasium.

You will now know that we are taking over the whole of the Church Centre and the Instructional Centre — we expect in September 1960, but it is already apparent that our appetite for Lebensraum has by no means yet been satisfied.

Do you know of a really big building, with preferably an elegant facade, room for a flagpole and a few rose-bushes in front, a nice big playing field area near it? You do? H. C.

House Reports

Cornwall House

The past term has not been a successful one for the girls of the house. We came bottom in the

senior netball and third in the hockey. The juniors, after leading the netball table, were finally placed

third. These matches were nevertheless very enjoyable and we hope that we have learnt something from them for next season.

However, the boys were more successful, coming a very close second to Kent in the basketball tournament and also second in the football, M. Williams being awarded his football colours. In the cross-country, congratulations must go to Styles and Butler, who came first and third respectively; in the overall placing Cornwall was third.

The Junior Soccer and Cricket XIs were successful in matches played against St. George's and St. David's Primary Schools; in the Walker Cup competition Cornwall were runners-up in a close finish.

This term, in the only Senior cricket match played so far, Cornwall beat Gloucester, and it is hoped that they will continue in this successful vein.

With the swimming and tennis competitions in front of us, we are practising hard and if we maintain our enthusiasm we should get great enjoyment out of them, and also, we hope, some success in both spheres.

Rosemary Linsdale
M. J. Williams

Edinburgh House

This term sees the commencement of the summer activities. The first Senior Boys cricket match was unfortunately lost to Kent but this, however, was offset by the Intermediates beating Kent in their first match. The Juniors in the Annexe also had a victory in their opening game. The Seniors' result was, in part, affected by the failure of certain team members to turn up. It cannot be stressed too much that those chosen for matches should attend. The rounders practices have been well attended and the games have been played dexterously and with good spirit. We hope that we shall benefit from these practices when the matches start.

There have been several new arrivals this term, including one or two who are shaping well in the house teams. We also welcome Mr. Duckhouse to our ranks. He takes particular interest in our cricket and has been a great help.

Last term Terry Houston left. We were sorry to see him go, for he had been one of the House's most staunch members, playing with distinction in all branches of the boys' sporting activities.

A bright feature of last term was that the girls won the senior and the junior netball shields. The Seniors won all their matches; the Juniors drew on points with Gloucester but won the competition as they had a higher goal average. The hockey team also played well and came second. The following individual honours were gained by Edinburgh members. D. Bickham and T. Houston were awarded football colours, M. Bryan received her hockey colours and A. Overend and P. Pulleyn their netball colours.

By the time this report is read, we hope, jointly to have achieved a more favourable position in the summer sports competitions than we have done in some of the past events. We are looking forward to the swimming and athletics events and if every

house member at the end of the term can look back and honestly say, "I've tried my hardest", then the name of Edinburgh will really mean something, whether it appears on the trophies or not.

Pat Pulleyn
N. Eames

Gloucester House Report

In the last term Gloucester House has gone from strength to strength. The highlight of the term was undoubtedly the Inter-House Cross Country, where Gloucester not only gained the Cup, but also the Standards Cup, winning Junior, Intermediate and Senior team events. The end of the term provided an exciting Basketball Tournament, Gloucester, Kent and Cornwall tying for first place. As a result of a play-off Kent were winners and it is interesting to note that Gloucester were the only team to defeat Kent.

On the girls' side we were unfortunate in losing the services of the house captain, Valerie Gibbons, and Mrs. Davey, but a fine display was put up when we won the Inter-House Hockey Cup. Most of the credit for this achievement must go to Judy Forsythe, who was also awarded her School Colours and has unfortunately left us for Windsor Girls' School Hamm. The Hockey Tournament was followed by a very closely fought Netball Tournament in which we were placed second, a position which we hope to improve upon next year.

This term we hope for more success, as we have two members of our Tennis team representing the school. We are also very well placed in the Cricket Tournament and have the majority of last year's Athletic Team still with us. This has been a good year for Gloucester and we hope that everyone in the House will do as much as possible to retain the Cups which we have won.

Sally Joslin
Fred Abbott

Kent House

At the beginning of this term we were very pleased to welcome Miss Goodburn as our new House Mistress. Miss Charters, our former House Mistress, left recently and we would like to thank her for all the help she gave Kent Girls during her stay at Queen's School.

Last term Kent were heavily defeated in the hockey matches and we did not manage to win either the senior or the junior netball in the House competitions. However, we have had many practices during the extended lunch-hours this term and we have hopes of securing at least one trophy.

As several members of the House were not very interested in sport, it was decided to try and hold some kind of competition which everyone would be able to enter. A flower-arranging competition was proposed and although many people seemed interested, on the actual day of the competition there were few entries.

Mrs. Aspinall very kindly came and judged the competition, bringing with her a lovely book, "The Royal Wedding", for the winner. Olivia Brain won the first prize and Patricia Blott was runner-up.

Although there has been a definite improvement recently, it is due to the same few people who support all the House activities. If Kent is to become the leading house it must have the support of all its members.

In the last issue of the magazine we looked forward with high hopes to the basketball competition and after a keen struggle with Cornwall in the deciding match we came out on top. Unfortunately our Cross-country runners did not do so well and we finished last. There was the consolation that we provided the Intermediate winner, Tempest.

The summer term saw the beginning of the cricket competition, and up to the time of printing the Senior side had played well, beating Cornwall

and Edinburgh easily, and the Intermediate and Junior teams have both won and lost one game each. On recent form Kent stands a good chance of winning the Cricket cup.

Looking ahead there does not seem to be a great amount of athletic and swimming talent and the short term has prevented much preparation, but with the support of the girls we hope to give a good account of ourselves.

Finally, on behalf of the House I should like to thank the members of the House Staff, particularly Mr. Francis our Housemaster, for spending so much of their free time coaching the teams.

Janet Welsh
B. J. Grimshaw

Clubs and Societies

Photographic Club

It became possible this term to start a photographic club. Part of the new P. E. store was partitioned off and after some adjustment to the normal lighting arrangements a satisfactory darkroom has emerged. It is hoped that more members will use the room at times other than club nights, especially for working on entries for the „Out and About“ competition which is running this term.

Everybody who came along enjoyed Dicker's colour slides, showing his trip to Southern France, and he has kindly offered to bring his slides and projector along for another evening.

You will on occasions see displays of photographs on the club notice-board, copies of which will be available at a small charge. The proceeds of these sales will go towards the cost of materials and to purchase equipment. So, if you see a photograph of yourself, do buy a copy. G. B.

Drama Club

During the Spring Term it was decided that two drama groups — a senior and a junior — should be formed, to meet on Tuesdays and Thursdays respectively. At first, all dramatic activity was limited to miming and the acting of impromptu scenes — all on closed circuit, as it were.

It was then decided to launch a short programme to commemorate Shakespeare's birthday (St. George's Day). As the kindest thing to be said of the school stage is that it is higher than the rest of the hall, a great deal of co-operation was needed from others — members of staff and their assistants (not forgetting Mr. Johnson, the caretaker) — before a suitable curtain-set could be erected. Meanwhile the drama groups were experiencing the usual series of crises, far more dramatic than any play, and the final blow came when for personal reasons the producer had to postpone all meetings indefinitely.

Nevertheless, although Shakespeare's birthday was receding into the dim past, the groups were able to re-form, and in conjunction with Mr. Wainwright's choral and recorder groups, to present a programme of verse, play-extracts and music to an audience of pupils on the day before half-term.

At the time of writing, rehearsals are in progress for a short end-of-term programme comprising a one-act play and an extract from A.A. Milne's *Toad of Toad Hall*. S. B.

Jazz Club

Eddie Condon, a personality well known to the jazz fraternity, once said: „Jazz is as much an art-form as canning peas“. He said this in reply to the somewhat irksome questions put to him by a type of individual encountered very frequently in the jazz world — the kind who over-romanticizes the music, thrives on its legendary details and who appears to be trying to give respectability to a form of expression that does not really need it. It takes people like Humphrey Lyttleton and Gerald Lascelles, who speak and write intelligibly on the subject, to put things in their true perspective. Their approach, which it is hoped will be shared by Club Members, is that jazz is a healthy and vigorous expression of the spirit in terms of music and, since it allows freedom for improvisation, is unquestionably an art-form, though a very young one.

The aim of the Jazz Club, which was first formed in April of this year, is to attempt to promote and encourage an intelligent approach to the music and, in particular, to enable members to distinguish between the trashy (ninety-nine per cent of „pop“ music) and the worth while and lasting in „unserious“ music.

With this end in view series of illustrated talks was given over the past term. The first was in the form of a cross-section of jazz, with illustrations from records of the various styles to be heard, such as New Orleans, Chicago, Harlem, Mainstream and Modern and some idea of the personalities abounding in jazz. Other recitals included a selection of personal favourites given by Geraldine Stall and a very interesting account of recent modern jazz trends by Ken Henson, one of our American pupils.

Attendance has been affected by competition with outdoor activities during the summer weather, but it is hoped that a good, healthy membership will be built up during the winter months. After all, that is the best time to huddle round a nice, warm

hi-fi-er and argue the relative merits of Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke. (If you found yourself saying: "Who is Bix Beiderbecke?" — join the Club and find out). R. S.

Recorder Club

At the beginning of the Summer Term only three members turned up regularly for the Recorder Club. One week, however, it was decided that two members should play the hymns each morning at assembly. By the Thursday of the first week the attraction was too great: the Club enrolled four new members on Thursday evening. When we went on the stage the next morning there were six of us, five girls and one boy. The people at the back of the hall said that they could hear us much better, whereas before they could hardly hear us at all.

Later in the term, the Drama Group gave a little play before the school. The Recorder Club was asked if it could possibly set the scene by playing a piece of music. The piece chosen was called „Greensleeves“. Unfortunately we were only given a week's notice, so the Club had to work overtime to get it finished. The descant recorders played one tune, while the two trebles played the original tune. At the last moment we decided we had not enough trebles and, to our surprise, Mr. Wilcockson said he would help us out by playing a treble recorder, as he had played one before. When we finally went out on to the stage with Mr. Wilcockson, much to the amusement of the audience, we had three trebles and four descants. The piece itself went fairly well, and Mr. Wainwright accompanied us on the piano.

The members of the Club would like to thank Mr. Wainwright for putting in a lot of hard work this term making it possible for us to play on the stage in assembly and at the concert. We hope he will be able to teach us more next term as well.

We also hope we will recruit more new members next term, as our present number is only seven. As we have found out during the last two terms, there is a lot of fun to be obtained from playing the recorder.

D. A. Letts. 3A

Camera Club (Annexe)

The Club this term has been confining its activities mainly to correct usage and operation of the camera and to the careful selection of view-points for photographs.

One of the member's prints were projected and criticised, faults being pointed out, so that camera technique should improve.

A certain amount of processing has been done, but lack of blackout has held up printing sessions.

Members are hoping to produce some good photographs of the major end-of-term events, as well as winning the competition for the best photograph of the Annexe.

Gymnastic Club (Annexe)

The Annexe Gymnastic Club again functioned with an average attendance of 25 boys. Activities were conducted outside, weather permitting, and

the highlight consisted of tests leading to the award of Gymnastic badges. These were awarded for all-round ability involving agilities on the mat, and a series of vaults on both the long and cross boxes. The following boys were successful in attaining badges: Norman Anderson, Philip Bailey, Peter Blott, Stanley Finlayson, Philip Groundsell, Geoffrey Neck, Michael Harries, and John Welsh.

The Chess Club (Annexe)

Who are these pupils,

Who each Thursday night

Eagerly plan and prepare for a fight?

Who boast of "my King" or "my Queen"
or "my Pawn",

Who idly treat rival bishops with scorn?

Who actually try the Maths Master to please,

Who openly smile when he beats them with ease.

A secret society?

Does it need a large sub.?

NO! It's our Mr. Buddery and his Annexe

Chess Club.

French Club (Annexe)

The French Club has been continuing its activities this term and its members appear to be less at sea with their new subject. It is to be hoped that they will make a determined attempt in the forthcoming examinations.

Sports Club (Annexe)

This term we have been able to vary our activities more than during the Spring term, but the favourite games have been cricket and soft-ball. Each Thursday five or six members of the club have gone to Queen's School for cricket practice. Sometimes we have practised Athletics, especially sprinting and long jump. On other Thursdays we have played cricket or soft-ball. A number of „wild swipers“ are beginning to learn the gentle art of playing a straight bat, as are our bowlers beginning to put accuracy before speed.

Craft Club (Annexe)

The club resumed its activities after the Easter recess with nearly all previous members present. Some new members have been enrolled and everyone has displayed a keen interest, including the girls.

Most of last term's projects having been completed, the girls are now progressing with the making of book-racks; although finding some of the processes difficult, they have achieved a great deal in such a short period.

It is hoped that the club activities have succeeded in providing a real sense of achievement and a lasting interest in hand-made articles.

Indoor Games Club (Annexe)

A small club with a limited membership has been started this term and meets in Queen's School. The main games have been draughts, dominoes and similar games, which have been thoroughly enjoyed by the members.

Music Club (Annexe)

Although the choir is not preparing for a concert, its members meet twice a week in order to practise descants and other music for assembly. The Re-

order Group also continues to practise regularly. The members of the Gramophone Club now quite often bring their own records and Ballet music seems to have been the most popular this term.

Sports

Visit of Prince Rupert School

An air of anticipation was very evident on Friday May 27th. It was the day on which P.R.S. were to arrive for their second visit to Queen's. They arrived at 5.30 p.m. and were met by their hosts and hostesses who took them to their respective homes. We are very grateful to those parents who, by offering accommodation, made the whole visit possible.

On the Saturday morning at 9.30 a.m. the tennis matches were played. The weather was warm and sunny with little wind — perfect for tennis, and this was reflected in the high standard of play throughout the morning. The result was a narrow defeat for Queen's by 5 sets to 4.

Whilst the tennis matches were being played, the under-15 rounders match took place. This proved to be an exciting match. After the first innings P.R.S. were leading by $\frac{1}{2}$ a rounder to O. In their second innings they brought their score up to 1. Queen's still hadn't scored a rounder and there was only one girl left to bat — Marion Graham the captain of the team. On the second ball she managed to hit a rounder to make the score 1—1. This was the final result.

The Junior cricket match was well won by the stronger P.R.S. team, who put out our inexperienced team for 38. In reply our opponents scored 39 for 4.

The Senior cricket match was a very exciting game with the laurels being equally shared. Queen's School won the toss, and put P.R.S. in to bat. Scoring was slow, and at tea it had reached 64 for 7. If the Queen's School team could have dismissed the three remaining batsmen cheaply, they would have stood a good chance of winning. However, after tea the P.R.S. tailenders added 27 runs, which left Queen's School the task of scoring 92 in 75 minutes to win.

The most successful bowler for Queen's School was the legbreak bowler Coggles, who took 4 for 22. He was ably supported by Bernard Grimshaw with his off-breaks, who was economical if not dangerous. The opening bowlers, although taking wickets, were not at their best. The fielding on the whole was good, apart from one or two missed chances. Abbott, the captain, was in his usual good form behind the stumps, although being struck a nasty blow on the head by a fast rising ball.

The innings opened quite briskly, but at fifteen Clark was out L.B.W. Abbott came in and immediately began to score quickly. He and Grimshaw

look the score to 51 before Grimshaw was out. Soon after this Abbott was out to a brilliant catch by the opposing captain, for a well-hit thirty. After this, wickets tumbled and runs were scarce. Eventually the score reached 71 for 6, when stumps were drawn and the game ended as a draw.

At the dance in the evening, lasting from 7.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m., the P.R.S. teams and the 4th, 5th and 6th forms of Queen's School had the opportunity of meeting each other and everyone had an enjoyable time.

The P.R.S. coach left Queen's at 8.30 a.m. on the Sunday morning, seen off by a few people who had the energy to rise early, and the P.R.S. teams departed amid promises of "see you next term", which we sincerely hope to keep.

TEAMS

Tennis

J. Whitters — P. Pulleyn. 1st Couple.
R. Linsdale — C. Jackson. 2nd Couple.
M. Bryan — J. Trollope. 3rd Couple.

Rounders team

Marion Graham. M. Haynes.
J. Teasdale. A. Wilbraham.
C. Micklethwaite. B. Morton.
S. Currence. L. Trollope.
M. Powell.

INTER-HOUSE RESULTS

Junior Netball

1st Edinburgh	10 points	16 goals
2nd Gloucester	10 points	11 goals
3rd Cornwall	4 points	8 goals
4th Kent	0 points	8 goals

Senior Netball

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

Hockey

1st Gloucester	6 points
2nd Edinburgh	3 points
3rd Kent	2 points
4th Cornwall	1 point

GAMES COLOURS 1959—1960

Hockey	Netball
J. Welsh	P. Pulleyn
M. Bryan	J. Forsyth
J. Forsyth	A. Overend

Miscellaneous Reports

Library Notes 1960

In June this year we celebrated the fifth anniversary of the formation of the Queen's School

Library. During this period the Library has expanded. We now have a total of 5,600 volumes, two-thirds of which are non-fiction. Considering the short time

we have been open, this is very encouraging. A number of books have been presented to the library by past and present scholars and members of staff. It is hoped that this method of increasing our stock will continue, since this is a very useful way of augmenting our book grants.

The Junior Library Committee for 1960/1 is as follows. "Paddy" Pulleyn Chairman, "Val" Fernley Vice-Chairman and Chairman of Juniors.

Mesdames — E. Connell, V. George, S. Scott, L. Pearce, J. Burke, M. Menzies, P. Blott, J. Head and T. Smith.

Masters — Proctor, Usher, Seager, Finucane, Plimmer and Coggles.

These pupils have done a very good job of work maintaining the issues and receipts as well as displays and the shelves. Val Fernley has trained several juniors and we hope that we can always have such a willing and conscientious committee as we have at present.

As the library has grown in size so has the population of the school. It was with some regrets and misgivings, preceded by much thought, that we decided to re-organise the Library. This was in anticipation of the large increase of pupils due in September. Being the centre of the school life meant of course that we quickly received plenty of criticism. This resulted in three trial arrangements, each one slightly modified according to the ideas put forward by the Senior and Junior Committees. The real solution would be to have a larger room, and there is hope that in the not too distant future this may be available. Until then we must manage as best we can. Once we became used to the new arrangement it didn't seem too bad, except for Mrs. Dutfield who acquired a new "OFFICE"!

An experimental paper-back section has also been started as a result of Librarian and Junior Library Committee efforts plus the contribution from the rest of the school.

A new Feature has been the series of displays this term. These included a map display as well as a "Careers" display. The latter was prepared by the 5th Form to precede and coincide with the visit of the Youth Employment Officers. Finally our thanks are due to the Dutch Public Relations Officer and the Stadt Direktor for the photographs, maps, posters and materials that they have loaned for displays.

K. R.

Combined Cadet Force

At the end of last term, a visiting board of officers examined cadets in the Basic Test and Proficiency Examinations. Successes were as follows:- 2 in the Army Proficiency Examination, 5 in the RAF Proficiency Examination and 18 in the Basic Test. Quite a high standard was set, so that those who passed are to be commended.

The contingent was then reorganised at the beginning of this term, the number of cadets in the various sections being: Training Cadre - 7 RAF cadets and 2 Army cadets, all these cadets having passed their Proficiency Examination; Section 1 — 4 RAF cadets and 1 Army cadet, these cadets being due to retake their Proficiency; Section 2 — 14 RAF cadets and 2 Army cadets, these having passed their Basic Test; and Section 3—18 Basic Section cadets, being cadets due to take their Basic Test this term.

Cadets have been firing on the .22" Miniature Range throughout the term, and towards the end will shoot in the Empire Test to qualify for .22" Marksman, First Class or Second Class Badges, for the following twelve months.

The contingent mounted a Guard of Honour for General Sir James Cassels, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., on the occasion of his visit to the school on 30th May 1960, and will similarly receive General Sir Richard N. Gale, K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., when he arrives at school on Speech Day.

The Annual Inspection of the contingent is due to be held on 7th July and this will be carried out by Major-General A.E. Brocklehurst, C.B., D.S.O., He will inspect the contingent on parade, take the salute at the March Past and then see the cadets under training.

This year is the Centenary Year of the Combined Cadet Force. On 22nd July a Centenary Celebration Parade will be held at Buckingham Palace and it is expected that Her Majesty The Queen will inspect the parade. Cadet Sergeant H. Gorry and Cadet Corporal M. J. Williams will represent the contingent.

At the end of this term the contingent is going away to Annual Camp — the most important event of the cadet year. The RAF Section are due to go to RAF Gutersloh, mainly for flying and then to join the Army and Basic Sections at R.A. Training Area at Hohn.

Promotions made this term are as follows:- Cadet Sergeant N. Eames to Cadet Flight Sergeant, Cadet Corporal H. Gorry to Cadet Sergeant, Cadet C. Wilkinson to Cadet Corporal and Cadet D. Westermann to Cadet Lance Corporal. R.C.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

We have now begun the second year of the Girls' Scheme and with the help of Miss Stobart and Mrs. Sandys, excellent progress has been made. Sally Joslin, Anne Bauers and Janet Welsh obtained their Preliminary certificates and badges and by the end of the term it is hoped that all those will have also received their Intermediate Awards.

By now, five other certificates will have been received in England and twelve new members are well on the way towards their first award.

E. B.

Academic Successes Since April 1960

Army Apprenticeship Examination
Terence Houston — May Entry

R.A.F. Apprenticeship Examination
Alan Butler — May Entry
John Mitchell — September Entry

EXAMINATION RESULTS
Royal Society of Arts — Easter 1960

English Stage I
Pamela Ball
Eileen Skimming

Terence Houston
David Proctor
Shorthand Stage I
Eileen Skimming
Brenda Smith
Lesley Zilles
Typewriting Stage I
Shirley Skirrow

English Stage II
Hilary Black
Shorthand Stage II
Eileen Skimming
Brenda Smith
Typewriting Stage II
Phyllis Gammon

Present Staff and Prefects

STAFF: SUMMER TERM 1960

Mr. W.B.P. Aspinall, O.B.E., M.A.
Mr. H. Chignell, B.A.
Miss E.G.M. Browning, B.A.
Miss D.E. Abbott
Mr. S.A. Balding, B.A.
Miss J.C. Barry, B.A.
Mr. G. M. Bayley
Mr. G.V.N. Beaver, M.Coll.H.
Miss J.N. Bedford
Miss P.M. Boak
Miss A.A. Bricknell, B.A.
Mr. E.R. Buddery, Dip.Maths.
Mr. F. Burkinshaw, B.A.
Mr. N.S. Cooper
Mr. R.H.H. Corke, B.Sc.
Miss V.G. Dempsey
Mr. P. Duckhouse, B.A.
Mrs. S. Durrant
Mr. G.H. Edwards, B.Sc.
Mr. B.L.J. Elliott
Mr. H. Evans
Mrs. S. Finlay
Mr. W.J.C. Francis, B.A.
Miss P.C.D. Fry, B.A.
Miss A.D. Garfield

Miss W.L. Goodburn
Miss V.C. Hudson
Miss J.P. Hutchinson
Mrs. F.M. Joslin, B.A.
Miss D.I. Lancashire, B.Sc.
Mr. I. MacGillivray, B.Sc.
Mr. P. Mathews
Mr. J.W. Meiklejohn
Mr. J.W. Morgan, B.Sc. (Econ.)
Miss M.K. Owen
Miss N. Robertson, B.A.
Mr. K. Rawlings
Mr. J. Rodgers
Mr. W. Siney, B.A., L. es L.
Mrs. K.M.P. Braden
Mr. J. Stallwood
Mr. R.M. Stephens, B.Sc.
Mr. B. Sullivan, B.A.
Mr. G. Wainwright, L.R.M. (T)
Mr. P. Wilcockson
Miss E.A.R. Williams, B. Comm.
Mr. P.F. Walters

Administrative and Secretarial *

Mr. E.F. Brown
Miss M.E. Creelman

Mr. W. Caddy
Mrs. P.E.M. Mitchell

SCHOOL PREFECTS

Summer Term 1960

F. Abbott Head Boy
M. Harbord
M.J. Williams
B. Grimshaw
D. Bickham
N. Eames
A.W. Dicker
S.T. Powell
P. Halford
R. Clark
Pat Pulleyn Head Girl
Rosemary Linsdale
Christyne Brockhurst
Maureen Bryan
Geraldine Stall
Janet Welsh
Valerie George
Jill Trollope
Hilary Black

Pictures and Picture Framing
Good Reproductions
from first class Publishers

 **Pilgrim**

R H E Y D T
Hauptstraße 22/24

and if you do it yourself -

Stretched Canvases,
Drawing Blocks for pencil
water-colour and oil,
All types of paint
for your Hobby

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE



GERMAN SHOPPING CENTRE H.Q.

for

CAMERAS and all photographic materials.

Ask for EN-Prints. They are bigger and cheaper.

A fully equipped modern dark room to
process your films.

Agents for Zeiss-Voigtlander
and Rolleiflex

Tel. M. G. 5019

Former Staff and Pupils

A second son has been born to **Mr. and Mrs. Walker**, now living in Huntly, Aberdeenshire. His name is Alastair.

Mr. Weatherhead has just been appointed to Swinton Training College, Yorks.

Miss Worton has returned to Wolverhampton and is teaching there.

Miss Charters is teaching at Brampton Secondary School in Cumberland, and likes being there very much.

Miss Bland, now Mrs. Ryder, is teaching at a Convent in Coventry.

Mrs. Davey will have left Germany by the time this Magazine appears and will be living in Warwickshire.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Wilson, now living at Melton Mowbray, have another son, Nicholas, born in April.

Miss A. Davidson, our former Secretary, is now at the British Embassy, Ankara.

Diana Goodmann is at Winchester County High School and Peter Orwin is at Peter Symon's School, Winchester.

Ruth Spencer is still in Rutland, but is hoping to get another job soon.

Joyce Thomson hopes to join the W. R. A. C. in the near future.

Stella Forbes is at St. Michael's, Limpsfield, Surrey.

Diana Wootton is enjoying school life at Harcombe House, in Lyme Regis.

Ann Charters was married on May 6th in Mönchengladbach and is now living in Bristol.

Helen Price has been awarded an Exhibition in the Kent Scholarship Examination at St. Godric's College, London. She hopes to take up a Secretarial career.

Valerie Gibbons went to live in Preston, Lancs., after leaving Queen's and is due to start her Preliminary nursing training in July.

Marianne Larpent is due to leave her Swiss school in August.

Lawreen Fowler is studying 'A' level at Shrewsbury.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

I think that school should end at a quarter past five. In the extra hour all homework could be done and finished with. The homework could be done properly and neatly, instead of being scribbled at the last moment on the bedroom floor!

If homework was done at school, I think that it would be a lot easier to concentrate. For at home you are trying to do your homework when a programme with the latest pop' songs starts blaring away on the wireless and it is half an hour before the homework is started again.

Of course, that is only one example, but I think it would be a lot better if 'prep' was held at school.

Yours etc.

L. Styles 3c

Sir,

I wish to make a complaint about the way our rainy lunch-hours are handled. I'm sure more of the people would appreciate it if something was organised for these times, instead of just sitting in certain rooms talking or reading.

I suggest that a couple of clubs be organized just for these times, e. g. a dancing club, either ballroom, Scottish or country dancing or perhaps a table-tennis club or a record club of modern and classical type.

This would give the school something to do and give the staff and the prefects a rest which they well deserve.

Yours etc.

Margaret Hart. 3 B.

Sir,

I would like to bring to your notice the problem of detention in school. There are many points in this system of punishment which I think are both ridiculous and childish.

The first point is that of detentions on Thursdays. Why should a person wait sometimes a whole week in order to serve a punishment? The school that I came from in Scotland had a better system, as indeed all Scottish schools have. They punished the offenders on the spot, by using a thick leather belt. And I can truly say that the pupils were better behaved than I have seen in any English school. Why can't this system be brought about here? It means that one does not have to wait days for a punishment, and it brings better results in behaviour.

Yours etc.

Brian Burns. 3 B

Sir,

I have a complaint to make about the position of the main notice-board. I think it should be outside in the girls' playground on one of the gym walls, with perhaps some sort of shelter over it in case of rain. It is in a very awkward place outside the hall, because we rarely get a chance to have a look at it. We are not allowed to see it before assembly in the mornings. If we are seen there at morning-break we are sent away and it is the same story at lunch-time.

Please could something be done about this, as we often miss important notices.

Yours etc.

Victoria Clark 2 C

Sir,

I am righting too yoo two tel you that I lookt threw the Spring Hidishun ov the Kweenz Korea two see if i kood find eny speling mistakes. Too mi diserpointment i kood nott find won, az I hav dun in uthur skool magazeens.

Good headhitting!

Yours etc.

R. Balding. 3 B

Sir,

Do you think that a rule could be made about the boys being kept to a separate playground? While crossing the playground, I have often been knocked about by boys playing football or some other rough-and-tumble game. If the boys kept to a separate playground, perhaps girls would be able to do the things they want without being pushed around by tough boys.

Yours etc.

Jane Corfield. 2 C

PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH OF QUEEN'S SCHOOL BY ALAN KING 3 C



Literary Section

THE NATIONAL PARK — NAIROBI, KENYA

We had started off on a beautiful afternoon in the heat of the East African midsummer. The National Park was only about a quarter of a mile from where we lived, and as we passed through the entrance we captured some of the wild beauty of the scene before us.

In the distance, wild giraffe haughtily surveyed us from their superior height, while the timid young buck veered away at the noise of the car engine. Zebras lazily lifted their heads to gaze unwinkingly at the car, but their wild instincts forbade any impulse to venture closer.

We had grown sleepy with the heat of the day, and it was with some surprise that we found we had come to the hippo pool. This was one of the very few places we were allowed to get out of the car. As we stood earnestly looking for any signs of life in the muddy water, a large, ugly head appeared, followed by an enormous body. It was a hippo! The huge beast hardly moved at all, but swayed gently, seeming to enjoy basking in the sun.

As we drove away, enthralled with what we had seen, we came on a peculiar sight. Baboons of every colour, shape and size were clambering over the cars which had gathered in a clearing. As we joined

them, an especially large and coarse-haired baboon jumped on to our car. He was followed by a man shouting, 'Hoi!' and shaking his fist at the excited figure. We saw immediately why the man was so angry, and we could not help laughing. The baboon had a very fine pair of windscreen-wipers in his paws and was scampering away as fast as he could. When he landed on our car, only to see us laughing at him, his peculiar and comic tricks plus his garbled chattering produced peals of laughter from everybody. This was all very well, so long as none of our property had been touched; but my father did not laugh quite so much when his windscreen-wipers were taken from under his very nose! When we had given up trying to retrieve the stolen articles, we set off for home.

The last blow came around five o'clock — the lions' feeding-time! The car suddenly broke down! We were miles from anywhere. Luckily, we had friends in another car who towed our car. It was perfect, except in one little detail — we had to get out and walk! I can assure you it is not very pleasant, unguarded, with only a handful of friends, to have animals who may take a fancy to eating you lurking in the background. We were lucky to find even more friends willing to assist us in getting through the park alive.

As we reached the entrance through which we had come only a few hours previously I looked back and saw the sun sinking through the heavens, the sky turning a beautiful pink, and I thought contentedly of an afternoon that would never be blotted from my mind.

V. Walden, 3B

There was a fat lady from Cheshire,
Who took up trapezing for pleasure;
She flew through the air
But the net wasn't there,
Just a hole in the ground for good measure.

Raymond Massey 3 D

A PET MONKEY

One day as I was playing a game of hunters with my friend David, I heard my mother calling for me. As we got into the house my mother said, "Peter the monkey has escaped". I went into the sitting-room and saw him climbing all over the furniture. At first we tried calling to him, but he took no notice. Then I remembered a thing I had read in a book. "Have you a jar?" I asked my mother.

"Yes, Ralf", my mother said. I then got a banana, put it in the jar and placed it on the floor. My friend and I then left the room, but I left the door open a little. Peter came down to the jar and put his paw in it; then he grabbed the banana and tried to pull it out and found he couldn't. It was as the book had said. While Peter's fist was closed over the banana he could not get it out of the jar.

While Peter was trying to work this out, we caught him and put him back in his cage. We watched him for about an hour before, accidentally, the jar dropped off.

Ralf Holland IG



Toadstools red and toadstools white,
Spiders, beetles, black as night;
Tall, green grasses growing high,
Trying hard to reach the sky.

Spiders' webs like silken threads,
Hanging over flow'ry heads;
Daisies white and daisies pink,
Reaching to the water's brink.

Here grow reeds along the side
Of the lake where fishes glide;
Rainbow splashes in the blue
Paint the lake with every hue.

Susan A. Fisher 2 B

VERSATILITY

He thought he saw a jelly-fish
Floating on the water;
He looked again and saw it was
A photo of his daughter;
'Oh dearie me', he cried out flat:
'She doesn't look at all like that!'

He thought he saw a currant bun
Sitting on a plate;
He looked again and saw it was
A rusty roller-skate.
'Oh what a shame!' he said in fright;
'I've gone and lost my appetite'.

He thought he saw a Queen's Schoolite
Sitting in a bus;
He looked again and saw it was
A hippopotamus.
'Oh dearie me', he said out flat,
'He looks exceptionally fat!'

He thought he saw a jaguar,
Skidding down a road;
He looked again and saw it was
A big pink-spotted toad.
'If he should come near me', he said,
I think that I would drop dead.'

Her companions were the usual arty-crafty types, with either flourishing sideboards or sprouting beards, but all looked happy and gay, chattering away and tapping their feet. Suddenly the juke-box emitted a long, low, mournful wail, making Mrs. Grey spill her coffee in fright, and a look of ecstasy flitted across the face of a girl with straight blond hair, opposite her.

Mrs. Grey took a bite of a curly cheese sandwich and pushed away a brass ashtray in which a cigarette stub still smoked by itself. The juke-box started up another record and a group in the corner began to hand-jive; one of the boys was doing it with one hand, but soon became muddled with the intricate designs, and everyone laughed as he joked about it. How incredibly stupid, thought Mrs. Grey. Their happiness annoyed her in her solitary mood.

She finished her coffee and was just about to leave when she noticed the party in the corner noisily breaking up. I'll let them go first, she thought, as she slipped her feet back into her dusty shoes. As she watched them leave, a startled look crossed her face. There were two girls and two boys. But the girl who went first was in a wheelchair, and following her friend came the two boys, one of whom — the one performing the solo hand-jive — had no right arm. Most of the crowd in the room knew them, because they waved and shouted, 'See you next Saturday', or 'I'll get us seats for Monday night, Jim'.

When Mrs. Grey left, she felt strangely cheerful.

Valerie George Upper Sixth

A WEEKEND RAMBLE

When I reached the small village set in a cluster of trees which were so tall they looked as if they touched the sky, it was very quiet and peaceful; it was so still that it could have been mistaken for a painted picture. The sun was high in the sky and my watch-hands pointed to twelve.

From where I stood I could see a narrow, winding, cobbled lane lined with small hedges and fencing and at irregular intervals large old trees looming out of the earth like forbidding monsters. About one hundred and fifty yards away stood a white stone building which looked like an inn, and as I got nearer I could read the signpost hanging above the thick, oak door; it was swinging in the beautifully refreshing breeze, but I could see the words quite clearly — it said, 'The Brown Cow'.

As I entered the inn, bending down so that I would not hit my head on the low ceiling, I was met with a slightly musty smell from the old-fashioned furniture which clustered about the small room. I seated myself at a corner table and ordered dinner and a beer for my lunch.

I was very relieved to get once more into the fresh clean air of the countryside after the musty air in the inn. I walked north again, passing small thatched cottages with white and cream lace curtains decorating their tiny windows. Very soon I was once more walking along open road with no fences on the roadside; all I could see was green fields and hills which seemed to lap over each other.

Then I turned a hair-pin bend and caught my breath with delight at the beautiful scene which unfolded before me.

At the bottom of the small hill on which I stood lay a shimmering blue-green lake with graceful white swans gliding to and fro, only stopping once in a while to dip their heads in the water looking for food:

look like
small bo

Large
the lake
water li

After looking
while, I regretfully carried on north for a mile or two, passing newly-ploughed fields, green fields with sheep and cows in them, small brooks and streams rippling over stones thrown in by children and every so often I would stop to speak to one of the farmers and chew a piece of grass with him.

When I came to a crossroads I turned east and instead of going along the road I made my way across fields and through woods until I came to another village and here I caught a red country-bus into Town, very sorry to leave the countryside which I loved so much — but life must carry on.

Janet Bayley 4TC

MY FRIEND — TONYBEE DOOB

(to be read with a strong American accent)

Tonybee Doob is so far ahead of his time that although he is forty-six, he is fifty-three. He is rich too — anything he doesn't own he makes a payment on. (Very good, considering he started life as an apprentice baby).

Mr. Doob is also philanthropic. In 1956 he added a wing to the Dr. Crippen Memorial Library and in 1957 he added another wing to the same library. In 1958 the whole thing took off and flew south.

Let me give you some of Doob's past. When I first met him I was a tender, naive, inexperienced American. He was lying in a pool of rented blood.

"Do you know who I am?" he screamed. Being tender, naive, inexperienced and American, I didn't know if he was crazy or merely seeking information. I neatly left him, after tucking some gravel around him.

Sometime later Doob approached me, saying, "I want to write a book". We moved into an apartment. He would sit at the table just pecking away. When I suggested that he use a typewriter, he slapped me. Tonybee is different from most people. I recall once, in the course of eating, he picked up my sandwich before I dropped it.

Ironically, Tonybee didn't know during those calm, wonderful days that he only had thirty-seven years left to live.

Oh, he is quite a fellow. One night, after partying a little too much, he said, "I am going to walk to Catalina". I went along with him and told him to go ahead. Poor guy — he was half way there when he sobered up and had to swim the rest of the way.

Her companions were the usual arty-crafty types, with either flourishing sideboards or sprouting beards, but all looked happy and gay, chattering away and tapping their feet. Suddenly the juke-box emitted a long, low, mournful wail, making Mrs. Grey spill her coffee in fright, and a look of ecstasy flitted across the face of a girl with straight blond hair, opposite her.

Mrs. Grey took a bite of a curly cheese sandwich and pushed away a brass ashtray in which a cigarette stub still smoked by itself. The juke-box started up another record and a group in the corner began to hand-jive; one of the boys was doing it with one hand, but soon became muddled with the intricate designs, and everyone laughed as he joked about it. How incredibly stupid, thought Mrs. Grey. Their happiness annoyed her in her solitary mood.

She finished her coffee and was just about to leave when she noticed the party in the corner noisily breaking up. I'll let them go first, she thought, as she slipped her feet back into her dusty shoes. As she watched them leave, a startled look crossed her face. There were two girls and two boys. But the girl who went first was in a wheelchair, and following her friend came the two boys, one of whom — the one performing the solo hand-jive — had no right arm. Most of the crowd in the room knew them, because they waved and shouted, 'See you next Saturday', or 'I'll get us seats for Monday night, Jim'.

When Mrs. Grey left, she felt strangely cheerful.
Valerie George Upper Sixth

A WEEKEND RAMBLE

When I reached the small village set in a cluster of trees which were so tall they looked as if they touched the sky, it was very quiet and peaceful; it was so still that it could have been mistaken for a painted picture. The sun was high in the sky and my watch-hands pointed to twelve.

From where I stood I could see a narrow, winding, cobbled lane lined with small hedges and fencing and at irregular intervals large old trees looming out of the earth like forbidding monsters. About one hundred and fifty yards away stood a white stone building which looked like an inn, and as I got nearer I could read the signpost hanging above the thick, oak door; it was swinging in the beautifully refreshing breeze, but I could see the words quite clearly — it said, 'The Brown Cow'.

As I entered the inn, bending down so that I would not hit my head on the low ceiling, I was met with a slightly musty smell from the old-fashioned furniture which clustered about the small room. I seated myself at a corner table and ordered dinner and a beer for my lunch.

I was very relieved to get once more into the fresh clean air of the countryside after the musty air in the inn. I walked north again, passing small thatched cottages with white and cream lace curtains decorating their tiny windows. Very soon I was once more walking along open road with no fences on the roadside; all I could see was green fields and hills which seemed to lap over each other.

Then I turned a hair-pin bend and caught my breath with delight at the beautiful scene which unfolded before me.

At the bottom of the small hill on which I stood lay a shimmering blue-green lake with graceful white swans gliding to and fro, only stopping once in a while to dip their heads in the water looking for food. I could look like a small boy.

Large the lake water li

After while, I regretfully carried on north for a mile or two, passing newly-ploughed fields, green fields with sheep and cows in them, small brooks and streams rippling over stones thrown in by children and every so often I would stop to speak to one of the farmers and chew a piece of grass with him.

When I came to a crossroads I turned east and instead of going along the road I made my way across fields and through woods until I came to another village and here I caught a red country-bus into Town, very sorry to leave the countryside which I loved so much — but life must carry on.

Janet Bayley 4 T/C

MY FRIEND — TONYBEE DOOB

(to be read with a strong American accent)

Tonybee Doob is so far ahead of his time that although he is forty-six, he is fifty-three. He is rich too — anything he doesn't own he makes a payment on. (Very good, considering he started life as an apprentice baby).

Mr. Doob is also philanthropic. In 1956 he added a wing to the Dr. Crippen Memorial Library and in 1957 he added another wing to the same library. In 1958 the whole thing took off and flew south.

Let me give you some of Doob's past. When I first met him I was a tender, naive, inexperienced American. He was lying in a pool of rented blood.

"Do you know who I am?" he screamed. Being tender, naive, inexperienced and American, I didn't know if he was crazy or merely seeking information. I neatly left him, after tucking some gravel around him.

Sometime later Doob approached me, saying, "I want to write a book". We moved into an apartment. He would sit at the table just pecking away. When I suggested that he use a typewriter, he slapped me. Tonybee is different from most people. I recall once, in the course of eating, he picked up my sandwich before I dropped it.

Ironically, Tonybee didn't know during those calm, wonderful days that he only had thirty-seven years left to live.

Oh, he is quite a fellow. One night, after partying a little too much, he said, "I am going to walk to Catalina". I went along with him and told him to go ahead. Poor guy — he was half way there when he sobered up and had to swim the rest of the way.



Like I said, when I first met Tonybee Doob I was tender, naive, inexperienced and American. I don't care what anyone says. I'm still American.

K. Henson 4A.

TREE-CLIMBING

Tree-climbing is a very interesting activity to pass the time away — providing you can climb. I say 'pass the time away' because I always think of my friend when I talk about tree-climbing.

When she first learned to climb, she had rather a lot of difficulties. I went up the tree first to watch her. I must say that the tree was rather a decrepit apple-tree, only about fifteen feet high. My friend, having got on to the first branch, which grew very conveniently at the bottom of the tree, received a twig in her car.

"Oh!" she yelled.

"What's the matter?" I yelled back.

"A twig is in my ear", she said pitifully. I consoled her. Twigs have a habit of getting in one's ears and after you have reviled them for about an hour, or so it seems, they get in your eyes and ears even more.

I sat at the top of the tree, feeling rather pleased that when I learned to climb I did not make such a ridiculous hash of things as my friend was doing. The branches were quaking under me, but it did not occur to me that my friend was heavier than I was and therefore wouldn't possibly be able to balance on the top branches.

While I was thinking, she had advanced to the second branch. She looked up at me and made a statement.

"On ground," she began, "I feel graceful. Well you know what I mean; but up here—" I broke in at this moment.

"Up where?" I asked.

"On the second branch!" she answered. "But anyway, when I am up here I feel clumsy — all legs and arms".

I jumped down from the fourth branch and sat on the ground to watch her further progress. I remarked before that it didn't dawn on me that she was heavier than I was. She thought that I was heavier, and the consequence was that she climbed cautiously to the wavering branches, about nine feet up. A cry of achievement reached my ears, but it was followed by a rather frightening creak below my friend, and a body dropped like a stone from the heavens, accompanied by a branch, to land on me!

As we walked home, my friend remarked quietly but firmly, "If you think I'm going to climb another tree in my life, you're wrong!" Then I thought, not realising it was my fault, "Why on earth does she make a mess of everything she does?" Then I cursed long afterwards on account of my aching knees, not even thinking that she might have received a hurt. But then she was so plump, I don't think anything could have hurt her.

Jacqueline E w e n s 2 A

OVERHEARD ON A SCHOOL DINNER-TABLE

At the school dinner-table everyone was standing, waiting for grace to be said, completely ignoring the rule of silence.

"And then he shot — a beautiful goal!" exclaimed the scruffy child at the bottom of the table.

"I wonder what we gonna get today", was speculated by a somewhat scruffier individual slightly higher up.

"I only got ten for that exercise . . ." from another disobedient member.

"Yeah, but it was a sheer fluke, he's a dirty player".

"Hope we get somethin' better'n yesterday".

"You were lucky, I only got four".

"He is NOT a dirty player!"

Suddenly the uproar was stilled, temporarily, by a voice from the platform. "Silence!"

Somewhat subdued: "Ugh, mash again!"

"Let us now say grace . . ."

"He's the dirtiest on the field . . ."

"That exercise was pretty difficult . . ."

"For what we are about to . . . Children! Be quiet!"

"Ugh! Carrots!"

"Pssst!"

"May the Lord make us . . ."

"What?" — a loud whisper.

"He fouled every player on the — Amen".

"Amen — Pass the water".

"I really couldn't understand it . . ."

"No! Not that! The WATER!"

"There were two penalty kicks . . ."

"Well why didn't you say so . . .?"

I was surprised to get four."

"There were three".

"I did say so. You need your . . ."

"Two!"

What did you get for Question two?"

"Three".

"Do not need them tested!"

"Only one mark for that question . . ."

"Hey, what are you doing with my dinner?"

"Three! Oh, I give up . . ."

"You do need them tested!"

"Pass the water, for the last time!"

"Anyway, he is a dirty player!"

"Aw, shut up, you lot, let's eat in peace". This from the head of table. From here on the sound of chewing takes precedence.

A. H. Fraser 4A

THE GIPSY

The day had become sultry and hot — even the flies had stopped their restless buzzing. The only movement seemed to be a young gipsy boy working industriously on some kind of trap. He was stockily built and had long, effeminate, curly black hair. He wore only pair of tattered sandals, a much soiled pair of leather shorts, and an old shirt and a grimy handkerchief tied round his neck. From a distance he appeared to be a typical gipsy.

Suddenly he finished working and brusquely stuffed the contrivance he had made into his pocket. He stood up lazily, stretched himself and looked carefully around him.

As he stood up, he could see in front of him two rather dirty caravans and a string of vividly-coloured washing hanging listlessly between them. Some yards from the nearest caravan stood an evil-smelling pot, blackened with age and countless fires. Round it sniffed a half-starved, flea-ridden cur. Beyond the caravan two miserable old hacks stood head to tail, piteous in their sweat and matter-infested eyes. Of the occupants of the caravans there was no sign. The boy took in this familiar scene with a casual glance. He stooped down, picked up his knife and sticking it in the top of his shorts faded swiftly into the woods behind him.

Once in the coolness of the wood he ran swiftly, choosing instinctively his route among a maze of animal tracks. Only the birds watched him with dull eyes, but he, heedless that he was being watched on all sides, sped on glancing neither to right nor left, but nevertheless constantly on the alert.

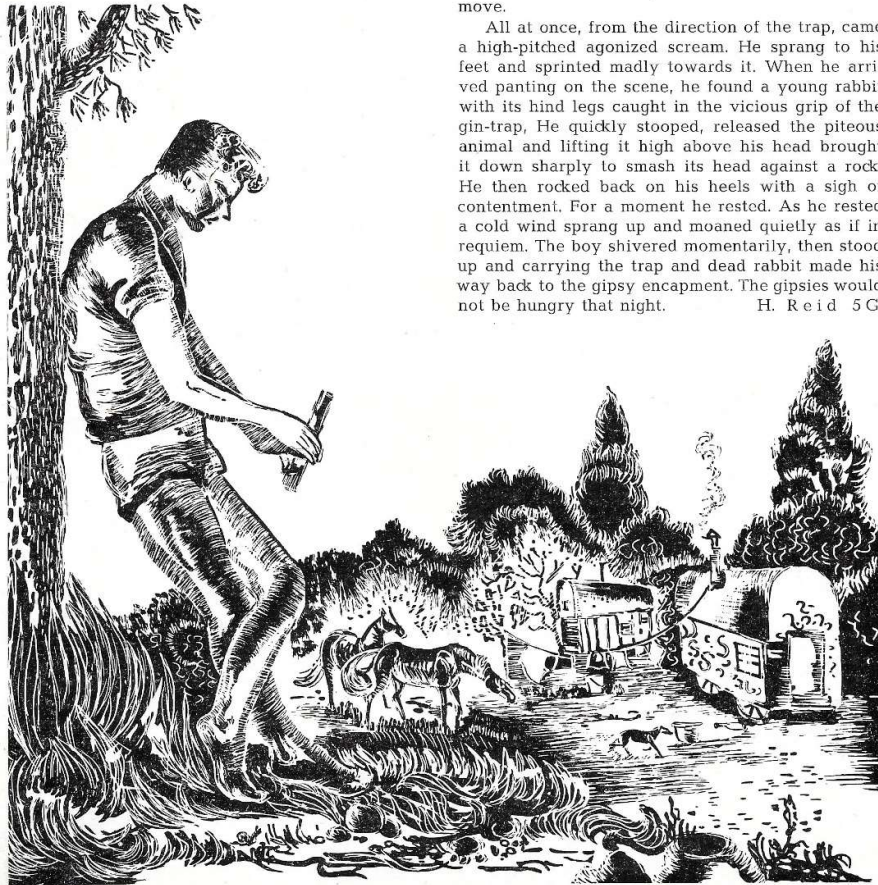
Suddenly his progress was arrested by a wide track bisecting the wood. On the far side of the path was a fence, gleaming harshly in the sunlight.

Once on the other side he dashed into the woods for a good twenty yards and flung himself flat among the cool bracken fronds. For a full five minutes he remained there motionless. Then slowly he picked himself up and proceeded into the wood. Soon he began casting around as if searching, and it could be seen that his search was confined to rabbit tracks.

Suddenly he stopped. He had come upon an obviously much used track which narrowed abruptly to pass between a fallen tree and a moss-encrusted boulder. He quickly set to work. He set and primed the trap placed it on the path and loosely sprinkled it with grasses and leaves, then retreated about twenty yards. He found himself a snug little hollow in the grass and lay down quietly. He lay there without moving, his eyes ever on the alert. These eyes, blue as cornflowers, looked alien in the sallow face of the gipsy, but they were not weak. He never stirred while flies buzzed round his head. He lay quietly for an eternity. The sun began to sink, the shadows lengthened — still he did not move.

All at once, from the direction of the trap, came a high-pitched agonized scream. He sprang to his feet and sprinted madly towards it. When he arrived panting on the scene, he found a young rabbit with its hind legs caught in the vicious grip of the gin-trap. He quickly stooped, released the piteous animal and lifting it high above his head brought it down sharply to smash its head against a rock. He then rocked back on his heels with a sigh of contentment. For a moment he rested. As he rested a cold wind sprang up and moaned quietly as if in requiem. The boy shivered momentarily, then stood up and carrying the trap and dead rabbit made his way back to the gipsy encampment. The gipsies would not be hungry that night.

H. Reid 5 C.



RENAULT

RENAULT DAUPHINE

£ 354 · 15 · 0d
with 5,5 x 15 tyres.

F. J. JOERESSEN

RHEINDAHLEN
TEL. 29091

**YOUR NEAREST AGENT TO
H. Q.**

DELIVERY OF NEW CARS AND SERVICE
ALL SPARES IN STOCK
CAREFUL WORKMANSHIP
THROUGHOUT



Say it with flowers by
YOUR FLORIST

GUDELL

opposite NAAFI-Shop, H. Q.

Interflora Service
Delivery in the Headquarters and to
Wegberg and Hostert.

Phone 5315.

YOUR HAIRDRESSER

FIGARO

**FIGARO
ALBERT PENATZER**

GERMAN SHOPPING CENTRE
H. Q. RHEINDAHLEN

TEL. 5268