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THE MAGAZINE OF
QUEEN'S SCHOOL

RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS
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The Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air visits Queen's School

Editorial

THE BULGE

*A feature
which sometimes
disturbs our slumber
is that the original num-
ber of our pupils has multi-
plied itself in seven years by more
than four. The result: pupils galore.
This trend, unless it shows a considerable
downward bend, means that by 1969
we shall have reached 6,000. This is fine,
provided the building and staffing keep in
line. It is, however, a serious, sobering
thought that Queen's School's sons
and daughters may before long out-
number this Headquarters. May-
be the day's not far when
B. F. E. S. o'ertops
B. A. O. R.*

Calendar of events

1962	
Oct.	15-17 Visit of Her Majesty's Inspectors
	25 C.C.F. Field Day
Nov.	2 Teams to Hamm for Football and Hockey
Dec.	7 Christmas Fair
	10 Visit of Bishop of Fulham and Confirmation Service
	13 Carol Service in St. Boniface Church ^{FW} Queen's School Football XI v. Canisius College, Nijmegen
1963	
March	15 16 Inter-Schools Basketball and Netball, P.R.S.
	21 C.C.F. Inspection
	22 C.C.F. Field Day
May	29 Speech Day - Upper School
June	7 Swimming Gala - Upper and Lower Schools
	20 Athletics - Lower School
	26 Inter-House Athletics - Lower School
	27 Athletics - Upper School
July	8 Tennis at King's School, Sundern
	14-16 Inter-Schools Athletics and Swimming
	17 Speech Day - Lower School

Lower school notes

AUTUMN TERM 1962

This term has seen the running of the Lower School as one school. It was hoped that by amalgamating the First and Second Years there would be a saving of space and that the trailers, which seemed so permanent a feature of Queen's School life, could be dispensed with. Instead, our new arrivals were unexpectedly numerous and a new annexe had to be created in Block 22. A part of the kitchen was also converted into a teaching space.

The first few weeks were confusing as many primary children had to make the rapid readjustment to secondary life and the lost property office was besieged by pupils who had mislaid their property or were lost themselves.

The house organisation started late in the term in order to give the school a chance to settle down and because the shortage of football fields is so acute that the Upper School and Lower School could not turn out on the same Saturday mornings. The House Football League is now nearing completion.

Clubs are functioning well although hampered by a shortage of facilities and late evening transport. A good choral speaking club and a tape recording club function in the lunch hours and, apart from being enjoyable, should make a valuable contribution to clear enunciation.

The Film and Photography club started well but our 20-year old projector started to creak at the joints and lost its voice, so until it is repaired this club will work under great difficulty.

The Recorder Club continues to do good work, some of which is apparent at Assembly. The Netball Club and the Football Club on a Thursday evening allow some pupils to release their high spirits. In football there has been an innovation, a Class League Competition. Games are played in the lunch hour, one team representing each of the streams of the school with six boys from the second year and five from the first year. At present 2E/1E are leading. A scoreboard is kept on the noticeboard and many calculations, surmises and forecasts are made by supporters while gazing at the results of the thirty games which have been played to date. The Football Club on Thursday is by invitation and consists of boys who have shown up well in the Class, League or House Matches. Only two games have been played so far both against Hardt Youth Club and both were won handsomely. The International Club has continued with the active support of all the language staff, including Mrs. Holland of the Upper School Staff.

The Craft Club had to change its home from the Lower School to Block 22 in mid-term which resulted in damage to some handiwork. However, good work has been done, children continuing with the slower occupations such as weaving and many felt dolls have been made including some bristling moustached desperadoes and some rather attractive blondes. In the late afternoon the Craft Club could be seen knee deep in paste and paper, preparing the Christmas decorations. Other clubs are also preparing for Christmas. Miss Armstrong and Miss Cooper with the Drama Club decided not to produce a Nativity Play this year and have produced instead an excerpt from "The Man born to be King". Our Choir has also been making its preparations for Christmas, practising for the Carol Service, but operates under the difficulty that the School Hall is rarely vacant.

At the end of the Summer Term, the school said goodbye to Miss Garfield, Miss Lancaster, Mrs. Petheram and Mrs. Wilshaw. Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Bevan were transferred to the Upper School. In September we welcomed eight new members of Staff who have already established themselves and at the end of term we will see the departure of Miss Bedford, Miss Mills and Mr. Cooper. They take with them our best wishes. Another departure that will be regretted will be that of Mrs. Terrey, our School Secretary who has played such an active part in the efficient running of the school.

At the time of writing these notes the Lower School is suffering the Christmas examinations and is looking forward to the good things in life such as Christmas parties and holidays and an eventful New Year.

House reports

CORNWALL HOUSE

The Summer Term was fairly successful for Cornwall, who won two of the cups. The House, which last season tied for the Cricket Cup, won it outright this time, beating all the other Houses convincingly. The batting was very steady, Halford deserving special mention, and Smith and Sharratt, aided by good all-round fielding, bowled out the opposition's batsmen.

The House kept up its excellent record in the Swimming, winning back

the cup which we lost for the first time ever last season. In the Lower School much credit is due to Brenda and John Stallwood and Philip Long for their magnificent contribution towards this victory. Our team led this year's Gala from the start and, despite an unfortunate disqualification in the girls' relay, won the match, although Edinburgh ran us pretty close towards the end. The win was due to good support from all parts of the House, but Kidgell, James, Sally Long and Jane Corfield earned special praise for their fine swimming. Sally Long again won the individual diving trophy.

The Athletics competition was very disappointing, especially as we had high hopes beforehand of winning the cup. In the Lower School the absence of Emery on the day of the sports was partly responsible for this poor performance, as he had proved to be our best athlete in the preliminaries. We were very short of talent among the seniors and several people did not do as well as usual on the actual day. Deeks, Crawford and Frimstone deserve mention for salvaging some of the House's pride but, overall, the less said about the Athletics, the better.

We came third in the new Westerman Shooting Trophy but hope to do better in future years. We also finished third in the Work Trophy which Edinburgh seem to be monopolising at the moment. However, this is one thing which every member of the House can help in, and we hope for a greater effort from everyone to win back this cup for Cornwall.

At the time of writing we are again in the winter sports season. The girls have started off well, winning their first hockey match. The boys are not doing so well, lying third in the football at the half-way stage, but we have the talent and, with a little more teamwork, could pull up to retain the cup.

At present the "Walker Cup" soccer competition is in progress at the Lower School, and the Cornwall team has lost and gained one game so far. The team has far greater potential than the results indicate and, when they settle down, there should be a decided improvement.

We lost many of our senior members at the end of last term, including Penny Shenton, our House Captain, and our best wishes go with them. We welcome our new members and hope that Cornwall will maintain the good spirit shown last year, so that we can look forward to even better results.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Stallwood and Miss Cowley for all the help they have given us in house activities during the past year.

*M. Smith
K. Sharratt
S. Long
S. Pike*

EDINBURGH HOUSE

The Summer Term was a very successful one for Edinburgh, thanks to the excellent spirit shown by members.

The Swimming Gala was a very hard fought contest, mainly between Cornwall and Edinburgh, in which Cornwall came off the better by a few points. Special mention must be made of Melvin Crowther, who won the individual trophy, and Linda Woodhouse who also swam well, as did all the team members.

In the Athletics competition we "came from behind" to take second place again, this time to Kent. There were many creditable performances here, those of Crowther and the Senior Boys relay team to mention but two. In the Cricket competition, the House team, captained by Tony Cavill, took another second place.

Under the captaincy of Estop we won the newly inaugurated Westerman Shooting Trophy. Apart from our successes in sports, we also won the Senior Work Trophy, thanks to the efforts of all House members.

In the Lower School the junior members did their full share of trophy winning. The Athletics team took first place, while the boys won their cricket competition and the girls the Rounders and Netball tournaments.

At the end of the Summer Term we were very sorry to lose Daryl Burke, our House Captain, Crowther and Cavill. All played leading parts for the House in the various competitions and our successes this year owe much to their spirited leadership.

This term we are doing very well in the football competition with Davies as captain, having lost only one of six matches. The girls are doing well at hockey under the able captaincy of Linda Woodhouse.

It was a sad day for our sports enthusiasts when Phil Bailey left Queen's early this term. Though a relatively junior member of the House, Edinburgh has never had a more complete sportsman. Whether it was soccer, basketball, swimming, cricket or athletics, his skill, together with his keenness and truly sportsmanlike approach, made him a most valued member.

In conclusion, many thanks are due to Miss Lancashire, Mr. Meiklejohn and the House staff for giving up their time to manage the House affairs.

*Valerie Callus
A. H. Fraser.*

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

The House did well in competition with the other Houses last summer, but not well enough to win any cups. Our cricket teams played with skill and determination, the 'A' team being very ably led by John Lee. John unfortunately had to return to England before the end of the season. We stood a chance of winning the Cricket trophy, but owing to bad weather it was impossible to complete the full league table, and the trophy was awarded to Cornwall.

At the Inter-House Athletics meeting, Ray Philopona, against stiff opposition, won the Open Javelin event. N. Pearson received the award Victor Ludorum for the best individual performance of the afternoon. Joan Fisher was outstanding in the Intermediate Girls track events.

Gloucester finished third in the Swimming Gala; though so close was the final finishing order that only a few points separated us from the winners. The boys did well to win all the relays and with the girls won the Mixed Medley Relay. The individual performance of Margaret Watts was particularly commendable. Both Alan and Geoffrey Neck won their events and gave a fine exhibition of good swimming.

At the time of going to press the result of the Football championship is still in the balance. The First Eleven is unbeaten, though only a well-taken

penalty by Pearson saved us from a defeat by Kent. We drew the match 1-1. It would be difficult to pick out individuals for commendation. The teams have played as teams and everyone has shown keenness and enthusiasm. However, John Lowe, our First team Goalkeeper, has had a very good season and contributed much to the team's unbeaten record.

Miss Owen left Queen's to take up a post in England. Miss Gledhill has taken over as House Mistress. Her enthusiasm has already been a great inspiration to the Girls' Hockey team.

In the Lower School the Football team has won both the matches played. They beat Cornwall 4-2 and Edinburgh 5-0. This is excellent news and we hope they continue in this vein and win the Lower School Cup.

All sections of the House have started the new academic year well. We look forward to a very successful year of Sporting activities.

*Carol Sanderson
B. Hughes*

Stop press: Congratulations to Gloucester House on winning the Upper School Football Trophy.

KENT HOUSE

During the Summer term the Inter-House Athletics, Cricket, Swimming and Shooting competitions were held, with somewhat varied results.

The Athletics team worked exceedingly well and won a decisive victory, beating our nearest rivals by a clear twenty-five points. In particular, excellent performances were put up by Auty, S. Grant, J. Halliday, S. Wallace and J. Teasdale. The relay teams deserve special mention as they achieved three out of four firsts. Congratulations also to Hilary Gammage on winning the Victrix Ludorum.

Swimming was a sad disappointment. Let us work and hope for better results next year!

Success also eluded us in the cricket competition owing, partly, to the unreliability of some members who failed to appear for the matches. However, the hard core of enthusiasts are to be thanked for their efforts.

Shooting was a new event which provided an enjoyable challenge and we were able to achieve second place. Incidentally, we had the highest and the lowest scorers in our team!

Last but NOT least of our activities we must not forget the Work Trophy. Second last year a First this???

With the end of the summer season we lost our House Master, Mr. Francis, and would like to take this opportunity to thank him for all his work and encouragement. In his place we welcome Mr. Kay.

Also we have lost our two House Captains, Sheila Grant and A. Redmond, and thank them for their work in the House and wish them success in the future.

At the time of writing we are well into the football season with the second leg of the league about to commence. The results so far appear rather un-inspiring in spite of our having good individual players with plenty of

enthusiasm. However, we hope to improve this aspect and look forward to the second leg and better results.

In conclusion, we would like to impress on the non-playing House members that great encouragement can be given to the House spirit and the House teams if more would support the players by coming to cheer them on.

*Judy Halliday
Jeffery Jarvis*

Stop Press: Congratulations to Kent House on winning the Upper School Work Trophy.

Sport

FIRST INTER-SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP 1962

The First Inter-Schools Athletic Championships were held at Rheindahlen in July 1962 when Queen's School acted as hosts to the Windsor Boys' and Girls' Schools from Hamm, Prince Rupert School from Wilhelmshaven and King's School from Sunderland.

The meeting was held to find the individual Champions of B.F.E.S. and Queen's School won four Championships.

R. Auty won the Under-15 Long Jump with a jump of 18'-0" and *J. Jarvis* won the Intermediate Triple Jump with a Distance of 40'-10".

For the girls:

S. Grant won the Senior Discus with a throw of 83'-10" and also the Open Javelin event with a distance of 107'-4".

Notable runners-up were *W. Klos*, third in the Under-15 Discus, *Deeks* who just lost the Under-15 High Jump with a jump of 5'-2", *M. Crowther* who came a good second in the Senior 440yds., with the winner's time being 55.2secs., and *J. Jarvis* who jumped 19'-1" in the Intermediate Long Jump to be beaten into second place by a Windsor School boy who jumped 19'-7 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", a fine jump.

Among the girls who entered and gained places, *Judy Halliday* did well to come second in the Senior Long Jump, and *Jane Corfield*, *Hilary Gammage* and *Susan Wallace* all gained a third place in their particular events.

Many thanks are offered to those members of Staff who did so much to help during this meeting and to those Parents who acted so kindly as hosts to some of our visitors.

Particular thanks are offered to members of the Army Sports Office and P. T. Staff for their help prior to, during and after the Meeting, which in a large way contributed to the undoubted success of this venture.

D. J. N. Nicholls

FIRST INTER-SCHOOLS SWIMMING MEETING 1962

This Gala, held the day after the Athletics Meeting, resulted in some fine swimming by the members of Queen's School, who won eight Championships from fourteen events.

The results were:

<i>Lynda Woodhouse:</i>	Girls' 50 m. Backstroke	Champion	Time: 42.7 secs.
<i>P. James:</i>	Boys' 50 m. Backstroke	Champion	Time: 41.0 secs.
<i>Jane Fogarty:</i>	Girls' 50 m. Freestyle	Champion	Time: 35.7 secs.
<i>M. Crowther:</i>	Boys' 50 m. Freestyle	Champion	Time: 30.8 secs.
<i>Jane Corfield:</i>	Girls' 100 m. Freestyle	Joint Champion	Time: 1m.21.7 secs.

Congratulations to these five individual Champions and also to the Girls' Medley Relay Team, the Girls' Freestyle Relay Team and the Boys' Freestyle Relay Team who also won their races.

Many thanks are offered to the Staff of Queen's School, the Swimming Pool Staff and to the Army Sports Office for their help during the Gala.

Thanks are offered particularly to W.O.I Fogarty, Staff-Sergeant Burns and Mr. McBirnie for their help with the Starting and Judging of events.

D. J. N. Nicholls

FIRST XI CRICKET 1962

This year's season started off on Sunday 27th May, with a good win for the School at R.A.F. Wegberg. The following Saturday morning we set off to play Windsor Boys' School with high hopes of a win. The Hamm side batted first and we were very pleased to have half their side out for only eight runs. However, a slump set in due to some bad fielding and they recovered to score 72 runs, Jarvis taking eight wickets. We thought we still had a chance, but our batting let us down and Hamm came out easy winners.

The next game was against H.Q. (Unit) which they won fairly easily owing to superior batting. The following day a Club XI consisting of four masters and seven boys played a very exciting draw with the Casuals C.C. whose last two batsmen held out for 15 minutes.

On June 29th we did battle with our old enemies the Staff. The boys batted first and thanks to an excellent innings of 88 not-out by Lee, aided by Cavill and Smith, reached the total of 161 for 3 wickets. The Staff never looked like winning but managed to force a draw, thanks to good scores from Mr. Aspinall and Mr. Nicholls.

On June 30th we set out for what was a new venture — a visit to Nijmegen where we were to play a team of Dutch boys from Canisius College. After a very interesting tour of the School, followed by an excellent lunch, we left for the Cricket pitch to commence the game. We fielded first and found the Dutch boys very careful batsmen, though rather slow scorers. They gradually built up a good score helped by fielding errors and declared at 116 for 7. Sharratt taking five wickets and Pearson having kept wicket particularly well. We went to bat and did rather better than usual, most of the batsmen getting a few runs, but the Dutch team managed to capture the last wicket when we were still eight runs short of victory. Despite our defeat we had a thoroughly enjoyable trip and it was a fitting end to the Season.

On the last day of Term A. Cavill, the captain, K. Sharratt, J. Lee and J. Jarvis were awarded their School Colours. On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Nicholls for all the help and encouragement he gave us during a very enjoyable though rather unsuccessful Season.

K. Sharratt (Upper Sixth)

Cricket Results:

Queen's	75—7	v	R.A.F. Wegberg	71	Won
Queen's	36	v	Windsor Boys	72	Lost
Queen's	57	v	H.Q. (Unit)	117	Lost
Queen's	84	v	Casuals C.C.	77—9	Drawn
Queen's					
1st XI	161—3	v	Staff XI	144—9	Drawn
Queen's	108	v	Canisius Coll.	116—7	Lost

THE SIX-a-SIDE CRICKET COMPETITION

A six-a-side cricket competition was held for the first time at the end of the Summer Term. Six-a-side cricket is similar to ordinary cricket except that each side is only allowed five overs in which to bat, each one being bowled by a different member of the fielding side. Also no-balls and byes count as four runs each.

Seven teams entered for the competition, five boys' teams, a girls' team and a Staff team.

In the first round, by some quirk of fate, the Staff secured a bye to the second round, where they met the winners between the Lower School and the Girls, this match having been won by the Lower School by a narrow margin. As for the other teams, the Flamingoes beat 4AB comfortably and the Nails beat the 4TC team.

In the second round, the semi-finals, the Staff beat the Lower School and the Flamingoes disposed of the Nails, leaving the Staff to play the Flamingoes in the final.

This was an exciting match for all concerned and left the Flamingoes victorious. Their team consisted of: Sharratt (capt.), Pearson, Jarvis, Auty, Hall and B. Cavill.

A. H. Fraser (Upper Sixth)

CRITIQUE OF THE SCHOOL CRICKET FIRST XI.

- A. Cavill:* Captain of School Cricket. Quite a good Captain; but could have had more "drive" both in batting and leadership.
- N. Pearson:* A sound wicket-keeper to all types of bowling and a forceful opening batsman, but not always prepared to play defensive strokes to a new-ball attack.
- M. D. Smith:* Improved as an opening batsman as the season progressed when he appreciated that scoring strokes could be made in front of the wicket as well as behind the wicket.
- J. Lee:* A good class batsman who lacked concentration.
- K. Sharratt:* A very steady and attacking opening bowler, who bowled consistently well throughout the season and whose batting at No. 7 often got the team out of trouble.
- J. Jarvis:* Has the potential to be a good cricketer and when he listened and took advice was a good cricketer. A good medium-paced bowler and an interesting batsman.

- J. Naylor:* Plenty of ability and sometimes enough enthusiasm to produce a good performance with both bat and ball.
- K. Kirk:* An enthusiastic cricketer when he concentrated during the game, and remembered for his ability to drop more catches than he held.
- P. Letts:* A young player of ability who should mature into a very useful batsman. He should always remember that runs are scored by attacking the bowling and when he does this he will soon make many good scores.
- M. Davies:* Sometimes keen, sometimes able, sometimes alert, but not always 'stable'!

Speech days

UPPER SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

23rd May, 1962

With two Speech Days again in the Summer Term calendar it was decided to hold the Upper School event as early as possible in the term. As the term progressed and our commitments for public functions increased, the wisdom of this decision was very much appreciated.

We felt particularly honoured that our Guest of Honour this year, Mr. Antony Part, C.B., M.B.E., Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Education, should travel specially from England for the occasion. During the morning he visited the Craft Centre at Beresford Road, the Lower School and unofficially met the Prefects over a cup of coffee in their Trailer at morning break.

Mr. Part was officially welcomed to the School when he arrived at 12.00, by the Headmaster, accompanied by the Deputy Head, Senior Mistress, Bursar and Head Prefects. After inspecting the Guards of Honour of Cadets and Rangers, who looked extremely smart, Mr. Part made a tour of the school and met many members of Staff in their specialist rooms. In the Hall, besides an Art exhibition, there was a display of Queen's School Statistics showing in pictorial and diagrammatic form the many problems which beset the education of Service children.

At 2.30 in the afternoon all the pupils of the Upper School, with members of Staff and Parents, were assembled in the Garrison Theatre, which was most attractively decorated for the occasion. The Chairman, Brigadier H.T. Shean, T.D., Chief Education Officer, B.A.O.R., asked the Headmaster to make his report for the year. As printed copies of this had already been circulated the Headmaster was able to dwell on some matters in detail rather than just repeat a long list of statistics. After he had presented the prizes, Mr. Part then addressed the parents and pupils. For the next fifteen to twenty minutes we were entertained in a fashion most unlike Speech Days. Mr. Part's fund of stories and witticisms seemed endless and at times the whole audience was rocked with laughter. Nevertheless the serious advice and comments of Mr. Part certainly made their mark and were the cause of much discussion later.

The Deputy Head then proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Part which was

seconded by the Head Girl, Sheila Grant. The ceremony closed with a call for "Three Cheers", followed by the singing of God Save the Queen.

Pupils and their parents, along with our visitors, then returned to the Upper School for tea in the Hall and Gymnasium. When it was all over, both Staff and pupils felt it had been a most memorable day and one that we had all thoroughly enjoyed.

LOWER SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

Lower School Speech Day, the climax of our academic year, was held on July 18th 1962, in the Garrison Theatre. We were very pleased to welcome Air Vice-Marshal Gordon Jones, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., and Mrs. Gordon Jones as our Guests of Honour.

The morning was spent preparing the theatre and, in the Lower School, arranging the various displays designed to show the work of the past year. Many visitors commented on the high standard of the exhibits and the girls and boys could feel justly proud of their achievements.

At 2.30, the First and Second Year children, together with Staff, parents and other visitors, assembled in the Garrison Theatre for the Speeches and Prize Distribution. As Chairman, Wing Commander E.B. Haslam, M.A., introduced the Headmaster who spoke of the difficulties which had to be contended with, and the school's achievements. This was followed by a report on the year's work by the Mistress-in-Charge of the Lower School. Then prizes awarded for both attainment and diligence were presented by Mrs. Gordon Jones. It was obvious from the children's smiles that her kindness soon dispelled any nervousness and this was a very happy part of the proceedings. In his address to the school, the Air Vice-Marshal stressed the importance of international understanding and spoke of the challenge to the youth of today in a world where the pace of life was constantly increasing. Then the Deputy Headmaster proposed a vote of thanks to the Air Vice-Marshal and his wife which was seconded by Angela Mitchell, the Head Prefect of the Lower School.

After the ceremony was over, our Guests of Honour, together with other visitors, returned to the Lower School for tea and to see the displays of pupils' work. We felt very pleased at the large number of visitors who took such an interest in the school and we felt that it had been a most rewarding day.

Sixth form talks

AUTUMN TERM 1962

Monday afternoons were again set free for Lectures and Brains Trusts for the Sixth Forms. The Headmaster started the series with an illustrated talk on Cyprus. On September 24th a Sixth Form Brains Trust composed of Carol Sanderson, David Letts, Alan Tingey and Alan Fraser under the chairmanship of the Deputy Head, Mr. J. Morgan, dealt with a wide and interesting variety of questions. The following week David Letts and Robert Balding, the winners of the first B.F.E.S. Travel Scholarship, lectured on their journey to Sweden "In Search of Music". Their talk was illustrated by slides, photographs and tape recordings and proved a most interesting account of their journey,

although it is obvious from their experiences that August is the wrong month in which to search for folk music in Sweden. On October 8th the Deputy Director, Mr. M. Wylie, B.A., introduced us to "The Canals of England and Wales". This was a most unusual and refreshing talk on a subject about which most of us knew very little or nothing and we came away feeling that an opportunity to explore the canals might provide a splendid holiday.

The Commonwealth Institute, London, had sent one of their lecturers, Mr. Devereux-Colebourn, to Germany at the request of B.F.E.S. to lecture on a variety of topics. On October 15th he delivered a talk to the Sixth Forms on the "Commonwealth" which was a clear and thoughtful summary of the steps leading to the creation of this brotherhood of nations. His talk elicited many questions which led to further discussion.

The programme of talks each term includes at least one talk on artistic matters and this term Mr. Wilcockson gave us an illustrated lecture on Sicily which included some magnificent photographs. After half term, Brigadier J. Stares, D.S.O., O.B.E. visited us to tell of his experiences in Japan, Korea and Hong Kong. He had served on the Armistice Commission in Korea and included some interesting slides of the Commission at work and of the Korean towns and countryside. From there he took us to Japan with particularly striking pictures of Fujiyama, and finally to Hong Kong with splendid photographs of the harbour. This was a masterly summary covering such a wide variety of places in a relatively short time.

On November 12th the Command Secretary, Mr. G. East, M.A. came to us to talk about his particular hobby and interest — genealogy. The title of his lecture, "Climbing the Family Tree", explained in itself how one might set about the pursuit of this fascinating subject. In a remarkably clear account which included frequent references to his personal experiences in tracing his own family back to a certain property in Kent in the 17th century, Mr. East opened our eyes to a hobby which can be pursued at no great cost and with tremendous personal and historical interest.

On Monday, November 19th Dawn Coulson of the Lower Sixth gave an illustrated talk on Coventry Cathedral which she had visited and photographed when in England. The slides and epidiascope pictures brought home to the audience the beauty of the design of the Cathedral in general, and of many of its details in particular.

At the time of going to press two more Monday afternoon features remain. The first, a Brains Trust billed for November 26th, the panel of members including Mrs. R. A. C. Carter, Mrs. Bell, Mr. P. Leefe and Lt. Col. P. Goodeve-Docker. The second, a talk by Brigadier H. Shean, T.D. the Chief Education Officer of B.A.O.R. These features will be covered in our next issue.

School journey

SCHOOL JOURNEY TO ITALY, JULY, 1962

At 6 p.m. as planned, we slipped smartly out of the School grounds and headed towards Basel. Tents and all things needful for the six of us had been pressed into every available space. It was satisfactory to find that our brakes

continued to respond when called upon; a sudden and vile contagion had spread amongst their pistons and had been subdued only a few hours before our departure.

No time was wasted on the Autobahn. At about 11 p.m. we pulled off for a fine picnic. Basel was reached in the early hours and tents were hastily pitched. Through Switzerland and Northern Italy all temptations to linger were resisted, except for a pause at the top of the St. Gotthard for a snow fight; and we did turn aside to see the great sight of Milan Cathedral.

Our first real stay was at Pisa and here we became tourists indeed. We climbed the Tower; we examined recently uncovered murals and saw devils biting off the arms of sinners and snakes dining on entrails! Wesley and Whitfield were gentled admonishers by comparison! In the Baptistry the Chaplain demonstrated the glorious acoustics, sending up dulcet notes to melt and blend in heavenly harmony in the great dome. He was much mortified to discover that his party had retired in embarrassed confusion before his first *mi-mi* was properly launched.

"These things having been done" — (for were we not approaching Rome?) — we paused by the sea to swim and to gaze upon units of one of America's fleets.

Rome provided a whirl of sight-seeing. St. Peter's of course, with its splendid views from the Dome; its treasures; and perhaps most admired of all, Michelangelo's *Pietà* recently returned from America where it had been on show. We spent hours in the Castel Sant Angelo, tomb of Hadrian and mediaeval fortress. The Palatine; the Roman Forum; the Colosseum — we made a detailed study of each in spite of the noon-day sun. At the Baths of Caracalla ancient and modern met — preparations were being made for Tosca to be staged amongst the great ruins. We went that night to hear the opera which was being televised to America via the satellite "Telstar".

"Enough is plenty" as someone, in a deep moment, said of the niceties of atomic megatons. We acknowledged this truth as we tried to take in the incalculable treasure of the Vatican Museum. Like the Queen of Sheba before Solomon's treasures — (child's stuff by the side of what we faced), — we gave in.

It was a blessed relief from the Roman sun to enter the cool quietness of the catacombs. Neither the electric lighting, nor our guide, nor even a tourist's plaint that there were not enough human remains, could destroy a strange sense of kinship with the far-off Christians who worshipped in those eerie galleries.

Very much alive and pushing, was the crowd that crammed the Audience Hall at Castel Gandolfo as we waited in the intense heat to see the Pope. To me, the Hall which commemorates His Holiness, Pius XII, is unfortunate. The friendly, intimate atmosphere of those Audiences given in the open Courtyard, is altogether lost.

We left Rome along the Appian Way, noting its ruined tombs and forlorn fragments. As we turned away on to modern tarmac we saw the road stretching to the horizon, straight as a ruled line.

By the time we reached Naples the heat was truly remarkable. Our

keeper on the crater of Vesuvius, announced that an eruption is expected next year. The infernal temperature and the intermittent jets of "steam" gave the uneasy feeling that it was not altogether good for us to be there!

The crater of the Mount Somma which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii in 79 A.D. is vast in comparison with Vesuvius proper — which is a small cone rising from the centre of the older crater. Even so, the black streams of lava produced at a small display in 1944 seemed menacing enough.

We tried to picture something of the horror of the great eruption as we stood in the gloomy cellerage of a Roman villa at Pompeii, and saw in the lava the imprints of sixteen huddled bodies where they had crouched helplessly against the wall of their tomb. Two of the outlines were of children.

The excavations give a full picture of the lay out of the town. But almost all the detailed and intimate objects of every-day life have been collected into one building on the site or have been removed to the National Museum in Naples. The casts of bodies of slaves fallen as they fled; the dog writhing to escape from its chain; the swords, tridents and helmets of the gladiators — all these appetisers to interest were behind glass, crowded together in the indigestible way inevitable in Museums.

Herculaneum, though much smaller and only partially excavated, brought its own day much more closely to us. The quiet atrium seemed to await its owners return; at any moment the fountain would play again; the proprietor of the wine shop, with its rows of jars and vats, might simply have gone home to lunch.

Most provocative of thought was a Christian cross set above a prayer-desk in a small upper room — a visible piece of evidence, all the more exciting because it brings us so near to the very first Christian days.

We persuaded an official to take us beyond the safety barrier to the "face" of the excavations, where the basilica was slowly coming into daylight after nineteen hundred years. A mural, its yellow, red and black as fresh as when last seen, was being cleared of encrusting mud. A great pillar, snapped at its base, tilted horribly as it waited to be drawn upright once more. In the Collegium we were shown the skeleton of the guardian, spread-eagled near the door, where a charred beam had pinned him to the ground.

The modern world was abruptly back when we visited Father Borrelli at his Casa dello Scugnizzo, or House of Urchins as he has realistically called the Home he has set up for the derelict boys of the streets of Naples. At present, he can take only eighty out of thousands. He has taken them literally from the gutters and from all sorts of viciousness. They live in a disused Church (surely bitterly cold in winter) and some of their bedding is in rags. But they are clean; they are safe; and they are cared about. They gave us a smiling welcome to their home and offered us at once, small glasses of cold coffee.

We saw a little of the slums of Naples. There is nothing in the British Isles that can remotely compare for vileness.

We quite forgot to look at the famous and beautiful Bay of Naples.

All things have to end (and not least, the Editor's allowance of space) and so, via Cassino, Florence and the Brenner we made our way back. There was a refreshing pause in Austria; a short night camp by the autobahn at

Ulm; and then a fast run home. Just before Cologne we had a glorious "spend-out" on huge steaks, pilcs of chips and fruit and ice-cream.

Queen's School is somewhat limited in architectural splendour. But when we drew up at 4 p.m. (as planned) after sixteen hectic days, we were delighted to see it. It looked friendly and we were home.

C. S.

Ex cathedra

"A PLACE THAT IS CALLED THE PAVEMENT."

To stand "on the spot" of any great event is always fascinating; but what could be more evocative than the sight of the very flag-stones which Christ trod when he was brought in to receive sentence of death and to be mocked with purple robe and crown of thorns on that morning of Friday, 14th, Nisan, in A.D. 30?

St. Mark records that Christ was taken to "the Hall called Praetorium" and was there condemned and tortured. But this gives no clue to a definite palace. The word "Praetorium" simply denotes any place where Pilate might set up his "Bema"* — a movable platform and a judgement-seat — in order to hold his Tribunal.

Three possible sites have been suggested for this historic trial. And the one which has finally come to the light of day was usually ruled out. This was the area where the Antonia once stood — a fortress built to the north-east of the Temple to dominate that troublespot. It was the work of Herod the Great who had named it in flattery of Mark Antony, his Roman patron. Josephus, in his "Jewish War", mentions the fort, but from what was known until recently, it seemed that the place could not have accommodated the roaring crowds so clearly described in the Gospel accounts.

It is quite certain that, usually, Pilate did reside at the Antonia. Josephus — a contemporary of Pilate — records the fact. But he does not record that Christ was judged there. And again, it was not possible to fit into the known facts the Gospels' insistence on a large open court-yard and the milling, Passover mob.

The Antonia was flattened as soon as the besieging Romans captured it in 71 A.D., when the fearful war waged by Titus against the Jews was nearing its end. Thereafter, wars and destructions laid new coverings of debris over the ruins, until all trace of the fortress and even its exact position had been forgotten.

So it remained until 1842 when a Frenchman purchased land in Jerusalem in order to found a Convent which should be as near as possible to the scene of Christ's sufferings. He chose land surrounding an arch, known by tradition as the Arch of the Ecce Homo. It was here that, supposedly, Our Lord had been shown to the crowd with the cry "Behold the Man!" The arch itself could not be purchased, but the one next to it was bought and was incorporated into the Convent Chapel of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion. The altar stands beneath it.

the west coast to Halsingborg, and so to Copenhagen, where we were to catch the train back to Moenchengladbach.

Our aim was to search for Folk Music by visiting several known places of musical interest, for example, Vastervik. We also intended to visit museums and some parks where music festivals are usually held. In order to cut down the cost we planned to go youth hostelling, thus enabling us to live on about 16s. a day.

We posted our plans to the Director and, after a month or so, we were interviewed by a panel in the Big House. Present were groups from the other three schools. To our dismay we won!

After recovering from the initial shock, we set to work with the preparations for the actual holiday. We joined the Youth Hostelling Association and the Cyclists' Touring Club. We also insured our bicycles and luggage against damage, some of it being quite valuable; for example, cameras and the portable tape-recorder. We took the tape-recorder to collect the various Folk Songs and pieces of Folk Music we hoped to hear on our travels. The final dates for our holiday were arranged, 3rd to 22nd August.

After spending so much time on general research and on reading musical literature, we were disappointed, because, as far as we could see, folk music did not seem to exist in Sweden. The "Folketsparks" we visited were deserted and all our enquiries were in vain.

As far as the cycling was concerned, we found it hard going, owing to long gradual hills and strong Baltic winds. Therefore we found it necessary to alter our route; that is, make it shorter. In two and a half weeks we cycled 1,200 kilometres.

When we were planning our holiday, we received a reply to one of our letters, inviting us to visit Herr Blomme in Stockholm when we went to Sweden. This we did but, unfortunately, he could not help us as regards the folk music.

By the time the day had arrived for us to take our holiday, we had received only the one reply to all the letters which we had sent to Sweden. When we got back we found some important letters waiting for us. We wished we could have had them before we went on holiday. However, within a week, Mr. Rolf Leander of Eskilstuna in Sweden had sent us two records of Swedish Folk Music, a book on Folk Dances, some postcards and some general information on Swedish Folk Music.

Despite not being very successful in our aim, we had a most enjoyable holiday, and we fully recommend Youth Hostelling to anyone who wishes to have a cheap holiday.

After completing our holiday, we were under obligation to write a report on our adventures and to submit it to the Director of B.F.E.S.

During the first half of this term, the Headmaster asked us to give a lecture to the sixth form one Monday afternoon. This we did, showing the slides and photographs we had taken, and playing the records which we had received from Mr. R. Leander.

Having completed a very pleasant competition, we look forward to planning our next holiday when the next "Travel Award" comes round.

D. Letts
R. Balding Lower Sixth

School visit

THE LOWER SIXTH GERMAN SET'S VISIT TO THE STADTTHEATER IN MOENCHENGLADBACH

The Lower Sixth German set, which is composed of Mrs. Holland, Jo Woodhouse and myself, has proved to be very enthusiastic as regards an evening out in search of literary culture. We spend many of our lessons — especially those intended for grammar revision — conversing on this interesting subject, which, as Mrs. Holland constantly reminds us, examiners are immensely keen on you having, but about which questions are never set.

And so the Friday evening of the 26th October found three bewildered "Ausländer" standing in the spacious foyer of the Moenchengladbach Stadttheater. The foyer was surrounded by enormous mirrors, so that, if you were not careful, you might bump into yourself, which theory I promptly put into practice and now declare foolproof. The number of people soon grew, and, as was obvious from their elegant attire, the majority were not just sheltering from the autumn downpour. We had a few minutes to spare and therefore decided to enter the "Damen" to assure ourselves that we were as tidy as possible. The cost of combing your hair — providing you brought your own comb and hair — turned out to be ten pennings, but the Scotch in me told me to be reasonable, and so I denied myself this luxury. We also decided to keep our coats with us, rather than hand them in, at the price of fifty pennings, a decision which cost many glances from other spectators.

At 7.55 p.m. we entered the theatre itself. After some debate as to the working of the numerical system, we found our seats conveniently placed and were soon settled in expectation of the evening's entertainment. At 8.0 p.m. prompt a speaker appeared and gave us some information about Kleist's life story and the art of advertising empty theatre seats. The play, "Das Käthen von Heilbronn", was the first in the "Jugend" series of this season. We had purchased the text beforehand and were therefore not unprepared, but, I must confess, we all remained in darkness until the light dawned — both literally and metaphorically — at the interval. During these much appreciated ten minutes we gingerly sipped "Apfelsaft" out of cocktail glasses, and desperately searched through the text for some enlightenment. Jo and I, unfortunately, did not witness the second half of this dramatic "Schauspiel", for we suddenly had a violent attack of giggles, which enabled us to see the whole drama in a hysterically humorous light. The three curtain-falls, which the "Schauspieler" received at the end, were thoroughly well deserved, for their acting had been the only realistic factor in the play.

It is needless to say that we all enjoyed ourselves immensely, despite our obvious ignorance in the art of German theatre-going. We hope that many more will be interested and attend the next production with us, for it is an experience well worth having.

Barbara Simpson, Lower Sixth.

SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING CLUB

As no suitable room is available at school, the Scottish Country Dancing Club meets each Thursday in the Army gymnasium. Some forty members, enthusiastic rather than skilful, are learning the more popular dances. From 4 o'clock until 5.15 p.m., a smaller group are learning some of the more unusual and more interesting dances.

M. C. S.

DRAMA CLUB

The response this term was sufficient to allow of the formation of three drama groups. The main group, under Mr. Balding, is working at a full-length play to be presented some time during the Spring Term. The other groups, under Mrs. Bevan and Mr. Mackay, have been hampered by the lack of suitable texts, but nevertheless have been able to entertain each other during the Club Period on Thursday afternoons.

S. B.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The Public Speaking and Debating Society meets every Thursday in Room 17, under the guidance of Mr. Hunt. This term's activities have included two straight debates on nationalisation and the Cuban situation, a Brains Trust, a literary discussion, and a series of extemporaneous speeches. In the near future we hope to have a full-scale debate on the Common Market and a Mock Trial.

ART CLUB

After some initial sorting of pupils to keep the numbers within bounds we have been able to settle down to some interesting and useful work. Our watchword is variety and members of the club are encouraged to experiment with different mediums. So far this term we have tried pencil, and pen and ink drawing, painting, lino cutting and printing, scraper board and sketching. Some pupils are still on their first piece of work, and making a great success of it, whilst others have started a new piece each week. Sometimes a little more persistence and care would certainly be rewarded with a higher standard of work. However, we enjoy our Thursday afternoons and look forward to many more to come. Finally we should like to thank the members of the Art department for their help and encouragement each week.

J. M.

AERO-MODEL CLUB

The Club has now twenty-five members and meets every Thursday afternoon in Room 20. Interest is centred on the flying section of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, and about half the members are busily engaged in constructing a wide range of models, including gliders, elastic-driven and diesel-engined models.

Most Thursdays a small group goes over to the football field to fly by control-line planes powered by small diesel engines of about 2.5 c.c. Robin Hart in 5 E has had some particularly successful flights with his Champion and also his twin-engined Beaufighter. The latter even managed to fly on one engine only. More recently we watched him fly a plane of his own design which flew at great speed and under complete control. Other members are hoping shortly to fly their own craft by control-line, a method requiring considerable skill on the part of the "pilot".

MUSIC CLUB (FORMERLY RECORDER CLUB)

It will be seen that we are now known as the "Music Club", although we still have our faithful "Recorder Trio". This term we welcomed a new player into our midst, C. Kemp, who is now doing quite well on his trumpet. We had hoped to welcome more members, since our present third forms have just come up from the Lower School, but no one has come forward as yet. Perhaps some will be inspired by our activities this term. If so, we look forward to seeing them in the coming Spring Term. Anyone who can play any instrument, come along and join in.

At the end of this term we hope to take part in the Carol Service which the school is holding in St. Boniface Church.

D. A. Letts, Lower Sixth

FILM AND T.V. CLUB

The Film and T.V. Club was founded on 26th September, 1962. Since Mr. Walters has started this Club more and more people have become members. Thirty-three is the present number of those who attend weekly.

Our chairman is Alan Neck, and he is accompanied by the vice-chairman, Bell. The Club fee is 1 D.M. per term per member; those who pay this reasonable amount will be sure to get their money's worth of film entertainment. These fees are collected in by the Club's treasurer.

So far, our films have included:

Locomotives
The Growth of London
Roman Wall
Help!
Fights of Malaya

and many more.

At the end of term we hope to show a selected film, "The Dambusters", to all Club members. This is to be shown in the Globe Cinema on camp. Another film, resembling "St. Trinian's", is also planned, when Club members can invite a person to accompany them.

Next term the committee have been given permission to choose their own film programme throughout the term.

The Club has so far been very successful and we hope all members enjoy every minute of the Film and T.V. Association.

Barbara Copestake (Club Secretary)

EMBROIDERY CLUB

The Embroidery Club started in September, with twenty-five members, and is run by Miss V. Hudson and Miss E. Moore.

An introduction to Counted Threadwork is the theme for this term and, after a frantic two or three weeks cutting fabric, choosing colours and designs, the girls were soon finding how simple this type of work is to do, and yet how attractive and effective it is.

V. Hudson

BEAUTY CLUB

Twenty-five senior girls joined the club at the beginning of the term, and have started a course of lectures and discussions based on the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme syllabus on the Art of Make-up and Hair Styles.

At one meeting Fräulein Ingrid Werke of Figaro's gave a talk on "The Care and Growth of Hair". She has promised to give us further talks on the setting and styling of hair.

A. Gledhill

SOCCER CLUB

This club, membership of which is restricted to third formers, is regularly attended by about twenty boys who, though differing in ability, have all shown an enthusiastic and usually constructive approach to the game. The highlight of the season so far has been a match between a club eleven and a fourth form eleven (minus one or two) which ended in a creditable (for both sides) draw. The club's personnel is now arranged in four teams bearing the self-inflicted names of "Hurricanes", "Tornados", "Dynamos" and "Spurs". At present these teams are engaged in a league competition and it is hoped to introduce a "cup" knock-out competition at a later date, provided the teams live up to their names and do not run out of wind or energy in the interval.

R. S.

SEVENTH RHEINDAHLEN (QUEEN'S SCHOOL) LAND RANGER COMPANY

At the time of writing the Company are preparing with great enthusiasm, despite the first signs of winter weather, to spend this weekend at a Youth Hostel in Monschau-Eifel. While there some Rangers will carry out expeditions as part of their test work. We hope snow and sleet do not interfere with our activities. Some weeks ago we spent one night in the Youth Hostel at Hardt to familiarise ourselves with facilities in a German Jugendherberge. That proved a wise move for, had we gone further afield, the Company would have had to go supperless to bed. Booking facilities are certainly less adequate than in U.K., although hostels are very well equipped in other respects. Some Rangers, we hope, have learned to read maps correctly. Bitter experience and many blisters have taught that mistakes are costly.

We now have our meetings in a recently acquired cellar at Queen's Lower School, where we have two rooms. Various members of the Company have shown unexpected talents in fitting out these rooms, so that now they are gradually taking shape. Unfortunately, the walls do not take kindly to our posters, but we are hoping to find some solution to this particular "sticking" problem soon.

Last week we visited our refugee families at Rumeln-Kaldenhausen. Fortunately, two Rangers speak German well enough to converse with them. One family has recently been bereaved. Herr Kowal had been ill for some time but rallied. However, after a recent operation, he died and has left behind a young family. Rangers are now preparing Christmas parcels for these families. We have heard that some other members of Queen's School have been roped in to help and we are grateful for any assistance.

Once again we extend an invitation to any girls, over fourteen and a half years old, in Queen's Upper School, to join our Company. This can be done by contacting any member of the Ranger Company, or coming along to Queen's Lower School between 3-5 p.m. on Thursdays.

Barbara Simpson, Lower Sixth

COMBINED CADET FORCE

This term, the contingent is a little smaller than at the corresponding period last year, mustering the bare century — including many recruits.

The task of equipping nearly fifty newcomers with all items of uniform is a formidable one, the more so as cadets come in all sizes, save stock Army ones!

Our main activity this term has been a Field Day held in the environs of Arabeck ranges — noted for the fact that the first rain for over three weeks fell on this occasion, and that seventy cadets ate rations for over ninety men.

The R.A.F. section all flew from R.A.F. Wildenrath in a Devon, which made three trips to the Eifel, where the sun was shining. One nameless cadet can testify to the inadvisability of eating pork pies before a flight, and another to the difficulty of feeling unwell wearing an oxygen mask.

They soon recovered their appetites!

Arabeck was also the scene of the summer Field Day, and training included lectures and films on atomic warfare.

Examination Boards were held in the summer term and most cadets were successful in passing the tests for which they were entered.

A Proficiency Board will be held this term, and another next term, together with Basic Boards, and it is hoped that we shall have our usually good results.

Camp was held this year at Reinsehlen under the tutelage of 1 Welsh Guards, who looked after us extremely well. There were fewer demonstrations than last year — though the ones we saw were impressive (armoured cars firing on the ranges and an Armoured Engineer Squadron in action among them) — and much of the time was given over to infantry work. Digging-in, attack and defence, night patrols, etc., formed most of the programme, and

the camp ended with an all-night exercise, culminating in a dawn attack by the combined forces of Queen's and Prince Rupert Schools on an area defended by Windsor School. It still isn't clear who won, but the skill and enthusiasm of the cadets evoked much favourable comment.

The Regular N.C.O.'s responsible for the actual field training during this period were most impressed with the response and capacity (in all senses of the word) of their charges.

The R.A.F. camp was spent at R.A.F. Butzweilerhof and all three schools were represented there. Work included a visit to airfields in the area, and most cadets were able to fly in Canberras. All the present members of the section have been "decompressed", which means that they can fly in jets.

We have now said goodbye to Capt. J. Ollis who has taken up an appointment at Münster, and wish him all success in the future. The officer strength is therefore down to three again, although the cadet N.C.O. establishment is probably healthier than it has ever been: Sgts. Letts, Tingey, Balding and Fraser; Cpls. Clayton, Smith, Pearson and Estop; L/Cpls. East, Airey, Gadsby and Moseley; J/Techs. Callus, Wiseman and Pearn.

Finally, our thanks are due to members of the Weapon Training Staff and the Camp Staff for the help they so un begrudgingly give us at all times.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD (GIRLS)

Despite a number of leavers, our numbers have risen steadily to thirty-five. Our congratulations go to Barbara Simpson on achieving her Silver Award and to nine others on getting their Bronze Awards. New Courses and interests are being catered for as these girls embark on their Silver Awards.

Our thanks are due to many outside friends, and members of Staff, who have helped to instruct and to assess the varying tests and achievements of those who have completed the different sections required.

M. H.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD (BOYS)

Our numbers for this new school year have shown a promising increase, though we are always pleased to enrol any others who are interested in achieving the Award.

During the summer term the expedition was successfully undertaken by a number of boys and some also completed their pursuit.

As Mr. Stallwood has now left the leadership of the Award, I am sure that the boys who undertook their training with him during the preceding years will wish me to express their appreciation of his efforts in their behalf.

This year has commenced satisfactorily with a number of boys achieving the Physical Fitness Standards. The pursuits are extremely varied and include such interests as aeromodelling, ornithology, art and car maintenance.

The service of an instructor for the First Aid Section of the Public Service has been obtained and we now have this section in operation.

D. A. K.

Examination successes

University Entrants October 1962

A. P. Redmond — University of Leeds
M. Harbord — University of Reading

Training College Entrants October 1962

B. Grant — Bedford College of Physical Education
J. Emerson — Manchester College of Commerce.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

(E: English Language, EL: English Literature, G: Geography, H: History, L: Latin, F: French, Gn: German, PM: Pure Mathematics, AM: Applied Mathematics, P: Physics, C: Chemistry, B: Biology, TD: Technical Drawing, A: Art, HW: Woodwork, HM: Metalwork)

"A" Level (July 1962)

Bauers, A.	EL, F, L
Cavill, A.	P
Emerson, J.	G, H
Grant, S.	PM, AM
Redmond, A.	F, L

"O" Level (July 1962)

Cavill, A.	PM, C
Crowther, M.	EL, F
Grant, S.	P
Hughes, B.	PM
Redmond, A.	E
Callus, V.	B
East, J.	L
Balding, R.	E, G, PM, C, B
Davies, M.	C, PM
James, R.	E, F
Letts, D.	F, G, F, PM, P
Naylor, T.	G, PM, P, C
Barnes, J.	F, H
Buchanan, S.	E, H, L, F, PM, B
DeSevin, P.	PM
Dunn, M.	E, EL, L, F, PM
Gillson, P.	EL, G, F
Gronhaug, A.	E, L, F, PM
Halliday, J.	EL, H
Kennedy, J.	E, H, F, Gn, B
Murray, A.	E, EL, H, B
Simpson, B.	E, EL, H, L, F, Gn, B
Woodhouse, J.	E, EL, H, F, Gn, PM

Callus, P.	C
Halford, D.	F, Cn
Leadbeater, S.	E, G
McLennan, J.	E
Tingey, A.	E, EL, PM, P, C
Westerman, I.	G
Cooper, V.	E, EL, F, A
Hart, M.	A
Hughes, C.	B
McGregor, A.	Gn, PM
Stone, G.	EL
Walker, A.	A
Ward, V.	A
Hopper, D.	F, C, PM
Ashman, B.	E, El
Osborne, J.	TD, HW, HM
Pearson, N.	TD, HM
Smith, M. B.	TD, HW
Todd, A.	TD, HW, HM

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

School Certificate

(S: Shorthand, T: Typewriting, E: English Language, M: Mathematics, GS: General Science, TD: Technical Drawing, HM: Metalwork, HW: Woodwork, Ck: Cookery, NW: Needlework, G: Geography)

Davey, L.	E, S, T, Ck, NW
Frampton, S.	E, S, T, Ck, NW
Pilgrim, J.	E, S, T, Ck, NW
Todd, A.	E, M, GS, TD, HM, HW
Young, J.	E, S, T, Ck, NW
Campbell, C.	Ck, NW
Estop, L.	E
Golding, M.	E
Gray, J.	E, S, T, Ck
Jones, S.	E, S, Ck, NW
Neck, A.	E, TD, HM, HW
Osborne, J.	M, GS, TD, HM, HW, G
Pearson, N.	M, GS, TD, HW
Siddle, M.	Ck, NW
Smith, M. B.	M, GS, TD, HM, HW
Smith, M. D.	M, GS, TD, HM, HW

Single Subject Examinations

Stage II - English Language
Shorthand

P. Clemmet (2nd Class Pass)
L. Davey
S. Jones
J. Pilgrim

Typewriting
Stage I - English Language

L. Davey (2nd Class Pass)
S. Beale
M. Butler
C. Cooper
C. Dixon
S. Frampton
C. Gerrard
J. Gray
L. Gresty
S. Jones
F. Meecham
A. Neck
J. Pilgrim
M. Ripley
M. B. Smith
M. D. Smith
A. Todd
J. Young
V. Ward
J. McLennan (with Credit)
M. Hart
S. Beale (with Credit)
S. Frampton
J. Gray
M. Ayre
S. Frampton
S. Jones (with Credit)

Mathematics

Shorthand

Typewriting

Easter 1962

Stage I - English Language

Shorthand

Typewriting

L. Davey
J. Pilgrim
L. Davey (with Credit)
S. Jones
J. Young
M. Robertson

Present staff and prefects

Autumn Term 1962

Miss R. Armstrong
Mr W. B. P. Aspinall, O.B.E., M.A.
Mrs S. J. Baker
Mr T. G. Baker
Mr S. A. Balding, B.A.
Mr G. V. N. Beaver, M.Coll.H.

Miss J. N. Bedford
Mrs J. C. Bevan, B.A.
Miss A. Bicknell
Miss J. B. Bourne, A.T.D.
Mr P. Brindley, B.A.
Miss J. Buckley

Mr E. R. Buddery, Dip. Math.
 Mr F. Burkinshaw, B.A.
 Miss J. Cates
 Mr M. L. Christian
 Mr G. Cockburn, B.A.
 Mrs J. Cook (Part-time)
 Miss A. Cooper
 Mr N. S. Cooper
 Miss A. M. Copley
 Mr R. H. H. Gorke, B.Sc.
 Miss M. E. V. Cowley, B.A.
 Miss M. J. Drabble, B.Sc.
 Mr P. Duckhouse, B.A.
 Mr G. H. Edwardson, B.Sc.
 Mr H. Evans
 Mr W. C. J. Francis, B.A.
 Miss M. P. Gall, M.A.
 Miss A. Gledhill, B.Sc.
 Mrs J. E. Griffin (Part-time)
 Miss D. Harrison, A.R.C.A.
 Mrs P. Hawkins, B.A.
 Mrs M. E. Holland, B.A. (Part-time)
 Miss V. C. Hudson
 Miss M. Humphreys, B.Sc., M.Ed.
 Mr B. R. Hunt, B.A.
 Miss J. P. Hutchinson
 Mr D. A. Kay
 Miss D. I. L. Lancashire, B.Sc.

ADMINISTRATIVE AND CLERICAL

Mr W. G. Caddy
 Mr S. Dawkins
 Mrs F. McBirnie

SCHOOL PREFECTS

Autumn Term 1962

D. Letts
 R. Balding
 R. Brady
 A. Fraser
 B. Hughes
 N. Pearson
 K. Sharratt
 M. D. Smith
 A. Tingey

Head Boy

Mr R. S. Mackay, M.A.
 Mr P. Matthews
 Mr J. McCallion, M.A.
 Mr J. W. Meiklejohn
 Miss K. S. Mills
 Miss E. Moore, B.A.
 Mr J. W. Morgan, B.Sc. (Econ.)
 Miss J. M. Morrison, M.A.
 Mrs P. Y. Morrison (Part-time)
 Mr D. J. N. Nicholls Dip. Phys. Ed.
 Miss M. D. Reece
 Mrs P. Rees
 Rev. C. H. Sellars, B.A.
 Mr W. O. Siney, B.A., L. ès L.
 Mr R. D. Singleton, B.Sc.
 Mrs B. A. Smith
 Mr J. Stallwood
 Mr R. M. Stephens, B.Sc.
 Miss M. Stone, M.A.
 Mr R. F. Swindall, L.R.A.M.
 Mr G. Wainwright, L.R.A.M. (T)
 Mr P. F. Walters
 Miss S. A. Wheeler, L.R.A.M.
 Mr P. Wilcockson, Dip. Art
 Miss E. A. R. Williams, B.Comm.
 Miss A. C. Wills
 Mrs E. G. Wilson

Miss M. A. Smith
 Mrs A. M. Terrey

Carol Sanderson
 Valerie Callus
 Jane East
 Anne Gronhaug
 Kathryn Jones
 Penelope Leefe
 Margaret Neill
 Jeanne Rennie
 Maureen Siddle
 Barbara Simpson
 Josephine Woodhouse

Head Girl

News of old staff and scholars

Mr. Chignell has settled very happily in Birmingham and is enjoying organising his school and living near the Cricket ground!
Mr. McGillivray has gone to New Zealand.
Mr. Sullivan is teaching Latin in Singapore.
Mr. Rodgers is teaching P.E. and Maths. in Kuala Lumpur.
Mr. Raulings is finding plenty to do in N.Rhodesia.
Mr. Ollis is at Edinburgh School, Münster.
Mrs. Hull (Miss Head) is now quartered in Bushey and has seen *Mrs. Thomas* and *Miss Garfield* since she went there.
Miss Owen is enjoying life in her new school and has seen *Miss Dempsey* and also *Miss Browning*.
Miss Goodburn has become engaged.

D. Westerman is in a Bank in Oxford and *Ian* is at Oxford Technical College.
A. Redmond is at Leeds University reading Classics.
J. Emerson is at Manchester College of Commerce.
M. Crowther is at Lloyds Bank in Coventry.
A. Cuell is doing a cramming course and hopes to do some "A" levels again.
R. Crook is doing well in his work in England.
O. Williams entered a German factory in Ratheim.
T. Preston and *J. M. Hewitt* went as Boy Entrants.
J. McGuigan and *J. Logan* took Army Apprenticeships.
J. Osborne went as a R.A.F. Apprentice.
D. Burke is working in the Malcolm Club.
R. James is in the R.A.F.
J. Coupland is at school in Basingstoke and *Peter* is still at Welbeck and doing well.
S. Grant is enjoying the competition at Bedford P.T. College.
A. Bauers is finding Felixstowe College an interesting contrast after seven years in B.F.E.S. Schools.
W. Hudman left for Singapore in October.
C. Cooper, *J. Teasdale* and *F. Meecham* are copy typists in the Kremlin.
V. Cooper is training as a Hairdresser in Leeds.
M. Martin is also training as a Hairdresser.
C. Rostall is nursing in Bath and *S. Bushell* has also applied to nurse.
P. Shenton is at an Art College in Coventry.
S. Gillson is in the clothing department of N.A.A.F.I. and doing Commercial subjects in the evenings.
P. De Sevin is at present in C.P.O. but hopes to train as an Air Hostess with B.E.A.

J. Kennedy is at a Secretarial College in London and is enjoying exploring in her spare time.

J. Young has been a copy typist temporarily but is hoping to be a junior reporter on the "News and Herald" in Barry, Glam.

S. Lloyd is working in Figaro's.

Karen Jones is working in N.A.A.F.I.

P. Williams is now in school in Portsmouth.

D. Jeffries is at Chippingham Grammar School.

J. Eaton is at boarding school in England.

D. Halford is now serving as a cadet with the Oxfordshire Police.

Letters to the editor

THE SCUGNIZZI APPEAL

Sir,

Bearing in mind the Editorial fiat that Magazine material must be in the nature of a record for posterity rather than that of advertisement, may I set down my sincere thanks for all that is being done by members of the School for Fr. Borrelli's "Street Urchin Boys" (they use the title of themselves) — for whom I have appealed for help.

My thanks to the large number of girls for whom now "a square" means six inches of valuable knitting; to many pupils and parents who have provided used clothing; to those who have sent tins of food for next year's proposed Camp in N. Italy; and, of course, to all who have given cash!

One wishes to thank here, the Chaplains and the Church Council of St. Boniface who made it possible for the Appeal to be heard from the pulpit; and especially the Congregation who gave most liberally and have set our Camp Fund off to a splendid start.

Others have given firm and generous promises of help which will mature in due season — and, aptly, that season will in several cases be Christmas, the time of thanksgiving and good-will. There have been individual gifts, sometimes from those not directly connected with Queen's School but who so obviously have an affection for children and a personal interest in what our own youngsters attempt.

Slipping smartly and momentarily under the Editorial blue-pencil guard, may I ask urgently for continued support, both in cash and kind! Everything will be most thankfully received and faithfully applied.

Yours sincerely,

Charles Sellars

(Chaplain, Queen's School)

Sir,

Why is it that our teachers do not wear school uniform? I think that, if they did, they would look smarter and lend tone to the place — a thing that we, being mere children, could never do!

Yours etc.,

Patricia Hill, 3A

Sir,

Two years ago I read in the "Queen's Courier" a complaint from an unfortunate youth who was apparently dicing with death day by day by crossing the road outside school. The situation here seems steadily to have got worse. Living in the South-West Extension, it is necessary for me to cycle to school. On more than one occasion I have narrowly escaped death at the hands of bus drivers who pull out regardless of cyclists.

These are not the only offenders. Drivers of all vehicles from staff cars to tank transporters and double-decker buses — all seem blissfully unaware of the presence of a cycle track in front of the school.

Quite apart from the obvious dangers which arise from such a quantity of traffic, the resultant noise is quite atrocious, and constantly plagues our lessons. I believe that there was once a by-pass road projected, which would thus isolate the school. This road is desperately needed and steps must be taken to ensure either its building or the closing of the present road to *all* vehicles except school buses. I sincerely hope that a little more will be done about this and other requests than is usual. If, as in previous cases, nothing is done, then the letters column should be left out, *even* at the expense of an *even thinner* magazine.

Yours etc.,

R. W. 5A

Sir,

In the last three months I have studied the internal organization of the school. I have rapidly reached the horrifying conclusion that it is one big mess! The corridors resemble a battlefield whenever there is any movement in them. When the bell rings, form after form clash, like soldiers fighting for survival. After assembly there is one almighty surge out of the hall. There is a sort of "one-way street" system operating on the stairs — I say sort of, because some of our elders do not seem to be capable of recognizing a one-way sign and simply proceed down the wrong way!

For goodness' sake let us have some organization in the school. If we are going to have "one-way streets" then let everyone obey them, including the members of the staff! How about having a "keep to the right" rule, which I have sometimes heard a teacher refer to. Of course there is one small set-back, for when going to assembly we are herded to the right, but when leaving, it is to the left! Let's settle for one or the other, please!

Yours etc.,

R. G. Thomas, 5A.

Sir,

Do you not think that it is about time the handle on the boys' door was replaced? I think it was broken during the summer term. Surely it does not take so long (six months) to replace such a necessary part of a door. What good is a door without a handle; it might just as well be a part of a wall.

Yours etc.,

J. E. Hill, 5A

(It is most heartening to hear that the boys actually *want* to get into the school. Ed.)

Sir,

We are constantly being reminded that ours is the weaker sex, and that there are many things that a girl cannot do, until one does it!

We therefore see no reason, especially as our "better halves" have successfully experimented, why the B.F.E.S. Travel Award Scheme should not be extended to the adventurous girls in this school. Do you?

Yours etc.,

*Barbara Simpson, Lower Sixth
Anne Gronhaug, Lower Sixth
Josephine Woodhouse, Lower Sixth*

Sir,

Do you think that transport could be provided for the pupils living in the South West Extension, as we are growing rapidly in number? There must be spare buses, as they are often to be seen returning to their starting point without having been used. This, especially in the winter, is very frustrating, as we stagger home in the pouring rain.

Yours etc.,

P. Graham, 5A.

Sir,

I would like to suggest that all boys of 4 A, B, C and D, 5th forms to "D" and 6th forms be allowed to take typing lessons. Many a good job can be found by men typists.

The Police Force is a very good example, as are clerks of the three armed forces who obtain these positions because lady typists are not used. It is not essential for the boys to do shorthand as long as they have a knowledge of typing.

Yours etc.,

B Bowdler, 4D.

Sir,

I think that school uniform should be abolished. I appreciate that, in theory, to have everyone dressed the same would give the public a good impression of the school but, in practice, this is not so. Many boys and girls wear, if "wear" is the right word to use, their uniform in such a careless and scruffy manner that the impression they give is anything but favourable. If these people did not "wear" our uniform, they would not be associated with our school in the public eye and could not let the school down.

In our democratic country we have free speech why not free dress? If we were allowed to wear clothes we found comfortable, we would work more easily and better. If we want to dress in slacks and sloppy sweaters, why should we be stopped? Therefore, let Queen's School set an example to the rest of Britain by ridding ourselves of the "old school tie" and blazer, and dressing as we think fit and not as school rules think we should. I don't mean school rules should be broken, but changed, concerning this matter.

Yours etc.,

M. Thacker, 5A.

(I think I see this — if we all look scruffy, then who's to know? Ed.)

Sir,

Wot is all this about an alferbet with 51 letters?

Some crank is out to use pore skool-boys as Kannon Foder, that's all it

is

Y not stick to the alferbet as it is? It is bad enuff with 16 letters, any way! And it as taken me till now to get boss of it!

Stop messin, I say!

I wont sine my name. I have reasons for this

Yours etc.,

"Angchus".

Sir,

At the moment of writing I am sitting with my knees forced under a desk, my back hunched with the effort of writing. This deplorable state of affairs occurs because I am sitting at a small desk and I have a large chair. While I appreciate that in Primary Schools desks must be small, small desks are accompanied by small chairs. But why, in Queen's Upper, one must have small desks and large chairs, defeats me.

Perhaps one could put many small chairs in the school into the rooms with small desks?

Yours etc.,

J. E. Hill, 5A.

(But wouldn't that be more uncomfortable for you, J. E. Hill?? Ed.)

Literary section

THINGS TO COME?

Someone had lent me an old book on Badminton. It had no publication date, but illustrations showed young men in flannels so wide at the ankle as to make those of today look like drainpipes.

Inside the cover was the following advertisement:

"Dracula"! If you enjoyed the book or play, then you must read the next book in the series: "The Lair of the White Worm". I found myself wondering what the author, by all accounts as friendly and inoffensive a chap as one could hope to meet, would have thought of today's treatment of his creation, which has set Peter Cushing and his grisly crew up for life. "Dracula", "The Brides of Dracula", "Son of Dracula", soon to be followed no doubt by, "The Return of Dracula", "Dracula Meets the Werewolf", "Dracula Rides Again", "Carry on Dracula", "I was a Teenage Vampire", Peter Sellers in "I'm Alright Boris", and Bing and Bob in "The Road to Bavaria".

Here obviously the talents of Lionel Bart are called for: "Fangs ain't what they used to be"? For the film version Cliff Richard is a must. One can just picture him hanging upside down among the Shadows, crooning "When the ghoul in your arms has a stake in your heart".

But, of course, the day of the horror film is nearly over. Guided by the demands of the intellectual populace, the cinema is awakening to a future of brighter promise.

— Anyone for Bingo? —

K. Meiklejohn, Lower Sixth.

MIDNIGHT MISSION

It was four minutes to midnight. A sinister figure walked purposefully through the streets and turned down a cobbled road, lit dimly by an old-fashioned gas lamp.

He glanced at his watch in the pale light and quickened his pace. The wind was howling through the trees fringing the village. The cold air was biting his face.

A black building loomed up out of the dusk. He thought how deserted and forbidding it looked. As the clock struck twelve he hurried through the doors of the station.

From his pocket he drew out a gleaming, metal disc. Approaching a dark, square shape, he felt for an opening in it, and inserted the small, shining object. At last! A little black shape slid down a miniature chute. He gripped it firmly.

He walked out of the station briskly, mission completed, eating a bar of chocolate.

Alwyn Merchant, 4G.

THE BIG FIGHT

Near Troy, at Agamemnon's camp,
Proud Achilles soon will waken,
And, having washed and brushed his teeth,
Will breakfast well on eggs and bacon.

He dines thus well upon the orders
Of his grandpa (wise old Nector):
"You must be good and eat your porridge,
Today you must deal death to Hector".

The time is come, and all is ready.
On the plains two armies stand;
Bold Achilles, honest Hector,
Leave their corners to shake hands.

Round One: (As Longfellow might have written it).

Good brave Hector leaves his corner,
Closes with the Greek, Achilles,
Jabs and thrusts his spear towards him:
Achilles slips, regains his footing,
Spies Hector's toes projecting hugely,
(He wears rope-soled Trojan sandals),
Smashes down his shield upon them.
Indignant cries of "rise" from the watchers,
Cries of "dirty", "foul", "you bounder!"

Round Two: (As Aeschylus (525-456 B.C.) might have written it).

Chorus: By the grace of Jove, if my eyes do not deceive me, and I have doubts that they would, both Achilles and Hector are advancing towards each other with a singularly sanguine idea.

Reply: Indeed Jove is very grateful, and your eyes are behaving like gentlemen.

Chorus: Ah! Both points of their spears have become embedded in the opponent's shield, in a manner which is not infirm.

Reply: I believe that your surmise is not without truth.

Chorus: Ah! (again). Joined in the manner which I have mentioned before they are, indeed, dancing round in a manner not unlike the waltz (perfidious dance that it is).

Reply: We have it on the best authority that you are not mistaken.

Chorus: The audience cries forth that they are holding, and the referee intervenes.

Reply: Indeed he does.

Chorus: Both Hector and Achilles have transfixed him with their spears, three times each, think I.

Reply: If, indeed, your arithmetic is not faulty, then the referee's health is much impaired.

Round Three: (In a more mundane style).

Hector adopts cunning tactics. He runs in, yelling abuse, dodging, and playing "God save the Queen" on Achilles' shield. Achilles is moved to anger, and with a snarl he chops the point off Hector's spear. Hector, dismayed, is unable to continue the tune.

Round Four: (Again after Longfellow).

Hector resorts again to cunning;
He lays his hollow shield face downwards,
Crawls beneath it like a tortoise,
Lies there, hidden, shouting curses.
Not dismayed, Achilles counters
In a manner not expected.
He carves initials on the shield-boss
Of the shield which hides poor Hector.
From the crowd rise cries of protest,
Cries of "Shame" and "We want Hector".

Round Five: (As it might have been, if the fight had taken place in America).

The two men walk slowly towards each other, their swords loose in their scabbards, and their hands hanging tensely by their sides.

Behind bronze visors their eyes glint fiercely. It is high noon, and the shadow of Hector's ten-gallon helmet is enormous.

"Make your play", draws Achilles in a carefully modulated Clark Gable voice.

The two swords streak forward. Hector is faster, but Achilles quickly stamps on his toes and he falls to the ground.

In a terrible voice Hector utters these words which he had carefully learned in case the battle should go against him.

"I better brook the loss of brittle life than those proud titles thou hast won of me".

Hector dies, and Achilles heads for the refreshment tent for a glass of nectar.

A. Pickles, Lower Sixth

CHANCE ENCOUNTER

I had a little fright while waltzing up the Eiger,
For on the way I met the most abominable tiger;
Its eyes were pink, its stripes were blue, the feet were very hairy,
And as I stood and stared, it yawned, and said: "My name is Mary".

My heart stood still, I'd had my fill, my knees had turned to jelly;
With hair on end I stood and watched it rub its bright red belly:
"Next summertime", she said to me, "I'm going to be wed".
And with a grin she sprang at me, and I fell out of bed.

M. Golding, 5X

THE ART OF FISHING

Some months ago I decided I would like to try my hand at fishing. I had seen the calm enjoyment on many a fisherman's face and I longed to try myself at this pleasant art. My first attempts at fishing were very elementary; the kit consisted of five yards of line, a hook and a piece of bread. Soon afterwards I bought myself a reel and a cheap rod. One Saturday I cycled to Lobberich lake to fish.

On arrival I prepared for my first cast. I swept my rod backwards over my head and then forward, in the direction of the water. There was a sound of splintering wood and a shower of leaves floated to the ground and, on looking up, I saw my float and hook firmly secured in an overhead branch. After a little gentle persuasion they came down, and I cast again. This time my rod did not hit the branch, but the hook got caught and I watched helplessly as the reel spun madly round and round and yards of line came off and tangled itself round my legs and some bushes. I spent the best part of that morning untangling my fishing line, which got into the most annoying knots. The only fish I saw was a dead one, floating on the surface of the water, and a swan threw it obligingly on to the bank.

I felt I only needed practice, and I decided to take some of my kit to Denmark where we were going for our holidays. On arriving there, I bought a rod, but I did not start fishing straight away, but watched some other boys. Then I had a go. I arched my back and swung the rod in the approved manner out towards the sea. There was a swishing sound as the gut came off the reel, and a loud splash at my feet. Then I perceived the hook and float wallowing placidly in six inches of water, a foot from where I was standing. Fortunately the line was not in a muddle and I furtively wound it back on to the reel. I tried to cast again but the hook got caught in my jersey, and about fifty yards of gut came off and got tangled up into the most unholy mess I'd ever seen. By the time we had sorted it out, it was too dark to fish any more.

During the next few days we were all tired of untangling fishing lines. Then, from my gradually dwindling money, I bought a new reel, some hooks, and about a hundred yards of gut. One morning I got up at the crack of dawn and went to the harbour nearby and there I saw a man fishing already. I watched him catch two big fish and throw them back again. This fired me with enthusiasm, and so I cast out vigorously. This time my reel flew off the rod and into the water and, to retrieve it, I had to pull a hundred yards of

line out of the water. The pile of gut mounted steadily and rapidly got into a muddle and, by the time I had sorted it out, the sun was well up. Also the neighbouring fisherman had caught several more large fish.

That day I tried fishing with an imitation fish. On casting I perceived it flying at a great pace over the water about fifteen feet high, but, unfortunately, the fishing line was not attached to it. It rapidly disappeared from view and that was the last I saw of it. I lost five other metal fish in this manner, but, before I possessed any of these objects, the bread shops had done a very brisk trade in rolls.

One night I cast only once, because I got the line in such a mess that I needed some help. I took it into the Kro (guest-house) where we were staying, and my mother and father helped to unravel it. Mum took charge of the matter



and instructed Dad to hold an end in his hand and me to pass the other end to her when necessary. Round Dad's other hand was wound another length of the gut. We all put forward our ideas and suggestions and in the finish we were in a bigger muddle than before. The gut got tangled round our legs and

round various objects in the room. Finally we threw it away and bought some more.

So far I had not caught anything and Mum said she would like to try her hand. So I gave her a length of line, a hook and some bait, and she dangled it over the end of the pier. Two minutes later she had caught a fair-sized fish. I nearly gave up then! In Denmark it is a common sight to see small boys, men, and even women fishing with expensive rods and reels, casting out to sea a hundred yards. Most of our holiday was spent trying vainly to unravel fishing line and during the whole holiday I caught only one fish. I may add that cycling with a fishing rod strapped to the cross-bar is extremely dangerous and nearly had me off my bicycle several times.

There is an epilogue to this story. On our return from Denmark a friend and I went fishing in a German pond. We had been there about four minutes when six Germans descended on us and marched us down to the R.M.P.'s in Headquarters. Our rods were impounded and in the morning our respective fathers had to pacify the Germans. However, we were only warned and the rods were given back to us. My mortification was complete when I read that an eight-year-old boy had caught a ninety-pound shark off the coast of Cornwall. Fishing!!!!

P. Letts, 3A.

THE BULLFIGHT

Last summer I went to Spain for six weeks, and one of the most exciting days was that on which we went to a bullfight.

In Spain the matadors are regarded as national heroes, and some of the famous ones are very rich men.

Weeks before the great day of the fight posters advertising it are posted everywhere, and vans with loudspeakers tour around blaring forth the news of great excitement to come. An atmosphere of expectancy and thrilling anticipation is created.

Tickets can be obtained from hotels and tourist offices before the fight. If, however, you have no tickets, there is a great deal of pushing, shouting and standing around to be done on the actual day before you can purchase a seat. The seats vary in price, ranging from ten shillings for a seat in the blazing sun to thirty shillings for one in the shade. The most expensive seats cost more than two pounds.

To start the fight there is a great parade. Then the fanfare is sounded. Suddenly there is a hush — and through a pair of doors enters a magnificent bull, full of life and energy. The bull prances around the ring until some brave Toreador dares to face it.

The bull charges, but the man side-steps into his barricade. Then the Picadors come in on their padded horses. They prod the bull with their spears until there is a great hole in its back. As the bewildered creature stands there the Matadors throw barbed darts into the raw flesh.

Only now does the Matador fight the bull, which rushes aimlessly at the waving cloak of his tormentor. When the creature is obviously weakening, the matador plunges his three-foot sword into the bloody bull, which slowly sinks

and dies. Men rush in and stab it in the brain with daggers, and a team of mules come and drag the carcass away.

This is undeniably exciting — but it is the most cruel thing I have ever seen.

P. Clemmet, 4E.

GUY FAWKES

Guy Fawkes was a poor misguided man
Who evolved a most exciting plan.
"I'll blow up Parliament", he thought;
But alas! Poor fellow, he was caught.
He just had time to light the fuse;
That was enough to put him in the news!

Now once a year we celebrate
Guy Fawkes' deserved, but painful, fate.
A sad, sad lesson he had learned,
For he, not Parliament, was burned.
His death took place on — I can't remember!
But we commemorate his plot on the fifth of November.

Susan Driver, 3G.

THE CANDLE

White as milk she stands in the hall,
Tall, in a bright red holder,
With a small, yellow glow
That flickers and dims
As the night grows darker and colder.

Her light casts shadows long and grey,
Filling the night with mystery.
She burns low and grows small,
Standing there in the hall,
Surrounded by relics of history.

The day slowly dawns as she flickers and dies,
Slain by cold fingers of light.
The red holder is there,
But the candle is gone,
Drown'd in a pool of white.

Diane Hollingsworth, 4E.

MAN ON THE STREET

"George was a quiet man who liked to sit in his old chair and place his feet near the burning fire as he read the evening paper". Emily paused, her big eyes moist with suppressed tears. Emily, at fifty-four, was three years older than her husband George.

The investigator was a tired man. His voice was a bored monotone, with just a hint of irritation. "Now, Mrs. Carter, get hold of yourself and tell me

how it happened. Please refrain from inserting private matters, I haven't much time".

Her mouth gaped. She felt angry and ashamed at the same time. "Well . . .", she said, after a lengthy pause, "as I said, we were sitting by the fire when a very large spark flew from the fire on to his foot. George cried out and jerked his foot angrily. A leg of his chair gave, and dear George fell. I always said we should have gotten a new chair. 'George', I said" . . . seeing the look on her listener's face, she paused, then resumed in what she thought was an emotionless voice. "For a second, he hung in the air, his arms thrashing wildly. Then he lay prostrate on our sitting-room floor, with his head tilted at an unnatural angle. I didn't know what to do. When I knelt beside him, I saw his brow fold and his lips drawn tight as if in terrific pain. When he opened his eyes and looked into mine, I felt as if I were looking into a deep empty pit. Then the whole expression on his face changed to a look of puzzlement or wonder. His quivering lips parted, and in the softest voice I'd ever heard, he whispered, 'I need help'. I could now see a bright red river winding along the deepest cracks of our stone floor.

I don't know how long I knelt beside him, unable to move or speak other than to repeat over and over, 'he needs help'. Then a sudden movement of his head snapped me out of my trance, and I observed a gush of blood and filmy white fluid spurt out of his nose and mouth, permeating his clothes. Now his head lay in a vast pool of dark red blood. A wave of calm came over me, and I began to think clearly. The hospital was only a few blocks away, and I could have phoned in time, but George never believed in telephones. He claimed they ruined his evening by ringing all the time. So I ran to the window and pulled it open. I looked up and down the street. Only one man was in view, walking quickly just across the street and down a few hundred feet". She paused to wipe a tear which seemed to make her face itch. "I called and called, but he walked on without turning his head".

Tom Gilmore, 5T

THE MINERS

Dark, black, dusty and cold,
Down the mine work young and old,
Digging deep for that black gold.
The shafts are dirty, damp and bare,
Yet men spend years of life down there.
Many a man has lost his life,
Earning money for child and wife.
The pitman's day is hard and long,
But toil and hardships are met with song.
With pick and shovel he hammers all day,
Breaking the precious black boulders away.
Then suddenly, above, a shrill siren is sounded!
To the head of the pit rush women dumbfounded.
Soon to the surface are lifted the maimed;
The earth once again has her sacrifice claimed.

Maureen Stickells, 5D.

LATE FOR SCHOOL



I sprang to my cycle and Boris and he;
I pedalled, Fred pedalled, we pedalled all three;
"Make haste!" cried my mother, as past her we flew;
"Haste!" echoed my brother to us pedalling through;
Behind slammed the gate, the lights changed from red,
And into the high street we pedalled ahead.

We spoke but a little as we cycled like mad,
Wheels humming, bells ringing, a tough time we had;
I stood on the pedals and straightened the seat,
Then straightway determined the school bell to beat;
Adjusted the brake-nuts, and pedalled still faster,
And hoped round the corner we'd not meet a master!

All I remember is feeling a fool,
As puffing and panting we thus reached the school;
No voices we heard; the playground was bare;
We leaped off the cycles and stood stupidly there;
Our efforts were wasted, our time thrown away,
We'd forgotten that this was a half-holiday.

(With apologies to R.B.)

P. Letts, 3A

THE ROMAN SOLDIER

No more to hear her laugh or speak,
No more to hold her hand;
No more to kiss her soft white cheek,
For I must leave this land.

I know I'll miss her lovely face,
I know I'll miss her smiles,
And when I leave this well-loved place,
She'll cling, and use her wiles.

I've grown to love this foreign place,
It's seemed to me like home,
And I have liked this conquered race,
Across the sea from Rome.

But duty calls me back again,
The Legion sails at dawn,
The Roman Eagle heeds not pain,
Nor maidens left forlorn.

Maureen Wilson, 4C.

HOW TO AVOID A VOCABULARY TEST

or

IN SEARCH OF LEBENSRAUM

There are many ways to avoid such a test. Among the cruder methods one might include the crudest of all — a mythical illness. In the Lower Sixth, however, we spurn such crudities and congratulate the organization that allows us to appear eager for a test and yet both skilfully and artistically avoid it. The prime requirement is clearly a desk and chair in a classroom. My story hinges on the Lower Sixth's search for these two simple pieces of furniture strategically placed in an empty classroom.

One Monday morning, first period, the entire German set — two pupils and a teacher, moved to the room allocated on the timetable. On arrival we found the trailer occupied. We were advised to go to Room 16 instead. Test still delayed. More time to revise down the corridor. Several irregular verbs later we knocked on the door of Room 16. What luck! This too was occupied. After gracefully surrendering our rights — if any — to this room, we went to the hall. Surely here there would be space enough, even for our enormous set.

We had no sooner settled down on the stage than two maids appeared to clear away the chairs from morning assembly. Realising that to have a vocabulary test amid this noise would be a losing battle, we picked up our books and conferred as to our next move. The Medical Room it was to be.

Our pens were poised and our minds were slowly reacting to the first question when the door opened and a voice boomed, "I'm sorry, but unfortunately you will have to move". As we marched out, two ashen-faced girls were led in.

A hasty conference ensued and we decided to go back to the hall as it had now been cleared. But the gods were still with us. No sooner had we settled down than the tables for lunch were crashed into place.

There was one final possibility: the staff common-room. Yes — no, alas there was room for us. The second round of the test was actually fired when the telephone intervened. The removal of the 'phone, though, stopped the monotonous ringing but introduced an ear-splitting pop-corn voice into this comfortable room. The "German" teacher's patient forbearance was saved by the signal for the end of the lesson.

Test marks : 2 out of 2

J. Woodhouse, Lower Sixth

GABRIEL

He was standing by one of the buses that took tourists to Marina Piccolo. As we went past, looking rather lost, he pounced on us.

He had on a black woollen pullover and a battered panama hat. His two remaining teeth were visible in a friendly grin and his blue eyes, in a rosy weatherbeaten face, were merry and bright. Later he told us he was over seventy.

He informed us in broken English that for the total sum of one thousand lire he would take us in his rowing boat to the Blue Grotto and back. At first



we were doubtful and thought of sinister tales we'd heard. But he was very friendly and, after he had shown us a photo' taken of him with Gracie Fields, we decided to chance it.

The journey to the Grotto was one of the most unforgettable ones in my life. First we passed some stones on the hillside. Gabriel told us it had once been a fortress belonging to Tiberius.

Next we passed through a passage between two immense rocks. The water there was a turquoise colour. Gabriel told us that the local inhabitants called it the Dardanelles.

The sun was beating down as only the sun in Italy can, when Gabriel started singing, with true Italian bravado, such songs as "O sole mio", "Santa Lucia", "Funicula", pausing now and again to call out a greeting to passing boatmen, all of whom recognised him.

Gabriel was also a great source of information. Every landmark we passed he told us about. My favourite one was the "Champagne Bottle". As we went past it Gabriel said "Watch!" All of a sudden a jet of water spurted out of a small hole in a rock, with a terrific popping noise, and drenched us.

The entrance to the Blue Grotto is only a yard high and so we all had to crouch down on the bottom of the boat as we entered, to avoid bumping our heads.

Inside, once our eyes got used to the darkness, it was like a fairy tale. The water was a lovely shade of luminous blue. Gabriel told us that Tiberius used to bathe in the Grotto.

The return journey was all too soon over, and when we finally arrived back at the jetty at Marina Grande, I was very sorry, as it had been such a wonderful trip.

As we left, Gabriel asked us to send him a picture or "pitch" as he called it. When we asked him his address, he just said everyone knew Gabriel and all we had to put was: —

Gabriel,
Marina Grande,
Capri,
Italy.
Vivian Alexander, 3A.

THE MINISTER'S BAG

The little black satchel
That the minister holds
Is full of papers
In files and in folds;
Papers on the Common Market;
Papers on where not to park it;
Where to dig the latest sewer;
Should there be more roads — or fewer?
But among them, nestling coyly,
You'll find his lunch — in a paper doily!

Stephen Calthorpe, 3C.

THE OPENING OF LIGHT AND DARK

The sun sinks low
Behind the clouds,
Away from show
Of all the crowds;
The brilliance gone
Into the sky,
The world is dark,
Eerie and shy.

Out comes the sun
All shining and bright,
Sitting up there
With rays of light,
Its gleaming above
For us to see,
Above the tree-tops,
Over the sea.

The sun is setting,
Oh, what a shame!
But are we forgetting
'Twill come again?
One cold frosty morning
After the rain,
We'll see it once more
Through our window pane.

Christine Hayes, 2B

AROSA

Few people have heard of this delightful place in the Swiss Alps. We chose it from leaflets, and all we knew about it was that it was 6,000 feet up, surrounded by lovely scenery, and that there was one camp-site in the district. The town lies in the eastern part of Switzerland, where the people speak mainly German.

Essentially it is a winter sports' resort, and in summer a great number of the larger hotels are closed. We found the camp-site in a picturesque secluded spot, among the pine trees, and with a magnificent view of snow-covered mountains and bare, rugged rock faces.

The numerous mountain and hill-side walks revealed waterfalls, mountain chapels, ski-lifts and cows with bells roaning the grassy slopes. Mushrooms and miniature Alpine flowers could be gathered by the thousands.

But for the people who prefer leisure, there is the Arosa airlift, a magnificent engineering feat which Arosa boasts as the most modern, most powerful, largest and best-equipped lift in Europe. It runs from the town to the landmark of Arosa, the Weisshorn, from whose summit one can see as far as the Jungfrau and the Eiger.

Lower down in the valley — although that is 6,000 feet up — one can enjoy the pleasures of ice-skating, swimming, tennis, boating, dance-halls,

theatres, cinemas, golf-courses, miniature golf-courses, riding, etc. In winter the sports are mainly skating, skiing, curling, etc. In the town there is the modern Kasino, known as the Kursaal.

Indeed, there is something for everyone of all ages (including shops for mothers!), and whether you seek rest and quiet, a sporting holiday, or a photographing holiday, Arosa can satisfy you.

P. Winkfield, 5A.

HOW I MET ARMAND AND MICHAELA DENIS

Armand and Michaela Denis are the famous "On Safari" photographers.

My family met them at Chessington Zoo. We were having tea and had just finished, when I noticed two people who seemed familiar. I tried to recollect where I had seen them and I suddenly realised it was Armand and Michaela Denis. I called to my mother and father and told them. We rushed over to the place where they were standing.

I got a pen from my father and my mother had a picture of me taken some time before. I asked them for their autographs but their manager said that they were not signing any autographs. I looked at the manager and then at Armand Denis, who looked at me and said that they would sign my picture for me.

While they were signing, my father asked if he could take some photographs. They said that he could.

Michaela asked if my mother would like to have her photo taken, but my mother refused. So my father told my young sister to stand in, and the manager's daughter stood near too.

After this I thanked them and we started on our way back.

I remember the day very well and shall always remember how I met the charming Armand and Michaela Denis.

Catherine McDougall, 3B.

THE CHARGE

Half a line, half a line,
Half a line onward;
All in a flurry of ink
Wrote the six hundred.
"Forward, you Bright Brigade!
Charge for your buses!" he said.
In a flurry of feet
Strode the six hundred.

When can their story fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All H.Q. wondered.
Disgrace to the school they made!
Disgrace to the "Bright" Brigade,
Disgraced six hundred.

P. A. and J. K., 5A.

ON THINKING IT OVER

Have you ever played hockey,
Been hit in the shin,
Tripped over the ball,
Or watched it go in
To the goal, and despaired
When the other teams win,
Or yelled, "It's not fair
To be beaten again!"?

Well, then...

There's one thing you must learn,
And that's not to discern
Between winning fairly
And losing squarely.

*Anne Murton,
Susan McCay.*

THE CIRCUS

The circus is here again,
And we shall have some fun,
So come along, come along,
Come along everyone.

Bring your girls,
And bring your money,
And bring yourself along;
So come along, come along,
Come along everyone.

There's clowns and horses there,
And cuddly teddy bears,
So come along, come along,
Come along everyone.

Tina Wonnacott, 2F.

STRANGE EXPERIENCE

The other day, as I was rambling through Nature's backyard, through Nature's private abode, a most interesting yet frightening experience happened to come my way. Even at this moment, how and why I am still alive is rather a mystery to me.

Suddenly, as I was walking through a hilly, wooded and rocky part of Devon, I heard a high-pitched sound. Or did I feel it? Anyway, I don't know whether I felt or heard it, what it was or how it came to happen.

"Password!" somebody half screamed. I must admit, this hoarse, rough, and somehow indescribable, word bursting in my eardrums half killed me with fright. My heart felt as if it had stopped beating, my mouth dried, I couldn't breathe and my legs froze on me.

"Password, or I shoot". Again this word filled the air, but this time instead of stopping my heart beating, it brought me back to life.

"Eh, password?" I managed to force out. Then my head cleared and I began to think. "Are you drunk?" I asked inquisitively.

"Follow me. No noise. Many Nazi pigs". Again I was left astounded. Nazis? Those fanatical Germans from twenty years ago? At any rate, what were they doing in Devon?

Too astonished to say anything, I followed along obediently. Soon we came across a group of huts with many fully-armed men lounging around.

One important-looking man got up and walked over to me. "I'm glad you remembered the password, friend". (Apparently, when I had asked the sentry if he was drunk I had luckily said the required sentence.) "Tomorrow we strike at the bridge", he continued.

"What bridge?" I asked. However, this was a continuation of the password, and I had failed.

"Crab him, he's a German spy!"

Suddenly I was grabbed, butted and kicked. I woke up in a dingy cell, and as soon as the guard realised I was awake, he grabbed me and dragged me to the centre of a ring of people. These, I guessed, were the judge and jury.

"Ah, the German spy", someone rattled.

"I'm not a spy", I protested. "Anyway, what are you lot doing in those fancy clothes, in the middle of Devon, 1962?"

"Aw, he's nuts. This is the year '41 and we're in occupied France. The old coot".

Somehow, for some unknown reason, I realised what had happened. A similar case had been reported once before, but nobody believed it. These people must be a group of commandos and somehow they were transported into the future. Being a historian, I studied many things, some long ago, some recent. If my guess was right, this particular group of commandos would be annihilated in the next few days. This would happen in the famous attack on a German airfield.

"Why have you been sent here?" repeated the questioner.

"Don't know", I responded rather stupidly.

"Where have you come from?"

"Don't know".

As the questioning continued, I slowly let slip all the details of the defence system at the airfield that I knew. Luckily I knew quite a lot of this raid as I had often studied it.

At the end of the questioning, I was escorted back to my cell, and being tired, I was soon asleep. Late at night I awoke with the peculiar feeling that I had experienced before I was first asked the password. Looking up, I noticed that there was nobody around. Also, I was no longer in a cell but in a thorny bush. Slowly, I arose and ambled back to the town and the local pub. The first person I saw asked me if I had heard the latest on the raid on the airfield that I was interested in.

"No, what about it?" I replied.

"Well, they just uncovered some documents proving that it was successful." He never did realise why I just grinned and walked away.

K. J. Townsend, 2B.

DIE KINDER.



It was decided that I was to take charge of the infants' class at Sunday School. I could not believe the honour bestowed upon me and hurried home to tell my parents. I found my father in the dining room reading a newspaper. When I burst in with my great news, I received a grunt followed by a more than usually determined shake of the paper so I went in search of my mother and enlightened her. She was far more forthright and caustic, saying something on the lines of whoever they were who had made the choice 'they must have been very hard up', as she herself had never noticed signs of either good behaviour or Christian-like sentiments in my makeup. This I must confess shook me, but as I had noticed a tendency in my family on previous occasions to underrate me, it was obviously left to strangers to know my worth, and my natural optimism returned, I knew I could cope with any eventuality. This might be the first step on the ladder of fame. I could see in the future my name going down in history as the person who had brought light to some dark place. I was not sure if there were any dark spots left, but comforted myself with the possibility of a very few small ones hidden away.

The following Sunday found me standing at the head of the stairs waiting for my flock. There were forty in all, aged from two to seven, thirty-nine white lambs and one black one. This one was to be my undoing, for the moment I saw a pair of limpid, liquid eyes, silky black curls, a rosebud mouth and an angelic expression, I knew here was a cherub in human form. Little did I know the mischievous devil which lurked under that saintly appearance.

Finally we were all seated and I took a large breath to begin. Before I had uttered a sound my dusky cherub said in a clear piping voice, "I would like to go to the toilet". This was something that I had not taken into account. The older ones had outraged expressions on their faces, the younger ones decided this was an idea worth following. I pulled myself together and reminded them of the solemnity of the occasion and proceeded according to plan.

Now I arm myself with Dolly Mixtures, and into every mouth that opens I pop a couple before any awkward requests can be made. As for the 'dark spots' in the world, as far as I am concerned they can remain dark.

Postscript:

My cherub has been good, except when he supplied the rest of the horrors with marbles, but that is another story.

F. Benning, 2B.

NGORONGORO

The mist was rising slowly from the rim of the crater Ngorongoro. It was damp, cold and dull, but this was to be expected at an altitude of over eight thousand feet, even in Tanganyika. The crater is one of the largest in the world, over thirty miles in diameter, thrown down on the edge of the Serengeti Game Reserve, as if it had been left over and lost from its brothers on the surface of the Moon.

As the sun rose, we could distinguish the white dry soda lake, the clouds of dust hanging over it, and the enormous herds of wildebeeste and buck which had made the crater famous for its game population.

The Land Rover was ready, the Masai driver had climbed in, but he soon had to get out again, for the Land Rover had to be pushed up the slope. This was the first of much pushing that we were to do that day. Having collected lightmeters, films, flasks of coffee and a spare can of petrol, we set off.

The truck descended noisily for the first thousand feet; there were still two thousand feet to go. The road hugged the sides of the crater with impossible hair-pin bends. The road, if it could be honoured with that name, was just wide enough for the truck, and it was composed of rough lumps of hardened mud and parts of boulders which had fallen from above. These all seemed intent on pitching us over the edge, to the bottom of the crater, thousands of feet below.

We swung sickeningly round the bends, swaying and rattling, and skidding on the loose surface.

Eventually we reached the floor of the crater; it was not as flat as it had seemed to be from the air, and 'fever' trees stood upon the lake, a mirage which we had not seen from above.

Ngorongoro is a paradise for lions; they abound, as food is easy to procure with the amount of game that is present. We came across a pride of fifteen, having a snooze in a hollow. Lions are very lazy creatures when they have enough to eat! This was the first of the many prides we were to see that day.

The truck continued its journey across the crater floor, passing zebras. "Africa United", we called them, with their football jerseys. We also passed impala, bushbuck and finally a very obstinate cantankerous rhinoceros.

He was standing in front of us, right in our path. We could not circumnavigate him because he just followed us. However, our driver was tired of waiting and started to turn the truck. The dust swirled up and the rhino objected, wheeled round and charged. The driver simply put his foot down and we fled. The rhino gathered speed but so did we, outpacing him after a chase through bush and bracken. We were rather pleased — we had some good pictures of him!

Also we saw Flamingo and crown birds. The crown bird is now the emblem of Uganda. This bird is very shy, but when one finally sees him closely, the sight is worth waiting for.

Evening came, dropping silently and quickly over the crater floor, although above one could still see the sun's rays illuminating the rim. The ascent was started half-way across the crater floor, when the driver stepped

hard on the accelerator to give us enough speed to take us at least half-way up. Although the Land Rover we used has a four-wheel drive, the ascent was no easy matter.

The angle was steep and we were pressed back in our seats watching the floor of the crater below. Near the top, the water in the radiator started to boil, brakes were put on, and stones thrust underneath the wheels. The engine cooled at last and we finally made the Safari Lodge in the pitch darkness and mist which had in the meantime descended. Gratefully accepting a smoky cup of coffee we heard far away the bellow of a buffalo on the rim.

Y. Bristow, 5A.

AUTUMN IN WINTERBERG

Of all the many things I like there can be nothing nicer than sitting in the autumn sunshine overlooking the woods of *Winterberg*; which is what I am doing now.

I can see the whitewashed cottages with a wisp of smoke coming from one of the chimneys.

The leaves on the trees are turning shades of brown, orange and gold; some have already fallen. Further into the woods where all the pine trees stand, I can think how lovely they will look at Christmas-time, when they will be covered in snow. At the moment they are keeping out the strong sunshine, though some rays do come through forming sunbeams.

It was very misty this morning and although the mist has cleared from the hill tops, it still lies like a blanket in the valleys, and I can look down on it from where I am sitting.

I can see a road and railway disappearing under this blanket as though going into the unknown. Near me on the hillside there are two fields of golden corn.

This time of the year, with all the colours it brings, is one of the nicest I know.

Angela Cole, 2C.

MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER

As the last stroke of midnight died away, the door opened and a figure floated in. The figure, which I presume you would call a ghost, wore a white robe. It had no feet and its hands were like claws. When it smiled you could see its teeth would drop out at any moment.

I looked at it, not daring to move from where I stood. It moved towards me. I screamed and backed away in horror. It was making a queer moaning sound and descending on me like a vulture on its prey and I couldn't do a thing. It had its hands round my neck and was squeezing the breath out of me. I could feel myself falling into a blackness. From then on I knew nothing.

Next moment I was awake calling for mother. Like all good mothers she was by my side in a moment, and I was telling her all about it.

I thought I had really seen the ghost, but mother said I was having bad dreams. Well, what do you think? Was it a bad dream or did I actually see the ghost?

Pat Dixon, 2C.

THE ROMNEY, HYTHE AND DYMCHURCH RAILWAY

A few years ago I was staying at Folkestone, on the south coast of England, and I saw for the first time the interesting railway which runs between Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch.

The railway was started by a racing driver who was interested in railways. His name was Captain S. E. P. Harvey. He was looking for a site for a railway of this type — with a very small gauge — when he came to Folkestone. Here he heard of a district without any rail communication. This was between Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch.

The railway was built to a gauge of one foot, three inches. In 1926 the first eight miles were opened. Later it was extended to Dungeness, a narrow peninsula jutting out into the sea. This was to provide a big loop on which the trains could turn and also to provide a stretch of rail on which the driver could open up, and let the engine 'rip'.

The company owns a fine set of rolling stock and engines. There are nine engines, all of which are replicas of real main-line locomotives. One of these is a replica of an American Pacific Locomotive. The rolling stock consists of a number of open carriages and also some of the closed type.

It is an enjoyable trip to Dungeness, although it takes close on two hours. This is the only fully signalled miniature railway in the country.

Graham Twort, 3C.

THE MAD KING LUDWIG OF BAVARIA

Unlike the Duke of Clarence, who is supposed to have met his death in a barrel of wine, King Ludwig of Bavaria breathed his last in the waters of the Starnburger See. This I discovered while visiting Linderhof castle last summer. The events leading up to this unfortunate episode were as follows.

Ludwig succeeded to the Bavarian throne at the age of nineteen, after spending a lonely and joyless boyhood. He was a great dreamer, and loved dreaming up exotic Eastern tales.

He built three palaces, his favourite being the Linderhof castle. Here Ludwig found it possible to live in his dream world free from prying political busy-bodies. In the grounds of Linderhof he had a Moorish Kiosk erected, and also Hunting's Hut where he used to sit drinking mead, surrounded by his courtiers lying on bearskins. In his Moorish Kiosk he would spend hours smoking a chibouk like an Oriental. A fountain was built in the gardens. It had a jet of water reaching a height of ninety feet. Inside Linderhof he tried to reproduce the atmosphere of a French court.

These queer habits of his, plus his uncanny adoration of peacocks, seem to suggest that he was not mentally sound from the beginning. On 10th June he was dragged off by psychiatrists and locked up in Berg Castle. A few days later Ludwig was found drowned in the Starnburger See.

No one will ever know whether he committed suicide or was murdered. But, considering his state of mental health, it is quite likely the former was the case.

W. Newall, 3A.

FIRE IN THE CHEMISTRY LAB.

The fire was in the chemi-lab.,
And oh, it was so very sad
That several of the teacher folk
Should perish in the smoky smoke.
The air was full of glowing sparks,
But someone 'phoned the local narks;
The cops arrived and spoilt the fun,
The fire brigade came at the run,
The cherished blaze was soon put out
By the nasty firemen louts.
The chemi-lab. was now not fiery;
But there was a great inquiry,
Was it accident or arson
That ended with a fiery classroom?
The staff they favoured naughty boys,
And discussed it with an awful noise.
Alas, the truth was never known,
And still are heard the haunting moans
Of staff that perished in the lab.,
Backed by schoolboys' yells of "fab!"

C. Clayton, 5X.

GIBRALTAR

About ten days after we left Rheindahlen, and about 1,700 miles from home, we pulled in at the Customs Office at Gibraltar.

We were met by a charming English Policeman wearing, to our surprise, a policeman's helmet. He told us that U.K. regulations existed in Gibraltar, so we could not take our dog into the town. We then took her to some kennels, specially provided, and we went off to find somewhere to have lunch.

After lunch we drove up high on the Rock to the Apes' den, where we made friends with some of the famous Barbary Apes. We took numerous pictures of the harbour from this point, and of the air-strip and the view of Algeciras across a sea exquisitely tinged with turquoise.

We then moved on to the Upper Galleries and St. George's Hall. These great excavations were made in 1779 during the great siege. This siege began on the 13th of September, 1779, when the first gun was fired against the Franco-Spanish Army under the Duc de Crillon. Although outnumbered four to one, the garrison held out for three years under the expert leadership of General Eliott.

We saw from these galleries the giant catchment area which was hewn out of the rock. The water from the catchment area goes to the reservoirs which hold fifteen million gallons.

Here we took more pictures of the Eastern Beach and Catalan Bay.

Reluctantly we made our way back to the kennels to collect the dog, and after filling up with petrol we drove off, sorry to leave Gibraltar.

Rolfe Wainwright, 3C.

A CONVERSATION FROM THE PAST

As I was walking in the park a great flash lit up the sky. Queer noises sounded in my ears. Then to my amazement a figure dressed in what appeared to be Elizabethan clothes stood in front of me.

"Wonderful things these Telstars!" the stranger exclaimed. "It has by some strange process carried me into the future. Pray, what year is this may I ask?"

"Nineteen sixty-two", I stammered.

"Exactly four hundred years ago to this day and hour I was walking in this park. Tell me, what wonderful things have happened since that time?"

"We now have trains, aeroplanes, motor-cars, rockets and even machines that are trying to reach the moon", I replied.

"All that seems complicated to me", he murmured. "Have you not anything really nice, like a bed that always remains soft, or a pipe of tobacco which never goes out? This stuff Sir Walter Raleigh brought back from America is dreadful".

"Yes, I will get you some cigarettes from this machine", I replied, "and find you a spring-mattress later on. For now we will have a cup of tea in a restaurant".

"A cup of tea? A restaurant? They sound good to me, but what are they?"

"Come with me and I will show you. That is better than explaining". Minutes later we were sitting side by side in a restaurant. People at neighbouring tables stared at us in amazement. No doubt they thought he was an actor.

"Try this cigarette", I said.

Taking the cigarette he lit it with my match and then with a great puff of smoke he disappeared. As I looked out of the window I thought I saw the Telstar flashing through the sky.

M. McCarty, 1D.

NIGHT FIGHTER

The stillness of the night was shattered by the roar of aero-engines as they burst into life. The place — somewhere on the south coast of England; the year — 1943.

Mechanics were making their last visual checks as the pilot, Sergeant Pilot "Jimmy" Peterson, and his navigator/radio operator, "Bud" Flannagan came out of the operations' hut.

When the mechanics had finished their final checks, Peterson taxied the aircraft from the dispersal bay to the "pan" on the end of the runway.

Peterson's voice crackled over the radio to control tower. "Blue Peter to control. Permission to take off requested".

"Permission to take off granted, Blue Peter", came the voice of the controller. "Cloud base eighteen thousand feet. Roger and out".

Peterson ran through his engine check and then opened the throttle a little. He released the brakes and the aircraft began to roll forward. The airspeed indicator began to round the dial. Slowly the end of the runway came towards them. Next minute it was rushing towards them. The lights on the boundary fence appeared alarmingly near. The speedometer needle began to rise — 80, 90 95, 100.

There was a slight bump and the Bristol Beaufighter was airborne, banking to the left in a steep climbing turn. The airfield lights were soon left behind.

Flannagan began to rattle off a course to the pilot. Soon the Beaufighter had reached its destination. On the navigator's map it appeared as yellow sector, five. The twin engines of the aircraft purred as it cruised along on its patrol. To the north a lurid glow lit up the sky. Searchlights were probing the sky, trying to fix on to an enemy aircraft. Flannagan had his eyes glued to the A. I. set, looking for the tell-tale blip of an enemy aircraft.

Suddenly ground control came over the air, "Control to Blue Peter. Bandit reported heading yellow sector bearing red green zero. Good hunting".

"Roger", came the answer from Peterson. Flannagan, the excitement showing in his voice, rapped out a new course, and the Beaufighter turned slowly to intercept the enemy aircraft.

Peterson soon sighted the tell-tale glow of the exhaust stubs of the enemy aircraft. The enemy aircraft was well above the Beaufighter. The Beaufighter had to climb in steps in order to avoid being left behind, alternating between picking up speed and gaining height. By the time Peterson had closed the range to a thousand feet, both aircraft were well into the cloud and flying blind.

"One thousand feet; throttle back more", came the voice of Flannagan. "Nine hundred, still ahead and twenty degrees above, ten-tenths cloud".

Both aircraft were still in the cloud and there was no chance of Peterson getting the visual which he needed. The blip on Flannagan's A. I. set was only just visible at minimum range. "Eight hundred, thirty above", Flannagan's voice droned on.

Both Peterson and Flannagan were sweating by now. The Beaufighter ran on in silence for some minutes. The enemy aircraft held steadily on its course. Peterson throttled the engine back and the range increased to twelve hundred feet. The Beaufighter then surged forward as it was put into a climb. Next minute it was out of the cloud.

"There he is! just sitting on top", exclaimed Peterson. In the back cockpit, Flannagan glanced round. A sea of cloud was rushing past him. His eyes fixed on to an object ahead. It was a Heinkel 118, less than four hundred yards away skimming the top of the cloud.

Peterson pushed the stick forward and the Beaufighter submerged into cloud again. Slowly it began to creep up on the unsuspecting Heinkel. Nine hundred feet, eight hundred feet, seven hundred feet. With the contact squarely ahead and the safety catches off the four cannon in the nose, the Beaufighter began to emerge. The mist began to lighten. Then the target was ahead of the Beaufighter.

The Beaufighter was only two hundred and fifty yards behind when Peterson opened fire. A shower of pieces flew off the port engine. Next second the whole machine erupted into a ball of flame. Peterson let out a yell of triumph. His yell broke midway as the whole aircraft shuddered as cannon shells ripped into the fuselage. A single-engined aircraft swept by. The Beaufighter rapidly lost height.

"Are you all right, Bud?" asked Peterson. A moan was his only answer.

Peterson's mind turned over feverishly. Both engines were spluttering and it was doubtful if they would last out for long.

"Bale out, Jimmy, leave me — I've had it". Flannagan's voice seemed far away. Could he leave him? Was it right to leave him, a dying man? "I'm staying". His voice was cold and calculating. It took all of his strength to handle the aircraft. He tried to call up control but the R. I. was dead. Hoping that his compass had not been upset, he set a rough course for the nearest airfield.

Soon he could make out the dim outline of an airfield. He reached behind his head and pulled the trigger of a Very pistol behind his head. A red ball of flame curved in an arc over the airfield. Immediately the flame path lit up.

He pulled the aircraft into line with the runway lights. The controls of the aircraft answered sluggishly to the movement of the joy-stick. The runway loomed up out of the darkness. The Beaufighter struck the runway with a thud. Halfway down the runway the starboard undercarriage collapsed. The aircraft slewed round and came to a halt with a jolt.

Almost before the aircraft had come to a standstill an ambulance was alongside. Ambulance attendants gently lifted Flannagan out of the remains of his turret. Peterson was found slumped over the controls in the cockpit.

He came to in a hospital bed. Pain racked his body. However, this did not stop him from giving a yell of joy as he saw, swathed in bandages, lying in the bed next to his, Flannagan smile at him.

Ian Frimston, 5T.

ADVENTURE ON AN ISLAND

We were going down the narrow lanes of yachts and motor cruisers bound for the rocky island of Shelly Isle, and in particular, Frenchman's Cove. This is a small bay which was supposed to have been used by some French smugglers about a hundred and fifty years ago. The best fishing for miles around was to be had there.

I cast out the anchor and stopped my engine. After sorting out my tackle I started fishing. In an hour's time there were nine mackerel and three cod in the bottom of the yawl. I decided to go ashore. After casting off the small dinghy which was tied on to my yawl, I rowed ashore.

Although I set out to explore the island, I went to a cave I knew of and lit a fire. After frying bacon and brewing tea, I put out the fire and went asleep. I slept for an hour, and when I woke up I gathered my gear up and started for the beach. Instead of finding a twentieth-century yawl anchored in the bay with a dinghy on the beach, I found an eighteenth-century brigantine of sixteen guns, and a large longboat drawn up on the beach. I wondered whether I was dreaming? No. A puff of smoke and a bang from the brig brought a villainous looking bunch of cut-throats from a clump of bushes to my right, who came running down to the longboat and jumped in. Just as the brig hoisted a Jolly Roger flag, a British Man-of-war of two decks and thirty guns came sailing into the bay. I recognized it as a frigate. The two ships engaged in action as they came in sight; the longboat tried to board the frigate but was swamped by a shot.

Now I knew I was not dreaming, but probably mad. I was not helped in this view by seeing a line of red-coated British Infantry rise from the heather a mile behind me and advance. I was caught between the ship-action and the troops, so I thought I had better surrender.

Just before I stood up a voice yelled in a strong American accent, "All right you guys, cut!"

It was only then that I realised that a film was being made. I made towards the voice.

"What have you done with my boats?" I said.

"Oh!" he said. "They were yours? We searched all the island but couldn't find you. We moved your boats because we had to film this when the tide was right".

"Are they safe?" I said.

"We towed them round the bend!" he exclaimed. "They are all right". When I had recovered them I was invited to watch the rest of the film being made. I accepted, of course, and it was very interesting.

George Martin, 4D2.

THE STORM

Thunder rumbling ominously through the heavens announced the coming of a storm. Below, where the storm was going to wreak its pathway of vengeance, people glanced up at the sky and hurried on their way, intent on reaching their homes before the storm broke.

"How much longer is it going to go on, Eddie?" she questioned nervously. "Eddie, Eddie, Oh, I wish I could sleep, too", she said as she looked down at her husband's still form. She rose, and pulling a dressing gown round herself, she walked through to the kitchen. She started nervously as the room was lit up by a sudden flash of lightning. "Got to stop being silly, make myself a cup of coffee, and then go and sit down and drink it slowly", she told herself. She started to get herself a cup of coffee, but a sudden rumble of thunder shattered her resolve and she ran trembling into the bedroom. Pulling back the curtain she watched nature's work carried out. In the darkness she saw hidden menace. For nearly two nights it had gone on and on, the rain incessantly plummeting down to the earth, the thunder drowning out all other sounds; but even its majesty was hidden by the golden lightning which streaked across the darkened skies.

Out in the full pathway of the wrathful storm stood one man, whose duty was to keep watch on the dam. Suddenly his eyes filled with horror; his first panic-stricken thoughts were to run, to save himself. But then, pushing aside all thoughts of personal safety, he started towards his little office. "Must 'phone the village", he thought. Then suddenly he remembered — no electricity. "Oh help me, for God's sake, someone help me!" he shouted, but the wind flung his words away, mocking him. He started to run towards the village, "Got to warn them!" he repeated, over and over again.

She saw him coming and instinctively knew it had happened. "Eddie, Oh Eddie! For goodness sake wake up, Eddie". She shook him hard, terror building up inside her. "Eddie", she screamed. He woke with a start, "What,

what's the matter?" he murmured, still half asleep. "It's the dam, I know it is". Her words were drowned by a banging on the door. Eddie pulled the door open and swore as the full force of the wind hit him. "It's the dam, it's giving, get out, quick!" The words made little effect on Eddie at first. Then suddenly, the full impact of their meaning struck him, "Get out, Janie, get out and run for the hills, for God's sake", he shouted to his trembling wife. She obeyed, her senses numbed with shock, but she knew the necessity of reaching the hills.

The villagers stood high above the valley, their eyes transfixed on it. Was it to be lost for ever? The suddenness of the actual happening startled them. The loud noise of the once proud dam, splitting and crumbling away with the sudden onrush of water was, to them, the end of everything, "Oh Eddie!" she cried, anguish tearing at her heart. Then it was over: their homes and their many memories were gone, lost beneath vast stretches of water.

Their rescuers had provided them with temporary homes, but life for them might as well have been over. The storm was over, its deeds done; it had passed on to bring havoc into other lives. Perhaps it had been merciful they were all alive, except the brave watchman who had stood and watched over his beloved dam to the end.

Anne Creighton, 5C.

THEO'S PREP.

Outside a moon-school, the geography class was gazing at Earth.

"... and for tonight's prep.", the teacher was saying, "I want you to practise drawing England, Wales and Scotland, putting in the main cities and rivers". The class broke up for the day and chattering moon-children, accompanied by robots carrying their coats and bags, climbed into the public flying saucers.

In his small corner, Theo (our hero) was vaguely wondering what the prep. was, and at the same time thinking excitedly that it was tonight his father had promised to take him to the Moon Space Research Headquarters. Theo's father was Professor Miggelton, the famous scientist, and although the Moon Space Research Headquarters were very secret and strict security measures were kept, Theo was so keen to go, and his father was such a V.I.P., the authorities had permitted this visit.

Two hours later, Theo and his father were wandering up and down long corridors and in and out of rooms containing complicated equipment and weird apparatus. Suddenly Professor Miggelton remembered some work he had to do, and hurried away leaving the instruction, "Don't touch anything".

Now I do not think I have mentioned the fact, but Theo was not very bright. As he gazed round, his eye rested on a map of England, Wales and Scotland. Something clicked in the dark depths of his brain. Of course, the prep.! Ah, there was a slate, — and over there was a chalk. What a peculiar chalk, it looked like crystal. Still, it was a chalk and he might as well start practising.

Theo picked it up and drew a map of England, Wales and Scotland, filling in the main rivers and cities where he thought they should be. Immediately a great whirring and cranking began. A purple and orange light flashed alter-

nately, and the Professor ran into the room and skidded to a halt. He glanced at the crude drawing and yelled to his son: "Don't you realize, you've altered the shape of Britain!"

Holiday-makers on the beach at Blackpool suddenly found themselves twenty miles from the sea. They stared round rather stupidly, wondering why they were wearing bathing costumes in a field of cows.

In Scotland, the Londoners were trying in vain to make themselves understood.

The Cornish people were slightly surprised and wondered why they had never noticed the Thames flowing through Cornwall before.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Evans found the sea at their garden gates instead of the familiar mountains, and for once could not think of anything to say.

In general Britain was in a state of chaos.

Back on the moon, the Professor's best draughtsman was hard at work, and before an hour had elapsed, Britain was back to normal. The people thought they had fallen asleep and dreamt it, although Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Evans still wonder why they both dreamed the same thing.

As for Theo, his father was not too cross, because no real harm had been done, and he ought to have known better than to leave Theo alone where he did.

Jacqueline Holland, 3A.

MY HOLIDAYS IN PARIS

Misty, dark clouds overhung the deserted streets of Düsseldorf as my parents, my four-year old sister and I set off for Paris. The roads were wet and slippery, and we often saw serious accidents, for it was a very dangerous day for driving. After four hours' journey we stopped to have our lunch in Liège, a famous Belgian town. Soon after that we entered France, and as the clouds disappeared and the sun began to shine, it was getting rather hot. Later on in the afternoon, 20 miles away from Paris, we visited the famous Palace of Fontainebleau.

The Palace of Fontainebleau is the most ancient of all royal residences in France and is certainly the richest in historical memories. Its erection dates from the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century. The Palace of Fontainebleau was left unoccupied only at rare intervals and for short periods. It has always been a permanent residence of all kings and queens of France in the past eight centuries. Napoleon I had it fitted up and decorated anew after all the palace's furniture was emptied in the time of the French Revolution. After this wonderful two hours visit, we arrived at our hotel in Paris.

Next morning, after breakfast, I noticed that the hotel we were in was situated on the famous Boulevard Malesherbes, opposite the historical church Madeleine. Later on in the morning I went for a walk. I found out that from Madeleine it is only a short distance by foot to the famous Opera House on the Avenue de l'Opéra. On this broad street I also saw the Théâtre Français and the Palais Royal, its garden green with linden and elm trees.

Across the Rue de Rivoli, with its cool and shady trees, is one of the most famous art museums in the world, the Louvre, once a palace in the 13th



*Design by Kathryn Jones, Upper Sixth, for a "Save the Children Fund" poster.
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century. It was the next day that I visited the Louvre, with my parents, leaving my sister at my aunt's house. That day I was very excited to see the great, famous art treasures which I had heard of before. The treasures within its walls include such masterpieces as the portrait of the serene Mona Lisa and the Greek statues of the Venus de Milo and the Winged Victory of Samothrace. Artists, like Van Gogh, Rembrandt, Leonardo da Vinci and all the other great artists whose pictures were approved for the Louvre, as acknowledgement of their distinction, are said to be the greatest ones that ever lived.

We stayed there almost six hours and when we came out I was so tired that I was nearly exhausted. We then picked my sister up and went back to the hotel to have our lunch. The rest of the afternoon I stayed in the hotel reading a book about the History of the Louvre.

After a short walk along the right bank of the Seine next day, I soon came to an elaborate bridge called the Pont de Solférino and I crossed it, to the left bank of Paris. I was delighted by the bookstalls on the way to the section known as St. Germain des Prés and soon, on the Rue Bonaparte, my curiosity was aroused by some antique shops. Old-fashioned lamp-posts made me feel that I was living in the last century, when suddenly a burst of jazz from a trumpet in a cellar restaurant brought me back to the present.

It was Wednesday afternoon, when my father and I went to visit the Eiffel Tower. The Eiffel Tower, which is one of the most famous structures in the world, has a height of 984 feet. From the top we could admire all of Paris, and we saw many things, including the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, where Napoleon the First is buried. I also spotted the Arc de Triomphe which my father promised we could visit later on. After two hours we descended from the top, but this time half the way by foot and the rest of the way by an elevator.

We reached the Champs Elysées half an hour after descending the Eiffel Tower. Champs Elysées is the most famous street in Paris, as well as the main road leading to the Arc de Triomphe. We parked the car and we had a walk around it. It is formed like an arc except it is not longer than four hundred feet in its width and it is around two hundred feet in height. There are statues and pictures of the French Revolution carved in stone inside the walls, and in the middle of the Arc a candle stands with flowers around it, in memory of the soldiers who were killed during the wars.

Our last day in Paris was Thursday and our last visit was to Notre Dame. The Cathedral of Notre Dame stands on an Island called Ile de la Cité, in the middle of the Seine, like some giant, majestic ship made out of stone. In Notre Dame the marriage of Napoleon I and Marie Louise took place; here also Napoleon was crowned as the Emperor of France. We stayed there for an hour and then went back to the hotel.

Next day, early in the morning, we set off back for Düsseldorf. On the way, there was not a moment in which I did not think of the most marvellous things I saw in Paris. I thanked my parents for the journey and told them that Paris is the most exciting and most beautiful city in Europe I have ever seen.

M. Fliderbaum, 1D.

A DAY'S OUTING IN AN OLD CAR

The subject of this story is Suzy. To my brother, Jim — Suzy the magnificent, Suzy the girl with a lovely streamlined figure, Suzy the beautiful, and to me — Suzy the old creak. Believe it or not, Suzy is an old veteran car. Her engine, when it goes, is like an old man croaking. Her figure reminds me of our next-door neighbour. Our next-door neighbour has not got a streamlined figure, actually far from it. Suzy is Jim's world, and to me she is a perfect pest.

This story is of an incident, after which I vowed I would never set foot in her again. Jim, not I, had decided that we would go for a day's outing in Suzy. I immediately had visions of what the outing would be, pushing the car.

It all started on Saturday morning. Suzy had been pushed out of the garage to the front gate. I had the picnic hamper ready, and stood waiting patiently for Jim to get Suzy started. I was dressed in an old sweater and slacks, and a pair of gum-boots, as I knew these were the best clothes to wear, where Suzy was concerned. Jim then gave me an innocent look and kindly asked me if I could give Suzy a little push. And so started our journey with me pushing the car.

After about five minutes of pushing, Suzy gave a splutter and her dilapidated engine managed to pull a little throb out of itself. I quickly jumped into the car, and so we started on our trip, which promised to be a pleasant one. Suzy was obviously in a bad mood; she kept back-firing and spluttering for the next couple of miles. Suddenly there was a dead silence — Suzy had gone on strike. I thought of going on strike too, but I knew that it would be in vain; so out I got and started pushing. I must have pushed too hard, as Suzy suddenly plunged forward and left me stranded face down in a puddle. I do not know how I survived those moments when I felt like kicking Suzy and going home, but I knew I would have to see the day out.

By dinner-time we were about twenty miles from home, that is, twenty miles in four hours. Jim was thoroughly enjoying himself. We decided we would stop near a garage and have a bite to eat. At the next garage, half an hour later, but with only two miles added to the mileage, we pulled in — only just in time, for Suzy was about to go on strike. I settled down to the first enjoyable moments of the day, while Jim and a mechanic stripped Suzy to pieces.

An hour later we were on the road again. I had suggested that, if we started home now, we might arrive back in time for breakfast the next morning, but talking to Jim is like talking to a brick wall. He even had the audacity to say that just because Suzy was giving a tiny bit of trouble, there was no need to get worked up. The last straw came when a car-load of Americans passed us. I do not think I have been so embarrassed in all my life. They passed us, hanging out of their car window. The car, taking up nearly the whole of the road, sent Suzy flying into a ditch. "Wanna hand?" one of them yelled, and then they were gone in the roar of an engine. "Of all the cheek", yelled Jim, fuming, "and there is no need to laugh, it just shows how rude some people are!"

Well, the rest of the drive was just stopping, and pushing, and swearing.

But Suzy was not going to spoil my day, — oh no! I was going to spoil hers. I lifted my leg ready, as a last resort, to give her a kick, but my foot did not find contact with Suzy. Jim let out a yell as my foot came in contact with his shins. After some coaxing, I managed to calm Jim down. After all, an important young man like Jim cannot be seen yelling and hopping about on a public road. Nearly in tears, he managed to come through with the brilliant idea of returning home by a different route. I think he came up with this idea so that he could see how many layers of skin my foot had gone through.

On the way back luck was with me. Roaring down the highway on his motor-cycle was a great friend of mine, Peter Cooper. I signalled frantically for him to stop. He must have been quite shocked to see the state I was in, as he had to look twice to distinguish me from Jim. But I assured him he was looking at me and then begged him to give me a lift home, as I was tired and sore all over.

"Hey, what about me?" cried Jim after us, but I only called back, "I'll have your favourite meal on the stove when you return", stressing "when".

Christine Dixon, 5C.

THE COAT

"Good night Clem, see you Monday".

"Night John, have a nice weekend".

The door of the workshop creaked and then slammed behind him and Clem found himself alone in the still, black, star-studded night. He sniffed the frost-laden air and flexed his tired but contented body. Such moments made life worth living.

He touched the wad of his pay that hung heavy in his jacket pocket and looked forward with satisfaction to a lazy weekend.

Clem hurried down the dingy main street of the village of Cotswild and, glancing at the church clock, turned abruptly into Samil's, the only luxury dress shop the village boasted.

His embarrassment, once inside, was acute; this shop he felt was sacred to women, but he was determined to buy the scarlet coat for his wife. Meg had been unhappy lately; she had not said anything, but Clem had noticed that the irrepressible gaiety he had loved so much had left her, her now infrequent smile was becoming automatic, and her eyes often lost their brilliant blue and seemed to become grey and clouded. Besides, he disliked the way that salesmen from London leered at her whenever they met, and this he felt happened suspiciously regularly.

The shop assistant smiled at his red face and stammering words but, with her feminine charm, soon set him at ease, and before long Clem walked from the shop clutching a conspicuous carrier bag.

He started down the mile-long track which separated him from his home and wife. They had lived together in the isolated cottage for over a year now; it lay buried in a valley a mile from Cotswild.

Tramping down the hard frozen track, he found his mind wandering once

more to Meg and her recent discontent. Clem knew she had found it difficult to adjust herself to living in the ancient, badly equipped farmhouse. He remembered her enthusiasm when he had first shown her the house; but running such a house had obviously ceased to be "the great adventure" and had become a dreary bore.

Then Clem remembered the contents of the parcel weighing on his arm; he imagined Meg's vivacious expression as she tried on the coat and how well the scarlet would show up her silky black hair; he felt the coat might be some atonement for her present humdrum existence.

As he rounded a corner, ice exploded beneath his feet and he saw the pinprick of light in the darkness ahead. Meg always lit the guiding light, an old coach lamp on the porch. He held the coat tightly and walked towards the light which led him home tonight as every night. Clem hummed a tune. He imagined her now setting the tea table and her voice when she heard him open the door. Always with the same intonation she would say:

"It that you Clem?"

He followed her star homewards. But, when he opened the door, the expected voice did not greet him and there was no clatter of tea-cups. The house was tomb-silent, blacker than night.....

The note lay in the centre of the walnut table, showing up brilliantly against the dark polished surface, even in the flickering firelight.

"Clem, (he read)

I will not live in this aimless fashion any longer. I have gone to London to earn a useful living. Please try to understand.

Meg."

Clem stood fully five minutes staring at the scrap of paper. It was so impersonal, so abrupt, so unbelievable.

Suddenly, hot anger possessed him such as the placid Clem had never experienced before, jealously held him in its power and stung him mercilessly. That smug, smooth-talking salesman, it could only have been his influence that would have led Meg to that den of vice called London. He flung the once cherished coat across the room, once an emblem of his love for Meg, now a meaningless rag. It landed in the fireplace, and a corner of the bag began to smoulder silently.

Clem hurled himself from room to room, destructive in his dark anger; he did not notice the scarlet of the coat gradually mingle with the yellow of the flames that devoured it, or when the flames reached the carpet and eventually the walnut table.....

Meg crept slowly down the road, repentant and utterly ashamed. She hoped fervently that Clem had been kept at the village and would never see her unforgivable betrayal of his love for her.

She rounded the corner as Clem had done an hour before her, but no pinprick of light gleamed faintly in the darkness to guide her home. Instead, leaping red and yellow flames lit up the whole sky. They were the emblem of the utter destruction of her home and of her husband Clem.

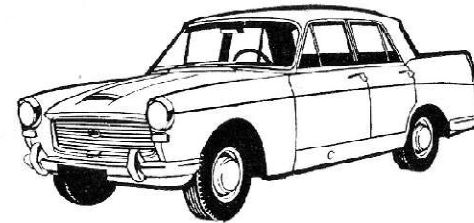
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