

Upper School Speech Day 1963. H. E. The Ambassador and Lady Roberts arriving at the Upper School

Editorial

The great Doctor Walker of St. Paul's School, on being asked to what he ascribed his success as High Master, replied: "I walk about the school." Had he done a spell at Queen's, he would probably have found himself covering greater distances than he ever did at Manchester Grammar School or St. Paul's.

We still have our pupils distributed between four main buildings, with other places in subsidiary use from time to time. It works, however, and we can possibly derive some sort of comfort from the comment of the Rt. Hon. Geoffrey Rippon, P.C., Minister of Public Building and Works, who, on visiting the school last May and learning that it was designed for 400 but now comprised 1,000, remarked: "Well, that's better than having a school designed for 1,000 with only 400 in it."

The present school year sees our numbers down by about 100. Kent School is now under way at Hostert and to them we send our greetings, good wishes and thanks for present and future relief. Peering into the future, we see plans for reducing and consolidating Queen's to 650 pupils, drawn mainly from the Headquarters and Mönchengladbach, the whole school to be on the site of the present Upper School. This happy state of affairs can obviously only be reached by passing through a period of further disruption and dispersal. However, the noise of the bulldozer and the concrete-mixer could fall as music on our ears when it starts.

The new road in front of the Upper School gives us much greater safety during the busy bus times and more peace and quiet for the front classrooms. It will also enable us to enhance the general appearance of the front of the Upper School.

Obviously the time ahead will bring plenty of problems and difficulties with it, just as the time gone by has done. However, we have solved them in the past by dint of goodwill and co-operation, and these qualities, assisted by the interest of those whom we serve, will no doubt bring us successfully through the next stage. Whilst it is true to say that there is never a dull moment, it is equally true to say that it is all very satisfying and enjoyable.

Calendar of events

1963

September 16	Visit of M.P.'s 'FW
" 20	Visit of Mr C. Chataway, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to Minister of Education
October 2	Corporate Communion
" 23	Visit of Commonwealth Institute Lecturer
" 25-26	Inter-Schools Football and Netball, Wilhelmshaven
November 13	Corporate Communion
December 6	Christmas Fair
" 11	Corporate Communion
" 17	Carol Service in St. Boniface Church
" 18	Term Ends
January 7	Spring Term starts

Lower school notes

SPRING TERM, 1963

The Lower School continued its constant rise throughout the spring and summer, rising to a maximum of 520 in March. Although this rise took place, there were no further annexations of territory. Pupils still continued to go to lessons in three separate sites other than the school, and buses continued to be an important feature of the school life.

Our school carried on its normal existence. Mr. Baker, Miss Masterson and Mrs. Rowe joined the staff and added their own contribution to school life. Mr. Swindall took the drama group to Münster to take part in the Drama Festival. The play, 'The Barber and the Donkey', later went on a local tour. Father Borrelli paid a visit to the school, and had a most interested and enthralled audience. During the spring term, the form football competition was decided and was won by 1E/2F. The Walker Cup was won by Cornwall House. The cross-country was a spirited event, the second-year race being won by Teasdale of Kent and the first-year by Gallagher. The cross-country cup was won by Kent House, with Cornwall taking the Standards Trophy. Cornwall also did well in the girls' games, winning the Netball Trophy. The Lower School Football Team continued to be invincible, and with such a good team, it would be unjust to select the names of individual personalities.

At the end of the Easter Term, the school said goodbye to Miss Reece, who had taught Mathematics in an interesting manner for three valuable years.

SUMMER TERM, 1963

In the summer term, we welcomed Mr. Walker, one of our science masters, and Miss Rhodes. For this term, Mr. Walker taught Mathematics as Miss Reece's replacement.

This year, cricket was demoted in importance as compared with athletics. Pupils competed for the Athletics Cup held jointly with the Upper School. In the School Sports, Kent were the winners, Crawford Murton and Barbara McAllister being awarded the individual cups for the best all-round performances. This year, the Lower School did not have a separate Swimming Gala. In the combined Gala, the Lower School did well. In particular, Crawford Murton, who won the cup for the best all-round performance by a boy. The House Cricket Tournament was a knockout competition, which was won by Edinburgh, defeating the Sassenach houses at their own game.

In early July, the choir and verse-speaking groups held a concert largely for the parents of pupils taking part. The evening entertainment was organised by Miss Wheeler and Mr. Swindall, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all participants and audience alike.

The school closed the year with the Lower School Speech Day, which was of special significance as the school was losing nearly half its pupils to Kent School at Hostert. Not only did we lose many pupils, but many staff said goodbye. Miss Hutchinson who played such a valuable part in the organisation of the school since its inception, Miss Armstrong who is now teaching in Singapore, Miss Wheeler, who is now Music Organiser at Bromley High School, and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Rees.

AUTUMN TERM, 1963

The new school year opened with 435 pupils, and for the first time, Queen's Lower School contains 3rd year forms. We welcome Miss Lind (History), Miss Fleming (English), Miss Walters (General Subjects), Mr. Rogers (Music) and Mr. Tomlinson (Metalwork). Miss Morrison has taken over as Senior Mistress at the Lower School, and Mr. Matthews as Senior Master of Lower School.

This term, the children seem smaller and quieter than ever, but that was what we thought last year, and the year before, and as in the years before, the year will proceed with a similar general pattern with the infinite variety and detail which makes school life worthwhile.

House reports

CORNWALL HOUSE

In the Lower School Cornwall achieved a well-deserved victory in the Walker Cup competition. After an uninspiring start to the soccer season, the combined first and second-year eleven settled down and proved to be a formidable team under the captaincy of John Stallwood. Gloucester was the only team able to provide any opposition, and in the final play-off at the end of the season excitement reached fever pitch until Cornwall finally gained supremacy and went on to win the match and the series.

The Lower School Sports day turned out unfavourably for Cornwall, except for the magnificent team work in the relay race which was narrowly won despite overwhelming odds. Credit is due to Michael Ross for his inspired running on the sports day — he is a promising athlete.

The Work Trophy competition in the Lower School found Cornwall well ahead of their rivals throughout the year, but after the summer term examination results were added to the totals we were narrowly defeated by Kent.

In the Upper School we wish to extend a welcome to our new House Staff, Miss Stone, Miss Harrison, Mr. Arthurson and Mr. Hough.

Our sporting programme started well with a win for the Senior girls in the Netball tournament; this success was due to the fact that our team consisted mainly of the School team. The Intermediates played well but were unable to match the Senior result. The soccer season was fairly successful, the 'A' Team winning 3 out of 5 games and the 'B' team 4 out of 6. One outstanding win was an II to 2 victory against Kent. Gloucester just beat us in the final after a close finish. Special mention goes to K. Sharratt, V. Kirton, J. Thompson and M. Smith.

The girls Inter-House Tennis matches were a new venture, one couple from each house competing. Jane East and Sally Long represented Cornwall and came second to Edinburgh, beating Kent and Gloucester.

At the Inter-House Athletics match we had some first-class individual performances, some of which established new school records, but unable to back these we finished third. Those deserving special mention were A. Turner and S. Long for the girls and M. Ashurst, E. Farr-Voller, W. Emery and R. Shiel for the boys.

The Cricket season started well with both teams recording a series of wins under the captaincy of our House and Team leader Ken Sharratt. At this time we had high hopes of retaining the trophy but misfortune struck and Ken was placed in hospital for the remainder of the term. Lack of transport, fixture clashes and, most important, waning enthusiasm left us with incomplete teams. This eventually resulted in an unfinished series. Full credit must go to the members of both teams who gave their support throughout the season.

In the Westerman Shooting Trophy we finished last, but full credit to our team captain R. East who recorded the highest score of the contest, 80 out of 80. If it had been possible for Robert to have trained our team we would have undoubtedly finished well placed.

The Swimming Gala was closely contested by Edinburgh who at the start of the final relay races were level on points. Our team rose to the challenge and cheered by all members of the House won a hard fought victory. S. Long and J. Corfield took top honours for the girls, Sally winning the open diving for the third year running. For the boys P. Long and R. East deserve special mention.

We offer our congratulations to Miss Stone and to Mr. Arthurson on their appointments as House Mistress and Master to Edinburgh, and thank them for their work whilst members of our House.

We welcome Miss Lancashire, Miss Poole and Mr. Tomlinson as our new House Members.

To Ken Sharratt who has left to return to England we say Thank You for all the hard work you have done on our behalf.

To conclude we wish to express our thanks to Miss Cowley and Mr. Stallwood for all the time and effort they have spent on our behalf during the last year.

S. Long
N. Bushnell
R. East

EDINBURGH HOUSE

The Boys had a fairly successful Winter season. They were leading in the Football competition until the final round of matches, but eventually finished second by one point. The Basketball team was third and the Cross-country team fourth.

Edinburgh girls have enjoyed one of their most successful years, being beaten in only one event, the Senior netball tournament, where they were runners-up to Cornwall. In Hockey, Tennis and Intermediate Netball we hold the trophies.

In the Swimming Gala Edinburgh was narrowly beaten by Cornwall after a very exciting contest. We were helped by the wonderful performances of the Murton family.

Although the House as a whole did badly in the Athletics Sports, both the girls' relay teams were first, the Intermediates establishing a new School record. We should like to offer Christine Smees our thanks for the help she gave, particularly as Athletics captain. We wish her future success.

The girls were sorry to lose an excellent House Captain in Valerie Callus.

Her hard work was largely responsible for our successes early in the year. Her place was taken by Valerie Murphy, who is also leaving. Alan Fraser has been House Captain on the boys' side.

We welcome into the House Mr. Lodge. Lastly, our best wishes go to Mr. Meiklejohn who is leaving us to return to England.

V. Murphy
A. Fraser

P.S.

Success at last! Congratulations to the House Shooting Team, captained by R. Wheelband, on retaining the Westerman Trophy.

KENT HOUSE

The autumn half of our winter programme proved rather disappointing in spite of staunch efforts by all who participated in the football leagues. The girls fared a little better and managed to tie for second place in the hockey cup. A bright start, however, was the winning of the work trophy, a success that was repeated in the Spring Term.

More success accompanied the efforts made during the second half of the programme when a most enjoyable basketball league was run.

The Intermediate basketball team, a very raw team to start with, soon achieved a good working knowledge of the game and finished by winning five out of six games and thereby the Inter cup. Particular credit must be given to P. Letts and F. Anty for their energy and enthusiasm in playing and building up the team, and to the playing members of the team who always backed them up.

The Seniors also gave a good account of themselves by winning four out of six games. In our final game we met Gloucester, who were then two points ahead. After a most exciting game with no quarter given by either side, we won, so making us even on points. Unfortunately, we were beaten in the replay. Our congratulations to Gloucester on their win and giving us such an exciting contest.

Though the girls' netball teams failed to win the cup, we were most encouraged by the support given and the good attendances at the practices.

The summer term commenced rather unsuccessfully owing, in part, to the lack of co-operation by the weather. Our Intermediate cricket team did their best but had some difficulty in fielding a full team at each match owing to lack of support! The Seniors played a full team regularly. On June 7th, the Annual Swimming Gala was held and, despite a rather weak team, a creditable showing was made. Our congratulations to Todd for beating the breast stroke record in the senior event, to J. Fogarty for her excellent performance, and to the senior relay team in winning the last event of the day.

The Inter-House Athletics Meeting was a most exciting afternoon's sport and some very good performances were given by competitors from all Houses. For Kent we congratulate F. Anty on his record-breaking runs in the 100 yds. and 220 yds., in his record long-jump, and on winning the Victor Ludorum, Wilnot for his outstanding successes in the 440 yds. and the 880 yds., also two new records, Susan Wallace for her performances in the 100 yds. and 150 yds. and winning the Victrix Ludorum, Todd, our athletics captain, and

last but by no means least, all the Kent team, both boys and girls, whose support made it possible for us to gain 120 points, thereby winning the Athletics Cup again.

*J. Halliday
J. Jarvis*

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

Last term Gloucester girls supported Netball practices with commendable regularity and enthusiasm and for once they fully expected a taste of victory. The Intermediates did in fact come very close to winning their series, but were unfortunately just beaten by Edinburgh.

The boys' Basketball Team are to be congratulated on their really brilliant success in the inter-house matches last term which terminated in a conclusive victory over Kent.

This term (Summer Term) the House has achieved little actual success but the presence of enthusiasm and sincere team spirit, although they do not compensate for skill, can create a force to be reckoned with. This was further borne out in the Athletics, when Gloucester climbed steadily from third to second place. It must be said that we have been unlucky this term. Shooting for the Westerman Cup, the boys were winning right up to the last few shots being fired, and had been in the lead throughout the competition. When the score was at last totalled it was seen that we had been pipped into second place by the very narrow margin of six points.

It is to be hoped that the members of the house will maintain their enthusiasm for inter-house competition. We are determined that second place is not good enough for Gloucester and equally determined to win all competitions next term.

*Penelope Leece
B. G. Hughes*

Sport

HOCKEY - AUTUMN TERM 1962

The start of the school year saw Queen's Hockey Team sadly depleted, only three regular players remaining. Our new P. E. Mistress was unable to take up her post and Mrs. Cook very kindly stepped in. Trials were held early in the term and twenty-two players regularly turned out for practices. From these girls the 1st XI was chosen: —

<i>Lynda Woodhouse</i>	Goal-keeper
<i>Sally Long</i>	R. Back
<i>Barbara Simpson</i>	L. Back
<i>Jennifer Pope</i>	R. Half
<i>Janet Barnes</i>	C. Half
<i>Paula Langley</i>	L. Half
<i>Judy Halliday</i>	R. Wing
<i>Shirley Pike</i>	R. Inner
<i>Valerie Parnell</i>	C. Forward
<i>Maira MacGregor</i>	L. Inner
<i>Valerie Callus (capt.)</i>	L. Wing
<i>Dawn Coulson</i>	RES.
<i>Valma Lanigan</i>	

A very full programme of matches was arranged for the first half of the term against W.R.A.F. and W.R.A.C. teams. The results of these matches were as follows: —

Queen's -v- 14th Battalion W.R.A.C.	AWAY	DRAW	1—1
Queen's -v- W.R.A.F. (H.Q.)	AWAY	LOST	2—1
Queen's -v- W.R.A.F. (H.Q.)	HOME	DRAW	1—1
Queen's -v- 14th Battalion W.R.A.C.	HOME	LOST	1—0

These matches were extremely close and well-fought, the school defence being very sound. This was a good build-up to the climax of the term, the Inter-School Hockey Tournament held at Hamm.

On Friday 2nd November 1962, Queen's Football and Hockey Teams travelled to Windsor Schools for the second B.F.E.S. Winter Sports Festival. We were welcomed in our separate schools and in the evening the girls watched a Film Show in the hall of Windsor Girls' School.

The next day dawned wet but the grass pitches were not rendered too soft, only extremely slippery. Our first match was against Windsor Girls. Queen's started nervously, unsure of the grass pitch, but soon got used to it, although several spectacular slides and falls occurred. Our goalie, having cleared several hard shots, unfortunately slipped, allowing Windsor to score. An equaliser came from Valerie Callus and Queen's School was on the offensive again. A penalty corner was awarded to Queen's just as the bell for the end of the match rang. We were to play on and a good hit from Judy Halliday was used to advantage by Shirley Pike. We had won, or so we thought; unfortunately this decision was reversed after the neutral referees had discussed the rules. Little did we know at the time that this decision cost us first place in the tournament.

King's School were our next opponents. As in the match last year we were nearly always on the defensive but found it difficult to score. In the first half a sharply-angled shot of Judy Halliday's beat the goalie, the score 1—0. This was to be the final score despite numerous raids on the opposing goal. At this time we were still equal top with Windsor Girls.

After lunch we took the field against Prince Rupert School. Queen's played hard, with most of the play in the opposing half, but could not score. Two break-away goals were scored by P.R.S. in the first half. A very dispirited team took up their positions for the second half; try as they might Queen's just could not hit their earlier form. A few minutes from full-time, Valerie Parnell scored and a minute later, through a mistake by P.R.S. defence, Valerie Callus went through to score again, the score being 2—2. There was not even time to re-commence play; Queen's had managed to come second in the tournament.

A most enjoyable time was had at a Dinner and Dance in the Girls' School. Early on Sunday morning we boarded the bus and returned tired but happy.

A match was arranged against the ladies of the Staff and the School had to concede defeat by 1—0. Our last match of the season was against the W.R.A.F. once more. It was a bitterly cold day and at the end of the first half the score was 1—1, Valerie Callus having scored from a pass in the circle. Our reserve Dawn Coulson was called to play during the second half and she

scored the winning goal, making the final score 2—1.

This was a fitting end to a very successful season. Many thanks are due to Mrs. Cook and Miss Drabble for their help at practices.

Colours were awarded to: —

Sally Long, Lynda Woodhouse, Janet Barnes and Shirley Pike.

<i>Match Results:</i>	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
	9	2	4	3

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL XI - 1962

This was one of the most unfortunate football seasons Queen's School have had for some years. The School XI played 9, won 3, but lost 6, and in the series of losses are included all four matches in the Inter-Schools Tournament.

The opening practice matches were played against the Scribes XI and the Medical Directorate. The two wins which were obtained were encouraging but of rather false value.

At the Hamm Inter-Schools Tournament the first match against Prince Rupert School was lost by 4 goals to nil. It was a good fast game and closer than the score would suggest, but P.R.S. were too strong for us in the last 15 minutes. The match against Windsor Boys' School was very good. In a clean fast game we were holding the score at 1—1 until a defensive error gave W.B.S. their second goal. In the last few minutes much of the fight went out of Queen's and Hamm ran out winners at 3—1.

The less said about the match against King's the better. Suffice to say that three times were we in the lead and yet lost the match 4—3, King's being the better team on the day.

For the first time we played Canisius College from Nijmegen. There we found a fast team of good footballers, all much greater in stature, confidence and basic football ingenuity and consequently we lost the match 7—2.

We hope for better things in the 1963 season. Perhaps a greater will to win on the part of the School team would go a long way. So often were matches lost because the team was beaten morally too early in the match.

D. J. N. N.

1962 Results

Queen's School	v	Medical Directorate	Won	0—3
"	"	v Scribes	"	5—4
"	"	v "	Lost	5—6
"	"	v Hardt Jugendschaft	Won	11—0
"	"	v Prince Rupert School	Lost	0—4
"	"	v Windsor Boys' School	"	1—3
"	"	v King's School	"	3—4
"	"	v Wildenrath Youth Club	"	1—5
"	"	v Canisius Coll. Nijmegen	"	2—7

SCHOOL BASKETBALL

The school basketball team was composed of a core of eight or nine enthusiasts, helped during training by several transients in the throes of arriving, leaving and learning.

They were a credit to themselves for regular turnout, hard work in training and their willingness to learn. 90 minutes training together each week is quite inadequate for a game so complex and tactical as basketball. Time being too limited to create perfect 'set' team-play, they concentrated on individual skills. Each developed his particular ability, and adapted his team work to suit each match's problems as they occurred.

At Christmas, the team was seriously weakened by the loss of three fine players. They had developed a 'power' play between themselves which was very successful in school basketball. Pearson and Smith threw the ball about accurately and very hard indeed — a basic skill developed to be frighteningly effective.

In the New Year, the team was strengthened and cheered by Gilmore, whose transatlantic attitude to the game and great skill made the team whole again. Naylor developed into a good captain: enthusiastic, knowledgeable and consistent. Klos and Hall provided the necessary backbone, working hard and improving visibly.

In home fixtures, the school defeated an Army team. The school Staff noticed how this win encouraged the team and continued the good work by allowing themselves to be defeated in two consecutive weeks.

Before the Inter-Schools Tournament, Cpl. Carrant placed the Army gym at the team's disposal every lunch-hour for two weeks and personally ensured that not one minute was wasted. Everyone was most grateful for his giving so much time and effort. It is certain that the school's exceptionally good performance at the Tournament was helped by this training boost.

In the Tournament, Queen's defeated a fast and eager King's team. During all the games, Lowe played a safe game as guard, gathering all the rebounds despite constant pressure. Todd was upset by strange surroundings and at first his distance shots were fractionally off. Suddenly he found his range and proceeded to demoralise perfect defensive zones by scoring right over them. Naylor and Gilmore worked incessantly, midfield and under the basket, despite the fact that their dribbling and passing sequences were ruined by a very inferior floor surface. Kirton, improving each minute, found more and more variety in his attack and was always in the play. These five worked so well that Salmons and Smith had little chance to show what sound substitutes they were, but nevertheless they provided welcome encouragement and help.

Queen's held P.R.S. on level terms in a very positive game, both sides concentrating on scoring rather than defence. The pace was tremendous and four minutes from the end, Queen's guards flagged. In one disastrous minute, P.R.S. scored ten points and won a most exciting game which kept all concerned very tense!

W.B.S. won the Tournament and Queen's were the only team to lead them at half-time. Hamm could not get into an attacking gear against a relentless Queen's pressure, and trailed eight points after 20 minutes. Queen's became very tired and the fine teamwork of W.B.S. wore them down in the second half. Hamm won, yet unable to give Queen's an inch of room until the end.

The team impressed everyone with their play and attitude during the weekend. The very long and distressing journey was worth while after all.

T. G. B.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL CRICKET 1st XI

Queen's started the season off with a team which looked fairly strong, on paper. However, when we played our first two practice matches against H.Q. (Unit) 2nd. XI and R.A.F. Wegberg, we managed to bowl them out easily, but we could not score the runs, consequently we lost both matches.

We played our main match of the season against Windsor Boys' School, Hamm. After a satisfactory start by the opening batsmen, D. Gallimore and M. Ashurst batted well and with support from the tailenders a total of 66 runs was scored.

Queen's took the field with not great confidence in such a low total and the Windsor School opening batsmen did nothing to allay their fears. However, J. Jarvis made a break-through, capturing both of the opening batsmen's wickets and then K. Sharratt came on, taking the next four wickets cheaply.

Between them, and aided by good fielding, Sharratt and Jarvis bowled out the opposition for 40 runs, leaving Queen's victorious for the first time in the series between the two schools.

No further matches were played owing to the 'fast' bowling of a Typhoid bug which put four members of the team (including our fast bowlers) in hospital.

D. J. N. N.

SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

The prospects of a successful competition in the Inter-Schools Cross-Country Championships at Wilhelmshaven were high when the School team started against our three rival Schools.

Mike Ashurst was always with the leaders and Geoff Jarvis and B. Hughes were running well with G. Thompson just behind them. During the first lap, however, Thompson dropped out, but our team of three were excellently placed: first, fourth and fifth in the last quarter mile of the rugged course. However, 400 yards from home Hughes stopped with cramp, thus eliminating Queen's from the team race which we surely should have won had Hughes managed to continue.

Congratulations to Ashurst finishing third and Jarvis finishing fifth.

D. J. N. N.

LOWER SCHOOL SOCCER

Enthusiasm was matched by skill among the Lower-school footballers. During the Summer Term an exciting Five-a-Side class elimination contest ended with 1(e), coming out winners over 2(a) in the final. 2(e) and 1(e) won the class league in which almost eighty games were played during the lunch hours.

Continuous practice brought its rewards in the School 1st and 2nd year elevens, both of which were victorious in all of their games against Dutch and German Youth Club Teams.

Of particular merit was the 6—5 closing victory over Canisius College Nijmegen (Holland).

Several promising players arrived including Hew and Moy of 2(b) and we are sorry to lose Peter Arrowsmith, a robust outside-left who could make a name for himself in the soccer world. Stallwood was a steady constructive

pivot and we had several sound goalkeepers, Baxter, Bell, Ivey and Jones. The Smith brothers displayed skill and effort matched perhaps only by Peter Harvey the most consistent defender, while forward stars were Hagyard, Fowler, Reid and Brizzel. A variety of fullbacks included Salmons, Townshend, Whitehead, Anstie and Mike Smith, with the last named being the most improved player over the Season.

The Curtain-Closer to the year was the Lower School Staff versus Pupils contest in which the fancy-dress of the "PEDAGOGUES" matched the fancy play of the boys. The score was forgotten in an enjoyable mêlée in which Mr. Baker scored through his own goal and John Stallwood had a bucket of water tipped over him by an over-enthusiastic trainer.

J. McC.

SECOND INTER-SCHOOLS INDIVIDUAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS 1963

These Championships were held at Rheindahlen in July 1963 when Queen's School acted as hosts to Windsor Boys' and Girls' Schools from Hamm, Prince Rupert School from Wilhelmshaven and King's School, Sundern.

Queen's School, sadly, did not gain one individual champion in either Boys or Girls events, but some notable performances by members of the school were: —

BOYS: — Wright, T. Under-15 High-Jump (2nd) with 5ft. 1in.

Ashurst, M. Open Mile (2nd) in 4 mins. 28.0 secs.

Auty, R. Intermediate Long-Jump (2nd) with 19ft. 3½ins.

GIRLS: — Marilyn Churchman Senior High-Jump (2nd) with 4ft. 5ins.

Pat McGill Senior Discus (2nd) with 68ft. 4½ins.

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

Particular thanks are due to the Garrison Commander and his Staff for their help in billeting some of our visitors, and to the R.A.F. Physical Fitness Officer Flight-Lieutenant Butcher, and his Staff, for their great help before and during the Meeting which was held on the R.A.F. Athletics Track.

D. J. N. N.

SECOND INTER-SCHOOLS INDIVIDUAL SWIMMING MEETING 1963

This Gala, held as usual the day after the Athletics Meeting, resulted in some really fine swimming by the members of Queen's School who won nine Championships and came second in four events from a total of fourteen events. The most remarkable feature of this Gala was that in every one of the fourteen events the existing Championship record was broken.

Congratulations are extended to the following B.F.E.S. Swimming Champions: —

Lynda Woodhouse: — Girls 50m Back-stroke Champion 42.0 secs.

Mary Murton: — Girls 50m Breast-stroke Champion 45.2 secs.

Jane Corfield: — Girls 50m Free-style Champion 33.5 secs.

Sally Long: — Girls Diving Champion

Jane Fogarty: — Girls 100m Free-style Champion .. 1 min. 19.8 secs.

The Girls' Medley Relay Team and

The Girls' Free-style Relay Team.

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Continuous practice brought its rewards in the School 1st and 11nd year elevens, both of which were victorious in all of their games against Dutch and German Youth Club Teams.

Of particular merit was the 6—5 closing victory over Canisius College Nijmegen (Holland).

Several promising players arrived including Hew and Moy of 2(b) and we are sorry to lose Peter Arrowsmith, a robust outside-left who could make a name for himself in the soccer world. Stallwood was a steady constructive

pivot and we had several sound goalkeepers, Baxter, Bell, Ivey and Jones. The Smith brothers displayed skill and effort matched perhaps only by Peter Harvey the most consistent defender, while forward stars were Hagyard, Fowler, Reid and Brizzel. A variety of fullbacks included Salmons, Townshend, Whitehead, Anstie and Mike Smith, with the last named being the most improved player over the Season.

The Curtain-Closer to the year was the Lower School Staff versus Pupils contest in which the fancy-dress of the "PEDAGOGUES" matched the fancy play of the boys. The score was forgotten in an enjoyable mêlée in which Mr. Baker scored through his own goal and John Stallwood had a bucket of water tipped over him by an over-enthusiastic trainer.

J. McC.

SECOND INTER-SCHOOLS INDIVIDUAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS 1963

These Championships were held at Rheindahlen in July 1963 when Queen's School acted as hosts to Windsor Boys' and Girls' Schools from Hamm, Prince Rupert School from Wilhelmshaven and King's School, Sundern.

Queen's School, sadly, did not gain one individual champion in either Boys or Girls events, but some notable performances by members of the school were: —

BOYS: — Wright, T. Under-15 High-Jump (2nd) with 5ft. 1in.

Ashurst, M. Open Mile (2nd) in 4 mins. 28.0 secs.

Auty, R. Intermediate Long-Jump (2nd) with 19ft. 3½ins.

GIRLS: — Marilyn Churchman Senior High-Jump (2nd) with 4ft. 5ins.

Pat McGill Senior Discus (2nd) with 68ft. 4½ins.

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

Particular thanks are due to the Garrison Commander and his Staff for their help in billeting some of our visitors, and to the R.A.F. Physical Fitness Officer Flight-Lieutenant Butcher, and his Staff, for their great help before and during the Meeting which was held on the R.A.F. Athletics Track.

D. J. N. N.

SECOND INTER-SCHOOLS INDIVIDUAL SWIMMING MEETING 1963

This Gala, held as usual the day after the Athletics Meeting, resulted in some really fine swimming by the members of Queen's School who won nine Championships and came second in four events from a total of fourteen events. The most remarkable feature of this Gala was that in every one of the fourteen events the existing Championship record was broken.

Congratulations are extended to the following B.F.E.S. Swimming Champions: —

Lynda Woodhouse: — Girls 50m Back-stroke Champion 42.0 secs.

Mary Murton: — Girls 50m Breast-stroke Champion 45.2 secs.

Jane Corfield: — Girls 50m Free-style Champion 33.5 secs.

Sally Long: — Girls Diving Champion

Jane Fogarty: — Girls 100m Free-style Champion .. 1 min. 19.8 secs.

The Girls' Medley Relay Team and

The Girls' Free-style Relay Team.

R. East: — Boys 50m Back-stroke Champion 38.5 secs.

C. Murton: — Boys Diving Champion

Thanks are offered to the Staff of Queen's School and to those who helped with the judging and organisation of the Meeting, and also to the Swimming Pool Staff and Garrison Sports Officer, Major F. Davies M.M., and his Staff for all their help prior to and during this Gala.

D. J. N. N.

INTER-SCHOOLS NETBALL MATCHES

Queen's School Netball team travelled to Wilhelmshaven on March 16th, for a week-end of matches against other B.F.E.S. Schools. Despite enthusiasm and, in some cases, grim determination, success in the form of victory eluded the team. However, the score in the match against Windsor Girls' School, the eventual winners, was close enough to make the match an exciting one.

I should like to commend the team for their hard work and persistence. Maybe next year we shall do better!

Team: — Sally Long (Captain), Jennifer McLellan, Christine Snee, Rene Rouledge, Pat Stallwood, Judy Halliday, and Ann Gronaugh.

S. C. Philpott

INTER-SCHOOLS TENNIS MATCHES

These matches were held at King's School on July 8th. Unfortunately, Dawn Coulson, the tennis captain, was ill and unable to play. Our team won against Prince Rupert School, 2 matches to 1, and lost to King's School and Windsor School by 2 matches to 1 and 3 matches to 1 respectively.

Team: — Linda Woodhouse (Acting Captain), Jane East, Penelope Leefe, Carol Sanderson, Yvonne Cook, and Carys Owen.

S. C. Philpott

Speech days

UPPER SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

29th May, 1963

With many events crowding into the Summer Term it was again decided to hold Speech Day early. The Prize winners were chosen, Guards of Honour rehearsed and the scene soon set for the event.

Our Guest of Honour was Sir Frank Roberts, C.C.M.G., Her Majesty's Ambassador at Bonn, who was accompanied by his wife. The school felt indeed honoured that such a distinguished person should find the time to spend a day at Queen's School. Especially as he had only taken up his appointment a few months previously.

Sir Frank and Lady Roberts arrived at the school at 12.30 p.m. where they were met and welcomed by the Headmaster, accompanied by the Deputy Head, Senior Mistress, Bursar and Head Prefects. The Ambassador then inspected the Guards of Honour of Cadets, Rangers and Red Cross Cadets to the accompaniment of music played by the R.A.F. Band. After a short briefing on the school in the Headmaster's study our Guests then toured the Hall where various displays were on view. The theme of these displays was "Out of School Activities". All the many and varied clubs had staged a small display,

many of which were greatly enhanced by some excellent large scale photographs taken by the Public Relations Branch.

For the presentation of Prizes the Garrison Theatre was again used, and by 2.30 p.m. the pupils, Staff and Parents were assembled there. The Chairman, Mr. G. East, Command Secretary, B.A.O.R., after his introductory remarks, asked the Headmaster to make his Report for the year. As in previous years, printed copies of this report were available, so that the Headmaster was able to deal at length with certain subjects instead of a long recital of facts and figures.

Whilst the Chairman and the Ambassador both stressed the importance of Anglo-German relations in their speeches, the Headmaster referred to the friendly liaison which had developed during the year between the school and the Mathematisches Naturwissenschaftliches Gymnasium, Moenchengladbach. We were very pleased indeed that the Headmaster, Herr W. Schafhaus, and two of his Staff could be with us for the occasion.

After Lady Roberts had presented the Prizes, Sir Frank then addressed the pupils and parents. His scholarly remarks, based upon a lifetime of practical diplomacy and politics, and delivered with a subtle humour, were much appreciated by his audience.

The Deputy Head then proposed a Vote of Thanks to the Ambassador, which was seconded by the Head Girl, Carol Sanderson. After a call for "Three Cheers", the ceremony closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Tea was then available in the School Hall and Gymnasium for Parents and Pupils and our many guests and visitors. At about 5.00 p.m. our Guests of Honour left the school to return to Bonn. We had had a most enjoyable day and we were indeed sorry to see them leave.

LOWER SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

The Lower School Speech Day was held on 17th July, 1963 in the Garrison Theatre. We were pleased to welcome as guests of honour two old friends of the school — Major General and Mrs. D. E. B. Talbot. The morning was spent in preparing the theatre and in setting up the exhibitions.

The school, together with staff, parents and other visitors, assembled in the Garrison Theatre for speeches and prize distribution. The Chairman introduced the Headmaster and Master-in-Charge who both dealt with the major problems of overcrowding and lack of facilities. This was followed by the giving of prizes for diligence and attainment by Mrs. Talbot. The prizegiving was succeeded by an address by the Guest of Honour. Major General Talbot demonstrated the concern of the services for the education of their children. He also spoke on the theme of hard work and determination. After his speech, Anne Coleman thanked Major General and Mrs. Talbot on behalf of the school.

After the ceremony, our Guests of Honour and other visitors returned to the Lower School for the exhibition of pupils' work, and to sample the tea, which was provided by the school cook. The theme of the exhibition was arts and handicrafts. We were most pleased by the interest shown by our many visitors, and our thanks must go to all who made the day so successful.

Sixth form talks

SIXTH FORM TALKS 1962/63

Towards the end of the Christmas Term, the Sixth Forms were much diverted and entertained by a Brains Trust consisting of Mrs. R. A. C. Carter, Mrs. Unity Bell, Mr. P. Leeffe and Lieutenant Colonel P. Goodeve-Docker. The Headmaster, acting as question-master, had his work cut out to keep the team in order, so full of ideas were they, and so anxious to put them forward in support or contradiction of their colleagues. All in all, a highly entertaining afternoon.

Brigadier H. Shean, the Chief Education Officer of B.A.O.R., gave a thoughtful talk, to wind up the first half of the winter series, on interviewing techniques and methods, with particular reference to the Regular Commissions Board, a talk containing much valuable advice to young people likely to be facing interviews themselves in a fairly short time.

The Spring Term series started with a personal account, by Wing Commander R. Boulding, who commands the H.Q. (Unit) R.A.F., of his experience in the "Wooden Horse" P.O.W. Camp. Wing Commander Boulding's modest and almost diffident manner gave extra value to the humours and tragedies of this epic escape story. Most of us had read the book and seen the film but to be able to talk to somebody who had actually been there and taken part was a rare occasion.

N.A.A.F.I.'s Public Relations Officer, Mr. Douglas McBirnie, entertained us to a most interesting account of the P.R.O.'s work and included in his talk some striking examples of sales psychology — red is the best selling colour for packaging, apparently. His talk elicited a variety of questions which bore witness to the interest aroused.

The following week, Miss Stacey Wheeler gave us "Painless Piano Practice: Chopin's Etudes". Prefacing each study with a brief story concerning it, she dazzled us with her beautiful technique and enchanted us with her charm of performance.

The Director of Medical Services, Northern Army Group, Major General A. Menecees, who has since left Germany for London, is an enthusiastic student of Netherlands Art in general and Rembrandt in particular. His two talks on these subjects were remarkable for the scope which he covered and the simplicity of his coverage. The General's enthusiasm for his subject was obviously infectious and more than equal to coping with a recalcitrant projector.

On March 4th, Colonel John Woollett talked informally, informatively and amusingly on his time in the United States. This was a valuable experience, debunking a good many of the false ideas of that great country and nation which we tend to judge from the cinema screen.

Finally, Colonel Robin Smart, who has the distinction of wearing the Polar Medal, gave us an illustrated account of the expedition which he led in 1953 to the Antarctic. Here again was the chance of hearing the man of thought and action discoursing in great modesty on his trials and experiences in the rigours of the Antarctic. We who heard his talk recognised in him the qualities which go to make up a leader of men.

So we came to the end of another series, which was remarkable for its

scope and variety. A list of the whole 1962/63 series is printed below to give the reader at a glance some idea of how wide a range was covered. Our sincere thanks go to all who so kindly gave their time and thought for us.

"Cyprus"	<i>The Headmaster</i>
Brains Trust	<i>Carol Sanderson, D. Letts, A. Tingey, A. Fraser</i>
"In Search of Music" (A journey to Sweden)	<i>D. Letts and R. Balding</i>
"The Canals of England and Wales"	<i>(winners of the B.F.E.S. Travel Award)</i>
"The Commonwealth"	<i>Mr. M. Wylie, B.A.</i>
"Sicily"	<i>Mr. Devereux Colebourn</i>
"Japan, Korea and Hong Kong"	<i>Mr. Peter Wilcockson</i>
"Coventry Cathedral"	<i>Brigadier J. Stares, D.S.O., O.B.E.</i>
"Climbing the Family Tree"	<i>Dawn Coulson</i>
Brains Trust	<i>Mr. Gerald East, M.A.</i>
	<i>Mrs. R. A. C. Carter</i>
	<i>Mrs. Unity Bell</i>
	<i>Mr. P. Leeffe</i>
	<i>Lt. Colonel P. Goodeve-Docker</i>
	<i>Brigadier H. Shean, T.D.</i>
	<i>Wing Commander R. Boulding</i>
	<i>Mr. D. McBirnie (P.R.O., N.A.A.F.I.)</i>
"Interviews"	<i>Miss S. Wheeler</i>
"The Wooden Horse"	<i>Major General A. Menecees, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.,</i>
"N.A.A.F.I."	<i>Q.H.P., M.D., F.R.C.P.</i>
"Painless Piano Practice: Chopin's Etudes"	<i>Colonel J. Woollett, C.B.E., M.C.</i>
"Netherlands Art"	<i>Colonel R. Smart, O.B.E.</i>
"Some Aspects of America"	
"The Antarctic"	

School journeys and visits

THE SCUGNIZZI CAMP

As a result of the Queen's School Appeal we were able to entertain twenty of Father Borrelli's boys to a fortnight's camping holiday in Naples and Rome. Ten Queen's School boys — three from the Lower School — more or less matched in age the boys we had as our guests.

We are glad to report that in spite of some unlooked-for expenses (a good deal of gear arrived too late for the Camp and had to be duplicated) we still have the bus, the Camp kit and 4,000 DM. in hand; basis, at any rate, for future plans.

Obviously, anything we have been able to do for our young friends has been made possible by the generosity of all who gave to the project. We hope that we have accomplished something useful; and most sincerely, we renew our thanks.

A tribute first to our £70 bus! As the 4,500 kilometers built up we grew to trust and admire her. The carburettor jet which blocked when we were at the point of no return on the Gotthard was forgotten. We remembered the fantastic load she had carried to Naples; how she had fought her way over

the cruel cobbles of the Via Appia Antica as the roofrack progressively collapsed; and we were immensely proud of her triumphant return over the Gross Glockner. Who was that man who dared to jeer at our progress and then had to suffer our charity as he boiled and failed high to the summit?

So we arrived, through a night of fantastic thunderstorms; often driving great distances at a stretch and on narrow, vile mountain roads. The driver, at any rate, had much to engross him; for the patient passengers it was harder.

It had been a bad blow to have to go without some of our stuff and equipment. And we were more than a little disappointed that two adult helpers — one a very experienced Quarter-master and the other a famous cook — were unable to join us because of the sudden and inevitable changes in Service life. When we arrived to find that Father Borrelli was still ill in an English hospital, it seemed necessary to take a very firm grip on events.

Fortunately Colonel Forster at Allied HQ, S. Europe, had taken interest in our plans and had laid on a large tent for our guests, and Rocco and Gino, two students from Naples, were there to help us — and they were good.

We collected all the boys remaining in the Casa except the very small ones. When they burst from the doubly-overloaded bus on to our Camp, the faces of the welcoming British party was a sight to be remembered. There was everything from the "nice-to-see-you" smile to the "Lord! what *have* we started?"

But there was no need to be anxious. Within a minute, the two parties were one. Names were exchanged; at once there was a simple English-Italian class in progress; and there was a good meal laid on. There was no shyness and no false heartiness. This happy relationship grew and never failed. It was the most important thing required of our boys and they succeeded one hundred per cent. This is the place to say so and to thank them.

Babel caused us no confusion. There were, in any case, those among us who had the Italian, Brian Hibbert of Windsor Boys' School, whose mother comes from Trieste, had joined us with the full-time appointment of interpreter. Truly a Joseph to us. . . .

We were camped in the crater of Solfatara. Mildly active and always bubbling and smoking, it made a fine first evening's stroll. It was also quite alarming — hollow rumblings replied to the dropping of a heavy stone; last year a young man had gone too near to the boiling mess and had lost a leg, we were told. . . . The Chaplain issued instructions in which 'please' did not once appear.

Small wonder that the suggestion of a football match on the smooth expanse of the crater seemed to do something to the Camp Manager! But we rarely had need or time for Camp games.

Every day there was some major event: to Vesuvius (the bus took up forty without complaint); a sea trip to the island of Ischia; tours of Herculaneum and Pompeii; every boy had a chance to see the Casa and something of the poorer parts of Naples.

Originally we had booked a camp site with its own beach. But the moment it was known that our guests were Scugnizzi, the arrangement was cancelled. However, after one abortive attempt, we found a free beach about ten miles from the camp. The use of the grossly over-loaded bus made it possible

for us to have several afternoons swimming.

At Solfatara the Camp Manager had been in some trepidation about his Italian guests. Our bland assurances were soon backed up by the boys' own conduct. There was never a difficulty and when we left there was a glad invitation to the boys to come again. Perhaps the Neopolitans should meet more of their children for the first time? Certainly this was a tribute to Father Borrelli.

We certainly could not resist these youngsters. They accepted delightedly what we had to offer; but they did not grab and only very rarely were they self-seeking. They were anxious to bring their cuts and aches to Mrs. Sellars who was soon running a small dressing station. Such was the open niceness of these boys that one was glad to be able to give. There was, perhaps, one fleeting exception when the Chaplain was roused at 5 a.m. by a thirteen-year old and asked for a martello (that means a hammer) and the Padre had a murderous moment as he wavered over the mode of delivery.

In our leisure time in the evenings we exchanged songs, made tape-recordings and were shown Italian variations on the Twist. The wrestling and tumbling matches were always friendly and merry. Ice-cream or soft drinks at the 'bar' would end a very full day.

Our Italian friends not only shared the Camp ("Cooking in Oil" brought our largest medicine bottle into major action) but they positively protected us. Pity the wine vendor who tried for a quick hundred lire! Heaven rescue the lout who sought to please his own folk by calling the British 'idiots'! For him, only the horrors of a cactus bush remained. Even in the midst of a free-for-all in the church at Pompeii when custodians and furious visitors brawled and tussled, — even in this enticing moment, the Camp spirit held. British and Italians formed up, determined only on a dignified exit, and, of course, mutual defence in extreme case.

Before we left for Rome we had the pleasure of a brief visit from Father Borrelli who had just returned from hospital. We were glad he had been able to see the camp, and we were able to talk of possible future plans.

And so to Rome. The bus party had none of the cramped torments suffered by those who went by train. We were glad to get the party together again and to find an equal welcome for all. Chalets now replaced the marquee loaned to us by Allied HQ.

We were wondering how our friends would enjoy sight-seeing in concentrated form. In fact they loved it. St. Peter's with its dome and treasures and the tombs of the Popes beneath the Cathedral; the Castel S. Angelo; the Colosseum. Most of them, however, preferred to see a film rather than to go to the opera in the Baths of Caracalla. (Who was the Queen's School boy who slept through the most spectacular scene in Aida?) Of great interest to all, but especially to our guests, was the Papal Audience at Castel Gondolfo.

The days were quickly gone and soon we had to say good-bye. We packed Camp; torches were all returned to us (how they loved torches and what a sum we spent on batteries!); addresses were swapped; souvenirs were asked for and given. As they climbed into the bus one or two of our younger new-found friends were very near to tears. There was a final song for us and

then, with a small number of the British party, we set off for the station in Rome.

As we walked from the platform we felt strangely lost and everything seemed silent. We were glad to turn the blunt nose of our faithful old bus towards home.

C. H. S.

VISIT TO A GERMAN HOSPITAL

After a long journey to Münster and an enjoyable meal at a Youth Hostel where we stayed for the night, the following morning we ate breakfast and then set off to our destination for the morning — a German Orthopaedic Hospital. We arrived at the hospital at nine o'clock and Miss Humphreys took us inside and introduced us to a very prominent German doctor named Dr. Hepp.

Dr. Hepp took us to one department of the hospital and showed us a special device which he had invented to enable children without arms or legs to learn the feeling of sitting, going up stairs, etc. Another gentleman took us to the special wing for the children, which is being extended. He showed us the workshops and the machinery which help towards the making of the artificial limbs and devices which enable these children and grown-ups to live like normal persons. We were shown the handicapped housewife's kitchen, special toilets, etc. We then went upstairs to the children's wing and were shown the thalidomide children. This was a very moving moment in our visit and when we saw a little boy without any arms it made us realize how lucky we are. He looked at us so pitifully as if asking us to help him. These children must feel very lonely, for their parents all seem to neglect them and they will have nothing to do with them when they find out that they are disabled.

After visiting this part of the hospital we visited the wing that housed the spastics. In this building there were rooms for both mother and child and the children were nearly all day children, not many actually lived in. These children are brought in daily to see the various specialists, for they are all different types of spastics. Some have too much movement and others not enough. Their mothers are taught what they have to do for the children to help them and then when they have been taught they can take over the Doctor's job of massaging, teaching, etc.

We were shown several children and from there we went back into the hospital and visited another section for the very young, thalidomide children. A young physiotherapist showed us around the different rooms and we were especially interested in the apparatus that the children use to strengthen their limbs; many are everyday articles, but they have special fittings that are used to strengthen the children's limbs.

When we had said goodbye to Dr. Hepp, we left the hospital and returned home after a very enjoyable visit.

Susan Jones, 6C

MY STAY AT THE INTERNATIONALES HAUS, SONNENBERG

28th May, 1963 - 6th June, 1963

As part of the work for the Gold Award of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, it was arranged that I attend one of the conferences held at Sonnenberg in the Oberharz. From the pamphlets sent to me before my departure, I learnt that Sonnenberg is "an international institute for liberal youth and

adult education, a society for the promotion of international co-operation, and a place of discussion and understanding for people from all over the world." The centre was first established after the Second World War by an independent and non-political organisation consisting of German, British and American representatives. The German Government, Ministry of Education and Trade Unions today deal with most of the organisation and finance. Since 1949, forty thousand people from sixty-eight nations have participated in the international Sonnenberg meetings, each one lasting nine days and running throughout the year. Most participants are either scholars or students and between seventeen and twenty-five years of age.

My particular programme, entitled "Europe's Tasks Today and Tomorrow," seemed rather frightening, consisting of lectures on themes such as "Nationalism and the National Feeling" and "The Importance of Communal Self-government in a Democratic Society". I was advised to do some relevant reading before my departure for Sonnenberg, but it was a relief to find later that the lectures, often illustrated, were not quite so intellectual as they sounded, and that the other members were of more or less the same educational standard as I.

My journey by train to Bad Harzburg passed without any mentionable mishap. In fact, when I joined the party from England at Hannover, one of the boys remarked that I looked as if I hadn't seen civilisation for several days — this most probably because I had had nobody to converse with for over six hours! At Bad Harzburg we were joined by other members of the conference to continue by bus on the final stage of the journey to Sonnenberg House through the beautiful Harz Mountains.

The accommodation and grounds of Sonnenberg are very pleasant and spacious, situated amid hills, woodland, lakes and usually sunshine. However, during my stay, the buildings were being extended and the boys therefore had to share the washroom with the girls, which naturally led to some rather amusing incidents!

On arrival we were each given a little badge with our name and nationality on it. This was to help "getting to know" each other. Nationalities were mixed in the dormitories and at meals, so that everyone soon became friends. Altogether there were some sixty participants: — one Dane, three Finns, two Dutch representatives, twelve members from Great Britain (including myself), others from various parts of Germany, especially Berlin and Hannover, and one Indian lecturer. The main languages were German and English and those who could understand one but not the other were helped during lectures by an interpreter and ear-phones. During conversations we all made an effort to learn the other's native tongue, and I can now proudly say "Hello" and "Goodbye" in Danish, Finnish, Dutch and German!

After supper — the meals were varied and excellently served, and plentiful enough to satisfy any appetite suddenly awakened by the fresh mountain air — we were then officially welcomed by the adult chairman of our conference and a committee of members was formed to organise activities for our free afternoons. We were also told that a typical day at Sonnenberg would be as follows: —

8.00 hours — Rise
9.00 hours — Breakfast

10.00 hours — Lecture followed by discussion
13.00 hours — Lunch
— Afternoon free
18.30 hours — Supper
19.30 hours — Lecture or film followed by discussion or social evening.

Most of the afternoons were taken up by walks, either to the village of St. Andreasberg or through the countryside, climbs, sun-bathing, football-matches, listening to records or reading and letter-writing. After the evening lecture we either danced or discussed and once paid a nightly visit to a nearby hunter's lodge, where we all drank "Brüderschaft". On the evening after the International Brains Trust we invaded a charcoal burner's hut and sipped hot wine around a log fire, to the romantic strumming of guitars, until the early hours of the morning. We also spent one day on a trip to the medieval town of Goslar and the border between East and West Germany, which was a tragic and memorable spectacle. Another evening was devoted to an international dance, which included several highly amusing sketches by the different parties.

Thus the nine days — and nights — were excitingly spent and only too soon it was time for the Farewell evening. The weather had been wonderful all week and nature seemed to be in sympathy with our sorrowful mood on this evening, for it suddenly began to thunder and rain. We sadly made our parting speeches, gave farewell thanks and ended with coffee and cake, a final sing-song and renewed resolutions to meet again at Sonnenberg. Our last night was unofficially spent "up and out," and as a result it was a very bleary-eyed group that finally parted from friends and Sonnenberg at 7.00 a.m. that Thursday morning, all set for our separate journeys back to home and routine.

I thoroughly enjoyed my stay at Sonnenberg, made many new friends, consider it a wonderful and memorable experience and hope to return there some day, decidedly a little more learned after this conference. I would also once more like to thank B.F.E.S. and Miss Humphreys for arranging and making this whole visit possible.

B. Simpson - Lower Sixth

School entertainment

THE SCHOOL PLAY

THE OTHER CINDERELLA

Usually a criticism of a play is published to help the general public to decide whether or not they should take the trouble to go and see it. There was no such help or choice for the parents of many persuasive 'Queen's' scholars on the dark freezing night of Thursday 21st February, and one suspects that the house lights dimmed on a slightly reluctant audience.

A pre-curtain wait in the dark caused mounting feelings of apprehension lest anything should go wrong, and tension persisted during the first few moments as Susan Morgan playing the part of the Good Fairy warned us of her bewilderment and lack of confidence in her magic powers, but swiftly the audience relaxed and settled down to enjoy what was obviously going to be an entertaining performance. This feeling communicated itself to the cast, particularly the Demon (Michael Thursfield), who reacted to the applause by stealing

the show. It was a part for an actor to enjoy playing. He did not waste his opportunity.

His victim, Cinderella (Patricia Graham) tackled bravely a part calling for psychological insight, and acted the ill-natured tantrums so well that she drew less sympathy from the audience than was given her by the attractive sister Melanie (Caroline Russum) who remained as forgiving as a saint under very trying circumstances. The other sister, Melissa (Pamela Winkfield), and Dame Margaret (Marilyn Ayre) deserve special credit for the competent way in which they performed their parts, whilst their servant, Barny (Christine Carr), gave a performance which was delightfully natural.

Alison Leigh as Danny deserves praise for a very spirited portrayal of the difficulties of a companion-bodyguard suffering the whims of a capricious but charming Prince (Anne Gronhaug). The absent-minded Baron (Michael Thacker) might have improved his performance if he had remembered more often to face his audience and match his staccato changes of subject with more action.

It was a wise decision to keep the set so simple, and by contrast this enhanced the attractively colourful costumes. Of special note was Danny's dazzling uniform at the ball, for its scintillating buttons changed colour as they caught the light. Sound and lighting effects which gave the necessary extra artistic touches to the performance were a source of wonder to those of us who know how lacking is our school stage in facilities for producing these things.

The dramatic effect of the Demon's last entry from behind the curtains of the hall door produced from the audience a responsive start which must have been most gratifying to producer and cast. This entry came with a simultaneous burst of light, sound and action which maintained that accurate timing characteristic of the whole performance.

That the play ran so smoothly, giving no hint of the difficulties of production, is a credit to the skill of Mr. Balding, the producer. Had he been able to hear the favourable comments of the departing audience, he would have felt rewarded for his efforts, except that he might not have been in whole-hearted agreement with one remark — "I hope it's not long till the next one."!

R. M.

VARIETY SHOW

Last Christmas there was an innovation in end-of-term entertainment — a variety show. The idea originated in the 5th Forms, and with the Headmaster's blessing we invited all interested to a meeting. When fifty would-be performers turned up we were rather staggered, but so many excellent ideas and suggestions were put forward we felt we had the ingredients for a good show.

Rehearsals were very haphazard owing to the countless end-of-term activities, but with the enthusiastic and expert help of Mr. Driscoll, we prepared for the great day.

Backstage there was much apprehension when we saw that the hall was packed to capacity, but after the first quarter of an hour when we suddenly realized that everyone was rocking with laughter we were able to relax and enjoy it all. The sketches, mimes and topical words to popular tunes were

written by the performers. Mr. Wainwright was our accompanist and Mr. Driscoll held the show together with his part in a very funny sketch.

Only one member of staff was brave enough to accept our invitation to take part — Mr. Morgan, who must surely be the only actor on record, who, in a brief appearance lasting barely a minute, and not uttering a word, literally brought the house down! Only one performer had stage-fright — Keogh! After he had seen some very peculiar-looking cadets, he refused to go on the stage again.

There were of course the inevitable skits on the school and staff, all of which were taken in good part by the recipients.

It seems the Queen's School Variety Show might become an annual event — if so, I wish it the success we enjoyed last year, and here I must add the very sincere thanks of us all to Mr. Driscoll for his invaluable help, to Mr. Morgan for the one hundred and one things he did to assist, and to Mr. Wainwright for giving up his spare time for rehearsals and providing the accompaniment. There are of course many more people as well to whom we also send our most sincere thanks for helping with the Show.

D. A. Letts - Lower Sixth

Ex cathedra

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO?

(Third in a series of articles in which Members of Staff discourse on topics close to their professional hearts).

Whether we like it or not this 'slogan', one of the most famous historical slogans applied to Physical Education, is in the back of everybody's mind at most of our waking hours. We either heartily agree or disagree with it, but few if any of us ignore it, even though it is discussed, debated and argued about the world over.

There can be little doubt that a physically sound body helps to maintain a balanced mind, but the history of sport and games is, from early Greek times to the present day, beset with the idea that the soundness of the body, as judged by the development of muscles, guarantees a sound mind.

The glorification of the athlete and athletic prowess has been responsible for, over the years, the emergence of the worst type of "professional" sportsman — incorrectly linked in people's minds with muscular development — the oily, greasy, muscle-bound macabre "Atlas" type of individual, to be found on all the 'best' beaches in the world.

The confusion arises when the Physical Fitness of a human body is measured by his or her ability to break World's records or become an Olympic Champion. The fitness of such persons cannot be criticised or overlooked, but to the "average" individual, physical fitness denotes a suitability to perform some specified task requiring muscular effort.

Muscular effort must be considered in terms of strength, speed and endurance; thus there are degrees of fitness. For instance, if a person cannot lift a weight of 100 lbs then he is unfit for lifting weights of 100 lbs and over, but may well be perfectly fit for lifting weights of under 100 lbs or even for a round of golf!

There is, however, a general physical fitness, either present or potential for most occupations, from the most active involving physical work to the most sedentary. It is this general fitness with which we should be most concerned, since there can be no question but that there is some relationship between good health and general physical fitness.

Just to live requires energy; walking at three miles an hour for 8½ minutes takes as many calories as making beds for the same time non-stop. The energy used in snow shovelling at ten shovels per minute when the snow is wet and heavy is equivalent to climbing up the stairs to the seventh floor of a block of flats in one minute! A formidable task!

The fact that training and exercise increases one's ability to carry out physical activity with the minimum amount of discomfort has been proved by many research workers over the last twenty years. Training, however, is not merely taking off excess weight. It has been shown that to lose 1 lb. of genuine "fat" you would need to walk for 155 miles at two miles per hour, or run 100 yards in 10 seconds 120 times, or play a piano for 44 hours non-stop or even play billiards for over 30 hours or gallop on a horse for 10½ hours non-stop, if you could find the horse!

Training for any form of physical activity increases our ability to carry out the performance of a skill and brings to the foreground that which was lying dormant within us — our potential fitness.

Just how far we should strive towards physical fitness cannot be accurately defined. The ideal is that we should be fit to perform each day's work with a minimum of fatigue and to remain active to a ripe old age. This may mean that some of us must train for heavy physical work and others for light sedentary work. In either case we should so order our lives that our bodies are in a healthy condition — if not, then we become unhealthy, and this leaves no safety margin for the adversities which descend upon us in this life.

The soundness of the body, however, does not always guarantee soundness of mind, yet it is undeniable that physical activities help to keep the mind sound. Taking part in an enjoyable game increases the zest for life, eliminates unhealthy moodiness for the time being and erases worries, albeit only for the duration of the game — and of course a moderate degree of fatigue which follows participation in physical exercise helps to combat insomnia and consequently we get more rest.

Physical activity and the fitness to perform this activity should then result in a more balanced approach to life and one's everyday work.

Mens sana in corpore sano?

D. N.

Clubs and general activities

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

A great advantage of table-tennis is that the beginner as well as the expert can derive pleasure from playing it, and whilst we should not like to flatter any member by calling him expert, nor discourage one at the other end of the scale, it is true that we have a wide range of competence amongst the players in the club. This has meant that the club's activities have been unaffected

by changes in membership. They have, however, been interrupted by the prevailing lack of space in the school. As is the case with several of the other school clubs we have had no permanent meeting place, though for one brief happy period we had space for four tables, and even had four tables to occupy that space.

Whatever our problems next session, we fondly hope that the lack of facilities will not be one. *R. M.*

SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING CLUB

The club met regularly in the Army Gym, where thirty-two girls from the Third forms danced with zeal, if not always with accuracy! Several new dances were attempted this term as well as the old-tried favourites.

A small group of enthusiasts stayed on for an extra hour most Thursdays and learned one or two of the more complicated and more interesting dances. The enthusiasm of the girls concerned made these sessions particularly enjoyable. *M. C. S.*

THE LIFE-SAVING CLUB

The Life-Saving Club was formed this term (Summer Term) with a membership of twenty-two girls. To date, the elementary methods of release and rescue have been learned, and some artificial respiration practised. I hope that by the end of this term some members of the Club will be able to enter for the Bronze Medallion award of the Royal Life-Saving Society. *S. C. P.*

MUSIC CLUB

Since I last wrote for the magazine our group of musicians has increased quite considerably, consisting of four recorder players, one oboe player and two bassoon players.

At the Christmas Carol Service our group, consisting of two trumpeters and a recorder trio, played the usual carols and "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." During the Christmas Holidays the School obtained two oboes and two bassoons which some of our more experienced artists learned to play.

In the Spring Term we took part in a concert at a school in Moenchengladbach where we played some recorder pieces, and on our new instruments the "Trumpet Voluntary", J. Jarvis playing the main tune on his trumpet.

Later on in that same term we took part in our annual Passiontide Service, but without the support of the trumpet players.

At the beginning of this Summer Term, two of us took an oboe and bassoon to St. David's School to describe and demonstrate our instruments. We hope to visit the school again, this time taking a larger instrumental group with us.

On Speech Day, for the first time in the history of Queen's School, our group played the National Anthem. For this performance we employed one of the best C.C.F. drummers, R. Whelband.

Several new members joined the club this term, mainly recorder players, but a few of them are learning to play the oboes and bassoons, as some of our present members will be leaving at the end of the School Year.

Once again we would like to thank Mr. Wainwright most warmly for all his invaluable help which is greatly appreciated by us all.

D. A. Letts - Lower Sixth

THE MUSICAL APPRECIATION CLUB

This term, the Musical Appreciation Club has been under the direction of Mr. Hunt. Among other things, he has introduced us to recordings of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition". He also provided a very interesting comparison between a violin and a piano concerto, with some of his gramophone records.

The actual running of the Club has been partly placed in the hands of its members. So far, we have listened to three tapes of classical, pop and light music, produced by two of our members. The music ranged from Handel's "Messiah" to Roy Orbison's "In Dreams" and "The Dambusters' March".

We hope to encourage more people to join the Club, and bring their favourite records or tapes along to play, especially as it is hoped in the near future to compare a recording of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos with music by Bach played by a French modern jazz group.

Thus we hope to provide a very interesting and varied picture of music in all its forms. Like to come along?

A. H.

WOOD-CARVING CLUB

The Wood-Carving Club, composed of equal numbers of boys and girls, is nearing the end of its second term. Members have carved models of their own choice and most have been successfully completed, with ashtrays, spoons and ornamental fish and birds proving most popular. The girls undoubtedly have enjoyed working with a completely new medium. *J. A.*

FILM & TELEVISION APPRECIATION CLUB

In the School year 1962/3 the Film Club has made much progress.

The two most important films shown were 'The Parent Trap' and 'Reach For the Sky'. We have been very lucky, as only one of our film bookings had to be cancelled.

An outing to British Forces Network Studios and places of educational interest at Cologne was arranged by the Chairman. This outing was very much enjoyed.

The Film Club would like to thank the Army Kinema Corporation and the Royal Air Force Cinema Corporation for their help to us in the previous year.

Our thanks also go to Mr. Walters, who has put a lot of time and work into the Club. Mr. Walters will be leaving us this term so he has a sincere thank-you from all the Club members.

M. Hadland, B. Harrison, J. Hickson and S. Lawrence have assisted the Chairman, B. Bowdler, with an extremely good effort and are worthy of praise.

*Club Secretary
B. Bowdler*

The following clubs also met regularly:

Drama, Make-up and Hair Styling, Aeromodelling, Embroidery, Art, Public Speaking and Debating, Chess, Netball, Girls Sports, Boys Sports, Badminton.

LANGUAGE NOTES

During the course of the year, a small select band attended the Languages Club on Tuesday evening in the Upper School. There, they saw films and

filmstrips, heard records of songs, poems and plays, and learnt a little from talks of general linguistic interest.

On Thursdays, the Lower School Club met frequently, and sang songs, recited poems or acted simple plays.

The two parts came together for a Christmas concert in the Upper School Hall. There was singing, a film, and several plays in French and German. Considering the short time available for preparation, and the single rehearsal possible before the performance, the concert went quite well, testifying to the keenness, enjoyment and sense of achievement of those taking part.

In the new academic year we hope that the Clubs will flourish and increase their scope: there is always a demand for specific items, e.g. French conversation for Science Vith or beginners' German, but only a few requests can be satisfied.

W. S.

SEVENTH RHEINDAHLEN

(QUEEN'S SCHOOL)

LAND RANGER COMPANY

The most memorable event for the Rangers in the Spring term was our visit to Rudesheim at the kind invitation of the American Senior Girl Scouts in Germany. We spent an extremely interesting weekend, not only sharing and discussing various Guiding activities with the American and German Rangers, but also establishing firm friendships between the three nationalities.

At the end of the Spring term we visited a company of Dutch Sea Rangers in Roermond and in the Summer term they returned the visit. As a result of these international contacts, two of our Rangers will be spending a week's summer camp in Holland and another Ranger will be taking part in an international camp at Kassel.

Apart from working for several Ranger tests and taking part in the various Guards of Honour held at Queen's School, we have also experienced an overnight hike. After a barbecue supper we were driven to the Hariksee and walked through the night back to the Lower School, accompanied by Captain and Skip, who kept a watchful eye on us... from their cars. We had been blessed with one of the rare fine weekends of the Summer term, which made both our hiking and camping even the more enjoyable.

As usually happens in the Summer term, the company has, unfortunately, had to part with many of its members, including Chris Holland, a founder member and group leader. New recruits are always welcome, so, if you are interested in becoming a Ranger, join us in our Retreat at the Lower School, where we hold our meetings from 3.00 to 5.00 p.m. every Thursday.

Finally, on behalf of all the Rangers, I should like to thank Queen's School, our Captain, Miss Morrison, and our Skip, Miss Drabble, for all their help and encouragement, both material and spiritual. We have not only learned a lot but have also had great fun in Rangering.

Barbara Simpson - Lower Sixth

C.C.F.

Notes of this sort tend to be repetitious in their insistence on facts and figures, so as far as possible, the vague and the abstract will replace the usual concrete.

Life in the contingent varies little. Cadets come, cadets go: debit vouchers pursue those who ignored one or two little formalities such as handing equipment in. There are parades, there are lessons — drill, weapon training, fieldcraft, section leading, the principles of flight, meteorology. There are examinations: for Army cadets Basic and Proficiency, for R.A.F. cadets, Advanced Proficiency in addition. There are Field Days — to Arsbeck, where we know every shrub, to Brügggen where the grub is good; there is the Empire Test to show prowess on the .22 rifle, the annual Inter-House Shooting competition (organised by the C.C.F. officers) and, of course; the Annual Inspection of the Guards of Honour for visiting dignitaries.

We have had all these things. And, briefly, we can be satisfied with our achievements: our examination results have varied between the good and the excellent, we all shoot in the right direction, the R.A.F. cadets have all had jet experience, guards of honour have always been competent, and occasionally brilliant.

We have paid tribute to Air Commodore Carter who inspected us, to Sir Frank Roberts who came, with Lady Roberts, to be Guest of Honour on Speech Day, to General Sir James Cassels who bade us farewell.

Signals training has been provided for several proficient cadets and it is hoped that some will qualify for their signaller's badge in the near future. Practical signals work, such as line-laying, has formed part of recent schemes.

There is a small but noisy band — drums, bugles and flutes, and the enthusiasm of instructors and pupils alike is considerable.

Camp this year was spent at Sennelager, under the sponsorship of the 1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers. It was a well-organised and enjoyable camp, for the most part dry, but a tremendous thunderstorm almost washed us away, and Queen's cadets, clad in boots, bathing costumes and berets, helped to salvage the lines of all three contingents.

The R.A.F. cadets spent an enjoyable and profitable time at R.A.F. Wildenrath, living in the Officers' Mess, before joining the Army and Basic sections at Sennelager. They tramped through the mud to their tents, gazed at the sodden paillasses and blankets, and one cadet was heard to remark, "Where's the bathroom?"

Queen's also provided — for itself at any rate — an inter-communications system, which worked perfectly from the technical point of view, but lost much of its force when there was no one to answer the 'phone. Two Queen's buglers shared normal duties with the Company bugler and however badly "Cookhouse" was played, cadets always managed to get to the right place on time!

Queen's were able to regain the Inter-Contingent Shooting Cup, winning six awards out of seven, which shows that this year circumstances favoured the training, selection and inter-dependence of our teams.

Much of the work at camp was infantry stuff, but cadets did ride on tanks and did see a parachute drop of men and vehicles of a Parachute Battalion, which went some way to making up for the toll taken by the fifteen-hour exercise just completed.

One very special feature of the summer term was a parade held in honour of Squadron Leader Corke on his departure for Kent School. The idea came from the cadets themselves and what was to have been a simple ceremony

evolved into something much more grandiose, with guests, presentations, the cadet band, and spectators. For over five years Mr. Corke has been associated with Queen's School C.C.F. from the time he founded it, and it would be impossible to assess how much time and energy he has expended on it. We all wish him the very best of fortune in his new post.

Squadron Leader Corke presented the Letts' Cup for all-round progress to Sgt. East, other eligible cadets being C.S.M. Letts (who could clearly not be considered!) and Cadet Truluck. We are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Letts for this cup which will be awarded annually to the cadet who has developed most in the previous year.

Capt. Sincy has taken command of the contingent (with great trepidation) and his assumption of authority coincides with a new policy towards the C.C.F. issued by the Ministry of Defence, which is not altogether clear, but which we have a year to interpret and implement.

Finally the contingent would like to thank all those who give willingly of their time and energy to help in the training of the cadets, from Weapon Training, from the companies on camp, from 206 Signal Squadron, the band instructors from A.M.E.D., the band of the R.A.F. Germany — in short, many whose names have appeared so often in these columns. And I should like to add my thanks to all cadet N.C.O.'s, those who have recently departed and those who remain (it would be invidious to mention names), who have worked so hard and so well for the general good.

W. S.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD (GIRLS)

Anne Bauers went to Buckingham Palace this term to receive her Gold Award and was one of only two presented to the Duke of Edinburgh, and of five chosen for Press, Radio and T.V. interviews.

Barbara Simpson has reported elsewhere on her visit to the International Conference Centre at Sonnenberg and is well on her way to gaining her Gold Award.

Several girls have done their Silver Expedition and more their Bronze.

Two Bronze awards have been presented this term and two more are completed ready for the beginning of next term.

There has been much activity in all directions and we have to thank many members of Staff and outside friends for their help and encouragement in instructing and assessing.

M. H.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME (BOYS)

A satisfactory year of attainment has been achieved with P. Bawden, C. Cork, J. Woodard, and P. Edwards receiving their Bronze Certificates, and D. Atherton receiving his Silver Award. A number of other candidates are well on the way to completion of their tasks.

In the Public Service Section a group of Silver Award candidates is attending a series of talks and practical sessions with the Fire Brigade. This has proved a little more energetic than at first thought!

Successful expeditions have been undertaken during the summer months,

both under canvas and in Youth Hostels, and have proved that the theory and practice of map reading are very different propositions!

It is hoped that in the future wider scope still will be possible in the various sections of the scheme with the development of the Award Scheme in our schools in Germany.

An increase in our numbers is desirable and any interested boy would be most welcome.
D. A. K.

Examination successes

University Entrants - October 1963

Anne Bauers — Reading University
Penelope Leece — Exeter University
Alan Fraser — Manchester University

Training College Entrants - October 1963

B. C. Hughes — King Alfred's, Winchester.

College of Advanced Technology - October 1963

R. Brady — Northampton

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION:

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

"A" Level (July 1963)

Ashurst, M.	F
Brady, R.	APM, P
Fraser, A.	PM, AM, P
Hughes, B.	EL
Ayre, M.	A
East, J.	F, G
Jones, K.	A, EL, F, GN
Leece, P.	EL, F, Gn
Rennie, J.	B, C
Sanderson, C.	B, EL, G
Muchall, C.	A
Ward, V.	A

"O" Level (July 1963)

Ashurst, M.	Gn
Ayre, M.	Mus
Ward, V.	E
Hughes, B.	F
Neill, M.	EL, F, G
Prentis, C.	Gn
Airey, B.	EL, G
Bushnell, N.	F, PM
East, R.	E, F, PM, P

Gadsby, K. C, E, EL, F, G
L, PM, P
Gregson, R. E, F, Gn, PM
Hill, J. C, E, F, G, PM
Price-Hood, B. B, E, F, H, P
Thacker, M. C, E, EL, F, G, PM, P
Thomas, R. EL, G, H, PM
Whelband, R. C, E, EL, F, G, H
Boyd, M. B, E, EL, F, G
H, L, P
Bristow, Y. B, E, EL, F, G
H, L, P
Coyle, B. B, E, EL, F, H
Ewens, J. A, E, EL, F, G
PM
Graham, P. A, B, E, EL
F, Gn
Holland, C. B, E, EL, F
King, J. B, E, EL
F, G, PM
Leigh, A. B, C, E, EL, F, G, PM
Rennie, J. P
Letts, D. Mus
Meiklejohn, K. H
Murray, A. F
Murton, A. E, EL, PM
Kemp, W. E, PM
Adcock, P. E, H
Beavis, C. E, F, EcH
Carter, G. E, F, Mus
Corfield, J. E, EL, F, EcH
Gordon, C. E, EL
Keefe, J. E, EL, H
Langley, P. A
Pope, J. E, EL, G, H
Stallwood, P. A, G, Gn
Tierney, S. B, G
Wallace, S. EL
Woodhouse, L. A, EL
Wren, J. B, EL, G, EcH
Clayton, C. E
Golding, M. G
McClelland, J. Gn, PM
Moseley, C. A
Relph, J. PM
Ilian, A. A
Owen, C. E
Snee, C. G

Atherton, W. TD, HM, HW
Bamford, I. TD, HM, HW
Bauers, I. TD, HM, HW, Mus
Holt, P. TD, HM, HW
Phillips, M. A, TD, HW
Lowe, J. A
Long, P. B, E, EL, G, PM
McCoy, S. E, EL, F, PM
Moth, P. A, E, EcH
Sanderson, P. A, EL, F, G, H
Sharratt, P. A, E, EL
Appleby, J. B, C, F, G
Farr-Voller, E. Gn
Hamilton, P. E
Youngman-Smith, C. A
Parnell, V. E
Woodhouse, J. L
Wright, D. E
Winkfield, P. E
Corbett, H. E, PM
Garner, J. G, H, PM

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

School Certificate*

E: English Language, S: Shorthand, T: Typewriting, Am, Arithmetic, M: Mathematics, C: Chemistry, GS: General Science, P: Physics, TD: Technical Drawing, HM: Metalwork, HW: Woodwork, HB: Human Biology, NW: Needlework, G: Geography, H: History, Ck: Cookery.

Atherton, W. TD, HW, G
Bamford, I. M, GS, TD, HW, C
Bauers, I. E, M, GS, TD, HM, HW
Bell, P. TD, HW, G
Davies, G. E, T, Am, HB
Dixon, C. E, S, T, Am, H
Gerrard, C. E, S, T, HB, NW
Gibson, C. E, S, T, Am, HB, G, H
Gresty, L. E, T, HB, H
Hall, C. TD, HM
Hamilton, P. E, G
Holt, P. E, M, GS, TD, HM, HW
Kearley, M. E, H
Lancaster, A. E, S, T, Am, HB
NW, G, H
Leiper, E. E, Am
McGregor, M. E, T, Am, NW
Murphy, V. E, H
Neill, J. E, HB, Ck
Owen, C. E, M, G

Phillips, M.
 Potter, J.
 Roulledge, R.
 Upprichard, I.
 Whiteway, K.
 White-Winchester, E.
 Jones, S.
Kemp, W.

E, GS, TD, HW
 E, M
 E, Am, HB, Ck, NW
 E, M, C
 F, T
 E, Am, HB, NW
 E, S, T, Am, HB
E, M, C, P

Single Subject Examinations - Stage II

Ashman, B.	E	Ishii, R.	T
Blucher, A.	E	Lancaster, A.	T, S
Golding, G.	E	McGregor, A.	S
Gerrard, C.	E, S	Murphy, V.	E
Gibson, C.	S		

Single Subject Examinations - Stage I

Ashman, B.	T, Am	Leiper, E.	T
Alexander, I.	T, Am	Lowe, J.	Am
Appleby, J.	M	McLennan, P.	T
Blucher, A.	T, Am	Murphy, V.	T, S, Am
Beavis, C.	M	Parnell, V.	T
Clayton, G.	E, M	Pike, S.	T
Davies, G.	T	Pope, J.	M
Davies, M.	G	Rees, K.	Am
Coyle, B.	M	Rowse, S.	T
<u>Farr-Voller, E.</u>	<u>M</u>	Snee, C.	M
Gordon, C.	<u>M</u>	Sanderson, P.	M
Graham, P.	M	<u>Stallwood, P.</u>	<u>M</u>
Hamilton, P.	M	Tierney, S.	E
Hawkins, J.	M	Thompson, B.	F
Ishii, R.	S	Ward, V.	E
Jarvis, G.	M	Willis, J.	E
Kearley, M.	Am	Winkfield, P.	M
Langley, P.	M	Wren, J.	M

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS

Senior Certificate

(E: English Language, F: French, Gn: German, H: History, G: Geography, C: Chemistry, B: Biology)

Airey, A.	F	Sharratt, P.	F
Gordon, C.	F	Tierney, S.	F
Keele, J.	F	Thomas, R.	F, B
Long, S.	F	<u>Wallace, S.</u>	<u>F</u>
Moth, P.	F	Winkfield, P.	<u>F</u>
Norton, P.	E, F	Wren, J.	F
Pope, J.	F	Woodhouse, L.	F
<u>Stallwood, P.</u>	<u>F</u>		

Ordinary Certificate

Adecock, P.	G	Hian, A.	E, G
Carter, G.	C, C	Ralph, J.	G
Eeckelaers, R.	E, C	Wallace, S.	C, C
East, R.	G, C	Wilmot, T.	E, M
<u>Farr-Voller, E.</u>	<u>G</u>		

Present staff and prefects

Autumn Term 1963

Headmaster: Mr. W. B. P. Aspinall, O.B.E., M.A.
 Deputy Headmaster: Mr. J. Morgan, B.Sc. (Econ.)
 Senior Mistress: Miss J. Herbert

Mr J. W. Arthurson	Miss H. C. Lind, M.A.
Mr T. G. Baker	Mr C. Lodge, B.A.
Mr S. A. Balding, B.A.	Mr J. J. McCallion, M.A.
Mr G. V. N. Beaver, M.Coll.H.	Mr R. S. Mackay, M.A.
Miss A. M. Bicknell	Miss M. Masterson
Miss J. B. Bourne, A.T.D.	Mr P. Matthews
Mr P. Brindley, B.A.	Miss M. Milhench
Miss J. Buckley	Miss J. M. Morrison, M.A.
Mr E. R. Buddery, Dip. Math.	Mr D. J. N. Nicholls, Dip. Phys. Ed.
Mr F. Burkinshaw, B.A.	Miss S. C. Philpott
Miss J. D. Cates	Miss B. F. Poole, B.A.
Mr M. L. Christian	Mlle F. M. J. Prieur
Mr G. Cockburn, B.A.	Miss J. M. Rhodes
Miss A. Cooper	Mr C. M. Rogers
Miss A. M. Copley	Mrs K. Rowe
Mr S. M. F. Copnall, B.A.	Rev. C. H. Sellars, B.A.
Miss M. E. V. Cowley, B.A.	Mrs V. C. Seward
Miss M. J. Drabble, B.Sc.	Mr W. O. Sincy, B.A.; L. ès L.
Mr D. O. Eastman	Mr R. D. Singleton, B.Sc.
Mr G. H. Edwardson, B.Sc.	Mrs B. A. Smith
Mr H. Evans	Mr J. Stallwood
Miss P. M. Fleming	Mr R. M. Stephens, B.Sc.
Mr W. C. J. Francis, B.A.	Miss M. C. Stone, M.A.
Miss M. P. Gall, M.A.	Mr R. F. Swindall, L.R.A.M.
Mr C. M. Gosling, B.A.	Mr J. Tomlinson
Mrs J. E. Griffin (Part-time)	Mr V. C. Tomkinson
Miss D. J. Harrison, A.R.C.A.	Mr G. Wainwright, L.R.A.M. (T)
Mr H. J. Hough, M.A.	Mr D. R. Walker
Mr B. R. Hunt, B.A.	Miss B. Walters
Mr W. T. P. Jenkins	Mr P. Wilcockson, Dip. Art
Mr D. A. Kay	Miss E. A. R. Williams, B. Comm.
Miss D. I. L. Lancashire, B.Sc.	Miss A. C. Wills

SCHOOL PREFECTS

Autumn Term 1963

D. Letts, Head Boy
 Barbara Simpson, Head Girl

J. Jarvis
R. East
B. Airey
R. Whelband
J. Hill

Josephine Woodhouse
Anne Murray
Dawn Coulson
Vivienne Peters
Alison Leigh
Gillian Carter
Sally Long

ADMINISTRATIVE AND CLERICAL

Mr S. Dawkins
Miss M. A. Smith
Mr W. G. Caddy
Mrs H. Corbett

Mrs R. Southworth
Frl. F. Bögershausen
Herr Höfges

MISS M. HUMPHREYS

At the end of the Summer Term, Miss M. Humphreys left us to return to England; she is now teaching in Leeds.

During her three years, Miss Humphreys helped a great many girls in a variety of ways, not only in the classroom at their mathematical studies but in such activities as the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and in advising on careers. Our best wishes and thanks go with her.

Her place as Senior Mistress has been taken by Miss J. Herbert, whom we welcome from Windsor Girls' School, Hamm.

News of old scholars

- J. Kennedy* — Completing her secretarial course in London.
M. Smith — Has joined the R.A.F.
L. Estop — Has joined the Police.
R. Graham — Doing 'A' Level work at school in Warwickshire at Stratford-on-Avon.
V. Callus — At present working in Barnsley, Yorkshire. Hopes to join her fiancé in the Autumn in Singapore. Hopes to get married in November.
P. Williams — Has just done 'O' Level G.C.E. at school in Portsmouth.
C. Restall — Still training to be a nurse at Aston.
S. Grant — Has had a successful first year at Bedford Physical Training College and is now hoping to have a vacation job at Porton.
A. Overend — Goes to London University next term.

Letters to the editor

Sir,

Do you think it possible that the girls of Queen's School could be allowed to wear black ski-pants during the winter, because it can become so bitterly

cold? Last winter most of us felt like dead-end kids!

Yours etc.,

Sandra Dengate, 2F

Sir,

I think that our school uniform is very smart compared with that of some schools. Grey skirts are, in my opinion, very much more attractive than navy-blue tunics for instance. However, with the yellow-checked dresses in summer, I think that yellow or white cardigans should be worn, and not grey ones as in winter. I also think that there should not be such a wide variety of styles for the summer dresses. There seem to be at least one hundred and one different styles at the moment, and this variety does not make the general appearance of the school quite as smart as it could be.

I entirely disagree with the idea of teachers wearing a uniform. We must remember that they went to school once, and surely they grew tired of wearing uniform then, just as we dislike wearing a uniform now.

Yours etc.,

Margaret Comfort, 3A.

Sir,

I have a suggestion to make about the school benches. I say "suggestion", because I think that there should be more benches around the school, for example on the slope opposite the hall.

Benches would enable pupils to have somewhere to sit when the grass around them was damp or wet. I hope you do this because it is awful to stand up all break.

Yours etc.,

P. Bawden, 4D1

Sir,

Water! Water! I am staging a complaint that the water fountains in the Gym playground should be mended, for the simple reason that in summer many thirsty pupils are in need of a drink through the long dinner break.

The drinking fountains are either broken, but easy repairable, or situated in the most inconvenient position, such as the only one working next to the Headmaster's entrance. This fountain could be used, but unsympathetic prefects, who make unnecessary confinements, barricade our way.

Please save us from a dry, drought of a death.

Yours etc.,

John Wonnacott, 4D1

Sir,

Why is it that, during the summer months, the school tuck-shop does not sell cool drinks, or ice-cream?

It would also be a good idea if the tuck-shop could be enlarged and tables and chairs provided to sit on.

Would you please mention this to someone in authority, and see if anything can be done about it.

Yours etc.,

M. M. Ross, 4D1

Sir,

How about re-organising the tuck-shop? It would be a very good idea to

transform that dim and poky 'shop' into a proper shop with a counter and display shelves at the back.

It might also be possible to cut down on the hungry crowd, howling for their Mars Bars etc., by bringing into use a one-way system having two people at a time coming in from the school entrance and going out through the door leading on to the playground. How about giving it a try?

Yours etc.,
P. Etherton, 3A

Sir,

I was most disappointed to notice that only Sixth Formers have been allowed to play tennis during the Club period. This, I think, is most unfair to all the other enthusiasts in the school. In my opinion they all should be allowed their share of the available places. In particular those of us who have taken the trouble to join the Rheindahlen Tennis Club should have the opportunity of playing on their courts.

I hope something will be done about this next summer.

Yours etc.,
Vivien Alexander, 3A

Sir,

Would it be at all possible for the third-formers to occasionally go on school outings? They need not interrupt the School week, but could be carried out during the week-end. It would make a pleasant day and we would gain a wider knowledge about the area.

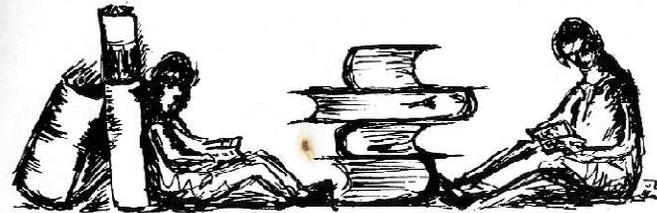
To help meet the cost of the visit each pupil that took part could pay a certain amount and also take a packed lunch.

If the visit did not last all day it would perhaps be better. An interesting visit would be to a cotton factory in Krefeld or a day down the Rhine. There are many other interesting places which could be visited and would be enjoyed by many third-formers. I am not the only one with this idea.

Yours etc.,
Janet Kay, 3A

GENERAL SECTION

Book reviews



NADA THE LILY — *Sir H. Rider Haggard*

A long time ago I read a book called "Nada the Lily". This is, I think, the most exciting and well-written book I have read. At first sight this book appears to be dull and uninteresting, but the title is very deceiving. It appears to be a book for those who like books without adventure, but, on the contrary, it is an adventure story for those who love to read about native battles and war.

The hero of the book is Umslopogaas, a magnificent Zulu who, apart from being a tremendous fighter and warrior, is an 'outlaw' of the Zulu king. Mopo, who is Umslopogaas's father, tells the tale to a white man and he himself plays an important rôle in the book. There are vivid descriptions of native battles and the mode of life of these Zulu warriors, and the terrible revenge of the king on his defiant subjects. Umslopogaas defies the king in marrying a native girl and from that time onwards he is an 'outlaw'. He is always on the look-out for the king's revenge and he and Galazi together fight the natives he sends to kill them.

The way the book is written shows the author's knowledge of Africa and his respect for African tribes. He combines adventure and romance in this book, making it well worth reading. The romance in it is not stupid or sloppy, it is written sensibly, and brought over to the reader. The book has a tragic end to it, Nada dying and Umslopogaas almost being killed in a fight and Mopo dying just after he has finished relating the tale to the white settler, leaving the reader to imagine what would have happened had Umslopogaas and Nada remained together as joint heads of the tribe.

The author of "Nada the Lily" is Sir Henry Rider Haggard, an author who has written many exciting novels. I would recommend this book to any who enjoy tales of adventure and battle.

P. Letts, 3A

THE CORAL ISLAND — *R. M. Ballantyne*

The book written by R. M. Ballantyne, "The Coral Island", is well worth reading if the reader has a good imagination and a love for reading humorous, exciting stories.

The story is about three boys, who are the sole survivors of a shipwreck. The boys are washed up on to a beautiful Coral Island, where they have many happy escapades and at times dangerous ones. The author can really capture one's imagination by the vivid description he gives of the tropical paradise. The three boys live many carefree months on the island until they are one day captured by pirates. The pirates treat them roughly at first, but eventually they are accepted as members of the crew and help to run the ship. The pirates land at an island to trade with the natives, and during this time the boys witness many acts of barbarism and cannibalism.

After some time the boys capture the vessel and sail back to England.

The three boys are Jack Martin, the oldest and leader of the group, Ralph Rover, the thoughtful, quick-witted member, and Peterkin Gray, the cheerful practical joker who is forever causing the reader to burst out laughing at his antics and jokes.

H. Holden, 4D1

THE KEY ABOVE THE DOOR — *Maurice Walsh*

"The Key above the Door" is an adventurous-romantic book set in the Highlands of Scotland. Thomas King finds himself falling in love with Agnes de Burc, a young girl he meets when he and his two friends are caught poaching by the new tenant of the local estate, Edward Leng. She had been taken there by him, for he wished to marry her when his wife is dead. After King proclaims his love for her, she is suddenly taken on a Mediterranean cruise by Leng.

King is then invited to visit one of the northern isles off the coast of Scotland, and, while there, he again meets Agnes. After he tells her to leave Leng, she runs away and is found in King's cottage by both King and Leng. They fight over her with King the victor, winning the fight and Agnes.

This book is well written, and holds your attention from the first to the last page. It is mainly suitable for a girl, but a boy would not find it boring.

Gillian Ford, 4A

TO SIR, WITH LOVE — *E. R. Braithwaite*

"To Sir, with Love" is a very interesting book by E. R. Braithwaite, a negro who is living in Britain. The book describes how the author came to England and joined the Royal Air Force, but was unable to get a job when he left the services because of his colour. Rick, the author, was advised to try for a job as a teacher in East London, where there was an acute shortage of teaching staff.

He does this and obtains a job in Greenslade Secondary School, and is put in charge of the top class. The teenagers, many of them in their last term at school, are a rough crowd, and as the school is run on non-authoritarian lines and there is no corporal punishment, Rick seems to have a hard time ahead of him.

The staff of the school seem, to Rick, to be rather an assortment of people, although he finds he likes a few of them, especially Miss Blanchard.

The book tells you of all the things that happen in the classroom, and how Rick tries to prepare these teenagers for the outside world. Can he do this almost impossible thing?

Maira McGregor, 5C

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL — *Baroness Orczy*

This book tells the story of the renowned Scarlet Pimpernel, whose daring plots snatched away many of the aristocrats destined for the Guillotine in France at the time of the Revolution in the year 1792. This mysterious Englishman led a band of his fellow countrymen who, for the simple reason of adventure, spent their time planning and carrying out many thrilling escapades to save some of the intended victims of the Guillotine, and then getting them safely to England.

The elusive Scarlet Pimpernel became a legend in his own country, while in France he was regarded with much fear by the new Republican Government, which was determined to find out his identity and put an end to his meddling in their affairs. They sent to England a spy named M. Chauvelin, who managed to learn his name by blackmail and various other means, and set a trap for him. Though Chauvelin was very cunning and shrewd, the Scarlet Pimpernel still managed to outwit him and also save the lives of an aristocratic family.

I enjoyed this book very much, for it was well written and full of excitement and suspense. I would suggest it or any other of Baroness Orczy's books to anyone who enjoys a good adventure story.

M. Murton, 3A

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES — *Sir A. Conan Doyle*

The most interesting book I have read for a long time is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novel "The Hound of the Baskervilles".

During March I bought it from a paperback company, through Queen's School, and I never left it unread for more than three hours, except overnight. I read many of Conan Doyle's books, for I admire his style, and to me it is his best work yet.

It is set on Dartmoor, where a terrible crime is committed, so Sherlock Holmes is at his best to solve the mystery. In solving the mystery Holmes uses the aid of Dr. Watson a great deal, although, unknown to Watson, he is on the spot all the time.

Under the cover of a superstition a naturalist commits a crime, but unfortunately for him Holmes is brought in and he is brought to justice. He pays the penalty when he sinks in a bog, while escaping from Holmes and company.

While reading the book I did not for a moment think it was the naturalist who committed the crime, but near the end Holmes explained everything to Dr. Watson.

There is suspense throughout the book which made it a great pleasure to read.

Stuart Curry, 4D1

SARA GAY: MODEL GIRL IN MONTE CARLO — *Janey Scott*

The book I am reviewing is the second in the series of Sara Gay stories by Janey Scott. It is called Sara Gay — Model Girl in Monte Carlo. As you can see from the title of the book, Sara Gay is a model. She is employed by Marc Donnell, who owns a Mayfair Salon. Although he is a brilliant designer he is little known.

James Beresford, a Yorkshireman, is his backer, but since he married, his wife has tried to make him back her old employer, the French designer, Paul Gerard. Luckily a gala ball, at which many couturiers will show their clothes, is being held at Monte Carlo, and Mr. Beresford decides that the designer who achieves the most success is the one he will back.

Marc Donnell, Sara and all the people working for Marc, work very hard trying to make two collections at the same time, one for the gala ball, and one for a teenage collection.

At last the time for the ball arrives. At Monte Carlo Sara sees Nina Durack, who is her rival in the model world, and later learns that she is working for Paul Gerard.

The night before the ball some of the loveliest dresses in Marc's collection are slashed by a razor. Sara suspects Nina, but how can she prove it? What clothes will Marc show at the ball? If you read the book you will find out how Sara solves both questions.

Carmen Gerrard, 5C

NIGHT WITHOUT END — *Alistair MacLean*

A book that I well recommend is "Night Without End". Written by Alistair MacLean and published by Fontana Paperbacks, it is priced two shillings and sixpence.

The book begins when a modern airliner crash-lands high up on a Greenland icecap. The only habitation in fifty thousand square miles is an I.G.Y. station with a Doctor Peter Mason in charge. Only nine people survive the crash, two of them being seriously injured. The station is unable to radio for help as the radio has been mysteriously tampered with. As the station has not enough food for an extra nine people they decide to chance a three-hundred mile journey in nearly unbearable temperatures.

Doctor Mason begins to suspect the expedition is dangerously threatened from within and when the two injured people are murdered in the night, his suspicions are confirmed.

The mystery of finding the killer or killers deepens throughout the book until, when very near to freedom, the murderers show themselves.

Throughout the whole of this book there is a tense excitement which gradually builds itself up into a most shattering climax. The killers are working for a colossal prize and do not care what they do, only that they must finally succeed. By the author of "The Guns of Navarone", this book will be one that you cannot put down once you have started reading it.

Elaine Kirman, 3A

EVIL UNDER THE SUN — *Agatha Christie*

This book is an Agatha Christie novel, and involves Poirot, the funny little Belgian detective, who always gets his man.

The story takes place at a seaside hotel and concerns a number of rather strange guests, the most outstanding one being Arlena Stuart, a ravishingly beautiful redhead. She is the centre of attraction and a few of the women guests are jealous of her. Jealousy is sometimes the motive for murder, but Poirot does not think this is the reason for Arlena Stuart to be found strangled in a deserted cove.

Poirot goes about his investigations calmly and quietly, interviewing each guest in turn. He discovers that several people have different motives for killing her, including blackmail.

Whom was she meeting when she was strangled? Michael Redfern, perhaps, who was infatuated with her? Poirot does not know.

The plot thickens when Linda, Arlena's step-daughter, is found dying from an overdose of sleeping tablets, with a letter confessing to the murder by her side.

This confuses Poirot considerably and, while everyone else thinks the case finished, Poirot is convinced it is not. As usual he is right, and discovers the murderer at the very end of the book, leaving the reader in suspense to the end.

Anita de Wever, 4DI

THE FOOTSTEPS OF ANNE FRANK — *Ernst Schnabel*

"The Footsteps of Anne Frank", written by Ernst Schnabel, is a story of a young Jewish girl and her family who fled to Holland in search of safety after they had been betrayed to the Gestapo. Anne was born in Frankfurt, Germany, and grew up there with her sister. She kept a diary and hoped one day it would be published.

When Hitler's persecution of Jews began, Anne and her family fled to Amsterdam, where they hid with other Jews in an office building. Anne lived in a small secret annexe where she wrote her diary every day. She wrote of the huge chestnut she could see from the window of the secret annexe, and of how she could tell by it whenever the weather changed.

Her father helped down in the office with the other Jews, but whenever somebody knocked at the door he, with the others, would run and hide in the secret annexe, but one day they were betrayed and members of the Gestapo came to get them.

Anne and her sister were sent to different concentration camps from their mother and father. Anne's sister died not long after, although Anne did all she could to try to save her. The people in the camp said that Anne always had a smile on her face which seemed to brighten up their spirits, and that she did all she possibly could to help them.

Anne died at the early age of sixteen and her father was the sole survivor of the family.

Eileen Leiper, 5C

THE NUN'S STORY — *Kathryn Hulm*

This is the story of a young Belgian girl who enters a convent. She becomes a nursing nun, and her ambition is to go out to the Congo. Eventually she is sent to a school of Tropical Medicines. She passes the final examination, and is disappointed to hear that she will not be sent directly to the Congo, but will be attached for an indefinite time to the mental diseases sanatorium run by her order in south Belgium.

After a time Sister Luke leaves for the Congo, and while there she contracts tuberculosis. Later, when she has fully recovered, she is sent back to Belgium. Once back in the mother house she yearns for the Congo, and her thoughts also turn to herself. She wonders if she should have become a nun, because she cannot achieve true humility. However, now she is back in Belgium, and although she is unaware of it, the invasion by the Germans is very near.



On 10th May, 1940, the invasion comes. It brings back memories to her of twenty-six years ago, when she was a child, and Kaiser's Deaths-Head Hussars rode through Belgium. On the evening of the day Brussels fell, she helped a priest, who was trying to get out of Belgium. She then helps a young girl to distribute food ration stamps to the Belgian soldiers. In doing this she has broken a strict rule. Next she helps a British flyer, and in doing this is nearly caught by the Germans. Day after day she adds hypocrisy to hypocrisy, and finally decides she must leave the Convent and renounce her vows.

For anyone who is interested in Convent life, and the circumstances which compel a formally dedicated nun, for reasons of conscience, to renounce her vows, and abandon her convictions, this is a book which must be read.

Wendy Newall, 3A

THE FUTURE TOOK US — *David Severn*

'The Future Took Us' is a science-fiction book, a paperback from Mr Balding's paperback series club.

The story is about five schoolboys, who are about to have a whacking, when they are mysteriously snatched from their Headmaster's study and transported into the year A.D. 3000. To the astonishment of the two boys,

Dick and Peter, they find, in Britain, that civilization has come to an end and the population reverted to a primitive life. Undergoing a strange and dangerous journey to Ondin (as London is called) Dick and Peter find out that monk-like figures that seem to rule the peasants have a strange power over them. The boys, together, witness the terrible execution of a man, condemned by the 'wheel'. Afterwards they discover that their transportation was only an accident and that the monk-like figures that live in a huge underground city will not bother to return them to their own century. The boys later find that great mathematicians from the strange underground world seek to rule life outside, by the law of the wheel.

How the boys help to overcome these dictators is all in this very breathtaking and at the same time admirably logical adventure book.

J. Pearson, 4D.

JUNE GREY: FASHION STUDENT — *Lorna Lewis*

This is a lively, entertaining novel for teenagers; but it is also packed with information about the Fashion business, its opportunities, pitfalls and the training curriculum itself. Lorna Lewis is not only an established writer, but has been closely associated with this profession, as a magazine Feature writer, for many years.

The Fashion business is one of the most exciting careers for a young girl, with its ever-changing pattern, its glamour, its sense of awareness of the mood of times, its high standards of skill and craftsmanship, and perhaps most of all for the interesting, unorthodox people you are likely to meet.

June Grey is still quite a young, sensible girl, when she decides at school that there is no other life for her. She goes to a school of Dress Design for a full training course, then to a dress-manufacturing firm, and finally, because of the promise she shows, she is taken in to gain experience at one of the big "haute couture" houses in Mayfair.

It is hard work for the student, but June loves the atmosphere of the Fashion world; she finds it fascinating, even romantic, yet with a hard, up-to-the-minute side to it.

I think that people who are interested in the Fashion business should read this interesting book and so gain useful information about the Fashion world.

K. Whiteway, 5C.

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS — *John Wyndham*

Although I am not very keen on science-fiction novels, I was attracted to "The Day of the Triffids" immediately.

It is a novel written in a typical H. G. Wells manner, and it grips the imagination from the first page to the last page. In fact I did not put it down once until I had finished it.

The triffids are, in fact, a very unusual species of plant. Their bodies resemble a pineapple with three, pronged feet, with which they are able to walk, although only very slowly. From their body grows a long 'funnel', on the end of which a 'flower' grows. Inside this 'flower' the triffids' sting is coiled up.

This sting is able to kill a human being.

The story tells of how, when almost everyone in Britain is blinded by a comet, the triffids get wildly out of control. When reading this book it is as if one is really living through this vivid nightmare.

It is difficult to believe that the whole of this inventive story originated in John Wyndham's imagination. When one has finished this book, it is again difficult to believe that the triffids and the characters in the book do not, in fact, really exist.

Do the triffids finally triumph over man? That must be found out for oneself. It must be very difficult not to enjoy this novel.

Note: 'The Day of the Triffids' has now been made into a film. Unfortunately it has an 'X' certificate.



Andrea Cooke, 3A.

THE DARK MILE — D. K. Broster

'The Dark Mile' is a realistic novel based on the consequences of the second Jacobite rebellion. The authoress really gives one the atmosphere of Scotland by beginning the first few chapters with Scottish dialect, which at first is hard to grasp and tiring to read. The characters and scenery are carefully interwoven by vivid description of the surroundings and position. It tells of the customary politeness and hospitality, too, of the clans, even to their enemies.

The story is based on a romantic affair between Ian Stewart and Olivia Campbell who fall in love after a coincidental meeting, but they are torn apart by family conflict. Ian's eldest brother was a Jacobite and fought in the battle of Culloden and was killed by a battalion commanded by Olivia's father. They see no gap in the barrier between them and so Ian tries to dismiss her from his mind but with unsuccessful results. David Maitland, a man who has betrayed a fellow Jacobite, comes between them and eventually shows them the light to happiness.

The story is made to hold one's interest throughout; sudden surprises and side-plots form a romantic backing to an exciting novel. 'The Dark Mile' is not far-fetched and gives a likely picture of Jacobite Scotland. The story builds up to a gradual climax and a satisfying ending.

J. Wannacott, 4D1.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER — Mark Twain

This book, which was written by Mark Twain, tells of the adventures of two young heroes, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. This is one of the author's most famous books and is certainly entertaining.

There is an amusing episode when Tom is appointed to whitewash the fence by his Aunt Polly. This is a job which he hates and by a bit of acting

manages to get out of it. In doing so he gains a collection of strange objects; including a dead rat, in which he takes great delight.

One night Tom and Huckleberry are in the graveyard when they see three men fighting over a coffin. The boys are filled with fear and, when one man is killed, they swear themselves to secrecy for fear of being murdered themselves.

Tom has a secret love for Becky Thatcher. When he thinks she is ill, he is deeply concerned and is unusually quiet for many days. Unfortunately for Tom, Becky has little interest in him.

One of the greatest adventures he has with Becky on a picnic. They visit some caves and venture further than the "known" part. After a while Tom realises they are lost and he knows that, as he has not marked their way, it is impossible to find a way out.

If you would like to know what happens to this unfortunate couple, 'Tom Sawyer' can be bought for 10s. 6d., published by the Children's Illustrated Classics.

Lesley Jeffery, 3A.

FIGHTING WITH THE GUARDS

This is the story of the most famous fighting men in the world, the Brigade of Guards, and of their magnificent tradition of discipline and courage.

The author tells how the Brigade began and how it has shaped our history. It has a story filled with dramatic incident and heroism, a record of the men who have helped to make Britain great. It includes stories of the V.C.'s won by the Guards during the last war and of the battles they fought; it tells how recruits from all walks of life are infused with the spirit of a great past and how, after Dunkirk, Guardsmen were for the first time put into tanks and achieved some of the greatest triumphs.

The Guards have the spirit to turn apparent defeat into victory; the spirit which in Africa in 1943 inspired Kenneally of the Irish Guards to charge a company of Germans single-handed; the spirit which inspired Wright of the Goldstream Guards in Italy (when all his company were killed or wounded) to lead what remained of his company to take its objective against apparently impossible odds; the spirit which fired Nicholls of the Grenadier Guards in 1940 when, in the retreat of Dunkirk, he held an overwhelming force of enemy; the spirit in which Furness of the Welsh Guards died outside Arras in May, 1940 to save a precious supply column from certain destruction.

In a fascinating chapter the author describes the ceremonial duties of the Household Cavalry and reveals many little-known traditions which help to bring colour and pageantry to our national life. A thoughtful Postscript suggests what future lies ahead of the Brigade of Guards.

Susan Peters, 3A.

THE CALLED AND THE CHOSEN — Monica Baldwin

'The Called and the Chosen' is a true-life novel by Monica Baldwin, who also wrote 'I Leap Over the Wall'. The book is written in a diary form. At the time when Monica wrote the book she had been out of the convent fourteen

years. She is still the only author who has attempted to describe the interior life of the Community in an Enclosed Order.

In the book Monica tells of the rules by which a nun lives, the cold, long, bare rooms and the sermons.

The convent is in France, and when she enters it all she can think about is the house she left in England called Stokesey. Monica finds it hard to get used to calling even her own teeth, "our teeth", as everything in the convent is referred to as "ours".

After she had been a postulant, which is a young nun, for six months, she was clothed, which means she was able to wear the novice's habit. The ceremony of the clothing is most beautifully described.

Monica has always got in her thoughts her beloved home, and when her Aunt dies and in her will leaves Stokesey to the nuns of Flamegan, Monica is filled with hatred of her Aunt, and when the Reverend Mother tells her that fifty of the nuns from Flamegan are to be sent to live there she is full of prayer that she might be spared having to go and see her home being turned into a dark, quiet, white-washed convent. To find out what happens why not read the story, which once you start you will never be able to drop.

G. Davies, 5C.

BIGGLES IN AFRICA — W. E. Johns

No character in air fiction is better known than Major James Bigglesworth, who, under the name of 'Biggles', has captured the imagination of young readers the world over. Captain W. E. Johns, the creator of Biggles, spent eleven years of his life in the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force, and was a pilot in 1914-1918. When he started writing flying stories, he was consequently well equipped for the task, and was able to put into his work an unusual degree of realism, and a wealth of practical detail.

One such book I liked particularly is called 'Biggles in Africa'. It costs D.M. 3-35, and one certainly gets one's money's worth in excitement. The outline of the story is as follows: —

A young Englishman, Harry Marton, flying from England to the Cape, disappeared in the heart of the African continent. He reached Malakal and left again for Juba, but somewhere between those two points all trace of him was lost. Most people assumed that he was dead; but a year later his father called on Biggles with the request that he would make a further search for the missing airman, whom he believed to be still alive.

It was no small undertaking to make a detailed examination of a large section of African wilderness, looking for one did not quite know what, unless it was a crashed aeroplane. All the same, Biggles, accompanied by Agy Lacey and Ginger Hebblethwaite, took on the job and discovered that there was a very real mystery surrounding the disappearance of young Marton. Once again the skill, resourcefulness and audacity for which Biggles is renowned are brought into play to right a grave wrong. Consequently it is a very fascinating, interesting and exciting book.

N. R. Whittaker, 3A.

Humour



Nero: The Sabotage Caper

Cast

Perryus Masonus
Client
Brutus
Driver
Nero
Bartender
Dellus Streetus
Unknown Man
Police Officer

Scene

Rome 2 B.C., the office of Perryus Masonus, renowned lawyer and enemy of crime.

Act I

- Masonus:** Did you hear about the sabotage rap they're trying to blame on this poor guy, Dellus? Probably be a big trial, then they'll feed him to the lions at the Circus poor devil. It's a shame, but we all like good entertainment.
- Dellus:** Right you are chief (knock on the door). There's someone here. (walks to the door and opens it). Come in, sir.
- Client:** Masonus, you've got to get me out of this. I'm innocent, the police are looking for me. I'm too young to be fed to the lions.
- Masonus:** My fee is eight hundred sesterces a day plus expenses. You pay and I'll take the job.
- Client:** I'm innocent, I'll pay anything.
- Masonus:** O.K. do you want to pay for today in advance?
- Client:** Yes, I will. (Clinking of gold on desktop.)
- (Narrator:** I grabbed a chariot down to the scene of the fire and hopped off.)

End Act I

Act II

Scene

The scene of the fire.

Brutus: (Walking up) What are you doing here Masonus?
Masonus: And what is Nero's private bodyguard doing here?
Brutus: Nero's rounding up more suspects; the lions are going to eat hardy tonight. Now answer my question.
Masonus: My client claims he's innocent, so I'm finding out.
Unknown Man: (Running up) Hey! You want to know who started the fire? It was (whizzing of knife through the air) oo, oh, aggh, uhh. (thud)
Masonus: Umm (Pulls out writing pad and pencil), must make a note of that name.
Brutus: (Walking up) Strange place to carry a knife — in his back.
End Act II

Act III

Scene

(Narrator: Perryus Masonus is at a chariot-stand and a chariot pulls up. Expense account item 1 — six sesterces for a trip to Filius' Bar and Grille).
Driver: Where to Mac?
Masonus: Filius' Bar and Grille, step on it. I'm hurrying, I'm hurrying.
End Act III

Act IV

Scene

Masonus: Brutus, aren't you supposed to be with the Emperor, and how did you get here so fast?
Brutus: That's my business not yours!
Masonus: (Turning away) There's Nero, he seems happy. I wonder what he's saying.
Nero: Oh fabulous! Oh wonderful! More meat for my lion pets Bruiser, Masher, Killer, and Cuddles my pet Boa Constrictor.
Masonus: Phew! What a character. (Turning to Bartender) Hey, buddy, you know anything about this fire caper?
Bartender: Yeah, you want to know who did it? It was (whizzing of knife through the air) — oo, oh, aggh, ugh. (thud)
Masonus: Pal, will you get up off the floor and say that name again.
Brutus: (Walking up) Another oddball knife collector (stops), carrying part of his collection on him — in his back.
Masonus: I've got it! I've got it!!!
(Narrator: Expense account items 2 and 3, phone calls to the office and police.)
(Door opens)

Dellus: What is it Perryus?
Client: And why drag me along?
Officer: All right Masonus who is it this time?
Masonus: I've got it all figured out — it was oo, oh, aggh, ugh — er I mean Brutus, and he also bumped off that man and the Bartender.
Brutus: So I did, but it was only for Nero.
Nero: But you can't feed me to the lions, I'm Emperor.
Masonus: Pity isn't it. Take Brutus away Officer.
(Curtain down)
(The narrator comes out on stage)
(Banging of steel hammer on chisel)
Narrator: Brutus was sentenced to death and was fed to the lions next day to the utter delight of the Emperor. Perryus Masonus was honoured with 10,000 sesterces for his help in solving the crime.

THE END

Luther Hampton, 2B.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR MR. X WHILE HE IS WAITING FOR US IN THE MORNING OR SOMETHING TO REMEMBER BEFORE SIGNING OUR REPORTS

Form teacher waits with bated breath,
A silence reigns, the hush of death;
His heart beats fast, and hear him pray
"Lord, keep me safe for one more day."
Can he be scared? He shakes with fright,
As though *our* gentle teeth may bite.
But does he know, behind our masks,
(Of course he's adult so can't ask)
That rows of blank and dreary faces
Hide eager minds, not empty spaces;
We do work hard, against his fancy
That all our work is necromancy.
But please remember teacher dear,
(Although you think our end is near),
If as a whole we're uncontrolled,
A few of us have hearts of gold.

Margaret Cutbush, 4B.

NITWITS I HAVE KNOWN

The International Nitwits Association is a very important club and it has thousands of members. Every year, or even annually, it holds a grand meeting in that large, luxurious, pink and blue castle in Sussex, S.W. 3. The chief benefactor of this fabulous club, Lord H. (Henry) Crumb, O.R.N. (Order of Royal Nits), throws open his house to all and sundry and members only.

This was the most memorable night of the year for me, for I had the honour of being "Chief Nitwit of the Year", and was allowed to sit on that most distinguished seat, the floor, at dinner.

It was not till 2 o'clock in the morning that I met Lord H. (Henry) Crumb, O.R.N. (Order of Royal Nits), who was wearing a grey flannel suit with red squares on it, purple shoes and had dyed his hair green. He was enjoying himself immensely by chewing table and chair legs, with his feet wrapped round a Coca Cola stall. He merely waved to me for some time with his ears because he was so occupied. At last he disentangled his feet and turned around, taking out a mouthful of shavings at the same time.

"Ah, good morning," he said, "it's a fine night isn't it?"

Before I could agree (or disagree) and slip in a question (I forget what), he said, "Have you met my wife? Here she comes now."

I followed his pointed finger up to the ceiling (it was a very long and sharp pointed finger), and saw an elderly woman of about twenty, who was wearing a yellow dress with red shoes and whose hair had been dyed the most sickly shade of blue. She was swinging from the chandeliers by one hand, holding a glass of champagne in the other, was claspng an enormous cigar between her toes and was shouting, "Up the workers!"

Unluckily, she fell straight from the ceiling on to my head, and, as we found my last missing nut, she said, "Good morning. Up the workers!", and was off again swinging from chandelier to chandelier as gracefully as any monkey.

I thought I wouldn't see the Treasurer, as he had locked himself in the money chest and was hungrily devouring the pound notes and gold sovereigns. However, he had eaten his way through the iron-bound oak chest and was unfortunately suffering from acute indigestion in his toe and a tummy ache in his nose!

Lord H. (Henry) Crumb's O.R.N. (Order of Royal Nits) son had gone to market, and, as was his custom, he had put the cart before the horse and was using a special square-wheeled cart with apples in it.

Before I could meet any more people, disaster struck! For the table and chair legs that Lord H. (Henry) Crumb O.R.N. (You ought to know what that means by now) had been chewing had collapsed and the roof had gone down with it.

When I came out of hospital, five months later, I and my fellow nitwits wended our cheerful and crazy way home.

K. Hughes, 3A.

PREP

"How did you get this sum, my lad,
With antiquated working;
It savours of some pre-war days,
Come now, you've been shirking?"
"I got it from me father, sir,
I got it from me dad;
My mother helped me too, sir,
I don't think it's so bad."
"So that's your story, is it boy,
The real explanation?
What can I put on your report
To meet the situation?"

"Just say that dad's progressing, sir,
And mum's improving too,
Though harder they must try, sir,
And better they will do!"

Beverley Bradford, 4B.

THE SCHOOL

The school is too much with us; late and soon,
Working and slaving, we lay waste our brain;
Much do we see of lines, perchance the cane!
They have taken our time away; we dread next June!
We'd sooner be romancing 'neath the moon;
The teachers who keep howling at all hours
Now never fail to use their fatal power
On us, 'til even Adam's latest tune
It moves us not — Gee Whizz! I'd rather be
A beatnik at his pad and all that corn;
So might I, like, I mean, wow! Crazy man!
Have dreamboats that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Elvis smiling from the screen;
Or hear ole' Satchmo blow his groovy horn!

Debbie Scott, 4B

(With apologies to William Wordsworth)

A NIGHT AT HANSBERG

When I lived at Pulley, my home town, my parents used to go to Hansberg, about two hundred and fifty miles south of there. They did this in order to visit my relatives who lived there. Usually, my parents would leave me behind with a friend while they were there. But, this particular time, my friends were either sick in bed with the flu, or were out. My parents decided to take me.

I was very anxious to go, for I had not seen them for several years. Also I had listened to what my father and mother said about them. In that house lived, to my estimation, four insane people and a dog that couldn't tell a cat from a signpost.

The most insane of them all was Aunt Clara, who lived in fear of robbers. She placed in her room every night, several pairs of disused shoes, four rolling-pins, two bowie-knives and a blunderbuss without any shells. She also set at least fifty mousetraps in the hall, and had a coil of rope in her room with which she said she would tie up a burglar. At any noise in the hall where she had set her traps, she would immediately throw all her weapons and gesture with the blunderbuss, shrieking all the while. Most of the times, the dog would come out of it with a few bumps, mousetraps hanging from his fur and tangled in a maze of rope. The next person in this insane group was Charles, my nephew. He lived in the 'deathly' fear of forgetting to breathe in his sleep. Every night he would fill a glass with spirits and put smelling salts on the dresser, alongside a pail of water. The window was always left open. Though he was only a year older than I, he was much taller.

The third person, also fit for an insane asylum, was my grandfather, who hated 'new-fangled notions'. He had only gone in a car once, and that was an

ambulance. He slept in the attic, and had made it look like a nineteenth-century room. He preferred to use an outhouse, and hated "downstairs" because of the 'funny smell'.

Aunt Agatha, last but not least, was a very pessimistic person, worrying, and always afraid of either bleeding to death, or getting concussions. She also had a deathly fear of fire. The dog, very stubborn, was attached to her.

Into this mess I was placed, and left to my doom, by my parents, who went to sleep in another relative's house. At first I was shaky, but later I began to feel in my own element, for some reason.

By the time I got into bed, I was very tired, and, as I went to turn off the light, it went out itself. Then I heard someone say "power failure". I could not have cared less, and I got painfully into bed, promising to wake Charles, who was sleeping in my room, if he stopped breathing.

Thirst is the misfortune of the desert traveller, and, as I dreamt of the desert, I began to get thirsty. I woke up, and, with infinite care, I crawled out of bed and crept across the floor to the doorway. No sooner had I stepped into the hall than I drew back, remembering the mousetraps in my path to the bathroom. I was so thirsty I couldn't wait, but I remembered something about mine-field tactics. I tip-toed back to my drawer, got a glove out and put it on. I stepped back to the hall and, down on hands and knees, traversed the hall. My first 'mine' I very carefully pushed to the side, but as I went on, I grew confident, and put the wrong hand too far out. Snap! The rusted mousetrap, old from disuse, did not hurt. I barely stifled a cry, but the sound was heard.

The door at the far end of the hall opened, and two shoes came whizzing out, scoring direct hits. I yelped. More boots and shoes came, bouncing and sometimes scoring. I yelled "Hold your fire!"

Aunt Clara, hearing my strange voice, thought I was a real robber, and shrieked for help. I stood up and yelled also, for a mouse-trap had clamped down on my big toe.

From downstairs came a sharp yip from the dog, and Aunt Agatha was heard coming to her door. My grandfather began to shout.

Poor Charles, thinking all the commotion was being made to wake him up because he wasn't breathing, leapt out of bed. Instead of drinking the water and inhaling the smelling salts and the spirits, he did the opposite. He came stumbling out of his room just as the lasso thrown by Aunt Clara closed over his shoulders. Aunt Clara gave a jerk, and he tumbled across the hall, stepping on two mouse-traps. He tottered to the stairs and tumbled down, lying in a heap on the top of the dog, who walked ignorantly over him as though he wasn't there.

Suddenly Aunt Agatha tip-toed out of her room. I was afraid to move because of mouse-traps, and Aunt Clara was waiting for me to make a move. The second Aunt Agatha was seen by Aunt Clara, a hoot went whistling and bounced off the former's head. She fainted, thinking she had a concussion.

Aunt Clara retired to her room, obviously getting her blunderbuss. The attic door opened, and out came grandpa, carrying a candle. I sighed for joy and stepped towards him, getting another mouse-trap on my already too sore toe. A blunderbuss barrel poked out of Aunt Clara's door and hiccupping came

from Charles on the landing. Everyone stayed still.

If Aunt Clara recognized me in the light she didn't say, for another shoe hit me on the shin. I leapt for the comparative safety of my bedroom.

As I leapt into the cot serving as my bed, it collapsed and folded up on to me. I heard Aunt Clara and Grandpa waking Aunt Agatha up, and from what I gather, this is what happened:

Charles came stumbling up the stairs and knocked over the candle which grandpa had set there. Aunt Agatha woke up, and, seeing the burning wallpaper, promptly fainted again. I came running out, and Aunt Clara, running from the smouldering flames, bumped into me. She was carrying a bowie knife! I promptly made a show of fainting.

It was about six o'clock in the morning when everything was cleaned up and everyone was calm enough to tell the story. I was the only one to laugh.

My parents still don't know why I refuse to sleep at their house, and they wouldn't understand, even if I told them. But never again!

D. Wilderman, 2A

THE PREFECTS

When suddenly a heavy hand
You feel upon your shoulder land,
Who is it takes your contraband?
The prefects!

Who is it, when you have no tie,
Will never let you pass them by
But fix you with accusing eye?
The prefects!

You dare not drop a scrap of litter,
Those creatures say you should know better;
(To whom belongs that torn-up letter?)
The prefects!

You're not to carve on desks they say,
But do your work without delay;
Are they so good in every way?
The prefects!

Beverley Bradford, 4B.

"HORACE"

The boarding house was dark,
The dormitories quiet. A little boy
Crept out of bed, out of the door
He poked his head. Then down
The stairs he quietly sped, out
Of the door he stepped, then fled,
That imp of mischief, out in the dead
Of the cool, calm night.
Down the road to the all-night caff
He ran with all his might, to
Get at least, the little beast, a few

Hot dogs for a midnight feast,
 In the middle of the night.
 The quad was dark, the little boy rejoicing
 Climbed the stair, without a
 Care, when, what a scare! His every
 Hair stood up on end, his pair of ears stuck
 Out, when on the corridor
 Above came master from his lair in
 The quiet, quiet house.
 The boy was sunk, but wait, there
 Still was a chance to dodge this
 Master on the stair. Into the
 Dormitory he sped, dropped his
 Hot dogs under the bed, in the
 Bedclothes hid his head,
 Hoping with a heart of lead,
 Nothing to him would be said
 Of this venture out into the
 Cool, calm night.
 So ends the tale of a boarder
 Bold, that to you I have now
 Just told. The boy after that
 Was never so bold as to leave
 The safety of the folds of his
 Bedclothes, after the curfew
 Told before the cool, dark
 Night.

D. Shepherdson, 4A.

SOME MORE HALLUCINATIONS (BY KIND PERMISSION OF 1A)

He thought he saw his grandpapa
 Standing on a chair;
 He looked again and found it was
 A mouse that wasn't there.
 "If grandmama was here," he said
 "I would give her quite a scare."
 He thought he saw an Indian
 With feathers in his hair;
 He looked again and found it was
 His very best armchair.
 "The thing that I regret," he said,
 I have to pay its fare.
 He thought he saw a kangaroo
 Descending from a tree.
 He looked again and found it was
 A sting without a bee.
 "I'm sure I'm very glad," he said,
 "It kept away from me."

He thought he saw a constable
 Walking down the lane;
 He looked again and found it was
 A master with a cane.
 "If I were still at school," he said,
 "I wouldn't go again."
 He thought he saw a litter bin
 Hanging on a peg.
 He looked again and saw it was
 A boy without a head.
 "If this boy had been mine," he said,
 "I'd send him straight to bed."
 He thought he saw a chimpanzee
 Dancing in the road.
 He looked again and found it was
 A road hog drinking woad.
 "What a lucky thing," he said
 "I know my highway code!"

Travel



BARCELONA

After a three-day car journey from Germany, my family and I arrived in Barcelona, Spain. The hot sun was beating on my head as we walked around looking for a hotel to stay in. Dogs ran around with their bones sticking from their ribs, and a half-starved look in their frightened eyes. I could see at once that Spaniards were not fond of animals. Near the hotel steps was a man, with his head back, pouring a bottle of wine non-stop down his throat. This fascinated me, but I soon got used to their peculiar ways of drinking.

After lunch of something I had never seen before and never wished to see again, we drove to a small village a few miles away. The smell was not pleasant and here the dogs were even thinner. Here I learned the peasants ate dogs for want of something better. After a while, I began to get used to the smell and the heat, and I wandered into a quaint basket shop, where I obtained a straw basket, beautifully made by the local people.

The next day I went down to the beach, and the clear blue Mediterranean sea and clean yellow beaches made me forget the less pleasant things about Spain.

I soon discovered that some Spaniards are very narrow-minded. I was walking along the street, and as I was only eight, I had just a pair of shorts on. A little old woman stopped me and began chattering away, pointing first to the sky and then at my bare chest, and shaking her head. I gathered she meant I was offending God because I had no blouse on. My stay soon ended, and I was sad to leave sunny Spain forever.

A. de Wever, 4D1.

FREIBURG

Freiburg belongs to the Black Forest, but also to the plains of the Rhine. Its Minster is very beautiful, and on Easter Sunday many people go to the service and also watch the parade which is held afterwards. Inside Freiburg there is a city park. It is not very large, but it has very beautiful grounds, clusters of trees, winding paths, flower beds, a playground for children, and also ducks and swans. There is, as well, a monument to the drake which warned the people, by his anxious quacking, of an air-raid during the last war.

Round about Freiburg there are many beauty spots. In a few minutes the thousand-metre mountain peaks can be reached. Both St. Peter and St. Margen, near Freiburg, have beautifully ornate churches. They look like Russian churches with their onion-shaped domes. Inside, their ceilings are covered with paintings and their altars are magnificently decorated. Another beauty spot is Lake Titisee, which is often called 'the blue eye of the Black Forest'.

Freiburg is also a convenient centre for day trips to France and Switzerland.

Christina Gibson, 5C.

DENMARK

In the summer of 1962, I visited Denmark with my family. We stayed in the small but pleasant resort of Hejsager Strand, living in a bungalow which we had rented.

The first thing that I noticed about the country itself was the picturesque old villages. These were mainly quite small, the houses having wooden beams, thatched roofs, and whitewashed walls. Each village had its own small church, standing in the middle of the cluster of houses, which gave it a cosy sort of appearance.

The Danish landscape is rather like that in Holland, but there are many more woods, and nearly every five minutes, a picnic place. Denmark can quite truthfully be described as a picnicker's paradise.

Our first stop on the way to Hejsager was in the quaint village of Ribe, which is known in Denmark as the 'Town of Storks'. Every year, the migrating storks build nests and raise their young in Ribe; they can be seen walking around in the streets, and sometimes they will even let you feed them with bread. They are certainly a thrilling sight as they sit in their nests (built on wagon wheels) on the house tops.

Another sight well worth seeing in Ribe is 'The Smallest House', which is only about ten feet tall, counting the chimney. It has a door about four feet

eight inches high, and when you go inside, the room drops down, so that there is enough room to stand up straight. Inside the house, you can see an old-fashioned set of furniture, a bed which opens into the wall, a cauldron to hang over the fire, and a dozen other things. Visitors will be surprised to hear that it was lived in until the Second World War.

While in Ribe, we visited the local museum. I say 'local', because practically every town and village in Denmark has some form of museum, whether it be an old house or a huge hall. It must be said that while we were there, we visited about twenty in all.

Another town we visited before reaching our destination was Esbjerg, which is one of the principal harbours in Europe. It possesses a large fishing fleet, some of the ships even come from England. There is a rather pleasant air about the whole place, the salty tang of the sea, and the friendly atmosphere of the people.

After an interesting journey, we arrived at Hejsager Strand. Once we had been there for a few days, everything seemed familiar to us, including the money, surroundings and food. There were many things you could do to amuse yourself there; for instance, swim, sunbathe, explore, and many others.

The beach, it must be said, was the most heavenly place. It was not at all like the noisy places, with rows and rows of bathing huts, hundreds of people, and ice-cream stalls everywhere, but a nice out-of-the-way place. There was a small jetty, on which the smaller children could sit and fish, some very convenient sand-holes, and altogether I thought it was delightful. Of course, we did not stay near our bungalow all the time, but we visited several places of interest. One of these was Odense, where the birthplace of the famous fairy-tale author, Hans Andersen, can be seen. The place has now been converted into a museum, and inside it you can see many of the original scripts for his famous stories. Also, in a glass case, are his black bowler hat, black umbrella and black case, which he carried with him wherever he went. There are copies of his books in lots of different languages on sale in the entry, all of which have the stamp of his birthtown inside. These books do very well as gifts for friends at home, and also as souvenirs.

The last visit we made in Denmark was to see King Frederik's summer residence. The castle is open to tourists, all except the Royal Apartments. There is a magnificent cathedral inside, and it is generously adorned with gold ornaments, chandeliers, etc.

The castle itself is white marble, decorated with gold. There are sentry-boxes all over the place, and my brother Michael had great fun in these.

The beautiful garden around the palace is well worth seeing. It has pretty flowers, sparkling fountains, and about ten goldfish ponds. It was a lovely ending to my holiday, and I hope we will enjoy it as much when we go again this year.

Stephanie Garrett, 1A.

A TRIP TO PENANG

Our first day took us up the coast and through Malacca, which was a very interesting place dating back to the Spaniards. Many buildings were Spanish, with a few Dutch among them. We stayed the night at Kuala Lumpur and left

next morning very early. My father filmed tin mines and we saw the Gunlongs which are high, clear-cut hills covered in jungle. This is where the bandits hid. There also was a monastery built into the rock.

At sunset we crossed over from Butterworth to Penang Island. The sunset was beautiful, with the Kedah Peak rising in the background. Penang itself was a beautiful island. It had a peak railway taking you 2,500 feet above sea level. There is also a lovely big swimming pool and many interesting temples, such as the Snake Temple, which is full of different kinds of snakes. In the Shi Whah Temple they keep turtles and monkeys. There are twenty-four monks in residence here. We spent a happy and interesting holiday in Penang.

L. MacGregor, 4D1.

ADEN

In 1960 I travelled to Aden because my father, who is in the Army, was posted there. He arrived in Aden six months before us and met us at the quayside. (I won't say 'dock' because it wasn't one).

We then went to our little flat in Maalla, where we lived for a couple of months.

The first few months were most uncomfortable. We weren't used to the salt water, the intense heat, the horrible noises from passing camels (we were on the ground floor), no rain and little to do except swim at the few swimming pools. Even these weren't pools, as they were just a net spread out in the sea to keep out large fish, sting-rays and sharks. The sharks only came in the Hot Season fortunately. After a while we got used to the water and began to enjoy getting up every morning of the year to a bright, shining sun.

The Arabs were easy to get on with (at least, most of them) so my brother and I began to get to know the Arab children, although there were other English children around. The Arab shopkeepers were most helpful and could speak our language, so food and drink was easily obtained.

Most days my brother and I went swimming and soon made new friends. All of the British children were friendly and two of them, John and Peter, were only too glad to show us around the shops in Crater and Steamer Point.

(Aden is a small place and consists only of Maalla, Crater, Khormaksor and Steamer Point).

After a while we went to school; the times were 9.15 a.m. until 12.30 p.m. There was no school in the afternoon as it was too hot. For school we wore white shirts and shorts, sandals and no socks! We were allowed to have drinks during lessons if we wished, but air-conditioning was at hand in the new school, which was built while I was there, so they were hardly necessary.

Because of no Purchase Tax, cameras and transistors were cheap so we soon bought ourselves a camera and a transistor each.

Our stay in Aden was only two years, but was enjoyed by the whole family and I would willingly go back there any day if given the chance.

S. Curry, 4D1.

MALAYA

Perhaps the best holiday I can remember having was the one I spent during the time we were in Malaya. It was in a holiday-camp on an island which was just off the Malayan coast. It was called Sandicraft — very suitably

named, for there were miles upon miles of golden sand which was roasted until it was burning hot by the tropical sun.

We lodged in small, comfortable chalets which overlooked the sea, and every morning a Chinese woman would bring tea at about 7.30 — much to the displeasure of my dad, who liked to sleep in late. Breakfast was served at 8.30, and there was no chance of you being late, as you were summoned by a big Chinese man, who beat a large gong. The dining-room was small and comfortable with little bowls of flowers on each table. The food was always good, and there was a long menu from which to choose.

The morning was spent in either swimming in the sea or sun-bathing, although the amount of sun-bathing was limited owing to the immense heat of the sun. There were also tennis-courts and a golf course if you were the sporty type. My father spent most of his time snoozing in a deck-chair on the grassy bank which overlooked the sea. In the evening there was always plenty to do; you could go to a pictureshow or a dance or just lounge around in the bar.

On special days trips were arranged when you should visit Snake-temples or Mosques. The Snake-temples were particularly fascinating, for the snakes there were completely tame, and it was possible, if you were brave enough, to let them wind themselves around your arm. I wasn't brave enough, though.

It was also possible to hire a motor boat and take a trip around the Island. We did this and had a most enjoyable time observing all the picturesque sights the Island had to offer. There were little Chinese fishing villages where you could see rows upon rows of fish drying in the sun.

I think the best time to watch the Island was at night, though, for there were lots of different coloured lights which reflected themselves on the water, and this combined with the full moon shining down was a wonderful sight.

We enjoyed ourselves so much at this particular holiday-camp that we were very reluctant to leave when the end of the holiday came.

I would certainly recommend it for someone who likes a holiday which is both peaceful and lots of fun.

P. Richards, 4D1.

HONG-KONG

A typical back-street in Hong-Kong is Chow Hong street. It is early in the morning and I am standing in the middle of this street. The inhabitants of the dirty tenements that tower above the street on either side are rising to face a hard day's work. There is, however, no work for many — the unemployed, and the beggars, and the physically disabled. The unkempt children who roam this dirty and unpleasant, yet interesting, area are hardly likely to be getting ready for school; they are more likely getting ready to go begging on the main streets.

On the corner of the street is a barrow-boy in a grubby pair of shorts and an equally grubby vest trying to sell his wares to the people already on the streets. A beggar is meandering past, holding out his small tin, hoping for a few cents to buy food with.

Behind this beggar is a tenement block with dark, dingy steps which are crumbling. In the dirty hall some children are playing a game similar to

"hopscootch". Their mother is cooking their "chow" on a tiny primus stove on the pavement, and the coils of smoke drift through the doorway of the neighbouring meat shop, its windows full of fatty meat, dirty sausages, black preserved eggs and dried fish.

Next door to this shop is a material shop that looks out of place with the rest of the street, as it is so neat and clean, rows upon rows of silks, cottons, woollen materials and corduroy lining the walls. A piece of material covers the doorway and from behind this a whiff of "chow" drifts into the street. The next shops are three of the many jewellery shops in Hong-Kong with their turbanned Indian guards standing in front of the shops with their shot-guns.

Running along the other side of the street are a few drab and dirty market stalls selling vegetables and fruit.

What a smell! A rickshaw puller is smoking his pipe, from which a dreadful odour comes. The various foods in the meat shop do little to help the odour, but in spite of the smell and filth of the street, the children play happily, the rickshaw pullers chatter gaily and the shopkeepers shout cheerily to each other at the top of their voices.

M. Clayton

AMALFI

As you wind your way along the winding coast road from Salerno to Sorrento you pass numerous sun-drenched lemon and olive groves clinging to the sides of the cliffs. The wonderful panoramic views along this road tend to lull you into a sense of false security and you are rudely awakened when you narrowly miss a bus coming round one of the narrow hairpin bends. You continue on your way in this manner when suddenly you come across a sparkling white fishing village nestling in a bay.

This is Amalfi. Once upon a time it was the head of a great Marine Republic but it took the wrong side in a quarrel with a neighbouring province and was partially destroyed. A tidal wave, a few years later, swept away most of the remaining splendours of the great days of the Republic.

Nowadays it is a small fishing village, with a number of hotels, pensions and shops. There are quite good bathing facilities and many boats and horse-drawn carriages to be hired out. But one of the chief delights of the place is to mingle with the fishermen, mending their nets on the beach. Another is to wander down the little streets through the village. There are also many picturesque walks just outside, through winding lanes, past orange and lemon groves.

The nights are warm and it is pleasant to go for a walk round the village and along the 'front'. The sea is alive with lights from the boats as the fishermen cast their nets into the sea.

Amalfi's pride and joy is a beautiful cathedral dating from the great days of the Republic. It is richly decorated in marble and many coloured mosaics. In the museum is the very first navigation code. This is the basis of all the present-day codes.

Amalfi is also an excellent centre for sightseeing in the area. There is a steamer service, operating from the jetty, calling at Capri and Naples. Pompeii and Herculaneum are only an hour away by the autobahn from

Salerno. Also just past Salerno is the ancient Greek settlement of Paestum. Nearer at hand are Ravello, a uniquely pretty village built on top of the cliffs above Amalfi, and the Emerald Grotto, which, according to the local inhabitants, is much more beautiful than the Blue Grotto of Capri.

I spent one of the most wonderful holidays of my life in this sun-drenched village on the picturesque peninsula and I strongly recommend it to any one who wants a holiday with a difference.

Vivien Alexander, 3A

SINGAPORE

Ships, ships, ships and more ships. All shapes and sizes, large, small, some with funnels, some with sails. But this seaport is different. It is not like Liverpool and Cardiff, dull and drab. This port has colour, blue sky, green water, white skyscrapers on the quayside, brown sails and brown faces, flocks of sampans herded together by puffing tugs.

The noise of this busy seaport almost drowns your own voice. Sirens, hooters, the scream of seagulls, shouts from the bum-boat traders and the blare of radios coming from the waterside cafés. Above all is the stink! It gets in your ears, eyes and nose. How well does "Stinkapore River" fit the Singapore River which flows into the harbour. It really 'pongs'! But Singapore is a free port and things are so cheap. From here rubber, tin, fruits of all kinds are exported all over the world. It is also a huge British naval-base and aircraft-carriers rock alongside Chinese junks. Yes, Singapore is noisy, cheap and it smells, but I love it!

M. McGarry, 1D.

TRIER

Trier is in the South of the Mosel Valley and is one of the most important districts for wine. Travelling down the valley we passed miles of grape vines which were to be this year's grape harvest.

Trier is an important town mainly for the fact that it is of Roman origin. It still boasts several Roman buildings. Upon crossing the bridge into the city we went under the well-known gate, Porta Negra.

The following day we devoted entirely to sightseeing. The first place we visited was the Porta Negra. Climbing up the steep steps to the top of the tower we could see the whole city, including the Dom, which we were to see presently. The great gate we were exploring at the moment had very thick black walls and, on the wall of the fifth floor, there was a plaque in Latin and a group of cherubs.

The Dom (Cathedral) was a rather grim building with a huge machine in the middle of the nave. This cathedral does not compare at all with Köln.

After this we walked over to the Imperial Thermae which was the heating system of an old Roman Castle. This was very interesting and we explored the cellars and the large kitchens.

Finally we went to the amphitheatre where we walked underground where the stores, etc., were kept. We then saw where the lions and men were 'kept'.

We left Trier the following day after a very interesting stay.

Susan Moon, 3B.

WHERE TIME STANDS STILL

Two years ago, on a weekend tour of Holland, we discovered the quaint medieval town of Kampen quite by accident.

It lies on the edge of the South East polder away from the main roads which go North to the *Afsluitdijk* dam. Standing high are the old rounded turreted towers of the typically Dutch fifteenth to sixteenth-century style, half timbered with high facades and overhanging decorative window sills, most of which were full of colourful plants. The Guildhall in the main street is a perfect example of medieval masonry. The town church looks down on the blaze of coloured canopies and umbrellas of the Saturday market and has a notably pleasant peal of bells which announce each hour with a merry tune. The shark seems to be a symbol of the town's coat of arms as we saw it on many signboards. What the meaning of the shark is we are still hoping to discover. The town still has the air of a fishing port, which it probably was until the *Zuider Zee* was drained in that area. There is a pleasant walk along by the canal and across the small footbridge.

It is not tourist ridden and there are very pleasant natural sights. The people are hospitable, easy-going and friendly. It is a town where time seems to have stood still. A perfect place for a peaceful few days really "away from it all".

John Wonnacott, 4D1

ECHTERNACH

A place to which I have been in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is the little holiday resort just inside the border of Luxembourg. Echternach, as the place is called, is in fact on the border. On one side of the border in Luxembourg is Echternach, on the other side in Germany is Echternacher-brücke. Echternach is an old village, typical of the German fashion. The village itself is not extremely large, but is just a small, lively little place.

The village has several new, modern buildings, but the old part of the village has still been kept, with its narrow cobble-stone roads lined with score upon score of souvenir shops. The village has a bank, several reasonable hotels and a marvellous fourteenth-century church.

The village's history dates back to the fourteenth-century, when the church was built. The intricate carving and design of it definitely identify it as Franco-German.

Other buildings in the village, such as the castle and old battlements, point to the fact that Germans used to live there.

Echternach has also various other attractions not far from the village itself. There is the big canyon, the old ruins of a manor, occupied once by a famous French baron, the magnificent waterfall and, down in the underground caves, the ancient relics of weapons, French, German and Belgian, which have been kept in good condition for hundreds of years.

Echternach receives about two hundred to two hundred and fifty tourists a week normally, rising to over five hundred per week in a peak period. At night in Echternach, bands play on the church porch to the hundreds of people who are living there. Processions, carnivals and parties are never a rarity in Echternach and the nights are nearly always mild and dry.

Echternach is well worth visiting and would quite satisfy all people, tourists and historians alike.

Brian Thompson, 5E.

INDIA

I was born in India and lived in Dehra Dun, a hill country. Then I moved to New Delhi where I lived in Police quarters with my parents.

The country is very hot and you wear hardly any warm clothes in the winter, and hardly any clothes at all in the summer. Sometimes it rains for weeks and weeks during the monsoons.

We had servants to do everything for us; one to cook, one to clean the house, and many to do other things. The laundry man comes once a week to collect the dirty clothes. He washes them, irons them and starches them, just the same as any laundry.

The shops are very grand, especially the ones which sell brass and silver-ware and the stalls which sell gaily-coloured cloth for making saris and other dresses. The shops also have plenty of Kashmiri-wear shawls, house-coats, evening coats, carpets and bedspreads.

The food is very good. There is a very large variety which can be had in many different places to suit everyone's pocket. The ice-cream is flavoured with lemon, strawberry, almond and *Khoa* (thick cream of the milk when it is boiled). Cakes are very creamy and the bread is very cheap — eight small loaves for one Rupee (1s. 6d.), and it is freshly baked daily. Lots of biscuits are made and they are very sweet.

The Asian Games are held in New Delhi and last usually for ten days. Competitors come from all parts of the World, and it was very grand to see all the gay colours.

The places of entertainment are the same as any big place: air-conditioned picture houses, football, hockey, cricket, swimming, etc. Parks and lawns are in their hundreds, and the roads are made of concrete and tar. There are all the facilities in the world there and very cheap. Everything one wants and every fashion from all over the world are available.

If anyone can afford it and wants a good experience, it is worth while going there. It takes three weeks by boat and three days by air. It costs one hundred pounds by boat according to your booking.

I would like to go back for a visit if I could.

R. Teasdale, 5E.

GIBRALTAR

The Rock of Gibraltar is a peninsula. It is less than three miles long and its width at the most is a mile. The area is just about two square miles or more.

Gibraltar joins Spain at the northern end as round about there they have an aerodrome. The Rock is nearly fourteen hundred feet high and on the south side it slopes to one hundred feet.

This place has a lot of galleries, caves and store-chambers. For the army who are serving out there, it is necessary to have barracks, N.A.A.F.I., hospitals, electric-power stations and reservoirs on the Rock.

Gibraltar has a very busy dockyard indeed. People from Spain, Tangier

and so on come to work in the dockyard. It has no big industries.

The houses are very close together and the streets are very narrow. Most of the streets are cobbled. The town is very busy indeed because you get people going about the streets selling fish, bread, flowers, etc. The shops take English money or Spanish money. A lot of the shop-owners are Indian or Portuguese.

It also was good fun going for walks up and down the hills and steps which sometimes were very steep. But if you visit Gibraltar, the first thing to notice at the top of the Rock are the apes, because they have their cage up there. They are quite harmless, because in the town are monkeys which don't touch you. The saying in Gibraltar is that if the monkeys weren't there, Gibraltar would not be there either. The monkeys go all the way to Africa when they die because they have a secret tunnel which nobody knows of it is believed.

Pat Christy, 3E.

Verse



THE IDEALIST

I am the person who tries
To right the wrongs in the world;
I am the person who cries
When humanity does wrong.

"To err is human," but to lift
Mankind from imperfection I have striven
And not succeeded. Has anyone that gift?
Though many have tried, only one may achieve.

Mock me not nor curse me
When things go wrong. It is my fate
To be sailing on a sea
Of eternal frustration and contempt.

I have tried to build a castle
In a slipping land,
I have found my fondest hopes
Based on sand.

Why do I always expect perfection
In an imperfect race?
And chase in eternal circles
At a deadly pace?

I will go to a new land, a land of zest,
To an offspring of the land of my birth,
For, though the Mother ages fast,
Yet the children grow in mirth.

Yolande Bristow, 5A.

(Awarded the first Haslam Prize for Verse)

AN INTOXICATING SLEIGH RIDE

While on a winter holiday
In Austria, we thought one day,
What fun 'twould be to take a ride
By sleigh far up the mountainside.
So father hired a sleigh, a horse,
A driver for them both, of course,
And off we went, as twilight fell,
Far up the snowy mountain dell;
Wrapped in rugs so snug were we,
Father, brother, mother and me;
We sped along, our faces tingling,
In the cold our sleigh bells jingling.
'Twas dark when to an inn we came
And found some friends who'd done the same,
And soon with laughter, wine and singing
We had the old inn's rafters ringing.
When we got up to leave we found
Our driver stumbling around;
He merrily lurched into the sleigh
And soon we four were on our way;
Our joy soon turned to wild alarm,
As our sleigh flew by each tiny farm.
'Slow up', we cried at last, but no
The sleigh fell over in the snow.
The moral of this tale of mine
Is — if you drive — don't drink wine.

Deborah Scott, 4B.

PROJECTS

Learning,
Anything,
Something,
Nothing at all,
Even when you're learning to crawl.
Crying,
Sighing,

Sulking so sombre
Over that word you couldn't remember.
Raring,
Flaring,
Flouncing ember,
With your uncontrollable temper.

Eager,
Quiet,
Not a squeak,
When in comes the teacher half asleep.

Murmuring,
Squirming,
No attention,
And out goes a cry of DETENTION.

Squawking,
Gawking,
Irking prefects
Adorn the corridors like bunches of defects.

When at last your education
Reaches its limitation,
Then you leave to face the future,
To work,
At anything,
Something,
Nothing at all!

John Wonnacott, 4D1.

I SPY FROM MY LITTLE STY

I stand in my sty and I look through the gate
At the farm and the road and the mill.
I'm told the world's as round as a plate
Though dotted with many a hill.

Now maybe one day I'll get out of my sty,
And roam through the world wide and round,
For somewhere, there must be, if only I try,
Much food on this plate to be found.

If I could just clamber over this wall,
(I'm sure my idea is a winner)
I'd eat the wide world, hills, houses and all
And make it one long, super dinner!

Gail Morgan, 3A.

THE FAITHFUL ROBIN

The moon was rising gently
Across the starlit sky,

The waters seemed to whisper
A gentle lullaby.
It whispered from the pearly caves
To fishes down below,
And suddenly, without a word,
The sky began to snow.

The soft, white flakes began to fall,
As leaves fall from a bough;
They floated down from heaven,
And kissed the ground below.
All creatures then began to praise
The wonderful works of God,
And robin came again once more,
His red breast all aglow.

Susan Lumsden, 2FX

THE KILL

The sun's rays beat upon the slumbering crags,
As the proud and purposeful stag stood guard
Upon the towering rocks, and the heather sags
Beneath the blinding haze of heat; he stands hard
Against the vague and wavering horizon.

But suddenly a distant horn is heard,
The stag stiffens sharply at the hateful sound.
Over a distant hill the joyful horses surged;
Intent upon the slaughter of the stag they wound
Amongst the hills and vales, to the terror of the stag.
He leapt with flowing grace to reach the flatter land,
The baying hounds had found his scent at last.
The riders splashed through an icy stream on to the sand
Along the river's bank; they went on fast,
Intent on nothing but the kill.

The stag fled on, heedless of the rousing cry
That ran behind, his breath came in a gust
Of gasping air, his powerful muscles pulsing. But why
Should this proud beast die in the hot dust?
The air grew cooler as the evening came at last.
Then this royal animal fell exhausted to the ground,
As twilight veiled the land, and bit the earth
In his wild, fearful agony; there came the eager sound
Of laughing men, the horses' hoofs thudding on the turf.
He died beneath the last rays of the setting sun.

The hounds have satisfied their hunger on his blood.
The huntsmen speak lightly of a good day's sport.
As they return, a joyful band, the clouds scud
By, crimson, gold, or silver, each one a different sort,
Passing the lake that once held the shadow of a stag.

P. Sanderson, 5A.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY

Monday was the cross-country,
The starter's gun went bang,
Number ten was near the end,
When the last-lap bell went clang.

The going's been rough,
With wind and rain,
Now several boys have had enough,
But number ten begins to gain.

It is now he makes his final burst,
There are three in sight at the bend;
Now down the straight, with added spurt,
He gains the lead at the end.

N. Carter, 3B.

THE CHESTNUT TREE

The fat, sticky buds of the chestnut tree,
The first sign of Spring for you and me,
Burst forth with leaves bright and green
Which to the eye are fresh and clean.

The flowers that grow so straight and free,
Like candles on a Christmas tree,
Give way to the cases prickly and round
Which ripen later and fall to the ground.

On impact the casing bursts its seams,
The children rush with joyful screams,
To gather the nuts which are lying there
And take them home for all to share.

K. Ball, 3C.

THE SWIMMING POOL

Green water, cold breeze, chlorine smell.
Splashing, happy children; laughter, bright colours.
Pretty costume; neat. Saw one in N.A.A.F.I. Flowery hat.
What a mess! I don't like it.
Hot path. Bothering insects. Prickly grass.
High, blue sky.
People with sun tans, loose hair. I bet hers is bleached.
Hot sun beating down on back. My freckles!
Cold water. Thin. Wet hair clinging to neck. It'll go all coarse.
I'll set it tonight. Kath'll probably use the curlers as usual.
Stinging eyes.
Shivering. Must swim.
Shouting people. Children playing ball.
I'm thirsty. Must have a coke. No, too fizzy. I'll get changed.

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Heavy costume. Warm towel round my shoulders.
A scream! A person pushed off second board.
Cool in changing room. Dark, quiet. Reminds me of that horror film on the pictures.
Muffled voices outside.
Small, poky changing cubicle. Wet floor. Dirty.
Warm clothes. My cardigan's crumpled!
Wonder what's for tea? I'm famished.
People coming in. I'll leave.
My hair! Wet, hanging, straight tangles.
Hers is all right. It's not fair.
Hot outdoors.
There's Kath.
I'd better hurry home, or I'll miss tea. I'm dead hungry.

Fiona Meiklejohn, 2A.

MODERN YOUTH

Why is modern youth despised
By the older men to-day?
Perhaps they're jealous of lost youth,
I really cannot say.

Why do they persecute and
Loathe our younger generation?
Why do they their high spirits
Mistake for ostentation?

They were the same, I do not doubt,
In their younger day,
Why can't they leave us all alone
And leave us to our play?

We do not ask for help,
Or even substantial pay,
All we ask of you
Is to let us go our way.

By G. Truscott.

THE LONDON FOG

The London fog is creeping
Closer to my feet;
The steamer's funnels bellowing
Along the riverside;
The Inn door is open,
For there the people meet,
And the road is hustled
And busy as the people ride.
The big clock chimes
The present hour,
And the underground train

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Goes rushing by:
And all that could be seen was
The luminous tower,
Shooting high and far
Into the sky.

Jennifer Murphy, 1F.

WONDERFUL LAND

From hilltops high the mists arise,
Drifting their way towards the skies.
An eagle screams from crag severe,
The dawn light shines, a day is near.
A river in the gorge sets pace
For waterfalls that curl like lace.
A nearby canyon towers above
The plain wild horses came to love.
The creatures are of coloured hue,
Palaminos, pintos too.
While water in the gorge is crashing,
On the plain the hooves are flashing.
My land is full of lovely things,
In woodland glades a song-bird sings.
From rocky crevice, rocky plants,
To some farm on a hillside slants.
A place so good and full of dreams,
And when the river bursts its seams
The spring-time comes into our lives,
And children walk in fours and fives.
The Heroes and the Golden Fleece
Are nothing to my land of peace.
A wondrous place of the very best,
It is a place to stay and rest.

Jean Fisher, 4C.

THE ENGINE

The engine is a big black thing
Which has a smoky funnel;
It has a front light
Which turns on at night
When going through a tunnel.
The train, it chugs along all night,
Past hedges and past mires,
It blows its horn and shines its light,
Past telegraph poles and wires.
There is a driver and a guard,
A steward and a watchman,
And when the train does leave the yard,
It becomes the Flying Scotsman.

M. Bampton, 2FX.



THE MARE

She stood, her noble head erect, the breeze caressed her mane,
The sunlight gleamed on her silky coat;
She whisked away, with her tail, a fly, and then again
She thrust her soft muzzle into the long grass.

Her head came quickly up again, she swiftly glanced around;
Her ears were pricked and her neck was arched.
She raised her head and sniffed the air, she must have heard a sound
Which upset the peace of the afternoon.

She stood for a while, but now nothing stirred except the breeze;
Then cautiously she resumed her meal,
And my heart was filled with peace to see the gently bowing trees
And the beautiful, little, chestnut mare.

Margaret Comfort, 3A.



PEACE

The golden-orange ball of fire
Sank down behind the hill,
The celestial glow of the old church spire
Which stood behind the mill
Was just a part of the country scene,
The scene of peace and goodwill.

The farmer ploughing the field nearby
Looked up to the fading sun,
And was glad, in his wise and tired old mind,
That he had the happiness he'd set out to find
And peace and love of a perfect kind,
As the sun sank down behind.

Jacqueline Howe, 3B.

BIRDS OF THE DAY

The Lark, the small bird of morn,
Sits upon the prickly thorn,
His voice so sweet, so loud, so clear,
Comes as a blessing to the listener's ear.
The Thrush, she sings like a child
That's gay, and sends sorrows far away;
Oh! What a gay bird is she,
That flies over land and flies over sea.
The Nightingale, the bird of night,
Sings in the moon's silvery light;
Ah, what would I give, to be like thee,
If I were, how happy I would be!

G. P. P. Taylor, 1FX.

THE BEGGAR CHILD

Clad in a tattered coat, on a chair
Sat the poor beggar child with a hopeless stare,
A stare of loneliness, of unwanted and despair,
Neglected, unloved and starved, he sat there.
Often he'd wandered from street to street
Begging and praying both ends would meet,
Passing the days with nothing to eat,
Trudging the gutters with aching feet.
Still young, his life is waning away,
He can only count hour by hour and pray,
Pray for a better life, an easier way
Than begging and scraping from day to day.
Perhaps when next you see in the town,
A poor beggar lad, with head bent down,
You'll give him a smile instead of a frown
And dig in your purse for the odd halferown.

S. Parker, 4C.

SAMMY THE SOAP

Sammy the Soap keeps still all day,
He never has a word to say;
But in the bath-tub every night,
Our Sammy is a different sight,
Splashing, splashing everywhere,
Sometimes here, sometimes there.

One day as Sammy was having a bath,
Slipping and sliding and having a laugh,
All of a sudden the plug was pulled out,
And poor old Sammy was pulled down the spout.

His wife was stood on the side of the bath,
And she saw him laugh his very last laugh.
She saw him vanish all in a whirl,
First his legs, then his fluffy white curls.

K. Fitzgerald, 2F.

THE FOOTBALL MATCH

The game was yet but still a draw,
The crowd was getting bored,
And then to everyone's surprise,
The centre-forward scored.

This gave more interest to the game,
The play was hard and fast,
The ball was moving to and fro,
And the crowd hoped it would last.

There was a man in the visiting team
Who began to use his brain;
He beat two men and had a shot,
And the teams were level again.

There were only five minutes left to go,
When a homeside forward was floored,
And from the free-kick then and there,
An inside forward scored.

Although the crowd was filled with glee,
After that the thrills were few,
Some spectators were going home,
When the final whistle blew.

Graham Goodwin, 3B.

AN AMERICAN IN ORBIT

In the spaceship lay John Glenn,
Waiting for the hour when
He would take off in his spaceship bound
To see if the earth is truly round.

Round and round and round again
In his spaceship went John Glenn;
Three times round went this ball of power
At seventeen thousand miles per hour.

Landing was the most difficult part,
This worried John Glenn from the start;
But the space-craft landed safe and sound,
He was home and happy on dry ground.

Peter Dabbs, 1C.

THE SEAGULLS

On a sunny Cornish beach,
Where people love to lie,
The seagulls with a screech
Swoop, hungry, from the sky.

They scavenge and they seek,
Then fly off with a prize
Clutched in jealous beak
Away from other eyes.

They glide, they wheel, they soar,
They quarrel in the air.
The people on the shore
Watch, unheeding the sun's glare.

Pamela Carr, 3A.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY

A little kitten went to play,
All on a summer's day;
He wandered far, he wandered wide,
All on a summer's day.

And one day I heard a cry,
All on a summer's day;
And I did see a sad little face,
All on a summer's day.

I took him home and brushed him,
All on a summer's day;
And there he lived for ever more,
All on a summer's day.

Pat Kennerley, 2D.

THE SEASIDE

The endless sands so smooth and gold,
The sea a greeny-blue;
The donkeys trotting up and down,
There's everything to do.

The band is playing on the pier
All tunes, new and old;
And on the beach there's busy trade,
Where sweets are being sold.

The Punch and Judy Show is there,
The children gather round;
They gaze at it with awestruck eyes,
And no one makes a sound.

All day long the children play,
And make a lot of noise;
But when night falls they go back home,
They're happy girls and boys.

Anne Gaunlett, 3B.

AUTUMN EVENING MEMORIES

When dank, wet streets did meet the eye,
And dripping leaves from branches hung;
There were my love and I,
In those sad days long dead and gone.

In shimmering moonlight, whispering breezes,
Wandered we, two hearts entwined,
Nostalgic memories regarded
With sorrow and good grace combined.

Now that those stirring days are over,
No more the joys in perfect life,
Emptiness now surrounds me
With bitter tears, eternal strife.

F. Meildejohn, 2A.

SUNSET

Sinks low the sun, long shadows form,
Drawing the curtain of day on the storm;
Nature is quiet, the wind now breathes low,
As life moves more slowly in the Westerly glow.

Gone is the sun and also the wind,
The storm is now quiet and kind;
Out of the velvety sky the stars
Now begin to cry with joy.

Susan Moon, 3B.

DEAD MAN'S BAY

The skulls lay upon the sand,
Rotting with decay;
So this was the No-man's land,
Far away in Dead-man's bay.

The sun beat mercilessly down,
And the men grew tired and weary;
But there was not a sound,
Only the shadows, silent, eerie.

For two whole days those men did stray,
But nothing could they find;
There was a spell upon Dead-man's bay
By the dead men left behind.

At last those men with weakness fell down,
And nothing could they say,
For they knew they would never be found,
And there they lie until this day
Amongst the skulls on Dead-man's bay.

Linda Smith, 2D.

ALONE

Everything has changed,
My fun is just a memory;
For now that everything has gone
There's no one left but me.

No mother left to greet me
When I turn from work to home;
No father by the fireside,
For I've been left alone.

Where is my dear old mother
And where are Dad and John?
And Joan and Lil and Grandad
Where are they? They're all gone.

I wish that I could see them
In this house once more;
Instead of laughter, all I hear
Is the creaking of the door.

No one could ever know
How much I am alone;
No friends have I at all,
Just the memories of my home.

Ann Marshall, 3B.

SUMMER DAY

Bright is the woodland,
Where sun-dappled trees
Dance to the tune of
A light-hearted breeze.

Ecstatic bird-song
Fills meadow and sky;
Cotton-wool cloudlets
Drift lazily by.

Butterflies sparkle
And flowers are gay;
Let us give thanks for
This beautiful day.

Lynda Barber, 1F.

THE CRICKET MATCH

The match of the season had now begun,
Under the scorching heat of the sun;
The people had come for miles around,
And now they watched without a sound.

The bowler began to pace the ground,
And then ran up with a leap and a bound;
The ball shot forth like a thunderbolt,
And hit the bat with a jarring jolt.

But this was only the beginning of the match,
And after a while he gave a catch.
When they eventually looked at the score,
They proudly declared at two hundred and four.

The opposing side didn't do so well,
They were sixteen for four at the closing bell;
But all agreed they'd enjoyed the fun
Of the hard-fought match beneath the sun.

M. Broughton, 3B.



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