

Denise Mae Donnell

love
lindsay

Q

Handwritten scribbles and cursive letters, possibly 'Q' and 'K'.

CO



RIER

Handwritten cursive letters, possibly 'K' and 'L'.

E

E

Handwritten cursive letters, possibly 'T' and 'P'.

N

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THE MAGAZINE OF
QUEEN'S SCHOOL

RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS
VOLUME 4 NUMBER 2 Feb. 1967

Denise Mae Donnell

To Denise,
Love,
Mo (Mawgan)

2A

To Darry,
lot of love,
From Fe-aw (Chris)

lots of love
D.P.
lots of love
D.P.
lots of love
D.P.

To Tigger (D)
from (hovel)
Roo (Su)

To Denise
with love
from
Christopher Robin (Gay)

K. & Viper

To Tigger (D)
Duc
Tigger (30)

~~J. Jumbo.~~
~~Marlene~~

To Denise
with all
my love
Marlene
Zepfeld

lots of love
Darry

General Editor: Mr. S. A. Balding
The Editor would like to thank Mr. Gilbert and the pupils of the
Commerce Department for their invaluable help
in the preparation of the text.

QUEEN'S COURIER

THE MAGAZINE
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QUEEN'S SCHOOL ●

RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY 1967

Editorial

Some months ago the "Times" devoted a leading article to School Magazines and came to no particularly startling conclusions. School Magazines, it pointed out, fell into three main classes: the straightforward chronicle, the chronicle-cum-literary production, and the light-hearted, rather self-consciously "with-it" effort which deliberately sets out not to deal with anything seriously. We seem to belong to the middle group and are therefore probably open to criticism by some of our readers for being "too square", although it is a fact that much of the present issue has been provided by distinctly "non-square" younger contributors.

What is the function of the Editorial in all this? Perhaps to conform with tradition simply by being there; possibly to draw attention to crying needs; maybe to utter pious thoughts of hope and high praise; or even, by blowing the academic trumpet, to sound a fanfare of success whilst discreetly muting the failures. (Incidentally, a "Rogues' Gallery" or "News of Infamous Old Pupils" might greatly increase the Courier's circulation).

Some editorials attempt to review the school year in a few lines; some to exhort by example, whilst a few seek to raise a knowledgeable laugh from the initiated reader, leaving the uninitiated out in the cold. Whatever we may attempt, one thing must be done: namely to convey our thanks and warmest good wishes to those friends, staff and pupils, who have now left us after giving much to our school. Elsewhere reference will be made to them. They have, we like to think, taken something of the spirit of the school with them, some small abstract recompense for all they gave. We wish them every happiness in their new life and assure them that this is written with great sincerity. At the same time, we welcome those who have newly joined us and hope that their time at Queen's will be a happy and profitable one.

Whoever has been a perceptive member of Queen's School cannot have failed to learn something of the value of high morale, goodwill and good-humour in overcoming material difficulties. And those of us who still serve here can enjoy, with those who have now left, a genuine sense of satisfaction in knowing that an expert outside assessment of the school expressed by Her Majesty's Inspectors last April reached the conclusion that the school has many positive achievements to its credit, and that the pupils as people can compare very favourably with the pupils of any good school at home.

So this editorial closes on a serious note. There are many things to be thankful for, and some things — as we hope the following pages may show — of which we can be justly proud.

Staff notes

During 1965/66 we said goodbye to several members of the staff, including three who had been with Queen's for nine years or more. The Deputy Head, Mr. J. W. Morgan, left to become Deputy Head of Totnes Comprehensive School. An appreciation of him is to be found elsewhere in this number. Mr. W. C. J. Francis also left to take up a Deputy Head's appointment, at Barnstaple. He joined Queen's School at its inception, having been with B.F.E.S. for some years already. In due course he was appointed Master-in-Charge of the Lower School, at a difficult time when the Lower School numbers topped five hundred. As Master-in-Charge, he established a good relationship with many parents and pupils. To him and his family we extend our thanks and best wishes for the future.

Miss D. I. L. Lancashire, who left us in April 1966 to take up the appointment of Senior Lecturer, Sittingbourne Training College, was head of the Mathematics Department at Queen's for many years. She played a full part in the life of the school and in B.F.E.S. Mess, making many friends among her colleagues on the staff and her pupils. She has already written to say that she would be pleased to see any friends en route for London from Dover.

Miss Audrey Williams also left Queen's at the end of the Summer Term after nine years, during which she had been in charge of the Commerce Department and a leading light in the musical life of the school. She is now teaching at Dagenham Technical College and would be glad to receive visits from former colleagues passing through that part of the world.

In addition to those mentioned above, we said goodbye to Miss J. Rhodes, Miss B. Walters, Mr. C. Gosling, Mr. H. Evans, Mr. F. Burkinshaw, Mr. H. Hough and Mr. P. Jenkins, all of whom had served the school in various capacities during their time with us. We wish them much happiness and success in the future and shall always be glad to have news of them.

We welcomed at the beginning of the Autumn Term 1966 the following new members of staff:

Mr. Geoffrey Gibbens, M.A. (Deputy Head)
Mr. G. Ward, M.A. (Biology)
Miss Margaret Sherwin (History and English)
Mr. P. Gilbert (Commercial Studies)
Miss P. E. D. Smedley (General Subjects)
Mr. F. C. Macklin, M.A. (Modern Languages)
Mr. H. Bishop (Technical Studies).

Mr. J. W. Morgan:

An Appreciation

Mr. James Morgan left the staff of Queen's School in July, 1966 to take up the deputy headship of Totnes Comprehensive School, Devon, in September. He had served Queen's School for twelve years, firstly as an Assistant Master, then as Master-in-Charge of the Lower School and for his last four years as Deputy Head; thus he knew Queen's School from its earliest stages and helped to guide its development to the present time.

It is difficult in a fairly short compass of space to pay an adequate tribute to the splendid contribution he made to the school. The first thought that occurs to me as I set out to write this appreciation is to imagine what fun he and I would have had in composing it together, for he was essentially a man of humour and companionship, and would have enjoyed the possibilities of the situation immensely. But to be more serious, I feel that one can best sum up his quality by saying that as Deputy Head he never swerved in his loyalty to the best interests of the school and at the same time never failed to command the warm affection and respect of staff and pupils. To succeed in this is no mean achievement and his success resulted from his integrity, his sense of justice and his goodwill.

The parts that he played in the life of the school were manifold. In addition to the normal run of duties, he would lecture with stimulating skill to the Sixth Forms, referee House matches, play rugger for the staff XV against the school to his own and others' endangerment, act in the staff revue, be a generous and thoughtful host and a provocative conversationalist; indeed he identified himself so fully with the life of the school community in and out of school time that there were few things which did not bear some touch of Jimmy.

I think he will always remember, as we shall, the standing ovation which the Upper School pupils gave him at his last Assembly of the Summer Term. It was a spontaneous gesture of appreciation and affection, the sort of unforgettable tribute which springs from warm hearts.

His wife, Joan, was held in equal affection and gave him splendid backing in all that he undertook. We shall not forget her generous hospitality and her genuine interest in the school.

We have happy news of the Morgan family in their new home and we know from them that visits by former colleagues would always be welcome. Also in the school, through his kindly gift, we are able to institute the Morgan Essay Prize for Sixth Formers, to be competed for during the Spring Term. (The first of these competitions will be held in January 1967).

To all the family we record our most sincere thanks and appreciation and send our very best wishes for the future. That they are greatly missed goes without saying, but it is good to know that they are happily settled and that J.W.M. is tackling a task worthy of his character and capabilities.

W. B. P. A.

Speech days

UPPER SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

26th MAY, 1966^{FW}

We were delighted to welcome as our Guests of Honour on Upper School Speech Day the new Commander-in-Chief, B.A.O.R., General Sir John Hackett and Lady Hackett. During his previous service in Germany, General Hackett had always interested himself in the work of B.F.E.S. and indeed had two daughters for some years at Prince Rupert School. Thus we knew that our Guest of Honour would be not only interested in the work of our school but also a keen and acute observer of all that he saw.

The day before Speech Day was spent in putting finishing touches to various exhibitions of work about the school and exhibitions of general interest in the Hall. Speech Day itself started when several members of the Services Board of Education and their wives arrived shortly before noon to be present to greet the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Hackett on their arrival. When the Guests of Honour arrived they were met at the main gate by the Headmaster, the Deputy Head, the Senior Mistress, the Bursar and the Head Prefects, and were then taken to the Headmaster's Study to meet Mrs. Aspinall and other guests. After touring the classroom exhibitions they returned to the Hall to see the exhibitions there and to meet the School Prefects. It was now time for lunch and the Headmaster set off to ensure that all arrangements were in order at the Officers' Club, only to find that his Guests of Honour had taken the opportunity of slipping away quietly for a moment to visit the Prefects in their trailer.

The Garrison Theatre, tastefully decorated, was full to overflowing for the afternoon ceremonies. Air Commodore P.G.D., Farr, O.B.E., D.F.C., the Air Officer (Admin.), R.A.F. Germany, who took the Chair, having welcomed General Sir John and Lady Hackett in the name of the Services Board of Education and the school, recounted some of the many military and academic distinctions gained by the Commander-in-Chief. He then went on to outline the main problems facing Queen's School, but added that in spite of its problems the school had many achievements to be proud of. The Headmaster was then asked to present his Annual Report. This, as in previous years, had been printed and was in the hands of all guests and members of the school, thus avoiding a recital of numerous statistical details, best presented in print. In his comments on his report the Headmaster referred to the fact that the year under review had been the best academically in the history of the school. He also took the opportunity of commending the goodwill of the staff and pupils which enabled the difficulties of a scattered school to be smoothly overcome, and which, among other things, had earned the commendation of Her Majesty's Inspectors during their full inspection in October 1965.

The Chairman then called on Lady Hackett to present the prizes, which she did with great charm. When the presentations had been completed General Sir John Hackett addressed the school.

It was, he said, a great pleasure for him and his wife to visit Queen's. He congratulated the pupils on the exhibitions of work, which he thought were of an extremely high standard. He then went on to encourage the parents to play a full part and take as much interest as possible in the life of the school, and urged them to establish a close and co-operative liaison with members of the staff.

He was also glad to have this opportunity of bidding farewell to Mr. H. E. Pacey, the Director, B.F.E.S., who was about to retire. Mr. Pacey had been his daughters' headmaster at Prince Rupert School and Lady Hackett and he were grateful to him for all that he had done for that school in particular and for the Service in general.

Addressing himself to the pupils, he spoke of the value of the many out-of-school activities which assist in a young person's education: the C.C.F., the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, Scouts and Guides and so forth. As a community living in Germany we were in an advantageous position to see much of Europe and to gain firsthand knowledge of many different countries. He urged them not to miss these chances.

The Commander-in-Chief finished his address by commending to the school the value of high morale, both personal and collective. High morale, he said, not only helps us to overcome our difficulties but also enables us to withstand stress, and to withstand stress in this modern and fast-moving society in which we live is becoming more and more important.

Wishing the school every success and good fortune in the future, Sir John asked the Headmaster to grant a half-holiday after the examinations were over. (This was enjoyed on July 15th).

The Deputy Head, Mr. J. W. Morgan, in an amusing speech, then proposed a vote of thanks to the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Hackett and to Air-Commodore Farr for taking the Chair. The Head Girl seconded the vote of thanks and the Head Boy called for three cheers for the Guests of Honour.

After the ceremonies in the Garrison Theatre, tea was served in the Upper School for parents, friends and pupils. The Commander-in-Chief and Lady Hackett were unable to join us for tea as they were due in London by 7 o'clock. (It is understood that the General, who was due to dine that evening with the Duke of Edinburgh, changed in his aircraft en route for Northolt. That he found time to attend our Speech Day was another mark of his interest in the work of the school, from which we derive pride and satisfaction).

And so another Speech Day closed — a memorable day in the history of the school and one which we hope will especially be remembered by those members of the staff and those senior pupils whose last Speech Day it was at Queen's.

LOWER SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

Lower School Speech Day was held on the 13th July 1966 in the Garrison Theatre.

We were pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Stark as our Guests of

Honour. Mr. Stark is Head of Chancery at the British Embassy in Bonn. Brigadier Evans, Chief Education Officer, acted as Chairman for the Prize Giving Ceremony.

In the morning our guests visited Lower School to see the exhibitions of work and showed a very real interest in the work on display.

At 2.30 p.m., the Lower School, Staff, Parents and Guests assembled in the Theatre. The Chairman, Brigadier Evans, opened the proceedings and introduced the Headmaster, Mr. Aspinall, and then the Master-in-Charge, Mr. Francis, who each gave a report of school progress in the previous academic year. Mrs. Stark then presented the prizes with a word for each child. Mr. Stark then addressed the assembly, directing his remarks mainly to his young audience. He stressed the need to be "with it" in the right sense.

The Senior Boy, Jonathan Hall, gave a vote of thanks to our guests and led the school in three cheers. After the ceremony the Guests of Honour, parents, teachers and pupils adjourned to Lower School for tea and to visit the exhibitions. A long day was made worthwhile by the interest shown and the praises proffered.

School journeys

TO THE LAND OF SHINAR

Petrol, drinking water, sump oil, gear oil, hydraulic fluid, distilled water, paraffin, methylated spirits, disinfectant . . . Deliberations, urgent rather than delicate, resulted in yet another cut in the number of toilet rolls. If there was to be any romance in our journey to the Bible Lands of Mesopotamia, it would certainly be well based in stern logistics. However, material preparations had not occupied us entirely. We were steeped in the history of Babylon and ready to advance theories on the vexed question of Abraham's sudden departure from Ur of the Chaldees. (Theologians might well consider Man's ancient grouse about the weather. Ur really is insufferably hot . . . !)

At last, complete in every detail, thanks once again to many expert friends in Army and Air Force, we paused briefly at the Garrison Church to say the Traveller's Psalm (the One Hundred and Twenty First) and to anticipate a great moment with the thought of the Psalm which follows:

"I was glad when they said unto me: we will go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand in thy gates: O Jerusalem."

for these were the words with which the Pilgrim of old rejoiced when he first glimpsed the towers of Jerusalem above the distant hills.

Our outward journey was rapid and uneventful except that our two-day stay in Istanbul was much assisted by Britain's victory in the World Cup.

As for the first part of our forty-day tour, spent in and around the Holy City, should any reader require details, we must murmur after St. Luke:

“The former treatise, O Theophilus . . .”

as much of the same ground was covered last year.

We did, however, add one particularly interesting visit to our previous tour: to Qumran, the monastery where the Dead Sea Scrolls were written and which may well have been the Mother House of John Baptist. We climbed to one of the caves and, back in Jerusalem, made a careful study of some of the precious finds in the Archaeological Museum.

Mention must also be made of Pontius Pilate's aqueduct, now so neglected as to be difficult to locate. We found an open end of the pipeline as we returned from Bethlehem. It was strange to reflect there that this aqueduct had a direct bearing on the death of Christ. Pilate had extorted money from the Temple to pay for the new water supply to Jerusalem. The High Priest therefore reported him — and not for the first time — to Caesar, who was displeased that his procurator had so roused one of the most difficult of the Provinces. Pilate dared not risk another imperial reprimand, not even to save an innocent man from crucifixion:

“If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend!”



We could not follow the aqueduct. It runs into Israeli territory.

Soon after this, we followed a modern pipe-line across the desert to Baghdad. Neglecting the seedy rest houses, 'H3' and 'H4', we drove through the night, ate a dawn breakfast, and got to our destination 'in one'. Shooting

stars, desert foxes and the rising sun were some of the rewards for strenuous travel. Best of all was the welcome given us by Padre Cook, Chaplain of St. George's. The Church Rooms — air-conditioned — were put at our disposal and Mrs. Cook's hospitality soon made the vicarage like a second home. With such a base, we were able to travel far in spite of temperatures which were at times almost overwhelming.

Our first expedition was suggested by the British chargé d'affaires whom we met at coffee after Morning Service. At dawn, next day, we set off for Samarra, on the Tigris, north of Baghdad.

Deep in the desert and far removed from the present course of the river, we found the ancient palace of the Caliphs with its dungeons and vast but thirsty bathing-pool. Vile, black bats hung thickly under the dark entrance; small scorpions lurked beneath the hot stones. Through the main gate we saw the fringes of the belt of greenery which marks the windings of the fickle Tigris. When the river moved away, the splendid settlement came quickly to dusty death. The great twin rivers have never been deified as the Nile has; men could not put their trust in them. A mile or so from the palace is the spiral minaret made famous on the dust covers of books on Islamic architecture. We climbed the dizzy, unprotected staircase and looked out from its cramped, exposed top over the vast court of the ruined mosque below and beyond to the golden dome of the mosque of Samarra. Everywhere else there was only desert. As we stepped daintily down the plunging steps which would lead us to the unprotected spiral, we admired the opportunism of the Arab gentleman who, from his tent in the sand, constantly kept the lofty place of prayer in his spy-glass. No tourist, gripped by vertigo, would haggle long with his rescuer in that sickening spot!

The next day we journeyed to Babylon, goal, originally, of the tour. It was something of a shock to see the name coldly printed on a road sign. It is a word redolent of the splendour and tragedy of a once-proud empire. *To the Jew of old, it spelt all the sorrow of life-long exile. It became an imprecation more bitterly hurled than the Curse of Cromwell.*

“O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery,
Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us;
Yea, happy shall he be that dasheth thy children against the stones!”

The most bitter of the exiles would surely be satisfied, could he see the incredible ruin of the city which once named itself, “The navel of the world”. True, Nebuchadrezzar's Summer Palace and his great Processional Way can still be clearly seen; and a temple to Ishtar, a Moon goddess, has been excavated at a level below that of the triumphal road. Because the king had caused it to be filled in to make way for his grandiose building scheme, the temple is startlingly well preserved. The strange beasts are still clearly coloured on the walls. But almost everything else, from the Tower of Babel to the amphitheatre of Alexander the Great, is utterly ruined.

By now, wash-day stared us in the face. We combined our chores with a ‘day off’ and in the afternoon visited the museum in Baghdad. It will not be open to the public until next year, but we were allowed to photograph the treasures as we wished. Woolley's wonderful finds from Ur of the Chaldees

made a journey to the home-town of Abraham inevitable. However, before we could set out to the Persian Gulf, we had several other expeditions already planned. And so, cleansed and renewed, we started, long before dawn, for the strange and lonely fortress set deep in the desert beyond the Holy City of Karbala. This time we were in convoy and under the expert guidance of Mr. Ronald Bailey, the British Acting Ambassador. We passed smartly through Karbala, for the warning was clear:

“Do not enter the Holy City unless fully veiled!”

The Vicarage young ladies who had joined us for the day were made to sit very lowly in the cars! The desert beyond the town was obviously familiar ground to our guide. None the less, we were glad to pull up near to the fortress of Ukhaidir when breakfast was proposed. Mr. Bailey's brake had hidden treasure. The menu is worthy of note:

Melon, bacon and eggs; bread, butter, marmalade; fruit; tea or coffee.

We turned to examine the fortress, built about 720A.D. by one Isa, heir to the Caliphate. By horrible cruelties he was made to renounce his claim. The embittered man built for himself the immense retreat before us. He seldom appeared in public and then he remained silent. We walked round the high ramparts and stood in Isa's private mosque. We were oppressed by his story. However, our host gladdened us before we left by what can only be described as his *pièce-de-résistance* — cold, cold, beer from his vast ice-box!

Space does not allow a detailed account of Ctesiphon, famous for its ruined palace with the largest unsupported brick arch in the world; nor of the short stay we made with the Marsh Arabs near Amara on our way to the Gulf. Their reed houses and boats have remained unchanged over seven thousand years. A model of a boat found in a grave at Ur is identical with the craft in which we sat so unsteadily — to the delight of our simple and friendly hosts. Their way of life — old as History — will disappear soon, when the marshes are drained. Reluctantly we left and pushed on to Basra. Our perspiration in the incredible humidity would have defied the nicest euphemisms of Victorian etiquette!

The Shatt al Arab marked the turning point for home. At once we were faced with a hundred miles of desert before we could reach Ur; and we very quickly appreciated the vehement signals made to us to turn back as we left the town. The rough track soon became indistinct; the widely-spaced markers (petrol drums) disappeared. A mile or two further and we were turned from the single-track railway by a polite but adamant desert patrol. Moreover they had a Bren gun. We pressed on, thankful for a good map and our car compass. The track became so deeply rutted that the Citroen suspension, even at its full height, could scarcely clear the ground. Narrowly we escaped the clinging embrace of salt flats. Hulks of rotting camels lay in the sand. Their ribs gleamed under the merciless sun. One of the boys collected a white, sneering skull and cheerfully remarked that the vultures seemed to be following the car! It was an age before we escaped over a crazy reed bridge and found that we were within a few miles of the ziggurat of Ur. And though we were very tired and with many miles of rough track

between us and Baghdad, we determined to take a close look at the famous mound.

The great ziggurat, excellently preserved except for its topmost stage, remains much as Abraham must have known it and as it had stood for hundreds of years before the Patriarch's day. The man-made "Mountain of God" is almost completely protected by its original casing of burnt bricks heavily bonded with pitch. This was the focal point of the capital of the Sumerian empire. Such was the importance of Ur, two thousand years before Christ. From here, the archetype of all Pilgrim Fathers set out to build a new life for his family. The centralising despotism of Hammurabi was more than the thinly-urbanised nomads could take. The story was to reach its fulfilment in a stable-cave at Bethlehem.

It was almost dark when we finally exchanged the ghastly track for smooth tarmac. We decided that a rest and much tea was the proper course and so we turned aside and ran into the town of Nasiriya. Here we had our only unpleasant encounter. A seedy fellow produced some sort of a card to prove he was "a secret man" and attempted to bully us into a confession that we were "spy-engineers". Self-inflation has its limits and we were able to help our friend to discover his, fairly quickly. We then went for our tea.

Back in the Vicarage about one a.m. we found anxious messages from Basra asking after our safety. Had we cleared the desert? This was kind and, we felt, most careful hospitality. We were also told that cholera had broken out and that Nasiriya was the centre of the outbreak.

The Chaplain preached at Matins later that morning, and towards evening, when the sun had lost some of its vehemence, we set out on our return to Jerusalem. At the Jordan border we were halted and ordered to stay in the 'cholera isolation camp' there in the midst of the desert. Food of very basic sort was issued by the army but at first there were no tents or any amenities. There were some six hundred captive travellers from Kuwait, Iraq, and Persia. We rapidly made friends and, being amply provisioned, were able to dispense hospitality. The Jordanian authorities quickly got the situation under control and a well ordered camp sprang up in the sand. We were shown every kindness. The writer would set on record his admiration for the way the Queen's School boys — some of them very young and all of them very tired — behaved under extremely trying conditions. Adult veterans could not have done better. They deservedly earned a good name.

Our release, when it came, was sudden. We fairly swept through the desert on the night-long run to Jerusalem. It was a weary, nay, filthy, group which brought the Headmaster of St. George's from his six a.m. shave. Drinks and showers were immediately laid on and our host gave his bedrooms over to bodies dead to the world. Then came an exquisite breakfast in the Cathedral refectory with a kindly servitor bringing up massive reinforcements of crisp rolls, fresh butter and pots of coffee. For a while we rested in the Archbishop's lovely garden. Then we serviced and thoroughly cleaned the trailer and car and thankfully accepted an invitation to go over to the Cathedral for lunch. It was a transformed party which set out for a final shopping spree in the Old City.

Forty-eight hours later we were running into Istanbul; four days later we were turning into Queen's School. In spite of set-backs we had kept our pre-arranged day and hour of return. Indeed we had five minutes to spare. Relations and friends will not take it amiss that we record our delight at the refreshments served by no less a hand than the Headmaster's. It seemed to us to be a sort of vote of confidence! However, there are a lot of risky possibilities in nine thousand miles; and "non nobis, Domine!" is the only fitting conclusion to the adventure.

C. S.

5C/D TRIP TO ARNHEM

At precisely nine o'clock the Mercedes coach drew up outside Queen's and 5C/D scrambled on to it, not just to obtain a good seat, but to hide from passing members of staff who might not approve of their "school uniform".

Inquisitive and envious eyes peered from school windows as the coach started off at ten minutes past nine. Mr. Baker and Mr. Burkinshaw accompanied us on the trip.

Excited chatter and laughter drowned the singing from the radio. "How far is it?" "When are we going to arrive?" "What's it like?"

The coach was comfortable and the journey therefore smooth. We flashed by Krefeld, Duisberg and Wesel, and stopped at the Emmerich frontier-post a little before midday, for the exchange of currency.

The coach joined the Emmerich/Haag Autobahn, and arrived, about twenty minutes later, at Arnhem, outside the Openlucht Museum.

No less than a minute after Mr. Baker had photographed us standing outside the entrance, the heavens opened and down came the rain which unfortunately persisted throughout our visit. After we had scrambled back on to the coach, we were told that we had exactly two hours to see the museum, and must be back outside the entrance at twenty minutes past two.

Since there appeared to be no break in the weather, we took our guide book, which was unfortunately written in German, and walked in the heavy rain through the wooded paths to the bottom of the hill. We discarded the Guide book and preferred to merely wander here and there without the signs and numbers to confuse us.

As I recollect, Elizabeth and myself visited the flax-oven first, and saw, in the gloomy darkness of the thatched house, a selection of flax yarns, weaving looms and a couple of spindles. The house was probably built in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and the coffee tables with cups and pots were positioned in much the same way as they might have been one or two hundred years ago.

We visited many village houses, all of which were typical of that time, with old-fashioned furniture, poky bedrooms, quaint cradles and brass pots. After visiting the paper mill, the village bank and workshops we took a particular interest in the communal wash-house, which was exceedingly large, and contained huge washing boards, tubs and a water-wheel.

As we wandered around the paths, we sighted a long shack amongst

the beechwoods, and on nearing this found two rows of old-fashioned wagons and stage-coaches. Although these wagons were quite neglected, we were fascinated by the various styles of that period.

Further over to the right, through the beech woods, was a hospital and grounds, where nurses were seen wheeling convalescents.

Since we had little time left, we walked briskly back to the main area and visited what was obviously then a small fishing community, centred around a few small lakes. Two windmills stood beside the lake, but we were unable to go inside them since the doors were locked.

At the back of some cottages were the stables and yard where a cart was kept.

We managed to see the sheds where clogs and handicrafts were made — a shed which so many people probably overlooked. Clogs, clippings of wood and sawdust were scattered over the floor.

The rain was becoming increasingly heavier, so we ran the shelter of the coach. It was not long before everyone had returned. We ate our packed lunch, and after a few minutes drive, the coach pulled up outside the zoo. The entrance was adjacent to a souvenir shop, but we decided not to linger, but look at the gaily-coloured birds and parrots which were chained to their perches.

The zoo was the largest I have seen, and included many animals not seen in the smaller zoos.

The chimpanzees were the main attraction and one performed an act, which proved quite hilarious. One zebra had a good bite from Terry-Lyn's finger when she held out her hand to feed it, but apart from that incident, we had no further mishaps. The flamingos stood sedately, their fresh pink colours reflecting in the clear shallow water. The peacocks, although they did not fan out their tails, had a multitude of bright colours. The elephants appeared to be enjoying the presence of the sightseers, and ate anything from banana skins to small pieces of bread.

Since it was raining practically the whole one and a half hours we were at the zoo, many of the animals did not exactly look exciting; but droopy and forlorn.

We met at five o'clock at the entrance, and once again boarded the coach to return to Rheindahlen. Although the rain had now ceased, the sky was still very overcast.

The coach took a slightly different route on the return journey, which was shorter. We arrived back outside at a quarter past seven.

I personally preferred the museum to the zoo, probably because of its historical background. Everybody appears to have enjoyed the trips, despite the appalling weather.

Lesley Hammond 5C

The school play

“THE IMAGINARY INVALID”

(Molière - English adaptation by Miles Malleon)

I must confess that upon being forcibly invited to attend a performance of the School Play, with the object of writing a report on it, I wondered whether an adaptation of a French play would really suit the School's resources. I need not have worried, as it turned out, since I found this production the most enjoyable of the three I have seen here and this seems to have been the general impression. Thus, I am now spared the difficult feat of writing this report with my tongue in my cheek — always an uncomfortable process.

And the main actors were pleasingly adequate for their task — in fact, very much more than adequate, since they acted their parts with conviction and gusto. This being so, it was not long before these infectious influences were transmitted to the audience, who forgot to notice any initial nervousness or to worry about possible mishaps, and settled down to enjoy themselves.

The mysteries of the human body, especially those associated with comfort in the lower regions, have not lost their appeal over the centuries and it was soon apparent that the audience was in a mood to appreciate the tender relish with which abdominal medicines were elaborated — not that the basic ingredients seemed so very unfamiliar, but then that was part of the charm. The acting, wisely too, was very decisive and uninhibited — wisely, if disturbingly, so, since this sort of humour, though it stems not from the heart, was never meant to be treated with timidity.

The central character, Monsieur Argan, hardly ever leaves the stage (“except upon compulsion” and the promptings of dramatic convenience), and Michael Thursfield saw to it that his presence and anatomical complications were never overshadowed throughout the entire action. They say that Molière himself once acted the part of Argan with such conviction that he convinced himself and departed this life. Dedication of this nature we do not insist upon at Queen's; nevertheless we were well pleased with Michael Thursfield.

Elizabeth Matten, as Béline, Argan's wife, was so well cast for the part, that her ominous marital solicitousness drew deep chuckles of mature appreciation from various parts of the auditorium — no doubt, from gentlemen unattended by their ladies. One can only hope that Elizabeth was really acting.

Of course, we expected Sheila Stride to be impressive — all the staff, I am sure, know what a convincing actress she can be at times. But, on the night of my attendance, any natural inclinations towards the character and sentiments of Toinette, the worldly-wise, easy-going maid and nurse, were enhanced by a hoarse and somewhat unladylike tone of voice such as we always find in those classes who have had to shout from childhood to make



their presences felt. Apparently, this voice was only the result of over-exertion in previous performances — but it completed the picture.

Much merriment was occasioned by the obtusities of Clifford Paskell, as the son of Dr. Diaforus, and the erudition of Rolfe Wainwright (alias Dr. Chasuble), as the Doctor himself. What a terrible reminder of the monstrosities of premature specialisation in education! Other learned opinions were delivered by Desmond Phillips, as Monsieur Bonnefoy (a lawyer), Michael Swaddling as the Apothecary, and John Youdell, as Dr. Purgon, whose name seemed somehow so profoundly symbolic. How little the Medical profession has really changed — one almost ventured to think.

Common sense, without premature specialisation, was provided by Simon Hardman-Mountford, as Argan's brother, and Anne Chapman, as Argan's younger daughter, effectively demonstrated the efficacy of female howls in the general deception of the nobler sex. One realises what little chance Argan ever had of ruling his household, surrounded as he was by females like this.

The Romantic Interest, which so far, out of natural shyness, I have failed to mention, was personified by Pauline Rowland, as Angelica, and Angus Black, as her lover, Cléante. With these two, there was an unexpected bonus of delight in the shape of a duet at harpsichord which was not just an incident but a substantial musical interlude. This really was charming and the standard of singing indicated what preparations had gone into it. At first sight, the harpsichord appeared to be of a revolutionary type operated by the pressing of a few knobs; but to the more informed and experienced observer, it was soon apparent that a magical, if anachronistical, Georgian influence was at work in the unmistakable shape of our revered Director of Music, Mr. Wainwright. I was soon able, in fact, to identify his boots as, with demoniac skill and the aid of a tuning fork, he played the harpsichord from the inside.

It appears that Mr. Wainwright (not to be confused with Dr. Diaforus, or Dr. Chasuble for that matter) was also responsible for composing, arranging or playing, in one manifestation or another, the very charming music which was such a feature of this production. Even for a true connoisseur, it was sometimes difficult to distinguish this music from that of Messrs. Vivaldi, Haydn, and Bach (non Staff-members) — and if that isn't a compliment, I don't know what is!

There were many others, of course, who helped to make this play such a triumph of enthusiastic co-operation — those concerned with properties, make-up, lighting, and all the other niceties of production. Then, too, there was Mr. Balding, who unburdens himself of his dramatic load, about this time every year. It must have been pleasant to enjoy the success of this production as the ulcers acquired in the initial stages slowly healed.

The question now is what to do next year. Surely, somewhere there is a playwright worthy of writing for the School another play to outshine this one.

“Alas, poor Yorick!”

H. J. H.

House reports

CORNWALL HOUSE

In the 1965-66 Football and Basketball season games were hard fought and we shared the Basketball Trophy with Gloucester. The Inter-House Cross Country Race was of photographic interest to many Staff who chose a position close to the water jump, which was quickly changed to a mud splash; but when the competitors had showered and could be identified it was announced that we had won the Standards Trophy.

The Athletics was contested all the way, but we lacked the number of top performers necessary to win such an event and finally finished third.

The Swimming Gala started with the Lower School events and the seniors had the chance to cheer and encourage our younger members, who responded so well that the seniors started off with a clear lead. Although there were some very good performances, sheer bad luck cost us outright victory and we had to take second place.

The senior girls played some good games of Tennis and won the Trophy.

The standard of Cricket was good and although some of the batsmen's strokes were difficult to classify the final result of second position was pleasing.

From September this year we have played some very good games of Netball, Football and Basketball, the results of which are shown below:

Ist. Girls Intermediate Netball
Ist. Girls Senior Netball

Ist. Boys Combined Intermediate and Senior Basketball
Ist. Boys Intermediate Football

Without doubt the most outstanding win of all was the **WORK TROPHY** to which every single House Member contributed.

We would like to thank the House Staff who have taken such a keen interest and spent a great deal of time and effort in coaching and encouraging us so much, enabling us to regain some cups for our display shelf.

*B. Stallwood
G. Barton.*

EDINBURGH HOUSE

The past year has not proved to be an outstanding one for Edinburgh House, but we did succeed in winning the Hockey Cup and credit must be given to Lesley Hall, Janet Howell and Pat Todd on being awarded their Hockey colours.

There has been a great improvement generally this year in support for Basketball and Football, and Edinburgh won the shooting competition for the fourth successive year.

The loss of Mike Barrett as cricket captain has been a blow to the house, but he was ably replaced by Angus Black.

Edinburgh unfortunately lost the athletics championships this year by

eight points and was third in the Inter-House swimming, proving that Edinburgh is not yet a 'swimming house'. On the girls' side, swimming colours were awarded to Carol Hawkesworth, Sue Tucker and Sue Harris and Athletics colours to Kate Black and Moira Barrett. On the boys' side Black and Roberts gained three colours each.

Support for the house in these events has been good and praise must be given to all who took part and played well for the house.

Finally we offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Arthurson on his appointment as Master-in-Charge of the Lower School and wish to thank him for all the work he did as Housemaster of Edinburgh House.

L. Brent.

J. Downes.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

For the boys the past twelve months have been highly successful for Gloucester both on and off the field of sport. The Senior Football team, under the captaincy of Alan Davis, started the ball rolling by winning the competition, after losing the first match by four goals to nil. The Intermediate team, captained by John Legry, were even more successful achieving an unbeaten record. This was followed by the further achievement of winning the Senior and Intermediate Basketball and Cricket competitions.

For the girls, this year saw hard work by the playing members of the house; but the efforts in the Netball Tournament were disappointing. In the other sports, however, we had reasonable success, which included in the Summer Term a win in the Senior Tennis Tournament. This was achieved with the full support of everyone. In the Hockey Tournament which was held in the Spring Term, we came second to Edinburgh House, after a very exciting match to decide the winners of the trophy. Gloucester House owes thanks to Ann Morgan for her guidance to both the Hockey and Swimming Teams.

The Summer term gave more scope for all members of the House in the Swimming and Athletics Competitions. After a very close competition we came second to Edinburgh by the narrowest of margins in the Swimming. This result was rectified when after the Athletics Standards Trophy, further success followed in the Inter-House Athletics Tournament.

But, perhaps, our greatest achievement was attained off the sports field. One year ago a reference was made in the previous Gloucester report to our dismal failure in relation to the Work Trophy, and the need to pull up our socks to remove the stain on the Gloucester records. We can now proudly say that this has been achieved — the Work Trophy is ours at last, and we hope it will remain that way.

The departure of Miss Rhodes, the House Mistress, was a great disappointment to the House, but we all wish to welcome Miss Bradley to Gloucester House, and hope she will not be disappointed with our efforts during the coming year.

To sum up, this has been a year of considerable achievement by Gloucester House, achievement which has stemmed from the efforts of the

House as a whole, and not a few individuals. If this team spirit continues throughout 1966/67 it could be equally successful.

*Penny Delves
Terry Wright*

KENT HOUSE

The last year has been very pleasing for the increase in enthusiasm and general support that the House has given to all the activities. We have not proved very successful in our contests except for the one outstanding achievement in winning the Swimming Gala. The team, both girls and boys, put everything into their effort and despite tough opposition deservedly won the Gala. Gaynor Millar, Linda Pitts and Beverly Clemo and all the boys team were awarded colours.

We were sorry to lose our House Captain, Philip Letts, at the end of the 1965 Summer term. He served the House extremely well. We wish him every success in the future. Graham Goodwin was elected for the next year and in turn has been succeeded by John Sleep.

The Girls' netball teams have played well and came second in their contests. The hockey team was enthusiastic but only managed third place.

The 1966 Autumn term has been one of continued good support providing plenty of enthusiastic players for all our activities. We look forward to success in the coming year and to the continued support of our House members, both players and spectators.

*J. S.
P. G.*

COLOURS AWARDED

Girls. *Netball:* L. Pitts, J. Norris, J. Hall, B. Clemo.

Hockey: S. Bance, E. Wake.

Athletics: G. Neale, J. Prescod, A. Chapman.

Swimming: G. Millar, P. Pitts, B. Clemo.

Tennis: J. Palmer.

Boys. *Athletics:* M. Braithwaite, J. Sleep, H. Almond, M. Dengate, S. Milne, W. Allison, P. Burrows, M. Fliederbaum.

Basketball: P. Letts, G. Goodwin, A. Smith, K. Wells, M. Dengate, J. Coote, A. Rowe, Williams.

Football: P. Letts, G. Goodwin, A. Smith, A. Harmer, M. Dengate, J. Coote, L. Norton.

Cross-Country: P. Letts, K. Atherton, A. Smith, P. Smith, W. Allison, Rowe, J. Coote.

Cricket: P. Burrows, P. Gladman, R. Kathuria, M. Dengate, A. Rowe, H. Almond, C. Almond, A. Smith, G. Goodwin, Rogers.

Swimming: All the team - P. Gladman, D. Postance, S. Milne, P. Burrows, J. Sleep, M. Braithwaite.

EDINBURGH HOUSE, LOWER SCHOOL

The football team this year started off on the weak side, taking a heavy defeat. Since this initial game there has been more success with the influx of newcomers into the House and team. We have, however, lost our House Captain and School under 13s footballer, Ian Neish. This position is now occupied by Stephen Ramsay, who also plays for the school XI while Julian Mathew is vice-captain. We look forward to keener competitions in the coming term.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE, LOWER SCHOOL

At the beginning of the Autumn Term, the following office-bearers were elected: —

House Captain:	Susan Williamson	(2B)
Netball Captain:	Angeline Ross	(2B)
Hockey Captain	Heather Hamilton	(2D)

The main House event of the term has been the Netball Cup tournament, in which Gloucester House was successful.

Results

Gloucester v. Kent	10—3
Gloucester v. Cornwall	7—2
Gloucester v. Edinburgh	10—6

Our regular players were Angline Ross (C): Susanne Windmill (W.A.): Carol Gibson (W.D.): Ann Kears (G.D.): Pamela Tull (G.K.): Heather Hamilton (G.A.): Marian Barrett (G.S.): Andrea Hoepelman (W.A.) also played.

Gloucester girls were well represented in the Under 13 School Netball Team.

The enthusiasm of our netball players has been well rewarded this term; and we hope to find as many interested players and spectators for the forthcoming hockey and rounders matches.

I. J. Greig

SPORT

THE 5TH INTER-SCHOOL INDIVIDUAL ATHLETIC AND SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

ATHLETICS held at the R.A.F. track, Rheindahlen on 4th July, and SWIMMING at the Garrison Swimming Pool on 5th July.

This year these Championships were held. That in itself was an achievement as there were 130 boy and girl visitors to be boarded out. Thanks to the very hard work of Miss Joan Cates and Mr. D. Simpson, who were in charge of boarding, and the many kind friends of the school who acted as hosts we were able once again to stage a successful meeting.

ATHLETICS

Queen's School entries:

The following boys and girls obtained a 'standard' which entitled them to enter the Championships at Intermediate or Senior level.

Kate Black	Javelin
Janet Osborne	Long Jump, 100 metres, 150 yards Relay
Gaynor Miller	Discus
Ann Morgan	100 metres, Relay
Jennifer Downes	100 and 200 metres, Relay
Jean Braithwaite	100 metres, Relay
Anne Chapman	Relay
Diane Wood	Relay
Gillian Ford	Relay
Patricia Todd	Relay
M. Roberts	1500 metres
K. Rosebery	High Jump, Long Jump
J. Read	High Jump, 800 and 400 metres, Relay
P. Bawden	Triple Jump, 800 metres, Relay
C. Drescher	Triple Jump, 100 metres, 200 metres, Relay
S. Wiggins	Triple Jump, Long Jump
G. Barton	Long Jump, 100 metres, Relay
T. Wright	Long Jump, High Jump, 400 metres, Relay
J. Elliott	100 metres, 200 metres, Relay
A. Black	High Jump
P. Jones	1500 and 400 metres, Relay
C. Kirby	Relay

Among some notable performances produced at this Meeting were those of: Jennifer Downes who set a new record at 28.1 secs. for the Senior Girls 200 metres; and John Read who set a new Intermediate Boys' High Jump record of 5ft. 5 ins. Peter Jones, Michael Roberts and Terry Wright also won their events. Jennifer Downes and Janet Osborne had the added distinction of "double firsts."

Queen's School competitors in all collected 8 Championship First places and 10 Second places. There was a total of 42 events with competitors from 8 secondary schools.

Once again we should like to thank the Commanding Officer of Royal Air Force Rheindahlen for his help in arranging such a Meeting and also Flt. Lt. A. C. McWilliam and his Staff, without whose help, so freely given, this Meeting would have been almost condemned to failure.

P. E. Dept.

SWIMMING

The following boys and girls of Queen's School obtained the best 'standard' which entitled them to be the School representative in these Championships.

L. Brent	— Relay
J. Sleep	— Relay
P. Jones	— Relay, Breast Stroke
M. Ross	— Back Crawl
A. Cross	— Diving
D. Borton	— 100m. Crawl
J. Stallwood	— Breast Stroke
K. Rosebery	— Butterfly
Barbara Bulbeck	— 100 m. Crawl
Ann Morgan	— Breast Stroke
Audrey Fletcher	— Diving and Front Crawl
Kate Black	— Back Crawl
Sheila Stride	— Relay
Ilsa Taylor	— Relay
Gaynor Miller	— Relay

Generally this was not a 'vintage' year for Queen's swimmers. Only two swimmers gained first place in their event. Audrey Fletcher won the Girls' Diving Event (which has now been won in every year by a Queen's School diver) and David Borton won the Boys' 100 metres Breast Stroke.

Although the individual performances were not so good, the over-all depth of ability in the School was apparent when the Girls' 4 x 50 m. Freestyle Relay team won their event by a clear two seconds and were followed immediately by the Boys' 4 x 50 m. Freestyle Relay team, who, not to be outshone by their feminine counterparts, not only won their event but also broke the Championship record, being timed in at 2 mins. 5.9 secs. — taking 1 second off the previous time.

Illustrating this depth of ability further is the fact that seven of our competitors came second in their event, so that Queen's School competitors gained 11 first or second places from 16 events. Not a vintage year, but a healthy state of school swimming.

Perhaps, we hope, there might be a 'winning' personality swimming in Queen's School colours at our next Meeting in 1967.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Garrison Commander, Colonel P. A. Porteous, V.C., for his help and encouragement with this meeting and throughout the year, and also Capt. R. Wynne and C.S.M.I. R. Bissom who, with their almost inexhaustible patience, and kindness, devote many hours to helping the many hundreds of Queen's School pupils make full and good use of the Garrison Sports facilities.

David J. Nicholls,

for Queen's School P.E. Dept.

1966 SWIMMING

The 1966 summer term was even more crowded than usual. There is always much emphasis on swimming — we make full use of facilities offered by the excellent garrison pool, and we are most grateful to the Garrison Sports Officer for those facilities, his help and constant interest.

In class, the usual B.F.E.S. certificates were attempted, ranging from learner (1) to a fairly advanced and rigorous test (4). 182 certificates were awarded 43 (1), 50 (2), 62 (3), 27 (4).

There is a swimming club, quite apart from racing training schedules, aimed at the competent swimmer, in which the aim is to teach survival. Hard work, difficult swims, lifesaving techniques, and watermanship are taught, aiming at Royal Lifesaving, and Amateur Swimming Association examinations.

Unfortunately the club could only meet four times during the whole of the summer term. This cut out any chance of Royal Lifesaving awards, but by generous 'overtime' granted by the Sports Officer, many took and passed A.S.A. Personal Survival examinations. These involve much stamina and skill, and all those successful are to be congratulated. There is always next year for those who were not quite strong enough. 17 children gained the Gold award, and 6 the Silver. This was after minimal training, and much courage was shown by some very tired swimmers during these examinations.

1966 BASKETBALL

Thanks to the co-operation and encouragement of the local basketball organisation, we had once more a full and interesting season.

We were again invited to take part in the Rheindahlen Garrison league, and later the Cup competition. The team spirit was very good — many people with transport difficulties put themselves out to ensure regular training and strong turnout. This is an encouraging attitude, and was the

success it deserved. The team were runners-up in the league, and reached the final of the cup competition. This latter competition was run on a handicap basis. The handicappers are to be congratulated — the final was a most exciting affair; our supporters really enjoyed themselves, and the match-long suspense took years off the lives of the Queen's coaches sitting on the team bench. In the last minute, our opponents scored the fatal goal, and we lost by a single point.

In the inter-schools tournament, the team were unlucky not to gain more success, but were by no means disgraced. They thoroughly enjoyed the whole weekend, and learned a lot by watching a better team. Queen's beat Gloucester School, but were defeated by Hamm and P.R.S. The match against King's School is always eagerly awaited, by teams and coaches alike. As ever, it was a lively and enjoyable game — in doubt until the final minute, when King's scored the vital goal. We have promised revenge next year!

We are in great debt to the staff of the Army Gymnasium for their encouragement and facilities granted so freely throughout the winter — this has revitalised basketball in Queen's School, and promises well for next season. We expect much success from our new players and new coach!!!!

1st XI SOCCER - 1966

The 1st XI football team had a rather short and eventful season this year. We started off by displaying our skills against the School Staff, always a very controversial game. The boys appeared at the end of the match victorious with a narrow win of 2 goals to 1; although a score of 5—1 would have been a more accurate assessment (— in favour of the staff! Editor.)

In our following fixture we were paired with a team with a somewhat higher soccer standing, the R.A.F. Rheindahlen XI. We fell to a 6—1 defeat. Although Queen's played well and enthusiastically the superior skill and experience on our opponents' part counteracted our eagerness. Weert School from Holland were our next opponents and proved to be a very well-drilled and experienced team. This turned out to be an exciting game with Queen's doing much of the attacking. The Queen's School team played above themselves on the day but nevertheless were well beaten by 4 goals to 2. We all look forward to our next meeting with Weert School when I am sure that the score will be reversed in our favour. The following Sunday we once more faced the strong and able opposition of the R.A.F. Rheindahlen XI and were again beaten by 5 goals to 1.

Although on paper these results are rather depressing, we were not at all perturbed as we felt that meeting such strong opposition so early on in the season helped us to mould an unbreakable team spirit on and off the field.

November 4th brought the day we had all been training so hard for. This was the start of the three-day Festival which was taking place at Windsor Boy's School, Hamm. We unfortunately had a rather unlucky start, losing our first match 3—0 to Windsor Boys' School. However, we did

come through smiling in the remaining matches, defeating Gloucester and King's Schools by 3—2 and 2—1 respectively, finally finishing third in the tournament in which six schools participated. Although not actually winning the tournament we felt well pleased with ourselves and came home not disgraced.

To a layman it might seem that the season was not a great success. Far from it; for although our results were disappointing, the individual efforts and willingness to take a useful part in the team was apparent in the case of every member. As for outstanding players, I don't feel that the spotlight can be put on any person in particular as we were more of a team than merely a group with individual talents.

In conclusion I would like to sincerely thank Mr. D. J. N. Nicholls, without whose leadership and encouragement no spark of success would have been possible, and The Headmaster who provided us with his undivided backing throughout the season.

G. Barton
Captain of School Football

1965 U/15 SOCCER

The U/15 soccer team played their inter-schools tournament at Hamm on November the 6th 1965. The journey, on the 5th, provided more "fireworks" than enough, when a thick fog blanket descended. The autobahn seemed to be a most unsuitable environment, but the bus driver showed utmost patience, and real skill, by giving us a steady, quite uneventful journey.

Having arrived, fed, and taken a quick look at the Hamm bonfire celebrations, the team, unusually subdued, were ready for bed early. Next day dawned misty, but rapidly cleared into a good day for soccer.

Queen's first game was against Windsor 'B' — a good warm-up with the issue hardly in doubt, but none the less a fast and enjoyable match, with Queen's 3—1 winners. A long spell of inactivity, and straight after lunch Queen's had a very good win against Dortmund, scoring 7—0. Bolton made up for lack of experience by a barrelling enthusiasm, Jukes worked skilfully on the wing, Walker was very steady in goal, and Roberts worked ceaselessly commanding midfield.

These wins qualified Queen's for the final, against Windsor 'A'. Time was short, and the match had to be played ten minutes after the Cornwall game. The extraordinary journey, and two fast matches, resulted in a narrow victory for Windsor 'A'.

UNDER 15 FOOTBALL — AUTUMN 1966

This season has been a very successful one for the under -15 XI. The call for players met with such a response that it became a rather painful task to cut the numbers down to 24 for training sessions.

The first match of the season was at Dortmund, where we drew 3—3 with Cornwall School. Two weeks later, we again travelled to Dortmund

to take part in the Under-15 festival. We were given magnificent hospitality and had a most enjoyable two days of sport. On the Friday afternoon, we drew with Windsor School 1—1, and on the Saturday, we defeated Cornwall 3—1, to draw the festival with Windsor School. We also played a friendly game with an over-age Cornwall side, a most enjoyable match which we drew 3—3.

We were rather disappointed that our home rivals, Kent School, were unable to attend the festival, but we were fortunately able to arrange a later fixture, when we defeated them 3—0.

Team members were:

P. Dale	T. Bolton
D. Yates	P. Cowan
I. Norman	J. Coote
N. Elven	C. Homer
D. Black	G. Jermy
R. Cox	D. Jones
I. Pepper	N. Haggerty

INTER-SCHOOLS FESTIVALS

1965-66

The Inter-Schools Hockey and Football Festival, due to be held at Prince Rupert School during the Autumn term, had to be postponed because of snow and in the end it was arranged that a combined netball and hockey festival should be held in the Spring Term at Windsor School, Hamm.

This weekend proved to be a test of stamina as well as skill, for many of the girls were involved in both hockey and netball matches. The hockey matches were played first with Queen's doing rather better than in previous years. The team won against Prince Rupert School and King's School, only losing to Windsor School who were the eventual winners, with Queen's School in second place.

Turning to netball now, the 1st VII played five matches, winning three of these and losing to Cornwall, and Windsor who, once again, were the winners.

Summer 1966

The Tennis Festival was held at King's School on 11th July, and this year was slightly enlarged to include two boys' couples as well as the girls' 1st VI.

The boys won their matches against King's School, but lost narrowly to Prince Rupert School and Windsor School. The final result was a win to Prince Rupert School and Windsor School with 41 games each, and Queen's School third with 40 games.

In the matches played by the girls' team, our VI won against Prince Rupert School and Windsor School by 2 matches to 1, and beat King's School by 3 matches to 0. Queen's School therefore won the tournament for the third year in succession.

MATCHES PLAYED 1965-66

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st VII	12	9	0	3
2nd VII	3	3	0	0
U. 15 VII	10	6	2	2
U. 14 VII	1	1	0	0
U. 13 VII	3	2	0	1
1st XI	7	3	0	4
1st VI	44	3	0	1

FORM NETBALL TOURNAMENT

This was played for the second year running during the lunch hours in the Spring term. Every form, or occasionally where numbers were small, two forms combined, entered a team and the matches were keenly and eagerly contested. The eventual winners, after a close final, were 5B. We are very grateful to Mr. Stallwood for his help in producing a shield which now hangs in the form room of the winning team.

S.C.P.

THE NETBALL TOURNAMENT AT WINDSOR GIRLS SCHOOL NOV. 1966

On November 4th, the netball team set off for a weekend at Hamm. The team consisted of T. Eggar, B. Stallwood, K. Black, T. Osborn, T. Hall, G. Neale, S. Francis and J. Downes are reserve.

After the careful and, what must have seemed never-ending, coaching by Miss Philpott and Miss Herbert, we were all hoping to do well in the tournament, in which eight schools took part. We were, however, slightly apprehensive because we had had to make a few last-minute changes in the team.

On Friday night we played two matches, the first against Prince Rupert School, which we won 7—6, the second against King's School, which we were lucky enough to draw 7—7. This was a tough match, especially as they had a 6'0" advantage in the form of a goal defence.

On Saturday, due to the snow, we once again played in the gymnasium. Against Kent School we won 7—6. So far so good! Our next match was against Windsor Girls School. Everyone was tense and excited but we all played hard and managed to hold them to a draw 9—9. Against Cornwall School we won 12—4.

All matches over for the day, we went to Windsor Boys School to watch a firework display and a bonfire, after which we went into the School to

exchange opinions with other teams, and, for the energetic ones, there was dancing.

By Sunday the weather had cleared up, enabling us to play outside. We played against Gloucester School, winning 19—6, and against Edinburgh, a School new to the tournament, winning 21—0.

In all, we came second, having five wins and two draws. Windsor Girls came first, only one point ahead of us, and it was an exciting, if exhausting, weekend.

*Brenda Stallwood
Netball Captain.*

SCHOOL TEAMS: 1965-66

Hockey

H. Piggott^o (Capt.), J. Downes^o (Vice-Capt.), K. Black, J. Osborn, F. McWilliam, A. Morgan, P. Delves, L. Hall*, M. Blewett, D. Snelling, S. Airey.

Netball

B. Stallwood^o (Capt.), J. Osborn* (Vice-Capt.), K. Black, D. Parsons (Autumn term only), H. Piggott, G. Ford, J. Palmer*, R. Cheesewright.

Tennis

S. Stride^o, C. Butcher* (Capt.), P. Delves, D. Snelling, J. Palmer, B. Stallwood, J. Snelling^o (Capt.), G. Plowman, M. Miller, P. Cheesewright.

Swimming

A. Morgan (Capt.), K. Black, A. Fletcher, B. Bulbeck, S. Stride, I. Taylor, G. Miller.

Athletics

K. Black, J. Osborn*, G. Miller, A. Morgan, J. Downes* (Capt.), J. Braithwaite, A. Chapman, D. Wood, G. Ford, P. Todd.

^o Denotes re-award of colours

* Denotes new colours

QUEEN'S LOWER SCHOOL - SPORTS REPORT FOR THE SEASON 1965/66

Soccer

Soccer club was, as usual, very strongly supported under the keen direction of Mr. McCallion and Mr. Walker. In addition to the usual Thursday evening session, the lunchtime inter-form league was hotly disputed, and was finally won by the combined 2A—1A team.

A full programme of inter-house soccer, on Saturday mornings, produced keen rivalry, as much between house staff as between pupils. The eventual victory for Cornwall was a well-merited reward for the coaching of Mr. Evans, for whom this was to be the final session of inter-house football at Queen's Lower School.

In 1966, for the first time, the Lower Junior Festival of Football was held at Queen's Lower School, and this was the culminating point of the season's soccer. The school XI had already played two matches, losing to Cornwall 0—3 at Dortmund, and defeating Edinburgh 3—0 at home. On the day of the festival, weather conditions at Rheindahlen were very bad, and with all the Army pitches unusable, it looked for a while as if the festival would have to be cancelled. However, the R.A.F. pitches were in rather better condition, and with the kind permission of Flt. Lt. MacWilliam, the games were transferred to these.

Queen's won their first match against Kent School by three goals to one; but playing two matches in swift succession proved to be too much of a strain, and they lost their second game to Edinburgh School, which put them out of the running. The final was between Windsor and Edinburgh, and Windsor were the victors by five goals to nil.

All our thanks are due to the parents of Lower School children, who responded so generously to our call for assistance in boarding the visiting teams. Without their aid, the festival could never have been held.

Lower School XI

R. Cox	W. Malone
D. Thear	I. Schofield
D. Black	H. Davis
C. Homer	A. Jones
A. Crehan	T. Balding
G. Crehan	
V. Hinds	

Cross Country

The inter-house cross-country took place on March 31st, and for the first time our good luck with regard to the weather deserted us. The race was run under cold, wet conditions, but the keenness of competitors and spectators overcame the weather, and made the event a very successful one. Once more, Cornwall triumphed, winning the first year race, the second year race

and the standards cup. This was a good climax to a season in which all boys had put in a good deal of hard training.

Individual Winners: —

First year — D. Thear.

Second year — B. Regler. (Winner of last year's first year race).

Athletics

Once more the Junior and Lower Junior festivals were held at Hamm, and Queen's School fielded a full team. All boys in the team had trained hard, and the results they gained were quite good.

P. Miles gained first place in the junior 100yds, with a time of 11.1 secs, and was second in the junior 220yds.

T. Bolton, who took up shot-putting only this year, won the junior put with a distance of 36ft 11½ ins, and was third in the discus.

G. Jermy was second in the high jump, and third in the 440yds.

M. Jones was third in the 880yds.

All credit to Miles, Bolton, Jermy and Jones for their success, but highest praise must go to the relay teams, who gave of their best, both in technique and effort, to take second place in both junior and lower junior events.

Team members were: —

G. Jermy	D. Cox
P. Miles	D. Thear
T. Bolton	P. Scriven
M. Jones	M. Ross
S. Naismith	M. Pemburton
P. Williams	P. Hall
V. Kingston	

Cricket

The cricket club gained fresh strength from the coaching of Mr Roll. The Thursday evening sessions were faithfully attended and much enjoyed. Unfortunately, the only inter-school fixture that we were able to obtain, against Kent School, was rained off, but a match against a third-year team was keenly enjoyed. Outstanding members of the team were: —

Wright, Giles, Dick, Denny and Bass.

This resurgence of the cricket club was reflected in the strong attendance at the inter-house matches on Saturday mornings. The competition was won by Gloucester, under the able direction of Mr Cocking.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL V MÖNCHEGLADBACH GYMNASIUM

The final event of the school year, for Lower School, was the football and athletics match with the Mönchengladbach Gymnasium. The athletics programme arranged had to be a rather unhappy compromise between the

events taught in German and in English schools at this level. This meant the elimination of such events as javelin, discus, shot, 200 metres and 400 metres. However, in spite of this, the afternoon was a successful one. The Lower School lost the athletics match by a handsome margin, and, although they won the football, were unable quite to catch up with the Germans' score, losing the match by 118 points to 120 points. Both teams sat down to an enjoyable meal together, and a handsome cup was presented to the winners by the Oberbürgermeister of Mönchengladbach. We look forward to the return match in Mönchengladbach next year.

QUEEN'S LOWER SCHOOL GIRLS' GAMES 1966

Last Spring Term we tried to fit a great deal into a short term.

First we chose a School Netball team for the Inter-Schools tournament. We then had Inter-House and Form Netball matches, and Inter-House Hockey matches. The enthusiasm and keenness was there amongst all teams, but unfortunately not the 'Sportsmanship' which is the most important feature of any games player!

This term, the start of our new Netball and Hockey Season, we have had, I am pleased to say, a much better attitude in House and Form Netball matches. The games have been played with vigour and excitement. Every team has been able to win or lose in the right spirit.

The school-13 Netball Team was selected for its first match in October. It was very difficult to pick seven as there are many players this year of equal standard. Those who practised the most gained the places in the end, and up to the present date we have won the form matches we have played.

JANUARY 1966 TOURNAMENT TEAM

C. Kirby, P. Pether, E. Malone, A. Fletcher, B. Thomas, A. Bean, C. White,
Res. — A. McLean.

TEAM PLAYERS OCTOBER 1966

M. Barrett, H. Hamilton, L. Smout, A. Fletcher, S. Windmill, C. Wilson,
A. Kears, A. Ross, P. Arthur.

RESULTS: UNDER -13 NETBALL

Queen's v. Hamm	20—3
Queen's v. Cornwall	12—4
Queen's v. King's	11—0
Queen's v. Kent	11—7

In the Summer Term, our Saturday mornings were spent on the track trying to gain standards in Athletics, and training for the Inter-Schools Athletics team and Sports Day. The first years acquitted themselves reasonably well in the -13 events, all being placed. Many 2nd years took part in the -15 events and their efforts were particularly good considering they were

competing in an age group a year above their standard. Both relay teams were placed 2nd.

Rounders and Tennis House matches were enjoyed by all in the second half of term. The tennis proved rather a problem, all practice, games lessons, and house matches being taken on two courts.

There were many very promising swimmers in Lower School last Summer, and two of the Second year girls, Audrey Fletcher and Caroline White, represented the School in intermediate events.

Throughout the year the girls have tried hard even if their standard hasn't been quite as high as expected. Their efforts, however, have been rewarded.

LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL

On the last day of the summer term school soccer took a boost from the 4—3 victory over Mönchengladbach Gymnasium. This was a fine achievement. After being three goals down at half time the team managed to gain a winning goal in the last minute. This fighting spirit was reminiscent of a similar victory two years ago over the Dutch "Canisius" College team when a four-goal deficit at the interval was later turned into a 6—5 advantage. Prominent among members of our winning team against the Mönchengladbach school were Peter Spooner, Iain Schofield, David Ross, Philip Scriven and David Thear, centre half and captain.

Most of the football during this term has again centred round the Dinner Time Soccer League in which thirty forty-minute games were played and the final winners were not decided till the 1A—2A team defeated the "First Years" in the last game, to carry off the trophy and the larger lollipops. The "First Years" as runners-up had to be content with "mini-lollies".

All soccer interest is at present centred round the scheduled match against Borussia Mönchengladbach Junior XI on January 18th which is to be a pipe-opener to the professional German First Division League Match. Who said anything about nerves? The stadium cannot hold any more than about 45 thousand spectators!

Clubs

SPANISH GUITAR CLUB

It is not the place of the writer to criticise the methods used and the sound produced from the modern electric guitar; all have their place in the wider field of music.

In this newly formed club we hope that members will eventually experience the joy which comes from producing the simple tones of this ancient instrument, which has not changed for centuries.

We are lucky in Britain to have two of the world's finest exponents of this instrument in Julian Bream and John Williams, who do sterling work in sponsoring tuition in the education authorities at home. Its popularity in both secondary schools and institutes of further education grows each year.

One never knows in a group of this nature what natural ability one is harbouring. The only way to bring out this talent when no qualified teacher is available is to group together and "pool" one's abilities and knowledge. This idea is working admirably at the moment and so we would encourage any who feel they have an aptitude for this instrument to "come and join us" OLE!!!

RUGBY CLUB

Although in terms of results, one victory in five matches, the 1965/66 season was not outstanding, in terms of enthusiasm it was the most successful so far. Only two matches against other boys' XV's were played and one of these resulted in a victory over a Laarbruch XV by 11 points to 6. The most exciting match played was against H.Q., B.A.O.R. when the school lost by 14 points to 13, thanks to a dropped goal by the opposition in the last minute.

The School took part in two Sevens competitions. Two teams took part in the Concordia Sevens at Hamm and the 'A' were beaten in the second round by the eventual winners of the competition. In the Garrison Sevens the School won the Loser's Plate, thanks to their superior speed and fitness.

Throughout the season the team was well led by Alan Davis. Among the backs Gerry Barton proved a thrusting centre, John Bates a hard-running winger, and Philip Letts a reliable full back. At scrum-half Angus Black showed considerable inherited skill, while Malcolm Yates produced some first-class conversions. Among a hard-working, if inexperienced, pack John Elliot, Simon Hardman-Mountford, John Sleep and the Boulton brothers always gave of their best.

The present season promises to be more successful than the last. Most of the stalwarts from last season are still with us, and they have been joined by a number of good and experienced players, notably Tim Ahern, David Ronald and Peter Burrows. Already victory has been achieved over H.Q.,

B.A.O.R. by 12 points to 3, and the scoring of four tries in this match shows that real attacking rugby is being played.

C. L.

LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY CLUB

The Club has been in existence now for over three years and is as strong as ever.

Mr. Gosling has returned to UK and is missed. However, Mr. Bishop has assisted in coaching and now Mr. Dalton gives of his time.

In the Summer(!) term we were pleased to accept an invitation to take part in an 8 (!) a-side tournament with two German schools. Despite narrow pitches and unusual rules, the results were satisfactory.

Queen's 2nds =	18	Queen's 1sts =	9
Pulheim 2nds =	0	Pulheim 1sts =	3

Queen's 2nds =	15	Queen's 1sts =	9
Köln 2nds =	0	Köln 1sts =	6

The Boys presented a School pennant and received an attractive framed picture of Cologne.

D. O. EASTMAN

CRICKET CLUB 1966

1966 saw the entry of a Queen's School XI into the Garrison Evening Cricket League under the very able captaincy of Alan Davis. The team won 9 out of 10 games, finishing 1st equal with the Casuals.

Everybody played very well for the team, so well indeed that individual mention is impossible. Despite the fact that opening bats and opening bowlers all suffered bad games on one or two occasions, somebody always rose to fill the gap — in fact, on at least one occasion, the game was won by change bowlers and low batting-order members of this very successful team.

School Colours awarded to A. Black and A. Davis.

GYM CLUB

When Gym club first started in Lower School, it was held in Lower School hall. We used to do apparatus work a lot, and did a few games at the end. Gym club was held once a week, from four-fifteen to five o'clock on Tuesday nights.

Last term we had a membership of twenty. This term we have a membership of twenty-two; also there are many people on the waiting list.

If a person doesn't turn up for three times then they are dismissed from the club and the person who is on top of the waiting list takes her place.

This term we have moved to the Upper School gym and still have our meeting on Tuesdays for Second and Third Years.

We have apparatus now and we try different themes of work.

Miss Prest is in charge of the club. At five o'clock we get changed and

some of us, who live on camp, stay behind for a little game if we don't catch buses. We all hope that gym club still continues to go on as well as it has for the last two terms, and that Miss Prest will still go on having it.

Leigh Kelloway
Anne Hendrie Class 3D.

The following clubs also met regularly:

Cookery
Drama
Games

Badminton
Netball
Chess
Squash

Present staff and prefects

Headmaster: Mr. W. B. P. Aspinall, O.B.E., M.A.

Deputy Headmaster: Mr. G. G. Gibbens, M.A.

Senior Mistress: Miss J. R. Herbert

Master i/c Lower School: Mr. J. W. Arthurson

Mr. T. G. Baker, Dip. P.E.
Mr. S. A. Balding, B.A.
Mr. H. Bishop
Miss J. E. Bradley
Mr. P. Brindley, B.A.
Miss J. D. Cates
Miss A. Cockburn, B.A.
Mr. P. J. Cocking, A.T.D.
Miss A. Cooper
Mr. L. H. W. Daisy, B.Sc.
Mr. T. H. A. Dalton
Mr. D. O. Eastman
Mrs. J. M. Eastman, M.A.
Miss P. Edwards
Mr. P. G. Gilbert
Miss I. J. Greig, M.A.
Mr. B. R. Hunt, B.A.
Mr. D. A. Kay
Mr. A. Lawson, B.Sc.
Miss H. G. Lind, M.A.
Mr. C. Lodge, B.A.
Mr. W. A. Lonsdale
Mr. J. J. McCallion, M.A.
Mr. F. C. Macklin, M.A.
Miss N. Mathews, M.A.
Mr. P. Matthews, A.R.P.S.
Mr. G. W. T. Morgan
Mr. D. J. N. Nicholls, Dip. P.E.

Miss U. Nixon, B.A.
Miss S. C. Philpott, Dip. P.E.
Miss B. F. Poole, B.A.
Miss B. E. Prest
Mr. A. J. Reilly, B.Sc.
Mr. H. K. Roll, B.A.
Rev. C. H. Sellars, B.A.
Miss M. M. Sherwin
Mr. D. A. Simpson, B.A.
Miss P. E. Smedley
Mr. J. A. Stallwood
Miss J. S. Stride
Miss J. M. Taylor-Smith
Mr. D. G. Thomas, B.Sc.
Mr. V. C. Tomkinson
Mr. J. Tomlinson, M.Coll.H.
Mr. J. Turner, B.A.
Mr. K. E. Vipas, B.A.
Mr. G. Wainwright, L.R.A.M.(T).
Mr. D. R. Walker
Mr. G. T. Ward, M.A.
Mr. D. Wells, B.Sc.
Mrs. J. Donnelly (part-time)
Mrs. E. M. N. Frank (part-time)
Mrs. M. Roche (part-time)
Mrs. J. Woollerton (part-time)
Herr H. J. Rauh

ADMINISTRATIVE & CLERICAL

Mr. E. Bell
Miss S. B. Jolly
Mr. W. G. Caddy
Mrs. M. Dodson

Mrs. J. Martin
Mrs. E. Mayo
Herr J. Hofges

SCHOOL PREFECTS

A. Black *Head Prefect*
P. Bawden *Deputy Head
Prefect*

Brenda Stallwood *Head Prefect*
Gail Neale *Deputy Head
Prefect*

S. Jones
T. Wright
J. Snelling
R. Wainwright
M. J. Miller
J. Sleep
C. Drescher
R. F. Higgins

Jennifer Downes
Patricia Green
Suzanne Walker
Patricia Todd
Mary Norris
Linda Storey
Lesley Jeffrey
Fiona McWilliam
Janet Osborne

Examination successes

UNIVERSITY ENTRANTS

October 1966

Ruth Holt — Leeds University
Susan Kelly — York University
Carla Standing — London School of Economics
R. Warrington — Portsmouth College of Technology

TRAINING COLLEGES

Marguerite Bedwell — Southlands College
Pamela Elliott — Easthampstead Park College
Janet Kay — Cheltenham College of Art
Penelope Lamb — Croyden College of Art
Elizabeth Matten — Cheltenham College of Art
Josephine Palmer — Avery Hill College
Susan Pearson — Bath College of Domestic Science
Gillian Snape — Institut Français
Sheila Stride — Goldsmiths' College
Louise Wright — St. Albans College of Art

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

A: Art, B: Biology, C: Chemistry, E: English Literature, F: French, G: Geography, Gr: German, H: History, PM: Pure Mathematics, AM: Applied Mathematics, P: Physics, Z: Zoology, T/D: Technical Drawing, W/W: Woodwork.

"A" Level (July 1966)

Andrews M.	PM and AM
Bedwell M.	A and F
Birrell I.	T/D
Davis A.	G and H
Ford G.	E G and H
Gibson J.	F
Hardman-Mountford S.	F
Harmer A.	G
Henwood S.	E and F
Holt R.	B C and P
Jones S.	F
Kay J.	A
Kears D.	E and Gr
Kelly S.	E F and H
Lamb P.	A
Phillips D.	C and P
Richards M.	C and P
Snape G.	E and F
Standing C.	C PM and P
Stride S.	E
Swaddling M.	E F and H
Warrington R.	B and C
Wright T.	W/W

"O" Level (July 1966)

The following candidates obtained

Eight Passes

Coadwell J., Hall J., Hall L., Plowman G., Youdell J.

Seven Passes

Greer B., Wilkinson J. F.

Six Passes

Cross A., Donen D., Godber H., Jones P., Ley S., McWilliam F., Wood D.

Five Passes

Bradshaw C., Hall C., Leeson F., McBirnie A., Mohan L., Osborne J., Vaughan A.

Four Passes

Bance S., Borton D., Burgell J., Campbell F., Cheesewright R., Delves P., Dimberline J., Harrison L., Kelly G., Morgan A., O'Keefe K., Snape D., Stallwood J., Wilson M.

Three Passes

Carden R., Drescher C., Fairley S., Gough M., Hardman-Mountford B., Hunter J., McAllister M., Portsmouth E., Read J.

Two Passes

Blewett M., Bradley R., Carter J., Dawney L., Downes J., Eccleston R., Fennelly P., Hamblin D., Hood R., Hurley G., Lewis P., Mathew V., Moy G., Norton L., Pether A., Radford V., Wright L.

One Pass

Bedwell M., Boulton T., Bowles C., Brent L., Butcher C., Clarke C., Cochrane S., Dengate S., Dickerson M., Donaldson P., Ellis P., Evans L., Evenwell J., Ford M., Green P., Hale B., Hambling S., Hammond L., Hanstock S., Hearsum L., Jacobs C., Kelly L., King B., Kingston S., Kirby A., Laws K., Legry S., Lewis M., Logan P., Miller M., Moreton D., Neale G., Palmer S., Payne J., Pridmore L., Rafferty C., Ross M., Snelling S., Thorpe C., Walker S., Ward E., Wells M., Williams C.

CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION (C.S.E.)

The following pupils obtained certificates

In Eight Subjects

Adcock K., Drury G., Randerson L., White R.

In Seven Subjects

Beman J., Dengate S., Hammond L., Hood R., Laws K., Littley G. Seddon L., Williams E.

In Six Subjects

Dubois Y., Froggatt E., Harland D., Kingston S., Newsham E., Willis P.

In Five Subjects

Bacon R., Birrell J., Elliott J., Jones L., Kirby C., Lewis M., Pugh P., Roberts V., Shave S., Wilson P.

In Four Subjects

Clarke C., Donaldson P., Drescher C., Ford M., Gurden T. L., Hambling S., Hanstock S., Hearsum L., Payne J., Racicot M.

In Three Subjects

Bunn S., Coppard E., Henderson D., Herridge A., Lorriman S., Miller G., Nixon J., Reading M., Rutledge V., White P.

In Two Subjects

Roseberry K., Wood D.

In One Subject

Redfield C.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

The following candidates obtained

School Certificate

Bowles C., Bradley R., Radford R.

Four Passes

Hunter J.

Three Passes

Blewett M., Dickerson M., Ford M., Herridge A., Nixon J., Norton L., Palmer S., Smith A., Ward E.

Two Passes

Bradshaw C., Coppard E., Donaldson P., Drescher S., Eccleston R., Elliot P., Hall C., Hambling S., Hanstock S., Hearsam L., Logan P., McBirnie A., Moreton D., Morgan A., Payne J., Portsmouth E., Racicot M., Rogers J., Shave T., Wilson M.

One Pass

Bance S., Beman J., Borton D., Bunn S., Burgell J., Burnett S., Butcher C., Campbell F., Clark C., Dawney L., Fennelly P., Gibson J., Hamblin D., Harrison L., Jacobs C., Jones P., Lewis M., Lorriman S., O'Keefe K., Pridmore L., Rafferty C., Read J., Reading M., Seddon L., Wager S., Williams E.

Single Subject Examinations*

Stage II - Typewriting

Nixon J., Lorriman S.

Stage I - Typewriting

Airey S., Bowles C., Bunn S., Evans E., Nixon J., Pether A., Redfield C., Sheppard R., Watson V., Whatmough I.

Stage I - English Language

Worthy P.

Stage I - Book-keeping

Coppard E., Herridge A., Lorriman S., Nixon J.

Stage I - Shorthand

Herridge A., Jones C., Palmer S.

GENERAL SECTION

Sixth form editorial board :

Poetry S. Jones

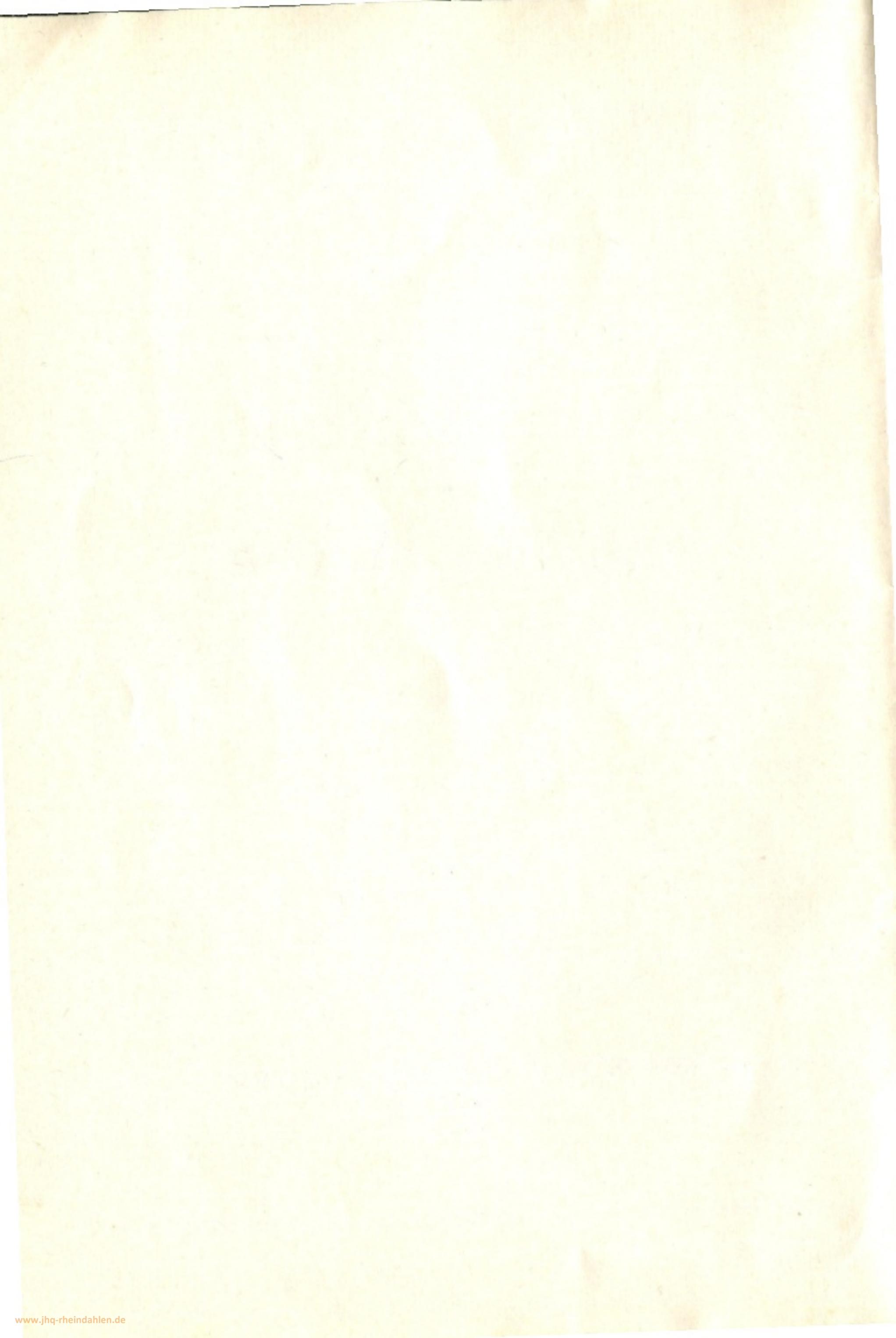
Art V. Mathew, J. Sleep

Short stories S. Francis

Letters P. McGuinness, L. Jeffrey

General G. Haycock, P. Green, P. Rowland,

R. Wainwright



A BURNING QUESTION

A great deal has been spoken, written, argued and debated about the effects of smoking. Many surveys on this subject have been carried out, so we (the gullible Youth of Today) have decided to carry out our own survey on the Cream of Queen's School, namely our Staff and Prefects, to see if it is worth while to follow their example. Names and addresses have been withheld for personal reasons!

Member of Staff No 1.

"I cough every morning.
I fill up the baby's food with ash.
I burn holes in the tablecloth,
Frighten the vicar's wife away
because I blow smoke in her face."

Conclusion.

"I must smoke more cigarettes during lessons
to frighten away my 6th forms."

Member of Staff No 2.

"When did you start smoking?"
"When the pressure of Queen's School was too much."
"Where?"
"Queen's School."
"How old were you?"
"Six years younger than I am now."
"Were there any after-effects?"
"Yes, I took another one, because I had another class."
"Would you recommend it?"
"Yes-er-yes."
"Are you going to give it up?"
"Yes, as soon as they take off the filters."
"Do you enjoy it?"
"Yes-er-yes."

"Do you smoke in any special instances? - When annoyed?"
"No I don't have time because I use my right hand."

Member of Staff No 3.

"When did you start smoking?"
"I've been steaming all my life."
"Where?"
"My left ear-I was eccentric."

“What brand?”
“Home-rolly.”
“How old were you?”
“The year after I managed to evade the National Service.”
“Do you smoke heavily?”
“No, but I have smoked ‘Player’s Weights.’”
“Would you recommend it?”
“Biologically-No Healthwise-No Socially-Doubtful.”
“Are you going to give it up?”
“NO”
“Why do you smoke?”
“Because I enjoy it.”
“Do you enjoy it?”
“YES”
“Do you smoke in any special instances?”
“I just smoke when I have time to enjoy it.”

And now to finish this little research survey, a few comments from our most élite prefects, of whom only five and a half smoke!

“Not guilty.”
“I’ve just given it up.”
“I’m trying to.”
“I chew my nails.”
“It’s a dirty anti-social habit.”
“It’s a very good laxative.”
“Girls who smoke ought to be shot.”
“Boy it’s great.”
“Better than being a drug addict.”

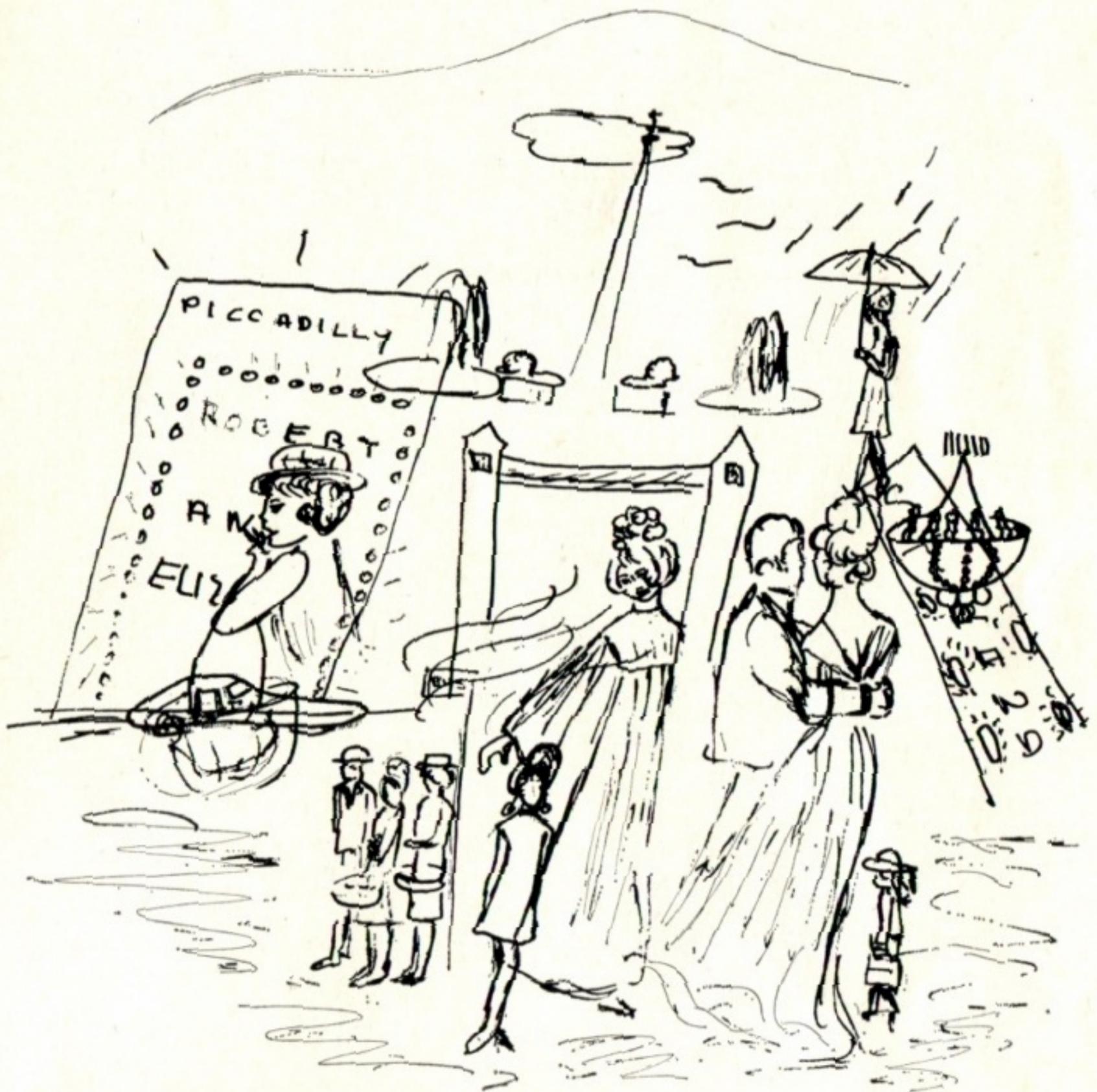
So we have come to the conclusion that in* Queen’s School, as well as the whole of our country, smoking is a practised habit which will continue and thrive, as long as the memory of Walter Raleigh lives.

*It must be understood that smoking is not practised *in* Queen’s School, but by people attending Queen’s School in the Staff room and outside the school of course.

*Georgina Haycock
Patricia Green*

LONDON

Oh to be in London,
To be where life begins;
To feel the damp, grey smog,
Hung brooding amongst the keyholes;
To see the ruins of war,
Wallpaper peeling, empty shells
Standing jagged, against a concrete
aluminium skyline.



To see the lofty chimneys belching out their prosperity,
To see the stony, mould-hung monuments,
Which adorn London's aged streets,
Lifelessly contemplating the ever-changing face of
this universal city;
To see Big Ben which like a mother watches her young.

To see the Tower which lurching up in a
hideous crescendo,
Where heads rolled
and persons rotted for a trifle,
To live a moment of history.

To Billingsgate, where quickened feet
go scamping, basket-headed across the wet shimmering
floor,
To see on the fish, where the sun is dancing a frantic
Swan lake on their gossamer-like scales.

To see old women in shawls,
As they hobble with their crooked
Bodies over the hard cobbles,
Hoping for today's bargains.

To hear the hustle and bustle,
And tumult of this aching city;
To see the bowler hats,
Bobbing up and down among
The turmoil,
To see Tower Bridge lift its aching arms,
The gateway to the world;
To see the Thames rippling like
A silken gown in the waxing
Moonlight.

To walk its lamp-lit streets.
London now is sleeping,
Big Ben has sung her song,
Oh to be in London,
The place where I belong.

A. L. Shaw

HAIKUS

Haiku is a form of Japanese poetry which ideally contains 17 syllables. It is related to a season of the year or, broadly, to nature.

FROM THE FIRST YEAR

By the dark still trees
The noisy crunching of feet
Cracks across silence.

The eagle screeches;
Its feathers glint in the sun.
It flies among crags.

Squeals rent the night air.
The hawk descended, clawing
At its fleeing prey

The blue-jay screeches.
The wood, swaying with sharp wind,
Is full of wild-life.

FROM THE SECOND YEAR

Green changes to white
Through a delicate cover
Of silver snowflakes.

From bare nests above
The crows' harsh scream, echoing,
Breaks the soft silence.

A bird drops from the sky,
Spilled like a falling pebble
On to the hard earth.

The wind blows harder
And the owl stirs silently:
Blinks one wary eye.

Machines my Masters

(Winning entry for the Lower School Short Story Competition)

"My life is controlled by a machine. A machine is my master". This was read to us, schoolboys, drummed into us by the unceasing voice which made you sleepy but to fall asleep in a class where the will of a machine kept you working, learning advanced mathematics, physics and chemistry at eight years old.

Every boy was dressed in the same white shiny zipped-up suit with a wide belt with detector studs shining a faint greenish hue. Every morning we assembled in a great domed building to have the machine talk to us and

watch the occasional boy who disobeyed the machine's rule be changed into a suit that did not protect him from the radio-active rays that finally burnt his body to dust and ashes. Every boy team-leader followed red signals along various corridors and then we boys followed the leader. It was on this day that I was called up before the machine. It was a transparent dome with a human brain worked by mechanism; the rest of the dome (which was 6ft. high) was mercury covered. The machine in a toneless grating said, "Boy X5 you will become leader of your team as Boy X6 has stupidly gone against my wishes by trying to get to the outside world. Those are my words". I was led back to my team to watch the death of my unfortunate ex-leader. After the lessons I led my team back to their cabinets. The cabinets were in truth made of unbreakable Kinable (a kind of glass). In these at the flick of a switch your senses were gone and you could sleep for six hours at a time. In my cabinet I did not flick my switch as I found myself compelled to do. I lay there thinking of the leader who had given his life to get to the surface. I wondered what it was like to be in a vast expanse of land with no grey walls surrounding or a huge dome above me. It must be cold out there I thought (although there was no heat in the building, the temperature always stayed the same).

Then trying to force myself not even to think of what the machine did not wish, with those thoughts I blacked out.

One of the duties of a leader is to report to the machine after each lesson. It was to one of these meetings I was going when I passed a shaft leading upwards; one of the robots was entering and I caught a glimpse of blue sky as I was only used to dull, sober greys. I hurried on, seeing the robot would look down any moment now to get a grip on the aluminium rungs. When I was in the machine's room, as I entered, the machine flashed a blue light: "Leader X5 you are thinking of something you don't want me to know, what is it? Stop blurring your thoughts so that I may not read your thoughts! Wait, you have seen a blue sky and golden ball!" The machine almost screamed: "You have disobeyed three of my rules: you did not look ahead, you looked above, you dared to linger to quench your curiosity; then you try to not let me read your thoughts. For this you will die!"

As I waited for the machine to tell boy X4 that he was now leader, I felt a dreadful pain rake my bones; the heat was tremendous, the pain stuck a million burning daggers. I thought before my brain disintegrated that death would be welcome, although twelve years of learning was being turned into dust. Arg-gh the pain is pulling me, pushing, turning me. Death dear, sweet death please take me, take me! TAKE ME! with that the world was gone from my eyes for ever.

*J. Blair
2nd Year*

THE SUNSET

The evening falls,
The red sun slowly sets
In the west;

Rays of beauty
Shine across the sky,
In colours beautiful,
As if the sky itself is on fire.

The blending of many colours
Shine forth as if all the jewels
Of the world were on view;
The fluffy clouds,
With silver and gold linings,
Colours of blue, gold, mauve,
Pale yellows and reds are unbelievable.

The dark trees silhouette
Against the beauty;
A bird slowly flies homeward
Its wings tipped with gold.

Over the dark hills,
The red ball goes to rest;
All the colours fade away,
And the beauty of the sky plunges into darkness,
Until tomorrow the next Sunset.

Wendy Jeans

THE SHIP

Indifferent waters and stealthy fogs
For days on end.
Like a stately ghost she oozed herself
Through surging waves and grey mist,
Amidst laughing winds and thundering clouds,
Towards her motherly port.

The giant screw propellers coughed, then fell asleep.
Mothers holding their children, fathers the luggage,
Filtered through the bustling gangways,
Towards the main exit;
Every heart of every soul aboard
Could be heard beating with excitement.

Running about. Hailing taxis,
Calling friends. Embracing others,
Busy as bees,
Looking like unidentified creatures,
The passengers swarmed the quay,
Enveloped in murky vapour.

The captain went to the bridge;
The sailors took their positions on the main decks;
The crane hovered above and unloaded the crates,
Like a giraffe picking its food;
The crew then turned in,
And the ship resumed its ghostly silence.

M. Fliderbaum

SUN BLINDS IN WINTER?

Silence reigned and the teacher stood at the head of the class waiting — waiting for what? — waiting for a response to his question. Nothing, absolutely nothing seemed to glide through the brains of the third formers in front of him. He was gradually getting more and more impatient. Suddenly there was a crash outside, the sound of men's voices laughing, and the summer-blind men were upon them.

The room was plunged into partial darkness and the gaily striped blind flapped against the window of the formroom. The expression on the teacher's face was one of utter dismay; how was he to explain what a dissected plateau was when that commotion was carrying on outside? The look on the children's faces was a much happier one. At last, they had found an excuse to get away from the subject of their boring lesson.

A burst of laughter and then the interminable questions began. . . .
"Sir, why do they need sun blinds in the middle of winter? It is raining at the moment and it looks as though it is going to continue for a long time."

"I know, Jones. I do not know why, Jones; but, now we will continue. How many times a year does"

The voice droned on but no one in the class was paying any attention. The whirring noise from the electric saw accompanied the master's voice, as an orchestra accompanies a leading singer in an opera. The men outside carried on with their work, unaware of the distraction they were causing. One of them peeped through the window round the side of the red-and-white blind and grinned at a bored-looking girl, sitting with her head leaning on her hand, trying to ignore what was going on around her and thinking of what she was going to do that evening.

"Mary, sit up please and pay attention!"

"Yes, sir," Mary replied in an extremely casual manner.

Everyone of the children was waiting for the break and a good chat with his or her respective neighbour or best friend. The master too was anticipating a quiet cup of coffee and a bit of peace in the haven of the staff-room. The workmen outside laboured on.

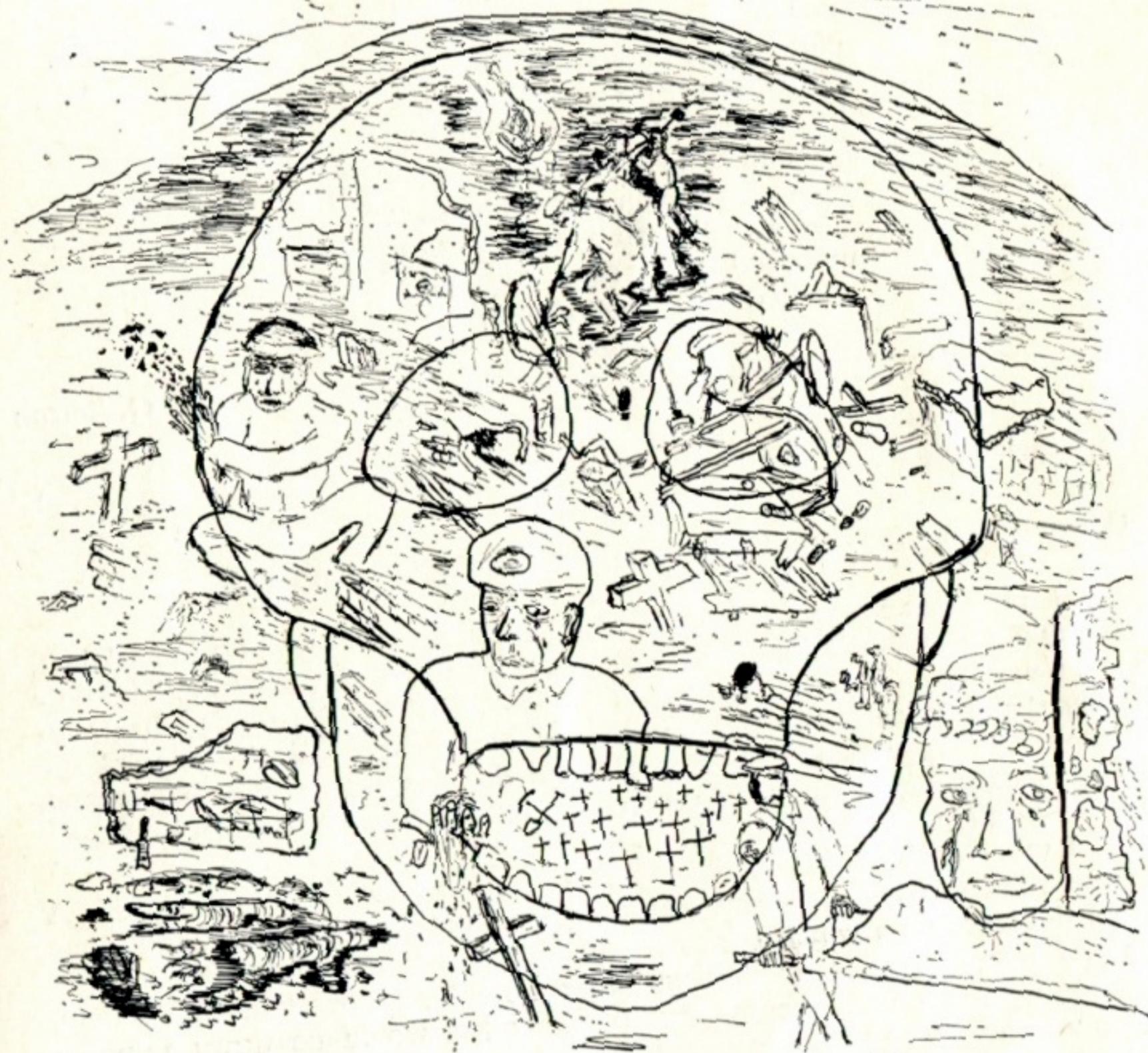
At last the bell rang.

"That is all for today." Then, after a frightful scramble, the classroom was evacuated by its pupils and the teacher was left alone: peace at last — apart from the banging outside coming from the tools of those laborious workmen!

Lindsay O'Gorman

BROTHERS DEATH AND DISASTER

Death is black and undisguised,
Hateful, moving to a destructive goal,
It will not stop having now-a purpose,
Down, down on to the school.



I hear it laugh, two million tons,
It knows that it has struck on Monday;
Not Saturday, or Sunday, when nobody is there,
But later and so killing two hundred.

I am a man, my daughter is dead;
I hate the slag, that slimy bed
Covered the school and my daughter;
It knows what it has done and it is laughing.

P. Jones

POEM

Love me not for Dresden grace,
For my pleasing lips or face,
Not for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart, —
For those may die or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still but know not why, —
So thou hast the same reason still,
To turn afrom me never.

Amen

G. Barton

Buried Alive

(Winning entry for the Middle School Short Story Competition)

I don't remember, I just can't. But wait, yes, yes. I woke up in darkness, complete and total darkness. The air smelled dank and I felt cold. The only sound was that of my breathing and perhaps of my fluctuating heart. A strange and horrible feeling came over me. Fear suddenly gripped my thoughts. It was the one thing that I had dreaded since I was old enough to understand my language. That terrible, exceedingly unlikely fact of being buried — alive.

Panic-stricken I pounded at what I suspected to be the coffin wall. A muted thud resounded in my expectant, anticipating ears. My hand stung from the force with which I hit my jail. Terror stripped my heart. The only thing I remembered after that was that I kept on pounding and yelling, screaming, unceasingly hoping one or the other would be thrust into the open air. Air, air, I needed air. No! Help, help, help!

Again I woke, but this time my breath came quicker and harder. Realizing that I must be underground I figured that no hope was left.

Then laughter, hideous, piercing laughter — everywhere. Was it mine? I do not know. I do not remember. More and more hysterical, mad, howling, shrieking laughter. Was it me? But then it merged into weeping.

A low moaning, ghostly wail surrounded me, clutching my brain, squeezing its very thoughts until I started to wail, weep and soon I thought that I'd be dissolved in tears.

Sleep, live, die, sleep, I was hovering over and between these. Maybe I was hungry. No, I was dead. Was I? My thoughts whirled and then perished. My skull seemed to collapse, deflate, and wrinkled into deep crevices.

This was the only time that I could truthfully say that I would give my right arm for something. I would give both to get out of this box.

A huge, black hand was poised over me. Its morbid fingers, possibly, with death at their command closer, closer. Ha, ha it was teasing now, trying to scare me. Well I'll show it. Upward I struck but that only encouraged it. Its grip was destined to have me as its next victim. Down it came, rushing at my lungs, twisting, pulling, crushing them and almost destroying their purpose. I fought hard but gradually I lost.

How long was I unconscious? Again, I do not know. The caverns of my considerations flattened into a single purpose — escape. I may have been in shock but now a crest of hope swelled within my soul.

I would scratch, dig, and drag myself out. Scratch, scratch, finally — I don't know how — I seemed to be lifted up. Walking stolidly I strode up to a man and asked him where we were. He didn't seem to hear. I asked others and no one answered. Finally I walked down this desolate road — completely in despair. A man at a gate house walked up and asked my name. I told him and asked him why. He said that my name was there and that I should come in. Something about him was weird and pathetic, rather odd. After being in that grave my imagination was really wild but this figure of a man seemed to be transforming into Horns? He actually looked like a devil.

I turned and ran, unfortunately deeper into the woods. Panting I stopped to listen. A merry whistle seemed to come nearer. A rather ragged young man beckoned to me. Glad to find a friend I followed him. Strange though no one spoke or acknowledged us as we went beyond those fields and meadows.

*Chris Klewin
3rd Year*

THE SAGA OF THE WORLD CUP

The opposing teams now take the field,
The match will now begin;
They all line up, the whistle goes —
“The saints go marching in”.

The Germans now mount swift attacks;
Where, oh where, are the England backs?
A shot! Banks dives; but all in vain,
England's sun goes in again.

The game wears on,
A slight mêlée,
A free-kick given by the referee.
A chip, a head,
Oh joy of joys!
The equalizer,
Well done boys!

The second half begins mid rain
With both teams fighting hard again,
Till Peters brightens England's day;
His shot a winner all the way.

Now hold the line is England's hope,
Don't give the Germans any rope;
The end draws near and still one-up —
"World Cup Willie is Fighting for the Cup."

The English crowd now shout with glee,
They sense an England victory;
A dead ball kick from near the spot,
The Germans score from a desperate shot.

The full time whistle, now both teams rest,
And all resolve to do their best;
The whistle blows, the game restarts;
A shot from Hurst lifts English hearts.

His full-blooded drive, after striking the bar,
Is judged to be in, Hurrah! Hurrah!
Come on England, give your all —
Pull together, play the ball!

The seconds are numbered, can England hold out?
Now Hurst's away: his shot leaves no doubt;
Two-up: the whistle: amid all the din,
The chant rises up "As the whites march in."

William Stow

WHERE THE ESCORT REIGNS

To anyone that suffers from claustrophobia, the bus is a terrible place to be. The seats are cramped and close together, the hat racks bulge with wet raincoats and bags. If the heaters are on, the macs steam gently on the racks, releasing a stuffy smell. People drowse on the seemingly unending journey.

The babel of laughter at the back is envied by the poor, bored souls at the front. The reason for the silence at the front is the everwatchful eye of the escort. When the giggles from the rear reach a crescendo, the escort rouses herself and threatens the person concerned with a visit from the corporal. Awed silence settles, and the escort returns to her seat.

The ride on the bus is not the most pleasant thing to do. The bus bumps continually and all the heads of people bob up and down. When this contraption turns a corner everybody lurches to one side. When it has to stop, it gradually slows down and lurches forward to a halt. When it is completely at a standstill it lurches back again.

At this time of the year it is usually wet. Also it is dark when we travel. The dull shades of black and grey flash by in the country. In the towns bright neons slide by. These cannot be properly seen by the occupants of the bus because the windows are steamed up.

The odour of food being eaten lingers for a long time after it has been eaten. The smells that stay with us the longest are apples, oranges, crisps and peanuts. Actually the smell which is permanently in the buses is of apples and petrol fumes.

Ashtrays bulge with litter and the waste paper box is filled to overflowing. Litter is pushed in the cracks in the floor and up the ventilators.

A highlight of the journey is when the bus goes through the puddles. The water spouts up a hole in the floor, drenching some poor unsuspecting person. Everybody thinks this is hilarious. It puts them in a brighter frame of mind. Lots of pranks are played on the bus especially on Friday when everybody is looking forward to the week-end of relaxation. Comics, rain-coats and satchels are arranged in such positions on the racks that at any jolt they will fall on top of the person beneath. Pellets are flicked and notes passed.

The atmosphere on the buses does not change much from day to day. Since we all live at Düsseldorf we all have plenty of time to read books, comics and magazines. Sometimes, though not often, someone is over-indulgent and is sick. For this purpose, large army envelopes are issued. The type used for reports.

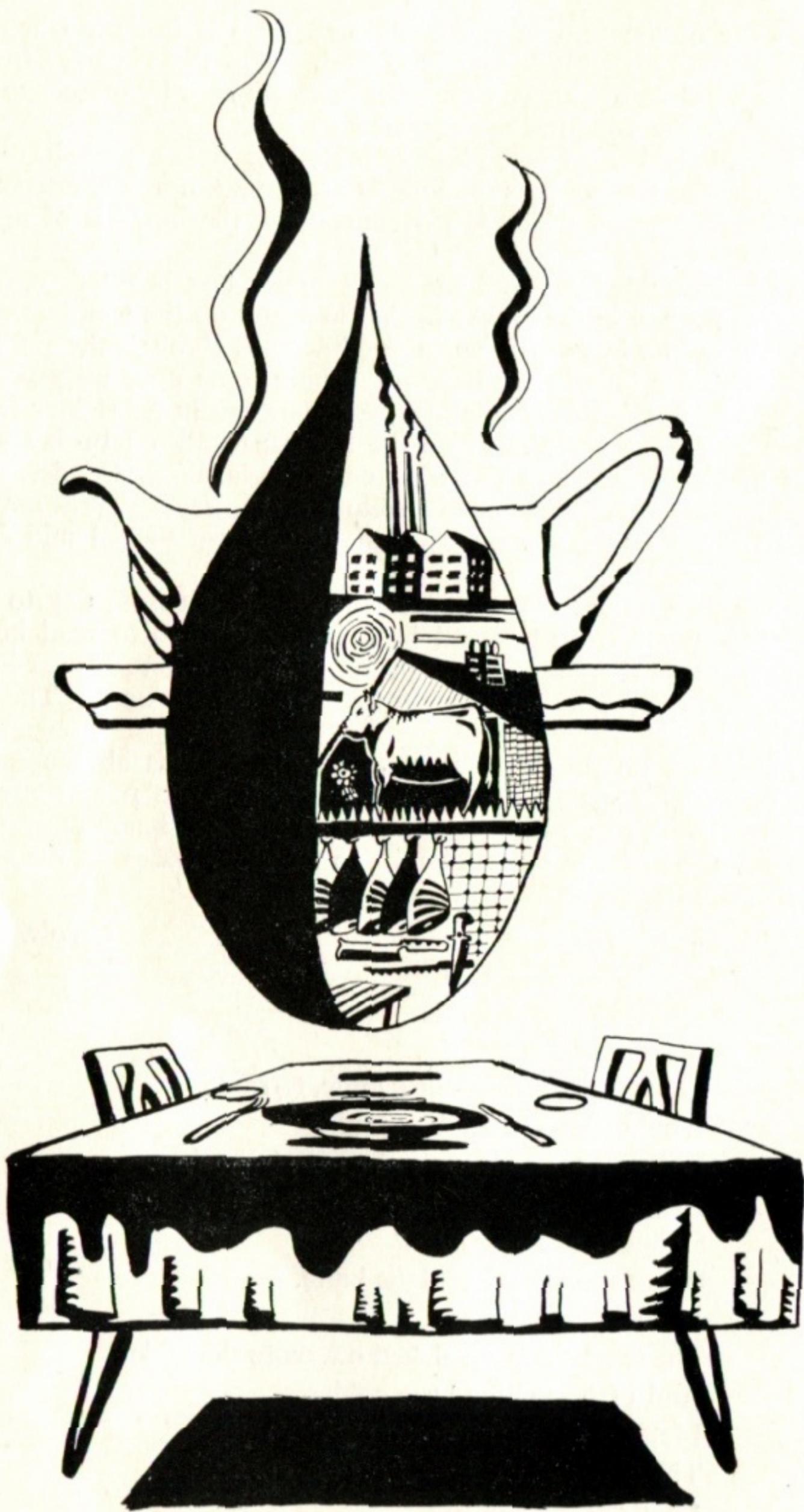
The atmosphere on the buses is almost regimental as all the escorts rule by the book. This makes the journey dreary because people are not allowed to turn round, or sit in different seats. There are many more regulations to stick to. These are too numerous to mention. Buses on the whole are an escort's paradise.

Carolyn Ellis

BLOOD?

I took hold of the door handle, terrified.
Would anyone tell?
I opened the door, only to see it, lying there
Helplessly on the table.
Should I, or shouldn't I?
Reluctantly, I grasped the knife.
I struck!
The scarlet goo squelched out on to the table
And I felt my blood run cold;
I felt the sweat run down my face;
The deed was done — I ate the clue,
I had cut the jam roll!

Jane Pipes



ODE TO GRAVY

The quality of gravy when not strained
Is like the gentle rain which drops from heaven
Upon the meat beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that makes and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the meatiest; it becomes
The sink-bound chef greater than his chips.
His ladle shows the force of cooking power
Wherein doth sit the gourmet's paradise.
But gravy is above the vast display,
It is enthroned in the warmed jug,
It is the attribute to banqueting,
And common fodder then shows likest God's
When gravy seasons food.

Anne Laughton

THIS WORK

Date — Thursday,
Time — Morning,
(Situation — Vacant.)

Before us she stood, dominating the situation. The bell that we had been anticipating pealed. "Ding Dong Ding." It stopped ringing. The time we knew had come. We waited for our instructions, hoping that our leader would be merciful. Then there rang out, not another bell but a command. We listened to our fate.

"By Monday an article for the school magazine."
"A dress!" said I.
"—"
"Oh not clothing."

Immediately, we the selective group of scribes, dug ourselves into the ordeal, eagerly, diligently, numbly. It would have to be a rushed job. There was that dateline to meet. Monday, only three and a half days hence. We were all determined; to strain and to sweat; to exhaust ourselves; to do it or die.

I Died!

P. Todd

MY FAVOURITE ENEMY

My favourite enemy could easily, if he had not been such a massive object, become one of my greatest friends, However, owing to size and circumstances we are confirmed enemies.

At our first encounter when we hadn't even been introduced, he came bounding up to me, threw himself round my neck, and quite unintentionally

I'm sure, knocked me into a great muddy puddle. Not content with that he unrolled the longest, pinkest, wettest tongue I have ever seen, and began licking my face.

Have you ever, I wonder, suffered the indignity of having to sit in a puddle and be slobbered over? Well let me tell you, it ruined my dignity — not to mention my coat.

To continue my tale of woe, when my friends, and I use the term loosely, had finished laughing, they helped me up; but Public Enemy Number One had not yet finished with me. Pinioning me to the wall, he towered over me and panted — yes, panted in my face, while muddy puddles formed at my feet. I shook his muddy paws off my shoulders and bolted for cover. Once safe, I begged some able-bodied person to go and control my assailant who was lying in wait outside the door.

Eventually the beast was captured and I was able, without fear, to wend my way damply homeward.

Pamela McGuinness

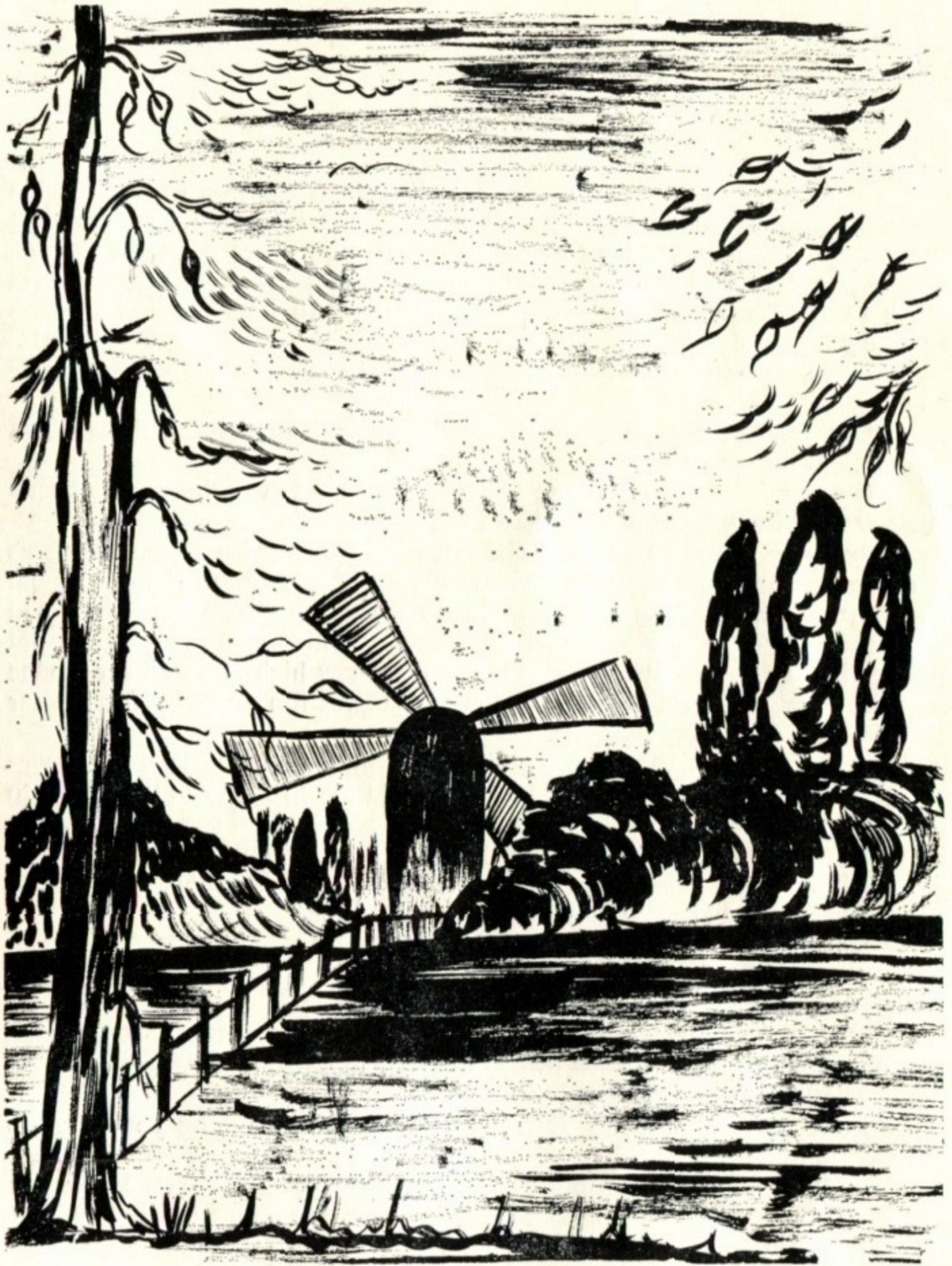
LATE SEPTEMBER

As the sun sets in the evening,
The sight of small shapes heading West,
To the warmth and sun of summer;
The leaves are falling from the trees,
Making a carpet on the damp ground,
Yellow, orange and all shades of brown;
Soon will come the frost and snow,
To smother all living things,
But never mind life will come again next year.

Christopher Greasley

THE WINDMILL

My wind-kissed sails sweep the skies,
Green fields are set around me.
I hear the sound of blue-tits' voices,
Calling clearly.
A crystal stream runs by, bubbling free.
The corn awaits my granite jaws,
Grinding daily.
My master miller, a cheerful soul
Dusty white and working hard,
Tends me.



The Experiment

(Winning entry for the Upper School Short Story Competition)

Part I - Find Tomkins

I woke up one Friday morning with my head splitting with a terrible headache and slowly crawled out of bed. I then staggered into the next room, after first donning my clothes. In the passage I met Professor Uhrais, who was a slightly built, middle-aged man, with greying hair and a bald patch in the middle of his head, which seemed to be bigger every time I met him.

"Hello, Dobson, how's our guinea pig feeling after the experiment?" he uttered.

"Oh, I'm feeling alright now, apart from a murderous headache", I replied, and passed on by.

After this short conversation you are probably wondering what experiment we were talking about, so here's the story.

My name is John Dobson and I am what is termed a guinea-pig. This is a person who helps to make experiments possible — he is the one whom experiments are tested on and if they don't work, the guinea pig is in a bad way! Take the other week — a friend of mine — his name is irrelevant, but we'll call him Joe — anyhow, he was testing a new high-powered car engine made to reach fantastic speeds, but the engine was too powerful for the car and shook it to pieces, with Joe.

To get back to the story — three months ago on a Tuesday I was called to Prof. Uhrais's office and after he told me to sit down we began to discuss unimportant matters like the weather, and I could see the Prof. was trying to put off telling me something. This is how it went: —

"Ah, come in, m'boy, how's life treating you?" he enquired.

"Alright sir, I can't complain."

"Have you fully recovered from the last experiment?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

"How's your Mother? I heard she's been ill lately."

"Oh, she's quite alright now, thanks. In fact, she's running around that old people's home as if she owned the place now."

"That's nice to know. Uh . . ."

"Look, sir", I suddenly interrupted. "there's something you want to tell me, isn't there?"

"Well, alright, it's like this", he said, pausing awhile. "You know that last month we said we'd posted Tomkins? Well, we didn't — in fact, he's gone missing."

"I get it — you want me to look for him," I offered.

"Not exactly, but that's about it. You see, Professor Lyons has found a way in which it is possible to send a man through space without a rocket vehicle or anything of that description. It's called the Transportable Beam. It doesn't matter how it works, but in a nutshell, you step into a beam which is pointed at some planet or the other and 'bingo' you're there. We pointed

the beam at Mars for Tomkins, he stepped in it, suit on and all, and he was meant to contact us at the beam landing zone two hours after landing. That was four and a half week ago."

Part 2 - Mars

It was one week after my interview with the Prof. and I had been fully trained in space survival. At least, I was trained to the standards which we knew of.

I was dressed in a special heavy pressurised suit which had a built - in air convertor — a brilliant invention of Prof. Uhrais's which converted any atmosphere into oxygen. I am not as a rule a nervous type, but I had been sick three times already. Butterflies in my stomach, most likely.

I looked out of the thick laboratory window, for all I knew it might be the last time I saw Earth. I stood there for what seemed like hours — in fact, it was only two or three minutes before the Prof. called me over.

"Come on, we're waiting", he said.

I walked over, or rather, struggled over in the bulky suit. I noticed an open door in the wall. This door wasn't there before, and what's more, beyond the door there was a slope upwards; also, there was a strange pinkish glow beyond the door.

"You've got your rations?" the Prof. questioned.

"Yes, sir", I replied.

"That's good, you couldn't leave or live without them. Alright, off you go then. Good luck."

I walked through the strange door and the ground seemed to give way beneath me. I fell and landed on a red-coloured dirt, which was something like asphalt, only much softer.

I looked round. I was about a hundred yards from a forest of some strange tree-like vegetation. Suddenly, I heard a roar from behind a rock on the other side of me. I must have jumped about a mile high, and without waiting to see what made the noise I ran towards the "trees", but I was there before I had taken seven steps — I had forgotten the lighter gravity.

From behind a "tree" I heard a strange moan. I looked, and there was something which looked like a man, only it was covered in mould and warts. It staggered towards me. I fired my pistol, which was brought along for luck, the creature fell, probably dead.

Suddenly I realised something, and in a panic I pressed my recall button, which sent a radio signal across space to the radio room at the establishment where we work, and in a few minutes I was surrounded in the pink glow again.

Part 3 - The mystery solved

When I came round I was in bed with a strange feeling over my skin. I now knew what a peeled banana felt like! Two minutes later Prof. Uhrais came to my bedside.

"How are you today?" he said.

"Alright, Prof. Hope you're not mad at me for not bringing Tomkins, but I saw what happened to him so I thought I'd better get back quick. As it is, I caught quite a bit of that mould. Still, I'll be alright soon."

Little did I know then but it was to be two and a half months before I was let out. When I was finally released I had a celebration on my own, and got stone drunk, which is why I had the headache on the Friday morning when I woke up.

Oh well, it's time for me to leave now, so I'd better sign this off.
Cheerio.

*B. Dyke
5th Year*

(You think you can do better? Why didn't you enter then?? Ed.)

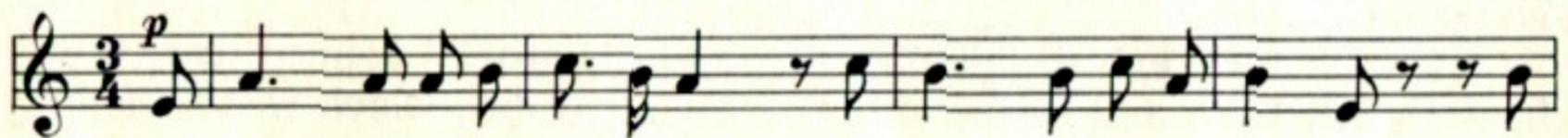
MISTER URIAN

(Urian's Reise um die Welt)

Words by 2A and 2B

Music by Ludwig van Beethoven

(by arrangement with Mr. Wainwright)

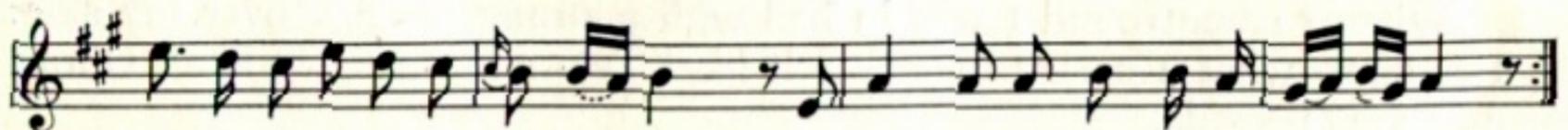


Of course I went to Timbucktoo and stopped in a ho-tel, sir. I

Chorus



tried to see the Ei-ffel Tower, But found it wasn't there, sir. It



seems you are a most ad-vent' rous man So tell us some more. Mister Ur-i-an

Of course I went to Timbucktoo,
And stopped in a hotel, sir,
I tried to see the Eiffel Tower,
But found it wasn't there, sir.

Chorus

So off I went to Africa,
And found I was in Spain, sir,
There was a big monsoon there,
I got washed down the drain, sir.

Chorus

v. Burrows

So off I went to see India
To see if they had rice there,
I ate my fill of Heinz Baked Beans
It was well worth the price, sir.

Chorus

Then off I went to the U.K.
And looked around the sights there,
I tried to find the Kremlin there
But found Trafalgar Square, sir.

Chorus

W. Burnett

I travelled on to Hungary,
Where everyone was starving,
I cooked for them some horse's-meat,
Which was too tough for carving.

Chorus

I went to see the Pharaohs,
I thought that they were fairies,
And all the daddies that were there,
Had all changed into mummies.

Chorus

M. Timms

Letters to the editor

Dear Sir,

I would like to make a few suggestions for improvements to the school Christmas cards.

Firstly, the type-face used for the motto is for too heavy, and tends to run together; as the same face is used for the crest, the overall effect is not particularly impressive. May I suggest an embossed crest, in black and gold, as on the blazer badges?

A ribbon in the centre of the left-hand side of the front would greatly enhance the appearance, provided it matches the crest's colour scheme.

A change of printer would also be a definite improvement.

Yours faithfully,
J. C. Jarvis

Dear Sir,

I am putting to you a suggestion that I know will be backed up; it concerns homework. Instead of having two or more hours of homework a night why can't we stay behind for another lesson so that we are free to do what we want in our own time.

Usually we get loads of homework, that all has to be handed in the very next morning. This means that you have to get all the homework finished and by that time you don't feel like doing anything else.

I hope you will think about this and see my point.

Yours faithfully,
Homework Hater

(It wouldn't be HOMEwork then! - Editor)

Dear Sir,

On attaining the age of 18, a person is considered by most responsible bodies to be an adult and in most cases is treated as such by being permitted by law to drive a car, smoke and drink, etc. Recognition of this adult status does much good for the individual, who invariably responds to it, and in many ways a person soon learns to stand on his own feet, make his own decisions and generally fend for himself. However, in Queen's School it is still considered necessary for adult students in the 6th Form to be treated in the same manner, and to conform to the same rules and procedures which are designed for the younger children. I refer particularly to the need to bring a "Note to Teacher" for non-attendance and sometimes for the most tiresome reasons; and queuing for cocoa, etc. Surely, if authority requires that 6th Formers should accept responsibility and act as adults and set the

necessary example to younger students, then it is imperative that they be treated as adults forthwith!

Yours faithfully,
Disgusted Sixth Former

(The adult viewpoint of all the rules you mention would be that these rules are necessary for the maintenance of order- Editor)

Dear Sir,

I would like to inquire about the fact that fifth formers are not allowed into school during break and the lunch hour this term. Last term not only sixth formers (who retain the privilege) were allowed in during the breaks, but the fifth year were also allowed this privilege. I am not the only fifth year who does not agree with this present ruling. Many of my comrades also have the same views. Please take note of this fact.

Yours quizzically,
D. Pyke

(This is a give-away — the fifth have never been allowed in at lunch time — Editor)

Dear Sir,

I think meal-times at this school are rather erratic owing to the very much disciplined way in which we are allowed to eat our meals and the orderly fashion in which we are marched into the hall, threatened and then evilly scrutinised by a pair of X-ray eyes.

I find this whole subject as devised from one of those awful T.V. plays to do with prison camps or even 'Feeding Time at the Zoo!' I do not think that after waiting so long for a meal one would actually enjoy it in such circumstances as these. Something should be done about this whole arrangement as the pupils of this school, including myself, are tired of the continuous way in which some very domineering people treat us.

Yours faithfully,
Pursuing Independence

Dear Sir,

I disagree completely about pupils of Queen's School having to wear school uniform at school functions. The fact of having to wear school uniform after school puts most people off. It is not so bad for boys to wear uniform after school but somehow girls just don't look right in ties. It is a girl's nature to dress up and make herself look nice when she is going out, but in school uniform it is impossible!

I very much doubt if anything much will be done about this as there always seems to be someone who just cannot agree.

Yours faithfully,
Anonymous

(I think we're supposed to be proud of it — or something. — Editor)

Dear Sir,

I think that the school magazine contains (a) not enough about the school itself, and (b) too much poetry.

There should be more illustrations, I think, and not so much talk about who the school prefects are and what qualifications the staff have. I think just a brief note about who has left and who is new, that's all that's needed. We (meaning my friends, family and myself) think there should be more written about the work of the pupils, and not the staff. Last, but not least, the cost for the magazine is too high. It should be, in my opinion, more like DM. 1,50 at the most. After all what are the amenities funds for?

Yours anonymously,
—

Dear Sir,

With reference to the school rule about canteens being out of bounds during school hours, is not the period 12.30—14.10 hours lunch time and not subject to school rule? Is the school afraid of some competition in the way of meat standards?

Yours undernourished,
A. N. Other

Dear Sir,

With reference to Private Study lessons, how about delegating a room or at least a trailer to people who are attempting to work? The present system of using either the library or the hall is completely inadequate. Either the kitchen staff are bellowing at the tops of their lungs, or in the library people chat in the corners.

Members of staff ignore the chatter, so efficiently engrossed in their marking, and the inevitable outcome is no work done, because of no concentration maintained — PLEASE!

Yours etc.,
Georgina Haycock

Stop press

THE CHRISTMAS FAIR

The Christmas Fair held on December 2nd was a great success, enabling us to make donations of DM. 2000 to St. Josef's Kinderheim, Hardt, and £ 100 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Letters of acknowledgement received from the Oberbürgermeister of Mönchengladbach and the Appeals Secretary of Dr. Barnardo's are printed below.

Dear Mr. Aspinall,

Your generous gift, far exceeding expectations, to the St. Josef's Children's Home in Hardt prompts me to send all of you my heartiest thanks for this help. You will already undoubtedly have realized, from the joy caused in the Home by this unexpected donation, that a deserving organisation has been looked after; you can be certain of its gratitude. Furthermore, the neighbourhood must surely have learnt with satisfaction that the connection between our town and the Headquarters does not stop at mutual visits but is bearing worthwhile fruit and creating human contacts.

I wish you, your colleagues and all your pupils a happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year.

Yours sincerely,
W. Wachtendonck
Oberbürgermeister

Dear Mr. Aspinall,

Thank you very much indeed for your letter of December 8th and for your very welcome cheque for £ 100. To have raised such a nice sum meant a lot of hard work, and we are so glad that your Christmas Fair proved such a great success. I hope you and all our friends at Queen's School will accept our warm thanks for this evidence of the interest you take in our work, and for the practical way in which you are helping us to provide some of the many needs of our large family. As you can imagine we are not finding it easy, in these days, to make ends meet and we are, therefore, much indebted to you all for your generous support.

With every good wish for Christmas and the New Year.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. M. E. Steadman
Appeals Secretary

2B

S. Ramsay (Yasmar)

To Denise
From

Sue (Aspicall)

S. G. Kelley

Micky Maus

Dunse 2A
George 2A.

D. C. Sheen 2A.

To Denise
from Denise-Luang

Vincent
Mildred

~~Mark C. Soadelley~~

P. Ball

~~George & Susan~~

N. Turner 2A

Dr. C. Newman
2LB

Fitzpatrick

P. Ball

W.C.

J. Baldwin

UL
Siris Fox

M.

1:65 2A.