

PHOENIX



DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL

July, 1957



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA, JUNE, 1957

PHOENIX

EDITORIAL

Editor: Mr. R. Johnson.

"Let's have a lively magazine," the Editor thinks a couple of months before each issue, and hopefully awaits the first articles. He is always amazed when they arrive and, in general, is pleased with their quality; he thanks you for submitting them. The most pleasing features are their competence and variety, and the Editor hopes that everyone in the School will find something of interest in the Phoenix.

It is not normally the custom of the Editor to disclaim responsibility for the articles printed, but he now does so in a limited degree; for instance, he has been unable to test the authenticity of the stories told by Jacqueline McDonald of 4c; her sister, Frances, of the first form makes an allegation which cannot be refuted. It is to be hoped that the records of the House Notes and Team Notes are not equally suspect.

The last issue of the Phoenix contained no House Notes; no one noticed. For the benefit of future historians and for the consideration of future editors, the omission was deliberate. No hordes of savage Spartans besieged the Common Room and the Editor (himself a Spartan) walked unscathed among the savage tribes of Athenians, Romans and Trojans who might have been expected to thirst for his blood. Does the House system serve any useful purpose in the School? The Editor will be glad to have your letters. In the meantime, you will find the House Notes near the end of this issue of the Phoenix.

Following them are the notes of the Phoenicians' Association. An Old Scholars' Association can be of considerable value to any School and we hope that present pupils of the School will seek to keep in touch by joining the Phoenicians when their time comes.

"O.W.L. (Athenian)," conceals the identity of a member of Staff who has written with refreshing vigour on the work of the History Department, and we thank her for it.

Since the last issue of the "Phoenix" we have said good-bye to Mrs. Tallyn and Mr. Harrison. The latter has gone to Canada as an officer in Royal Canadian Air Force. We wish both of them every happiness and success.

Miss Jaczynska changed her name at Easter and has now become Mrs. Chrzanowska. We wish her and her husband every happiness.

We welcome to the School an Old Boy, Mr. Reeves, who has taken the place of Mr. Weatherhead. We are very glad to have the services of Mrs. Griffin and Miss Wyld for this term.

A last word. If, when you read the articles in the Phoenix, you think, "I could do as well as that," then do so in the next issue. The Editor once heard that in a French church was an old motto, "Il ya plus en vous," and he believes it applies to you.

THE SEWELL ALLENBY DEDICATION SERVICE

Solemn and impressive was the Dedication Service to the memory of Sewell Allenby, first Head Master of the School, (1930-1946), held on Friday, 1st February, 1957.

Foremost among the congregation of distinguished visitors, parents, staff, pupils past and present, were Mrs. Allenby and her son, Mr. Malcolm Allenby.

The Rev. A. C. Lamb, M.A., B.Sc., B.D., Ph.D., conducted the dignified service of prayers and hymns.

No-one will ever forget the tribute paid to the memory of Mr. Allenby by the Borough Education Officer, Mr. J. Compton, C.B.E., M.A., whose noble words sonorously re-echoed in a Hall preternaturally hushed; a tribute sincere, eloquent, moving, made by a Master of English who in doing honour to the dead brought honour to himself.

"It would be wrong if I limited what I am trying to say about him to his headmastership, for his life was an unbroken and continuing pattern of service to his fellow men. He was a man who was well loved by his staff and pupils alike, sincere and thorough in everything that he did. He was a born teacher with a masterly command of professional techniques who had a deep sympathy with human beings. He inspired respect and affection and his influence is active today among those who were his pupils; they will pass it on to their sons and their sons' sons. His memorial ultimately rests in the School's remembrance of what it owes to him. I am sure that he will never be forgotten by most—if not all—of the many people who came into contact with him.

Christian principles were the mainspring of all he did; his religion was at the core of all his thinking and being, yet there was no priggishness nor dogmatism. His natural gaiety and humour responded to anything lively. In a not uneventful life many were

'His little, nameless, unremembered acts

Of kindness and of love'

which are the 'best portion of a good man's life'."

Mr. Compton continued: "He helped many to find their proper way, and we are indeed happy that a memorial to him has been established in this School. For he was a good man who did good things."

The Head Master expressed his gratitude to those who had made gifts to the Sewell Allenby Memorial Fund. Contributions had been received from the many groups who reflected Mr. Allenby's life and influence, from the Governors of Westminster College, from the Old Finchleians Club, (for at Christ's College, Finchley, Mr. Allenby had been Senior Maths Master), from the Phoenicians, from old pupils individually, from the Staff, past and present, from present pupils and their parents, from Ealing Borough Council, the Middlesex C.C., the Methodist Churches of Ealing and from his friends.

The furniture dedicated pointed to the formal life of the School in Assembly and on formal occasions, and the clock on the School pavilion reflected Mr. Allenby's interest of the sport of the School. The School was fortunate in having a fine ground and Mr. Allenby had seen to it that we had a fine pavilion; it was indicative of his foresight that, when the clock came to be fitted, the wires were already there.

Dr. Evans was particularly happy to see the Honours Boards. Mr. Allenby and Mr. Emmott had been too busy building the present to record it. It had been very difficult to obtain complete and accurate information. At first he had hoped to put the Honours Boards in the Hall, but the Hall was also the Gymnasium and he feared that the Boards would be damaged. The new extensions to the School planned for a remodelled Hall, and then the Honours Boards would find their rightful home.

The School would treasure the gifts for a very long time to come in memory of its first Head Master, Sewell Allenby.

THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT, 1930-1957— THE MILLENIUM

Boys and girls have the gift of living vigorously in the present; they prefer doing to thinking. Forty desk-borne minutes can seem a century, befogged by "Condensation" or, like a Sargasso Sea, turgid with insoluble equations. From such a "Now" pupils unwisely seek escape into a Dream-Future:—

"William of Orange had . . ." (Yes, I shall wear orange-blossom and . . .)

or, "When did 'Dizzy' leap into the dark? . . ." ("Dizzy from my super-sonic speed, I clutched my space-helmet . . . A roaring sound . . .")

"Grrrrh! Detention for inattention!"

Next day, in Room 19, the History Mistress looks up from marking tests and meets a speaking eye:

"To LIKE history" it seems to say, "you must be DOTTY!"

Some pupils, fortunately, do like history. To this our store of illustrations, of scrap-books, of treasured models, bears witness. So do records of talks, plays, debates, mock trials, elections,

exhibitions in the Minute Book of the History Society, (founded 1934 and now going weak), as well as the names emblazoned on the Honours Boards.

That others, however, dislike learning about "1066 and All That," (preferring to make their own dates), is shown by the numbers who drop history at the end of their Third Year, now that the new examination system narrows an Ordinary Level candidate's education to a Group of subjects.

Nevertheless, popularity or unpopularity has nothing to do with the inclusion of history in the curriculum of all schools. It is there to help us to understand other people, for history is the study of human actions and their effects on men, women, children, animals; on photo-electric cells; on deoxyribonucleic acid; on violins; on cricket balls. Everything that has happened to or through humans is history and history is an endless rope with many coloured strands, composed of countless fibres. It stretches into "the dark backward and abysm of Time" and it grows every hour. In teaching history the first problem is that of selection. Shall we begin with Caveman's art or modern politics? With the lives of heroes or of factory workers?

From true stories of the past you can learn a lot about people older, younger, richer, poorer, braver than yourself, of different race or religion. You then go out to work among strangers with wider understanding and sounder judgment than the small circle of home and school can provide. If you study a past conflict, such as the French Revolution, of which the outcome is known, you can form a judgment calmly, realise that fear and lack of understanding of an opponent will probably cause evil and cruel actions, that some people care desperately about what does not matter to you. Thus you become more capable of comprehending the affairs of this and other nations, of handling tactfully all sorts of people, of enjoying more fully travel abroad or television at home.

Understanding is, indeed, of greater importance than remembering facts, but an historian must accumulate data and test the truth of evidence as honestly as a scientist. We who teach history try to give the facts on both sides of an argument with scrupulous fairness. It would save you trouble if we taught only one side's view, but you would not learn to think independently. We want you to practise reasoning and to work out, from comparison of the results of differing human motives or actions, your own set of values.

Why are history text books the first to be tampered with by a Dictator?

Though our English history books contain some prejudices, every teacher and pupil is free to challenge them. Thus, a pen-friend in France or India might express views on British and French rule in Africa that conflicted with those in your text-books. On

the other hand, you and he might agree on the virtues which you most admire in your respective national heroes or demand in political leaders today.

The historian cannot, like the scientist, deduce "Laws" of cause and effect as he cannot know all the relevant facts about even one man's mind. Nor will a knowledge of history enable anyone to invent a cyclotron or build an irrigation dam. But it will help men to direct their use; to organise the work of industrialists; to govern the land made fertile by the scientists and engineers. A wide basic education, including history as well as literature, languages, geography, science, mathematics and practical subjects, has made the twentieth century grammar school a reservoir of responsible citizens from which to draw leaders in all careers. Some of these have had opportunity for intensive specialisation in Sixth Forms, as at Drayton Manor. A proportion each year has studied history at the Advanced Level, some proceeding to read Economics or Theology at a University, to attend Evening Classes, or to train for teaching. Eleven have taken a degree in History and that gives a specialist teacher a particular pleasure and a sense of comradeship. But it is just as satisfying to be told by other old pupils in:—

Army, Navy, Medicine, Church,
Trade, Engineering, Law,

that they, too, gained by a study of history. When Phoenicians who are now parents come back to School it specially heartens us to find in them a sharpened awareness of their responsibilities as links between past and future. Mothers form the fibres in the strands of the rope of history. As voters in local and parliamentary elections they will have to look back as well as forward if they wish their children's children to live in a fairer world than "When Granny wore her Drayton Manor béret every day . . ."

O. W. L. (Athenian).

The Schoolmaster

(With apologies to the writer of "The Dormouse")

The schoolmaster sleeps the lesson through,
He doesn't play cards like me and you.
Nobody drags him to the Head,
Nobody hits him over the head.

The class may strike, and the roof may fall,
But he never wakes up at all, at all.
He doesn't get up till we've all passed out,
Its Marilyn Monroe he dreams about!

F. McDonald, 1c.

PREFECTS' POINT OF VIEW

"All powers corrupts," said Lord Acton, among other things, last century. This is a shocking thought at the end of our term of office. Now we are beginning to see why suspicious glances are sometimes cast at us, and why we have occasionally sensed unworthy thoughts in the minds of our inquisitors. It is as clear as crystal, if one may apply such a simile to a corruption which sounds a delightful vice, conjuring up all sorts of wickedness such as studying on the field, dramatising our prep. periods, wearing headbands or even, ultimate depth of degradation, smoking a pipe. Let this be a warning to next year's prefects. But they can take some consolation from Lord Acton because the power that we have is strictly limited, and so, presumably, is the corruption. He added a corollary to his statement which goes on to say "Absolute power corrupts absolutely." And among whom does the absolute power lie? It would be discourteous to pursue the matter.

Let us turn to another point of view. "View" is the operative word, for we refer to uniform. Are we easily recognisable as prefects? When newcomers enter the school can they immediately point to one of us and whisper in awed tones, "That is a prefect"? They should be able to do so without searching for a tiny badge. They can recognise the teaching staff at sight. How? Well, again, we must not be discourteous. The point is that a really distinctive uniform (horrid, but necessary word) is advantageous from the point of view of exercising authority. Upper Sixth girls in some schools wear tailored suits and boys have the privilege of wearing fancy waistcoats. We are aware that it is a matter requiring careful thought for there are some patterns which might be incongruous at Drayton Manor. Imagine, for example, the head boy in a Harrow School boater, or an Eton topper, or tassel dangling down the back of his neck, carrying a rolled umbrella concealing a guided missile homing on to the Fifth and Lower Sixth.

We hope we have supplied some food for thought to our successors and would remind them that unpopularity with the lower school is a measure of success. They must be glad our writ does not run during the summer holidays.

FIRST XI FOOTBALL

This season the first eleven was handicapped by a lack of sixth form players, consequently the team was young and a little inexperienced. Even so the standard of football was quite high, and we were unlucky to lose the majority of our matches.

Very often we were the better side in the first half of the match but in the second half we tired and allowed our opponents to win. We improved towards the end of the season however, and played well.

Our best matches were against the Phoenicians. The first match against the Phoenicians was played against their second team. We took the lead in the first half, and with Philp playing a brilliant game in goal we held on to our lead to win 3-2.

The second match was played against the Phoenician first team. It was obvious from the start that they were too strong for us, but we kept the score down to 3-1 until our goalkeeper Philp was injured and had to go off. Although our ten men continued to play well, with Kemp playing a particularly good game, we could not stop the Phoenicians scoring another two goals, and we eventually lost 5-1.

I hope that this young team will provide a firm foundation on which to build a strong team in the future.

Congratulations to the following who obtained full colours:— Boddy, Bowers, Crabtree, Finn, Kemp and Shortland.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank the groundsman Mr. Michie for his help, and also Mrs. Davies and the girls who provided the refreshments.

Played 20, Won 5, Drawn 2, Lost 13. Goals for 49. Goals against 82.

Scorers: Morgan 17, Bowers 11, Boddy 7, Bragg, Philp 3, Shortland 2, Durn, Drane, Kemp, Todd, Wilkinson 1.

R. Morgan.

THE SECOND XI FOOTBALL

The team was very weak at the beginning of the season and consequently a bad start was made, the first game being lost to Bishopshalt by sixteen goals to nil and the second to Ealing by ten goals to one. The team improved in the second half of the season. The best match of the season was against Acton County where a half-time deficit of three goals to one was transformed into a four to three win by a first-class performance from every member of the team. In the last match of the season the team avenged their heavy defeat at Ealing with a three-nil home win.

The team played very well on the whole but were rather out of touch with each other owing to the fact that many of them were required for first team attendance. This fact accounted for the lack of cohesion between attack and defence. New players were continually being brought into the team and the team reshuffled. I think that if the team had not been changed so often the results would have been better.

P	W	D	L
15	5	2	8

J. Lafford.

NETBALL

All the netball teams this season gained some degree of success, enthusiastically spurred on by Mrs. Tallyn and our keen netball

captain, Janet Cranmer, who made sure practices were not un-attended.

At the netball rallies held at Notting Hill and Ealing High School during the Spring Term, the second team reached the quarter-finals but were then knocked out in a close game with Walpole Grammar School. The first team in their class were unsuccessful but did better than in the Autumn Rally. The U 13 and U 14 teams have some very promising players.

The first netball team were most disappointed that the staff were unable to form a team to play in the school versus staff netball match as it is usually enjoyed by both players and supporters.

FULL RE-AWARDS—Mary Gurney, Jean Hart.

FULL COLOURS—Janet Cranmer, Romaine Hanson, Alma Bird, June Sabat, Beryl Reeves.

HALF COLOURS—Marion White, Pat Hill, Linda Liebold, Linda Haynes, Rita Deane, Hannah Sewell, Josephine Willows, Sheila Paice.

FINAL ANALYSIS:—

Team	Played	Won	Draw	Lost	For	Against
1st	14	8	1	5	200	220
2nd	12	4	1	7	144	169
U 14	12	6	1	5	121	165
U 13	9	7	0	2	94	85

The teams would like to thank Mrs. Tallyn for her guidance and support in all sports.

MARY GURNEY (Games Secretary).

LACROSSE

1st Team

The 1st team had only four fixtures in the Autumn Term, two of which were cancelled. The two matches played were both unsuccessful mainly because there were no fixed teams and also because the practices were not attended. Our first match against Harrow County was lost by 4—1 and the following match was lost by an even greater margin. This was against Lady Eleanor Holles, the score being 13—2. The remaining two games were cancelled owing to bad weather.

The Spring Term proved even worse with only three fixtures. The first match, a return game with Lady Eleanor Holles, was cancelled and we lost the chance to avenge our previous heavy defeat. Practices were again few and far between and this is one reason why we failed to enter for the Lacrosse Rally at Merton Abbey. The only match we played was lost by 22—2. This match was played against Haberdasher Askes who not only practice hard but have members of their team playing for Southern Ladies Lacrosse Team. The remaining match, against Harrow County, was cancelled. Our final analysis reads:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Against
3	0	0	3	5	39

Under 15 Team

The Under 15 Lacrosse team was no more successful than the 1st Team. During the Autumn Term there were four fixtures; but only three were played. All three matches were lost. Against Harrow County we lost 10—5 although the team was slightly more stable than the 1st Team. The next match was against Haberdasher Askes and the 2nd Team was again defeated, this time by 9—1. The last match was very close and we were unlucky to lose by 4 goals to 3.

During the Spring Term the weather was bad and the few fixtures planned had to be cancelled; only one was played. This match was a return game with Haberdasher Askes who defeated us heavily. The result was 16—2.

The final analysis for the 2nd Team was:

<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Goals For</i>	<i>Against</i>
4	0	0	4	11	39

Congratulations to June Sabat who gained her full award for Lacrosse. Re-awards went to Janet Cranmer, Jean Hart and Mary Gurney.

Alma Bird, Vb. (Lacrosse Captain).

THE SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

This year the annual School Cross-Country Championship was held on March 21 on the usual course. This year there was much keener competition in the team race and after a great struggle the Spartans emerged winners, closely followed by the Athenians with Trojans 3rd and the Romans 4th.

Individual placings:

- 1st L. Kaye (A) 23 mins. 34 sec.
- 2nd R. Shortland (S)
- 3rd D. Philp (R).

Special congratulations to L. Kaye who won, while he was still in the 4th form.

D. F. Philp.

THE INTER-SCHOOLS CROSS-COUNTRY

On Wednesday, 27th March, the School took part in the annual cross-country race of the Middlesex Schools Athletic Association at Parliament Hill Fields. This year the course was over $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles, with 31 schools taking part, making a total of about 350 runners. The School came 16th and the individual positions were Kemp 78, Castle 86, Keates 98, Kaye 113, Shortland 123, Jones 138, Covington 145, Bowles 181, R. Peirce was the reserve for the team.

Special congratulations must be given to Kemp and Castle who ran very well for the first time over a very difficult course.

M. Keates (Cross-Country Captain).

SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM v. UPPER LATYMER

On Wednesday, January 18th the School competed in the annual cross-country race against Upper Latymer. The School put up a very creditable performance against a school which specializes in the sport. Unfortunately we lost 49-29 but the team is eager to improve on this result next year. Special congratulations must be given to L. Kaye who was first home for the School in 4th position.

Other positions:

Brown	6th
Shortland	8th
Kemp	9th
Covington	10th
Wells	12th
Keates	15th
Broom	16th

D. F. Philp.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Annual Athletic Sports were held on the 6th of June this year; although they had been put forward, the weather was kind to us, and we all enjoyed ourselves. It was gratifying to see such a good turn out of Phoenicians and other old friends and pupils of the school. The sports were scheduled to start at 5.45 p.m. but there was plenty of activity before that to catch spectators' eyes. The sunlit centre of the field, where the red, green and black track suits and multi-coloured shorts of the competitors who were warming up for their various events proved a great focal point for attention.

And so to the actual sports. The first race was the boys' junior 220 yards, which was won by Pillborough (S), (who later completed a sprint double by winning the junior 100 yards). The boys' middle and senior 220's followed, then came the middle girls 220. Here a new record was set up by H. Sewell (S) who won in 28 1/5 secs., breaking the old record by 1/5 of a second. Hannah really went to town, because she also came first in the girls' middle 100, throwing the rounders ball, and furthermore she ran last leg in the winning Spartan girls' relay team, so making certain that she was middle girls' champion. The senior boys' half-mile was won by head-boy Philp (R) in 2min. 10 2/5 secs.; second was Brown (T). These two also ran a superb race in the mile with Philp holding off a strong challenge by Brown to win by inches in the excellent time

of 4 mins. 55 secs. Philp, who won the senior boys' high jump with a record effort of 5 ft. 5 ins., and was placed third in the previously decided cross-country, won the title of Victor Ludorum. He was closely followed by Bowers, who gave a masterful show of sprinting when winning the 100 yards after a very bad start, the quarter mile (in a record time of 54 2/5) and the long jump. Bragg then became the third person to complete a sprint double when winning the middle 100 yards in a time 1/5 of a second outside the record. Pat Martin, who had already won the girls' senior long jump with a new record jump of 17 ft. 4 ins., won the girls' senior 100 yards in 12 1/5 secs. Then came the highlight of the evening, a throw of 161 feet in the javelin by Morgan. This completely eclipsed the old record (which had stood since 1947) by 11 ft. 8 in. Next Bragg scored yet another victory, this time in the middle 440, which he won in 55 2/5 secs., beating the old record by 2 4/5 secs. The high jump produced three new records. Apart from the already mentioned 5 ft. 5 ins. by Philp, the girls' middle and senior records were broken by P. Keaffe 4 ft. 9 in. and B. Reeves 4 ft. 8 ins. respectively. It will be noticed that Pauline's jump beat the record senior jump by an inch, and as she is only a first year middle, it looks as though she will soon add the senior record to the middle and junior records that she already holds. Yet another record came in the middle relay race, where the Spartan boys completed the lap in 50 4/5 secs. And so to the final event of the evening, when a team of Phoenicians beat a school team in an invitation 4 x 100 yards relay race. The Phoenicians team consisted of McCorry, Busby, Mayhew and J. Smith. The prizes were then presented to the winners by J. Wilkinson, Esq., M.A. who has just been appointed Borough Education Officer for Ealing. Other guests included Miss Enid Harding, Mr. Boddy, and Mr. and Mrs. Grundy.

Champions

	Girls	Boys
<i>Junior:</i>	{ C. Jackson (A) A. Benson (R)	Pillborough (S) Bragg (A)
<i>Middle:</i>	H. Sewell (S)	Philp (R)
<i>Senior:</i>	P. Martin (S)	

FILM SOCIETY

Since I wrote my last article for the Phoenix about the new Film Society, it has met with both defeat and victory.

The first meeting of the Society was disastrous, for the sound equipment gave up the ghost with the result that all meetings had to be cancelled, and the school was once again without a projector.

Fortunately after much courageous work by Mr. Arnold and

Mr. Thorne, we have begun the summer term with a brand-new Bell-Howell projector.

The long-awaited first meeting of the Society was fixed and the film was a documentary called 'World Without End'. This dealt with the fine work carried out by the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. After seeing this film, it was decided to send the greater part of our first meeting's takings to U.N.I.C.E.F.

This is a favourable point to explain why we have decided to charge one penny entrance fee. We can then hire better and more expensive films. Naturally the larger the audiences we have, the more money we collect, and the better films we can show you. At our first meeting we had an attendance of one hundred and fourteen pupils, more than we anticipated, and we hope it will remain at this figure or even increase.

Here is a list of other films we hope to show:—

'This Is Oil'	The history of oil.
'The Rival World'	A colour film about man against insects.
'The Back of Beyond'	Life in Australia.
'Escape To Canada'	Life in Canada.
'Powered Flight'	The history of the aeroplane.
'Lord Siva Danced'	A film of Indian ballet.
'No Indians Please'	A light film.
'Shell Cinemagazines'	Numerous short feature films on various subjects.

At the end of term we shall be showing, all being well, "Doctor In The House."

I should like to thank Mr. Thorne and Mr. Arnold for their unfailing support, and Kinnerley, our treasurer for the fine work he is doing.

I should also like to thank you for being a patient audience. I hope that as we gain experience and confidence you will be even more satisfied.

Anthony M. Ingersent (Secretary).

Happy Days

It's seven-fifteen in the morning
And over the bedclothes I peep,
But I'm far too cosy to get up
So I turn over and go back to sleep.
At last with many misgivings
I crawl with regret, out of bed
And stumble downstairs in pyjamas
Feeling as if I'm half-dead.
I wash, dress and eat, I'll have to be fast—
The clock on the shelf

Says its nearly half-past.

I fling on my coat, and up the road I tear
But the 'bus starts to move off

When I just get there
And when a 'bus comes

And I get on at last
I'm pushed, shoved and poked as people brush past.

A trampling I suffer on both 'bus and trolley
And large women who

Trip me up with a broolly.
When I've got off the 'bus

I run down the street
And rush into school on poor aching feet.

I burst in the form-room, breathless and hot,
Hoping I've got there

Just on the dot.
After the trouble and pain that I took

I'm told, "You're late again,
—Where's the Conduct Book?"

Annette Foreshew, 4c.

CHESS

After an unfruitful but nevertheless encouraging start to the season, the School Chess Team gained in strength and skill as the season progressed. Evidence of this improvement was the losing of only one of the last six matches, the last match ending in an unexpected win over the present League Champions, Ealing County. These latter successes must be attributed to the magnificent playing of Day and Turner and to the consistent playing of Gowan, together with the great enthusiasm of the remaining players of the team. *Also to the steady leadership and play of Adams. A.F.B.* As usual many thanks must be given to the girls who provided the refreshments for home matches.

Results (Last six): —

- v. East Sheen (H), Draw 3—3.
- v. St. Benedicts (H), Win 3½—2½.
- v. Hampton (A), Loss 5½—½.
- v. Isleworth (H), Draw 3—3.
- v. East Sheen (A), Draw 3—3.
- v. Ealing County (A), Win 3½—2½.

(Previous results were given in the last issue of the magazine).

D. J. Adams (Captain & Secretary).

FENCING REPORT

The Fencing Club has this year continued its activities into the summer term. This is because return matches against other schools are still taking place.

Last term the girls were unable to arrange a fixture against any girls' schools; the schools that do have fencing decided they were as yet too inexperienced to participate in matches, and presumably they expected us to win easily. However, mixed matches were played against boys' schools. We have played St. Benedict's School, Wandsworth Comprehensive and the Lycée Français de Londres. The results were not very favourable to us, but the matches were very much enjoyed by all the participants.

Next year we hope the Fencing Club will be even larger. In the past members of the fourth, fifth and sixth have been invited to join the club, but next year it will be open to members of the third form after Christmas.

As we are very short of equipment the subscription will be raised to enable us to purchase more. (Donations will be gladly accepted). The new subscription will be five shillings, a fraction of the amount paid by pupils in other schools.

Fixtures for next year are being arranged, and we are looking forward to them with the confidence gained from match experience.

Jean Hart (Secretary).

JAZZ CLUB

With the end of the final term of the year I suppose it is the accepted thing to trot out all the usual platitudes and eulogise on the attendances and receptions of the school Jazz Club. However, during the last year I have learnt that it is better to be realistic.

Jazz Club has not had a good year and recently I have been forced to start a new scheme to keep the club alive. Therefore in future only a few people, specially invited, will be allowed to attend the Jazz Club meetings.

With the adoption of this new policy I hope to exclude all undesirable, rowdy elements and consequently to bring the Jazz Club back into prominence.

Also I find that many people do not realise that Jazz Club is for the enjoyment of good jazz music. If all those who wish to listen to popular music, Rock 'n' Roll, skiffle etc., will form their own club instead of pestering me to include their favourites in Jazz Club, everyone will be far happier.

R. Malings, 6p.

DANCING CLUB

During the Spring Term the Dancing Club proved itself to be a very popular and flourishing enterprise. A small admission fee was charged and this enabled us to buy a number of new dance records to relieve the monotony of the "old faithfuls" and to add a little variety to the programme. During the Summer Term however, the attendance has dropped because of outdoor activities and

it has been decided to close down the club until the autumn. All those connected with the club would like to thank Mr. Harrison and Mr. Bailey for their guidance and assistance in the organisation of the club and also Mr. Pepperill for the loan of his Art Room.
D. F. Philp.

SENIOR HISTORY SOCIETY

Our thanks are extended to Miss Dutton and Miss Kerrigan for re-forming the Senior History Society this year.

We hope to have a successful expedition on July 12th, but our most successful meeting was in February when some members were accompanied by the ghosts of famous persons who wished to return to the World. The claims of Napoleon (L. Liebold) Lenin (A. Ritchie), Stalin (C. Layfield), "Fats" Waller (Savage), Pavlova (Miss Jaczynska), Keats (J. Pratt), Julius Caesar (Miss Dutton), though urged with conviction, all failed and Mme. Curie (Miss Kerrigan) was voted most welcome and deserving of a second life.

We hope to see many new members in the near future; they will be very welcome.

Janet Williams (Secretary).

The Skater

The crowd was still, the lights were on,
The waiting ice like silver shone.
Then, suddenly, a roll of drums,
They said, "Stand by, the skater comes!"
And she glided o'er the ice like a swan.
Her dress was black and shining bright,
And trimmed with gold 'neath coloured light
As she, on sparkling blades, spun there
Her dainty face and shining hair
Glimmered, in the dark of night.
The astonished crowd gazed on with awe,
As she gloated backwards across the floor.
She spun, and leapt, and turned. And she
Was perfect in movement, and graceful and free.
And she whirled, and she twirled, and she danced still more.
Maureen Sellers, 3a.

MUSIC NOTES

Two encouraging factors in the music department last term were more money for the Orchestra (probably the last for a long time) and signs of a real revival in the Senior Choir.

This term is a sad one for it sees the departure from the Orchestra of a large number of experienced players who have come

to the end of their school days after giving of their best for as many as six and seven years in some cases. Their value has been incalculable. Like ninety-nine per cent. of the Orchestra they have rarely missed a rehearsal, and it is in very large measure due to these players, and the fine example they have set, that orchestral playing at Drayton Manor has reached its present standard. They are: Gowan (the leader on so many occasions), Sonia May (who has given such willing help with flute beginners), Elizabeth Brown, Doreen Charity, Jacqueline Angove, Sheila Smith, Hamilton and Drane (whose excellence as a trombonist will go unchallenged for a very long time). We shall also miss Janet Seymour who, at one time a violinist in the orchestra, has given long service as accompanist to the senior and other choirs, to singers and players, and wound up her career with a concerto.

We have more instrumental beginners than ever before, and present indications are that they will prove worthy successors to those who are leaving.

Among works to be rehearsed this season are two stirring choruses from Elijah for the Senior Choir (real meat instead of the hors d'oeuvres we had last season), the overture to "The Mikado" by Sullivan, movements from Beethoven and Mozart symphonies, and a Beethoven quarter for the String Quartet.

If we can reach a standard of performance and behaviour comparable to that reached at the concert last April, we should feel reasonably satisfied with our labours. Few things have given me greater pleasure than my association with such a body of musicians. I hope it has given you equal satisfaction.

W. Herrera.

SPEECH TROPHY COMPETITION

The annual competition in public speaking took place on the evening of March 28th. As in recent years, each House nominated about six competitors who entered a preliminary contest a few days earlier. The selected six who took part in the final competition were Jill Elliott (Vb), Pamela Morris (Upper VI), Linda Haynes (IVb), Ingersent (Lower VI), Knight (Upper VI) and Malings (Upper VI).

Each competitor had to speak for about five minutes to the audience of parents, Phoenicians and pupils of the school on the subject "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The judges were Mr. R. Merrett, representing the Phoenicians, Mr. R. D. Wright, representing the school and an independent outsider, Mr. E. G. B. Taylor, who is clerk to the magistrates at the Ealing Courts.

All three judges agreed that the standard of speaking, both in style and content, was commendably high. After the speeches, Mr. Taylor spoke most helpfully about each of the speeches in

turn before announcing the winners as Ingersent, Knight and Pat Elliott. Mr. Merrett presented the trophy to Ingersent on behalf of the Phoenicians.

Most members of the audience would agree, I am sure, that the contest showed the courage of all the competitors, the charming skill of the winners, the importance of practice in public speaking as part of school training and the wisdom of the Phoenicians in giving their encouragement.

R.D.W.

THE CHANGING SCENE

It is a very disturbing time, this period in one's life when everything seems to be erupted and flung about as if there were a great beast asleep beneath one which suddenly turns and rolls, scaring one out of one's wits.

At first that is all you do feel,—just scared. Scared and frightened; mostly at night, there seems to be an enormous hollow just beneath your diaphragm and in this hollow, a terribly heavy weight.

You don't feel like eating or playing or working or anything. You just want to be left alone, but you don't dare to be left alone, because that's when it is worst. When there is nobody near to take your mind off it all, it becomes bigger and seems even more real.

Once or twice you consider dying, but that is no use, for not only your life has been erupted but your death as well. You cannot believe anything you are told and the unknown is far more frightening than the familiar—however terrible that is.

At first you think you are awfully unusual. You think that this has never happened to anyone before. Then after a while you see how impossible that is. You realise that all people have experienced your same feelings since the beginning of civilisation.

"Why, then," you say, "everybody must be terribly unhappy and miserable. For who could be happy when they know all that I know?"

And so, the fear goes and despair comes. Despair and pity. Pity for everyone including yourself. Despair because there is nobody strong, nobody to lean on, to turn to and say, "You can help. You can make everything all right again."

You begin a long and useless search looking everywhere for hope and peace of mind. But always it is the same. Everywhere there is only hopelessness, futility. You see only the utter stupidity of it all. Then you say, "Well, why don't they stop and tell one another how awful it is? Why don't they do anything? Why don't they help me to search?"

And then you see their eyes, with that awful defeated look in them.

You say, "Why don't they give in then? Why don't they stop trying and just lie down and die?" And the answer brings us back to the beginning again—fear. Fear of death.

And so, you go on day after day, everything now monotonous, everything miserable. But you get clever. You invent little ideas to stave off the boredom. You always go in a crowd. You go out a lot. You go to bed later and later to make the night shorter.

But of course this can't last. Everything must come all right, or civilisation would die out. We should all go mad.

And suddenly the giant gives another mighty heave, and then goes to sleep. Then you look round, and everything has changed. Your scene has changed.

But another good look shows you that the scene has not really changed. It is just being shown to you from a different angle, a sunnier angle, which at the same time, as it lights up the beauties, throws shadows on the horrors.

And you take a deep breath and thank God it is all over. But you have a twinge of sadness, for you know you can never go back to the first original scene for your eyes are no longer covered with a piece of rosy red, transparent paper, but are naked. For you have grown up.

Anna Ritchie, 4c.

The Best Season of All

In the breezy days of Spring,
When the bells softly ring,
When each bird has a nest,
Then this season we think best.
In Summer's hot and glaring days,
We feel the sun's scorching rays,
When the waves have a sparkling crest
Then this season we think best.
In Autumn's gold and mellow hours,
We see the last golden flowers.
When we see the trees in rest,
Then this season we think best.
In Winter's cold and sparkling days,
When on hard ground soft snow lays,
When hot chestnuts greet a guest,
Then this season we think best.
Summer's heat and Autumn's gold,
Winter's fresh and brilliant cold,
Spring when the birds return from the West,
Which season do you think best?

Sonia Gosling, 3a.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

Many people say that fiction is stranger than truth. This is not true. Truth has been stranger than fiction ever since there has been fiction for it to be stranger than.

In many cases the local councils have done things which seem to be beyond all reason. A man on a council estate, for instance, had painted his house green. The council ordered him to paint it cream. He could then paint it any colour he wished. P. G. Woodhouse couldn't have thought up anything stupider.

Sometimes whole nations are responsible. After the 1914-18 war, the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine were given back to the French, who put a French flag over the grave of every man from either province who had died in the war, to tell them that they were French again!

Here are a few more curious tales:

A man in Persia who could recite the whole of the Koran, received a blow on the head. He forgot the Koran, but found he could recite a long Finnish poem—in a language he did not understand!

An ancient Egyptian woman, made Queen, insisted on being called "Pharaoh", and even wore a beard on state occasions.

A Frenchman bet a friend that he would never shave. He now has a beard well over 7 feet long!

Men have grown beards for strange reasons, but the strangest reason yet is that of a certain well-known film star. The skin on his face is allergic to soap, and he had to grow a beard to avoid coming out in spots.

If you read in a book that a man had fought his way back to a normal life on two artificial legs, would you believe it? Yet at least two men have done this. Likewise, a novel about a man, confined to a wheelchair, who fought his way on to the West End stage, would strike you as exaggerated. However, that happened to Michael Flanders, who is appearing with his friend Jonald Swann in a two-man revue.

Another strange story is that of a woman who was awarded a large sum because since a road accident, she has not been able to stop herself running backwards.

Several times twins have got mixed up with other babies at birth, and the mother has taken home the wrong child. Yet have you ever heard of "twins", born to different families, who were not mixed up at birth? In America, two girls in the same class at school are almost identical, and have often been mistaken for twins. Their parents, in both cases, have had first a boy, then a girl, then another boy, then another girl, then one of the "twins".

Talking of twins, a man once fell in love with two identical twins at once. He tossed a coin, and it showed tails, so he married the one indicated. Her sister never found out!

In Hollywood, they are making a film about Lon Chaney, senior. Because he is not the right type, Lon Chaney, junior has been refused the part of Lon Chaney, junior!

This only goes to show that truth is much stranger than fiction and nearly always has been.

J. McDonald, 4c.

HOLIDAYS WITHOUT HOTELS

For our holidays we camp. Last year we went to West Wittering. We camped on a very pleasant farm owned by a family by the name of Russell.

It was about a mile to the sea along the road, but we could hear it from the camp site.

We have two tents with a verandah between them.

The boys in the caravan next to us told me about a hideout they knew, and when I was told to wash up, it came in very handy.

The tent was situated in the corner of a square field with trees overhanging to shelter it from a storm or gale.

At the farm house there were some kittens, and whenever we could we took them to the tents. Mickey, our dog, dislikes cats but did not mind the kittens.

The children I made friends with all joined together and we had plenty of fun playing cricket and other games until dark. We then told each other yarns until bedtime. We soon got to sleep thinking about the nice time we should have the next day.

J. Boot, 1a.

BRITISH JUSTICE

It is only by slow improvements that modern justice has evolved. Now trials are taken for granted by many people, but in earlier times a prisoner could be kept in jail for many years, awaiting trial. In some cases the prisoner was not even told what crime he had committed.

In Anglo-Saxon and Norman England trial by ordeal was the accepted rule. Although there were many kinds of ordeal that of fire was the most widespread. The accused persons had to carry a red hot bar of iron, in their bare hands, for three paces. The hands were then bandaged with a linen cloth and examined after three days. If the hands had not healed the prisoners were judged guilty.

For rich and powerful men ordeal by battle was common as a way of settling disputes.

Ordeal by water endured far longer than the other forms of ordeal. The innocent swam, the guilty sank. Old women suspected of being witches were often subjected to this trial.

In the thirteenth century people began to realise that trial by ordeal was not just and juries were introduced. Although in Anglo-

Saxon times, juries were not unknown, they never became really popular until this time. The jurors acted as witnesses for they judged each case from the facts they knew about it.

When Magna Carta was signed, by King John, at Runnymede in 1215, one of its clauses prevented illegal imprisonment and decreed that justice must not be denied to any one.

By the time of Edward III, mid fourteenth century, witnesses and jury had become separated and later it was decided that jurors must only accept the evidence given by witnesses. In spite of this many jurors still adhered to their own opinions. The fact that a man could have a fair trial did not automatically mean that all trials were honest. Henry II and other stronger kings decreed that prisoners should not be detained too long while awaiting trial. These laws helped to bring justice to the common man.

Law courts, however, can only be effective if they are respected by the powerful lords as well as the commoners. During the Wars of the Roses, when great nobles kept large numbers of retainers and men-at-arms, armed bands were sent into court to pervert the course of justice. This method became very common and when Henry VII came to the throne, in 1485 he made "The Law of Livery and Maintenance", which forbade the keeping of retainers. This law could not be enforced by small courts and the most powerful court in the land, the Court of Star Chamber, was used for trying the nobles. Although this court could not pass the death sentence, it could inflict enormous fines and submit a prisoner to torture. At first this court had been excellent but later it became an instrument in the hands of the king and during Stuart times, patriots, who had displeased the King and his ministers, were fined although they had committed no crime against the law.

In 1641 common justice was established for all. Later torture was abolished and in 1688 the law was established above the King. The Habeas Corpus Act passed in 1679 enabled accused persons to be released on bail or brought to an early trial.

In British justice today it is possible to be unjustly accused but it is unlikely for an innocent man to be sentenced. "It is better that twenty guilty men shall escape than that one innocent man shall be wrongly punished." This is the foundation stone of British justice, accepted as the fairest in the world.

April Showers

"What! take an umbrella on such a fine day," cried an elf to his mother and frowned,

"Why the sun is shining, its a beautiful day and the earth is quite dry all around."

So off he went in his new yellow suit, but before he had gone very far,

Dark clouds rolled up and the rain teemed down, for you know
what April clouds are.
From an elegant elf who was proud of himself, in the splendour of
sunshine yellow;
This poor little gnome made his way home, a much bedraggled
fellow.
He reached the house as quiet as a mouse, to meet mother with
lowly bowed head,
And so for the folly of leaving his broolly, he went without supper
to bed.

Sally Wilson, 1a.

THE AIR TRAINING CORPS

The Air Training Corps is a large organisation sponsored by the R.A.F. There are lots of A.T.C. squadrons about the country. The idea of the A.T.C. is to train boys (over 13) for their career in the R.A.F.

The activities are very varied. When you first join you are known as a recruit and you have to do 24 hours of "square bashing." This is about the hardest time in the A.T.C. When you have done this you pass out and become a cadet and you get a very smart uniform. The uniform is free and you get a pair of trousers, a tunic, a beret and a greatcoat. You have to return the uniform when you leave.

When you are a cadet you do basic training which consists of aircraft recognition, tool recognition, ranks and badges etc. After your basic you have an examination (which nearly all cadets pass) and you go into Part A. There are many interesting subjects in Part A, one of which is the mechanism and principles of the Browning .303 machine gun. Part B follows part A and after that you go into a special type of training. You can train either for engines, signalling or air-crew. Some squadrons are lucky enough to have a "Link Trainer."

Promotion is fairly rapid (for peace-time). In most squadrons there is a band. Every now and again cadets go around an airfield and are allowed to go over a plane. In the summer there usually is a week's camp on an airfield or under canvas. At camp you usually get a chance of going up in an aeroplane. This is usually great fun (it should be at about seven and six a week.) Sometimes the C.O. takes a party abroad for a week or two.

Throughout the year cadets often go shooting on ranges and if you are old enough, you can go up in a glider and even get your gliding licence. The activities are too varied to tell you about them all, but if you want a good career in the R.A.F. join the A.T.C.

G. Warren, 3a.

ZELL AM SEE

Travelling on the main road from Innsbruck, the capital of the Austrian Tyrol, to either Salzburg or Vienna it is unlikely that you would pass by, or even hear of the small town of Zell am See which has only recently become well-known as a holiday resort. To get there you have to turn off the main road on to a smaller one leading southwards to the Italian border.

Once there you will find, slightly down a small road which leads from the market place, a church which, although it is far from the largest building there, dominates the whole town, helped by its loud, deep bell which, once it begins ringing continues for sometimes three or four minutes. Another road from the market-place brings you to the railway-crossing and from there to the lake near the shores of which are some of larger hotels; one of these has a café backing on to the lake and one can sit sipping lemonade or cider (both of which are always ice-cold) and watch the swans swimming lazily about. Swans aren't the only things that can be seen on the lake; there are occasional water-skiers, boats of every shape and size and people swimming in the deep blue water.

Yet another road leading from the market-place takes you to the town square which is where you can see one of the many smartly-dressed gendarmes directing the traffic.

The market-place itself is not very large. It has a fountain in the centre, a nymph spouting water from his mouth. To one side of the square there is a café where you can sit outside under sunshades and this shop has the most lovely cakes imaginable. I'm sure that next to Salzburg, Zell am See has the most delicious cakes in Europe.

The whole of the town is watched over by mountains from all sides, like an immense shepherd watching over his sheep. The absence of coal fires and the height of the mountains makes the air very sweet and clean and the less youthful of us lowland people may find the air too strong for them. In the mornings a mist falls over the mountains and when it gradually lifts there comes another sunny day to engulf the land in the mountains.

Christine Butt, 3c.

A VISIT TO VICKERS ARMSTRONG (AIRCRAFT) LTD.

A visit was arranged by my father to tour the above mentioned factory at Weybridge, and see the famous Viscounts, and Valiants in the course of construction.

Our guide met us at the entrance and began, quite naturally, by showing us the offices where the orders are received. Adjoining these offices was a huge drawing office, the largest in Europe, where the ideas are put on paper, prototypes planned, and various parts designed. Once a specific design has been agreed upon, a scale

model is constructed and tested in a wind tunnel, where defects are exposed and consequently, improvements made. These details are then passed back to the drawing office, where teams of designers and draughtsmen finally develop the aeroplane.

We then left the drawing office block and made our way towards the main building, where a full-scale mock-up was being constructed of cardboard and plywood. This is where the final modifications and alterations are made. A loud sound, like that of machine gun fire, heralded our approach to the jig and tool shops. Here we were shown where the jigs are assembled; accuracy is essential and parts are corrected to one thousandth of an inch. These jigs and fixtures are made to ensure standard parts and to streamline production. We were amazed when our guide showed us the thousands of different components which have to be made in the tool shops, or ordered from other manufacturers. As all these parts and materials have to be thoroughly tested and examined before use, our guide led us into a modern laboratory, where intricate instruments X-ray, and record faults in welding, fractures in metals etc. The exit from the laboratory led onto a balcony overlooking the main assembly line of the Valiant bombers. It was interesting to see the aircraft in the various stages of evolution, as we looked along the assembly line. Large scaffolding covered many of the bombers, over which painters, riveters and carpenters swarmed like ants. The 'planes in the later stages were being sprayed, and the R.A.F. identification markings added.

We now left the Valiants, and crossed the aerodrome to the main assembly building for the Viscounts. This building is one thousand four hundred feet long, and wide enough to allow two separate production lines to function independently. Standing at one end of the building, it was only just possible to see the gigantic roller doors at the other end. As our guide led us down the assembly line, we saw machines thirty feet high stretch and bend duralinium from solid blocks into stays, struts and ribs for the wings and body. When the shell is complete, the engines are fitted and the final assembly and inspection takes place. Lights and instruments follow, and are screwed into position and connected by minute coloured wires, which run in neat bundles along the inside of the body. Seats, carpets and other fittings are installed, and then the aircraft is read for test, compass adjustment and weighing.

After the preliminary test, the aircraft is flown to Herne, where final tests are made before the airliner is consigned.

This was the end of our visit, and after thanking our guide for a very interesting afternoon, we left the factory and made our way home.

Arthur G. Morse, 4a.

PHILIP'S VICTORY FOR CHRIST

SCENE I. *Philip, Ethiopian and Angel. Scene is on the desert road from Jerusalem to Gaza. Philip is reading the Bible as the Ethiopian's chariot comes into sight.*

Angel: Go up to the chariot Philip and find out who this man is that reads of the Prophet Esaias.

Philip (to Ethiopian): Do you understand what you read?

Ethiopian: How can I if there is no one to tell me what it means? Will you come and sit in my chariot with me and help me to understand it better?

(Philip goes to the Ethiopian and tells him about the passage he is reading. It is about the crucifixion of Christ.)

Ethiopian: I would like to know more about this Christ whom you speak of.

SCENE II. *Philip and Ethiopian. Philip does just this and is glad when they come to a certain lake of water, for he would wish the Ethiopian to be baptized.*

Philip: Do you really believe that there is a Christ, and that you would die for him?

Ethiopian: I do believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. I will be baptized.

(After this has been done Philip is swept away by a Spirit and is later found in Azotus.)

SCENE III. *Ethiopian and Queen. Time: mid-day, the Ethiopian is arriving at the court of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians.*

Queen: Ah! So you have returned from the Holy City where you went to worship?

Ethiopian: Yes, Your Majesty and I have found a wonderful religion.

Queen: Tell me about it. I am interested in new things for they add to my knowledge.

(The Ethiopian goes on to tell the things Philip preached to him and in the end the whole country turns Christian. Therefore Philip has won another victory for Christ.)

Heather Reeve, 1b.

They sat the exams quaking with fear,
Only ten minutes seemed like a year
The question paper seemed to leer.
What to put next was not at all clear,
When the results came out at last,
To the smallest hope they all held fast,
And tried away their fear to cast,
But, what do you think, they all had passed!
Hilary Downes, 2c.

MY HOBBY

My hobby is looking after our five pets. They are Lassie, our dog, Oswald, our tortoise, Petra and Nobby, our two budgerigars and Dick, our canary.

Lassie, our dog is ten months old. She is very boisterous and needs a lot of exercise. My mother takes her to Elthorne Park every morning, but in the evenings my brother and I take her sometimes. She goes swimming in a small pond there and enjoys it very much. Once she cut her foot badly there on a piece of broken glass so we took her straight to the local R.S.P.C.A. clinic and they gave us some ointment for it, so now we always ask the Park-keeper if it is safe for her to swim.

Oswald is nearly fifty years old. He has a very dry skin and is quite large. We feed him on tomatoes, lettuce and many sorts of leaves, but the things he likes most are dandelion flowers. His tongue is a bright orange colour. When he feels hungry he comes plodding down the garden waiting for the back door to be opened. When he opens his mouth to eat we can see his tongue quite clearly as he opens his mouth so wide. He has a little house which is painted green with "OSWALD" written in bright yellow letters across the top. He hibernates from November to April but this year he woke up on 11th of March as we had such nice weather.

The "budgies" are very attached to one another. Often we find them nuzzling one another. They are both green. Nobby is the prettier as he is the cock. We have a large breeding cage for them that we shall put them in, in April.

Dick is yellow. When we first had her we thought that she was a cock but when she started laying eggs we were forced to think different. The eggs are very tiny and are a bluish grey colour. She makes a dreadful mess of her cage. It is usually worse than Petra's and Nobby's put together. She is not very strong and often gets colds so we keep her cage near the fire so that she is warm.

Margaret Gillanders, 1a.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR GLOVE PUPPETS

To start making your glove puppet I should do the head first.

You will need to buy a tube of glue, a small packet of size and a bag of whiting. You get these at an ironmonger's for not more than a shilling each.

First make some papier mâché by tearing up a couple of newspapers into small pieces and put into a saucepan with enough water to cover the paper. Boil for about half an hour, stirring and mashing all the time with a wooden spoon.

When this has cooled down beat with a fork and then pour into an old teacup and squeeze out as much water as possible. Now

put the pulp into a bowl and add about a cup of jellied size (this is size dissolved in a little boiling water and allowed to cool until a jelly has started to form), then add enough whiting to make a stiff clay substance.

Then squeeze, knead and slap it and it is excellent stuff to model with.

You will know when it is ready to start modelling with if after you've rolled it into a long tail you can hold it up by one end without breaking.

After a while try modelling the head. After this stick another well kneaded little piece of papier mâché for his nose and two more flattish pieces each side of the head for ears on to the round head. You can press your thumbs well in for eye sockets and then put round balls of papier mâché into these for eyeballs, or you can paint eyes on afterwards.

Now model a papier mâché neck, but leave this hollow and put a stick in the head and going through the hollow neck.

Leave the puppet head to dry; this is best done in an oven. Turn it as low as it will go and leave the head in all night.

For your puppet's complexion, put a little size with enough boiling water to dissolve it, allow it to cool but not set into jelly and then add sufficient whiting to make the mixture like thick cream. Give the head and neck several coats of this and then the model is ready for painting. Use poster colour or oils for this. The rest is easy as any kind of scraps of material will do for clothes.

S. Wilson, 1a.

THE BANKRUPT

"To men of fortune, the world is a sepulchre."—Pericles.

He was sitting on the mossy bank of the stream, sitting and staring, it seemed, vacantly into the sky. Ahead of him, over the crystal waters that issued from the virgin spring in the hills, and thus into the clear stream, were verdant pastures on which grazed fat cattle, that had for years eaten the juicy grass, that seemed of jade. The richness of the land was pouring into their flesh until, it seemed, their very blood was the golden-red of the setting sun, giver of life to large and small alike. And now they were ready, and had the maturity that bespoke of maturity and full years, ready for the slaughter, and then truly would their blood be golden, the gold of wealth.

Behind him, past the trees that lined the shimmering water, were endless, rolling, fields of yellow wheat, that would provide bread for thousands. The full ears, distended by the swelling grain, were bulging fit to burst with the fruits of a good summer. Every now and then the setting sun would glint redly on the polished surface of ears, turning the whole field into a scintillating mass of colour, each grain suffering a light change into ruby.

In the far distance, where the spring arose, was a snow-capped mountain, rearing its proud head high into the wispy summer clouds, its sides tinged with purple where they drifted indefinitely into snow. Its base was just level with the pastures, lost in undulating dunes, that formed a natural barrier which prevented all but the bravest from gaining fabulous wealth from the gems, gold and silver which abounded there, representing that that men die for.

All this cries of fortune and prosperity, that would be a blessing to any country, and yet he sat there, gazing vacantly into the empty sky. His left hand hung lifelessly at his side, while his right hand, resting in his lap, grasped two small objects, as if they were all that was left in the world.

Half an hour later, just as the sun was dipping down behind that mountain of wealth, with its nebulous consort of clouds that strained with feral yet futile pride, to hide the descending sun, which was creeping to oblivion, and yet still sending out its glorious rays, a peasant came out of his hovel, and drove the cattle down to water.

He sat down, and after reviving himself at the brook, walked slowly along the stream. Upon rounding a bend he found himself facing the stranger's back. Being a polite person he went and sat down next to the stranger, and proceeded to try to open a conversation. It was rather a one-sided affair, as there were no replies forthcoming. This did not foil the dull minded peasant, who, using his *coup de grâce*, asked, "What are you doing in these parts?" The silent, unmoving stranger ignored him, and to attract his attention, the peasant tapped him on the shoulder.

To the simpleton's eternal horror, the arm became detached, and rolled down the bank; the body, unable to withstand the shock, collapsed. The peasant fainted at this, the final soul-chilling sight.

When he came to, having sufficiently recovered his spirits to pick up the things that were still in the dead man's hand, he crossed himself after the fashion of his people, and took off his hat in the presence of the dead. He looked at the things in his hand, and read neatly printed on the small bottle "Prussic Acid". After throwing away the container, which still held traces of the deadly poison, he replaced his hat, in scathing, fiery hate of the suicidee. The second object, a scroll of paper, as he could not read, he took home, where the most educated man in the village, the priest, read it.

"I, — —, do write this, the last of my many writings, and do record the circumstances of my death.. I owned property of immense value, and was the richest in the country. I was beguiled by the evil tongue of one, who, with false eloquence persuaded me to invest my entire fortune in a scheme to obtain wealth beyond my dreams from the Silver Mountain yonder. My entire substance

perished in the passes where the rock has been torn asunder by primeval force unimaginable. Five years later, I had not a penny to my credit. I registered bankrupt, and now, this 16th day of June, 18—, I, broken-hearted, take my life."

Evil are the ways of man, and such is the fate of the world's great.

D. Morgan, 3c.

SURF-RIDING

While on holiday about two years ago I tried surf-riding for the first time. It was an extremely hot day and the sea looked so pleasantly cool. I hired a surf-board and made my way over the hot sand to the sea. The Atlantic rollers came towards the small beach and then overbalanced with a roaring of white spray which was blown upwards by the wind and shone like diamonds in the sun. The white line spread right across the beach and then travelled quickly towards me, getting less fierce until it was only a small wave which lapped and gurgled around my feet.

A boy, who stood a little way from me, holding a surf-board, asked if I knew how it was done. I shook my head and answered, "Not yet! But I'm going to find out!"

I held my board up and plunged into the white, boiling surf. I would make a few feet headway before another wave came and I would have to put my feet down hard and push with all my might so that I should not be forced backward and under. Eventually I thought that I was far enough out to make my first attempt. I turned round and held my board in front of me, watching over my shoulder to see the next wave coming. I caught sight of it, shining and glinting in the brilliant sunlight. I threw myself on to the board and held my arms out in front of me. But something was wrong. The wave went straight over my head and I was left in the darkness and muffled noise, fighting my way to the surface. I experienced a moment's panic and kicked with my legs. But in a few seconds the water was still and I was standing on my feet, able to breathe again. I saw the boy quite near me. He waved to me and shouted something which sounded like, "I thought we'd lost you good and truly then!"

I turned just in time to see another wave coming. I held the board above my head and jumped through it. Then I got in position to make another attempt. I threw myself on to the board just as the wave caught us up. It forced me forward and I found myself travelling towards the beach at a great speed. The white froth was all around me and dancing over my head. The yellow sand and the people were coming nearer and nearer until the noise diminished and with a fierce bump I stopped. I just lay there in about two inches of water with the seagulls calling

above me. A quiet voice by my side said, "It's jolly good once you get the knack," and, looking round I saw the boy. Quite unable to speak I nodded my agreement and together we got up to try again.

Elaine Ledbury, 4c.

The Things from Outer Space

The thing from outer space has come,
The thing with dark blue hair;
With big red nose and knobby knees,
The thing that's from nowhere.

It's five feet tall and five feet broad,
With greenish coloured face;
It's fat, and round, and funny;
The thing from outer space.

The spaceship came and out it stepped
And stared around amazed;
The green, green grass the blue, blue sky,
The sunset all ablaze.

And now he has gone; he went with haste
For nowhere could he see
A thing that looked in shape and size,
At all the same as he.

R. Farley, 3a.

LAST CHANCE

I gazed round at the ring of menacing faces that encircled me. Hatred gleamed in their eyes; they were out to get me! Grimly I gripped my only weapon tighter. If I didn't survive this attack my friends would be doomed. I was their only chance.

The circle of faces advanced slowly towards me, crouching ready to spring. My lips tightened in an expression of defiance. They wouldn't get me if I could help it. Then suddenly the figure directly in front of me hurled something at me with all his might. I flung up my weapon to ward off the missile. It struck it with a mighty crack and flew off somewhere. I glanced round at the faces, each one had a look of dismay. The shoulders of my enemies slumped in defeat. I had defied them and won. Their leader came up to me, his hand outstretched and a rueful expression on his face saying, "If you hadn't scored that six off the last ball of the match we'd have drawn with you."

M. Adams, 4c.

BILLY THE "BUDGIE"

I shall never regret receiving Billy, my budgerigar, as a Christmas present, for, although we have had him for only one year, he is very intelligent for a bird.

Inside his cage he has so many toys that he can hardly move. But his first love is his ladder with a bell attached. Also he has a roundabout which he pushes round with his claw, a weighing machine which gives his weight in ounces, a toy bird with which he has boxing matches, another bell, a football and a rocking man.

Although he is only a tiny bird he has kept us in fits of laughter with his tricks and antics. He is blue, nothing much to look at, but very inquisitive. For instance, once when he was out for a flight, I was drinking a cup of tea, when he landed on the edge of my cup and then he fell in. Luckily it was practically empty. But what a dejected bird emerged!

Apart from amusing us with his toys, Billy is a wonderful talker. When I first had him, I thought he would never talk. But—Oh!—how I take those words back. He calls Dad "Daddy Dumpling." He says his address, "Kiss Mummy," "Billy loves his Mummy," "Come on," besides many others, and now he is beginning to say, "Have a cup of tea." He even likes the cat—well—he pecks the cat's nose when Tim is held up to the cage.

If anybody is wondering what sort of a pet to have, I would definitely recommend a budgerigar—for company and laughter.

Vilma Bailey, 4a.

THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

The Ideal Home Exhibition is always very interesting, and was even more interesting this year. Consequently it was even more crowded.

As you came in, you would notice the fountain in the main avenue of the ground floor. Indeed, nobody could help noticing it. It was one of the highest fountains I have seen. Round the base of it were gay revolving flower-beds and flowers formed a spiral right up to the roof.

The furniture ranges shown this year are, to say the least, convenient. One stand featured a divan bed that could be made into a sofa, a set of easy chairs, a corner-sofa or a smaller two-seater sofa, and an easy chair. All very space-saving, I dare say, but very expensive!

One of the season's new colour-schemes for the front room is lime and black. It looks all right providing you can find a suitable wallpaper.

And even the wallpaper and paint firms have excelled themselves. In the wall-paint range alone, one well-known company has included colours known as Paris Grey, Arctic Blue, Geranium, Georgian Green, Champagne and Midnight Blue. The same firm also makes enamel paint, and the colours here—Maroon, Signal Red, Ocean Green and Cerulean Blue for instance—have to be seen to be believed.

Kitchen furniture looks like being gayer this year. One firm dealing in plastic for working surfaces, had brought out forty-five different patterns to choose from. Refrigerators and cookers, however, are mostly cream or white.

Another attraction of the show was the Village. This, on the ground floor, was an avenue full of various architects' ideas of the Ideal House (which probably doesn't exist, since no two people have the same ideas.) There were any amount of houses and bungalows, including a Canadian Ideal House. This was not unlike the pictures one sees in American magazines. I didn't go inside because of the long queue for each one. The queue for the Canadian one reached right down the "Street". One house had a large crowd round it. I looked to see what had caused this, and saw Tommy Trinder signing autographs for people who put something into his National Playing Fields Association collecting box.

The Max Factor Pavilion of Beauty attracted so many people that I had to make do with a quick look as I went up the escalator to the first floor.

The first floor housed the food section, where all the delicious free samples are kept. The stands offering free samples or "unrepeatable" offers were the most crowded, of course. Everybody was hungry. The stairs were crowded with people sitting eating their sandwiches. One girl I saw had sneaked into the Zöe Newton milk bar to eat hers!

The international section was very interesting, too, although the only stands I got anywhere near were those of Denmark, Australia, New Zealand and Cyprus. After having seen these, I made my way to the second floor, which housed the Do-it-yourself and Miscellaneous sections. This last section held everything from a life insurance firm to a stand for things made by the blind. The ITV stand had a large crowd. I went to see what it was causing the crowd. I found a TV camera, pointed at the crowd, with a monitor set either side. As soon as I saw the monitor set, I found I was being televised.

Many of the firms there had issued free pamphlets. I love collecting leaflets; I try to get as many as I can. I bagged 125 this time. I never did break my 1956 Motor Show record of 168! Any challengers?

J. McDonald, 4c.

PIKE FISHING

The pike is literally the Fresh Water Shark. It feeds on other fish and often desires to kill for fun. Pike have been seen trapping other small fish into bays and, while some guard the exit, others swim in and snap and kill the small fish.

These facts make fishing for pike a very exciting and thrilling pastime.

Modern anglers fish for pike in two ways. The first and probably the oldest method is done by using the natural bait of this fish, which is first caught and the fastened by means of its back and gill cover, to a flight of hooks called a 'snap' tackle.

The likely lies of the pike are then found, usually round reed-beds as they lurk for passing shoals, and the bait is cast in. Biting is indicated by the float bobbing and submerging. This is the time to strike or pull up the rod; if done in time the hooks engage in the pike's mouth providing the thrill of a strong fight of an energetic fish. Dead natural bait can be also used either rotating on a spinning flight or fished on the bottom.

The second general method is artificial baiting. Lures are of many types. Spinners are one, bright pieces of metal spinning on an axis flashing and attracting the fish. There are many types of artificial baits but they all do the same work.

Pike and most freshwater fish grow to a larger size and weight in a lake. Most pike fishermen fish lakes and there are many round the London area which can be fished either for a small sum of money or free.

The fish itself is a perfect example of Nature's camouflage. Young pike are conspicuously striped with yellow bars against a darkish green background. Seen by itself, such a colour scheme might well seem striking but, viewed against the background of the reedy patches, proves almost invisible.

The fish as it grows older changes to a dappled and blotched colour for now it forages among the more open spots using only a few things for camouflage.

Pike are grand fish providing good sport, and for those who have developed their fishing "sense" this branch of the pastime offers skill and cunning to match this fish.

M. Nutley, 4c.

The Pike

swirling, splashing,
darting, dashing.
There goes the pike, to where he feeds,
Hiding secluded amongst the reeds.
Nearby flash the roach at play,
Not venturing into the pike's dark bay.

watching, thinking,
moving, slinking.
There goes the pike, out of his bay,
Into the roach, scattering the fray,
But . . . all our hopes are just in vain.
One roach will never play again.

E. Latham, 4c.

A GHOST STORY

Even now, all these years later—I am now a very old man—the remembrance of this incident in my life causes my complexion to turn white and icy fingers to probe my spine. After all these years—I am still afraid . . .

I was in my early thirties at the time, a young, good-looking man, a man, slowly climbing the social ladder and hoping to make a good few rungs by marrying soon a Miss Lavinia Highcombe to whom I had been paying my respects.

On November the twenty-third, 1912, I was walking slowly home from my work at seven at night. I was walking slowly because my head was full of thoughts,—ambitious thoughts, thoughts of all I would soon do.

My home was the very top storey of a large grey building, which was in a very narrow street dimly lit by gaslight which flickered, casting weird shadows around me.

As I think back to that fateful day every detail of that street comes back to me. I can remember the loud, jarring noise my shoes made on the cobbles, the rain coming down in a dreary half-hearted drizzle and the cold wind that blew down my collar and up my sleeves, freezing me to the bone. I can remember the horrible sinister sucking sound the water made as it ran along the gutter and into the drain.

I was uneasy, I was uneasy—before I looked up and saw in front of me a tall man in rather out-of-date clothing,—before I discovered his feet unlike mine made no sound as he walked.

I stared after him, and unconsciously slowed my pace. I saw him turn up the steps of the building which contained my flat.

As one goes in the front door one sees a short passage way which ends in a narrow staircase which goes up and up, turning and turning seemingly for ever.

I saw him go in at the front door, and hurried after him. There was nobody in the passage way. I raced up the stairs—expecting as I turned each corner to see him ahead of me. I reached the door of my flat, the top flat, on the sixth floor—without seeing him again. I was bewildered. I had heard no sound of the opening and closing of any of the doors which led from the stairs. Where had he gone?

The next evening I reached my front door having seen no signs of this strangely elusive character and had almost forgotten the incident of the night before.

I unlocked the front door and if I had been a woman should probably have screamed. For that was what I wanted to do as I saw him again—I could not mistake him—that queer, silent walk, the peculiar clothes. I stared absolutely frozen to the ground, as he slowly walked down the dark passage and began to ascend the stairs.

Suddenly, I pulled myself together, told myself how ridiculously I was behaving and raced after the man. After running up two flights, I saw him just turning round the next corner. I ran faster and turning this corner myself, looked up expecting to see him a little way ahead. He was not there. He had gone again.

The next evening I had by no means forgotten, in fact, I was still practically as frightened as I had been the evening before. But this time I was not going to be made a fool of I resolved, and I hung about outside my front door waiting for somebody who lived in the same building as myself.

Before long a young woman, who lived two floors below me came up. I accompanied her up to her flat, and was by now completely convinced that there was a simple explanation, for we had neither heard nor seen any sign of my stranger.

I stood talking with her a minute at her door and then proceeded to mount the stairs to my own flat. I turned the last corner and stood staring like a man turned to stone, into the dimness before me, for there, as if he had materialised out of the night, was the man.

He stood still about ten steps above me. Even as I stared he slowly began to climb the few remaining steps to my door. On reaching it he turned the knob and walked in. At this in itself I was startled enough for the door I knew to be locked.

I do not know how long I stood there watching the door which had closed to again after his entry, then in a flash I came to life and with a few bounds was at the door. I fumbled automatically for my key, then remembering the door was open, I pushed it. It remained shut. I banged on it, I kicked it. I was panic-stricken, completely terrified by the whole chain of strange events.

Eventually I found my key and opened the door. There was nobody in the kitchen. I rushed into the other room, and nearly screamed at the sight which met my eyes. For there with eyes which seemed to be begging for something and arms stretched out imploringly before her was a woman with a dagger in her breast, and even as I watched she fell.

A moan made me turn swiftly and there with his back towards me stood the man and then he turned and I saw his face. It was completely white with pale lips and eyes full of suffering such as man never felt before and so great that I too moaned.

Then my look fell from his face and I saw, with his hand still on the hilt, a dagger in his breast, also.

But I had still to see the strangest sight of all, for there between the two lay a baby of a few weeks old.

And as I looked at the child I remembered a story the old caretaker had told me of the suicide of a man after murdering the girl who had borne his child.

Then I was running, running down the stairs into the street faster, faster. Running to escape the terrible scene, but more than that, to escape the strange look of recognition I had seen in the man's eyes, running to escape the fact that I was the baby, their son.

Anna Ritchie, 4c.

A Lost Friend

She was taken away at dead of night,

When all was calm and still.

Death came down with all his might,

Could it have been God's will?

No more we'll see her freckled face,

No happy times we'll share.

She was so young and full of grace,

But Death did not seem to care.

Her life on earth was very brief,

And as Spring comes with budding leaf,

So went she with nought but grief.

We must fight the world and the deathly blast,

That will o'ercome us all at last;

But, as for her, her time is past.

Stella Davis, 4c.

REFLECTIONS

Today I was sitting down and thinking about senses of humour. If anyone is a regular listener to such programmes as "The Goon Show" and "'andcock 'alf 'our" perhaps they could tell me why perfectly sensible places are ridiculed. One is expected to split one's sides with laughter at the mere mention of East Acton or Cheam. I have no doubt that many pupils attending this school live in East Acton. I wonder if they find it so hilariously funny?

We are also expected to laugh at stupid remarks which mean nothing, for example "Needle nardle noo" and "He's got the lurgi!" What is this peculiar disease called the 'lurgi'? I am quite sure that no medical text book refers to it. Its companion the 'nager' is equally stupid. I am worried in case I am affected by these terrible maladies.

Tony Handcock is no doubt very witty but why carry things too far? I have seen him in one sketch on that monster called Television which ridiculed the civil airways. A poor stewardess was walking down the gangway with a bowl of soup when it was emptied into a travelling bag. This was funny once but it happened too many times and soon ceased to be so.

Probably many people reading this will think that I am just a little mad. This is perfectly true for in spite of all I have said I just cannot wait until the next performance of either of these two programmes.

Linda Haynes, 4b.

"LIBERTY"

Liberty is a natural craving of man and beast; it is sought for by all, and when offered is refused by none. It has been the cause of bloodshed and terror, of happiness and success. It is loved by the tiniest and biggest creatures, by the ignorant and genii, by the poorest and the richest.

It was the love of Liberty that kept the old man, who often walked down our street, in such a state of perpetual dirtiness and often of hunger. His long, black coat, engrimed with grit and soot, hung loosely on his body and dragged on the dusty ground. His equally grimy hat sat on his head in a ridiculously straight angle, while his boots, a couple of sizes too big, sluggishly scraped the ground as he slowly walked on. From beneath his hat a straggly mass of long grey hair fell below his shoulders, and one could almost see the small particles of dirt harboured in so perfect a fly's nest. His lips were thin and wet, surrounded by another mass of hair, which formed a greyish beard falling to his chest.

Yet he was happy in his filth and discomfort, for he sang a hymn fervently praising Christ, and his voice was strangely young and strong. His hands were stuck deep into his pockets and he always kept to the middle of the road.

He gave the impression that he did not want to attract attention, but was out to enjoy the sunny weather. Soon however some brisk steps could be heard behind him, echoing clearly on the pavement and before long a tall man passed. Suddenly, as if by impulse, he plunged his hand into his pocket, swung round and handed something to the old man, and then continued even more quickly on his way. The children came out one by one and timidly placed some money in the beggar's hand, staring fascinated at his face and then quickly running away. He only stopped to mutter a "Thank-you" and bend and smile at the children, he then once more picked up the strains of his hymn and soon turned the corner of the road disappearing from sight.

For a short time he seemed to have taken us back to the time, when beggars were painfully frequent, and to remind us that life

was not always so easy.

Perhaps he was a soldier or a sailor, who had lost all his belongings and relations in the wars, and now had no-one to take care of him in his old age, or maybe he was an ordinary business man, who was no longer wanted and so resorted to this way of making a living. Whoever he was, he preferred the hazards of poverty and of living alone, to being cooped up in an "Old Man's Home," where all runs smoothly, where the meals are as punctual as the clock, and where the "Old Grandads" are treated like small children with no experience of the world.

This old man had lived through two World Wars and knew the evils of life, he had had fantastic experiences and could tell the strangest stories, but there was no-one who wanted to listen. He did not want to lead the shielded life of a "pampered Grandad", he wanted to continue experiencing the strange ways of the world. He wanted fresh and changing air, he wanted Liberty.

Linda Liebold, 4a.

THOUGHTS

As summer approaches and the evenings begin to draw out, we spend more time in the open air, or at least we should do. And as June and July come with the warm evenings, I envy my friends who go off after work or school to play tennis or go swimming. They, of course, have no piles of homework to do. Although I often feel this way about this daily task, I agree that we should have some work set, which we are to work out on our own, but I wish that the people who set it would take into account the longer warmer evenings and be more lenient.

Ann Egginson, 4b.

Cats

Cats in the garden?
Oh what a hullabaloo!
They're worse than bats in a bellfry
Or mice in a shoe;
With their yowling
and howling
screeching
and screaming;
Oh what a hullabaloo!

Carol Brown, 1a.

RONDA

One of the most inaccessible and yet one of the loveliest towns in Spain is the old municipality of Ronda.

The capital of the province of Ronda nestled in the cradle of the Sierra Ronda bears visible evidence of Phoenician, Roman and Moorish domination. Rather quaint is the history of the bridges which span the natural cleft, splitting the district in two. The lowest one is lost in antiquity, reputedly Phoenician; the second, Roman; the third is Moorish; and the road bridge is modern, built by the Spaniards some 350 years ago!

Here is the home of bull fighting; here is the oldest bull-ring in Spain. The many farms abounding in this mountainous terrain specialise in the breeding of fierce bulls for the ring. The entry of an animal carrying the rosette of a famous Ronda breeder is applauded before the fight has begun.

It is to these lonely farms that the youngsters, their hearts set on the fame and wealth of "El Toros", steal in the night to practise their art, under threat of severe penalty if they are caught and the risk of injury or death if they are not. I myself saw one of these youths leap into the ring at Malaga to show his skill, but, unfortunately he was killed before anyone had chance to assist him. A youth hopes in this way to catch the eye of some wealthy mentor who will sponsor his career. Unfortunately it is so often the passport to disablement and worse.

This, however, does not detract from the grandeur of the town and province of Ronda, well worth the arduous climb over the Sierra, for a few hours' glimpse into physical and human history.

Elizabeth Dennis, 4a.

TRY THESE

1. A boy wants to cycle at a steady twelve miles per hour. He comes to a hill, the ascent of which is exactly one mile, and the descent the same. The climb uphill slows his speed to six miles per hour. How fast must he pedal downhill in order to do the two miles at his average speed of twelve miles per hour?
2. Two cyclists were very keen speedsters, so a friend announced that he would give a special prize to the one whose cycle last passed the winning post in a race between the two. At first the lads thought of the race being crawled painfully over. It was a long one, too, but eventually they found a way, before the race started, whereby they could compete fairly, yet go all out for speed. How was this done?

ANSWERS

1. It cannot be done! You can, of course average twelve miles per hour, by doing eighteen and six miles per hour for the same number of HOURS, but you cannot average twelve miles

per hour by doing a certain number of MILES at eighteen miles per hour and the same number at six miles per hour. To ride two miles at twelve miles per hour takes ten minutes, but the one mile uphill ride at six miles per hour also takes ten minutes. Therefore the rest of the way would have to be done in no time at all!

2. They just changed bikes and rode each other's.

A. Hill.

A VISIT TO BATH

Bath is a very old city, built entirely of native stone, and when one visits it for the first time one gets the impression that it is very small. However, at the second or third visit one realises that there are a host of things to see and places to go to.

The Abbey is in the centre of Bath and is very beautiful. It has more stained glass windows than any other church in the country, and the people of Bath are very proud of it. Just recently it has had a 'facelift',—the outside was cleaned and the soot and dirt of centuries rubbed off and floodlights were fixed so that each night visitors can see it, looking like a fairy palace from miles away.

Another place, though quite famous, which is hardly ever visited is the Blackmore and Langdon nurseries. These nurseries lie on the outskirts of the town and are nearly always open for inspection. The speciality here is begonias, and the seeds are sent all over the world. The late Queen Mary often used to visit Bath to buy antiques, and often afterwards she would walk round the nurseries, going into each greenhouse in turn and surveying the plants with interest. It was a sad blow to Bath when she died.

Now last are the Roman Baths which gave Bath its name. It is really surprising to see how many of the local people have never been in to see the Roman Baths. They are missing a very interesting hour when you are shown round the baths by an experienced guide who informs you about the baths and the beautiful city which houses them.

Rosemary Merrett, 2c.

I saw such a sweet little squirrel,
As I went out one day.
His eyes were dark and shining,
And his coat was a silvery grey.
As he sat in that tree so green,
I noticed how bushy and long
His tail was, as he listened
To the birds singing their song.

Margaret Phillips, 1a.

BUILDING A GARDEN RAILWAY

When the beginner attempts to build a garden railway the first thing that he will consider is the scale that he will build by. There are several scales and the smallest outdoor scale being that of 7 m.m. to every foot is gauge 'O'. Of course he may choose a larger gauge such as gauge '1', 10 m.m. to every foot, but 'O' gauge is the most popular gauge for the outdoor railway.

Supposing that the beginner chooses gauge 'O', he will then need locomotives. There are several firms who produce locomotives, the most popular being Hornby. The locomotives produced are clockwork powered.

Steam and electric locomotives may be purchased but these models are more expensive than clockwork, especially steam locos.

Having chosen the motive power the beginner will now want track, which must resist rust or it will be of no use as it will collapse under the train.

The beginner may purchase brass track, which will not rust, ready made or he may build his own, which is not only cheaper but the beginner gets the fun of making everything himself.

I am using an old method of track construction with strips of aluminium of about $\frac{3}{8}$ " high and $\frac{1}{16}$ " thick driven into slotted sleepers. This method is quite satisfactory, cheap and rust-proof.

When laying the track, if the garden slopes an embankment is necessary to reduce steep gradients.

'Bricklayer' bricks may be used for this purpose and should be built to the necessary height. The bricks should be held in place by cement instead of the mortar supplied.

It must be remembered however that gradients should not exceed 1 foot in every 40 feet.

I cannot include all that I would like in this article so I should be pleased to meet anyone who is interested in this subject.

M. Chapman, 2c.

MY STAMP COLLECTION

I have quite a large stamp collection consisting of more than one thousand seven hundred stamps.

I started it because the boy who used to live upstairs bought some. After that we used to go to Rowse's in West Ealing every Saturday and buy about sixpence worth. In those days I mounted my stamps in a little Memo book.

That was about four years ago.

I now have two stamp albums, one of which is a big loose-leaf album.

The other one has most of my stamps in it. I have a nice set of flowers from Andorra and on the opposite page there are some stamps with scenes from Antigua on. I have three pages of

German stamps (about ninety) in my old album and nearly a page in the loose-leaf book. There are some stamps on this page from Germany of the Leipzig Fair. Four of them are 1947 issues and the other four are 1948.

From Tannu Touva, which I think is in the North of Mongolia, I have a fine set of eight. Two of them have a picture of a battle in which appear to be Scottish soldiers. I also have the Grace Kelly marriage set. They show Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier.

R. Fuller, 1a.

THE CAT

I remember when my grandmother was alive we used to sit around the roaring fire in winter and listen to her tales of her girlhood days in Switzerland. I remember one she told me very clearly. She said it has been handed down from generation to generation. I will tell it to you.

One night, two men set off to go to the next village thirty miles away. The village lay in a valley with the high Alps on either side. They started at noon and within four hours they had reached the mountains. Night came and they carried on. Then, as they were climbing up the mountain, out of the dark came a cat sitting on a large rock, its eyes gleaming like diamonds set upon a dark, black, velvet sky. The men stopped startled and then the leader, nervous, hissed it away. Speechlessly, they carried on. Not ten minutes had gone, when the cat appeared again. Its black coat showing up his eyes like two silver coins upon a black carpet. The leader nervously picked up a stone and was just going to throw it when the second man stopped him. "Don't you know the legend of the black cat?" said he. The first man, cross, sharply shook his head. "It is said that when a black cat appears on a mountain, it is really a priest," returned the other. Reluctantly, the leader dropped his stone and the cat disappeared. Barely had ten minutes gone, when once more the cat appeared. The man, seeking his revenge, picked up the nearest stone and threw it at his adversary. It hit the cat on the forehead and the cat shrieked and ran on into the night, seeking refuge. The second man sighed, but carried on. The cat did not return that night, and the men finished the journey without any more trouble. They reached the village in the early hours of the morning.

After five hours' sleep, the two men got up and went into the village to buy some food. Their memories of last night had been forgotten. They had a lovely time in the market and started off home, contented. As they were going home, they passed a monastery. They saw, coming out, a priest, with bright eyes, and a bandage over his forehead!

This story is supposed to be true and is told by every Swiss peasant.

J. Pencavel, 2a.

The Cat And The Workbasket

The cat purred as he stepped
From his mat,
Like a cat,
Then to the table where he espied
So neatly tied,
The workbasket.

He jumped to the table purring with glee,
Marvelled at all the colours he could see,
He tugged at the first end he could find,
He played till the wool began to unwind.
He rolled it round tables, chairs and stools,
Round the brass bulldogs, horses and mules,
Under the bookcase, over chair arms,
Till the room looked like fences at farms.
He ran very hard; till he began to tire.
He purred as he stepped
To his mat
Then he slept
Like a cat.

P. Hughes, 3b.

PORHCRAWL

Porthcawl, situated on the shores of the Bristol Channel, was once an old fishing port. The visitor, looking across the sea on a clear day, will see the hills of Devon lying recumbent, like some sleeping monster, against the skyline.

Porthcawl is best known as a holiday resort, and such it may seem to the trippers from the Rhondda Valley, but it has other aspects too.

In contrast to the fun fair and caravan site, the diligent visitor walking across the pasture lands to Nottage will discover a restored Tudor Manor called Nottage Court. Although the rumour that Ann Boleyn lived there once is probably untrue, the manor does contain fifteenth century tapestries from Tewkesbury Abbey and a Priest's hole.

Most of the original dock of Porthcawl has now been filled in to make room for the many coaches which come trundling into the town on Summer weekends. In the remainder of the harbour a few pleasure and speed boats lie at anchor, waiting for the tide to come in and set them bobbing on the waves, like curtsying ladies in the presence of a queen.

Another country walk, (unfortunately many of these have been covered by housing estates) will bring you to Newton where the Church with its thirteenth century tower, once used as a means of defence, contains many unusual features. The altar stone dates

from before the Reformation and there is a rood-loft staircase. The stone pulpit has a strange history. It is said that in Kenfig Pool, a freshwater lake, about four miles from Porthcawl, a lost city lies submerged beneath the waters and Church bells are said to be heard chiming at certain times. The pulpit at Newton came, as legend has it, from this lost Church.

Near to the Church is the curious St. John's Well. Although it is half a mile from the sea the water level rises and falls against the movement of the tide. R. D. Blackmore describes this well in his little known novel "The Maid of Sker." Sker House, on which the story is based, is about two miles from Porthcawl.

Porthcawl, deprived of its superficial cloak of gaiety, has a strong and interesting connection with the past.

Margaret Jervis, 3c.

THE THEATRE

To see a play is a good thing, but to take part in one is much better. Apart from the pleasure which can be derived from acting or reading plays many people are realizing that a new world is before them, a world of art. To act in a play your acting must be combined with, voice, manner, gesture, poise and self-confidence.

The choosing of a play is very hard, so considerable care must be taken. The production must be simple, and well within the capacity of those taking part. It must be carried through at high speed, cues must be picked up rapidly and the utmost use made of the improbable situations which arise. When an audience is very hilarious the actors should be forced not to join in their laughter.

You should be very careful about costume plays as it is very hard to get the costumes exact and the furniture of that period. That does not mean that the smaller companies should not try the plays of another period.

The scenery of a play should really be done by a professional, but if that is not possible an artistic type of person should do it. Poor scenery could wreck the whole production of a play.

J. Richardson, 2c.

THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF CO-EDUCATION

For three years before I came to Drayton Manor I went to a girls' school and therefore, having seen co-education from the outside and from the inside, I feel particularly able to write on the subject of co-education.

During my three years at a girls' school I worked hard because I was made to work hard. But I must also add that I enjoyed it. If I did not do my homework I would go into detention, a punishment which I feared. Only one girl in my form, during my three years there went into detention and I remember being utterly

shocked at her. Then I came to Drayton. Here, we shall have to admit, we are not made to work really hard, and we get definitely lazy. No-one ever thinks of a detention being a black mark against your name which can never be erased. If we do something which deserves a detention, we get a detention, and, when done, it is quickly forgotten. Children at a school with only one of the sexes definitely do work harder, but they do take their misdoings too seriously and can never forget them.

It is said that at a co-educational school, girls especially are apt to become more interested in the members of the opposite sex at the school than in their work. Some girls, I should say most girls, do go through a "phase" of this kind. But I should say it is more of a healthy than an unhealthy sign. While at a girls' school the opposite sex was a thing which I knew nothing about and which I was not interested in. Boys were strange people whom I did not understand and did not try to understand. At Drayton I began to show a little interest and then I went through my "phase". But I do not think that it has done me any harm and now they are my fellow-workers and companions and I have learnt to treat them merely as friends. This is a point on which co-education definitely has the advantage.

Before I came to Drayton Manor my school-fellows and I took a great deal of pride in our school uniform and the condition which it was in. That is one habit which I have tried to keep and, I think, have succeeded in keeping. But it is noticeable that, looking at many of the people around me, here at Drayton Manor, not many of them do take much pride in our uniform. The girls delight in wearing elastic belts and tight skirts, the boys in wearing bright pullovers and socks. Now look at the children going to another grammar school we all know very well and you will not see the same thing there. Yes, I do wish that we could make many people in this school see that, while they are still at school, they must keep to the uniform.

But I do prefer co-education. Here there exists a light-hearted understanding between the pupils and the staff which could never have existed at my last school. Here at Drayton I have learnt many things which my oldest friends will not learn until they go out into the big world which lies ahead of each of us, whether we go to a co-educational school or not.

Elaine K. Ledbury, 4c.

ON A CANAL

For pleasant fishing, there is nothing to beat a day on a canal and the odd thing about it is the way fishing creeps up on you, claiming your time and your thoughts until finally you awaken some morning to find you love this sport best of all, just as untold numbers of fishermen before you have loved it.

Strangely enough, the deeper you get into the game, the less you know. As you improve your fishing technique, you learn that there is just as much skill necessary to fish a gentle or a piece of hempseed in a canal, and just as much sportsmanship involved, as there is to handle a fly for the most elusive trout. With each passing season I am more convinced that a successful canal fisherman has to know more about the habits of the species he is after than does the haughtiest of dry-fly fanatics.

The man who made it possible for us to fish canals was a Hertfordshire man, Francis, Third Duke of Bridgewater, whose home was Ashridge, Berkhamsted, and while the canal he was instrumental in having constructed was many miles from Hertfordshire, it laid the foundation for our present inland waterways.

He died in March, 1803, just over 120 years after the death of Izaak Walton, and was buried in Little Gaddesden Church, Hertfordshire. Before he died the title of "Father of Inland Navigation," had been bestowed upon him by a grateful nation, and in the years that have followed, he has been spoken of with gratitude by the hundreds of thousands of anglers. For without canals, life would be a dreary place for many of us who like to fish.

To enjoy the beauty of fishing a canal in the country, take my advice, for what it is worth, and arrange for a day or two during the latter part of June. At any time of the year the woods and trees compel admiration, but in June, when the trees are in fresh, full leaf, none can remain unmoved. Then there is a variety of shade and tone which later passes. There are delicate variations in close proximity; there are abrupt contrasts, where fir and purple beech are dark among the green. In these nooks, all sound is harmonious. The lark trills out its ecstatic soprano, the thrush and blackbird give a rapturous contralto, the low of the cattle and the somnolent drone of the bee work in an excellent bass, and so we get a perfectly-merged and swelling volume of sublime chords, such as Jonann Sebastian Bach gave us an inkling of in his church music.

G. Whitehead.

Thoughts on Canals

On the barges, colours gay
Cheer up scenes both bright or grey,
From friendly bridges and little locks,
Through smoky towns to crowded docks.
Tiny cabin, their floating home,
No stately mansion of brick and stone,
Bargee family live and guard
Cargoes of zinc or barrels of lard.
Animals, insects scurry by,
Kingfishers hunt with wary eye,
Nature spreads her charms again
Where busy boats once went and came.

Janice Penny, 3a.

When snow and ice have drifted on,
 When winds which once blew full and strong
 Among the trees so dark and bare,
 Dark against skies so snowy white,
 Dark against skies so black at night,
 When these are gone 'tis time to beware,
FOR HERE COMES SPRING!
 When muddy lanes are dried and gone,
 When rain no more beats down upon
 The roofs of houses bleak and hard,
 Square to the evermoving clouds
 Square to the rolling hills in wintry shroud,
 When this time comes be on your guard,
FOR HERE COMES SPRING!
 Spring when the lovers walk their way,
 Spring when all hearts beat blithe and gay,
 This is the time when you must take heed,
 For, as the young plant is choked by the weed,
 You too can be caught in the long year still to come.
Judith Phillips, 3a.

ATHENIAN HOUSE NOTES

STAFF: Miss Dutton, Miss Hornsby, Miss Kerrigan.

Mr. Russell, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Pepperill, Mr. Behmoer.

HOUSE CAPTAINS: S. May, J. Drane.

HOUSE PREFECTS: Sonia May, Pamela Morris, Elizabeth Brown,
 Elizabeth Aley-Kettle, J. Drane, R. Malings, R. Morgan, E.
 Buckland.

GAMES CAPTAINS: R. Morgan, Alma Bird.

From the results of this year's competitions it is apparent that we of the Athenian House need not fear of losing our good reputation.

In the football house matches the senior team won all three matches and, aided by a good all round performance by the juniors, gained the championship. The girls although not quite so successful might have gained first place, with a little more luck, in both lacrosse and netball.

Once again we achieved a most satisfactory result in the school cross-country. Kaye of the fourth form actually won the race and the team did well to gain second place in the competition. Now we look forward to Sports Day confident that once again we will show our superiority over the other houses in this contest. We feel that the victory of the Romans last year will be very short lived.

We were glad to see that the Athenian house was very well represented in the Phoenicians Speech Trophy Competition.

Pamela Morris and R. Malings augmented the honour of their house by reaching the final, although neither was actually ultimately successful.

Now, sadly, we have to mention the fact that Miss Dutton is to leave us at the end of this term. We mention this item last, not owing to neglect on our part, but to a desire that it shall rest in the minds of our readers. Miss Dutton has supported her house enthusiastically on all occasions since the school first opened and we take this opportunity of showing how indebted we are to her.

Sonia May.

J. Drane.

ROMAN HOUSE NOTES

HOUSE STAFF: Mrs. Dickson, Miss Fine, Mr. Wright, Mr. James, Mr. Hislop.

HOUSE CAPTAINS: Doreen Charity, D. Philp.

SENIOR GAMES CAPTAINS: J. Cranmer, R. Bowers.

JUNIOR GAMES CAPTAINS: A. Benson, D. Boddy.

HOUSE PREFECTS: D. Charity, E. Pepper, D. Philp, A. Knight.

During the Summer of 1956 the Romans were very successful in all fields. The highlight of the Romans' achievements was their successful attempt to wrest the Athletics Championship from the Athenians who have held it for the past nine years. This was due to a magnificent combination of team-spirit and individual skill. Individual champions for the House were Philp (Senior) and Anne Benson (Junior). The Romans also succeeded in tying for first place with the Athenians at Cricket. The Senior team was unbeaten but the Juniors could win only one of their three games.

Unfortunately the Romans have not been quite so successful this winter, the cross-country team was able to attain only 4th place. First home for the house was Philp (3rd) followed by Pierce (10th) who put up a very commendable performance. In the football championship the Romans finished second. The Seniors won two of their three games and finished second in the Senior table, while the Juniors played very well to win their section.

We should also like to congratulate A. Knight, who was runner-up in the Phoenician Speech Trophy Competition, and Linda Haynes who also managed to reach the final.

We should like to wish Mr. Harrison every success in his new occupation and to thank him for his support to the House.

The girls have not disgraced the house and, although for the summer house matches they were not placed very high, they succeeded in coming 1st in both lacrosse and netball (seniors) and 3rd in netball (juniors) in the winter matches.

SPARTAN HOUSE NOTES

HOUSE STAFF: Mrs. Shavreen, Miss Butt, Mrs. Chrzanowska, Mr. Herrera, Mr. Johnson.

GAMES CAPTAINS: Mary Gurney, Michael Keates.

HOUSE CAPTAINS: Janet Seymour, Peter Pratt.

We should like to congratulate Mrs. Curzon, our former House Mistress, on the birth of a baby daughter. We also welcome Miss Butt to our House Staff.

This year we won the school cross-country for the first time in many years. The success was due to a brilliant run by Shortland and the rest of the team backing well. The placings were:—

2nd Shortland; 5th Keates; 6th Castle; 9th Bowles; 11th Wells; 13th Cole.

As a result of this we had four boys running in the Middlesex Schools' Athletic Association cross-country. Unfortunately neither the boys or girls had any success in the House Matches. The boys lost all their football matches and the girls were just beaten in the lacrosse and netball matches.

Although we did not win the House Matches we had 1st and 3rd placings in the Phoenicians' Speech Trophy Competition due to the fine efforts of Anthony Ingersent and Jill Ellist and thus retain the trophy in our house.

TROJAN HOUSE NOTES

HOUSE STAFF: Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Davies, Miss Williams, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Reeves.

We are happy to welcome Mr. Reeves to the Trojan staff. Although he has only been with us since Christmas, he has given the house invaluable support, particularly on the games' side. We shall be very sorry at having to say good-bye this summer to Mrs. Collins, our House Mistress, and shall especially miss her enthusiastic support at all the house matches.

At the time of publication, Sports Day will have been and gone so instead of wishing the team "Good Luck" we will say "Thank you for entering", as we know you will have done your best.

In the house matches at the end of last term, the Junior girls came second in their Netball as they beat the Spartans (3-17) and Romans (7-18) but lost to the Athenians (11-10). The Seniors were not quite as successful as they came third in both Lacrosse and Netball. In both cases, they beat only the Spartans but showed good team spirit all round. I am sure that you would like to thank your Games Captains, Jean Hart and Maureen Tobin, for arranging the practices and giving up so much of their time for the House.

The final results of the Senior Girls' matches were:—

LACROSSE

Athenians lost 2-4
Romans lost 2-3
Spartans won 2-1

NETBALL

Athenians lost 16-18
Romans lost 8-18
Spartans won 8-7

At the time of writing this article, the boys' activities have not been as spectacular as might have been hoped. We finished third in the inter-house cross-country run, our first five runners home being Jones (7th), Covington (8th), Clapham (12th), Dann (15th) and Savage (16th). Special congratulations are due to Dann, who is only in the third form.

In the house matches, the Juniors did rather better than the Seniors. The latter won their match against the Spartans (5-3) and lost against the Athenians (1-9) and Romans (0-10). Unfortunately, Adams, our goalkeeper, who had played so well against the Spartans, was injured in the second match and was unable to play again.

The Juniors won their match against the Spartans (5-1) and drew with the Athenians (2-2) and Romans (1-1). We congratulate Barker (captain), Bond (goalkeeper) and the four first formers in the team, all of whom played very well.

In the final placing we came third with a total of 8 points.

We entered a full team for the preliminaries of the speech trophy competition, but unfortunately none of them succeeded in reaching the final. We wish them better luck next year.

Ann Jones, D. Gowan (House Captains).

PHOENICIANS ASSOCIATION

At the Annual General Meeting held on May 2nd, 1957, the following were elected to the General Council.

President: Dr. R. L. Evans, M.A.

Chairman: Mr. F. E. Merrett, 33, Kingsley Avenue, W.13.

Hon. Gen. Secretary:

Mr. A. C. Merrett, 20, Kings Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex.

Hon. Gen. Treasurer:

Mr. J. Dunham, 1, Drayton Bridge Road, W.7.

Section Secretaries:

Football—Mr. T. Lloyd, 36, Cowper Road, W.7.

Cricket—Mr. S. Mold, 10, Beechmount Ave., W.7.

Badminton—To be elected.

Netball—Miss W. Denniss.

Council Members: Miss M. Ascher, Mr. B. Boylett.

Staff Members: Mrs. B. S. Shavreen, Mr. T. E. Cherry.

Sixth Form Member: Mr. R. Malings.

Council Brevities

The retiring Chairman Mr. A. Klopke was unanimously elected a Life Member for the long service he has given to the Association.

A Life Membership fee has been instituted at a minimum fee of £1 1s. 0d. The annual fee is to remain at 2s. 0d. (1s. 0d. for Sixth Form Members).

An Old Scholars Reunion Dinner/Dance is being arranged to be held at The Park Hotel, Hanwell on Thursday, 27th February, 1958, to celebrate the 21st anniversary of the founding of the Association. Full information will be circulated in due course, but meanwhile if you are interested please let us have your name and address.

Mr. Ken Reeves is keen to restart the Dramatic Section and would be pleased to hear from budding actors and actresses.

We shall be pleased to hear news of and from Old Scholars at any time, so if you hear anything of general interest, let us know.

A.M.

Football Section

The season 1956/57 was notable for the fielding of THREE teams in the Old Boys League, for the first time. The great success of the Third Eleven, captained by Charles Boughtflower far exceeded expectations, for in addition to having the longest Cup run that any Phoenician team has had, they finished easy winners of their division (scoring over 100 goals—another club record). The Club's name has now been inscribed on a league trophy for the second time.

Our First Eleven, Captained by Eric Asplin has again narrowly missed a championship and promotion for the second successive year. However Old Westhamians who have foiled us for the last two years have now been promoted and we shall make a determined effort to win promotion in the coming season.

The newly promoted Second Eleven, Captained by Stan Gale, had a mixed season, due in the main to the higher standard of football, and a rather unsettled team owing to injuries and non-availabilities. There is cause for optimism regarding next season.

Thanks are extended to Dr. Evans, Mr. Cherry and the Groundsman for their co-operation in allowing us to use the school grounds.

(From report by T. Lloyd.)

Phoenician Speech Trophy Competition

We were delighted with the School's response to the challenge of our Annual Public Speaking Competition. The standard of speeches was again high, and it was pleasing to note the wide variety shown both in the contents of the speeches and the styles of the competitors.

Anthony Ingersent was adjudged the winner in a close contest—so close that the task of the judges was made extremely difficult—and our congratulations go especially to him.

An audience of over 150, (and the three judges) eventually left the School Hall persuaded by the six finalists—Jill Elliott, Linda Haynes, A. Ingersent, A. Knight, R. Malings, Pamela Morris—that “All Work and no Play”, far from “making Jack a dull boy” actually made Jack (and Jill) far readier to face the world than the T.V. watching, sportloving moron, made dull by his life of all play and no work.

R. H. Merrett.

Examinations

Exams were near and the class felt ill
As they carried on with the usual drill,
These exams were sure to kill
Especially if the results were nil.
Teachers started saying, “Now do be quick!”
The school clock went on with its lazy tick,
And the class thought it was rather thick
For revision made them feel so sick!
Time went on and exams drew nearer,
And the short time left became hourly dearer,
As that horrid thought grew even clearer
Exams were near; the class felt queerer!
The revision period came to its peak,
And as they did for knowledge seek
The knowledge they had away did leak,
It really made them feel quite weak!

CRICKET—WHIT MONDAY

The Phoenicians 88=The School 89-9

The School beat The Phoenicians in a close match for the second time since the war.

Philp did well for The School by winning the toss and making The Old Boys bat first. The start was delayed by rain. Opening bat F. Merrett scored a subdued 30 and B. Boylett a brighter 33. For The School, Pratt (4-23) and Bragg (3-22) bowled well.

The early School batsmen looked like knocking off the required runs quickly but some good bowling by Riley and McCorry checked them. In spite of a hat-trick by McCorry the Old Boys could not force a win. Kemp batted well for 33 and Adams for 19. McCorry's final figures were 6-14.