

*Denise MacDonnell 311*

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THE MAGAZINE OF  
QUEEN'S SCHOOL

RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS  
VOLUME 4 NUMBER 3 Feb. 1968

# EN'S COURIER

## THE MAGAZINE OF QUEEN'S SCHOOL

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RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS

*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  
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## Editorial

For the benefit of our younger readers, and indeed for some of the older ones, it might be of interest to recount briefly the development of the school since its inauguration. Queen's School buildings were planned for a pupil population of 400 and were completed in 1955 as part of the Joint Headquarters complex. In a year or two the roll of the school rose to over 600 and reached 750 by the early nineteen-sixties. 1963 saw a large jump upward to 1,100 pupils, which meant that the ad hoc acquisition of extra buildings could not hope to compete with such a rapid increase. Work was put in hand to open a second annexe in a block at B. M. H. Hostert, but could not be completed on time, with the result that for half a term the first-year forms were attached to Primary schools ranging from Brügggen westwards to Krefeld eastwards. When the Headmaster wanted to visit his first-year pupils he was sometimes faced with a drive of 30 miles or more.

The establishment of Kent School, Hostert, resolved the problem of overcrowding to a large extent, allowing Queen's to drop to below 900. This process has continued until at the present time the two schools are more or less equivalent in size. Queen's is still spread over four sites with an internal bus-system. By careful planning this organisation can be made to work and indeed there is much to be said for the retention of the Upper School - Lower School division, a pattern now being developed by several education authorities in the United Kingdom.

Gradually, improvements to our existing scattered buildings are being made and we were delighted at the start of the Autumn Term to put into use a splendid new Library, enlarged Chemistry and Physics laboratories, and a language laboratory.

Some might call us an amorphous body with some justification. Nevertheless, experience shows only too clearly that buildings take their character from the people using them and that the atmosphere of a school (what some H. M. Is. have been known to refer to as "the smell of a school") depends not so much on plate glass and chromium fittings as on the goodwill, morale and pride of its occupants. Whilst we are not saying that we wouldn't like some more new buildings, we are saying that we can make the present ones work. Moreover, it is wise, in the present financial climate, to be realistic about such matters and make the best of our present organisation.

## Speech days

### UPPER SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

Upper School Speech Day was held on the 30th June, 1967. Our Guests of Honour were Major General and Mrs. H. Tuzo. The day followed the usual pattern of Speech Days with one or two exceptions. In the first place, a buffet lunch was held in the Lower School Hall which enabled many more

members of the staff to attend, and secondly, tea was served out of doors at Upper School at the end of the afternoon. Both these innovations proved most successful, especially as we were favoured with splendid weather.

The Chief of Staff and Mrs. Tuzo arrived with several other guests, including members of the Services Board, in time to view the exhibitions of work, art and craft mounted in the Upper School Hall. Once again, the standard of craft work in particular called forth considerable praise. Much interest was also aroused by the diagrammatic representation of facts concerning the school, including the mileage and cost of the internal bus system during the course of a year. (The Command Secretary, Mr. H. Emmett, was noticed to be taking careful account of this, and also registered the comment, added at the bottom of the diagram, that new buildings might have been provided for the equivalent cost over the period of years!).

The Speeches and Distribution of Prizes took place as usual in the Garrison Theatre. In his printed report on the school year which was handed to all present, the Headmaster had covered the main events of the year in detail, which thus enabled him to dwell on certain main aspects of the life of the school. The Chairman, Air Commodore P. G. D. Farr, had already introduced the principal guest to the crowded theatre. Before calling on him to address the school he asked Mrs. Tuzo to present the prizes and cup, which she did most graciously.

Addressing the school, General Tuzo developed his two principal themes in such a deft and amusing manner that the whole audience, ranging in age from 14 to much more advanced years, listened with pleasure and entertainment. He urged the pupils of the school to make the most of the excellent chances afforded to them, not only within the school itself but here in Germany, and he underlined to the parents the tremendous importance of co-operation with the school in the education of their children. His speech was a model of its kind and was received with great warmth by all present, as was also his request for a half-holiday.

Many parents came from the theatre to tea in the Upper School, which was served in the tree playground. After tea, a display of gymnastics was mounted by Lower and Upper School pupils. This was carried out with great zest and accuracy and obviously pleased the many spectators. Senior boys and girls from the Upper School then presented a display of Scottish dancing which proved to be a most attractive performance. It was good to see certain seniors forgetting their embarrassment which had been evident at rehearsals, and entering into the spirit of the dance as the display progressed.

Our guests expressed pleasure at their visit and the school was able to look back once again on a happy and not too formal public occasion, well attended and apparently thoroughly enjoyed.

#### **LOWER SCHOOL SPEECH DAY**

Lower School Speech Day was held on the 22nd November, 1967 in the Garrison Theatre. We were pleased to welcome as our Guests of Honour, Major General T. M. R. Ahern, C.B.E., Q.H.S., M.B.E., Director of Medical

Services, B.A.O.R., and Mrs. Ahern. Major General and Mrs. Ahern, whose son was a pupil at Queen's School for a short while, had already shown a keen interest in the school and had visited us on previous occasions.

It was a new venture to have Lower School Speech Day during the Autumn Term instead of at the end of the Summer Term, and we were pleased to welcome our third year pupils back to Lower School for the afternoon.

At 2.30 p.m. the Lower School, together with staff, parents and guests, assembled in the Theatre. The Chairman for the occasion was Wing Commander R. C. Brown, R.A.F., an old friend and frequent visitor to Queen's School. After his introduction, the Headmaster and Master-in-Charge delivered the reports and Mrs. Ahern presented the prize books and trophies.

After the distribution of prizes the Guest of Honour spoke to the pupils and stressed the importance of working hard and winning prizes. Unlike the Winged Victory of Samothrace in the Louvre, his address did "get off the ground" and was much appreciated and enjoyed by all.

Gaynor Hughes thanked the Guests of Honour and David Thear led the school with three cheers.

After the ceremony, our guests, with parents and pupils, returned to Lower School for tea, and toured the exhibitions.

All of Lower School extend grateful thanks to everyone who helped us to have a successful Speech Day, and in particular our thanks go to all the staff and girls who prepared and served the splendid buffet luncheon which was enjoyed by 40 staff and 25 guests. The spread was magnificent and the service was excellent.

## **Lower school notes**

Since last going to press a complete school year has passed. During this time we have had several staff changes. In September 1966 we welcomed Miss Smedley, Mrs. Donnelly and Mr. Bishop and in January 1967 Mrs. Donnelly left to accompany her husband on posting and Mr. Theaker took her place. Also in January Miss Hepworth joined the staff. Miss Nixon left in July for a post in Malawi.

We were also sorry to see Mrs. Eastman leave, for in her capacity as Senior Mistress she had done much for Lower School. In her place we welcomed Miss Sherwin from Windsor Girls' School, Hamm.

During the Autumn Term we continued to feed St. Clement's Primary School for lunch, which often meant a shortened time for our lunch-time games. However, after Christmas they moved to their own dining hall and all games continued apace. Several members of staff gave up much of their lunch-time breaks to this end and the children owe them much gratitude.

In January the Lower School were hosts for the Southern Area Junior Football and Netball Festivals. It is pleasing to report that our teams won both events. During this Spring Term the cross-country race took place, Ford coming home first of the First Year Boys and Thear of the Second Year. We also entertained a team from the German school at Pulheim for

rugby, and although rather one-sided (we won easily 13—2) the game was enjoyed by all participants.

Towards the end of May Miss Nixon led a party of 60 children and 5 adults to Paris. She had arranged a very full itinerary and the five days were busily packed with sightseeing. It proved a rather hectic time for the adults but all felt the trip very worthwhile. Miss Poole set a questionnaire about Paris and donated two prizes, which were won by Jo-Anne Belliveau and Diana Borton. A third prize from the School for the best diary was won by Nicola McCarthy.

Throughout the year House Competition in all sports was keenly contested and particularly for the athletics standards cup. This involved between 50 and 120 children coming in on Saturday mornings for six weeks to gain a wide range of athletics standards. Eventually the winners were Edinburgh.

The academic year ended with considerable activity in many directions, including our School Swimming Gala and, of course, the Midsummer examinations.

## Sixth form interviews

For some years it has been a custom for the Sixth Forms to hear a lecture each week from an outside lecturer. This Autumn Term the pattern was changed and instead of lectures, distinguished guests were invited to come to the school and be interviewed by two members of the Upper Sixth, the interview being followed by a discussion. The first of our visitors was Brigadier H. H. Evans, Chief Education Officer, B.A.O.R., whose ease of manner, humour and interesting opinions on education provided much thought for discussion and enjoyment.

Brigadier Evans was followed the next week by Mrs. P. G. D. Farr, wife of Air Commodore Farr, who, among other things, had much to say on teenagers of the day, and also on her special interest, painting. It was significant that Mrs. Farr's discussion continued informally in the Prefects' Trailer after the meeting had ended.

After half-term our first visitor to be interviewed was Brigadier J. P. Baird, Command Consultant in Medicine, B.A.O.R. The interviewers questioned him in detail about his military medical career and then branched out into a more general series of questions on medical matters, including inevitably the question of drug addiction. So much remained to be discussed at the end of Brigadier Baird's visit that he was asked whether he would be able to return during the Spring Term to enable the discussion to continue further.

The following week the Deputy Judge Advocate General, B.A.O.R., Mr. F. H. Dean, who had already visited the school and talked to the Sixth Form some months previously, agreed to be interviewed again. On this occasion the interview took the form initially of a request to Mr. Dean to outline the organisation and working of the Judge Advocate General's department in the Services. After this, more general matters of a legal nature

were discussed and here again time proved too short and it is hoped that Mr. Dean will be able to accept another invitation to visit us in the Spring Term.

The Rev. S. J. Davies, D.A.C.G. Rhine Area and Vicar of St. Boniface Church, Rheindahlen, was our next visitor. The interview produced an account of his early training and then moved on to his work as a Chaplain to the Forces. This, of course, led on to his cruel experiences as a prisoner-of-war in Korea when he was Chaplain to the Gloucesters. His book "*In Spite of Dungeons*" gives a humble but vivid account of his sufferings and the Headmaster urged all who had not read it to get hold of a copy and read it as soon as possible.

Our final visitors for the term were Colonel and Mrs. Georges Lieb. Colonel Lieb is the Senior French Liaison Officer with H.Q., B.A.O.R., and political matters concerning Anglo-French relationships were deliberately not tabled for discussion. The interview took the form more of questions concerning French education and French culture in general. Colonel Lieb also gave his audience a most interesting account of his experiences as a member of the French Resistance during the war years. Madame Lieb gave her opinions of modern British young people, which were heard with considerable interest and enlightenment. In the end, politics inevitably crept into the discussion and Colonel Lieb produced his personal opinions on certain burning matters. Here again, time ran out all too quickly and we should welcome another visit from our French guests.

The school is grateful to all those who have kindly given up their time to be interviewed by the Upper Sixth. There is no doubt that much interest has been aroused and many valuable opinions based on wide experience have been heard. It is proposed to continue the series during the Spring Term, and already several senior officials have agreed to come and visit us.

## School visits and journeys

“IN TRIUMPH THROUGH PERSEPOLIS.”

“Sir! Who’ll drive if you break your leg?”

A Sixth Former — a keen motorist — smiled hopefully.

“Sir! What happens if I get bitten by a snake?”

The School Chaplain silently rejected every well-worn witticism.

“Sir! Do we really need this flea powder, sir?”

It was a large tin, the gift of a much-travelled parent. Our School-built trailer was crammed full but I had to assert myself:

“We’ll need it,” I insisted, though I didn’t believe it; but we did. . . .

The Chaplain’s objectives on our ten-thousand-mile round trip were mainly professional: the Seven Churches of Asia; St. Paul’s travels; the tomb of Cyrus; the palaces of Darius — to mention only some of them. All six boys declared their sympathy, but unanimously gave priority to out-doing last year’s journey to Ur of the Chaldees. Persepolis, they agreed, would be a fair reply. But would there be anything to equal last year’s cholera camp? The Chaplain remembered and shuddered and bade his Philistines pack a Bible as, at least, a book of reference.

These youngsters soon showed that Philistia had but little part in them. As we came to Thessolonica, Appollonia, Amphipolis and Philippi and then to modern Kavalla where the Apostle landed, the boys thumbed their way admiringly through the Acts and the Epistles of St. Paul. Then, as we crossed from Gallipoli and came to Troy they were quick to appreciate the ancient and modern variations on a terrible theme: — control of the Dardanelles.

Moving southward, we browsed amongst Classical ruins and read the words addressed to them when they were thriving cities:

“John to the seven churches which are in Asia . . . unto Ephesus and unto Smyrna and unto Pergamos. . . .”

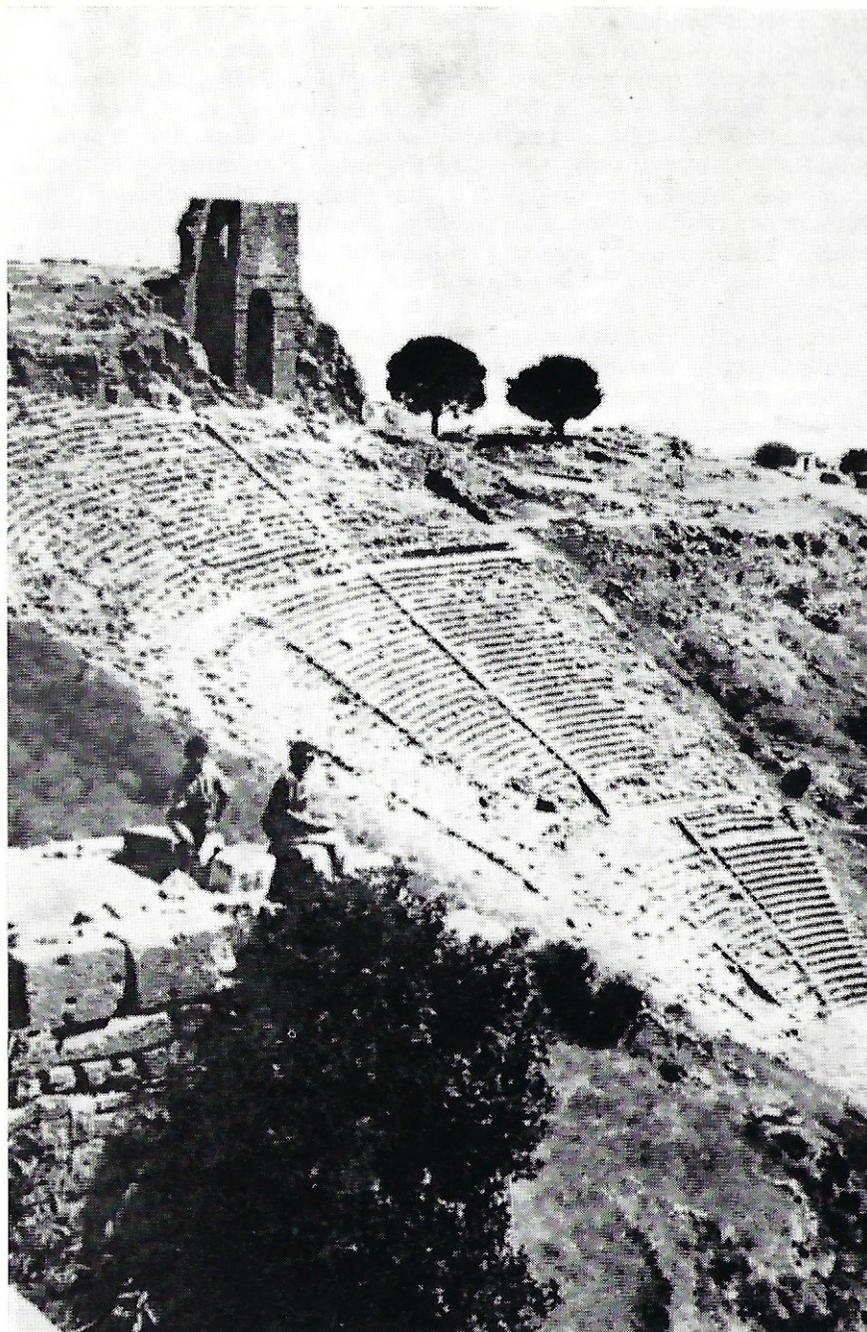
The vile stench from the docks at Izmir (which is Smyrna) effectively curtailed the Chaplain’s dissertation on Polycarp, martyred bishop and friend of St. John.

“It’s an ill wind. . . .” said a Fourth Former.

Ephesus intrigued us. The scene of the famous uproar against St. Paul was a sun-scorched ruin; and great Diana presided alone in the silent little museum.

As we turned along the south coast of Turkey, we paused to explore the unexcavated ruins of Termessos set at the head of a wild valley, high in the mountains. Great trees had thrust through the tiered theatre. Gentle, relentless vegetation had pushed walls and arches to imminent ruin. A snake slid by in the dust as we moved away.

What is meant by adventure? Rather like beauty, it is surely, in some measure, in the heart of the adventurer. What boy could fail to feel it in the star-lit nights of the high, cold Anatolian plateau; or in the fierce whirling winds which caught up plates and food from our table? What adult could be indifferent to the culinary adventures daily prepared by a youthful



The Theatre at ancient Pergamum — one of the “Seven Churches of Asia” to which the Book of Revelation is addressed. \*FW

votary, awfully presiding over his flaming frying-pan? Then there was that nasty moment when we pulled up on the very edge of a sheer drop at the end of a "wrong" road; that 23% gradient which stalled us completely; and those dire warnings against bandits in the mountains did little to encourage us in our all-night struggle to free our self-starter. (First remove your steering-column . . .) However, the labours of the evening were enlivened by the prefect, who, forgetful of the gas-lamp, burst into flames. Fortunately there was much sand in the place. There were moments, also, for real seriousness: the sight of earthquake havoc on poor dwellings; and — too often — ghastly road accidents. Here, the boys showed how capable and gentle youngsters can be.

As every moment was an adventure, every detail was a reward: the solid-wheeled ox-cart, unchanged by centuries; the great army of goats that bore down on us as we sat at supper; Mount Ararat, its snowy head in a solitary cloud; the lonely tomb of Cyrus, Great King of Persia; lovely Isfahan; Persepolis by moonlight; great eagles, hovering between mountain walls. We remember too, a splendid dinner — it was no detail — given us by a fellow-countryman whom we met at the Caspian Sea. As we ate in lovely open-air setting, we listened to a broadcast of carols. They were the very ones we had sung at School, last Christmas.

It was then that we realised that we were glad to be on our way home. Of course, we should find time for the rock churches of Cappadocia and the strange pinnacles of Goreme; for the underground city near Nevsehir and for the Byzantine and Ottoman splendours of Istanbul. But the best would come on September the third at 6.30 p.m. — the sight of our unromantic school buildings and of parents all trying to pretend that for six weeks they had never had an anxious moment.

*C. H. S.*

## **Further aspects of the trip:**

### THOUGHT FOR FOOD

One Sunday afternoon about two months before our departure on the Persia trip, a group of us who hoped to be going opened up thirteen vast packages and spread the contents over a large groundsheet. The stores we should be taking on the trip were temporarily stacked in the trailer; those not required were repacked in boxes. Later we decided that the best way to divide the trailer was by making sixteen sections, all one foot deep. The tins were then sorted into commodities — meats, vegetables, desserts, jams and liquids — the groups then being packed into separate sections and their positions recorded. Thirteen of these sections were filled with tins, numbering over 500. The remaining three sections contained a very large first-aid kit, the washing-up gear and seven large fruit cakes, kindly made by Mrs Sellars. The top layer of the trailer contained all the daily necessities such as sleeping gear, the petrol store, jerry cans, tables and overnight kit-bags. The items packed into the trailer we later realized weighed over two-thirds of a ton, and with our seven cases on the roof rack and miscellaneous extras like cameras and cornflakes (thirty large packets) we were taking about one ton of equipment. There were, of course, hundreds

of anonymous bits and bobs which, although small and seemingly useless on a trip like this, were vital to our survival.

The storekeeper, whose job it was to keep a record of everything we carried, later found out that unless he packed the trailer himself it would become a shambles; no one would know where to find the lilo pumps or the sump oil. And since the storekeeper had to pack the trailer, he usually had to supervise the unpacking as well.

A large box we knew as "the day box" was always kept close to the top of the trailer and it was filled each morning with all the food that would be needed during any one day. This amount of food was quite large since we had three substantial meals a day and there were seven of us — all hungry. Local food was either not available or a real risk.

Breakfast was usually cornflakes, tea and a melon, but we quite frequently added a cooked course. We had a cup of coffee at about eleven o'clock and a midday meal which consisted mainly of corned beef, tomatoes, cucumber, lemonade and some fruit. Our evening meal was the principal meal of the day, usually consisting of stewed steak and dehydrated vegetables, stacks of fruit and a cup of tea or coffee to finish off.

We kept water for drinking and washing up in two 20-litre jerry cans, all water being sterilised.

*David Borton*

### THE ROADS

Soon after entering Turkey we found conditions deteriorating, the road consisting only of what is referred to on a map as a stabilized surface. This is just loose stones on a quite hard undersurface. The car threw up lots of these stones and they were constantly hitting the sides and underneath of the car. This seemed bad enough — but we didn't know what was to come! Whilst travelling along the southern coast of Turkey we came to a stretch of roadworks. The workmen had spread tar, not just on one half as we normally see, but on both sides. No chippings or stones had been scattered and we had to drive on this for about two miles. The car and trailer wheels were coated with tar and even the hub caps were so streaked they looked like spokes. Further north in Turkey the roads were little better than cart tracks, heavy lorries making the ruts very deep.

In Iran the roads were even worse. I remember on one night drive the road was so bad it felt like an irregularly corrugated iron roof. In some parts streams ran across, sometimes carving quite deep channels in what level surface there was. Corners were often treacherous, small stones acting as ball bearings if the approach was too fast. Furthermore the road surfaces were so dry that dust formed in a thick layer. Whenever one was following another vehicle it was almost impossible to see because of the dust thrown up — one seemed to be driving on a moonless night with no headlights. At one point on the main road from Shiraz to Teheran the old Byzantine bridge had fallen in and we had to ford the river. In places it was quite impossible to recognise the main road and we had to follow railway lines and rely on the compass. Diversions were not sign-posted: a line of large stones was simply placed across the road at the beginning of the stretch under repair.

Of course not all roads were bad and because of the now rapidly expanding industries communications are beginning to improve. Indeed the best roads were very impressive. Some of the engineering through the mountains was brilliant, including a wonderful tunnel at the top of one 10,000-foot pass. There is also a road running into Teheran built by funds from people in the oil business. It is equivalent to the Italian Autostradas. But we were not allowed to use it because the official didn't think we would be able to go fast enough with our trailer. Little did he know that it had towed well at speeds of over seventy miles per hour.

Seeing these bad roads makes one realise why so many of the people have donkeys to transport themselves and their goods! However, I am convinced that a four-wheel drive vehicle is best for touring in Turkey and Iran.

*Clive Arthurson*

### ISTANBUL

While we were in Turkey we stopped at Istanbul. Travelling through the city we saw many magnificent sights, but the one we liked the most was the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, otherwise known as the Blue Mosque.

The whole mosque is surrounded by double walls. The first encloses the foot-baths, in which worshippers must wash their feet before going into the mosque for prayer. As you walk through the second gate you find yourself in a fairly large square with a small fountain in the middle.

If you look up you can see only two, or at most three, of the mosque's six minarets. The story goes that when the mosque was planned Sultan Ahmed ordered a solid gold minaret, but the architect could not afford this splendour, so he built six of stone. The Sultan was very distressed, because now his mosque had as many minarets as the one at Mecca. This would suggest that the new mosque was as important as that in the sacred centre of the Muslim religion, so he sent his architect to Mecca to build another minaret on the mosque there.

Near the door of the mosque is a sign warning tourists not to take pictures of worshippers praying. It is even forbidden to take pictures of the ceiling. Before you walk into the building you are told to take off your shoes.

The instant you step inside the building you can see why it has been nicknamed the "Blue Mosque": the walls are covered with hand-painted blue tiling. The floor is completely covered with Persian rugs. The few windows are coloured and some are framed in alabaster. The prayer niche is, of course, towards Mecca. On each side of it there are two gigantic candles, six to eight feet tall.

To the right of the prayer niche is the pulpit. The pulpit was fashioned from a single block of stone, but it was found to be too massive to pass through the doorway and had to be cut into two sections. It stands about twenty feet high and looks like a sentry-box. Only one man can stand in it, at the top of a stairway.

Finally, set into the wall on the left of the niche is a marble slab which was sent from Mecca in return for the seventh minaret. Muslims say that if you put your hands and your head on it and pray to Allah your prayer will be granted.

*Philip Tuggle*

### ISFAHAN

We arrived on the outskirts of this large oriental city in the late afternoon. Our first impressions were mixed, as the previous day we had left the modern busy capital, Teheran. We had hoped that Isfahan would be more typical of the country we were in.

The population of Isfahan is about four hundred and fifty thousand, but unlike any Western European city it extends over many square miles. Large areas of waste land alternate with makeshift shacks and small matchbox-like dwellings. Reminiscent of Yugoslavia, only the land adjoining the roads seemed to be developed on the perimeter of the town. On a map this gave an impression of a spider's web with long threads stretching over the desert and with only arid waste between the widely separated roads. Needless to say, during our visit we became lost several times in the maze of streets and alleys.

The dress of the townsfolk reflected Isfahan's position in central Iran (Persia). A traditionally dressed Arab was frequently seen alongside the very hot occupant of a European suit. I've since been told that Arab dress has evolved from the necessity to be warm at night and cool in the daytime and to offer at all times an effective barrier against wind and sand.

Our disappointment with Teheran and the Caspian Sea was partially offset by the enjoyment of our stay in Isfahan. The moment we entered the town an atmosphere of oriental hospitality surrounded us. We stayed three days in the garden of the Apadana Hotel and in easy reach of the bazaars and main shopping entres. Padre Sellars conducted us around the various mosques, highly ornate with their rich mosaics and gold plate doors. At night many of these buildings were illuminated by floodlight.

Inevitably we visited the bazaars and gift shops. We gradually became adept at bartering and eventually everyone managed to buy at least one present without being fleeced.

Although we are biased when we think of Isfahan we still think that it is one of the friendliest cities we visited. This is no doubt due to our stay at the Apadana Hotel. We had the luxury of hot and cold water, showers and toilets. Everybody was very helpful, even to the extent of bringing us free tea on at least three occasions. From this hotel we caught taxis to the various places of interest. The taxis of Isfahan are themselves a long story; I will only say that we saw the most spectacular road accidents there!

*Malcolm Miller*

### AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

Donkeys, horses, mules and bullocks. Four-wheeled, two-wheeled and solid-wheeled carts. This sounds like medieval Britain. Now add camels, tents, water holes, flies and other insects, snakes and mountain leopards; mountains of 15,000 feet or more; water melons and dates; ancient ruins and an American equipped army. That is modern Turkey and Iran.

Lack of communications, education, and a strong tradition stand in the way of modernisation. Each man, woman and child is working to keep alive. Mostly they farm. Cattle, melons, wheat and dates provide the staple diet. Breakfast could consist of unleavened bread, melon, some tough goat's

meat, buffalo cheese and chi (tea without milk or sugar, served in small glasses). It would be eaten in a dark hut, with walls two feet thick, made of mud and hung with carpets.

People's lives are ruled by the hot merciless sun. They get up with it, they go to sleep when it goes down, and in its hottest hours they seek shade from its merciless rays, for it is too hot to work. The sun rules over everything and everything depends on water. There is one simple rule: no water, no life. Where there is vegetation a few huts may be clustered together in a quest for shade. This is a town — a small village by European standards. It has no policemen, only an army guard, whose equipment is American. This guard is the policeman, doctor, the virtual ruler of the area. Often it has also to deal with bandits who hide high in the mountains. Many of our nights were spent sleeping in the car as it was moving, holding tyre-levers and jack-handles in case such bandits appeared. There is little traffic save for Army convoys or camel trains of Bedouins moving with tents and herds of sheep or cattle.

The blistering heat of the day contrasts with the freezing cold of the nights. On mountain passes of over 10,000 feet, shepherd dogs which are half wolves chased after our car, snapping at any elbow unwarily resting on the car window. Eagles float overhead or can be seen watching from the telegraph poles as the car passes.

The towns are small. Each has probably five or six mosques of blue porcelain enclosing luxurious cool pools of water, overhung by date palms and dwarfed by colourful minarets. The bazaars sell almost anything from household goods made in the West to fine examples of carving in silver, gold, copper and wood. Carpets and alabaster vases, food and clothing are offered in abundance. Shoe shops are particularly numerous. Soft drinks, such as Coca-Cola (of which a certain person did not allow us to partake too freely), are sold with coffee, tea and iced carrot juice in the numerous ramshackle cafés. Behind the evil-smelling bazaars conditions are appalling. Beggars are numerous. Women breastfeed babies in the streets. Starvation is not uncommon, and malnutrition and lice-infestation are apparent in the children. However, an atmosphere of friendliness prevails in many places.

In every town we saw marble statues being erected for the impending coronation of the king and queen and I could not help thinking that the money for such extravagances could better have been spent on the poor people, who love their king.

*Benson Downey*

## **To Berlin: January 1967**

Berlin was fantastic!

We're still talking about it whenever a couple of us meet. Five days, five short days crammed with visits all over the most fascinating city in Europe. We were in high spirits on that famous Monday morning, everything went smoothly: bus to Düsseldorf, train to Hannover, change and continue

to Braunschweig and then the military train with unnerving armed guards patrolling the corridors, the first Russian soldier, grim — then a smile and a wave from one or two of the bolder girls. Rapport.

Then the night arrival — action station, dirty station, army bus, lights, people, Shultheiss Bier and „Wer hat Angst vor Virginia Woolf?“ Edinburgh House, modern, some of us have single rooms — Lucky! No dinner, but the evening lies ahead. Curfew arranged and then — dispersal.

Tuesday; a bus to the education centre, films, a lecture and the immortal Captain 'Fred'. Dinner and a bus trip to the Congress Hall.

We see a Czechoslovakian actress filming there — cars expensive, 600, 250, amphicar. The Victory column. Brandenburg gate. Many pictures of the wall, shy East German guards watching girls through binoculars but we are in harmony with the meaning of the wall. The day is grim, signs grim:

SACKGASSE

VERURSACHT DURCH

DIE SCHANDMAUER

Excitement in Potsdammer Platz. Chancellor Kiesinger passes in a motorcade. Then the evening again, when we visited the Radio and Television Studios.

Wednesday; East Berlin by bus and R.A.F. guide; instructions on border procedure en route to 'Checkpoint Charlie'. Tight chicanes through which to manoeuvre and get to the East. Then we are through and we are there. It is an oppressive atmosphere. I feel daunted. There are few cars, shabby people, groups of little children with a supervisor. The Brandenburg gate from the East. Hitler's bunker, merely a gentle undulation in the earth. The Russian war memorial; we dismount. Five giant graves, two huge representations of dipped red flags and Mother Russia. Then back to the West and huge sighs of relief. Then in the afternoon a trip over Spandau, a church, cold but interesting, a castle with a giant wooden staircase. Later the memorial at Plötzensee, a wreath from Mönchengladbach and graphic descriptions of the executions of the July plotters.

Thursday; we all thought the projected visit to a chemical factory would be rather dull but it turned out to be interesting and informative. The Pill. We all appreciated the lunch on the firm and a photograph of the group taken at the factory of which we all received a copy. On the Thursday afternoon we split up to execute plans of our own and in the evening we all went out to a rather pompous night club which specialised in political jokes, which we did not understand and which yielded only meagre laughs from the few Germans present. We left thankfully and went on to two discotheques where we had our farewell dance.

Friday was a day of anticlimax, glum faces and happy memories.

We're still talking about it and we won't forget it in a hurry. Let's not forget thanks to those who made it all possible: Mr. Roll and Mr. and Mrs. Vipas, The Army Education Corps and Edinburgh House.

*Rolfe Wainwright*

## Ved trip to Evoluon

It seemed like any other warm July day, pupils embarking off khaki green and blue buses, laden with the thought of the school day yet to come. Yet midst this sombre crowd were the happy smiling faces of VCD anticipating the thought of the trip.

Assembly over, registration done, we, the pupils of VCD along with Miss Mathews and Mr. Morgan our chaperone teachers for the day, departed down academic corridors into the morning sunshine and within minutes we had climbed on to our waiting transport. Noses pressed against the hot steaming windows, we set forth on what seemed later to be an altogether fruitful day. The miles seemed to pass all too quickly as we reached the Brügger Frontier Post. Within minutes of our departure Mr. Morgan handled our passports etc. and after a quick stop to change our currency we passed on unhindered into the next country.

Holland spread before us like a flat green carpet. Through small, compact, picturesque villages and convoys of bicycles we soldiered on. The air of excitement arose as we began to approach the town of Eindhoven. Through the main streets we drove until on the horizon we caught a glimpse of our Evoluon. Just three grotesque buildings, one square, one a great concrete tower and finally a magnificent martian-like flying saucer resting on great concrete stilts, looking like something straight out of H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds". Little did we know that the architectural miracle housed some of the most advanced technical equipment in the world. All sponsored by "Philips of Holland".

The coach pulled over to the hard shoulder of the road, up the drive way, and snugly in between the straight white lines of the parking lot. At last after hours of anticipation we were there.

VCD scrambled quickly but with restraint off the coach, Miss Mathews having instructed us to be back at the coach promptly at 2.30 p.m. Our first impression was that of being dwarfed against the immense size and structural appearance. We did, however, reach the entrance. After passing through an electrically operated turnstile, we were suddenly struck with the whole meaning of Evoluon. A great domed roof bore forth wild concentric shapes cascading into fans of electric colours. A massive tube-shaped lift reached almost to its apex. Various floors clung to the sides of this circular building, littered with the technical wonders of this century. We passed on to our first port of call, leaving this main building last on our list. Through a glass-plated corridor, down a moving staircase, and into a spacious cellar. We viewed various working models of radar and colour television. We then ventured on to another room where we saw pictures etc. explaining the history of Philips and his factories. A scale model lay at the entrance to the exhibition, showing where he was born and where his first factories were situated at that time. Around the model, like nearly everything at Evoluon, were telephones giving a running commentary in five different languages. For most of us, our next stop (as the time was roughly about midday) was the large, luxurious and spotlessly clean restaurant.

We had a good meal under our belts and returned anew to our tour, taking in the main building, last but not least on our agenda. Again passing through the plate-glass corridor we reached the centre of the main building. Scaling the steps or (for some of the more adventurous types) a ride in the magnificent tube-shaped lift) we reached the first floor, which clung like a great staircase in one of England's stately homes round the circumference of the building.

On our inspection, we found wonders to behold. Beautiful working models of populations etc. and also a stamping machine from which Evoluon badges were made out of tin plate. Later we were all to receive one free of charge. We drifted on past prehistoric man and the history of radio where actual broadcasts of the 1940's surprisingly to us were being played in English. We could also visit one of the small compact cinemas, which littered the whole exhibition and showed everything from the textile industry of today to the evolution of man. There were beautiful sculptures and designs in a kaleidoscope of colour, seats pyramid in shape and elongated in various fabrics. Screens and boxes housed eye-puzzling shapes and colours, all spectacularly arranged.

A quick glance at our watches brought us back to the reality of living. Our stay at Evoluon had come to a close. Assembling at the entrance, we look back into something of an experience. Reluctantly we file down to the drive-way, into our waiting coach. All present at the roll call, the coach pulled slowly out and away. Evoluon was now just a memory to contemplate, the rest of our outing was drawing to an unforgettable end. A little weary and still dreaming we reached the German frontier post. As all credentials were in order we journeyed on unhindered.

It was but a matter of miles and minutes before we turned that familiar corner and up the tree-covered drive of Queen's School. Our arrival had coincided with the ending of school for the day. Thanking our escorts and driver we alighted from the coach dispersing to our various transport for home. We were a little weary but all the better for a most enjoyable day.

On behalf of the members of 5cd I would like to offer our sincere thanks to our most deserving escorts for the day, Miss Mathews and Mr. Morgan and not forgetting the driver.

*A. Shaw*

## To Cologne

The GCEs were over. Time for rejoicing, so off went the combined forces of 5A/5B to Cologne. Packed with cameras, sandwiches, transistor radios and books (to read in case we got bored) we followed our two fearless leaders Mr. Vipas and Mr. Hunt. Very happy as we all were, having completed exams, we set out in a very cheerful mood and optimistic frame of mind.

Having arrived in Cologne we had trouble locating the zoo, but following the smell we soon got there. Once inside the zoo, small groups went their own separate ways around the grounds. We had arrived by late morning

and had about 3 hours to look around, so there was no hurry. The zoo is not one of the best there is, but although small it is spacious, and the emphasis seems to rest on comparative freedom for the animals. In fact we found elephants, buffalo and other such beasts being separated from us only by too-narrow-for-comfort ditches. A little too free, we felt. After passing the heavier animals we walked on to the birds. As usual the flamingos looked exceptionally beautiful, perched on a leg with the pink of their feathers reflecting along the water. There was also an aviary of budgerigars with blues, yellows and greens all blending together. It didn't take us long to find the monkey compound which takes the shape of a huge rock the face of which is scarred with dozens of ledges. We could have spent all day seated on one of the benches watching the monkeys and their antics. Two were fighting over a banana and each seemed to be prepared to go to any extreme to gain possession, even if it meant pushing the other off the ledge. However, the banana eventually fell, much to their utter amazement. Of course every zoo has its intelligent ape. In this case it was one of those species where you can hardly recognize heads from tails. Both are bald, red patches. On this occasion one of the boys was standing with his face to the wire and was doing contortions with his arms and making all sorts of weird and wonderful noises in the hope of exciting our naked ape. Instead it just curled up its lip and looked down its stubby nose at him as much as to say, "Well you know. . . ."

After this little encounter we strolled on past the bears, lions, tigers, foxes and zebras until we arrived at the little café-restaurant where we had already decided to buy a light lunch. Yet again we had Bockwurst and Frites! After our lunch we began to make our way towards the bus. Everyone seemed to have enjoyed their stroll around the zoo which had been designed to occupy the morning. We were now to go to the B.F.B.S. a short way away. Uncle Bill showed us around. We were taken along an enclosed pathway (rather like that leading out to an aeroplane) which led to the studios. There are three rooms in line with huge windows between them making visibility possible from one end to the other. The centre room is a control desk where all the technical side is done and the other two rooms are studios where B.F.B.S. programmes are produced. Among other things, we were told something which puzzles many people. That is how the Jockey manages to start a record the second he has finished speaking. The answer is that he has a felt disc on the shiny turntable on top of which the record is placed. The D.J. can stop and start a record by just placing his finger on or off the felt cover.

Uncle Bill then took us on to see the record library and eventually his Kinder Club Desk. The wall above his desk is a mass of cut-outs of small children and on each picture there is a suitable caption which usually involves Kinder Club. Let us mention that on his desk there is a file which contains every request ever sent in whether or not it is used.

To finish off the afternoon we were taken into the large garden at the back of the house where Uncle Bill says he is inspired with his ideas for his Kinder Club stories. Here we were asked to sign our names on a piece of thin cardboard before leaving for Rheindahlen.

From that memorable visit to B.F.B.S. we never fail to tune in for Uncle Bill's daily Kinder Club at 5 o'clock.

*M. Fliderbaum  
D. Bell*

## **To the 12th World Scout Jamboree 1967-Idaho, U.S.A.**

After almost eighteen months of nervous preparation and hard saving, we were on our way to the twelfth World Jamboree at Idaho, U.S.A. As the two representatives of the British Scouts in Western Europe, we joined the scouts from the London area.

We left Mönchen-Gladbach station at four-thirty in the morning, on July 28th, for London, where we would spend a few days before leaving. The weekend passed whilst we toured London and generally amused ourselves. On Saturday night most of the scouts in southern Britain who were going to the Jamboree met at Baden-Powell House in London. Utter chaos followed as the organisers tried to distribute all the flight tickets and the documents. We eventually went to bed at three-thirty in the morning. Four hours later we were up and eating breakfast.

We took off from Gatwick Airport in a Boeing 707 at half-past nine, and followed the polar route to America. The seven gorgeous stewardesses took care of us and answered all our calls for help. Two very tasty, three-course meals were served during the flight and sitting next to the window I had some really fascinating views of glaciers, icebergs and the ice-sheet of Greenland.

Spokane Airport is small, by comparison, and only handles a small number of planes. We all left the plane very eagerly, saying farewell to the crew, and immediately moved into the shade. The heat and the dust were really terrible. Our first impressions were that this area was experiencing a drought or a heat-wave! The fields were much larger than those I have seen in Europe and the lack of activity was very noticeable. We passed the customs and were taken in an old bus to the Jamboree.

We arrived at the camp-site about an hour later, and began to settle in. Many people were given the wrong impression of the camp because it was said that the army put up our tents for us, and that all our food was cooked. Apart from the odd exception we had to put up our own, rather shoddy tents, and all the food was cooked on charcoal stoves.

Nearly fifteen thousand scouts from all over the globe were present at the Jamboree, and scouts from Armenia, Israel, Sierra Leone and as far away as the Philippines and Vietnam attended this Jamboree.

For the following nine days we camped in what appeared to be a massive dust-bowl. The day's programme consisted of various activities, e.g. swimming, boating, archery, hiking or fishing. Various games had been arranged, and a badge was awarded if you could pass eight of the thirteen tests. These tests included hiking one of the trails, speaking foreign languages and taking part in certain games and visits. Every day someone would be head-cook. This, unfortunately, was a job that involved everyone over the

duration of the camp. In the evenings each group would have a camp-fire, unless you had been invited to another one elsewhere. We invited the Texans first, as most of us had made friends with them. The fire was great, and so was the entertainment. The Texans told us all about the United States joining Texas to form America as we know it. These Texans are very modest about their state. We also invited some scouts from Mexico, Paraguay and Panama.

We also went to see a rodeo. This was an experience never to be forgotten. The tricks and acts put on by the "cowboys and cowgirls" were very good indeed. When we arrived back at the camp we were treated to a "chuck-waggon" supper, of salmon, buffalo and beef. We were told afterwards that we had consumed nearly three tons of each.

During the nine days we were at camp, we had roughly five minutes of rain. The temperature reached 100° F on seven out of the nine days, and we had about seven hours every day when the temperature was above 80° F.

The opening and closing ceremonies were talked about for days afterwards. Films and demonstrations took place and the closing ceremony was highlighted by the demonstration of the one-man rocket-pack.

Finally the nine days were over and we left the camp-site and travelled towards the airport. A forty-five minute flight and we were in Portland, Oregon, the city of roses. Here we were met by the families with whom we were to spend the next ten days. The following days were very interesting and very busy. The highlight of the stay was the weekend at the coast. The Pacific may be calm, but it's very cold too. When we returned from the coast, we spent the rest of our stay touring the countryside. After a trip around the harbour and a sawmill, we were taken to Mt. Hood, the highest mountain in the state. The Dalles, and the dam there were fascinating, as was the Bonneville Dam. A tour of the capital of the state, Salem, proved very intriguing.

Unfortunately all good things must come to an end, and true enough, on Saturday, the 20th August, we left Portland Airport for London. This time, instead of the eleven-hour Polar route, we flew a more direct route which only took nine hours.

It was eleven-thirty on Saturday night when we landed, and the one-and-a-half hour bus journey to Baden-Powell House was very quiet. There were no beds left when we arrived so we slept in the television lounge. That night we slept for about two hours.

The next morning John and I said goodbye to all the boys we had camped with and made our way to Victoria station to catch the ten o'clock train to Dover.

At precisely 11.44 on the night of Sunday, 21st August, we stepped off the train at Mönchen-Gladbach. After three days with only six hours sleep we weren't prepared for the questions from our parents, but they relented and we had the best night's sleep we had had for days.

And so, finally, after three frantic weeks at the other side of the world, we were home at last, although we both would have liked to stay there a little longer.

*J. Stallwood  
J. Read*

## **To the Mädchen-Gymnasium in Rheydt**

There was an air of expectancy in the school bus as we neared the foreign school. Everybody knew exactly what was expected of them, disciplined and controlled, typically British. We had after all been lectured on what and what not to do and say. The real reason for the trip was to promote Anglo-German relations and for us to view a foreign school at work. Alighting from the transport we were greeted by the Headmistress who was able to converse in English.

Everybody looked critically around what could be seen of the school and it was at this moment that we became disgruntled with our lot. The pupils were coming out of their forms after lessons and within minutes we were the centres of attraction, hundreds of young girls peering over the balconies to see what had arrived. Looking at our hosts it seemed that the development of Anglo-German relations would be a practical proposal. The difference between the students in mode of dress was glaringly obvious; we wore uniforms, they what they liked. It seemed rather peculiar that the Germans, who loved uniforms, were not wearing them at school. This difference in clothes gave the foreign students a more varied appearance over the general conformity of ourselves. Another observation that was made was that the foreign boys were bigger and the girls more attractive; this seems to be the case at every school that I visit.

After the formalities we deposited our baggage and were briefed on the programme that we were to follow. There was slight trepidation amongst the party as we were separated into ones and twos and led off to lessons. I went to a Biology lesson, found I was the only boy present and did not understand a single word in the half hour. The only thing I learnt was how to look interested for a long time without knowing what was going on. The German students are really quite similar to us in some ways: I helped a young girl to do her English homework below the level of the desk. We were led out of the forms and into the playground where we were treated to a mixed welcome. Within five minutes I had done my share of handshaking and found that when talking to the foreign students my English was relegated to the standard of my hosts, no attempt on my part was made to speak fluently; every now and then a German word was added for no reason in particular except to show the hosts that I was trying to make a token effort. The visit proved once more that the English will have foreigners, even in their own country, speak our language rather than us theirs.

We were then treated to a conducted tour of the school which included visits to their science laboratories, kitchens and gymnasium. After half an hour we went from walking to traipsing from one room to another, from a thorough look at a room to a casual glance round the door. All were ready for lunch when it was served, again the young ladies following the correct pattern of delicately eating the meal and the boys consuming the meats as if they had not eaten for a week. We finished lunch and then indulged in a period of recreation and then it was time to leave.

The farewells were long and were accompanied by an extravagant round of handshakes before we finally stepped on to the bus. It was agreed

that the trip was worthwhile and we gained a knowledge of how another country's education system worked.

*P. Jones*

## The school play

### THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE - G. B. SHAW

At school plays one always feels apprehensive lest there should be any mishap, any forgotten lines, but the first five minutes of 'The Devil's Disciple' dispelled any such fears. The lines flowed quickly and the translation from a chilly Rheindahlen evening to the living room of a New Hampshire farm of 1777 was an easy one.

Jean Braithwaite was most convincing as the abusive, self-pitying, jealous Mrs. Dudgeon, as she ran the gamut of emotional outbursts, and we pitied the poor browbeaten Essie demurely portrayed by Moira Sleep. In this heavily moral play, we needed a bit of light relief, and Denis Cosgrove as the clot Christy seemed to hit just the right note.

The lofty religious position was provided by Mr. Anderson, the Minister with the empty-headed wife. In this rôle, Alan Vaughan was effective first as a dignified cleric offering solace, and later as the swashbuckling leader of a group of rebels.

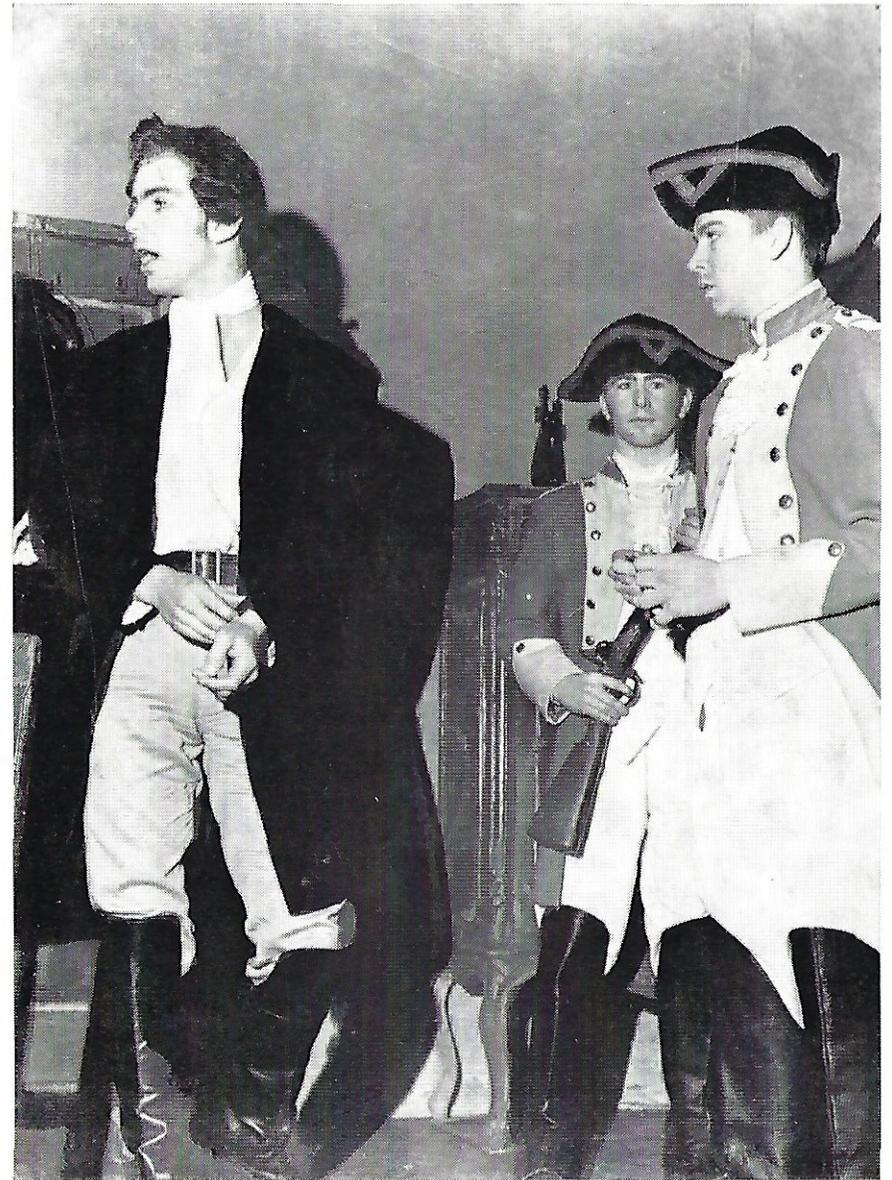
If Mr. Anderson emerged as a strong character, his young wife Judith was a pathetic creature, uncertain whether she loved her husband or the "lost sinner" Dick. To her credit, Pauline Rowland managed to convey this bewilderment.

What a dashing figure John Sleep cut as the villain of the piece, Dick Dudgeon! He moved about the stage well, acting this difficult part with panache.

The reading of the will was a true comedy of manners. While Lawyer Hawkins (Neil Whittaker) quibbled with the wording of the will, the uncles William and Titus (Leigh Brent and Jeffrey Smith) looked suitably cowed under the reproving glances of their respective spouses (Marlene Warrington and Terry-Lyn Gurden).

If the settings for the first two acts were a little drab, as indeed they needed to be, representing Puritan households, then the British military uniforms in the court-room scene presented a real splash of colour. Here it was that Geoffrey Neck gave an effective portrayal of the harassed Major Swindon, trying to sift out the truth from lies. One felt for him, doing his job in the presence of the sardonic, disillusioned General Burgoyne (Martin Braithwaite) who could only toss out unhelpful maxims.

Cramped stage conditions were cleverly overcome by the use of an apron on which the gallows were erected. What an effective entry the hanging party made! In solemn procession they came along the centre aisle from the back of the hall, the lofty Barry Hart as executioner, towering over everybody.



There were, of course, many others involved in this play—those assisting with lighting, make-up, properties, and the hundred and one things that go into such a production. Then, too, we must not forget Mr. Balding, for whom, after so much frantic scurrying about, the final curtain must have brought relief, yet deep satisfaction.

## “Splash”

(A FILM BY 5E)

How often are you enthusiastically absorbed in every minute of every lesson? It is doubtful if many could answer with an honest yes, especially if it were end of term and the examinations were over. But against all their natural tendencies towards giving up, 5E did the very opposite — they threw themselves wholeheartedly into the making of a film.

Painstakingly they gathered the material for the plot from a number of sources. Soon, in addition to English, Mr Wells and all his Maths lessons and Mr Lodge and all his History lessons were being used in the search for a suitable plot and setting. The eternal triangle, a duel, intrigue, and a surprise ending, were quickly woven into a modern coffee-bar setting, with teenage characters.

‘Shooting’ took place in a whirl of intense activity. C. Kirby, having raided the Art Dept., converted a corner of the Swimming Pool balcony into a coffee bar. The Y. M. provided them with an assortment of drinks, trays and crockery — they even allowed us the use of their colourful parasols. Every member of the cast brought bright and attractive costumes. The heroine, Jackie Stevens, was so absorbed at one stage that a mild rebuke from the production team caused a fit of temperamental instability typical of a real film star. In their excitement, J. Alexander and J. Berry, during one of the cycle-racing scenes, narrowly missed our cameraman, who bravely imperilled himself, sitting cross-legged in their path for a parting shot that almost caused the departure of Mr Wells, and his camera. We would also like to congratulate Valerie McGuinness, who allowed herself to be cannoned into the pool after a collision with J. Alexander. Most convincing of all was J. Pearson as the ‘villain’, whose sinister gestures frightened us all. And all were ably supported by the rest of the cast: E. Clark, J. Ackroyd, J. Smith and T. Dawson, who also helped with the photography.

When we saw the end product on film we were soon aware of many imperfections. Far from daunting us, however, I am sure that it will help us improve in future years. But it is not so much the film but the filming that really counts, and it was here that 5E excelled themselves, and I hope set a precedent for forms in future years.

## The Choir

QUEEN'S SCHOOL CHOIR - 1966/67.

During the Autumn and Spring terms the choir met regularly every week, when there was much work done, not only by the choir itself, but also by Mr. Wainwright who had the difficult task of trying to evoke the best from us — a job he did admirably. We hope he feels duly rewarded by the results at the Christmas and Easter Carol Services. Both Services were held in St. Boniface Church by kind permission of its Padres.

The Christmas Carol Service was a proud occasion for the school, for it was recorded by B.F.B.S. and relayed over the air on Christmas Eve. The programme was varied, containing old and new songs from places as remote as Korea which provided us with an attractive lullaby. One of our items was a lullaby composed by the Headmaster and another a fanfare by Mr. Wainwright. One of the favourites, arranged by Mr. Wainwright, was the "Cowboy Carol" — complete with clip-clopping hooves. The finale very nearly raised the Church roof as we "let trumpets sound", (unfortunately without the real thing), in "Gloria in Excelsis Deo".

After the carol service the choir retired to Lower School for a supper which Mr. Arthurson had kindly arranged for us. At the end of the meal, and after a vote of thanks to Mr. Wainwright, Padre Sellars expressed the hope that we would continue to meet as a choir, even though the Christmas Service was over.

The Padre's hopes were certainly fulfilled, for we began work for the Easter Service almost as soon as we returned to school in January. This Service took much the same form as the Christmas one, with songs and carols by the choir interspersed with readings and congregational hymns. However, it did acquire a slightly new sound with the addition of the School "orchestra" of four which played for the congregational hymns. The programme consisted of extracts from larger works such as "St. Mathew Passion" and Stainer's "Crucifixion" as well as individual songs. Our most ambitious work was "Ave Verum Corpus" by W. Byrd. We even managed to master the art of singing plainsong!

During December the choir also visited the Gymnasium in Mönchen-Gladbach where we sang some of our Christmas songs for the pupils and staff there and they in turn gave us a concert of part-singing and instrumental work. It proved to be a very pleasant morning.

The choir also gave its support, in collaboration with the choir of St. Boniface Church, in leading the singing at the School Confirmation Service.

Despite the hard work, the year has been an enjoyable one for the choir and we hope that 1967/68 will prove at least its equal. Our programme for Christmas is a carol service with a difference as we are hoping to be joined by the R.A.F. Command Band.

L. G. M. S.

## House reports

### Upper school

#### CORNWALL HOUSE

In the 1966-67 season it became obvious that without any House spirit we couldn't even hope to succeed in this year's competitions. The results, however, show that the House did very well, although with more support we could have done much better.

On the boys' side we managed to attain some good results, mainly thanks to the nucleus of boys who turned up regularly to play for the House. The enthusiasm of these players could not, however, match the superior skill of our opponents and we finished the summer with only one first place, the Cricket Cup, which was well earned by the boys. J. Ketteridge, R. Eccleston and F. Leeson deserve much credit for their part in this victory.

The girls started off the year by winning the Netball. Both Senior and Intermediate teams played very well and House colours were awarded to the House Captain, B. Stallwood, and the Inters A. Fletcher, B. Twitchet, V. Dubois and S. Wylie. During the Easter term the Hockey matches were played. In this there was a combined Senior and Inter team, which gained third place, but nevertheless enjoyed some very good matches. House colours were awarded to Brenda Stallwood and the Hockey Captain, Toni Eggar. B. Twitchet, the Inter goal-keeper, was also awarded House colours. In the Tennis, the Seniors came third but it must be mentioned that the Senior third couple won all their three matches. The Inters excelled themselves by coming first, with the first couple winning all three matches.

In the combined competitions we did fairly well and gained two second places, in the Swimming Gala and the Work Trophy, and a third place in the Athletics.

The introduction this year of the three House football teams is a marvellous idea, for now the less skilled but equally keen players have a chance of representing the House. So far this term the Inters and the "A" team players have been showing the Seniors how to get good results, and we hope they can keep this effort up.

Let us all work for good results this year, and we can have an all-out effort to regain the Work Trophy and the other cups which we lost last year.

We would like to thank the House Master and Mistress who have toiled hard to coach and encourage us in our efforts, and without whose time, hard work and patience we would not be able to boast these achievements.

L. Storey

J. Stallwood

#### EDINBURGH HOUSE

The past school year has, for Edinburgh, been one of success and failure.

In the Football, as in the Basketball, the boys were keen and tried hard but were not as strong a team as others competing. In both competitions

we managed a not too pleasing third. M. McGarry, G. Henderson, A. Black and D. Borton played well in the Football, while in the Basketball the Horne brothers and A. Black did well.

In the annual cross country race we did do much better and came second overall, with A. Black, D. Borton and M. Lewis gaining seventh, eighth and ninth positions in the senior race and Scamp gained sixth place for our Intermediates.

In the cricket competition we fielded a potentially good side, which beat Kent in the first match but then lost to Cornwall and Gloucester, eventually coming third. M. Davies in the batting and A. Black in the bowling did very well.

It was in the two summer sports, Athletics and Swimming, that the House came into its own. The whole House, Upper and Lower schools, boys and girls, joined together as one and beat the other house teams in both sports. In both meetings the House led from beginning to end, though at the end the points scores were very close. Of special mention in the boys athletics were B. Hart senior javelin, L. Brent senior shot, B. Horne senior 200 metres, P. Miles inter 100 metres, G. Jermy inter 400 metres and triple jump, and T. Boulton inter shot and discus.

In the swimming B. Hart won the 50 metres freestyle and backcrawl senior events with new school records. D. Borton won the senior 50 metres breast stroke, and A. Black and D. Borton together with Carol Hawksworth and Kate Black won the senior mixed medley race. Angus Cross won the inter boys 50 metres backcrawl. Also to be mentioned are both P. Walker and Alex Cross for their efforts in the freestyle and backcrawl events.

Well done Edinburgh, but let's have more cups to fill up the cupboard completely.

This year was not very successful on the girls' side of the House. We came second in the hockey tournament, house colours being awarded to Kate Black, Patricia Todd and Janet Howell.

We were equally unsuccessful in the Netball, coming third. Colours were awarded to Kate Black, Janet Howell and Karen Borton.

The Senior tennis team came fourth in the Inter-House Competition and the Intermediates were second. Tennis colours were earned by Elizabeth Portsmouth and Kate Black.

We were winners of the Athletics and Swimming cups, but I feel these successes were mainly due to the boys' side of the House, and not the girls'. Athletics colours were awarded to Patricia Todd and Kate Black, and swimming colours were awarded to Kate Black.

Edinburgh almost won the Work Trophy but we were narrowly beaten into second place (by a margin of one point). We must try harder this year. Victory narrowly escaped us on many occasions this year. We must try harder to keep up the house spirit and work for those cups in the other cupboards.

We were sorry to lose Miss Edwards who has recently got married and we wish her happiness in her new life. In her place we welcome Miss Merritt and Miss Milford to the House Staff.

## GLOUCESTER HOUSE

The past year has been a reasonably successful one for Gloucester, especially on the boys' side. In the Autumn Term they won the Football Cup. This was a combined senior and intermediate cup and the top goal scorers were Caldwell and Legry. In their three matches the seniors scored 59 goals between them and only had one scored against them! But the cup was won as a result of extremely good teamwork and all eleven members gained their house colours.

The Spring Term saw two more 'wins' for the boys, the Basketball and Cross Country Competitions. In the case of the Cross Country there was no doubt as to Gloucester's victory. Read, Jones, and Bawden took first, second and third positions and we also had nine runners in the first thirty. M. Jones won the intermediate section.

Meanwhile the girls were not doing quite so well. Third place seemed to be the highest we could reach. We were third in the Senior and Intermediate Netball Competitions and we tied for third place with Cornwall in the Hockey.

The Summer Term saw the Intermediate House Athletics Competition and the Swimming Gala. We came a very close second in both these events. Special mention should be made of Terry Wright who equalled his own school High Jump record of 5' 8" and Peter Jones who broke the 800 metres record by 8 seconds and who also broke the 400 metres record. The boys' relay team broke the previous school record. This team proved to be as fast in the water as they had been on dry land. They knocked 20 seconds off the previous senior boys' record — a fantastic feat which also broke the inter-school record by 9 seconds.

The girls should not be left off this list of credits. In the athletics Lynda Murphy won the intermediate girls High Jump. Ilse Taylor won the intermediate Rounders Ball and Sheila Mahoney the Open Girls' Discus.

The boys' senior Cricket Team came second in the competition. They beat Edinburgh and Kent but lost to Cornwall who had a very good team. Terry Wright was the top scorer with 64 runs. The intermediates won all three matches, the whole team contributing to the very high standard reached.

In the inter-house tennis tournament the boys' finals consisted of two Gloucester couples, Snelling and Rosie against Miller and Wright. The former couple eventually won. Again the girls were not so successful. We gained our everlasting third place!

However, in the field of work we could not even reach third place. Gloucester came fourth in the Work Trophy the whole year. It is to be hoped that more effort will be made by all house members to reach a higher standard in this coming year.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Bradley at the end of last term but we welcome Miss Bancroft and Miss Bareham as our new housemistresses and we hope that our efforts will not prove a disappointment to them. Mr. Lodge continues the good work as the boys' housemaster.

We finish with a list of school colours awarded to members of Gloucester House in the past year:

Football: John Read.

Basketball: John Read, Terry Wright.  
Hockey: Sarah Francis (School Captain).  
Athletics: John Read, Peter Jones, Terry Wright (School Captain).  
Tennis: Diane Snelling, John Snelling.  
Cricket: John Legry.  
Swimming: John Read, Peter Jones (School Captain).

S. Francis  
C. Kirby

## KENT HOUSE

We are sorry to have lost Pat Green and John Sleep, our House Captains for the past year, and we wish them every success in the future. Their places have been taken by Barbara Bulbeck and Harry Almond.

The past year has not been particularly successful for Kent House; however, the girls succeeded in winning the Hockey Cup and credit must be given to Janet Osborne, our hockey captain, and Gail Neale.

The girls lost the Netball Cup but managed to gain 2nd place. J. Norris, B. Clemo and L. Pitts all deserved their House Colours.

Our Senior Boys Basketball team played well but lacked the strength to win all their games. In fact the only success was a 1 point victory over Edinburgh, the winning basket coming within seconds of the end of the game. The Intermediate team played much better basketball and had a number of very close games.

The Football followed the same lines as the basketball, with the Intermediates generally playing the better football. The Senior team suffered from a lack of reliable players and consequently lost all their games.

Although the House did not win the Cross-Country, both teams ran very well. Our best placed runner was H. Almond who finished 4th overall.

The Tennis Cup was won by the girls owing to the high standard of play by both teams. V. Sandes, J. Imrie and S. Hyland deserve special mention.

The Cricket, Swimming and Athletics teams fared badly, mainly owing to a lack of support from the Senior Boys; but individual mention must be given to B. Bulbeck for her Swimming and to J. Braithwaite for her Athletics.

Although the overall achievements in competitions were not outstanding, the standard and the enthusiasm with which the games were played was very encouraging.

On a more successful note we are pleased to say that we won the Work Trophy at the end of the year. This achievement came as a result of great effort by every member of the House.

## HOUSE COLOURS

Girls *Athletics*: J. Braithwaite, A. Chapman, A. McLean.  
*Hockey*: G. Neale, J. Imrie, L. Pitts.  
*Netball*: J. Norris, B. Clemo, L. Pitts.  
*Swimming*: B. Bulbeck, L. Pitts, O. Plunkett.  
*Tennis*: V. Sandes, J. Imrie, S. Hyland.

Boys *Athletics*: H. Almond (S. Capt.), J. Sleep, R. Barratt, P. Pugh, M. Braithwaite, S. Naismith (I. Capt.), P. Burrows, P. Bolt, G. Cherry, W. Allison, I. Norman.

*Basketball*: M. Racicot (S. Capt.), H. Almond, K. Wells, A. Smith, M. Dengate, R. Thurston, C. Almond (I. Capt.), P. Burrows, J. Lithgow, R. Almerood, I. Norman.

*Cricket*: A. Smith (S. Capt.), H. Almond, P. Riley, L. Norton, C. Almond (I. Capt.), I. Norman, M. Holding.

*Cross-Country*: H. Almond (Capt.), A. Smith, M. Braithwaite, S. Naismith, P. Burrows, I. Norman.

*Football*: A. Smith (S. Capt.), H. Almond, M. Dengate, C. Almond (I. Capt.), I. Norman, A. Jones, G. Cherry, A. Green, P. Cowan, J. Coote, P. Burrows.

B. Bulbeck  
H. Almond

## Lower school

### CORNWALL HOUSE

#### Junior Boys

The enthusiasm in the house for the whole year has been outstanding under the able leadership of David Thear. Once again we had outstanding victories in most of the competitive sporting activities, e.g. Football, Cross-country running, Athletics and Swimming. The House learned most about sporting competitions when complacency in the cricket cup lost us the title. We do try hard in the work trophy but each year we find ourselves holding the wooden spoon, but watch out at the top, we are in a fighting mood. The house as a whole are to be commended for their sportsmanship and endeavour. Well done!

#### Junior Girls

This has been another year of great interest and enthusiasm for both sports and work and a year of hard work in all its aspects on the part of all House Members.

Notable amongst the successes are the winning of the Hockey Tournament and the Tennis Cup, both gained against considerable opposition. The House also acquitted itself well in Netball, Rounders, Athletics and Swimming. In this last activity mention must be made of Fiona Findlay who broke two existing school records and created another one.

The House has every reason to be proud of its achievements and every member has played her part creditably and with enthusiasm.

### EDINBURGH HOUSE

#### Junior Boys

Cricket was the only sport in which Edinburgh led the field last season, convincing victories being gained over the other Houses. Mathew, Ball, the

Foggins, Kirsopp and Hartstone were among those who held a steady bat or flighted an unsteady ball. On the football field there was persistence, if not much skill, and we came an honourable third. Individually we had firsts in 1st year Inter-House Athletics in the 100 yds. and 400 yds. by D. Kingston, in the cricket ball by P. Brown, and in the discus by N. Swainson. Coffey and Ball also were worthy runners up in the 1st and 2nd Years Cross Country races respectively. Things are looking up on the football side this current season with the House team consisting of eight first years and three second years. Surely there is some success in the offing for us with Soccer this year! House Captain for this year is Peter Brown.

#### Junior Girls

Last season Edinburgh came third in the final House netball tournament, after losing one game and winning another.

Hockey results were disappointing last season and we hope that the present one will be more successful.

In the summer the house was second in the Rounders matches and in Tennis third. These results and those of the inter-house athletics seem to show an increase in effort and interest and I hope that this season and next we can obtain some even more commendable results.

The following children received their Junior House colours:

*Netball:* Denise Macdonnell.

*Hockey:* Elaine Watson.

*Tennis:* Joanne Belliveau, Ann Wanklyn, Denise Macdonnell.

*Rounders:* Denise Macdonnell.

#### GLOUCESTER HOUSE.

##### Junior Boys

In the Soccer competition there were some very exciting matches and at one time it looked as though we would win it, but it was not to be and we finished third. Our finest hour came in the Junior Cross Country when Nicholas Ford won the first year event and we tied for first overall placing with Cornwall. The cricket competition in the Summer saw us again placed third. Our Junior swimmers and athletes did their share to help the seniors in those school events.

This was a year of keen interest and enthusiastic support and although things did not always go our way the boys were always trying till the end.

##### Junior Girls

Gloucester girls have done very well. We were represented in the netball, hockey, tennis, swimming and rounders competitions and in fact won the Netball Trophy. Sports Day proved to be exciting. We have also won the Merit Cup and the Work Trophy during the course of the year.

On behalf of everyone in Gloucester in Lower School we would like to thank Miss Greig for being such an excellent Housemistress and giving us all the backing we needed.

The following girls obtained House Colours:

*Netball:* Heather Hamilton, Marion Barrett, Angeline Ross, Pamela Tull.

*Hockey:* Heather Hamilton, Marion Barrett, Angeline Ross, Suzanne Windmill.

*Rounders:* Marion Barrett.

*Tennis:* Suzanne Windmill.

*Athletics:* Margaret Muzzell, Ann Kears, Suzanne Windmill.

*Swimming:* Suzanne Windmill, Ann Kears, Kathryn Pratt.

*M. Muzzell (House Captain)*

*A. Kears (Netball Captain)*

#### KENT HOUSE

##### Junior Boys

Kent House football team played well during the year, coming second in the football trophy finally losing to the stronger Cornwall team. With C. Crenan as Captain, the team played hard with strong support from M. Ludeman, D. Allison and P. Mason.

The summer produced an enthusiastic cricket team but this proved no match for the other House teams. The final match, however, was very close and exciting to watch, the team just losing by a few runs, to take fourth place in the trophy.

A new House Captain and Vice Captain were elected at the beginning of the term, M. Ludeman being chosen as House Captain and G. Weinbaum as Vice Captain.

*M. Ludeman*

##### Junior Girls

Throughout the last year all members of Kent House have shown a great deal of enthusiasm and worked very hard in all events.

We started the term quite well by coming second in both the Hockey and Netball tournaments and our junior girls gained most points in the athletics. Kent was well represented in all school activities.

In the tennis tournament we also gained second place and managed to win the rounders cup, in addition to being the proud possessors of the Work Trophy.

Last year was a very good year of sport for Kent because of the magnificent effort put in to everything and because of the encouraging support shown by the spectators.

This year the following office-bearers were elected:

House captain: Sarah Pipes

Vice captain: Diana Morrison

Netball captain: Jane Pipes

Hockey captain: Elspeth McKenzie.

This year we hope to improve last year's results and with our present teams I'm sure our efforts will be rewarding.

*Sarah Pipes*

# Sport

## RUGBY

P	W	L	F	A
14	8	6	146	123

The season 1966/67 was a season of many 'firsts'. For the first time it was possible to play a full number of fixtures. For the first time Windsor School were beaten by 18 points to 12 points. For the first time the number of victories exceeded the number of defeats.

Unfortunately it was never possible to establish a regular team, largely because a number of players left school during the course of the season. However, this had compensations in the fact that 26 boys were able to play for 1st XV. Only two players did not miss a match, the captain and scrum half Angus Black, and the full back Malcolm Yates, and both played soundly on all occasions, Malcolm scoring 39 points with tries and conversions. Of the others Tim Ahern provided a flair whether as a back or as a forward; John Sleep, John Elliot and Terry Bolton provided solidity in the scrums; Don Wood hooked well; Peter Burrows looked a typical Welsh fly half in the making, and John Stallwood, Chris Drescher and Bob Horn played well in the threequarters.

Looking to the future, not many of last year's players are left, and the school looks to be particularly short of big forwards. However, we hope again to have a full fixture list, and in particular to increase the numbers of matches against other schools. One of the highlights of last season was the visit of N.O.I.B. Nijenrode and the team is anticipating an enjoyable return fixture when they visit Holland in December.

Colours were awarded to: A. Black, J. Sleep, M. Yates.

*C. L.*

## BASKETBALL 1966-67

This was a season of great success and great disappointment.

The team played remarkably well, consistently for three and a half months, to win the Rheindahlen Garrison League outright. They averaged 51 points per match and played really well to beat the Northag/Two T.A.F. Transport Company 39—30. Much could be said of this win because of the time given freely by the players in the evenings to play and travel. Three of the team came from Düsseldorf or Krefeld and rarely arrived home from school before 9.30 or 10.00 pm on a match night.

For the Rheindahlen Garrison Handicap Cup the team were asked to give 27 points away to Camp H.Q. This proved to be eight points too many and so the League Champions retired gracefully in the first round!

In the Inter-Schools competition at Windsor School the team played well but the journey, the conditions and general fatigue conspired to do terrible things to their game.

After leading against Windsor School 17—8 at half time, Windsor scored a vital two points in the last five seconds to draw the game 25—25.

Against Gloucester School the team won by 23-21. The result reflects how close the game was all the way through.

In the final match Queen's lost to Cornwall 32—30, a fair result to a really close game.

(We did not play every school — and will we ever play P.R.S.?)

John Stallwood captained the team well in this full season and maintained a high spirit. Terry Wright, Paul Bawden and John Snelling all had quite a reasonable season, but it was the newcomers who made the real hits. John Read started scoring a lot of baskets and was always well aided by the American brothers Ed and Bob Horn. McCrae who came in late in the season, Fred Leeson the rebounder and Rod Eccleston the tearaway, all deserved their success and title of Rheindahlen Garrison League Champions 1966—1967.

## ATHLETICS

### 6th Inter-Schools Athletics Individual Championships.

As is usual for Queen's School Athletics team the only match was the Individual Championships held here in Rheindahlen on July 10th, although the Boys Relay Team did take part in a number of invitation events.

Although not a vintage year for Queen's competitors, the overall standard followed the international trend and went up, so that perhaps one or two of our competitors who this year came second can console themselves with the thought that it was more difficult to win. To this was the added incentive of winners being selected to represent a B.F.E.S. team versus a German schools team on the following day.

Our only B.F.E.S. Champions were Philip Miles who won the Intermediate Boys 100 metres, Gordon Jermy, the Intermediate Boys 400 metres, and once again Terry Wright who won the Senior Boys High Jump with a new record jump of 5 ft 9 ins.

Certainly two of our "runners up" lost in wonderful races. Peter Jones came second in the Senior 800 metres in a time of 1 min. 59.0 secs., the winner's time being 1 min. 56.0 secs., the previous record being 2 mins. 11.0 secs. The same sort of performance occurred in the 1500 metres when John Read came second in 4 mins. 20.2 secs., and Paul Bawden third in 4 mins. 24.2, the previous record being 4 mins. 24.3.

The following boys and girls won a 'place' in the championships:

### Boys

Gordon Jermy 2nd High jump, 2nd Triple jump, 1st 400 metres.  
Terry Wright 2nd High jump, 2nd Hurdles, 2nd Long jump.  
Paul Bawden 2nd Triple jump, 3rd 1500 metres.  
Peter Jones 2nd 800 metres, 2nd 400 metres.  
Philip Miles 1st 100 metres, 2nd 200 metres.  
John Read 2nd 1500 metres, 3rd High jump.  
Terry Boulton 2nd Shot putt.

### Girls

Jean Braithwaite 3rd 100 metres.

## SWIMMING

### 6th Inter-Schools Individual Swimming Championships.

During our Inter-House Championships this year it was noted by competitors and officials alike that a number of the winning times were close to Inter-Schools Championship records, and that a number of our pupils should do well in the Championships.

At the Championships 10 records were broken, 6 of them by Queen's competitors, and furthermore, of the 17 events there were only two where a Queen's pupil was not either first or second.

There was a 'spur' to success having Barry Hart with us to set a crackling pace, but let this not detract from the fine performance of our swimmers who trained in the early mornings and at night and generally worked very hard for their success.

The following boys and girls won a place in the Championships:

#### Girls

Barbara Bulbeck, 1st 100 m. Front Crawl.  
Ancka Schenk, 4th 50 m. Breast Stroke.  
Audrey Fletcher, 1st 50 m. Front Crawl, 2nd Diving.  
Fiona Findlay, 1st 100 m Breast Stroke (new record).  
Susan Harries, 2nd 50 m. Back Crawl.  
Girls Medley Relay Team 4th.  
Girls Freestyle Relay Team 1st (new record).

#### Boys

Barry Hart, 1st Butterfly (new record), 1st 100 m. Crawl (new record).  
Peter Jones, 2nd 50 m. Crawl.  
James Lithgow, 2nd 50 m. Breast Stroke.  
David Borton, 2nd 100 m. Breast Stroke.  
John Sleep, 1st Diving.  
Alec Cross, 2nd 50 m. Back Crawl.  
Boys Medley Relay Team 1st (new record).  
Boys Freestyle Relay Team 1st (new record).

### 1ST XI CRICKET REPORT

A cricket bat has two uses: (a) to prevent a ball from hitting the stumps, (b) to score runs. The whole of our 1st XI knows the theory, but only one, J. Snelling, practised is successfully this season. On one unfortunate occasion they scored fewer runs than they had players, and on another, when needing only 4 runs to win, with 5 wickets standing, the match ended in a draw. But our failure with the bat was more than compensated for by our success in the field. Faced with a team ably led by John Read, opposition batsman knew that only their most accurately executed strokes would penetrate the defence. Some brilliant catches brought shouts of approval from the spectators, whilst the unlucky batsman stood aghast. Messrs Stallwood, Smith, Davies, Black, and Yates bowled efficiently, and in the match against Windsor Boys' School, Yates and Black routed the opposition for a meagre 34 runs, which brought welcome victory to Queen's, and avenged last year's defeat. In the Evening league they won 4, drew 1, and lost 2.

To add even more to their success at home, they widened their bounds to include Victoria Cricket Club Rotterdam. Although Victoria's youth team were beaten decisively on two occasions, both sides won new friends. Here in Rheindahlen the Dutch boys enjoyed the hospitality of members and their parents. In Rotterdam they welcomed our team in their homes, took them on a magnificent tour of their harbour, and showed them a panoramic view of their beautiful city from the giddy heights of the Post Office Tower. And as if this was not enough presented them with a challenge cup, so that the cricket and the friendship might continue in the future.

So well done 1st XI cricketers — may you continue to add to your successes next season.

## GIRLS' TEAMS

### SPRING TERM 1967

The main event of this term from the Games point of view was the Inter-schools' Hockey Tournament held at Windsor School. With Sarah Francis as Captain, replacing Jenny Downes who returned to England at Christmas, the team played well and won against Prince Rupert School, Kent School and Gloucester School, drew with King's School and lost to Windsor who came first in the Tournament. Queen's School and King's School had equal points but Queen's had more goals and therefore gained second place.

An Inter-Form Netball tournament again took place during the term and forms are to be commended for their enthusiastic support. In the final, 4A fought a keen match against 3C to become this year's winners.

### SUMMER TERM

After one or two preliminary matches the 1st Tennis Team went up to King's to defend their title. This year Prince Rupert School were unable to attend the Tennis Tournament, but Kent School and Gloucester School entered teams for the first time. The girls did well in their matches, winning against Windsor, Kent Gloucester and King's and ending up first in the tournament for the fourth successive year. Unfortunately the Boys' Tournament was not held this year, so that although the team practised regularly they had only one match against a local RAF side.

## SCHOOL TEAMS

1967

### Tennis

V. Sandes\*, J. Imrie\*, C. Butcher (capt.)+, D. Snelling\*, B. Stallwood, S. Francis.

### Swimming

B. Bulbeck\*, A. Fletcher\*, S. Harries, K. Black, F. Findlay, S. Mahony, A. Schenk (capt.).

### Hockey 1st XI

From:

B. Twitchett, V. Peacock, S. Mahony, M. Blewett, M. Bartle, C. Clarkson,

B. McInnes, S. Francis\* (capt.), J. Imrie, G. Smith, P. Archer, L. Kellaway, C. Burrows, B. Bulbeck.

#### Netball 1st VII

From:

C. White, J. Ingmells, J. Howell, M. Blewett (capt.), S. Mahony, D. Davies, G. McLean, A. Chapman, S. Homer.

Under 15 VII

L. Kellaway (capt.), B. Twitchett, A. McLean, A. Fletcher, D. McDonnell, C. Kirby, C. Clarkson.

\* = New colours.

+ = Colours re-awarded.

S. C. P.

#### 1ST XI FOOTBALL 1967 SEASON

This was a memorable season for our footballers as they laid claim to be B.F.E.S. Schools Champions for the first time.

The team started very experimentally with a match against Wildenrath Fire Section which was lost 4-2. This game, however, taught a number of lessons and caused the lessons to be well learned, for in the next two matches against a 2nd A.T.A.F. XI and a Scribes XI, a number of changes were made and both matches were won.

In our first inter-schools match against Kent School the team played well and won 3-1. Randerson, Stallwood and Read were obviously 'main stream' players in a 4-3-3 system which apparently worked!

Against King's School, who were a strong well drilled team, we only managed a draw and this served as a sharp reminder that goal chances and defensive blunders could cost us dear.

In our next match against a strong R.A.F. Wegberg side the team clicked into a high gear and won quite handsomely by 4-1.

We left on our tour to the north on Friday 17th November, and returned victorious, having beaten Gloucester School and Prince Rupert School.

Our one big regret — that the annual fixture against the staff could not be played owing to the onset of the early snows and lack of time. Perhaps the staff were not too unhappy about missing a fixture with a strong School XI!

#### CRITIQUE of the 1st XI

J. Stallwood — Captain and Centre full back. A strong forceful player and good leader on the field.

J. Read — Often up front — often found in defence — always found on the goal scorers' list.

R. Randerson — Strong, hard running, hard tackling centre half. Has he got steel shins?

J. Legry — Goalkeeper — a lot of leap from a little goalie.

C. Kirby — Fullback — always looking for trouble spots — and often finding himself involved — hardworking.

M. McGarry — Fullback — one of the most improved players of the season. Very cool under pressure.

P. Reilly — Half-back — the most improved player in the side — hard-tackling, hardworking.

I. Thompson — Half-back — a young player who has quite a lot of talent and can't believe it himself.

A. Smith — Sometimes, an inspired forward — who sometimes worked hard and who always had a word for it!

G. Henderson — "Wee Georgie had some nice touches" — comment from large full-back.

D. Irwin — A good jumper over the sliding tackle and a fast wing attack.

D. Borton — In troubled times a ready, willing and competent player.

R. Eccleston — A fine football theorist — who had his moments!

#### NORTHERN TOUR 1967

We left Queen's School on Friday 16th November at 9 o'clock to go to Gloucester School, Hohne and Prince Rupert School, Wilhelmshaven, to play various games.

After a 7½ hour journey we arrived at Gloucester. In the evening after we had been introduced to our hosts and had had a journey of a further hour to the married quarters, we had a hasty meal and turned back for the school. The senior boys' basketball squad played a very hard match and beat the Gloucester squad, in a smaller gym than Queen's were used to, by 57 points to 34.

When the match had finished we all went into the hall to join in the Gloucester School's weekly informal dance, where we were entertained by a local group called the 'Peppermint Excursion'.

Saturday morning the Netball, Hockey and Football matches were played. The senior netball team had a convincing win by 17-6. The Under 15 netball team won by 14-4. A hockey team made up of seniors and intermediates played Gloucester 1st XI and were beaten 3-2. The most exciting match of the morning was the football which we won 3-2.

We had lunch at Gloucester School and then set off across country to Prince Rupert School, stopping on the way at Belsen Concentration Camp Memorial.

We arrived at Prince Rupert School in the early evening and were taken to a film show of 'Julius Caesar'. When it was first made it was, no doubt, a fine film for the cinema.

On Sunday morning we got up at eight o'clock, went to Chapel and then played Basketball, in yet another smaller gym, and had a very exciting match, winning in the last few minutes. The final score was 34-33.

The Senior Netball Team won their match by 13-8, but the Under 15's were beaten, for the first time this season, 17-10. After lunch the same mixed hockey team were beaten 7-1 by Prince Rupert School, who were the much stronger team.

The match of the day was the football and our strong defence held

out bravely against a strong attack and we won by 3—2 once again.

We attended a Prince Rupert School Sixth Form 'Social' and although we were very tired we enjoyed ourselves, but were not sorry to get some rest at the end of the match commitments.

On Monday morning we had to get up at 7 o'clock! We left at 8.30 a.m. after a quick breakfast and returned to our coach, which had become a second home to us.

The social and sporting aspects of the tour were an experiment, this being the first time Queen's School have ever sent a party of sporting enthusiasts on tour and was a great success.

The teams were made up of the following people:

#### *Football XI*

John Stallwood, (Capt.)  
Johnny Legry  
Chris Kirby  
Rod Randerson  
Ian Thompson  
Mike McGarry  
Pete Reilly  
Dave Irwin  
John Read  
Alan Smith  
George Henderson  
Dave Borton  
Rod Eccleston

#### *Senior Netball*

Marion Blewett, (Capt.)  
Janet Howell  
Ann Chapman  
Sheila Mahoney  
Diana Davis  
Carolyn White  
Judy Ingamells  
Susan Tucker

#### *Basketball Squad*

John Stallwood, (Capt.)  
John Read  
Fred Leeson  
Malcolm McCrae  
James Lithgow  
Ricky Almerood  
Rod Eccleston  
Alan Vaughan  
Alan Rosie

#### *Under 15/VII Netball*

Leigh Kelloway, (Capt.)  
Audrey Fletcher  
Caroline Clarkson  
Carol Kirby  
Alexis McLean  
Denise McDonnell  
Barbara Twitchett  
Christine Robinson

Sarah Francis and Joanne Imrie accompanied us to play in the two hockey matches, Sarah Francis being the School Hockey Captain.

Miss Philpott and Mr. Nichols came on the tour to supervise and to enjoy a weekend away from school with some choice pupils.

*Marion Blewett  
Rod Eccleston*

### **LOWER JUNIOR SOCCER/NETBALL FESTIVALS**

#### **JANUARY, 1967**

On 27/28 January, Queen's acted as hosts to Cornwall, Kent and Windsor schools. Visitors were boarded out with Queen's pupils. This

arrangement swiftly creates a relaxed and integrated atmosphere between guests and hosts, and we are most grateful for the parents' generosity and hospitality.

Weather was fine, and the tournaments were very well supported, Army soccer referees gave their services free, and seemed to enjoy the games as much as anyone — quite a change in these violent days! Time and time again, comments were overheard praising the overall standard of play. It was gratifying to see very young people have a good idea of team work and tactics rather than relying on individual strength. Intelligent play, plus 12-year old exuberance and sportsmanship, made every game well worth watching and playing.

Queen's girls won all their matches, and completely justified a hard training programme. Queen's boys drew their first match, against Kent 2—2, and beat Cornwall 4—0. As Windsor had won both of their games, Queen's had to win if they were to share the girls' success. Win they did, 1—0, in a truly exciting game which made a good climax to an excellent series.

### **LOWER JUNIOR AND JUNIOR INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS**

The Junior and Lower Junior Athletics championships were held at Hamm Schools in June. These events are always held in a relaxed and pleasant atmosphere, and the young competitors thoroughly enjoyed their day. The Queen's girls were particularly successful.

The girls were successful in no less than six events (twice as many as any other school). M. Muzzel won the 150 yds, E. McKenzie the Long Jump, S. Mahoney the Discus, C. Wilson the Hurdles and the High Jump — a very good day's work. The Junior relay was won in grand style by a very smooth Queen's team. The Lower Junior team unluckily disqualified themselves by overstepping the relay box on an unfamiliar track.

The boys had their fair share of success. David Thear won a fine 440 yds, by intelligent pace work in conditions which demanded tactical running. Young Eric Fletcher came a good second in the 220 yds. Black came as close to winning the High Jump as one can do, jumping the same height as the winner, but with one more attempt. After winning their heat well, the Lower Junior fumbled a change in the final, and promise it won't happen again next year!

### **GIRLS' LOWER SCHOOL GAMES**

#### **SPRING AND SUMMER TERM 1967**

In the Spring Term 1st and 2nd Year girls concentrated a great deal on hockey, the emphasis of the previous term having been on Netball.

The hockey House matches were keenly contested and we saw a good standard of play for juniors — we looked for opposition for our school team but in vain! The third years gave us a few practice games and the only school that could field an under 13 hockey XI was Kent. We had an interesting and enjoyable match which we won 4—0 owing to the determined tackling of the halves and the speed of the two wings.

Inter-form Netball matches were played during the term and 2D emerged the Champions.

During the Summer Term we had a brave attempt at including Tennis, Rounders, Athletics and Swimming for all forms. The majority of the girls practised during free time and therefore a reasonable standard was achieved. In athletics lessons we borrowed hurdles from the R.A.F. gym. They were put to good use and we were pleased to record a first and third place in this event in the inter-schools athletics.

We have had a very good two terms; in fact we have not lost any matches in the last year and a half, but then we have a great deal of enthusiasm in the school with very little available opposition.

#### Under 13 Hockey XI

J. Hart, A. Kears, S. Jones, L. Smout, H. Hamilton, A. Wanklyn, J. Blair, S. Windmill, A. Fletcher, D. Morrison, E. Watson, Reserve L. Robertson.

#### Under 13 Athletics

100	M. Muzzell	D. Morrison
150	E. McKenzie	M. Muzzell
High Jump	C. Wilson	D. Morrison
Long Jump	E. McKenzie	D. Morrison
Hurdles	E. McKenzie	C. Wilson
Relay	E. McKenzie	M. Muzzell
	C. Wilson	D. Morrison

#### Under 15 Athletics

100	E. Watson	A. Fletcher
150	D. Day	E. Watson
High Jump	D. Day	A. Fletcher
Long Jump	S. Mahoney	L. Kelloway
Hurdless	A. Fletcher	D. Day
Javelin	B. Twitchett	C. Clarkson
Discus	S. Mahoney	L. Kelloway
Relay	A. Fletcher	An. Fletcher
	E. Watson	D. Day

#### LOWER SCHOOL SOCCER

##### QUEEN'S v KENT — OCTOBER, 1967

First match was the local derby against Kent, a team greatly strengthened this year by boarding intake and expansion. Kent started very strongly and scored within five minutes. The young Queen's side steadied, gradually the defence organised itself into a unit, and a hard, even struggle was on. Queen's centre forward, Bromley, showed off remarkable reflexes when he pounced into a defensive muddle, and scored with a hard shot. Before the interval, Kent left wing, Butler, had bad luck with two fine volleys that went just the wrong way — for him! The second half was an even match, but no forward seemed strong enough to settle the issue.

##### QUEEN'S v KING'S — OCTOBER, 1967

King's travelled down to Rheindahlen in confident mood. They won their Northern Area festival last year, Queen's won the Southern — a hard match was inevitable.

In fact, Queen's forwards were in excellent form, and were soon three goals up — King's defence was not working together, and Bromley once again showed how quickly he can take advantage of any confusion. The whole Queen's team, composed mostly of 1st year boys, played strong, confident football and were not rattled by an excellent King's goal, too late to have any real effect. Another Queen's score finally settled the issue 4—1.

##### LOWER JUNIOR SOCCER TOURNAMENT, NOV. 1967

Kent School were hosts this season, in the Lower Junior Football/Netball tournaments.

Queen's made a good start by beating Kent 3-1. The forwards were very fast, the half backs strong and never let the Kent team settle into their game.

On Saturday morning, Queen's met a strong side from Cornwall School Dortmund. With the score 1—1 near the interval, a very powerful shot by Warren of Queen's was magnificently saved by the Cornwall goalkeeper — a shot and save worthy of 1st eleven play. Whilst Queen's were still digesting this little drama, Cornwall swept upfield and scored. This turned the game. After half time, with wind and gremlins on their side, full of confidence, Cornwall came hard at our defence, who proved very slow on the turn. The pitches were big and Cornwall forwards kept running strongly through. Final score 5—1, and Queen's well beaten by a bigger and better side.

By the final games, all four teams were weary of the big pitches and 100 minutes football already played. Queen's had most of the play against Edinburgh; they were still moving in good formation and creating good chances from the wings. They lacked the power in the penalty area to settle the match; in near misses we won 5—2! In fact, the score of 1—1 did not affect Queen's second place in the tournament. A good weekend of football with the usual refreshing Lower Junior enthusiasm and sportsmanship. Congratulations to a fit and strong Cornwall team; we were well pleased with our second place, but not satisfied!

## Clubs

### THE KEEP-FIT CLUB

The Keep-Fit Club was only formed at the beginning of the Autumn term. Miss Lind runs it and Mr. Wainwright plays the piano. The club teaches the girls how to move to music, to stand, sit and relax correctly. It is extremely useful as well as being great fun.

*Gillian Sinclair, 6 Alpha*

## LOWER SCHOOL GYM CLUB

Despite lack of a gymnasium and heavy apparatus much useful gymnastic work is done throughout the winter terms. The children are at a fine age for agility work, and achieve a good overall standard.

The boys aim at three set standards during their classwork. Green should be attainable by most pupils, with regular practice and intelligent application. Red is for the half dozen boys in each class who are especially keen on gymnastics, and who aim for some fairly advanced techniques. For the outstanding boys of the school, gold standard involves a lot of teamwork, and careful progress with less and less physical support, to advanced skills at the top of the agility "table".

Weekly gym club gave good training at higher pressure than normal classwork allows to those aiming for red and gold. With supporters as keen and able as themselves, the 'performers' could really throw themselves into their work!

During the year some twenty boys gained a red standard. Scriven and Ross achieved gold, which had only been reached once before since standards started. Six members of the club took a part in the gymnastics display on Upper School Speech Day. They worked through a five-minute display of agility, and gained much confidence by their experience and kind reception offered to them by the spectators.

The members of the club proved very useful when back in their normal lessons. Their knowledge, skill and confidence became very important factors in the progress of the class. They made the work of their groups smoother and safer, and they definitely increased class interest and ambition by their own improved skills.

## SWIMMING CLUB 1967

The swimming club exists to improve the performance of keen swimmers in the school, on a non-competitive basis. A course of work is followed which leads to examinations in life-saving, personal survival work and general water confidence. The general standard of swimming at Queen's is very high, and plenty of normal time is taken up with general training and competition preparation. It is hoped that the work done in the club will encourage those interested in sub-aqua work, the higher lifesaving awards (which are very arduous examinations indeed), and competent swimmers interested in improving their standard well above normal class level.

Below is a list of pupils successful in national examinations this year. A. S. A. awards concentrate on personal ability, R. L. S. S. exams test life-saving techniques.

### A. S. A. GOLD

These candidates were successful in the examination:

Valda Lichtenberg	P. Burrows	D. West
Susan Williamson	G. Crowhurst	J. Blake
Teresa Massey	B. Burrows	S. Lichtenberg
Carol Warner	L. Dawney	S. Cockcroft

Jane Clayton  
Denise McDonnell  
Fiona Finlay  
Patricia McLean  
Christine Wilson  
Terry Girton  
Susan Winder

C. Arthurson  
M. Davies  
J. Hubbard  
L. Robertson  
K. Pratt  
C. Savory

J. Caldwell  
M. Evans  
Susan Windmill  
S. Bulbeck  
J. Dengate  
O. Plunkett

### A. S. A. SILVER

Karen Borton      Lesley Wynn      Stephen Ransom      Robert Jukes

## THE THIRD YEAR CRICKET CLUB

Owing to the number of 3rd year boys wishing to play cricket a separate club under the guidance of Mr. Roll was formed.

The games during the club periods were eagerly attended and some good cricket resulted. Matches against the 4th and 5th year teams were arranged and were strongly contested.

Against the 5th year a middle order collapse threatened to give us a very small score, but Dick 13 and Cherry 9 led to a score of 51. Legry, who got 33 for the 5th year, led them to a good win.

The match against the 4th year was very exciting. They made 46 for 9 wickets. Homer scored 13 and Bass 11, but at the close we were still three runs behind.

Undeterred by these results we went to Kent School for a match. Mr. Roll was unable to go with us, but Mr. Lodge stood in. In sixteen overs Kent were all out for 40. Some good bowling and fielding, Bass 4 wickets for 14 and Giles 3 wickets for 2, contributed to their small score.

Our batting started well, Dick 13 and Homer 10 started us on the way to victory. Holding then stubbornly held one end, while Bass started on a big hitting spree.

We won by eight wickets with Bass 22 not out, and half the team still to bat. We were elated and enjoyed a friendly game to fill in time.

The season's best players were Bass, Holding, Dick and Homer. Giles captained the side with great enthusiasm.

The team against Kent School was Dick (wicket-keeper), Homer, Bass (vice-captain), Holding, Giles (captain), Cherry, Jones, Kay, Logan and Ward. The scorer was Eaton.

*S. Giles 4A*

### THE FOLLOWING CLUBS ALSO MET:

Squash	Radio	Chess
Table Tennis	Drama	Cookery
	Craft	Fencing
Needlework & Craft	Typing	Woodwork
	History Model-makers	

## QUEEN'S SCHOOL

### 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  
Senior Mistress Lower School: Miss M. M. Sherwin  
School Chaplain: Rev. C. H. Sellars, B.A.

Mr. T. G. Baker, Dip. P.E.	Miss E. A. Merritt
Mr. S. A. Balding, B.A.	Miss D. A. Milford, B.Sc.
Miss M. Bancroft	Mr. G. W. T. Morgan
Miss A. E. Barcham, B.A.	Mr. D. J. N. Nicholls, Dip. P.E.
Mr. H. Bishop	Miss S. C. Philpott, Dip. P.E.
Mr. P. Brindley, B.A.	Miss B. F. Poole, B.A.
Mr. L. W. Bristow, B.A.	Miss B. E. Prest
Miss A. Cockburn, B.A.	Mrs. A. Priest
Mr. P. J. Cocking, A.T.D.	Mr. A. J. Reilly, B.Sc.
Mr. L. H. W. Daisy, B.Sc.	Mr. H. K. Roll, B.A.
Mr. T. H. A. Dalton	Mr. D. A. Simpson, B.A.
Mr. D. O. Eeastman	Mr. J. A. Stallwood
Mr. P. G. Gilbert	Miss J. M. Taylor-Smith
Miss I. J. Greig, M.A.	Mr. J. B. Theaker
Miss L. M. Hepworth	Mr. D. G. Thomas, B.Sc.
Mr. B. R. Hunt, B.A.	Mr. J. Tomlinson, M. Coll.H.
Mr. D. A. Kay	Mr. J. Turner, B.A.
Mr. A. Lawson, B.Sc.	Mr. K. E. Vipas, M.A.
Miss H. G. Lind	Mr. G. Wainwright, LRAM(T).
Mr. C. Lodge, B.A.	Mr. D. E. Walker
Mr. W. A. Lonsdale	Mr. G. T. Ward, M.A.
Miss S. E. McAlinden, B.A.	Mr. D. Wells, B.Sc.
Mr. J. J. McCallion, M.A.	Mrs. E. Gibbens
Mr. F. C. Macklin, M.A.	Mrs. F. B. Mawson
Miss N. Mathews, M.A.	Mrs. J. Tucker
Mr. P. Matthews, A.R.P.S.	Mlle. C. Arnaud

#### Administrative and Clerical Staff

Mr. E. Bell	Miss K. Smith
Miss S. B. Jolly	Mrs. E. Mayo
Mr. W. G. Caddy	Herr J. Höfges

#### School Prefects

P. Jones	Head Boy	Linda Storey	Head Girl
J. Read	Deputy Head Boy	Judith Dimberline	Deputy Head Girl

M. Miller  
A. Smith  
D. Borton  
J. Stallwood  
H. Almond  
R. Eccleston

Marion Blewett  
Janet Taylor

#### Assistant School Prefects

A. Vaughan  
M. Davies  
M. Dray  
D. Donen  
D. Wood  
N. McAllister

F. Leeson  
Vivian Sandes  
Hilary Godber  
Philippa Evason

### Examination successes

#### 1967: University and College Entries

N. Whittaker	—	Lanchester College of Technology
A. Black	—	Napier College of Science and Technology
G. Neck	—	City of London
Brigid Hardman-Mountford	—	St. Gabriel's
Georgina Haycock	—	Bulmershe
Glynis Hurley	—	Bingley
Lesley Jeffery	—	Ealing
Vanessa Mathew	—	Whiteland's
Gail Neale	—	Christ Church, Canterbury
Mary Norris	—	Coventry
Lindsay O'Gorman	—	Newton Park
Pauline Rowland	—	Rose Bruford
J. Snelling	—	Avery Hill
Brenda Stallwood	—	Nonnington
Jennifer Thorp	—	Froebel
Elizabeth Ward	—	Wall Hall

#### GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

A: Art, B: Biology, C: Chemistry, EL: English Language, 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 (January and June 1967)

Ahern, R.	PM and AM
Black, A.	F
Cosgrove, D.	Z
Dunmall, P.	Gr
Foster, D.	A
Francis, S.	E and H

Green, P.	Gr
Haycock, G.	E
Higgins, R.	C, PM and P
Hurley, G.	E
Jeffery, L.	E and Gr
Jones, S.	F and Gr
Lewis, M.	A
Mathew, V.	A
McGuinness, P.	E and F
Miller, M.	A
Neale, G.	E, G and H
Neck, G.	PM
Norris, M.	C, PM and P
Norton, L.	T/D
O'Gorman, L.	G
Ronald, D.	H
Rowland, P.	E
Sleep, J.	PM and AM
Snelling, J.	PM
Todd, P.	A and G
Walker, S.	A, E and F
Whittaker, N.	E and G
Woods, A.	E
Wright, S.	A
Wright, T.	T/D

**"O" Level (January 1967)**

The following candidates obtained:

**Three Passes**

Dimberline, J., Garfoot, B., Hall, C.

**Two Passes**

Burgell, J., Butcher, C., McAllister, N., Stallwood, J.

**One Pass**

Bance, N., Bartle, I., Bates, J., Eccleston, R., Eggar, A., Fairley, S., Foster, D., Green, P., Greer, B., Hale, B., Harrison, S., Higgins, P., Kelly, G., Kelly, L., Leeson, F., Littley, G., Miller, M., Norton, L., Pound, R., Radford, V., Sandes, V., Seddon, L., Smith, A., Snape, D., Snelling, D., Stallwood, B., Thorp, J., Ward, E., Windmill, D.

**"O" Level (June 1967)**

The following candidates obtained:

**Nine Passes**

Holmes, F.

**Eight Passes**

Flood, W., Nethercott, V., Thear, M., Yates, M.

**Seven Passes**

Fliderbaum, M., Fullerton, M., Melia, D., Norris, J., Windmill, D.

**Six Passes**

Henley, C., Jack, I., Lyon, D., Maitland, A., McNaughton, J., Moore, H., Pitt, R., Pitts, L.

**Five Passes**

Bell, D., Bulbeck, B., Cooke, J., Kilpatrick, L., Moles, P., Rees, S., Scriven, R., Smith, M., Smith, S.

**Four Passes**

Bass, E., Dawney, P., Garfoot, B., Higgins, P., Kathuria, R., Laws, K., Mackenzie, R., Maltby, F., Nappi, C., Pound, R., Stewart, D.

**Three Passes**

Adcock, K., Barratt, S., Braithwaite, M., Caldwell, J., Cowton, C., Dengate, S., Findlater, D., Ivison, R., Jukes, D., Littley, G., Radford, V., Regler, D., Regler, S., Riseley, J., Seddon, L.

**Two Passes**

Black, K., Blewett, M., Borton, D., Browne, J., Cruickshanks, S., Eccleston, R., Gurden, T-L., Henderson, G., Kingston, S., Lewis, M., Marner, S., McGarry, M., Miles, P., Portsmouth, E., Schenck, A., Smith, A., Wiggins, S., Wright, T.

**One Pass**

Almerood, A., Bacon, R., Carter, J., Dawney, L., Dengate, M., Espie, L., Hale, B., Hawksworth, C., Haycock, G., Hoban, L., Jones, L., Kelly, L., Ketteridge, J., Kirby, C., Knott, J., Latter, R., Leeson, F., Mathew, V., McAllister, N., McInnes, E., Pugh, P., Scheinmann, D., Watterson, S., Webster, R., Wright, S., Wylie, S.

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

The following candidates obtained certificates

**in Eight Subjects**

Harding, L., Smout, J.

**in Seven Subjects**

Blair, J., Dawson, A., Gray, A., McLean, G., Poole, S.

**in Six Subjects**

Chapman, A., Espie, L., Foster, J., Hamilton, B., Locke, K., March, J., Paine, R., Shaw, A., Walker, R., Williams, D.

**in Five Subjects**

Akeroyd, J., Alexander, J., Dengate, M., Dyke, B., Findlater, A., Foster, G., Henderson, A., Horn, R., Jukes, D., Lavers, P., Legry, J., Regler, D., Regler, S.

**in Four Subjects**

Borcham, W., McGuinness, V., Riley, P., Smith, C., Wiggins, S.

**in Three Subjects**

Barratt, S., Clemo, B., Crenan, J., Dhingra, V., Griffin, C., Kilpatrick, L., McGarry, M., Sheppard, R., Watson, V.

**in Two Subjects**

Bartle, Y., Berry, J., Black, K., Caldwell, J., Chilton, S., Cooke, J., Cooper, J., Cowton, C., Gibson, G., Henley, C., Horn, E., Jones, L., Kay, S., McInnes, E., Nappi, C., Pearson, R., Snelling, D., Stewart, D., Wylie, S.

**in One Subject**

Adcock, K., Almerood, A., Bell, D., Braithwaite, M., Carter, J., Clark, E., Cruickshanks, S., Ellis, P., Ford, M., Griffin, M., Gurden, T-L., Hale, B., Higgins, P., Howard, J., Jack, I., Kathuria, R., Kelly, L., Kerswell, S., Ketteridge, J., Lyon, D., Mackenzie, R., McNaughton, J., Maltby, F., Melia, D., Moles, P., Norton, L., Pether, A., Pitt, A., Pitts, L., Rees, S., Scriven, R., Smith, M., Smith, S., Stephens, J., Sudbury, J., Timpson, J., Weekes, C., Wood, D., Wright, T.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS**

The following candidates obtained certificates

**in Three Subjects**

Griffin, C.

**in Two Subjects**

Blewett, M., Clemo, B., Crenan, J., Dawney, L., Knott, J., Portsmouth, E., Shepherd, R., Watson, V.

**in One Subject**

Bell, D., Black, K., Butcher, C., Chilton, S., Cooper, J., Cowton, C., Hale, B., Kay, S., Kingston, S., Nappi, C., Scriven, R., Watterson, S., Williams, E., Wood, D.

**SINGLE SUBJECT EXAMINATIONS \***

**Stage I - Typewriting**

Bartle, Y., Blewett, M.,\* Clemo, B., Cooper, J., Crenan, J., Dawney, L.,\* Griffin, C.,\* Hale, B., Jeffrey, L.,\* Johnson, P., Kay, S., Laws, K., McGuinness, P., Portsmouth, E., Portsmouth, R., Watterson, S., Williams, E., Wood, D.\*

(\* = with credit).

**Stage I - Book-keeping**

Crenan, J.

**Stage I - Shorthand**

Blewett, M., Dawney, L., Knott, J., McGuinness, P., Portsmouth, E.

GENERAL

SECTION

## ID TAKES A LONG HARD LOOK AT SPEECH DAY

Mrs. Ahern presented the prizes. The prizes were books; I thought the prizes would be wrist watches and other nice things instead of books.

Mr. Arthurson said that the girls needed a kitchen because we have to cook the food when we grow up; the males don't.

When I got back, I went upstairs and lay down.

Since the acoustics in the theatre are apparently bad, a microphone should be provided, in order that everyone may hear what is being said.

I could clearly see the back of the stage which didn't look exactly nice.

All the teachers looked grand.

Then Mrs. Ahern gave out the prizes.

All in all it was not a day I would like to remember.

After a while the teachers came in strange costumes.

I almost fell asleep.



"I almost fell asleep....."

To my horror my parents were the first ones there.

Major General Ahern stood to give a speech. He told some jokes that brightened up speech day and sat down.

Speech day could have been improved if there were more jokes in the speeches.

I had people breathing down my neck.

When we had to show our parents around the school my parents were not there.



"I had people breathing down my neck."

## PORTRAIT OF A HOME

A miner gropes his way  
Along the road,  
Through the early morning mist,  
Which changes to day-long smoke.

Past the street decorations:  
Dirt and filth,  
Inscriptions of love,  
Crude letterings.  
(Worked on the walls,  
Doubled on the doors,  
Painted on the pavements.)

Easily seen these vows  
Through the smog and grime.  
The tall letters imitate  
The taller buildings, impersonate  
The tallest slag heaps.

Ants segmented legs  
Against ant hills silhouetted,  
Dark black against the grey squalor.  
This is the miner's home.

*Jakky Bennedik, Upper Sixth*



Illustration by M. Keating

## THE TRAMP

For those who glance or those who see  
The beauty of Nature ceases to be.  
Shades of brown, a grey brick wall,  
And drab yellow ochre are winter's pall.

Indigo knuckles and frost-bitten toes,  
A ragged assortment of winter clothes;  
Blue sausage fingers congealed in a lump  
Guard the glow of a cigarette stump.

The tramp moves on, slowing the pace,  
Cold in body and numb in the face;  
Arthritic knees shade mauve in the cold,  
Regardless of newspapers two days old.

Now the skin starts to contract  
But the brain's too cold to grasp the fact.  
Limbs grow stiff, and harder still  
Becomes the track as it mounts the hill.

The top is reached, he ventures to cry  
But the tears freeze and close his eye.  
Unnoticed he slips on the corpse of a crow  
But what it was he will never know.

Some blame his boots and some blame his eye  
But none think Winter caused him to die.  
Some put it down to his refusal to pray  
But if there's a God, no one can say.

*M. Keating, Lower Sixth*

## AMERICA

When I was two years old we were posted to America. I went to a little school when I was four which was run by some English people. There were only about twelve people in it, ranging from four to eleven years old. I stayed to lunch there and remember that we practically always had ham sandwiches or hamburgers!

In the first year we were there we went for a long trip around America, which lasted for six weeks. I cannot remember much about it, because I was only two but some things I remember well.

When we were going along near a forest a bear came out and, standing on his hind legs, clung on to the mirror on our car. Daddy drove slowly on, but the bear followed, walking beside our car. Then he looked in at the windows and I hid. When he eventually went, our mirror was very bent and we had to get a new one.

I also remember when a buffalo charged at our car. We were just driving on a little road, when a herd of buffalo quite a long way away came running towards us. About half way to us they settled again, and stopped. That was all except one! It rushed towards our car. I thought it was going to crash into the car, but just before it rushed onto the road, it suddenly swerved and rushed away. I was very relieved!

On our trip we went to Yellow Stone National Park, and saw the geysers. They were very hot water-spouts coming from the earth which sink down and then shoot up to terrific heights. I didn't go too near in case I fell in, or I got hurt when it gushed up.

We travelled to the Niagara Falls. At night time different coloured lights are shone on this huge waterfall which makes it look very pretty.

The thing I loved best was when we went to Disney Land. It is made up of lots of Fairy Tales. I remember going through a huge model whale in a boat, like the man who made Pinocchio. Then we were walking to something else when an old woman gave me a fright by saying in a cackled voice "Want to buy an apple dear?", as in Snow White. There were all kinds of Fairy Tale people's houses.

I liked it in America, though I was rather young. We stayed there three years, and I think the Americans are very nice, in the way that they are always ready to help.

*Jane Carr 1A*

#### **A STORM**

The trees were decked in bright,  
Brilliant,  
Beckoning green,  
As they swirled and swayed,  
And danced,  
A mad dance,  
Wild,  
Warlike.

The first tiny drops splashed on the ground,  
And were followed by a thousand  
Till the sound was like a train,  
Gushing,  
Rushing.

A lightning flash,  
Like a herald,  
Lit the way for the thunder to crack,  
And crash in the distance,  
Rumbling,  
Roaring.

I turned up my collar and looked away,  
I needed no lamp -  
It was as bright as any day,  
As the storm, with its thunder,

Lightning,  
And rain  
Made the swaying trees bend their heads again.  
*Y. Gower 3A*

#### **THE CAT**

Aloof,  
Haughty beast,  
Soft-furred,  
Sharp-clawed goddess,  
Condescending to live on earth.  
Sure-footed,  
Serpentine and stately,  
A queen,  
Reigning over mortals of lowly birth,  
Sleek,  
Smooth,  
Spitting and suave,  
Contemptuous  
Sneering overseer with the world as a slave.  
*Y. Gower 3A*

#### **WHO ARE THE ETHEREAL THEY?**

The teenage scene at the moment is indebted to a group of people who, although they remain anonymous, are constantly in the limelight and idolised by the fashion-conscious teenage public. They are the ethereal people who are right up to date with anything and everything. It is almost impossible to find them with a dirty spot on their garments or with a hair out of place. They always manage to be at the right places at the right time, sweep across the floor and leave the onlookers stunned with amazement and admiration. They always look impeccable, dressed in clothes straight from the sewing machine which one can vaguely remember as just being introduced in some outlandish place about a week ago, and no matter how ridiculous it may look to the criticizing public eye, one can be sure that they will be wearing these ludicrous outfits in a matter of a few months.

One cannot get away from them, or join them, they live in a world of their own. They live in a gorgeous, modern flat where it is fashionable to live. It was on the Chelsea embankment but at the moment they are living where it is fashionable to live!

They own a string of boutiques up and down the country. Each contains its own exclusive, way-out designs and the teenage buying public flocks to get an article with 'their' name embroidered on the label in big, bold letters. Their prices are absurdly high but who cares? They designed it and what they say goes; so one can feel one is reasonably attired when entering one of the 'In' places which they have nominated.

The boutiques they own are immaculate little places — the picture of

perfection. As one enters, about three pairs of assistants' eyes cast a cool icy look in one's direction making one feel totally inadequate and uncomfortable. If one asks for anything, they stare right back at you and open their mouths in answer with a superior flow of scornful words said in the politest of tones which makes one shrink out of the shop almost on one's knees.

However, these boutiques could tomorrow be poodle parlours, 'do-it-yourself' shops or supermarkets, depending upon what they decide is going to be fashionable and the symbol of swinging London.

If they take it into their heads to promote 'a new look' a poor, unsuspecting girl will be raked out and dressed in what 'they' think is right and with their sort of publicity, she becomes the talk of the town overnight and in a few weeks earns thousands of pounds for posing in front of the cameras for the inevitable 'glossy magazines'. Within the month the whole nation is turning to this 'new look' and then when 'they' decide to change it, everyone immediately, religiously follows in their guiding footsteps.

'They' have always seen and heard everything before us, be it films, television, musicals, records or magazines. And if one feels enthusiastic about something 'they' deflate it with mocking cries of 'pretentious rubbish'. Then they utter a name you are totally ignorant of, stating that his or her version of whatever the thing in question is, is in a far superior class.

They can drop names of famous celebrities, utter gods to us feeble mortals, and we squirm with jealousy as we hear our favourites referred to by their christian names!

Mention any subject and one can guarantee that 'they' will know someone connected with it and 'they' always seem to be on the best terms with the person in question.

Secretly, one yearns to catch them out, to discover them in a dress a month or so old, or sneaking discreetly into a film on its second time round. But we may as well resign ourselves — it is impossible and we must just succumb and agree to follow them wherever they may lead us. Short skirts, long ones, curly hair, straight — they pipe the tune and we dance to it. What a load of rubbish the public believe and then practise, like a flock of old sheep!

*S. Saddler 4A*

#### GAMUT

*A group of girls were seated around a table;  
Coloured, vivid-vulgar,  
Flashing, clashing with each other,  
Blood-spattered oranges,  
Cabbage (not grape) green.*

*Hair that was pseudo gold, bleached brass,  
Crow black,  
And black lines encircled falsely lashed,  
Thickly mascara-ed, coal-encrusted eyes.*

*Newly varnished nails grasped teacups  
And cigarettes were propped between fingers.*

*(Those that smoke did not chew,  
Those that chewed did not smoke).  
Brash accents, harsh whispers,  
Screaming at girls, shouting to boys.*

*A schoolgirl read, hunched in a corner,  
Munched an apple,  
Plaits swinging  
To the rhythm of the chewing.  
Emblazered, not emblazoned,  
She wore grey sweater, shoes, socks,  
Her hand groped across the table  
To feel chewing gum still stuck.  
Pulled out her tooth brace,  
Pushed in her chewing gum,  
And began another comic.*

*Jakky Bennedik, Upper Sixth*

#### NO REASON

*In all my life I've never seen  
Such poverty and pain as this;  
No heart is glad, no smiling face,  
No reason has been given yet.*

*They're men I've never seen before,  
Who fight beside me in the blood,  
The blood of people that's been shed;  
No reason has been given yet.*

*No time to see if we were right,  
No love to prove that they were wrong,  
No chance to see a time of peace;  
No reason has been given yet.*

*Angela Bean, 4A*

#### HOLIDAYS IN MOSCOW

Moscow to many people is a dull and scary place to be. After experiencing seven weeks summer holiday and three weeks Christmas holiday I found Moscow to be an exciting place to live in. The Russians are not a very happy community and when shopping in the main streets, for example Gorky Street and Prospect Mira, one very seldom receives a smile from Russian passers-by. The streets are spotless and the views are beautiful.

The well-known Kremlin in Moscow, near the banks of the Moskva River, is a most intriguing and wonderful place to visit. Inside the Kremlin Walls, shaped like a scalene triangle, are the most ancient relics of Russian history and culture which have been preserved to our time. Its palaces and cathedrals of unique ancient national architecture, its paintings, applied art,

its peerless collections of ancient arms, royal regalia, the Tsars' personal belongings, precious utensils, objects of religious worship etc. are all of unusual interest. One of the most remarkable museums in the country — Orozheinaya Palata (Armoury) — is located in the Kremlin. Its collection contains objects of great historical and cultural value, collected down the ages in the depositories of the Moscow princes and the Tsar's court. The Bell Tower of Ivan the Great is of special interest. It is the pivot of the Kremlin complex. Two unique examples of the art of the ancient Russian founder are the Tsar-Bell and the Tsar-Canon which stand at the foot of the tower. It was Ivan Matorin, a first-class founder, who had been ordered to cast the Tsar-Bell, which weighs two hundred tons, has a height of twenty-six feet six inches and a diameter of twenty-two feet. The preparation took five years and when everything was ready Matorin died and his son took over. Before the bell was raised to the top of the tower a fire raged through the Kremlin and a fragment of the bell weighing more than eleven tons broke off.

The Kremlin attracts crowds of visitors, who come to see its priceless relics of Russian history and culture.

Just outside the Kremlin is Red Square, including St. Basil's Cathedral, a masterpiece of Russian architecture built in 1555—60 by Ivan the Terrible to commemorate the conquest of Kazan, and The Mausoleum of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin. Whilst visiting Red Square we noticed a queue stretching yards and yards from the mausoleum through Red Square. I was absolutely amazed.

As far as enjoyment and pastimes went there was always plenty to do, especially at night. During the day in the Summer holidays we spent most of our time swimming in the river at a place called Uspenskoï where mostly British, American and other members of the forces and marines spent their time. Temperatures were often in the nineties and never really below seventy degrees Fahrenheit. At night we spent most of our time going to parties, the American Club and several nights out at the Bolshoi and Stanislavsky Theatres. To ballets including "Swan Lake", "The Nutcracker Suite" and "The Snow Maiden".

During the Christmas holidays we all spent most of our time ice-skating on the rivers and at night similar to summer nights except that the parties were confined indoors unless you wanted to freeze, as the temperature at night would quite often drop below —20° F. The coldest I experienced was —28° F. which is very cold indeed.

Altogether during my stay in Moscow I had a very enjoyable and exciting time and to me, now, Moscow is a place full of life.

*L. N. Browne*

#### **REFLECTION:**

##### **— IN A WINDOW AT NIGHT**

The girl in the glass,  
— My reflection,  
composed of a thousand shadows

— different aspects,  
— facets,  
of myself.  
Yet —  
She was not I;  
It was I,  
Who was she?

*Catherine Stewart, 6 Alpha*

#### **ASYLUM**

They sit alone in silence;  
Their minds lie fallow; some gaze at walls.  
The world is bizarre and cruel:  
Weird colours spinning.  
Sometimes a cool grey wall is better than a mind,  
A cell without colour, or human identity.  
They seem as shadows.  
Lives deficient of a sun,  
They live and die in passive twilights  
And empty sunless days.

*P. Evason.*

## **Before and after**

*(A self-portrait from a member of 3B, followed by the same form's impressions of the adult world)*

#### **PORTRAIT OF MYSELF**

I am a youth of medium height and fairly well built for my thirteen years of age. Deep set eyes below a mop of dark brown hair emphasize the roundness of my slightly freckled face.

A smile brings creases round my eyes and over the bridge of my nose. I consider myself to be of smart appearance, always having well pressed slacks and clean shoes.

My light step is in keeping with my build. To be friendly is natural to me and therefore I mix easily with my class mates.

I consider myself to be capable of most competitive sports except running which I do not really enjoy.

I play football, cricket and table-tennis in the season. I am by no means an expert at these sports, but capable of giving my opponent a reasonable game.

I am capable of looking after myself and keeping clean and tidy. Geography is the school subject at which I feel most capable.

Another subject is woodwork, at which I find I am quite competent. I do not think I have any peculiarities except that of being colour blind.

I am always very particular about keeping my bicycle clean, and am always trying to add things to it.

This could almost be called an idiosyncrasy.

*A member of 3B*

About two years ago I knew a teacher who had a habit of grabbing a pupil's hair if he did anything wrong. This habit recoiled on him one day when he pulled what he thought was a child's hair, but in fact he had hold of the Headmaster's pet dog, which had wandered in a few minutes before. The dog let out a howl of pain and backed away, hairs standing on end.

*M. Henley*

Mrs. Robinson, a middle-aged woman who lived in Canal Road, was very strange, because she treated her cats like children. Breakfast at eight-thirty, which was a saucer of milk and a kipper, dinner at one o'clock, which consisted of cat food and milk, then they are tucked up in their box for the afternoon. At three-thirty every Saturday she takes her cats Fred, Charles and Hank with her when she goes shopping for their weekly rations. Tea-time is at seven o'clock after which they have games with Mrs. Robinson's knitting.

For cats to be treated in this manner is surely unnatural.

*G. Reid.*

One of my uncles has some strange habits. He's always smoking a cigar. Every time we see him he has a cigar in his mouth. Even when he's eating he'll have a cigar in his hand and every once in a while he smokes it.

He also has something wrong with his hearing, but refuses to have it checked. He keeps saying, "I have nothing wrong with my ears, I hear perfectly well".

Then when someone said something he'd say, "What? How do you expect anyone to hear you if you don't talk louder".

*D. Macumber*

The humorous aspects of a friend of my father are quite amazing and very funny. This gentleman could wobble his ears, draw them in so that they were all crumpled up and flat on the side of his head. He could do them both together or one at a time any time he liked. He could keep them flat on the side of his head for practically any length of time and then suddenly flick them out into their normal positions.

*Timothy Hartstone*

Going to stay with my best friend one weekend, I was astonished to hear what an amazing man her father was. He was Lecturer at the London Planetarium, had a programme on the radio, had made several records, written a few books, and was the funny voice of "Tivvy" on the television. I must say I expected him to be rather fat with a beard, but he was completely the opposite. Rising 6 ft. 4 ins. tall with dark curly hair and a pipe in his grinning lips, he welcomed me to their large house, and referred to me as "darling".

At lunch I was to find out his oddities. The second course was ice-cream and syrup and I was surprised to see him collect syrup on a spoon, stand full length on the chair, and taking aim, let a golden spiral of syrup fall gracefully on to the ice-cream.

He came back from work late on Saturday evening and lay full length on the settee propped up by a few pillows at his head. Then he put his

napkin carefully into his collar so that it hung like a bib. When the television was on, he lay and relaxed, eating his supper with bib tucked in, and watching his favourite western, just like an overgrown child. When I had just recovered from a cold or illness, he asked how the "poor old devil" was getting on.

*Anne Harris*

#### **THE SUN'S SONG**

I will wake the yellow daffodils  
To make the yellow covered hills  
And tulips red and crocus blue  
To show that the dreary winter is through.

I will make the grass where it's been mud  
And all the trees to have new buds  
To make their blossom and their leaves  
And the green shoots of corn that will soon be sheaves.

I will shine  
Most of the time  
To make the leaves so green  
And the blossom pink and white  
Better than you've ever seen.

*Peter Zegveldt, 1A*

#### **A DARK NIGHT**

When children are in their beds asleep,  
Suffering parents begin to weep.  
The parents in the graveyards stand  
Touching a grave with their right hand.

When every person is in bed,  
With pillows lying under their head  
The babies hear a noise and cry,  
While everyone else's throat is dry.

When the street lights shine and glitter,  
The air is very cold and bitter;  
When finally everything is quiet,  
Not a noise, sound, peep or riot.

*B. Kvaal, 1B*

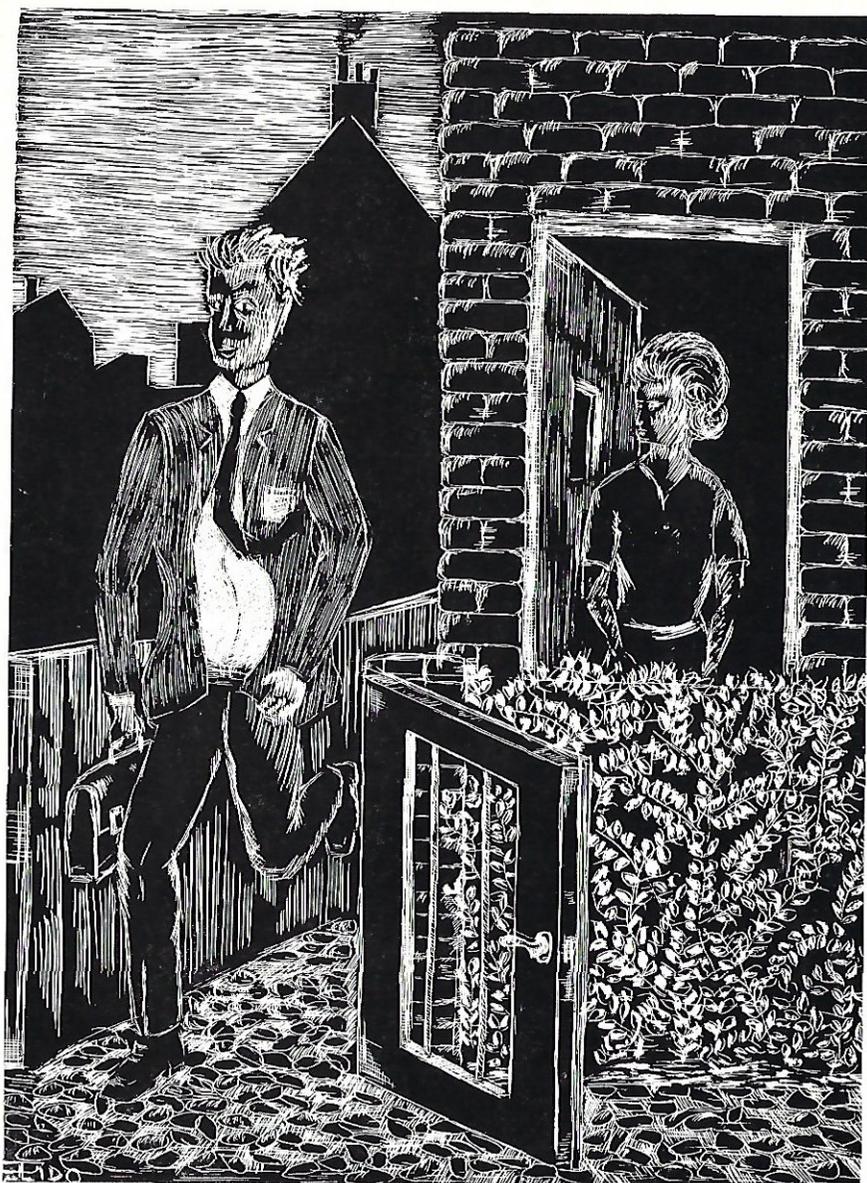


Illustration by M. Fliderbaum Lower Sixth

### HURRY STEVE — YOU'RE LATE

Bustling in the morning,  
Off to see my mate,  
I'm going to school, but all I hear  
Is, "Hurry Steve, you're late!"

Up the stairs I'm flying,  
Down again with fate.  
Once again, the words are heard,  
"Hurry Steve, you're late!"

Grabbing my equipment,  
I'm in such a state,  
SPLASH! There goes my cup of tea.  
"Hurry Steve, you're late!"

Out of the house I'm flying,  
As if I'm on a skate,  
In time to see my bus go past!  
I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!

*S. Hill, 5C*

### FIRST EXPERIMENT

He felt himself being lifted up out of himself, lifted and pushed relentlessly forward against his will. He opened his mouth to scream but no sound came out. He tried to look around him but he could not turn his eyes from the burning red sky with its sun of burnished gold. He floated feet first for what seemed to him to be an eternity. Nothing seemed to exist but the sky and the sun and himself.

Then he felt himself falling, falling, till suddenly he was plunged into a whirling kaleidoscope of colours and bursting stars which continued till he thought he would go mad, if he was not already mad. Suddenly all was calm and peaceful, and he felt himself surrounded by blackness which he could almost touch.

The next thing he knew was waking and sitting up in his bed bathed in a freezing cold sweat. When he had gathered his shattered nerves together he rose and had a bath. He dressed and stepped out into the early morning sunshine. On his way to work he pondered his dream; this was the third time he had had it in the last week. He could now look back on it calmly; yet while he had been having it, he had been filled with a terrible and consuming fear, which had gone with his waking up. He reached his office and did his share of the work as he always did, quietly and inconspicuously.

Returning home by the underground, he paused for a second in an empty corridor. He felt suddenly sick, as if he could bring up his whole body, it now sickened him. He started running, running anywhere, he brushed roughly past people, knocking them over, he could hear and feel the comments people were making around him. As he dashed on to a platform, a train drew in. Without any hesitation whatsoever, he threw himself joyously at the rails in front of it. Joyously, feeling as if the train

coming towards him was his deliverer, his giver of peace. Faintly as if from the distance, he heard a woman scream, a man shouting and then the scream of the train's brakes.

As the police picked him up from the rails, he was sobbing like a child. As they escorted him to the van waiting to take him to the sanatorium, one of them said, "Poor devil, I wish they'd stop their damn experiments!"

*Linda Wark, 4A*

#### GIPSY MEG

Who is it who sits by the gipsy camp fire?  
Old gipsy Meg who a warm house would desire.  
Her clothes are now rags, her face is all worn,  
Her children sit huddled, the young ones forlorn.  
They roam for a living and stop by night,  
And here they sit now by the camp fire bright.  
The camp fire is dying, it is now no more,  
Black figures creep stealthily to their caravan door.

*Ursula Harte, 1C*

#### HALLOWE'EN

On a dark or thundery night,  
Or when the moon is shining bright,  
The witches come prancing  
And singing and dancing.  
For they are joyful  
When others are not,  
And they love to sing  
As they dance round the pot.  
With their skulls a-jingling in the moon's gold light,  
They dance in their robes which are black as the night.  
And where you would never dare to be seen,  
They cackle and laugh, their eyes all a-gleam.  
And where many a convict has hung  
The witches sing a merry song,  
Of bats and frogs and lizards and toads,  
And frightening peasants in humble abodes.  
So when the moon is shining bright,  
Or when it is a thundery night,  
Be careful and wary where you tread,  
Or you may never see your bed!

*P Walker, (3A)*

#### TERROR

It was a hot, sultry night, thunder rolled around and lightning seared across the angry sky. The Monsoon was here.

He tossed and turned uneasily under his mosquito net, dreaming of the terrible things he had seen and heard about this peculiar country. Of the

rope trick and its mysteries, of desperate and evil men, the 'Thugs' with their knotted ropes.

He came to his senses with a sudden start, the hot sweat freezing on his brow and terror seeping into his soul. His mouth went dry as he realized that some 'thing' cold and clammy lay across his face.

What was it? The dreams he had just dreamt flashed across his turmoil-ridden mind. What did it want? A flash of lightning broke this chain of thoughts, and renewed his terror. He thought of the wallet under his pillow as the thing slid nearer his throat. Terrified he tried to calm his thrashing mind, but peace would not come.

With slow torment an idea crept into his mind.

Gathering his fast fleeing courage he steeled himself to slide his arm out from under the sheet. Then with an action like the lightning that flashed across the sky he grasped the 'thing' and pulled it with all his might. To his horror he found that this 'thing' was a hand, but then with another tug he found that it was attached to his own shoulder.

As suddenly as a shower of rain the tension eased and he lay back to think of his horrifyingly funny mistake. That would teach him to sleep with his arm in the air.

*Louise M. Bland, 4A*

#### SNAKE

Slimy, long and skinny,  
This is what was before me,  
Its back was patterned with dull lines,  
Its head was small,  
Its eyes were small and bright,  
And that dreaded tongue was as long as six inches;  
I started to sweat a cold sweat,  
A shiver went down my back,  
Its eyes slanted looking at me,  
He the dreaded thing,  
Curled up ready to strike.  
I began to sweat again wondering what to do,  
Its head went back — and it struck.  
Ah! it missed me,  
Back its head went again and again,  
But that dreaded thing missed each time.  
I started to run and run and run,  
I hated the thing,  
I hated them.  
I turned back and it was not there!

*I. Cowan, 3E*

#### COLOURS

I love . . . . .  
The brilliant, gaudy orange of a life-boat,  
Bucking on wild, grey seas . . . . .

Black ponies . . . . .  
 Grazing 'mongst softly purple heather,  
 Waving in the breeze. . . . .  
 The hazy pinks and blues my little sister wears —  
 The brief, bright light of a ship's warning flares —  
 Dark, dark clouds. . . . .  
 Scudding 'cross a deep grey sky. . . . .  
 The glowing brown in a spaniel's loving eye —  
 Shiny blue paint on a brand-new car —  
 The rich red-black of well-polished wood —  
 And the purest white fur on my anorak hood. . . . .  
 The metallic silver on my I.D. chain —  
 The little things I see again and yet again,  
 Without them my world would be grey.

*Y. Gower, 3A*

### LONELINESS

A girl of twelve years named Penny stood looking out of the window staring blindly at the foreground and scenery of her back garden. She was an only child and had been for all her life. What made her unhappy was that she lived miles from any town, she was also very lonely indeed. At this moment she was in one of her lonely moods and was daydreaming sadly to herself.

As the supper bell rang she thought, "I can't possibly feel lonely, while I'm having supper!" After supper had finished Penny said "I'm going upstairs to read". Her parents nodded seriously at her, and she trooped upstairs, but instead of going to her bedroom, she turned the opposite way and slipped through the big black door and walked down the garden path towards the stream at the bottom. Maybe the fishes would comfort her loneliness, but they didn't. Instead, just sitting there made her loneliness even worse. She looked at the small orange creatures swimming happily about. Oh! how she wished she had something to do or play with, but her parents didn't believe in playing with toys after the age of twelve years, and they also hated the sight of pop records, and instead made her study.

Penny smiled and turned towards the house, it was a wonder she was lonely. She didn't wonder herself, with a huge house miles from any other houses or farms, and what seemed to her everlasting fields around them. She strode up the garden path, leaving the flowing stream behind. The lonely feeling didn't leave her as she walked upstairs to her bedroom.

Next morning she woke up bright and early. She crept downstairs quietly, and her mother greeted her, "We're going out this morning, your father and I, so we'll be locking all the doors!" she said hard — heartedly. Penny was shocked at this and strode upstairs.

Later on that day, when her parents had left, and the house was completely locked, she sat in the garden very lonely indeed, she was very bored as well without her parents, not that they gave much comfort. After three hours of doing completely nothing but just walking around the garden, at last her parents' car drove up, and her mother stepped out. "I've got a surprise for you Penny! We're going to move to the town to live, and our

neighbours are a very nice family with four children, so they will keep you company". Penny hugged her. This would be the end of all her loneliness, she thought.

*O. Hart, 1D*



Illustration by D. Bell Lower Sixth

### CHRISTMAS CAROLS

In many old villages, at Christmas time, you never fail to hear this poem: —

In the church-porch our rounds began  
 With Welcome Yule, Thou Merry Men;

Then by lantern light and star,  
 We Three Kings Of Orient Are.

Down Church Walk to the old Black Bear,  
 And into the blazing parlour where

By mistletoe and holly-berry  
 We gave them all God Rest You Merry!

O Mortal Man, Remember Well,  
 And after that, The First Nowell.

Then at the Todds, by candlelight,  
 While Shepherds Watch Their Flocks By Night.

So dark the night lay, wild and dreary,  
 And back to the church we trudged, so weary,

Where the Rector restored his warbling flock  
With tea in the vestry at twelve o'clock.  
*Carol Kirby, 3C*

### THE SCARECROW

There stands the scarecrow  
Gaunt against the darkening sky.  
A storm is brewing  
And wind rises.  
He pulls his ragged coat around:  
Protection against the cold.  
As the storm comes rushing on  
His stick-like arms flail aimlessly,  
Wisps of straw are blown from his hat —  
Where a robin has her nest.  
Rain beats down —  
His turnip head starts to droop, bedraggled.  
His coat, despite his struggles,  
Flaps in the howling gale.  
The rain collects in pools about his one wooden leg,  
Softening the ground;  
The wind blows him crooked;  
His old straw hat falls off;  
His saddening face is wearing away.  
The waterlogged earth is giving way.  
Suddenly the old scarecrow  
Flops to the mud  
Until the storm  
Is over.

*V. Miles, (2A)*

### GUILT

Head resting on white-socked paws, appealing eyes, giving every appearance of innocence, bewilderment and astonishment. Ears down, tail wagging slowly and insecurely. A gentle lick now and again for favouritism. Pretence of pleasure, air of impatience, cautious glances from accused to accuser. Brown fur neatly brushed, silky brown ears flicking nervously, terrified brown eyes, a dry nose, an air of solemnity. Yet in all his innocence who was responsible for tearing the unread newspaper?

*Adrienne Lea, 4A*

## The faces of winter

(By 1D)



Illustration by Gordon Jermy

The snowflakes fall from out the heavens,  
And copper leaves are no more;  
The morn doth come slowly,  
The bright sun on the frozen pond.

The sparrow sings its wintry song;  
The thick mist turns to haze.  
The wind has broken all the twigs to leave a littered garden;  
And the street and pavement are so cold.

*Mark Reeves*

When all around the wind doth blow,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
When icicles hang from window and door,  
And covered in white is the purple moor,  
Winter is here.

Among the bushes all leafless and dry,  
The dead leaves rustle slowly by,  
The village is quiet and also bare,  
Pale grey is the sky and cold is the air,  
Winter is here.

*O. Hart*

The lazy mist creeps on,  
As Autumn disappears.  
The time is very, very cold,  
As Winter now appears.

No more Autumn leaves are seen,  
For layer of white snow;  
All of Autumn now has gone,  
As Winter creeps on slow.

Now and then, the sun appears,  
And shines upon the snow,  
While little robin sings a song,  
As on his way he goes.

The stream seems to shiver,  
Until it hardly runs.  
The trees all covered in snow flakes,  
Seem to stand there numb.

The snow like soft warm cottonwool  
Is really cold and wet.  
If I go out to play today,  
A cold, I'll surely get.

*Frances Echlin*

Winter has come  
All is quiet  
Just the snow  
Makes a crunch  
On the hard ground.

The rivers are frozen  
Little figures are skating  
The ice makes a noise  
Which leaves marks behind.

The trees are standing bare  
With blobs of ice  
On the bendy branches  
Which are waiting  
For buds to come out.

The birds are cold and hungry  
The insects have gone in the earth  
The flowers are waiting for Spring  
Which to them seems a long way off.

*Elvina Pullen*

## HAVE YOU READ . . . ?

(Some suggestions from VI Alpha and Upper V)

### THE LONG WALK — *S. Rawicz*

This autobiography, a supreme account of one of the most terrible journeys and of a man's courage, endurance, and persistence of wanting to live and escape from the Russians, has never been written on such a great scale before.

Captain Slavomir Rawicz of the Polish cavalry was captured in 1939. His knowledge of the Russian language aroused a suspicion of espionage.

The Russians tortured him by constantly beating him and by starvation. While under the influence of drugs he signed a statement stating that he was guilty of spying. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to 25 years of hard labour in east Siberia.

With 4,000 other prisoners he was transported by rail in cattle trucks. The only clothing to protect themselves against the freezing winter temperature was a few rags. Many prisoners died in the trucks and on the 400 mile walk to Camp 303.

With the help of the commander's wife, Slavomir and six other men escaped. Hoping to walk to Afghanistan travelling by the sun they walked approximately south. Near Lake Balki they met another escaped prisoner, a Polish girl of seventeen.

Deciding to take her with them they continued to travel southwards through Mongolia.

Not knowing what the Gobi desert would be like they went on unprepared. Without any food and water they walked for nine days until the girl and one of the men fell down and died of thirst and from the intense heat. The others kept on walking. It became a mania, an instinct to keep moving their legs. Eating snakes and drinking from moist mud saved their lives.

Having crossed the Gobi desert another obstacle lay in their path to freedom, the Himalayan mountains.

Now deciding to go to India they started to cross the mountains with the help of an axe, knife, and a short rawhide rope.

Walking without food for 12 days one of the men died in his sleep and another fell down a crevasse. With the help of the Tibetans they managed to finally cross the Himalayas down into India.

A patrol of soldiers found them and brought them to Calcutta Hospital. Four of them had completed the long walk of 4,000 miles on foot in one long year.

*D. Findlater*

### NIGHT WITHOUT END — *Alistair Maclean*

The story takes place in Greenland, where the temperature drops to —70 degrees Centigrade. Peter Mason, a scientist in charge of an I.G.Y. station, is the main character in the novel. There is no beating about the bush, in this novel. The story starts off with a mysterious plane crash, and when investigated by Peter Mason, he finds that nine of the passengers are still alive, but the two pilots and one other passenger were not killed by the crash but shot. The plot thickens as their radio transmitter is smashed beyond recovery and the remaining pilot, who received a head injury during the crash is suffocated the following night.

Dr. Mason decides that they have to try and make for their base in Uplavnik, as they only have enough supplies to last them nine days. Their only form of transport is an old arctic tractor, which threatens to break down any moment. All the time the cold is their main enemy, and the killers realize that they cannot do away with Dr. Mason, because he is their only hope of survival. It is only when they are near their base that the killers show themselves.

This novel by Alistair Maclean is exciting and different in the way that there are two dangers: the killers and the intense cold. Also the reader is kept wondering who the killers are, as they are suspicious characters, and all had the opportunities and motive.

*Lionel Norton*

#### WUTHERING HEIGHTS — *Emily Brontë*

'Wuthering Heights' was written in the year 1847 by Emily Brontë and is the story of the relationship between a girl and an orphan boy and how it alters their whole lives.

There are two families, The Earnshaws of Wuthering Heights, and the Lintons of Thrushcross Grange, and into the lives of young Hindley and Catherine Earnshaw comes a dirty young orphan boy with the appearance of a gipsy. He becomes the favourite of the father, and soon shows a passionate natural kinship with Catherine. When Catherine Earnshaw is seventeen, Heathcliff, the young orphan boy, disappears and three years later Catherine marries her neighbour, Edgar Linton. But Heathcliff returns, a rich man, and when he finds that Catherine has married, he is determined to repay her for what she has done, and in doing so, he causes death and unhappiness to both families.

This powerful novel has been beautifully written and contains many moving passages. It has become one of the greatest classical novels of English literature.

*L. Dawney*

#### OUR MAN IN HAVANA — *Graham Greene*

Mr. Wormold was a quiet, peaceful vacuum-cleaner salesman in Cuba. By chance the British Secret Service decided to use him as an agent. He accepted the offer, because he wanted to give his daughter Milly a more comfortable life. His friend Dr. Hanelbacher advised him to invent secrets and agents.

At first he did not take the idea seriously, but later realized how simple it would be. He invented agents and drew an enlarged diagram of a vacuum cleaner, saying that it was a new secret weapon. The Secret Service took it seriously and sent a radio operator and a secretary. Mr. Wormold is worried that they might discover his secret, but one by one his characters come to life quite by accident. After many adventures, he tells his secretary the truth. He is ordered to return to London and expects to be in trouble. But to his amazement he is offered a job on the training staff.

The story ends on a happy note with Wormold marrying his secretary.

*Michael McGarry*

#### SONS AND LOVERS — *D. H. Lawrence*

At first glance this book may seem 'heavy' and dull, but if read it is thoroughly enjoyed.

It is set against a background of a Nottingham coalfield and is the story of a miner and his family. Mrs. Morel is one of the main characters

of the book, a strong charactered woman, and Paul her second son is the other. This is the story of Paul's life from boyhood to manhood, his relationship with his mother and his other loves. It tells of the difficulties he encounters as he grows into an independent young man.

This is a most satisfying book and I recommend it to anyone who enjoys reading.

*Gillian Sinclair*

#### OF MICE AND MEN — *John Steinbeck*

This book revolves around two central characters, Lennie and George. These two men drift around the States looking for work. Lennie is a very strong man but has the mind of a child; he is simple but is very kindly. George took a liking to Lennie and becomes his perpetual guardian.

Much against George's wishes Lennie likes to keep animals. Unfortunately by handling the animals too much Lennie always kills them.

One day Lennie discovers an animal he can not have — a young girl! The story ends very tragically. The book is very interesting, because of the way we can see into Lennie's mind, and feel the great burden on George, and the tragic state of Lennie's mind.

The book is written by John Steinbeck, who also wrote 'The Grapes of Wrath', 'The Forgotten Village' and other well known novels. Steinbeck won a Nobel Prize for Literature in 1962 and really needs no other praise for his novels.

*Rodney Eccleston*

#### A GUN FOR SALE — *Graham Greene*

'A Gun for Sale' was written by Graham Greene as a thriller story but is also notable for its very thorough picture of the working of a criminal mind. Raven, the chief character of the story, a professional gunman, is asked by a syndicate to assassinate a foreign Minister of War in order to improve the market for armaments. Raven is double crossed, however, because he is paid off in stolen notes.

Bent on revenge, he traces the parties who hired him to Norwich with the police hard on his heels. He becomes involved with a girl called Anne, who quite by accident is the fiancée of the inspector who is in charge of the case, Mather.

In this double hunt Raven finds the double-crossers, shoots them, but is too late to make his getaway. His brutal actions reveal him and he is subsequently shot by the police trying to escape.

This novel makes excellent reading and keeps an air of suspense about it right until the last chapter. Highly recommendable.

*Alan Smith*

#### TO KILL A MOCKING BIRD — *Harper Lee*

I enjoyed this book immensely and recommend it to any age-group. The author, Harper Lee, deals with many aspects of life in this book, but the most outstanding is the way in which she tackles the colour-problem,

which continually crops up in this story that is so very down-to-earth and life-like.

The heroine of the book is 'Scout' an eight-year-old White American child, who relates the story about her own childhood and that of her brother Jem telling of her many friends and neighbours — many of them coloured.

Told through the eyes of a motherless child, this story is touching without being sentimental, and the love between her and her coloured friends is genuine and trusting. The whole series of events in the first few chapters leads up to the time when Jem breaks his arm at the age of thirteen. In parts the writing is humorous, but mostly it is tragic, involving the death of several people.

Jem and Scout's father, an old man who works in the local lawcourts as a lawyer, constantly tries to love his two young children as their dead mother would have wanted, and bring them up accordingly.

The most exciting and interesting part of the book is towards the end, where Scout's father, Achilles, defends a coloured youth. His two, devoted children secretly watch the whole procedure from a balcony stand and are heart-broken when the verdict is eventually known.

*Sandra Barratt*

#### THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY — *Oscar Wilde*

This is the story of a young man who has a portrait painted of him, wishing that he would stay young and that the picture would grow old. Well believe it or not this happens and mysterious adventures follow in the life of Dorian Gray. It gets more exciting towards the end when people start disappearing and people wonder why it is that Dorian doesn't look any older than that day when he had his portrait painted. Their suspicion is aroused even more when they want to see the portrait but can't.

The story ends tragically when Dorian kills himself by stabbing the portrait which shows all signs of age and evil. There is a violent change and the picture returns to normal and Dorian dies old and revolting looking. This was a very good story though highly impossible. It was also very enjoyable.

*A. Browne*

#### THE FOXES OF HARROW — *Frank Yerby*

'The Foxes of Harrow' is set between 1825 and the American Civil War, in New Orleans, Louisiana. Throughout, hatred — deep murderous hatred — true love or fierce eroding passion is conveyed. There is also war, filled with all the horror and bitterness of men fighting their own countrymen, and of negro slaves fighting their masters.

In making his way through life Stephen Fox, an Irishman by birth, had known almost every hardship and deprivation. On reaching New Orleans, his experiences, his dynamic personality and his love for Odalie, enabled him to build up the richest plantation in Louisiana. He finally wins Odalie, only to lose her at the birth of their second child; but it is in his marriage

to her sister, Aurora, that he finds true happiness. "Whether loving, hating or fighting, the handsome gambler surged with a wild passion for life".

Revolving around the life of the intriguing Stephen Fox, who is loved by three women, this is a book one cannot put down until read.

*Elizabeth Portsmouth*

## Stop press!

#### THE CHRISTMAS FAIR 1967

The Christmas Fair was held on December 8th, 1967 in the Upper School, and once again was very well attended and supported. A net profit of approximately £ 1,050 was made, of which £ 100 was donated to the Salvation Army and DM. 1,000 to a home for spastic children in Mönchengladbach.

The Christmas Fair Committee would like to thank all parents and friends who gave their generous support to the Fair.