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THE MAGAZINE OF
QUEEN'S SCHOOL
RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS
VOLUME 5 NUMBER 3 MARCH 1971

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QUEEN'S COURIER

THE MAGAZINE OF QUEEN'S SCHOOL

RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS

General Editor: Mr. S. A. Balding

*The Editor would like to thank Miss Ball and the pupils of the
Commerce Department for their invaluable help
in the preparation of the text.*

VOLUME 5

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MARCH 1971

Editorial

For many years now, Queen's School has been spread over four sites in the Garrison of Rheindahlen: the Upper School, the Lower School, the Art, Craft and Commerce block and the Technical Studies Department in Beresford Road. This involves an internal bus-service of considerable complication and also the generous use of private cars by members of the staff. Whilst the Upper School / Lower School concept has much to recommend it educationally, the separation of the other two buildings from the main centres has nothing in its favour.

Now the good news has reached us that approval has been given and plans are about to be evolved to add to and modify the present buildings to bring the school up to standard for a total of 1020 pupils, probably on two sites, Upper and Lower.

It may be of interest to recall some of the vicissitudes through which the school has passed during the last decade. Planned originally, when it opened in 1955, for 400 pupils, it had reached a total of 650 by 1960. Three years later, the total reached 1100 and more, so that the "out-station" buildings became essential to house the growing population. A year or two later, Kent School at Hostert was opened, which reduced the Queen's School pupil population to about 850, a figure which has been roughly maintained since that time.

It is too early as yet to be able to give any specific details of what additions and modifications are likely to be made. The architects are studying the problem and devising the best means of providing the requisite accommodation. But if the various major additions listed in the Q Brief become reality — and if the money allocated for the project holds out — Queen's School can look forward to far more suitable accommodation in the future than it has ever been able to enjoy over the past ten years.

At the same time, it should never be forgotten that although excellent buildings can be a great asset to any organisation, nevertheless it is the people in that organisation, and particularly in a school, that really make or mar it. However, better working conditions would be a godsend, as would the planned addition of a Sixth Form Centre, and we look forward eagerly to the advancement of this project and to its ultimate realization — perhaps by September 1973? ^{FW}

STAFF NOTES

One of the features of Queen's School has been the length of service of many members of the staff, which has provided much needed continuity in a world of change. This continuity has been of great value to the school, but has its disadvantages when the time comes for members of the staff to leave BFES after completing six or nine years of service. We have reached the stage where many are now obliged to leave and the years 1970/71 will regrettably see the biggest turnover of staff in the history of the school. It is good to know that almost all concerned have stepped from Queen's School into excellent jobs elsewhere. Space does not permit detailed information to be given about the majority of them. All we can do is to express our thanks and good wishes to them and to hope that their new posts are proving thoroughly worthwhile in every respect.

There are, however, three of the departed members about whom mention must be made. The Rev. C. H. Sellars was our School Chaplain for over eight years. During that time he made a tremendous impact not only on the school, but on the Garrison community as a whole. His former pupils will always remember him as a man of great energy and drive, and some of the lucky ones will never forget the remarkable journeys that they made with him to distant lands. These journeys reached as far as Petra on the Red Sea and involved considerable difficulties and hardship, but in every case the party came back not only smiling, but on time. Whilst he will be greatly missed by his colleagues and pupils, there is no doubt that all will be grateful to him for his friendship and enthusiasm. In April 1970 he moved to the Parish of Hampton-on-Thames where he is now Vicar of St Mary's. The news of him and his wife and family is good and the link between them and Queen's School has not been broken, as he has already been in touch with several members of the staff and former pupils of the school.

Mr. John Arthurson came to Queen's School in 1962 as Head of the Remedial Department. His capable and sympathetic work in that sphere marked him out as an obvious successor when the post of Master in Charge of the Lower School fell vacant. For three years John Arthurson took care of the Lower School in every sense and there will be many boys and girls who will recall with affection his fair-minded administration of that important sector of the School. In August 1970 he left to become Head of a new Special School being opened in King's Lynn, where he has now settled down happily and is no doubt tackling his new post with his customary enthusiasm and efficiency. To him and Mrs. Arthurson and Clive their son, who was a pupil at Queen's for several years, we send our best wishes.

Miss Margaret Sherwin served with BFES for five years on the staff of Windsor Girls' School, Hamm, before coming to Queen's School in 1966. Within a short time she was appointed Senior Mistress of the Lower School, where she quickly made her mark by her quiet efficiency and determination to maintain high standards. She left at the end of the Summer term 1970 and is at present in Havant, Hants. The pupils of the Lower School and especially the girls will be grateful for her real interest and concern in their well-being. Her colleagues on the staff are missing her as a good friend and a wise and humorous companion. She has our best wishes for the future and for a post in which she can display her excellent qualities and make the full contribution of which she is so capable.

Of all the others who are leaving or who have left there is so much that could be said, but space does not permit. We hope that they will accept our gratitude for all that they did at Queen's and we wish them every success and happiness for the future.

In the course of 1970/71 we welcomed the following new members of staff and hope that they will find their times at Queen's School enjoyable and professionally rewarding:

Rev. W. L. Roberts, B. A.
Miss J. Ingham, B. Sc.
Miss C. M. Parkes, B. A.
Mr. A. Rhodes
Miss E. A. Roche
Mr. J. Ross, M. A.
Miss R. J. Storey
Miss B. A. R. Turner
Miss M. D. Williams, B. Sc.
Mr. H. K. M. Brigstock, Dip. Phys. Ed.
Miss M. P. Hanlon
Mr. T. P. Harte, B. Sc.

IN MEMORIAM

Gerard Gilbert joined the staff of Queen's School in September 1966, as Head of the Commerce Department. He was a teacher held in affection and respect by his colleagues and pupils, a thoroughly professional and capable person in all that he did, but with a warm sense of humour and an ease of manner which removed any suggestion of cold efficiency.

For years he had suffered from a heart complaint and knew that the time would come when he would have to undergo a major operation. That time came in November 1970 and all who saw him set off in apparently high spirits for the Middlesex Hospital will never forget the calm courage with which he faced this ordeal.

In spite of the skill of surgery and the care and attention of all concerned, the struggle proved too much and Gerard died on Sunday, November 15th. The school received the news with profound shock and a deep and heartfelt feeling of sympathy for Mary Gilbert and her daughters, Melanie and Clare.

Gerard Gilbert will be remembered by his colleagues and his pupils as a man who devoted himself to his work and who set himself, and those around him, the highest standards — religious, professional, social. Our profound sympathy has already been expressed in various ways to Mary and the girls. They know that they may always count on the friendship of Gerard's colleagues at Queen's.

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held on July 2nd, the Guests of Honour being Air Marshal (now Air Chief Marshal) Sir Christopher and Lady Foxley-Norris. The arrangements for the day were somewhat different from previous years as it was decided to hold a formal lunch for a few official guests and all members of the Sixth Forms. Unfortunately the Commander-in-Chief was unable to join us for lunch, but Lady Foxley-Norris was present with other guests including the Deputy Director BFES and Mrs. Thacker, the Garrison Commander Col. Boynton, the Command Secretary and Mrs. Parkin, the Officer Commanding RAF Rheindahlen Wing Commander Baldock and Mrs. Baldock and the Headmaster of Kent School Mr. G. Williams. An excellent lunch was served and our visitors commented most favourably on the professional skill with which girls from the Lower School carried out their duties as waitresses. (They seemed to enjoy this and were rewarded by a large lunch to themselves afterwards.)

The speeches and presentation of prizes was held once again in the Garrison theatre. The number of parents present was somewhat disappointing, but this did not detract too much from the success of the occasion. Taking the chair the Command Secretary, Mr. J. Parkin, referred to the outstanding career of the Commander-in-Chief and welcomed him and Lady Foxley-Norris on behalf of all present. He then went on to say some kind words about the School, after which he called upon the Headmaster to make his annual report. Reporting on the year under review the Headmaster first of all welcomed the guests, gave a brief account of academic successes achieved and stressed the importance of public examinations which still provide a passport to further education or to worthwhile jobs in spite of the present trend in educational circles to decry their value. He then outlined the various achievements of the school teams who had done extremely well in Inter-Schools and other contests, and mentioned the success of the walk in aid of Shelter which had raised over £ 1,000. He took the opportunity of

paying his tribute to those members of the staff who had recently left or were leaving and to the Senior Prefects who had played an important part in the general running of the School.

After the Headmaster had completed his report, the Chairman called upon Lady Foxley-Norris to present the prizes and cups which she did with her usual gracious warmth.

Speaking in his customary informal but incisive manner the Commander-in-Chief addressed the parents in the first place, and urged them to take every possible interest in the progress of their children. He was disappointed, he said, in the relatively small number present and hoped it was not a reflection of a feeling of apathy towards education in general and their own children's education in particular. He realised that in addressing those present he was preaching to the converted, but hoped that his words would carry further afield. He then went on to urge the younger members of the audience to learn to think for themselves, to decide what was right and what was wrong, and to have the courage of their convictions once they had made up their mind. Long hair, he said, did not really matter all that much so long as the brain underneath it was clear and determined. At the conclusion of his speech he asked the Headmaster to grant the School a whole holiday in honour of the occasion and challenged the Headmaster to a game of golf on that day (unfortunately, more urgent commitments prevented the Commander-in-Chief taking part in this contest).

The Master in Charge of the Lower School, Mr. John Arthurson, proposed the vote of thanks to the guests of Honour, which was seconded by the Head Girl, Sarah Litton.

Tea was served in the Upper School Gymnasium, the Domestic Science Department having excelled themselves in the provision of an excellent spread. Our Guests of Honour spent much time in talking to parents and pupils and left in the late afternoon, declaring that they had thoroughly enjoyed their day with us. We certainly enjoyed having them as our guests and send them both every good wish and congratulations on their present appointment.

LOWER SCHOOL NOTES

Lower School suffered a double blow in the summer when both Mr. Arthurson and Miss Sherwin left Germany. I have known them both for a long time, but only when I succeeded to his post did I fully realise what a thorough and sensible organisation they had created. They were a professional team indeed, and are sadly missed, for their inspiration and for their friendship.

Inflation is our national bogey this year, and Lower School has not escaped its influence. More pupils, larger classes, more lessons — but a shorter day!

In order to create a regular daily routine, each lesson is shortened by five minutes, and House activities are brought within normal school hours on Thursday afternoons. There are more lessons available each week, and our slightly shorter lessons make us all slightly more punctual.

Are there any classes in BFES schools larger than those in Lower School — average 32, with some of 35? An ambitious options scheme in the Middle School soaks up teaching manpower, but in any case the geography of the school usually favours the larger class rather than smaller groups. Teaching such large secondary classes, particularly with our ever changing population, is a fierce challenge. I am delighted to record that that challenge is being accepted head on.

The recently approved plans for the new facilities will improve conditions, both in number and quality. Until they materialise, we cannot be independent, and must timetable ourselves into the Upper School laboratories and workshops as much as possible. We are all one school, and integration is fashionable.

The 400 pupils continue to do rather more than their share in school activities. On House afternoons three quarters of the school do battle on the sports field. Sixty-five choristers made sure that everyone enjoyed the full spirit of the Carol Service. Their appearance and controlled exuberance were a credit to everyone connected with them. Two-thirds of the Christmas Fair raffle income came from Lower School. Still they found time to collect together hampers of food for poor families in Mönchengladbach, and to entertain a group of German children from Rheindahlen Gymnasium to an afternoon's party in the Hall. The children were good hosts, and the parents who provided the refreshment were most generous.

When correction or discipline has been needed in school, it is almost invariably the result of too much activity, rather than too little! When we hear so much of negative attitudes, of apathy and anarchy, I am grateful that at least our problems are so positive. Throughout the year, in lunch-time games, sports tournaments, club activities, and the routine timetable work, it is exhilarating to find such energy and goodwill there to be tapped.

T. B.

SCHOOL VISITS AND JOURNEYS

Queen's School Post-Examination Austrian

Camping Holiday

General Aim: To forget all about those "A" and "O" levels and the results and get away from it all.

There, in the last rays of golden evening sunshine, eleven merry campers stood awaiting their luxury Army bus. Robin's wrist-watch struck six and at once we knew that it needed mending badly — but he insisted, however, that it needed mending well. With its usual amount of punctuality (late), the Army graciously supplied us with one Army bus and we drove off in the direction of sunny Austria. Many bad bumps in the road and even more very bad Cecil jokes later, we arrived. There, towering above us, in all its magnificent glory, was the sight we had all been waiting for. Mönchengladbach station was not as enthralling inside as we had imagined. We did manage to persuade Michael Erury to board a cattle train bound for Berlin, and we wish him well, wherever he may be. So there we were, ten very very merry campers (the station's bar facilities are truly excellent) waiting on Platform 1 for our train to Cologne. Christopher was almost arrested, even though he swore he was the Station Master, and Robin, who had decided to become a racing-driver on a luggage trolley, just managed to climb up off the rails as our train thundered in.

The countryside around these parts, with its overwhelming expanses of ploughed fields, delightful farming villages, with the lovely scent of fresh fertiliser, was simply breathtaking — so we shut the windows. At Cologne we ran nervously up and down the platform as our train was late. Suddenly Susan realised she had left her black handbag with passport on the train, which was just leaving the station. So quick as a flash, using his brilliant alert mind to the full, our well-known Olympic runner, who shall remain nameless (called Cecil), raced down the platform shouting unmentionable German words at the train driver, until from the very last carriage the black object was hurled on to the platform.

Gillian took a strange fancy to a train on another platform — it must have been a mail train — and now nine merry campers boarded the train for Innsbruck. Soon we were passing the rolling green hills, the fortresses, the quaint villages on the Rhine, nestling on the water's edge, surrounded by vineyards, the shipping ploughing up and down the river — it would have been so enchanting if only we could have seen it, for it was dark already and by Wiesbaden everyone was sound asleep or telling jokes, playing cards, looking out of the window and generally preventing everyone else from dropping off. However, Bob Laurie, who was delicately balanced by the train door did manage to drop off — so

now eight merry campers had survived so far. The train raced through Frankfurt, Heidelberg and Stuttgart and dawn broke around Augsburg. Soon the train was climbing up small twelve-inch hills, the Bavarian foothills, and we could see the Alps in the distance. Past alpine lakes, thick pine forests, picturesque villages, cool mountain streams, through Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Mittenwald into Austria. We soon experienced the quaint native customs; they asked us if we had anything to declare. Several tunnels and gorgeous gorges later, we crossed the River Inn and entered the Tirolean capital of Innsbruck.

We were huddled into two taxis and were far too worried watching the mileage clock ticking merrily away to catch our first glimpses of the town. The next stage of our journey took us by an antiquated mountain railway to Natters. Austrian villages, incidentally, have delightful names like Mutters, Gigl, Igls and Obergurgl, the latter, of course, being simultaneously a Tirolean mouthwash. Soon we arrived at our camp-site, fully equipped with restaurant, two lakes and all mod-cons. Despite the sweltering heat, it only took us minutes to put up the four tents — 240 minutes! Then we used the rest of the day to relax, threw ourselves in the lakes, and tasted for the first time the gastronomic delights of Naafi stew à la Bareham — unfortunately she mistook the washing-up liquid for salt and the meal had a flavour all of its own . . .

Next day we set off on our first climbing expedition, fully equipped with tooth-picks, ice-(cream)-axes and cameras. The first stage of the Mutterer Alm was delightfully covered by a cable-car and to reach the summit we took a chair-lift, and despite several shouts of “I think the rope is going to snap above you Robin“ we all arrived safely at the top. The view was beautiful, as was the sight of an Alpine Gasthof complete with Austrian beer-mats. So at 1,608 metres above sea-level we tasted our first (of many) Austrian beers — talk of high spirits! Innumerable snapshots later, we started our long trek down the mountain and we soon exhausted the choruses of popular songs and took to yodelling, which we found impossible and attributed this shrill warbling to the tight leather trousers which the Austrians wear. We tried hanging a cow-bell around Michael Hooper and pushing him into a pasture with other alpine moos, and he really did put his foot in it — oh well, what’s dung is dung.

It was evening when we arrived at the foot of the mountain, quite stiff, as we had been on the go all day (it must have been the Austrian beer). With painful feet we walked back to the comparative comfort of our tents, exchanging corny jokes such as “Man, have we got sole!“ and “What a feat!“, and we soon found out that none of us had brought any plasters, so, together with our most helpful teachers, we had to poole our resources, and despite the pain, learn to grin and bareham.

The next day was spent inspecting Innsbruck, a very pretty town rather spoilt by commercialisation, but I suppose every tourist attraction

has its souvenir shops. We toured the historical buildings with full running commentary on the historical facts from Miss Poole. We did not forget to savour the local gâteaux and add to our already extensive collection of beer-mats. In the evening we set off again, with cuckoo-clocks and postcards in hand for the delightful parents, sisters and brothers (sic) at home.

Other days were spent ascending the Hafelekar (2334 metres) and the Patscherkofel (2246 metres); in each case we ascended by cable-car, and learnt that what goes up must come down, and the descent by foot involved great navigational skills, which we found we all sadly lacked. Nevertheless we had great fun accidentally crossing over into Italy and even found the village cemetery — we decided it was a dead end.

The holiday had been advertised as a “walking holiday“, and we followed the narrow mountain paths, turning every corner in the hope of seeing an alpine inn, where some spiritual refreshment could be obtained and a visit to an OO enjoyed. OO, incidentally, is not a place where you can clean your glasses, but the local Damen und Herren.

When the weather was less friendly (we had 2 days of continuous rain, thunder and lightning), we sat cheerfully inside the tents just waiting to get soaked and thought nostalgically of the Grand Hotel in Nice, with bar and casino, but drowned our sorrows in Tirolean white wine and pontoon.

Entertainment was also provided: we visited two Tirolean Evenings, where local youths prance around, yodelling, chopping logs, and slapping their leather shorts.

All in all we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and we thank once again Miss Poole and Miss Bareham for putting up with us and our brand of humour so admirably.

Cecil John Rhodes (ex Upper 6th)

Members of the party: Gillian and Susan Canning, Anne Ashworth, Robin Tolcher, John Rhodes, Christopher Ward, Michael Hooper, Michael Drury, Bob Laurie.

à Paris

Most school trips are usually preceded by weeks of hot sunny weather, blue skies and so on, but as the happy day draws near, some divine spirit always decides that it is time the grass got a bit of water, especially in time for some unfortunate trip to Paris. Thus it was on the 15th of July at the chirpy hour of six o’clock that we yawned our way to the bus that was to take us to Mönchengladbach station; Janet Fox-Holmes rigged out Parisienne fashion (this guise soon disappeared as we took on typical tourist disguise), Sue Newell in one of her numerous check skirts, Caroline and I needless to say in faded jeans,

and Miss Walker. Janet, true to form, had brought too much luggage in the form of cans of "coke", biscuits etc. and we practically crippled ourselves helping her to carry it around.

We arrived at the Gare du Nord, which except for a couple of maniacal trolley drivers looked exactly like Victoria in London, so we were quite disappointed that no dashing Frenchmen in berets and wheeling bicycles came up trying to sell strings of garlic!

We found our way down to the "Metro" and a hoard of tickets which should have lasted longer than they did. Sardines must have a better time in their tin can than we had in our tube, but arriving breathlessly at the other end, I forget the name, we at last found the "Youth Hostel" or Centre International de Séjour, a huge Hilton-like affair with two swimming pools, table tennis, plush dining-room etc. We found our rooms on the tenth floor (Paris is composed of heights) complete with all luxuries and proceeded to explore the establishment. After our first taste of the French way of cooking and eating we left for our first trip to Paris by night — a magnificently decorated seventeenth-century theatre, la Comédie Française, at which we saw a performance of Le Cid.

The following day after a breakfast of "baguette", jam and closely-guarded butter, (I tried to hide two pats under my plate but the cashier exposed them and me), we again caught the Metro to la Sainte Chapelle where we were cornered by a well-meaning gentleman who obviously wanted to tell his life-story along with that of the beautiful stained-glass windows of the chapel. From here we walked to l'Île de la Cité and Notre Dame where an excruciating climb up a narrow winding staircase took us on to the battlements where Sue promptly revealed that she had vertigo and we too realised that it was rather high. Many heart-attacks later we found ourselves running, yes running, to catch Le Bateau Mouche, a river boat which tours the city by way of the Seine. There munching "ficelle" and rusty butter (the rust was on the knife) we were taken on a French, German and American tour of the Louvre, Eifel Tower, Notre Dame and various governmental buildings — all these were visible from the river. Wobbling a little on our river-legs we walked up to L'Etoile (no mean distance) and swindled our way into climbing free of charge up l'Arc de Triomphe (more steps) from where, trying not to get blown off by the wind, we watched the beetle-like traffic happily getting itself congested by trying to go down each of the twelve arms of the Etoile at once.

Settled in a café on the Champs Elysées watching all the boys go by, we sat with aghast faces as the waiter brought the bill. Paris is for those who want to look but not buy, we discovered.

By late afternoon we had limped through Les Tuilleries and la Place de la Concorde (no relation to the aeroplane) and bought the usual numerous we-stayed-here postcards at les bouquinistes along the

riverbank. As we were in the area we wandered through le Quartier Latin, a network of quaint little streets in Old Paris packed with every kind of restaurant imaginable. Many blisters later we staggered back to the hostel. We had indeed learned the ominous meaning of Miss Walker's name! The loneliness of the Long Distance Runner was nothing compared to this!

At six o'clock the next morning the lunatic characters I was with decided to go swimming, but even Sacha Distel couldn't have dragged me out of bed at that unearthly hour, especially to go swimming. Later, after breakfast, we visited Les Invalides where the monstrous maroon marble tomb of Napoleon reclines in majestic state while visitors make rude comments about it from above. Our next stop was the inevitable Tour Eiffel which is a great deal more impressive than it looks on postcards.

We then caught the train to Versailles and spent an interesting afternoon looking around the famous picture galleries and gardens and trying to dissociate ourselves from the gaggle of gaping tourists and little boys with catapults.

We were visibly slowing down, but the next day, blisters patched, we duly set off on the Metro and climbed the white steps up to Montmartre and the temple-like construction, which is in reality a Catholic Church, at the top. There also we visited the renowned artists' quarter where second-rate artists had rigged-up colourful canvases to attract the tourist eye. We wandered through the little alleys of Old Paris, mainly getting ourselves lost, before finding the Marché aux Ponces, which is the equivalent of a Birmingham bit-bazaar. The rest of the afternoon we spent looking around the huge shops in Boulevard Haussmann and elegantly licking atrociously expensive blackcurrant water-ice.

All too soon it was Sunday the 19th and only the Mona Lisa was left to be seen at the Louvre. We crammed our bags with French cheese, wine etc. and flexed our muscles ready to help Janet carry hers. One of the negro cooks at the hostel gave us packed lunches — not quite the English idea of one but very enjoyable despite the fact that the orange juice tasted like Andrews Salts. By the time we had got lost among the empty mummy coffins in the Louvre, whilst looking for the Mona Lisa and finding the Venus de Milo instead and not being very impressed by either, probably because we had seen so many paintings that involved a great deal more skill, it was time to catch the train for the long journey back to humdrum Rheindahlen.

I think we must have been the only amateur tourists who managed to see almost everything worth seeing in Paris within such a short period of time, thanks to Miss Walker and her almost native knowledge of Paris.

Yvonne Ferguson (Upper Sixth)

4A's Hamburg Trip '70

Mr. Roll has threatened me with grievous bodily harm, so I am taking his previously ignored gentle hints and avidly writing an account of our trip to Hamburg.

As the dutiful Mr. Roll had been for some time begging the powers-that-be to give a holiday for his deserving, hardworking form (cheers!), they decided to send us all away — far away. So one Friday morning in June, a horde of coloured corduroy jeans assembled in front of the school with two or three bags each and piled them in an unstable heap at the back of our transport, to be used as a foot-prop, head-rest and back-scratcher on our journey.

Thousands of kilometres of autobahn later, we approached civilisation, a beautifully modern Youth Hostel complete with a you-know-what, which everyone ran to. To the natives we must have appeared strange, climbing out of our transport parked between two Mercedes-Benz coaches, with our floppy straw hats and eight-hour-old beards. Miss Prest (who so kindly accepted the offer to come and watch over us girls) was disgustingly fresh as a daisy.

After exploring the neighbourhood and nosing out the nearest chip-shop we went to sleep nice and early.

Next morning, first stop was the harbour and everyone piled on to a large boat-cum-tug and basked in the sunshine while cruising up and down seeing the gigantic ships and waving to the sailors. Next stop was a quick walk underground for a shuft at the Elbtunnel and going back up by a lift with a couple of cars and motorcycles. Back on the bus, and away to St. Michael's Church with its ornate interior (of the Baroque period, so I'm told) and the very high steeple. 290, 247 or 272 steps later (various opinions here), we were looking over the city of Hamburg far below us, queueing at the telescopes for a peek. Then the energetic ran back down for a recount while the wise crammed into a lift. Inside the church it was lovely and cool — all the noise of the traffic failed to penetrate the creamy white walls while we stood regaining our breath and staring in awe at the marble pulpit, the gold paint and the massive towering organ pipes. Then out into the dusty heat and the noises of a city at midday. Our snaphappy cameramen snapped us then we were transported to completely different surroundings — the infamous Reeperbahn, where we lunched and later explored the town, splitting up. After picking up souvenirs, we gathered at the Town Hall, boarded our Army bus (I let it slip there) and went to a nice, peaceful park to finish an exhausting day. The next day was even hotter. We spent the morning in a "bus" going around the Alster, a large lake split in two that we had already seen from St. Michael's Spire. It was stifling, so we stood by the open doorways watching the ducks with envy as they

bobbed up and down in the foamy wake of the boat. Then we returned to the harbour, where Mr. Roll thoughtfully singled out an open boat for a trip down the Elbe estuary. This vessel had two storeys, so we spent our time basking in the baking sun up on top, occasionally casting a glance at the muddy brown water with its oil patches glinting rainbow colours.

By the afternoon, we were all varying shades of brown or red and it was time to have a change of scenery, so we went to the zoo — Carl Hagenbeck's Tierpark. It was a great zoo, complete even with Indian totem poles, stone statues of massive prehistoric monsters and remains of Buddhist temples! The animals themselves lived in very natural surroundings — mountain goats on a rugged hill which one could climb, penguins and the old walrus in their pools, and wild birds of all colours in a pretty ornamental Chinese garden complete with giant Ming vases. Even here, it was still very hot — the tigers plunged into their pool, the elephants sprayed themselves and the old walrus grew tired of people staring at him, so he sprayed them with a mouthful of water. All over the place weird little animals which looked half-dog, half-rabbit wandered. It was a very restful afternoon, except for when we viewed the brightly coloured parrots, which not only squawked loudly but were carnivorous too.

We departed next morning for Travemünde and Niendorf — already it looked like a scorcher — and it was! But the Baltic is pretty cold even on the hottest days and no one stayed in the water for over five minutes and came out quite the same! The day was spent growing either browner or redder than before, playing the inevitable game of football in the soft sand, and throwing unsuspecting, warm sunbathers into freezing water.

Then late in the afternoon we visited the East German border close by, spying on the guards in a tall watchtower on the other side of the barbed wire, who were spying on us. It was uncanny, the way that the sand was all scuffed up where we stood, yet the other side was untouched, vast expanses of sand rippled only by the wind. We visited the plain wooden cross that marked the grave of four unknown unfortunates who had been shot trying to swim across the bay.

But our solemnity lasted only a little while — we discovered on the beach a baby seal, of all things. It looked so cute, but when it made a few vicious snaps at a man's hand, we decided it wasn't too cuddly. Then the arrival of two, masculine German guards stirred the girls into action — this developed into an argument about who was to win the World Cup! Neither prediction right, it seems.

Well, the end of our stay drew near — we showed our appreciation to Mr. Roll, Miss Prest and our patient driver and then it was back to the Hostel for an early night before hitting the road the next morning.

Back at school, we discovered to our dismay, that Rheindahlen too had a heat-wave over the weekend — but they surely didn't have the fun we did in Hamburg, thanks to our form teacher and helpers and those who let us go.

Brenda Hillary (5A¹)

The Invasion of Limburg

A problem that arises in Queen's School at the end of each summer term is what exactly to do with the pupils of the fifth and sixth forms who, having finished their public examinations, have to pass away the remaining three to four weeks of the term.

At the end of summer term 1970 the problem was bravely tackled by Mr. Thomas, the deputy-headmaster, and Padre Roberts the school chaplain. A "brain-wave" — a programme of "activities" — was organised to keep the pupils busy. Trips were organised here, there and everywhere and a geography project was set in motion.

Miss Hodgson and Miss Milford bravely volunteered to pluck fifteen members of Five AB and transport them away to Limburg for a few days.

On Wednesday the 15th July, the party set off at 9.30 towards Limburg, dressed as scruffily as possible and accompanied by a couple of guitars. The delightful strains of music that immediately drifted softly from the back seats of the bus were not appreciated by the two teachers present, who, hoping for a peaceful journey, explained that it was within the interests of safety not to subject the driver to our "noise".

After a pleasant journey down the autobahn we arrived at Limburg Youth Hostel at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Anxious both to stretch our legs and to see Limburg, we placed our baggage inside the hostel and set off to explore Limburg.

We found Limburg to be a fairly large cathedral town situated on the river Lahn. Owing to its accessible position beside the autobahn and the pleasant riverside scenery no doubt, it appeared to be a flourishing tourist town. Parts of Limburg, including the cathedral and one of the bridges, dated back to the 13th century, and many of its quaint narrow backstreets appeared much unchanged from centuries past. Owing no doubt to our enthusiasm to explore the historic districts of the town a number of us managed to get lost in these backstreets, but eventually we met up and headed back to the youth hostel to smarten ourselves up for that evening.

It was pouring down with rain on Thursday, but this did not deter the teachers from their plan for a walk. The bus driver dropped us off in the middle of nowhere and went to a far-away village we planned to walk to.

At first the track was marked clearly but after a while it petered out until we found ourselves tramping through dense undergrowth often feet deep in mud, with the rain teeming down upon us. We cursed the teachers for their madness in leading us on this insane jungle march but cheered up the instant a cry was heard, from one of the recce party of our patrol, that there was a road ahead. This road led us eventually to our destination — the teachers were forgiven.

A visit to Bad Ems was arranged for the afternoon and the weather brightened up considerably. The more boisterous amongst us spent the afternoon terrorising the river in their pedal-boats whilst others played "Tony Jacklins" on the mini-golf course.

That evening and other evenings of our stay were spent at the local discotheque, where the girls drooled over Freddy the D. J. and the boys drooled over the girls who were drooling over Freddy the D. J.

A visit to Frankfurt was scheduled for Friday; the weather was beautiful and it promised to be a good day. In Frankfurt we visited the house of Goethe and found it unchanged from his time. We looked around the town hall and drove out of Frankfurt to have our sandwich lunch, and spent the afternoon looking at the botanical gardens or lying on the park grass lazing in the warm sunshine.

Saturday was spent in and around Limburg, with its pretty parks and woodlands. The majority of us swam in the town pool in the afternoon and there was the inevitable disco date in the evening.

On Sunday morning a few of us visited the various churches of Limburg, including the cathedral, whilst the agnostics, humanists, atheists and other abstainers walked yet again.

The afternoon meant a return home to Rheindahlen after a very enjoyable few days, and I would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of those who went, to thank Miss Hodgson and Miss Milford for giving up their own time accompanying us.

Tim Balding (ex - 5 A¹)

Trip to a Live Debate in the Bundestag in Bonn

The German Government began this particular meeting at 9 a. m., which meant that as we had a journey of two hours in one of those speedy fantastically comfortable Army buses, we had to congregate outside school at six o'clock in the morning. It was necessary to be there early in case of unexpected eventualities.

We arrived at Bonn in time to see important politicians entering a large white building, which we later discovered to be the Bundeshaus. The meeting of the German Parliament had been called because it was necessary for some money to be raised quickly and the Government had suggested that taxpayers should pay a tax for one year, which would

be paid back later in the form of a rebate. Obviously the Opposition, the Christian Democrats, were against this and therefore the meeting was to discuss whether this proposition should be enforced or not.

We seated ourselves in the gallery at about half-past eight and noticed that there were several television cameras directed towards us. The auditorium was large enough to seat several hundred politicians, and the important ones, like Brandt, Scheel and Schiller, sat on a platform, facing the body of the meeting, which included Kiesinger and Strauß on the front row. On the wall behind the platform was a motif of a huge golden eagle, the state symbol of the Bundesrepublik, and many small golden balls surrounded it, to give the wall more interest. On the floor, many desks were arranged in pairs, in a semi-circle around the platform, with aisles between them. The politicians sat according to their respective parties, that is members of the Social Democratic Party (SPD) sat on the left, as seen from the platform, and the members of the Christian Democratic Party (CDU) sat on the right.

The gallery and the floor began to fill up, and at about nine o'clock the session began, when the leaders of the parties and the Chairman walked in. I have been told that there is much formality in the British Parliament, (i. e. House of Commons) but in contrast I thought that there was very little in the Bundestag. The chairman stated the motion of the debate and then asked the first speaker to step up to the rostrum and put forward his arguments.

Being an English girl, I was not particularly interested in German politics, but I was curious to notice that many people on the floor talked among themselves, nodded as though they were asleep, walked in or out quite unconcerned about the debate, or even took out newspapers and began to read them, when other people were delivering their speeches. There were several speakers who spoke for long periods, giving details as to why the tax should or should not be levied.

At about ten-thirty, our small contingent was on the point of leaving, when the Prime Minister stood up to speak. He talked slowly and clearly, and I realized that even I could understand him. Brandt's comments seemed very reasonable and he made some humorous remarks about the C.D.U. which were applauded by the S.P.D. When he had finished his speech, I was fully convinced of his arguments, and I would have voted for him immediately if I had been German.

Then, as most politicians seemed to depart for an intermission, we decided to return to our luxury coach and eat the packed lunches we had brought with us. Before returning to school, we asked for permission to explore Bonn town centre. We found many shops closed for lunch but we soon came to an ideal place to spend our remaining time.

At half-past two in the afternoon, we were seated and on the return journey to Queen's School, after we had been suitably replenished with

coffee and cakes. We arrived back at school in time to catch our respective buses, bound for home. I now look back on that day as most enjoyable and would like to thank Mr. Bristow for arranging and supervising the trip.

Susan Canning (Upper Sixth)

THE DEBATING SOCIETIES

Senior Debating Society

The Debating Society began in Queen's during the school year 1969-70. It started with great enthusiasm; a committee was set up under the leadership of Miss Milford. Debates were at first limited to the sixth forms, but entrance was gradually extended to the fifth. Controversial topics under current surveyance such as marriage, racialism, tradition and monarchy were debated; however, speakers were not really forthcoming, and there was a general clamour for a discussion group instead of a formal debating society. This went into operation on a number of occasions. Religion and Conscription were discussed; participation was good and the argument quite heated. Then, unfortunately, support for any kind of society or group began to wane and it was evident that after a short period of success, the debating society had dwindled into nothing.

It was not heard of again until the beginning of a new term, September 1970. Again a committee was nominated, but instantly agreed on different tactics to be used for captivation of senior pupils' interest. There was a need for greater publicity within the school and a wider range of topics to be discussed to encourage speakers. This so far would seem to have succeeded. Wider advertising is greatly indebted to Jan Sinclair in the Upper Sixth, who has produced many valuable, and much needed, posters with a high degree of fine art. Speakers have been helped by an influx of new blood in the Upper Sixth, the majority of whom are willing to speak or at least open to persuasion to do so. This seems to have encouraged other people from the fifth and sixth, with the result that speakers have, up until now, not been too difficult to find.

Mrs. Behan, taking over from Miss Milford, suggested a "Balloon Debate" to start the ball rolling. Five speakers were coerced, portraying a great variety of characters, the list ending up as "Little Weed", Mrs. Pankhurst, "Woggin the Wog", Martin Luther King and "Winnie the Pooh". This was a great success and a record number of people, seventy, attended.

Enthusiasm for the Society as a whole was aroused by this debate, and attendance at each of the following debates was good. Patriotism and Ignorance are two of the topics that have been debated this term, support and participation in which were extremely pleasing.

Success of the Senior Debating Society has sparked off a rival in the Middle School who hold their own debates and discussions as regularly as the Senior group. It is very much hoped and desired that the Society will continue to flourish and not be allowed to fade away as the previous attempt did.

Thank you and keep up the support!

Rosamund James (Chairman, Upper Sixth)

Middle School Debating Society

Our debating society was formed exclusively for third and fourth years just after half term. We had our first debate, "That Comprehensive Schooling is a better form of education than Grammar and Secondary Modern", on Friday the 13th, on the day of a big football match, so you see we tempted fate greatly. In spite of this, quite a number of people turned up and the motion was carried.

On the second debate, not so many turned up but the debate went full swing, with the motion, "That This House Favours Mercy-Killing", being carried.

We have found that our numbers consist mainly of third years. We would like as many fourth years as possible for our debates, because it is a "Middle School Debating Society"!

Mark Lonsdale (3 A¹)

MUSIC AND DRAMA SOCIETY

The School's Music and Drama Society was formed earlier this year 1970 to promote and finance any cultural activity which was beneficial to the School as a whole.

The Society's first venture was a production of the play "Noah" by André Obey. It was chosen for its simplicity of presentation as our facilities for "theatre" are so very limited. It is a symbolic play and hence does not need the normally accepted theatrical set.

Its message is always true. Everyone must have faith in something and in himself most of all. Noah's trials and tribulations through the Flood accentuate this. His wife and family demonstrate the inherent weaknesses in man throughout the play, and over all is the theme that Noah has complete faith in himself to carry out the task which God has set him to do.

Mr. Tomlinson performed the leading rôle of Noah. Mrs. Noah was played with great sympathy and pathos by Rosamunde James. The sons, Ham, Shem and Japheth, were played by Nigel Turner, Timothy Balding and Richard Turner respectively and the "Generation Gap" between the old and the young was ably portrayed by all three. The parts of their wives were taken by Suzanne Windmill, Jane Foster and

Gaynor Hughes who matched their "Husbands" in building up that atmosphere of misunderstanding between men on which the play is based. Leslie Pollock took the part of "the Man" and represented the evil depths to which mankind had sunk with a very convincing display. The difficult parts of the animals were played with touching sensitivity by Michael Brzezicki, Paul Ruck, Martin Heydon, John Piggott, Julia Taylor, Sarah Janikoun, David Rowe and Michael MacDonnell.

It is significant to note that there were approximately thirty members of staff and forty-five pupils working behind the scenes. The Society had achieved what it set out to do — to promote an event which would benefit as many members of the School as possible.

The School won much praise and kudos from this play, and all who took part deserve the highest commendation.

Another new venture for the School was a performance of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest", which was staged as a play-reading by Mr. Balding in the Summer term.

Brilliant portrayals by all the cast gave the audience a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The size of the audience astounded the organisers and all the pupils taking part matched this by "out-size" performances. The whole venture added greatly to the spirit of urgency which the "Society" would like to engender.

The cast were:

Algernon Moncrieff
Lane (Manservant)
John Worthing
Lady Bracknell
Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax
Miss Prism (Governess)
Cecily Cardew
Merriman (Butler)
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D.D.

Michael MacDonnell
Stephen Lacey
John Piggott
Nicola Snell
Marion Hawksworth
Sarah Janikoun
Edwina Thornton
Duncan Hill
Richard Turner

J. T.

SIXTH FORM PROGRAMME

"Britain in the Seventies"

The Monday afternoon General Studies sessions of the Sixth Forms are being devoted this year to a series of talks and discussions on "Britain in the Seventies". We are grateful to those who have found time to come and address the meetings on a variety of subjects. Speakers have included the Command Secretary, Mr. M. H. Tallboys on "The Civil Service", Mr. B. Willett, Regional Director DOE on "Planning

and Environment“, Major G. J. Porter of the Army Legal Service on “The System of Justice“, Mr. Peter Thacker, Deputy Director BFES, on “Education“, Brigadier V. H. J. Carpenter, Chief Transport Officer, on “Road, Rail and Air Communications“, Group Captain H. L. Shephard on “The Police“, as well as several members of the staff who have given talks and conducted discussion groups on various topics.

House reports

UPPER SCHOOL

CORNWALL HOUSE

The summer term was the most successful season this year for Cornwall House. The tennis team played so well that they repeated the win of last year. In the Swimming Gala, despite a valiant effort, the House once again failed to take first place, although we managed a second. Individually, first places were gained by Paul Ormorod, Anthony Bewlay and Deborah Heuchan. Of the Cornwall relay teams, the Senior Mixed Medley team was the most successful, gaining a Second Place.

We were unfortunately less successful in the Athletics, but in spite of the overall result, the individual achievements were good, 9 firsts being awarded. T. Balding and V. Wilson both gained first place in the open Boys 1500 m., finishing well ahead of the rest of the field.

The Basketball results do not adequately reflect the hard work put into the practices. Both Seniors and Inters lost two matches and won one. The efforts of the football team were more rewarding, the Seniors winning one, losing one and drawing one. The drawn match was replayed but ended in a second draw. The Inters were more decisive in their matches, winning two out of three.

At the end of the last school year, the girls lost their Captain, Pauline Archer. She has since got married and we offer her our best wishes. Judith Tonge is now Girls' Captain. Anthony Bewlay remains Captain of the boys.

We thank Miss Viney and Mr. Stallwood for their encouragement and advice in House activities, and Miss Poole, who remains an enthusiastic member.

A. Bewlay, J. Tonge (House Captains)

EDINBURGH HOUSE

The performance of Edinburgh last year left something to be desired. If it had not been for Gary Bisson in the Basketball we would not have succeeded in any of the sports. The football was particularly disappointing as we had nearly half the school football team and still only managed third place. In the cricket the seniors only played once

and were thus deprived of a possible victory. In the athletics Martin Randerson was outstanding, but nobody equalled his performance in the swimming.

It was not altogether a very successful year for Edinburgh girls. The senior and inter teams in hockey and netball worked hard, but were unable to achieve the hoped-for results.

The seniors showed most of their talent to be in tennis, for they came second, being beaten only by the Cornwall girls.

The results of the Athletics and the Swimming Gala were most disappointing, although there were some very good individual performances, and we should congratulate Denise MacDonnell who won the diving for Edinburgh.

We were sorry to lose Miss Milford at the end of the year, but we would like to welcome Miss Walker who has now taken her place as Housemistress.

HOUSE COLOURS 1970

Hockey

SENIORS

J. Byfield
D. MacDonnell
L. Hughes

INTERMEDIATES

C. Magee, S. Taylor
C. Munslow, J. Riley

Netball

A. Cranch
J. Fox-Holmes (Capt.)
D. MacDonnell
L. Hughes

S. Taylor
J. Riley

Tennis

D. MacDonnell
A. Cranch
J. Fox-Holmes
P. Glenn
S. Mogi

C. Munslow
T. Simpson

Athletics

A. Moss
D. MacDonnell

C. Magee, S. Taylor
B. Moore, T. Simpson
J. Riley

Swimming

D. MacDonnell
A. Cranch

L. Trejo

C. Merriman, S. Newell (House Captains)

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

The winter months of 1969-1970 proved to be a most successful period for Gloucester boys, who ended up with 50 % of the honours. The senior football team, despite being regarded as an inferior team to Cornwall, succeeded in winning the championship owing mainly to our very good teamwork and spirit. However, we did not manage to defeat Cornwall with whom we drew 1-1 after a good performance in a tense game, but we finally won the championship by two points, after Edinburgh had beaten Cornwall. The successful team was R. Potter, N. Lea, F. Williams (Capt.), C. Maunder, I. Thompson, K. Knight, D. Scheinmann, W. Ireland, B. Mead, P. Rutland, and R. Smith. The inters, however, although they were quite a strong team, were unsuccessful and finished third behind Cornwall and Edinburgh. Gloucester's second success was in the inter basketball championship in which the inter team proved to be too strong for the other teams and were the convincing winners. The outstanding player was undoubtedly R. Scheinmann. The team was R. Scheinmann, D. Ireland, R. Williams, K. Bailey, N. Johnson, I. Johnson, K. Bassom. The Senior team, although we had A. Rosie, were beaten narrowly into 2nd place by Edinburgh. Gloucester also did very well in the cross-country championship with the seniors coming first and the inters second. The most outstanding performances were by B. Mead (1st), F. Williams (5th) and in the inters D. Ireland (4th) and R. Williams (9th).

In athletics and swimming we were fairly successful, finishing 2nd and 2nd equal respectively. In the athletics the inter relay team set up a new intermediate school record with very good performances by K. Bailey, R. Young, I. Johnson and R. Williams. The best performances in the swimming were by K. Knight and W. Ireland in the mixed medley, success in which enabled us to finish 2nd.

This winter also proved to be a very successful period, with the seniors winning both the football and the basketball championships. The basketball team defeated the other Houses quite convincingly to become the champions. The team was P. Rutland (Capt.), R. Scheinmann, F. Williams, K. Knight, D. Ireland, W. Ireland, R. Williams and I. Thompson. The football team won on goal average after drawing 3-3 in a play-off against Cornwall in a game which I dare say had Mr. Bristow sweating, as we were losing 1-3 with two minutes to go. However, we pulled back with a goal from F. Williams and a great goal by K. Knight only seconds before the end. The winning team was R. Potter, N. Lea, D. Wright, F. Williams (Capt.), C. Maunder, K. Knight, D. Ireland, R. Williams, W. Ireland, P. Rutland, I. Thompson, K. Bailey, J. MacCormick and B. Loughlin.

This year has been very successful for Gloucester girls. We have done very well in the games, winning the combined Inter and Senior

Hockey, the Inter Netball, coming second in the Athletics on Sports Day and winning the Athletics Standards Cup, coming joint second in the Swimming Gala and third in the Tennis Tournament.

Many House-colours were awarded, but there were some people who didn't receive them who showed a lot of enthusiasm and played well for the House. Among these girls were:

	Susan Moseley, Christine Wallis, Sally Samuels, Susan Dark,	Valerie King, Ann McLaren, Sandra Platt.
House-colours were awarded to these girls: —		
Hockey, Seniors:	Jane Berridge, Adrienne Lea,	Jan Sinclair, Suzanne Windmill.
Hockey, Inters:	Ann Kears, Susan Slater, Susan Curragh,	Joyce Harries, Susan Duncan, Karen Good.
Netball, Seniors:	Yvonne Barber, Jan Sinclair,	Jane Berridge.
Netball, Inters:	Ann Kears, Susan Slater, Susan Curragh, Lorraine Ritchie,	Joyce Harries, Evelyn Daniels, Christine Sturzeka.
Tennis, Seniors:	Adrienne Lea, Janice Glynn, Yvonne Ferguson.	
Tennis, Inters:	Sara Giles, Susan Slater.	
Swimming, Seniors:	Yvonne Barber,	
Swimming, Inters:	Joyce Harries, Lorraine Ritchie.	
Athletics, Seniors:	Lesley Groves, Yvonne Barber,	
Athletics, Inters:	Christine Sturzeka, Susan Duncan.	

On top of all these games trophies, the House worked very hard, and won for us the Work trophy too.

Thanks go to all of Gloucester House for playing and working hard. I hope this standard will be kept next year and the house will have greater success.

F. Williams
Jan Sinclair
(House Captains)

KENT HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. D. Kay

House Mistress: Miss N. Mathews

House Captains: Rosamunde James and Steve Martin

Last year, 1969-70, proved an extremely successful year for Kent House, especially during the summer months. The sun, it would seem, brings out the best in Kent and our House walked away with both Athletics and Swimming trophies. On the boys' side our team efforts, in Athletics, were particularly effective and McLellan, one of the relay squad, also procured three firsts in other events. Tony Warren won the discus and Duncan, Stonehouse (Seniors), Lockwood, Turner and R. Bewlay (Inters) also received colours. Special mention must also be given to a few of Kent girls. Sarah Litton apart from winning the long jump also equalled the school record by clearing 4'8" in the high jump. Nicola Snell, Marion Hawksworth, Yvonne Mowatt and Christine Robinson put in extremely brave efforts and were also justly rewarded.

Credit for victory in the Swimming Pool must I feel be given to the Inters. Rory Bewlay and Moira Thompson gained first in breaststroke and front crawl, respectively, and helped considerably to the ultimate triumph of Kent. Jackie Smith and one or two senior people also swam well.

The senior girls seem to be able to stand up to the cold winter months better than any other members of Kent. They played hockey and netball very consistently and did not concede one game, in either sport, to any other house. The inters, however, were not able to produce such a fine display of skill, but credit must be given for enthusiasm and, what turned out to be, hard grind. The hockey cup being a joint cup between inters and seniors was therefore not within Kent's grasp, but the senior girls did win the senior Netball cup. Congratulations.

The boys seemed to have a touch of blight and failed to show any material gain during the winter term of basketball and football; however, Trejo, Martin and Duncan did receive House colours. They, the boys, did put on a much better programme during the cricket season, especially on the inters side, who finally emerged second. Thanks must be given to Lacey and Kingshott for helping the team along to a good result.

It was about that time of year that the girls were overcome by heat, or holidays, and failed to produce anything dramatic on the tennis courts. We must be thankful for the consistent play of Lorraine Wickens and Christine Robinson without whose aid Kent would have been sunk.

However, all in all, it was a good year and we hope that Kent will continue its progress and present Kent House with even more cups than last year.

LOWER SCHOOL

CORNWALL HOUSE

The House continues to be strong in sporting activities, and comparatively weak in academic attainment, having once more come at the bottom of the list in the House Work Trophy.

On the credit side we won the football cup again with a practically unbeaten record, and were well on the way to doing the same in the cricket competition, when the weather and lack of time caused complete chaos. Our cross-country running was not of the best this year, mainly due to the lack of numbers in the second year.

Our continued success was a direct result of the tremendous enthusiasm of the teams themselves, and a will to win, in the best sporting traditions of enjoyment through a hard-fought game. We are determined to play our games at this high standard of sportsmanship, and not let the bad example of the so-called professionals of sport deter us from this goal.

J. Tomlinson.

Housemaster.

EDINBURGH HOUSE

Cross-country running was our major success this year. We managed to secure both the overall trophy and the standards cup. Evan Bale took first place in the Second Years' race and he was ably backed by Carter, Condor, Pilgrim, Newport, and Falconer in the team event. We also had the best of the swimming events in the Inter-House Gala, where our relay teams were successful and we had a convincing individual overall superiority. This was largely due to excellent swimming by Ian Falconer, our House Captain, and his brother, ably backed by McLennan, McDonald, Bale and Selmes. The cricket competition ended with Edinburgh taking second place, though admittedly the general standard was not very high.

Despite valiant efforts from Bale, Leech and Pilgrim we were struggling in the football competition. In the current soccer competition, however, we have been more successful, and have produced two useful elevens and have only just been beaten into second place by Cornwall. Names worthy of mention are, in the first team, two first year boys, Pannington and Osler, a courageous goalkeeper in Humphries and a doughty captain in Brian Leech. In the second eleven Wears and 'Spider' Webb have worked energetically. In general the House is in good shape and has a healthy outlook for the coming events.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

Gloucester's sporting year was fairly successful, but the results barely matched up to the zeal and enthusiasm displayed.

Although gaining only third place in the cross-country 'Standards Cup', red shirts were seen among the leaders. We gained second and third place in the first-year race and fifth place in the second-year race.

Again in the athletics and swimming events Gloucester boys' performances were marked by spirit and determination, but this, lacking ability, could achieve for us only third place on each occasion.

Our cricket team was, however, most successful. It carried off the cricket trophy without conceding a single defeat.

Altogether eighteen house colours were awarded for all sports this year. I think a special mention should be made of Mark Jordan who received colours for athletics, swimming, cricket and cross-country running, and Nigel Whittaker who received his colours for cricket, athletics and cross-country running.

Throughout the Autumn Term our three football teams played hard. They were determined to improve their skills.

Colours awarded to: J. Ottawa, Dickinson, McLean, Jackson, McGerry, Lewis, Sherman, Hilderley, Weir.

KENT HOUSE

Kent came second in the house matches with some good playing by Gray right wing and Bradly inside right. We were also second in the House cricket, in the summer term, Clive Watson bowling five after a close match. In the summer athletics we came last but took third place in swimming. This term our football team lost to Edinburgh 10 — 4, after a hard fought match.

Colin Gray 2B³

Sport

BOYS

INTER-SCHOOLS FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT

AUTUMN 1970 — DORTMUND

This year Queen's School intermediate football squad competed in a football tournament at Dortmund. There were four schools in the tournament, the hosts Cornwall School, Kent School, Edinburgh School and Queen's School.

The tournament was over a duration of 2 days, one game on the Friday and two on Saturday.

The first game played was against Kent; after being 2 - 1 up we crashed to a 2 - 4 defeat. Owing to the defensive play of Bale, Purton and Warren we were lucky not to lose by more. Although the play of Owens on the wing gave the forwards their fair chances, goals could not be scored.

This defeat did not at all daunt the team's spirit, for after a long journey home and over an hour wait for the bus next morning, we were able to complete a 7 - 4 victory. With the attack moving much more efficiently and a hat-trick by Heydon and troublesome shots by Ford we were unlucky not to score much more. After a short break we again took the field, being without Warren and Turner in defence and Owens on the attack. Thanks to transport we were not exactly looking forward to this game and went crashing to a 7 - 0 defeat; yet no one ever gave up hope of winning.

Cornwall School won the tournament.

The Squad was as follows: —

MacDonell, Bale, Warren, Purton, Norton, Turner, Owens, Heydon, Ford, Collins, Kingshott, McCormick, Fox-Holmes.

M. Heydon

JUNIOR SOCCER FESTIVAL AUTUMN 1970 — RHEINDAHLEN

Kent and Queen's School were hosts for Edinburgh and Cornwall Schools. Each school played one another once.

In our first game we led 1 - 0 for a short while in a keenly contested game, but Kent ran out winners by 3 - 2.

Our Scorers: Wright J. and Lee.

The second match was an easier game, and we won quite easily against Edinburgh 3 - 0. More goals should have been gained by better shooting.

Our Scorers: Wright J., Ford and Ross.

In our final match great interest was created because from our point of view the result of the competition hinged on it. We needed to win, to win the competition. However, in a keenly fought game, a draw was a fair result 2 - 2.

Our Scorers: Lee and Leech.

The overall competition was won by Kent School.

Queen's Players:

Grey, Stewart, Bassom, Gilbert, Bale, McLean, Pilgrim, Fox-Holmes, Ford, Leech, Lee, Kelly, Wright J.

B. W. J. Lewis (P. E. Dept.)

CROSS COUNTRY — AUTUMN 1970

The School was invited to enter a team in the Garrison Championships. A total of 15 teams took part over a course of 5 miles. It was a tough course which soon took its toll of many of the 100 runners. We were only guests in the tournament but this did not deter our boys who all ran hard. Our first man home was P. Duncan, and had our runners counted we would have won the Championships, our scoring runners all coming in the first ten; (3rd) Mr. Lewis, (6th) P. Duncan, (7th) J. Owens, (9th) P. Warren. All our 8 runners were in the first 25 places. Let us hope we may be allowed to compete for the team cup and awards on some future occasion.

Chris Maunder (Capt.)

RUGBY — AUTUMN 1970

Rugby at Queen's School unfortunately did not reach its expected peak this term. This was due to a lack of suitable opposition and the fact that Mr. Lewis was unable to devote the time he wanted because of soccer teams and other commitments.

We did, however, field a fifteen against Kent School earlier in the term. We were a little apprehensive about this as we had never played as a team before, whereas Kent School had.

It took our fifteen some minutes to settle into the game and to begin to co-ordinate our efforts as a team. Kent scored the first try but this did little to affect the morale of the team, and Queen's went on to win a fairly convincing victory 23-11. The main scorers were Chris Jones and Tony Warren. Chris Jones also kicked very well and did much to contribute to our victory. Roland Tyler played a very good game at fly-half and Martin Fry became indispensable in the scrum.

Unfortunately we were not able to arrange a return fixture this term but hope to play again next term.

Some of us, however, turned elsewhere to play rugby. Myself and Tony Warren have been playing for the Rhinos. Roland Tyler, Chris Jones, Martin Fry and Chris Maunder have played for Wildenrath and Wegberg. Thanks must be given to Mr. Lewis for procuring these games.

Gerald W. Taylor (Capt.)

LOWER JUNIOR and JUNIOR ATHLETICS MEETING

SUMMER 1970 HAMM

In the Lower Junior Section we had a very strong team, and had the meeting been a championship we would have won, despite being disqualified in the relay, and a competitor **missing** his 100 metre Final.

100 metres
200 metres
Hurdles
High Jump
Long Jump

1st Richardson
1st Wattleworth J.
1st Richardson S.
2nd Falconer K., 3rd Davies B.
1st Richardson S.

This was a very strong team which rose to the occasion. C. Gray unfortunately did not compete, which, as his excellent form showed a week later, would have enhanced our team even more.

In the Junior Section we had a band of hard workers, but no one pulled off a win; the leading performance came from R. B. Bewlay, who was 3rd in the 400 metres.

B. W. J. Lewis (P. E. Dept.)

ATHLETICS — SUMMER 1970

In addition to the usual school athletics some boys were lucky enough to get extra races in the R.A.F. inter-station matches. Two performances were of particular note. M. Randerson ran an excellent 200 metres at Brüggem, to be placed 2nd in 24.1 seconds. J. Owens ran an excellent 5000 metres at Rheindahlen in 17 minutes 27 seconds. This performance for a 14-year old at that time would put many Senior Men in the shade.

In the Garrison athletics championships our team ran 3rd in the 4×100 metres invitation relay. The team comprised T. Warren, M. Randerson, Rutland and Stonehouse.

This athletics season for the first time the Amateur Athletics Association 5 Star award scheme was used. This aims at getting athletes to record their performances at all times, and under a carefully planned points system to try and improve their performances.

Thanks are due to staff who were under a far greater burden to record athletes' performances, and in particular to Mr. Reilly for his part in this. It is estimated that some 300 certificates were awarded, more to Lower than Upper School, since some competitors in Upper found embarrassment in collecting a certificate for less than a 3 Star performance, which is a reasonable average athletics performance. 8 athletes were extremely successful in obtaining the 5 Star award, which puts them in county championship winning class. The top boys' score was by Stephen Richardson (1st year) who gained the 5 Star award at his first attempt, and Nicola Snell (4th year) the leading girls' scorer, with some excellent performances.

B. W. J. Lewis (P. E. Dept.)

**QUEEN'S LOWER v
S. M. N. GYMNASIUM MÖNCHENGLADBACH**

Queen's compete every summer against the above school for the Oberbürgermeister's Cup (Lord Mayor's Cup) in athletics and soccer.

The Athletics section was keenly contested, and our principal performances were: —

1st Year

75 metres	1st Richardson
Long Jump	2nd Richardson
Ball Throw	1st Richardson
800 metres	2nd Peter Davies

2nd Year

100 metres	2nd Ford
800 metres	2nd Ford

In order to win the overall competition we had to win the soccer match, which was 20 points for the winner and 0 points for the loser, since the Gymnasium had already a large points' lead, 84 to 68 points.

We seemed to be 'outsized' in the soccer age grouping match, but played gamely and only lost 3 - 1. Strangely enough, Bennett, the smallest man on the field by far, scored our only goal.

Overall result: Queen's 68 points Gymnasium 106 points.

B. W. J. Lewis (P. E. Dept.)

1st. XI FOOTBALL (1969—1970 SEASON.)

Last season was an extremely successful one for the 1st XI. In the Garrison Sunday League we were only beaten three times, and were only forced into second place by a very good Northag team. In the Football Festival at Hamm we came first, winning two matches and drawing one, and in a game against Kent School we won 3 - 1. In a friendly match against a Dutch team in Roermond we won 10 - 2.

Those awarded school colours were:

R. Chase
M. Randerson
C. Merriman

Record for the Sunday League:

	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Agts.	Pts.
Queen's	14	9	2	3	47	24	20
					C. Merriman, Captain		

**YOUTH SAILING COURSE ORGANISED BY
THE RHINE AREA SAILING CLUB**

This course took place at Roermond between the dates 27th and 31st July. About a third of the participants were Queen's School pupils. The course was aimed to instruct the participants in the art of Dinghy sailing. In this the course was a complete success. The pupils learnt quickly and by the last day of the course all were sufficiently proficient to sail the dinghy without an instructor aboard. There were a few minor accidents but no breakage was sustained by either person or boat.

The pupils gained a quite comprehensive knowledge of rules and priorities in both racing and pleasure sailing. Those who attended in all likelihood came away with a fuller knowledge of knots, the parts of the 'bosun' the dinghies used, and the temperature of the water. Many of the boats were deliberately capsized in order to train the pupils how to right a boat.

On the last day of the course a Regatta was held, but unfortunately the wind had dropped and thus those who were impatient found to their cost that their moving in the boat upset its trim.

The course ended with the presentation of prizes to the first and second of each race. Two races were held. Another prize was awarded to the pupils of the boat which had been best maintained during the course, and in my opinion they were in better condition at the end than at the commencement.

Rory R. Bewlay

CANOEING CLUB

Mr. Lewis asked a few boys if they would like to go canoeing with him.

So with about eight boys we all set off on our canoeing trip to Hariksee. The weather was good that day but the water was freezing. We all went down the Schwalm which leads into the lake.

We had two slalom canoes and Mr. Lewis showed us various ways of paddling and how to control the canoe. They were given to us to try out. Getting into the canoes for the first time was very hard; you just had to make one quick move and oops, over you go. Once in, there was not much room and it felt a bit unsafe.

Paddling alone in your canoe was easier seen than done, as some boys found out. Some couldn't move straight and ended up crashing up into the bank, and one couldn't turn around and carried on up the river; but after a lot of attempts each we all managed to keep going straight and turn.

The day ended with a capsized drill. One at a time we went to meet our doom. I went last and did as I was told and started to rock the canoe in order to capsize it. It was easy to capsize accidentally but trying to do so on purpose was practically impossible. Anyway once the fear left me of being stuck in the canoe while upside down, I just slid out with no trouble and everything I saw for that moment seemed to be so peaceful. I was soon on the surface again and swam like mad to the shore hauling the canoe as well, for the water was so cold I felt like an iceblock.

Once dressed we all went back home in the mini-bus.

Mr. Lewis started a regular canoeing club at the swimming pool on Sunday mornings before the pool was open to public, and we practised many more things about canoeing, including the technique of canoe rolling, to right oneself after a capsize, without getting out. During a sailing course in the summer Mr. Lewis brought a canoe and during the dinner breaks some managed to get some practice in paddling up and down the harbour and doing capsized and rescue drills.

Ian Beveridge and Peter O'Neil

GIRLS

UPPER SCHOOL

SUMMER TERM 1970.

During the Summer Term, which is all too short for the number of activities we have to cover, we produced School Intermediate and Senior Athletics, Tennis and open Swimming teams. House teams were also produced in these activities.

Our Tennis VI, which practised regularly each week, had rather a frustrating season as three of their fixtures were cancelled by the opposition as they could not raise a team. The BFES Tennis Festival at King's School was also cancelled. We played against Windsor School, winning by 59 games to 40.

The Athletics and Swimming Festival for Inters and Seniors was held once again at Queen's School. The entries appear to get less each year. This is mainly because schools are finding it increasingly difficult to find teams at this late stage in the term, owing to pupils leaving school when the exams are over. We, however, were lucky in the fact that the majority of our athletes were still at school. A new event for girls in Athletics was introduced this year, the 800 m. Two girls, Nicola Snell and Marion Hawksworth, trained hard with just reward, gaining 1st and 2nd places respectively. Anne Moss also gained a 1st and 2nd place and S. Litton broke the Senior High Jump record.

Teams

1st Tennis VI.

*S. Litton, *P. Archer, A. Moss, L. Wickens, G. Hughes, V. Peacock. Res.: V. Peacock.

Results: v. Windsor Girls. Won 59 - 40 games.

Athletics — Seniors

1st Places	N. Snell	800 m
	*S. Litton	High Jump (Record)
	+*Y. Mowatt	Discus
	+*A. Moss	Shot
2nd Places	S. Kelly	200 m
	A. Moss	Javelin
	M. Hawksworth	800 m
	Relay Team	
3rd Place	*J. Fox-Holmes	100 m
4th Place	S. Litton	200 m

Intermediates

2nd Place	Relay Team	
3rd Places	L. Marshall	Discus
	B. Moore	High Jump
4th Place	S. Bulbeck	Discus

Swimming (Open)

1st Place	S. Kingshott	50 m Breast Stroke
2nd Place	Free Style Relay Team	
3rd Place	J. Smith	100 m Breast Stroke
	+D. MacDonnell	Diving

+ Colours awarded

* Colours re-awarded

AUTUMN TERM 1970.

This Autumn Term has been a very profitable one. The weather has been on our side, which is always valuable as then lunch-time practices can take place regularly. This term we have produced 6 teams — three hockey and three netball. Two more than in previous years. We have separated the 3rd and 4th years into two groups. This gives more girls an opportunity to represent their school. As well as the girls chosen to compete in the school teams there have been many others who have practised regularly and selection has often been difficult.

All Inter-School Netball Festivals have been played this term. The 3rd year one was zoned to the Southern area. The 4th year and Senior VII's included all BFES Schools. Each team came first in their respective Festivals. This is the second year in succession that we have won all the netball festivals.

The Senior VII are also competing in the Rheindahlen and Area Netball League. These matches take place each Sunday and so far we have only completed half the matches; the rest take place next term. We are therefore unable to record all results. So far we have won all matches except for two which we lost to Brügggen and Wildenrath.

Our last fixture of the term was on December 1st when our 3rd year Hockey XI played against Kent and Cornwall. We drew both these matches.

Teams 1st XI Hockey from: —

D. MacDonnell, G. Hughes, Y. Barber (Capt.), A. Moss, J. Fox-Holmes, J. Thompson, C. Munslow, S. Kelly, L. Sutton, A. Lea, L. Wickens, J. Collins, J. Sinclair, L. Kelly.

Results: —

v. Windsor Girls Won 4 - 0
v. Kent School Won 4 - 1

4th Year XI Hockey from: —

L. Thompson, J. Harries, C. Sturzurka, N. Snell, M. Hawkesworth, L. Ritchie, K. Kelloway, E. Thornton, S. Taylor, A. M. Beswick, E. Captain.

Results: —

v. Kent School Won 2 - 0
v. Windsor School Won 4 - 1
v. King's School Won 4 - 0

3rd Year XI Hockey from: —

J. Marshall, D. Heslop, A. Morgan, D. Oates, E. Terry, M. Lowe, J. Hill, V. Banting, H. Price, S. Thomas, J. Boyman, N. Thomas.

Results: —

v. Cornwall School Drew 1 - 1
v. Kent School Drew 0 - 0

1st VII Netball from: —

C. Robinson, L. Marshall, D. MacDonnell, J. Kelly, A. Moss (Capt.), S. Kelly, Y. Barber, J. Fox-Holmes, J. Potter.

Results: —

v. Dorthausen Won 24 - 20
v. Wildenrath Lost 12 - 21
v. 68 Sq. Won 27 - 2
v. Kent School Won 18 - 2
v. Brügggen Lost 6 - 7
v. Krefeld Won 13 - 11

4th Year VII from: —

C. Brennan, J. Harries, L. Ritchie, M. Thompson, E. Thornton, S. Taylor, C. Sturzurka, M. Hawkesworth, L. Thompson.

as matches other than Festival Results recorded with the account.

3rd Year VII from: —

J. Folcher, S. Thomas, J. Hill, E. Terry, H. Price, C. Williams, D. Heslop, N. Thomas.
v. King's School Lost 3 - 4
v. Kent School Lost 3 - 6
v. Edinburgh School Won 9 - 3

Our thanks are extended to Mr. Johnson who has always provided our visiting schools with refreshment during day matches and Festivals.
B. E. Prest.

LOWER SCHOOL

HOCKEY AND NETBALL — AUTUMN TERM 1970

This has been a busy term for both games, with two tournaments and several friendly matches having been played. It has been notable for the extremely close competition for places in the 2nd year teams. There have been enough keen players of a good standard to field two teams in hockey and netball — hardly to be called A and B teams since their standard is so similar.

The Junior Tournaments this term were arranged so that separate 2nd and 3rd year teams were entered and results were very encouraging. The 2nd year Netball team were placed 1st in their section at the Tournament played at Kent School in November, where they also gave the 3rd year teams some very tense moments. At the Hockey Tournament in December, Queen's 2nd years again came 1st in their section; their skill in stickwork was enjoyable to watch but their lack of rush and attack provided some frustrating moments for the supporters.

Friendly matches versus Kent, Windsor, King's and Cornwall Schools have been played with only one defeat so far. A 1st year Netball team has also taken part in two of these fixtures and won both its games. They have settled down very quickly as a team and should finish the season with a good record if present efforts are maintained.

2nd year XI from: —

S. Kingshott, H. Norton, J. Punnett, A. Brown, J. Crowhurst, C. Thomas, B. Gibbins (Capt.), R. Davies, P. Bassom, C. Wickens, L. Burke, P. Russell, S. Essex, Y. Douglas, M. Lodge.

2nd year VII from: —

S. Kingshott, C. Lockwood, N. Norton, J. Punnett, S. McDowell, B. Gibbins, J. Crowhurst (Capt.), C. Thomas, A. Brown, S. Essex, B. Piragowski, C. Wickens.

1st year VII from: —

S. Dawton, P. Brindley (Capt.), D. Lonsdale, C. Hayter, M. Sheeran, C. Wade, T. Gascoigne, L. Woodall.

B. Steane

INTER-SCHOOL JUNIOR ATHLETICS — HAMM

Fourteen girls were in the team that travelled to Hamm at the beginning of June. The meeting was held a week earlier than in previous years, which meant less time for training and practice; nevertheless all were determined to do their best.

Track events proved to be our stronger point this year, with most of our competitors reaching the finals and several being placed. The most notable performance was the excellent win of the 1st year girls in the 4 × 100 m. relay. Although neither team achieved a high place, all the competitors enjoyed the competition and found it a very worthwhile experience.

Results as follows: —

K. Berridge	1st in Lower Junior Relay
S. Rutland	1st in Lower Junior Relay
S. Kingshott	1st in Lower Junior Relay
W. Skinner	1st in Lower Junior Relay
K. Berridge	1st in Lower Junior 65 m. Hurdles
W. Skinner	2nd in Lower Junior 100 m.
N. Snell	2nd in Junior 200 m.
M. Hawkesworth	3rd in Junior Shot
S. Taylor	4th in Junior 75 m. Hurdles

B. Steane

THIRD YEAR NETBALL FESTIVAL

On the 13th November, the 3rd Year Netball team went to Kent School to compete in a tournament against Kent and Edinburgh Schools.

We played Edinburgh School first and we played well. The play was on our side most of the game. We managed to score the first goals and the final score stood at 9 - 3.

The next game and last was played against Kent. They were a good team. We played hard but they were a better team than we were and won 6 - 3.

The final result was very close. We drew with Kent for points, but we came first on goal average with 34 goals, Kent coming second with 30 goals.

Everyone enjoyed the morning and all played well.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL 4TH YEAR TOURNAMENT — AUTUMN TERM 1970

On the afternoon of Friday 20th November, after having been excused from last lesson, we hurried to the Gym. The girls who were to be our guests for the night were already waiting in the Gym. The

teams included girls from Kent School, King's School, Prince Rupert School, Gloucester School and Edinburgh School.

We collected our guests and made our way home.

Early next morning (Saturday 21st November) after what Miss Prest assumed to have been an early night, the teams once more collected in the Gym. By 9.40 some of Queen's School teams had not yet arrived from Düsseldorf. The reserves were standing ready at 9.45 when the first bell went to start the tournament, and as the whistle blew for our first match two of our players had not arrived, as their transport had not arrived in Düsseldorf. After panicking and a final re-arrangement by the captain of our team (using our two reserves) we began to play.

The results were as follows: —

Queen's v Kent	Queen's v P.R.S.
4 - 3	14 - 4
Queen's v King's	Queen's v Edinburgh
3 - 1	10 - 0
Queen's v Gloucester	
12 - 0	

We came out top in the Tournament with 10 points, 43 goals for, and only 8 against. After the visiting teams had changed, they went to the hall for lunch, and we hung around hoping for a few spare chips! We then saw the visiting teams on to their buses and they departed for home.

This tournament would not have been a success had it not been for the tuition and hard work by Miss Prest.

Sharon Taylor
Joyce Harries

SENIOR NETBALL AT WINDSOR GIRLS' SCHOOL — AUTUMN, 1970

At 9.30 a.m. on Friday 27th November the Senior Girls' Netball Team, joined by the Senior Boys' Football Team, launched into a "typical" army bus for the festival at Hamm. We eventually arrived at Windsor Boys' School at 12.30 p.m. when we deposited our boys (much to the disgust of some of the girls) and then carried on to the Girls' School, some miles away. We were met at Windsor School by the captain of their team and shown our accommodation, which consisted of a large attic with thirty mattresses on the floor.

After lunch we had an hour to spare, and so all clambered into the bus, taking several other teams with us to the Boys' School; with the sole purpose of watching the "Queen's Football Team". On returning we played our first and only match of that day against Kent School,

which we won 16 - 2. Afterwards we had a meal, and then during the evening participated in more sport of various types in the gym. At the late hour of 10 o'clock everyone retired to bed for a restless night with much talking and laughing from thirty-two girls in one room.

The following morning we played the majority of our games, the first being against Windsor Girls' School who were our strongest opposition. This particular game was fairly even and therefore enjoyable, especially as the final score was 19 - 10 in our favour. We then played against King's School, which was our easiest game, with the score being 25 - 2. After lunch, we played against Gloucester School, whom we found a very amusing team, especially their Music teacher shouting threats at us from the side-line, such as "give them a bit of aggro girls". Finally we played against Prince Rupert School to win 22 - 4 and therefore to win the tournament.

At 3.30 p.m. the boys arrived at Windsor to pick us up, and much to their disgust could not stay and we set off on our "comfortable" ride home. The boys had also won their tournament, and were as pleased as ourselves, as we had expected some very tough opposition. We all arrived back at Rheindahlen at 6.30 p.m. after a very enjoyable two days.

Results

Queen's v Prince Rupert School	Won 22 - 4
Queens' v Kent School	Won 16 - 2
Queen's v Gloucester School	Won 23 - 2
Queen's v King's School	Won 25 - 2
Queen's v Windsor Girls' School	Won 19 - 10
	Anne Moss Captain

MIXED

B.F.E.S. NINTH INTER-SCHOOLS OPEN

SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

On Tuesday, July 14th, 1970, Queen's were once again hosts for this meeting at the Garrison pool. The swimming standard was high, but on this occasion only one of the records was surprisingly broken.

Out of the seventeen events, the following were our leading competitors:

1st places

A. Bewlay	Boys' 50 metres Butterfly 32.6 (new record)
S. Kingshott	Girls 50 metres Breaststroke (1st form)
A. Bewlay	Boys' 100 metres Front Crawl
A. Eves	Diving
Queen's	Medley Relay Boys

Runners Up

Queen's 4 × 50 m. Free Style Relay

It is worth noting that M. Fry (Windsor Boys), runner-up 50 metre Breast Stroke, is now at Queen's. The boys' best performance cup was awarded to Antony Bewlay (Queen's), and the girls' to Hardacre (King's).

Thanks are due to the staff, Officials of the Army and R.A.F., Herr Picken, the many voluntary helpers, and the competitors, for the success of the meeting.

B. W. J. Lewis (P. E. Dept.)

B.F.E.S. NINTH INTER SCHOOLS SENIOR AND INTERMEDIATE ATHLETICS MEETING

This meeting took place at Rheindahlen on the 13th July 1970. Queen's were hosts to Gloucester, Cornwall, King's, Kent, Prince Rupert and Windsor Schools. The weather conditions were good and an enjoyable day's athletics was had. 2 records were broken, and one equalled. 4 new events, out of a total of 44, were contested.

Our leading performers were: —

1st place

A. Moss	Sen. Girls' Shot 24' 4" (new event)
S. Litton	Sen. Girls' High Jump 4' 8" (new record)
G. Mowatt	Sen. Girls' Shot Discus 77' 10½"
N. Snell	Open Girls 800 metres 2m. 37.4s. (new event)
J. Owens	Int. Boys' 1500 metres 4m. 42.5 s.
V. Wilson	Senior Boys' 1500 metres 4m. 42.5s.

Runners up

K. Bailey	Int. Boys' Triple Jump 35' 6"
P. Warren	Int. Boys' 800 metres 2m. 16.1s. 3rd Dermot Casey PRS 2m 16.0s
M. Randerson	Sen. Boys 100 metres 12.1s.
T. Balding	Sen. Boys' 800 metres 2m. 10.9s.
J. Kelly	Sen. Girls' 200m. 28.8s.
A. Moss	Sen. Girls Javelin 72' 7"
Queen's	4 × 100 metres Int. Girls' Relay
Queen's	4 × 100 metres Sen. Girls' Relay
Queen's	4 × 100 metres Sen. Boys' Relay

Thanks are due to staff, R.A.F. officials, competitors and the hosts of visiting competitors who made the meeting a succes.

B. W. J. Lewis (P. E. Dept.)

INTER-SCHOOL JUNIOR SWIMMING — MÜNSTER

Queen's competitors did very well in the swimming gala at Münster, the boys exceptionally so. The Lower Junior Boys were placed first in their section after winning all their events but one in new record times. The Junior Boys were placed second and Junior Girls third.

Individual results as follows: —

BOYS:

1st Places	M. Wilson	Lower Jun. 25 m. Breaststroke
	C. Hill	Lower Jun. 25 m. Freestyle
	R. Bewlay	Junior 50 m. Breaststroke
	Lower Junior Freestyle Relay 4 × 25 m.	
2nd Places	M. Kingshott	Junior 50 m. Back Crawl
	R. Bewlay	Junior 50 m. Butterfly
	Junior 4 × 50 m. Freestyle Relay	
3rd Places	J. Wattleworth	Lower Jun. 25 m. Back Crawl
	R. Bewlay	Diving

GIRLS:

1st Places	S. Kingshott	Lower Jun. 25 m. Breaststroke
2nd Places	V. McCluskey	Junior 50 m. Breaststroke
3rd Places	M. Thompson	Junior 50 m. Freestyle
	L. Trejo	Diving
	Lower Junior 4 × 25 m. Freestyle Relay	
4th Place	L. Tandy	50 m. Back Crawl

TRAMPOLINE CLUB

The school has waited for two years for a trampoline. This September we got one and could hardly believe it. Miss Prest has held a trampoline club every Monday after school from 4 o'clock until 5 o'clock. The club has only about 14 members in it as this is as many as we can include, otherwise we don't get many turns. There are quite a few things we have accomplished on the trampoline, such as a tuck, pike, kneel, sit, backward and forward drop, swivel hips, and some of us have done a somersault. We have all enjoyed doing trampoline, and thank Miss Prest for giving up her time to teach us these things on the trampoline.

Yvonne Eves (Club Member)

Examination successes

1969: University and Training College Places

University Places

Gillian Canning	Warwick University
Ian Colclough	Bournemouth College of Technology
Jonathan Cole	Brighton Polytechnic
Michael Drury	Leicester University
Michael Fliderbaum	Manchester College of Science & Technology
Michael Hooper	Leicester University
David Lyon	Wolverhampton Polytechnic
Sasako Mogi	Hatfield College of Technology
John Rhodes	Exeter University
Alan Rosie	Plymouth College of Technology
Daniel Scheinmann	Lausanne University
Christopher Ward	Newcastle University

Colleges

Maureen Berry	City of Westminster College
Garry Bisson	Goldsmiths' College, London
Martin Braithwaite	Strawberry Hill College of Education
Mary Fitzpatrick	Leicester College of Education
Joanne Foley	Leicester College of Education
Eileen Henderson	Bognor Regis College of Education
Yvonne Mayhew	Bognor Regis College of Education
Jennifer O'Neill	St. Mary's College of Education, Newcastle
Valerie Beacock	St. Mary's College of Education, Newcastle

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

A: Art, B: Biology, C: Chemistry, E: English Literature, Ec: Economics, F: French, G: Geography, Gr: German, H: History, HE: Home Economics, AM: Applied Mathematics, PM: Pure Mathematics, P/A: Pure and Applied Mathematics, P: Physics.

'A' Level (January and June 1970)

Berry, M.	E, F and Gr
Bisson, G.	G
Blake, D.	P/A, PM and AM
Canning, G.	E, F and H
Drury, M.	G, PM, AM and P/A
Fenn, M.	A
Fliderbaum, M.	P/A
Hitchings, K.	C
Hooper, M.	C, PM, AM and P/A
Hughes, S.	E
Litton, S.	E and H
Mayhew, Y.	P/A
Mogi, S.	PM
Nappi, C.	E
O'Neil, J.	E
Payne, B.	E
Peacock, V.	A and E
Rhodes, J.	E, F and Gr
Rosie, A.	G and P/A
Scheinmann, D.	Ec, F and Gr
Sutton, B.	A
Tolcher, R.	B, Ec and G
Trevena, E.	HE
Ward, C.	P/A, PM, AM and P
Warren, A.	A

'O' Level (January 1970)

The following candidates obtained:

Three Passes

Brooke, S., Simpson, M.

Two Passes

Lay, J., Norris, A., Tonge, J.

One Pass

Benedik, J., Bew, W., Bewlay, A., Canning, S., Chase, R., Colclough, I., Cole, J., Crossley, L., Currah, S., Dray, S., Drury, P., Foster, J., Fox, M., Fried, A., Hitchings, K., Jones, A., MacDonnell, P., Mead, B., Merriman, C., Parker, L., Pullen, D., Richardson, G., Robinson, M., Scheinmann, D., Sutton, B., Tolcher, R., Tonge, V., Trejo, R., Weinbaum, G.,

'O' Level (June 1970)

The following candidates obtained:

Eight Passes

Foster, J., Parker, L., Williams, F.

Seven Passes

Barber, Y., Black, J., Hughes, G., Ormrod, P., Robinson, C., Wallis, C., Windmill, S.

Six Passes

Balding, T., Bew, W., Byfield, J., Kelley, S.,

Five Passes

Boyd, K., Cameron, L., Duncan, P., Heuchan, D., Lane, A.

Four Passes

Chase, R., Corba, E., Findlay, F., Hawkes, N., Kelly, S., Trejo, R., Turner, N.

Three Passes

Fitzgibbons, S., Greedy, R., Jones, A., Kay, I., Laurie, R., MacDonnell, D., MacDonnell, P., Pullan, D., Rowe, D., Russell, W., Skerratt, C., Stonehouse, R., Tonge, V., Trevena, E., Wickens, L.

Two Passes

Bailey, Y., Brennan, J., Drury, P., Fenn, M., Garside, C., Ireland, W., Macumber, D., Mead, B., Oldham, J., Rees, J., Richardson, G., Stehr, D., Tilford, G.

One Pass

Archer, P., Argent, C., Balding, A., Berridge, J., Bilbrough, R., Blake, D., Blake, M., Boyland, R., Brzezicki, A., Colclough, I., Corba, H., Docherty, T., Fox, M., Fox-Holmes, J., Glynn, J., Harper, R., Hillary, B., Jordan, S., Mayhew, Y., McCarthy, L., Peacock, V., Poole, N., Potter, N., Rose, E., Rosie, A., Rutland, P., Scheinmann, D., Searle, S., Simpson, M., Sinclair, J., Sutton, B., Terry, C., Tonge, J., Ward, C., Warren, A., Watson, I., Wilson, B.

CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION (Summer 1970)

The following candidates obtained certificates:

in Seven Subjects

Abbotts, J., Bartle, S., Berry, J., Freeman, R., Glynn, C., Jacobs, H., Johnson, D., Johnson, M., Moyes, A., Weir, M.

in Six Subjects

Docherty, T., Glenn, P., Jamieson, H., Knight, K., Lea, N., Lockyer, J., Potter, R., Rutland, P., Wilson, V.

in Five Subjects

Charleston, P., Cranch, A., Freemann, N., Pollock, A., Randerson, M.,
Searle, S., Trevena, M., Youngman-Smith, N.

in Four Subjects

Conjoice, S., Gossard, H., Greedy, R., McCarthy, L., McClellan, R.,
Morfitt, B., Smith, R., Stonehouse, R., Ward, M.

in Three Subjects

Blake, M., Dorsett, N., Harfield, K.

in Two Subjects

Bailey, Y., Boyland, R., Colclough, I., Carside, C., Lane, A., Rose, E.,
Tonge, C., Warren, D.

in One Subject

Berridge, J., Boyd, K., Brennan, J., Cameron, L., Ferguson, I., Findlay,
F., Heuchan, D., Hughes, G., Ireland, W., Jordan, S., Macumber, D.,
O'Connor, K., Potter, N., Pullan, D., Rowe, D., Stehr, D., Thompson, I.,
Trejo, R., Wallis, C., Watson, I., Wilson, B.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS (1969-70)

SINGLE SUBJECT EXAMINATIONS *

TYPEWRITING

Stage I

S. Conjoice*, A. Cranch*, J. Devcau, P. Glenn, H. Jamieson, D. John-
son, S. Litton, E. Rose*, G. Tilford, M. Trevena, M. Ward, K. Wright.

Stage II

P. Archer, A. Cranch, S. Hughes*, E. Rose, M. Trevena.

Stage III

A. Cranch, J. Cheal, S. Hughes.

SHORTHAND

50 w.p.m.

S. Hughes

60 w.p.m.

A. Cranch*, S. Hughes

80 w.p.m.

J. Cheal, A. Cranch, S. Hughes.

100 w.p.m.

A. Cranch

* Denotes 'Pass with Credit'.

GENERAL

SECTION

A selection of prose and poetry
from various parts
of the school.

UNDER RHEINDAHLEN WOOD

While studying Dylan Thomas's play for voices 'Under Milk Wood', members of the Upper Sixth English Literature group were asked to write a similar impressionistic study of Rheindahlen Garrison. The following are extracts from the most successful contributions:

To begin at the beginning.

It is summer cool night in the capering community town, the concrete-cracked roads grey in the pallid moon, the grass dewblack under the limping dueback punch-nosed party-goer. Music strains from the midnight mess of massed melancholics.

The N.A.A.F.I. sleeps.

Hush, do not wake its tinned shelves canned into one concrete corner, its iced Lyons' Maid creamed counter, its one sad chicken dripping stale fat from one badly-pierced drumstick.

Hush, the babies should be sleeping, the mothers, the teachers, the come-over-for-a-visit relations, the drunkards, the Civil Servants, the W.R.A.C.'s, the Majors, the Colonels, the Generals and even, yes even the Privates.

The nosy windows peep into the empty beds where rumpled, crumpled sheets dream of Monday's wash and Tuesday's grind.

Listen.

You can hear the silent tennis balls pound the sleeping courts to pulverised pill-powder, the dilute acid lapping ominously against the pool-blue sides, the ghostly whispering in the singing crescendoing church organising the occupants.

Listen.

You can hear the moon falling in the pitted booted Big House quadrangle, the starred flag hanging flap and limp in the unpatriotic wind, the needles jabbing and crissing across in the lime pine-sighing wood. Only your eyes are unclosed to see the black and airless town grey in the washed star ghost-glow.

Look.

Only you can see the dreams of the dead floating in the sweet death-smell of the worm-rooted rose cemetery, the winking of the cuckoo-clock eyes in the sleeping, slow shops, the silver blink of the watch faces, glass cases, dark, dank places in the Rheindahlen Wood.

It is to-night in the cuddling corners of the coca-cola youth-club, in the stale rhythm-beating empty, bottle-top room, in the mothers' weary bedrooms, the cheeky chalky schooldesk rooms, the ticking generating electricity plants, the snoring barrack-rooms.

It is night in the rusty automated garages wired with their stagnant cars.

Listen. Time passes.

Mr. Globe the harassed cinema manager asleep in his fitful pink-eyed house dreams of

SECOND VOICE

screaming motor-cycle girls demanding mars bars at harpoon point, communist infiltrators wearing dusty stetsons driving into the brave depths of some furious fish-scale sea and leering million-actors flashing their sparkling tombstone teeth dentured into place, wriggling their unprovocative non-assets.

FIRST ACTOR

Remember me, Mr. Globe?

MR. GLOBE

Remember you John? How could I forget? You've been stampeding every Western since Doris Day tried up Granny with a plastic lasso. It's about time ye buried yer six guns 'bout six feet deep.

SECOND ACTOR

Remember the gangsters, the bright red lips and curls, the Vienna Waltzes, the Spitfires, the Samson and Delilahs, the rip-roaring rodeoing West?

D'you remember the lipless soulless movies?

MR. GLOBE

Ah, I remember Jack, the velvet curtains, the chandeliers, the loaded dice

SECOND VOICE

and he sighs and stares at the huge faces in the faceless screen as the sugared ice creams and congeals slow and thick between his fingers.

Time passes. Listen. Time passes.

And the dawn creeps in steaming kettle-curls up the ragged fingers of the night.

It is to-day in the dentist drilling methylated tooth-pick surgery, in the monstrous grave-black hunched-back dentist chair.

MAJOR DENIS DENTURE

And when was your last check-up Mrs. Fang?

PATIENT

Oh, about two years ago. It was when me cat an' me 'ad toothache at the same time; so my Ollie said, he said

Yes quite, quite. Now let's take a peep at your

Oh dear! Quite! Doris, fix up ten appointments for Mrs. Fang would you please.

FIRST VOICE

And he grimaces as the muffled sound of hushed this-is-my-third time magazine voices issues from the cavernous mouths and licks under his decayed private door.

The shrill toll of a by-the-bed clock alarms the school-teachers, the scholars, the soldiers, the cooks, the neighbours and the shop-assistants out of their bedsock warm-as-toast beds.

You can hear the gurgle of a hundred gargling teeth, eggs and kettles. You can smell the toothpaste, striped and minted on, the burning toast, the crisp-crackle bacon mingled with the droning Uncle Bill tones on the breakfast radio.

1ST NEIGHBOUR

Morning Mrs. Simper.

2ND NEIGHBOUR

Morning Mrs. Flannel. How's Willie's cough?

1ST NEIGHBOUR

Poor little chappie. Still in bed. Sick as a lord. Broke up his train-set, scribbled on the toilet wall, ate the boot-polish. Lord knows what they teach them nowadays.

SECOND VOICE

While in her lonely, unmarried house Mary Parkins, School-mistress, bespectacled, absently stirs her unsugared tea and counts her numbered calorie-years.

MARY PARKINS

Twenty-six, twenty-eight, thirty. I'll be thirty when I leave. Oh for contact lenses.

SECOND VOICE

Fritz milkman milks his way across the donnerundblitzen door-steps, whistling his crew-cut grin and clinking each not-very-well-washed bottle into his basket

Yvonne Ferguson

1st Voice

To begin at the beginning:

Darkness falls with the leaves; a moonless Saturday night on camp as black as eternity. Under the tall regimented street-lamps the tarmac glistens wet, smooth, and black as a puppy's nose . . . All roads lead to N.A.A.F.I., the German shops and the library, and the Medical centre and the Malcolm Club, the Y Dub, the Y.M. — you name it — all illuminated brighter than day.

From among the dark, sturdy pine trees and dead leaves and mushrooms come the stragglers in fours or threes or twos; but mostly twos, noisily and noiselessly shrieking and giggling, enticing one another.

Listen!

The rhythmic heartbeat from the Queensway throbs on the breeze.

Listen!

As four more agonised wheels take that corner too fast.

The network of houses spreads and threads like an underground mycelium with postage-stamp gardens and communal lawn-mowers. Two bathrooms and six kitchens are illuminated in the civilised honeycombs— Corporal Fag sleeps over Mrs. Gladys Brown sleeps over Mrs. Sally Stocking sleeps over little Johnny and his brother.

Corporal Fag Dreams of —

Corporal Fag

Saturday nights with the lads-beer-Mrs. Sally-Stocking-beer . . .

1st Voice

Mrs. Sally Stocking, quivering with suspense, dreams of

Mrs. Stocking

Bingo!

1st Voice

Brigadier Upper-Crust and his spouse in their detached with private garden, lie curled up, back to back dreaming of —

Mrs. Upper-Crust

Coffee mornings, the church 'do', my charities, drinks on Sunday — and my deah, that absolutely frightful new dress of Cynthia's.

2nd Voice And Raspberry Jam — senior perfect — in bed with the dream that has troubled her sleep for a fortnight —

Raspberry Jam The reading is taken from — Oh God, no Bible!

1st Voice She shrieks, forgetting the microphone, and her words echo round the hall, followed by peals of cruel laughter, which go on and on and on in her hot stinging ears. She runs and trips down the steps and lands on her back with a thud on the bedroom carpet.

2nd Voice Second form Justin Squash dreams

Justin I must not talk in assembly

2nd Voice one thousand times.

1st Voice Virginia Creeper, 13 next Thursday, dreams of

Virginia Love!

1st Voice And Lucie Tart dreams

Lucie Of Jimmie at the Disco, that fantastic beat, the hugging, seeping smoke, the confident gloom, contorting shadows . . .

2nd Voice And little Lily Lemon, shy as a daisy, with buck teeth and turned-up nose dreams of

Lily Lemon Jimmie, who looks at all the pretty girls but never looks at me. I am different. I am not a silly and giggling flirt — I am ugly — and a lonely tear as big as her heart slips under her pillow.

2nd Voice And Jimmie dreams of

Jimmie FOOTBALL!

Caroline Lacey

It is Autumn, the night is khaki and brassless upon the tarred roads and gravelled parade grounds; the playing fields, laced with clumps and straights of trees, lie flat upon their backs after a hard day's work. The houses are as silent as sentries, although sentries never sleep, each is sighing its very own sigh with two or more hearts beating the retreat in their own sweet time. The "Big House" and schools doze under their quilted counterpanes. All the people of this place, except for the dutiful, are dreaming of sauerkraut and corned beef, typewriters and lunch-breaks, Everton and Rhine wines, gin rummy and the Berlin Wall, church fêtes, The Queen, flower shows, and the Russians, with love.

Hush, listen, the babies are sleeping, the soldiers, the airmen, the infants, the teenagers, the grass widows, the dogs, the Padres, the budgies and even the school teachers are all soundly asleep in their little boxes. Major-Generals lie in their trenches of sleep reliving campaigns of yester-years; bawling orders in loud snorts, clutching feather-stuffed maps, and stabbing the large breasted, monstrous, curler-riddled enemy that unceasingly invades his subconscious territory from the land of reality. Privates are dreaming of Mother and Olive, who heaves up and down on their chests in the form of "I LOVE BESSIE XXX", and the nearest brewery. The khaki and blue coloured vehicles lie at rest, like horses in a stable, upon the compounds of bitter smelling tar and petrol-reeked cracked cement surrounded by wire and poles, that prevent them from escaping into the night. Also, the offices, clubs and churches are swallowed up by the darkness and silence that occasionally yawns with the revving of a car engine.

Only you can hear the agents of night at work: dew falling, leaves rustling in the calm air, and the garrison breathing.

Attention! It is the night strutting down the street. Only your ears can hear the air marching up and down the avenues, walks and ways of the garrison.

Listen! Hear? It is the night in the cramped church vestries of St. Boniface, St. Andrews and St. Thomas More. It is the night swirling around gaiters and web belt; knapsack and mess tins; NAAFI store room and cash tills; Blue Pool and theatre; rifle barrel, whisky bottle, cuckoo clock and boiler room. It is night up and down the winding stretch of Queen's Avenue; all the Royal way from the Mönchengladbach road down past the "Big House", past the "Astra" to the water-works and further . . .

Time jackboots by. Only you are able to hear it. Listen quietly.

Only you can hear the streets and their houses, throbbing as boils do, in their own sweet time, upon the pock-marked earth, in the black silent night; the still stomach of a dead black cat.

Your eyes are the only eyes that see behind the Government-issue curtains. The 'Pants, Woollen, long' and braces over the back of the varnished chairs; the curlers and tarnished medals and yellow teeth smiling in a glass of cold water; "LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR", made in Hong-Kong, upon the wall above the bed, whilst down in the hall, a brass shell stands in the corner clutching the umbrella and camel whips.

Only you can hear and see behind the eyes of the sleeping, the thoughts, hopes, yearnings, and songs and confusion and hatred and running and the cry for pity from the subconscious minds of the sleepers of Rheindahlen Garrison.

Remember, only you are capable of hearing and seeing all of this.

Anthony Warren

THE SLEEPING VILLAGE

The day is over,
The sun has gone;
The darkness
Like a heavy winged bird
Has settled again in this quiet nook of rural England.
The mellow-bricked church,
The Guardian of the village,
Sombrely, silently, keeps its serene watch
Over its family of small trusting children,
Like a proud, loving father.
Children whose world is full of simplicity,
Whose lives are peace,
And whose dreams are never filled with oddities.
The stone-built cottages
Squat on their haunches
Huddling together,
Windows shuttered,
Doors bolted,
Like naughty little puppies
Caught in wrong-doing
And sure of rebuke.
The morning seems so far away
With the inky-black night
Like a voluptuous blanket
Smothering the sky with warmth and sleepiness.

But soon the sound of activity
Will be heard in these streets,
These echoing streets.
The sound of feet,
The postman's knock,
The milkman's song
And children's laughter.
But now all is still
All is quiet,
All is peace.
All is like the grave.

Fiona Derks, 3A²

THE ROOM

The jailer in his tattered, blood-stained trousers and shredded shirt, clawed by many a prisoner, limped slowly down the dimly lit passage. He had a bunch of keys dangling by his side. Who was it to be? we wondered, for the keys played their own particular tune, the death chant. When will it be our turn? we asked ourselves, until we go to "that" room, and never return.

The noise passed our cell, and went to the one next to us. Two guards were summoned from below, and the jailer boomed out in his powerful voice. "It's Edward the Jack of all Trades today!" Then he gave an eerie, mean laugh, that rose to an ear-piercing screech. Next he ordered the guards to open the door, and grab that poor prisoner. While they were inside, he looked round at us, that is the few people who were looking out of the six inch square window in the cell door, with malignant, malevolent eyes, which I would swear had a green tinge. He was obviously enjoying the cries of pain coming from Edward, as the guards wrenched his arms behind his back.

None of the other prisoners could attack the guards, as we got very little food and water, and were nearly all chained up. There was no escape from this curfew tower, as the walls were thirteen inches thick, and made of solid stone. One way in, and no way out, except via "that" room.

The door banged to, with a shuddering thump, and the footsteps faded as they went away down the passage. Now and then a scuffle could be heard, followed by a cry of anguish and pain.

The noises from "that" room were just out of hearing, except for an exceptionally loud cry that chilled our hearts, like icy fingers, clutching at them. Then there was a silence; a stillness was in the air, too taut for my liking. Nobody moves, a door bangs and we know that there is now another body for the birds and beasts to pick at.

What's this? The jailer's footsteps again? Never have we had more than one prisoner killed in two hours. The noise gets louder as the footsteps come nearer and nearer. We all stay still. The footsteps pass, we all give a sigh of relief; but they stop, come back. The fumbling of keys can be heard. Then our lock is turned. Everyone stares with wide glazed eyes at one another, in a strange disbelief; then, as they realise it means one of us going, we all make the sign of the cross.

"Ned, the poacher!"

As I heard my name, my body stiffened, then crumbled inwardly; my heart beat faster as I knew that soon I would be no longer! I panicked, then told myself, "I must get away from this death, this slow death, there must be another way out."

I looked from one jailer to the other; then the other, the weakest looking one, came towards me. I lashed out with what little energy I had. The other came towards me. I gave one a good kick in the belly, another in the mouth, but I was soon overpowered, for the third guard had come up behind me, and pinned my arm behind my back, pushing it up towards my shoulder blades. The pain was intense. Their revenge I suppose, for the names I had called them, and the spit I had spat at them. I struggled violently twice, but the more I did, the more the finger nails dug in, so I gave up.

That room! I have never seen such an agonising torture chamber in all my life, or yet even heard of one. There were things which looked like stretching racks, but had places to tie hands and feet to, and a handle which moved the two ends apart. A whipping post stood in the centre, used so much that the sides had been worn away. Blood-stained ropes lay beside it.

I was dragged across to a cage, which was made of some metal, the top of which I could not see, as my head reeled every time I tried to look up, the reason being I had been hit about the head, with a wooden pole.

The door clanged to, a lock put into place. I was trapped between four sides of a cage, and a roof. A lever was pulled, at first I could not see what difference it had made, but then I was aware of the cage getting smaller, the roof was coming down. It had huge ugly steel spikes, dripping with blood, fixed to it; it was getting nearer.

I wrenched at the bars; getting no reaction, I screamed with fear, working myself into a frenzy, only now realizing the full force at which my life was coming to an end. My last glimmer of hope vanished, for

before I had felt sure that this was not really happening to me, it was only a dream; but it was true.

I could not stand up, so I lay on my back, in a pool of repulsive looking blood and skin, pushing at the roof as it descended with my feet, which had found a small surface between the spikes. The sheer force and weight made my knees bend. There was no part of my anatomy with which to push at the spikes, I rolled onto my side, and cringed with pain as one spike penetrated through my shoulder, another through my stomach, my leg, yet more. I was now writhing with pain, agony as the other spikes dug in.

I could see the gleam of joy in the six pairs of bright eyes that were watching me, as the guards knelt down to get a better view. Their malicious laughter rang and echoed in my ears, I gave a sudden jerk. This was the end.

Elaine Terry, 3A¹

THE TORTOISE

A chequered Roman helmet,
Beige, brown shell
Hides scaly, grey limbs
Withdrawn, curled up,
Safe from harm.
The tortoise dozes
Oblivious of the world
Until hunger worms its way
Into mindless dreams
With a gnawing stomach ache.
Then a wrinkled grey face emerges,
Set with two beady brown eyes.
Stubby feet studded with claws
Painfully raise the shell
And plod slowly towards the food-dish
Chomp! Chomp!
Like a systematic crunching machine
Devouring the greasy, green lettuce.
Not tasting,
Just filling the empty abyss
Until, at last, with a full belly,
The ancient beast retires to the sleep of its ancestors,
And becomes again a lifeless, brown stone.

Carolyn Spence, 2A¹

A STORM IN THE FOREST

There was always a murmur in the forest, like the echo of distant bells, tranquil and mellow, like a soft song without words, like a hazy recollection of the past.

There was always a murmur in the forest, as it was an old dreamy pine forest, still untouched by the woodcutter's axe or saw. The tall hundred-year-old pines stood in solemn array, their green tops pressed closely together.

Below it was still. There was a smell of resin; brightly coloured ferns peeped out from the carpet of pine needles covering the earth; tall blades of grass sprouted in damp corners and the clover-blossoms bent their heavy little heads in gentle weariness. Above was the noise of the forest, as though it were the muffled sighs of the old pines. One could feel by the way the trees frowned that a heavy cloud was rising above them. A storm was gathering.

At first the pines began to moan, and then they roared and moaned again, and grew quiet, and then again and again the moans came, faster and more pitiful. Then the oak began to speak. In the evening the wind grew and rushed and tore about the forest, laughing, crying and dancing. It kept on attacking the oak; he rushed at the window and crash! It broke and the shattered glass crashed to the floor of the old wood cabin.

Stephanie Gilson, 3A²

FOG

- I. There in the distance lies death.
It comes swirling towards the
Minute fishing village which was
Once famous for its lobsters.
It came towards 'Old Gaffin'
Who was known all over the
Village. He looked as if he was
Trying to fight it, but the
Chilly breath had more arms
And legs!
- II. The shutting of the door usually
Echoed down the street, but
Today it was just a muffled slam.
As I walked out, the fog curled
Round me as if wanting to play.
I shooed him away but he
Didn't seem the slightest bit offended
But just went on dropping blankets
Of himself on me and gave me a
Weird smile!

Jill Abbotts, 1B²

A SPIDER

It dangles from a silky thread,
Which passes to and fro,
Weaving a sticky trap, that grows and grows.
Each thread is fastened in a pattern
Which glistens in the light,
And traps a little fly,
Which by now, is out of sight.

He does all this to live a tiny,
Simple life, which is so short.
This small handicraft looks like a silk cloth;
To him it is a way of living.
How could this little black legged ball
Create something so big?
Easily, with Nature as our mother.

Gail Ramshaw, 3A²

RAT-TRAP

In England I kept my pony at a riding stables near my house. Sometimes, running around the yard, you could see mice and sometimes even rats. They lived partly on the pony's food that was kept in the big forage store. One night I decided to keep my pony in his stable. (He was usually kept out.)

At seven o'clock in the evening I had to go to the stables to give him his feed. I silently unlocked the forage store. I was a little nervous as it was growing dark and I could not see very well. As I entered the store I heard a hurried scuttle. I thought it must be birds, but I remembered too late that it could be rats, for right in front of me loomed a rat, the size of a cat. At that moment the wind blew the door shut and I was left in darkness with the rats.

For a moment I was too scared to move, because I knew that if I cornered one it was likely to go for me. This thought flashed through my mind in a second and the next thing I knew was that I was battering my way back through the feed bins, making for the doorway. I heard the rat scuttle; he was obviously scared by my sudden movement.

Standing out in the yard, I trembled, knowing I had to enter the store again. Then to my relief I saw the rat dash out of the forage store followed by some others. My next hope was that the room was now cleared of rats. I entered cautiously, and quickly gathered the feed

I needed and rushed out again. I slammed the door and breathlessly padlocked it. Even now I remember the fierce-looking, pointed face that had stared up at me. I never went into the forage store again at night, for I was told later that the big rats, like the one I saw, come out at dusk.

Jackie Brown, 2A¹

THE DEER

She's swift as her body is slim;
Her brown fur flashes amidst the trees
and bushes;
As she leaps high into the air,
How delicate she looks.
Her pretty little head glances each
way, before stooping down to take food.
She walks through a shallow puddle,
Making her little hoofs wet and
sparkling in the sunlight.
She drinks slowly and calmly,
And then shrinks away into the bushes.

Carol Garside, 3A²

HONG KONG HANKERINGS

We lived on the mainland of Hong Kong about nine years ago — we stayed there for three years, yet although it was so long ago and for only a short while, this place has made the most impression on me out of all the places I have seen.

We lived in a block of flats called Edinburgh Mansion, one of the many flats on that steep hill. The hill was too steep in fact for the Army lorries that used to cart us to school, and I well remember the exhausting walks to our flat, which was about halfway up, in the blazing noonday sun.

I used to play with several other little boys and girls — we used to climb the hill behind our block on our hands and knees to the biggish round rock which lay on top of an even bigger one, appropriately named Bun Rock. Behind the rock were two tall, thin, half-dead bushes, which were called the Burning Bush. No one knew why — both names were probably as old as the hill itself. The 'Bun' was precariously balanced on the very tip of a canyon, and one could scramble on to the Bun and look down a sheer drop to the canyon floor on the other side. To us, this rock was a place of magic and mystery — the two ghostly fingers of the withered Burning Bush, rumoured to have been struck by God's thunderbolt, pointed skywards, and the place had the air of a church, the privacy of a vault. It was here we took our secret oaths and made promises and kissed our boy friends.

The canyon was another sacred place — 'canyon' was rather a grand name for it — it was just a deep, narrow gash in the hillside called Box Canyon. There was no way of getting down into it from Bun Rock, so we had to go into the playground, through the hole in the fence and walk in the front way, so to speak. In the canyon, nothing grew except clumps of tall, sharp-bladed grass and some stunted bushes up the sides. It got narrower the further you went in, and started to slope upwards too, until you were finally stumbling over great boulders in a cleft where no grown man could fit and if you looked up you could see the two sheer sides of the canyon meet, and where they met, towering above you sat the Bun, looking as if it were going to fall and crush you at any minute.

The canyon could be sombre and quiet as a cathedral, it was so grim and bare, or on Guy Fawkes night, it would explode into colour and noise and one could smell the baked potatoes and the burning gunpowder.

Another favourite haunt of ours was an ancient Chinese grave-stone, a typical semi-circular one, which lay in the shadow of a great slab of rock that jutted out of the earth at an angle, seeming as if it were going to fall over and crush the monument at any moment. But even at our age we felt some respect for this place and did not linger too long before we wandered further up the hill to pick mandarins from the Officers' Quarters, which were not plagued by the shouts of small children, or go to win or lose marbles at one of the many little holes in the playground. Sometimes we would venture up towards the very peak of the hill, Lion Rock, so called because the craggy peak looked much like the snarling head of a lion from various angles. Here one found many relics of a bygone glorious age — ornamented head-stones with that peculiar mass of figures the Chinese use as writing — ruins of beautiful oriental buildings, statues and even a water well.

Further up, there were few trees, the grass grew thinner, and eventually one walked on gravel weathered and baked by the sun. Here the heat was unbearable, and it was time to turn back.

When we were not exploring this mysterious and beautiful wilderness of geographical oddities, we used to descend to the bottom of our group of hills and swim in the Reservoir. Actually, the Reservoir was too deep for us, so we paddled in the monsoon drains leading into it. The drains were deep and wide and dotted with many mud islands where we amused ourselves for hours. To us, the Reservoir was a giant lake, spanned by a great bridge from which many Chinese dived, and the water was muddy and bottomless, the home of many fantastic creatures, the scene of many drownings.

My mother sometimes took me to the markets in town. Here I enjoyed countless rides on a rickshaw pulled by a brown, barefoot, muscular boy wearing one of those black coolie hats. How well I remember those loud ejaculations in Chinese, those fishy smells that I wrinkled my nose at, the gold teeth of the women when they laughed, the boys that carried poles on their shoulders, from which dangled cages of squawking strange foreign birds, or bunches of live crabs, feebly waving their armoured pincers; the old men smoking pipes in the doorways, who spat on the floor and were yellow and withered, the fluttering paper signs with their meaningless but dramatic symbols. On the trays and counters of the stalls were various strange-looking delicacies — one of them I immediately dubbed as “mouldy eggs”, and found out that that was exactly what they were — mature eggs of ten to fifty years old!

What I enjoyed most of all was when I replaced my jeans and pumps for a dress and flip-flops and we would go to the harbour on a tram-bus, and catch a ferry to Hong Kong Island or Silvermine Bay. The latter was a lush beach with golden sand and turquoise water spattered with silver sparkles. The sea was always warm, sometimes as smooth and clear as glass, so that if one stood still, minute fishes would come and tickle one's ankles. Sometimes it was rough and angry, the breakers crashing on the wet sand, sending one screaming before them.

I always returned from these excursions happy and tired, the roar of the waves still in my ears and the feel of the never ending cycle of wave then undertow, wave then undertow, wave then undertow . . .

The next morning would find me red and sore, nose peeling (the cause of my freckles) and my bed feeling as if it were floating still, moving with the tides like a lilo.

Once we visited a place called Tiger Balm Gardens, which must have been built, I have since concluded, by an eccentric millionaire. It is a bizarre place, full of weird oriental statues and pictures depicting various legends, usually about Buddha or Hell or Heaven or Demons and things of that nature. There is a labyrinth of caves carved in the hillside full of little Buddhas in each corner and the smell of burning joss-sticks, filling the air with a burning, woody fragrance. There is a miniature white pagoda in the middle of this park and it is guarded by four snarling, grotesque Chinese-style lions.

My mother sometimes took me to the shops in town — I never enjoyed this, so I was invariably rewarded with a piece of plastic junk, invariably stamped with “made in Hong Kong”; but these things were jewels to me then; and I would get one or two Superman comics from the man on the corner with his bales of American merchandise bundled up with string. Then I'd go home, and climb the Bun Rock once more to survey the land teeming with life from which I'd just returned and watch the crowded harbour with its junks and sampans and ocean liners while I sat on the peaceful solitude of the Bun, the canyon on my right, Lion hill towering up on my left and the sacred Burning Bush behind me.

After nine years, those places stick in my mind, and many others, like the Rich Chinaman's garden, where we'd catch frogs, and the Malcolm Club, where I'd go and buy an enormous pickled onion on a stick for ten cents. I've always wanted to go back — perhaps I will — and revisit these places. A contrast, I must admit, to Merry Old Englands, but it was the land in which I was born, and the only place I've really felt fond enough of to call “home”.

Brenda Hillary, 5A¹

THE COBRA

Its seemingly inflated cheeks,
And its thin ruby eyes
Along with cunning
All go together to form a weapon.
A weapon which is so hideous
And merciless
It seems almost innocent.
Sliding in and out of
The corroded tree bark
And the sun-bleached grass,
He reaches his prey
And begins to sway to and fro
In front of it
Until it becomes so mesmerised
It becomes rigid.
The cobra's revoltingly yellow fangs
Meet with its victim's soft innocent skin
Then he opens wide his blood-
Stained jaw and then
He swallows his victim in a somewhat
Innocent manner.
He then slides slowly away with
A lump in his belly
But without a hint of regret in his eyes.

Colin Stuart, 3B¹

PANIC

They'd told him (before he'd escaped) that he had an acute paranoia with a touch of claustrophobia. Disgruntled at this, he'd told them that if they thought he was mad they'd better come out with it. They'd come out with it and the next day he'd escaped.

Now he wished he hadn't. The people in the street were out to get him (so he thought). He didn't know why. Maybe it was because he was going to be rich one day and they were jealous. Yes, that was it, jealousy. His mind wandered reflectively over his carefully planned out scheme. He would start by selling watches and work up to a millionaire like in books.

When he was a millionaire he would make a huge building with enormous rooms so that he would never feel cramped and stifled again.

He glanced around, cautiously, for he knew that the jealousy of the people around him was at fever pitch, especially the shady type leaning against a wall.

You see, he was tapping his toe. This was a sure sign of jealousy to someone with a big business scheme.

The shady type began to move towards him, reaching in his pocket as he did so.

Panic warnings came flooding through his body. "Got to get away . . . he'll kill me with that gun in his pocket or he'll shut me up in a small room with no light".

He broke into a trot. And then a run. Without thinking, he dashed into a narrow alley and ran twenty yards down it before he realised what he had done:

He had run into a dark, enclosed space, with no light at all save a narrow crack between the opposite roofs of the surrounding houses.

Again the panic washed through him, numbing his mind and body, making them one, so that only his animal instincts could function.

He clawed and bit at the nearest wall, but to no avail, and gibbering with fear, and panic-stricken, he ran hard at the wall with his head.

"Nasty business, sergeant," remarked the constable, looking up from his report.

"Aye", came the reply, "suicide. As far as I know he was a bit off his head. He ran down the alley when someone came up to him to ask for a light, and beat his head on the wall."

"Strange what mad people do".

Mark Lonsdale, 3A¹

THE SHARK

I glide through the sea on wings of silver spun silk,
Like some avenging crusader bent on destruction.

I swim among the rocks, looking ever watchful; waiting.

The sea is dark green; it engulfs everything in a bottomless abyss.

Ahead I see a flash of silver, a school of fish.

With a flick of my tail I rush after them like a wraith with a warrant
to kill.

My body cuts the water like a Destroyer.

I am among them — they try to flee but I am too quick.

I twist and turn every way; snapping! crushing! killing!

What are they!

I am strong, they are weak and puny.

It is over now and I feed.

Terry Stockton, 3B²

PAINFUL MEMORIES

I.

I was in the ambulance being driven to the Ballymena Hospital where I was to have a nose operation. It took all of an hour and a half to reach the hospital from my house. The next day I had the operation, and when I woke up I wanted to know what had happened. I touched my upper lip, and a pain nearly unbearable went through my head and when it dispersed the nurse told me that my upper lip and upwards had been opened and when I touched it I would get pains running through my head and my vision would become blurred for a time. The next day I was taken home and then I went to blow my nose and again I screamed with the pain that went through me. I felt I was on fire. I have never gone through worse pain than this.

T. Wright, 3B¹

II.

The worst time that I suffered with pain was about five years ago. I had been for a run in the car with my mother and grandmother. When we arrived home my mum opened the car door and got out. She then closed the door and locked it. My gran went out the other side of the car and thinking that I got out of the other door, she closed the door; unfortunately for me my hand got caught. The next thing I knew was that everything went blurred, the world seemed to pirouette around me like a ballerina.

People scurried around and the next thing I knew was that I was in the doctor's treatment room. My finger was cut through the middle. The blood poured out like a stream which seemed to go on forever and ever. My face was stained where the tears had been, and the pain was unbearable; it felt as if someone was pricking my finger with hundreds of pins. I thought of how the old tribes used to make replicas of the people they wanted to kill. Then they stuck pins in them.

Muffled voices carried from the other room. The doctor came into the room with a needle. Gently he told me he was stitching my finger without an anaesthetic. I immediately became tensed up. He held my finger and started stitching it. I let out a scream which echoed around all the four walls. All around me became blurred. I had fainted; when I awoke I found I had been taken home in the car. This was a sickly and painful experience.

Hazel Roberts, 3A²

LITTLE MISS RYAN

As brave as a lion was little Miss Ryan,
Until, one fine day in May,
When sitting alone on the Blarney stone
She was supping her curds and whey,
And a large hairy spider
Sat down beside her.
And tried to scare her away.
This attempt, however, was unsuccessful,
Merely giving Miss Ryan a dressful
Of the runny liquid, and tipping her backwards
So her head went down the Blarney hole.
Little Miss Ryan was in some doubt
As to how she could (if ever) get out.
She began to cry, and started to moan
And in doing so kissed the Blarney stone,
Which raised her voice to such a shout
That three brawny men rushed to pull her out.
And you may have noticed, even now,
That Miss Ryan could talk the hind leg off a cow,
And that given the chance she'd face a tiger
Rather than meet a ferocious spider.

Carolyn Spence, 2A¹

THE SLOW TIDE

The softly flowing ripples, shimmering and glistening in the moonlit sky, seem to the mind's eye to strive for the territory which is so unfamiliar to them, "land"; but here they are exhausted on the sandy beaches and have to retreat, but still they attack and are always outnumbered by the millions of tiny particles of sand.

The tide moves slowly, smoothly, like an animal searching endlessly for something to replace the empty space in its stomach.

The tide would move continuously without a whisper until an object protruded out of the water; then the silent ripples would climb to the top of the object and fall over the other side, with a splash that broke the silence and the uncanny peacefulness of the tide.

Colin Stuart, 3B¹

ONE-WAY TRIP

It's been taken
The wait
What will it be
A beautiful journey of colour
Life and freedom,
To sing
Shout
And be happy
Seeing everything through eyes
Of mist and dilated pupils?
Then there is
Emptiness,
Loneliness,
Fearful thoughts encapture your mind
Turning you into a fierce
Kind of maniac,
Why?
Its power is strong,
It's
Heroin.
Soon very soon
You will live for it
Steal for it
Die for it.
Syringes and skins
Both used in pleasure
Pleasure of a different source.
Intoxicated,
Inhaled.
Feelings that are tragic
And cause a stupor.
Narcotic.
Opium.
Bitter Morphine.
Codeine.
Addictions that cause deep sleep, dullness,
Great stupidity arises
Sending out the air of a maniac.
Sprouts of the Indian hemp.
Prohibited.

Janice Lockyer, 6Beta

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