

# PHOENIX



**DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL**

*December, 1957*

# PHOENIX

## EDITORIAL

Editor : Mr. R. Johnson.

THE Editor wishes to thank the School for the many contributions he has received. Selection has been a difficult task and to those who have not been fortunate in having their articles published the Editor expresses his regret that circumstances do not allow him to have a magazine twice as large. The names of the runners-up appear at the end of the editorial.

In this issue Mr. Behmber writes on the work of the Mathematics Department and pays his tribute to Mrs. Collins; Mr. Wright gives an appreciation of the service of Miss Dutton to the School and also writes on Universities and Careers. To Mrs. Collins and Miss Dutton we extend our best wishes for happiness in their retirement and we thank Mr. Behmber and Mr. Wright for their contributions. "Music Notes" is the title of an article which never fails to appear in the "Phoenix"; belatedly, but nevertheless sincerely, we thank Mr. Herrera for his continued support.

Miss Hornsby, Fraulein Cramer and Mademoiselle Thompson left at the end of the Summer Term and we wish them every success in their future careers. We welcome to the School Miss P. Butt (who joined us in January), Dr. A. J. Muir, Miss S. G. Paine, Mr. J. Sanderson, Miss D. L. Tarver, Miss A. Warren and Fraulein R. H. Lorentzen.

We are pleased to acknowledge gifts to the library from Notting Hill and Ealing High School, J. Copas, A. Young, Miss R. M. Dutton, Fraulein Cramer, Janet Seymour, D. Philp, M. O'Leary, Sonia May and B. Murray.

Decorators, the 'flu, Sputniks. What a term!

The following contributed very good articles which the Editor reluctantly rejected: T. Hewitt 2B, J. Pencavel 3A, Joan Garnett 3A, Cynthia Ferris 3B, A. Jones 4A, Maureen Sellers 4A, M. Miller 4B, M. Jackson 4C, Margaret Jarvis 4C and J. Leat 4C.

## THE MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

For the purpose of this article I could give a bare catalogue of the work we do throughout the school starting from Form I and finishing with the Upper Sixth. This would give an opportunity for you to see what you have forgotten from the Junior School and

what you may or may not do if ever you get to the Sixth Form. Instead I will deal with the questions that pupils sometimes ask in the lessons, usually at an inappropriate time, or which they think about even if they do not ask them. "What part does Mathematics take in real life?" "What is the use of Algebra or Geometry (or any other branch of Mathematics)?" "Why should girls do Mathematics?" "Why is Mathematics so difficult?" "It's not as exciting as literature!"

The first question — "What part does Mathematics take in real life?" It is easy to see that as citizens you will be concerned with Arithmetic, balancing your accounts, paying income tax and rates and repaying loans for house purchase borrowed at compound interest. As we enter the atomic age more of you will obtain jobs requiring a lesser or greater degree of Mathematics — the design and navigation of an air-liner (or space ship), the production of a new plastic, the best way to market an article are all problems requiring many branches of Mathematics, including Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry and Calculus. You might ask "Why not deal with all these practical problems and leave out all the dull stuff?" The answer is that the so-called dull stuff consists of essential links leading on to further branches of Mathematics which will be of practical importance.

"Why should girls do Mathematics?" It is a pity that girls who ask this question do not consider its implication — it means either "Girls have an inferior brain to boys and therefore cannot be expected to understand Mathematics" or "Girls are destined to stay at home and bring up a family, so can be content with an inferior, or perhaps different, education from boys." I notice women asserting their equality very effectively and staying at home less than ever before. Also this school has a most honourable record of girls who have gone before you and reached the highest levels of Mathematics.

"Why is Mathematics so difficult?" This is because it deals with abstraction and generalities; for instance we are concerned with a cube as a cube and not whether it is of steel or copper, or white or red. As civilised beings we can understand what some savage tribes cannot, that three men, three apples, three mountains have a common characteristic "three". This is an abstraction. We can see that  $3 + 2 = 5$  without being concerned with whether they are men, apples or mountains. This is a generalisation. We carry the process further when we say that  $x$  stands for any number. In fact just as Arithmetic is a generalisation of counting, Algebra is a generalisation of Arithmetic. All this seems to many pupils a little remote and in the clouds, so we are always doing practical examples as well, to bring the subject down to earth.

The last question — "It's not as exciting as literature!" Literature deals with human relations and human relations are always exciting — sometimes too exciting. On the other hand, internal combustion engines, jet aircraft and space travel are exciting in a

different way; and Mathematics helps you to understand them and, understanding, to marvel at the ingenuity of the mind of men. Mathematics is one of the great achievements of man's mind. It is part of your heritage. We of the Mathematics department are trying to hand this on to you. Some of you are only too eager to learn but others in the modern phrase "couldn't care less" and they are the only losers.

A. F. Behmber.

### Thoughts on School

It isn't so much the journey I mind,—  
Though I start so early and leave things behind;  
    It isn't the rain, or the hail, or the snow  
    With everyone sneezing wherever I go;  
It isn't the queue for lunch that I hate  
Or being so hungry and having to wait;  
    It isn't the P.T. or games I dislike,—  
    It's the **homework**, when I could be riding my bike!  
Susan Fleming, 1C.

### Miss R. M. DUTTON

The last day of a school year is always an occasion in the life of a school and we greet it with a peculiar mixture of sadness and joy. Our natural joy last July was tempered by our having to say goodbye to two members of staff who have given many years of their lives to our school, Miss Dutton and Mrs. Collins.

The previous evening many generations of old students met in the school hall to wish them well in retirement and it was quite remarkable how many men and women felt it their pleasure to come. Miss Dutton joined our school on its first day of opening, in December 1930 and as a "foundation member" she has helped through all the years to direct the course it has taken and set it on its proper way. With previous teaching experience at Manchester High School and a good Cambridge degree behind her, she took charge of the history teaching immediately and has since continued to teach her subject with distinction. The many generations of pupils who have met Miss Dutton in those twenty-seven years have recognised in her a lady of deep culture and wide interests, with immense concern for each individual as a person. To her colleagues on the staff, she has shown herself to be wise in counsel, ever ready to help and advise, eschewing the spectacular and revolutionary, embodying in her character all the classical virtues of the *via media*. As a true historian, she has viewed society from every angle and can see the worth in many separate and conflicting ideas — indeed, to youthful enthusiasts she has at times

appeared to see more than all sides to a question — and yet no-one can forget her flaming rage over acts of injustice, national or personal.

To Miss Dutton our school owes much — how much, the present or any other single generation cannot assess. It is only by taking a look back over the whole life of our school that we can properly judge her work. And now that she has decided to retire from active work among us, let us mark well the worth of critical fair-mindedness, balanced judgment based on deep inquiry, and thank Miss Dutton for her fine example to all of us.

R.D.W.

### Mrs. L. J. COLLINS

Mrs. L. J. Collins joined our Staff in the autumn of 1941 when nearly all our Mathematics teachers had been called up. She had high academic qualifications, B.A. 2nd Class Honours in Mathematics from Queen Mary's College, London. She was at that time a teacher of considerable experience but marriage had caused a break in her career. In those far-off days before the war women teachers had to resign on marriage.

Mrs. Collins soon made her mark here and was at her best with Upper Sixth and Scholarship work. She had a flair for Geometry, particularly intricate and subtle examples in Conic Sections. When in full spate no blackboard was big enough for her. We all wish her many happy years of retirement. We note that she is still doing part time Sixth-Form teaching elsewhere mainly in the afternoon, but is enjoying peaceful mornings whilst we are all at work.

A. F. Behmber.

### UNIVERSITIES and CAREERS

This article is addressed to pupils in the lower school, Forms I, II and III just as much as to those in Forms IV, V and VI. Believe it or not, we have tremendous faith in you, in your abilities, in your good sense, in your willingness to work hard and in your determination to "get on!" Perhaps you find this hard to believe when you think of the way some of your work is criticised and literally torn to shreds. Yet it is possible for quite a lot of you to take advantage of the best training the country can give you, regardless of the wealth or poverty of your parents. The country's universities are there for people like you — provided you are prepared by hard work to fit yourself to go there and take your place among the nation's future leaders. There is no substitute for hard work, though, not even if you are a born genius. Without hard work you do not deserve success, but if you earn your place the best is yours for the taking.

The high birth-rate years are now coming into the grammar schools and the universities are planning considerable expansion to meet the demands on their accommodation five or six years ahead. But there is certain to be quite severe competition to get into universities — and very properly so. If you want to make your mark in the world, you must first earn your place in a university or similar college of advanced learning. Competition for entry for the next few years is bound to be severe because of the ending of compulsory National Service and these will be followed by the “bulge” years of high birth-rate.

A very common misunderstanding about university courses is that a student must necessarily study a subject he has done at school. This is certainly not so. A modern university organises courses in engineering (civil, mechanical or electrical), human studies, such as economics, banking and international trade. In fact, for an ever-increasing number of top jobs, the entrance ticket nowadays is a good university degree.

What qualities do the universities look for when choosing their students? It goes without saying that a reasonably good academic standard is necessary, and (very important indeed) a strong recommendation from the Headmaster of your school. But even more important sometimes is the quality of being truly “alive” — alive to the real world all around, alive to the world of art, music, literature, theatre, cinema, radio and T.V., politics and sport, alive to the world of ideas — as well as reasonably competent at expressing a few of your ideas in words.

We believe there are many pupils in the school who have it in them to leave their mark for good upon this world. We believe there are many of you who have enough determination and drive to get to a university and earn distinction. Whether you do succeed depends upon you yourself more than on anything else.

R.D.W.

## MUSIC NOTES

Our musical activities are again in full swing. It is hoped that a long-playing gramophone will arrive in the near future — perhaps by the time this appears in print. And then will also arrive the problem of stocking up with L.P. records. I much regret that I can never lend any personal support to the Music Club and Jazz Club as these always have their meetings when I am teaching — but perhaps one day.

Small audiences seem to be creeping into the hall for rehearsals of the Chamber Orchestra. An ambitious programme (which I hope they enjoy, and do not look on the rehearsals simply as a method of escape from the cold outside) includes the first movement of Mozart's Violin Concerto in D, the second movement of his Clarinet Concerto and Fauré's “Elégie” for 'cello and orchestra,

as well as the first movement of Beethoven's First Symphony. I would like to thank the few First Form boys who help to put up stands and set out chairs. They are doing an important job which is very much appreciated.

After a short suspension of activities, the Senior Choir seems to have re-formed successfully, and I hope it will give a good account of the choruses from "Elijah".

For a long time I have been looking forward to the day when we can perform some instrumental or vocal work composed by one of our pupils. Any offers?

W. Herrera.

### Rock 'n Roll

There's Elvis and Tommy, Bill Haley too,  
There's rocking and rolling (that's all they do)  
Once in the groove  
You can't help but move,  
And when you can jive  
You're always alive.  
The Proms and the Classics, they all are ignored;  
If listening to these teenagers are bored.  
What on earth would Bach or Beethoven say  
If they knew Rock 'n Roll is the craze to-day?

Linda Moon, 2B.

### JAZZ CLUB

At the time of going to press, the jazz club had just been re-formed. The first meeting featured Chris Barber's Jazzland, which proved to be very popular. Our intentions are to attract as many people as possible to our meetings, and with this aim in view we would appreciate your suggestions of bands which you would enjoy hearing most.

The exact time and place of meeting has not yet been decided, but this will be announced, together with details of the programme on the preceding morning.

As we are all agreed that music can best be appreciated in silence, we shall appreciate your co-operation in this matter.

D. A. Castle, R. Morgan, J. W. Sheather.

### FILM SOCIETY

At the time of writing this article there are still five more weeks of the autumn term left, during which we shall have shown some very interesting films, among them a colour under-water film

"Australia's Coral Wonderland" and excerpts from Henry V, the Battle of Agincourt scene, and from Julius Cæsar, the "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" scene.

By the start of this term the "novelty" of the film society had worn off, and we have been closely watching your reactions to each film, and as a result we have learnt a great deal. For example, you were impressed by "Foothold on Antarctic," the film from the Edinburgh Festival about the Trans-Antarctic expedition, but you were emphatically not interested in "Instruments of the Orchestra," an excellent film, though a little "travel worn;" our attendance for this film fell by more than a half. Our total attendance for each week has ranged from one hundred and twenty, at the height of the 'flu pandemic, to two hundred and twenty-five.

Having experienced what you do and do not like we hope that next term our programme will receive a favourable reception from you every week. I should like to stress that the object of the Film Society is to educate and to give you a broader background to your school career. Of course we hope that the films will also entertain you, but the primary aim of the Society is not to entertain but to educate. You can see entertainment films at your local cinema.

Next term we shall probably be forced to raise the price for admission into the Society, as, like everything else, our expenses have gone up. On an average a film costs one shilling for each minute's viewing. Taking each programme to be forty minutes in length and using the attendance figures previously stated, it will not take you long to realise that we have been running at a loss. How we overcome this is a "trade secret" which we have been falling back on too much this term and we cannot go on using indefinitely.

In conclusion I should like to thank Mr. Thorne, Kinnerley and Castledine who do so much for the Society.

Anthony M. Ingersent (Secretary), U6P.

### Springtime

In Springtime when the flowers bloom,  
And the birds all sing in tune  
I love to wander far and wide,  
About the pleasant countryside.

The little lambs are frisky and gay,  
And baby calves come out to play,  
In the meadows so green and fresh,  
A lovely picture of happiness.

G. A. Bellamy, 1A.



## JUNIOR HISTORY CLUB

This term many members have rejoined, and a large number of "First Formers" have also joined. We are also very pleased to have Miss Payne with us.

We have several new books in the History Library this term which have been popular with all who have read them. Many people have come to the Library this term but we would welcome an even bigger attendance.

A reading-circle has been formed with the aim of reading some of the new books from the Library. This circle is held in Room 9 on Mondays from 12.30 p.m. to about 12.50 p.m.

At the time of writing this passage a competition in 3 sections, 1, Models; 2, Drawings; 3, Scrapbooks or collections, is being held.

I am sure that all members will join me in thanking Miss Kerrigan for her inspiration in this Club.

Janet Jones, 3C (Secretary).

## MUSIC SOCIETY

As Secretary of this Society I have been asked to make a report of our success so far and to make clear our intentions for the future.

The Music Society intends first to bring to the school a wider range of music other than jazz (which is catered for by its own club), and "popular hits," which can be heard everyday on the radio, and secondly to show the school that so-called "classical" and "serious" music (with apologies to Mr. Herrera and Jazz Club for these ill-chosen words) can be enjoyed, is easy to listen to and does have plenty of rhythm and gusto.

We meet once a week on Monday evenings and the majority of our records have been and will be of the better known pieces, but their popularity does not mean that they are not good. Tchaikovsky's first Piano Concerto, played by Solomon, Dvorak's New World Symphony conducted by Toscanini and Beethoven's Piano Sonatas are excellent examples of what we have featured, but please do not get the idea that we shall not go in for the unusual, for we have in our "library" records such as a Guitar Concerto by Rodrigo and the record of the amusing Hoffnung Concert held at The Royal Festival Hall in 1956.

At our first meeting we had twenty people, at the second thirty-four and I trust the number will increase.

I should like to thank all those of you who have generously volunteered to allow us to use your records for our meetings.

Ian Gatford (Secretary).

## THE DISCUSSION GROUP

As a result of Mr. Reeves' kindling the spirit of free speech amongst the senior school, it has been possible, I am glad to say, to revive the discussion group. I shall attempt to summarise, in my own words, the first five meetings. I have added the phrase 'in my own words' because I should like to explain that any opinions I may express are my own, and that other members of the group may differ.

The topic for the first meeting was, 'That the country is dissatisfied with its two major political parties.' As it was the first meeting it took time in getting going, but after half an hour everyone was talking freely. It was obvious that the majority present were dissatisfied, but the problem was what to do about it. Some were in favour of abstention from voting, others favoured the formation of new parties, others proportional representation, while the majority looked to the Liberals. This brought in the question, 'Is it worth voting Liberal if they do not get in next time?' Again I think the majority thought it was. During the course of this discussion we also talked about communism and about trade unions.

The following week we discussed 'British Education.' As I think we can all claim to know something of this, the meeting was the most successful so far. The eleven plus examination was much discussed, but an interesting point was raised by Monica Hughes who asked the questions 'How much intelligence do we inherit from our parents?' and 'Is the power to acquire knowledge inherited?' We thought that the method of teaching languages is out-of-date and needs reviewing, with more stress on oral and less on grammatical work. Naturally grammar, secondary modern, technical and comprehensive schools were discussed, and an enjoyable meeting ended by agreeing that the following week's topic should be 'The monarchy.'

This was a controversial subject and the meeting turned out to be very stormy; as a result I fear that few useful facts were revealed by either side. If the country thinks as much as Drayton Manor appears to over this question then support for royalists is very weak. I hope that I shall be proved wrong when we take the vote at our first debate on November 22nd. As we feel this is the most controversial subject we have had so far we shall debate the motion that 'The monarchy is an institution which deserves our fullest support'.

At the discussion on 'Capital and corporal punishment' I feel it was a mistake to include the latter as it is a totally different problem from capital punishment. In this serious discussion a little light relief was brought in by Covington who proclaimed, 'I am in favour of hanging myself.' We hope he did not mean it. I am glad to say more people were opposed to hanging than were in favour of it.

When we discussed 'The equality of the sexes'. What might have been a dull meeting turned out successfully mainly owing to Miss Fine, who defended her own sex and whose powers of argument have almost become a legend in Drayton Manor. I think we are all against the equality of the sexes but the question is who shall have the upper hand or should the differences be equal and opposite as in the laws of action and reaction.

I hope that from what I have written you can see that our meetings have been great fun and I am sure we have all learned something from them, even if it is only that Harrison and I talk too much. I trust the society will continue to be successful and I thank all those who have taken part in the meetings each week.

Anthony M. Ingersent, U6P.

## FENCING CLUB

The Fencing Club re-opened in September after the summer term in which there were no meetings although we had a few matches. At the end of last term our captain, Jean Hart, was awarded full colours and half colours were awarded to Ann Jones, A. Ingersent, Monica Hughes, and A. Daglish.

This term the club was strengthened by the admission of many new members from the Fourth Form. Unfortunately we were forced to increase our subscriptions from 2/6 to 5/-. But we are pleased with the members' help and the club has been able to repair many foils by purchasing new blades for them. The equipment of the club is, however, by no means sufficient for its size. We hope to be able to enroll new members from the Third Form after Christmas, as an extra year's coaching would benefit future school teams.

This term the school team, Jean Hart, Monica Hughes, A. Daglish and R. Hodges, has played St. Clement Dane's School and Wandsworth School. Although we lost both these matches our scores have improved through experience gained last term. We hope to do better in our pending matches against St. Benedict's, St. Clement Dane's and the Lycée Français de Loudres.

Monica Hughes (Secretary).

## CHESS

This season the school has arranged many more friendly matches in order to keep the school team in constant practice. This proved a great success. The team made a magnificent start to the season by gaining an overwhelming victory over Isleworth County, 6 games to nil. In the interval between this and our next league match the school were twice victorious over Bishopshalt. We were however unlucky to be drawn against a William Ellis team in the

first round of a "Sunday Times" Competition. We drew 3 — 3 but owing to an age-handicap, were knocked out of the competition. We continued the season by winning a league match over St. Benedict's and a friendly against Preston Manor. Whilst Day and Turner maintained their consistent records, Fountain and Wells improved the standard of their play with each match. The most successful member of our team this term, however, is Crouch who is so far unbeaten and has really improved on his previous year's play.

This term there has been an encouraging increase in the talent of our juniors, thus providing a bright future for School Chess matches. As usual many thanks must be given to Anne Egginson and Joyce Pratt for their efficient managing of the refreshments.

#### Results :

- v. Isleworth County (A) 6 — 0, Win.
- v. Bishopshalt (H) 4 — 2, Win.
- v. William Ellis (H) 3 — 3, Draw.
- v. Bishopshalt (A)  $4\frac{1}{2}$  —  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , Win.
- v. St. Benedict's (A)  $3\frac{1}{2}$  —  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , Win.
- v. Preston Manor (H) 6 — 0, Win.

D. J. Adams (Chess Secretary and Captain).

### MIDDLESEX GRAMMAR SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC MEETING

On Wednesday, July 10th the Annual Schools' Athletic Meeting was held at Southall Municipal Sports Ground. As usual we put in a team and out of 32 competitors, the School had four winners, four seconds and seven thirds, a very creditable result indeed.

In the Junior Section only Stammwitz gained a place when he finished 3rd in the Long Jump. In the Middle Section there were a number of places gained:

Edwards — 1st in 100 yds.

Kemp — 3rd in 220 yds.

Bragg — 2nd in 440 yds.

Allebone — 1st in Discus.

Middle Relay — 2nd.

In the Senior Section Morgan did not throw the Javelin as well as was expected owing to a back injury and finished only second. As usual Bowers won the 100 yds. and in doing so equalled the record. Philp did well by winning the High Jump and coming 3rd in the 880 yds. Other places were:

Durn — 3rd in 220 yds.

Drane — 2nd in 440 yds.

Hartman — 3rd in Discus.

Bowers — 3rd in Long Jump.

Senior Relay — 3rd.

M. Keates.

## CROSS COUNTRY

On Saturday, 26th October, a team was entered in the Thames Valley Schools' Invitation Cross Country Race over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles at Cranford. The School finished 11th out of 28 schools. There were 151 runners and the School obtained the following places:

R. Pierce	38th
L. Kaye	5th
A. Jones	52nd
M. Keates	59th
C. Boddy	114th
L. Covington	132nd

M. Keates (Captain).

### School and a Test

School again! School again!  
Work again! Work again!  
No more happy holiday,  
At school I have to stay.

A test! A test!  
O what a pest!  
Think, Think, Think,  
O I've run out of ink.

The ceiling! The ceiling!  
O dear it is peeling!  
O for the new  
Ceiling that's blue.

Back to my test  
I'll do my best.  
One more side,  
By then I'll have tried.

Time's nearly up,  
O my what a pup  
I see from the window!  
My marks will be low.

I've done it! I've done it!  
Look, there's a bluetit,  
O dear I do day-dream.  
O I could scream!

Myra Ledbury, 1B.

## ATHLETICS

Last term a girls' athletics meeting was held at Thames Valley school in Twickenham: this was the first time that an event for the girls' grammar schools had taken place so the whole team was very enthusiastic.

Apart from the fact that the girls have never officially handled a javelin or discus before they did extremely well; this was partly due to the excellent coaching Mr. Cherry gave at such short notice.

One person was entered in each event in all age groups: juniors — under 14, intermediates — 14-16, seniors — over 16. For the first years there were a 100 yards, and relay races.

### Results

High Jump — senior — B. Reeves — 3rd.  
— inter — P. Keefe — 1st.  
— junior — C. Jackson — 2nd.

Long Jump — senior — P. Martin — 1st.  
— inter — V. Bailey — 3rd.  
— junior — M. Simmons — 4th.

Discus — senior — L. Moore — 1st.  
— inter — P. Hill — 4th.  
— junior — A. Benson — 3rd.

Javelin — senior — R. Harrison — 3rd.  
— inter — S. Brand — 4th.  
— junior — E. Pead — 3rd.

150 yds. — senior — E. Reeves — 1st.  
— inter — H. Sewell — 1st.

100 yds. — senior — P. Martin — 1st.  
— inter — P. Hill — 5th.  
— junior — C. Jackson — 5th.  
— first-year — E. Morris-Ross — 1st.

Hurdles — senior — L. Branch — 2nd.  
— inter — C. Sims — 3rd.  
— junior — M. Simmons — 3rd.

Relay — senior — V. Starkey, P. Martin, E. Reeves, R. Harrison — 5th.  
— inter — A. Sewell, E. Neilson, L. Moore, P. Hill — 3rd.  
— junior — J. Covington, A. Benson, S. Selby, C. Jackson — disqualified.  
— first-year — E. Morris-Ross, M. Simmons, J. Pamment, R. Bawcombe — 1st.

Drayton Manor was placed third with  $66\frac{1}{2}$  points. Next year we hope to have even further success as the meeting will be held on our home ground.

Jean Hart.

## FIRST CRICKET XI

The School First XI enjoyed a very successful season in which seven games were won and one drawn out of a total of eleven games played. The season began with four consecutive wins, the most convincing being the games in which we dismissed Acton for a total of thirteen, Adams and Pratt taking 4 for 6 and 5 for 7 respectively.

Our most enjoyable match was undoubtedly against the Parents who, despite their years, gave the School a far from easy victory. For the first time in several years, we achieved a victory over the Phoenicians thanks to an undaunted innings of 33 by Kemp.

The bowling was always sound and reliable, especially that of Adams and Pratt; the mainstay of our batting was provided by Philp, Kemp and Adams, who all completed their hundred runs for the season.

Behind the stumps, Philp enhanced his reputation by some incredible fielding and was ably supported by Crabtree.

**Catches:** Philp 12; Crabtree 10; Morgan, Pratt, 4; Adams 3; Bragg, Keates, 2; Boddy, Buckland, Latham, 1.

I should also like to congratulate Adams on his selection to play for Middlesex Grammar Schools XI when still only a Fifth-Former.

C. Boddy (Secretary).

### Africa

Of many lands I've heard and read,  
Of nations living, nations dead,  
    But Africa is the land for me  
    With mountains high and waving tree  
Rolling plains and rivers wide  
Dingy swamps where terrors hide.

Of Africa great tales are told  
Of mighty lion, brave and bold,  
    Of tall giraffe and leopard fast  
    That roam across the grassland vast,  
Tales of the deer that jumps and runs  
And how the night with insects hums.

This is the land that I like most  
With swirling waves that wash the coast  
    Where man is slave and plant is might,  
    Where creeping beasts rule the night.  
Although man mightiest thing is named  
Africa is yet untamed.

R. Farley, 4A.

## SECOND XI CRICKET TEAM

On the whole the team played very well and we managed to win about half of our matches; we made an excellent start to the season in our first match against Gunnersbury where we scored 78-6 declared and then dismissed them quite cheaply.

As usual the team was never the same for consecutive weeks as players were regularly being called upon for first-team service. It was a very enjoyable season and the team spirit was admirable.

Unfortunately, owing to the disappearance of the score-book, I am unable to give a more detailed report.

Jack Lafford (Vice-Captain).

## JUNIOR XI CRICKET

The Junior XI cricket team did not have a very successful season owing to bad fielding and lack of batsmen. We got off to a good start by beating Gunnersbury by two wickets and Willesden by one wicket, but failed in our next match against Acton.

We were rather unlucky not to win our match against Pinner away. We won the toss and put them into bat. Gilbert opened the bowling and with his fourth ball he took a wicket. With Edgell bowling steadily from the other end we were soon on top, but owing to a seventh wicket partnership Pinner managed to reach 71. We replied well but time was not on our side and we needed seven runs when the final ball was bowled. Gilbert's final figures were 6 wickets for 8 runs.

### Results:

- v. Gunnersbury at home — Gunnersbury 54 (Edgell 6 for 13). Drayton Manor 55 for 8. Result — Won by 2 wickets.
- v. Willesden at home — Willesden 48. Drayton Manor 49 for 9. Result — Won by 1 wicket.
- v. Acton at home — Acton 33 (Bond 8 for 14). Drayton Manor 21. Result — Acton won by 12 runs.
- v. Ealing at home — Drayton Manor 39. Ealing 40 for 8. Result — Ealing won by 2 wickets.
- v. Chiswick away — Chiswick 120 for 3 dec. Drayton Manor 87 for 7 (Bond 35, Jones 22). Result — Drawn.
- v. Southall away — Drayton Manor 16. Southall 17 for 3. Result — Southall won by 7 wickets.
- v. Pinner away — Pinner 71 (Gilbert 6 for 8). Drayton Manor 64 for 5. Result — Drawn.
- v. Wembley at home — Wembley 84. Drayton Manor 44 for 5. Result — Drawn.
- v. Greenford at home — Greenford 64. Drayton Manor 50. Result — Greenford won by 14 runs.
- v. Isleworth away — Isleworth 54. Drayton Manor 50. Result — Isleworth won by 4 runs.

G. Bond (Captain).



## TENNIS

The tennis teams had a very bad season this year. We had one mixed doubles match this year against Walpole, away. The team was: first couple R. Morgan and Jean Hart, second couple Mary Gurney and D. Philp and the third couple Alma Bird and Dolorzo; this match was lost by 5 sets to 4.

### Colours:

Re-awards: Jean Hart, Mary Gurney. New awards: Alma Bird, June Sabat. Half-award: Margaret Webster.

The teams would like to thank the mistresses who gave up their time to accompany them.

### Results:

First team: played 4, won 0, lost 4, games for 130, against 174.

Second team: played 4, won 0, lost 4, games for 107, against 185.  
Mary Gurney (Captain).

## ROUNDERS

The teams were keen and enjoyed some success..

### Results:

U14 Team: played 4, won 1, lost 3, drawn 0, rounders for 14½, against 23½.

U13 Team: played 4, won 2, lost 2, drawn 0, rounders for 22, against 18½.

M. Gurney.

## FIRST XI FOOTBALL

As I predicted, the young side, which was not very successful last year, has strengthened and with the experience gained from last season, has improved tremendously. Although there is still a lot of room for improvement, we have proved ourselves one of the strongest sides in the district.

We started the season badly by losing to Bishopshalt, whose superior fitness was shown in the second half when they scored five goals, the score at half time being 0 — 0. However, we learned by our mistakes and won the next four games. We then had two hard games against Preston Manor and Greenford County, which we lost. We seem to have regained our previous form by winning our last two games. I hope that our run of success will continue throughout the season.

Now that the team is doing quite well I see no reason why we should not have more supporters at our home games, as I am sure we should play better if we had some support from the school.

The record of games played so far is as follows:

- v. Bishopshalt — Lost 0 — 5.
- v. Ealing County — Won 4 — 3.
- v. Acton County — Won — 10 — 3.
- v. Wembley County — Won 4 — 1.
- v. Walpole County — Won 7 — 2.
- v. Preston Manor — Lost 1 — 3.
- v. Greenford County — Lost 3 — 4.
- v. Ashford County — Won 6 — 3.
- v. Spring Grove — Won 5 — 1.

Played 9, won 6, lost 3, goals for 40, goals against 25.

R. Morgan (Captain).

Congratulations to Morgan on his selection for the Middlesex Grammar Schools' "A" Football XI — T.E.C.

## SECOND XI FOOTBALL

The season, so far, has been moderately successful. Following our inevitable defeat by Bishopshalt, we have alternated our losses with wins. The results to date are: played 6, won 3, lost 3, goals for 16, goals against 20.

We have found this season a safe and dependable goalkeeper in Adams; many of the conceded goals having been due to defensive errors. The playing of Hartman and Baldwin in the full-back positions has been solid, also that of the half-back line.

What the team lacks most is cohesion between the defence and the forward line, and the lack of effective wingers. We hope that before very long these faults will be corrected and the team will be the better for it.

J. Copas.

## BOYS' HOCKEY

The boys' hockey seems to be improving this year. We have many Fifth Formers who have already experience of inter-school hockey, in fact, they provide six or seven players out of the eleven. The season is not fully underway for us yet, as we have played only three matches, that is at time of publication, but we have dropped only one point against Kilburn, and I feel that if we win our match against Hayes Hockey Club, we should have a very successful season.

As far as matches are concerned, we have played 3, won 2, drawn 1, lost 0; goal average for 10, against 5.

The team this year is almost unchanged. There have been positional changes, but nothing drastic. Our top goal scorer is centre-forward David Adams, with a grand total of seven goals in three matches; he had six goals in the first two games, scoring hat-tricks both games. Our centre-half, Brian Crabtree, is worthy of a special

note. He is really a footballer and plays right-back in the first eleven, but whenever the games do not clash, he plays for us, and is a pillar of strength in the defence, and also a great comfort to the younger members of the team who know that he can be relied upon. Another strong and steady player is Peter Pratt. He is an "Old Boy" now but that does not stop him from giving up his Saturday to come and play for us, and he is invaluable as a good "stopper". We have another good "stopper", thank goodness, in our goal-keeper, Ronald Lott. Never rattled when there is pressure, he actually plays his best in a fierce attack when he comes storming out of his goal, shouting at the top of his voice, and then he takes an almighty swipe at the ball which careers off up the pitch, completely clearing his lines. An altogether worthy "warrior".

Our reserve centre-half, and general man-of-all-work is the secretary, Chris Hopkins. He is a Fifth Former, small in height, but well built and certainly all there. He is a regular member of the team, both as a half-back and an inside forward, and is one of those persons who is the back-bone of the team, always reliable. A Form mate of his, Gerald Winder, is our regular right-back and has saved the team in many a sticky situation.

As for the rest, there is our regular left-winger, Barry Allebone, who not only centres the ball at the correct times, but also scores as well. Our two regular inside forwards, Michael Nutley and Ray Nicholls, have both scored, and I hope they continue to do so. Michael Hodges is making great strides as a half-back. It is his first season of inter-school hockey, and he is doing very well indeed, and if he continues, should be a very good player.

Bob Peirce is our reserve, a defence man who can always be relied upon to be there; though he does make a habit of missing the ball, he never disgraces himself and is always jovial at any time. I play on the right wing myself and make up the number of one of the best teams we have ever had. If we win our next match, then I have no fears for the rest of the season and we should do very well.

Next year the team will be the same again but with one asset, another year's hockey behind them, and they will be very good indeed. I wish them the best of luck.

David R. Worsley (Captain).

### The Dog in The Park

The dog in the park is a cross-breed,  
A cross between corgi and hound,  
The gleam in his eye,  
Looks ever so sly,  
And his nose always touches the ground.

Susan Wenborn, 1A.

## HITCH-HIKING TO CORNWALL

It was late on a wet October Saturday night, when Covy and I set out for Cornwall. We were travelling light, taking only our sleeping bags and a tent on our backs, and trusting to luck we wouldn't need anything else. It stopped raining at about nine and so we made our way to the main road to the West, and began walking.

Before very long a car pulled up, and we piled into the back. The driver was a very amiable character, and he went out of his way to take us as far as London airport. We thanked him and continued walking.

We walked for well over an hour before another car drew up. It was an old Ford 8, which looked as though it was going to fall apart at any minute, but we were very glad of it. We weren't altogether surprised when it broke down, nor were we very pleased because we had to get out and push. After we'd pushed it for about two miles, it roared into life, and we sank into our seats, wiping the perspiration from our faces, thinking our troubles were over. We realised our mistake when the thing stopped again. Even the driver had to admit we weren't likely to travel much further in it, so he settled down for the night in the back seat, and we clambered into the back of a passing van. That took us as far as Bagshott where there was an all-night café, so we had a cup of tea, and looked around to see if we could get a lift. One gentleman offered to take us to Dorchester, and we gratefully accepted his offer.

We arrived there at four o'clock in the morning; it was cold and silent, but at least it wasn't raining. We thanked the owner for his kindness, and set down to wait for an all-night lorry. We were there for two hours without any luck at all, and we decided to keep walking for warmth. As we walked out into the country again, dawn broke above us, and we were soon warmed by the early morning sunshine.

We could hardly believe our luck when an army jeep screeched to a halt, but we didn't hesitate in getting aboard. There was only a little space in the back and, when we started travelling at around eighty, we were hanging on for dear life. We hurtled round corners, and up and down hills at a fantastic speed. I really enjoyed it.

We had quite a long walk then, but we didn't mind because it was a glorious day, and the countryside was really attractive in its autumn colours. A car drew up, and we were making ourselves comfortable in the back before it had stopped. It suddenly dawned on us that it was a police car, and so we quickly got out again. Evidently two Borstal boys had escaped from a prison nearby, and we were under suspicion. We were asked to identify ourselves, and answer hundreds of questions — we were even searched. It took

us nearly half-an-hour to convince them who we were. They were very decent about it, however, and we had a lift into the next town.

We had several other interesting 'lifts' including a farm trailer, pulled by a tractor, which smelt of pigs, and eventually drove into Polperro in the highest of spirits. It had taken us seventeen hours to get there from London.

Polperro is a very pretty village nestling in the hills of Cornwall, and everything about it is very rural and peaceful; we felt very glad to be back there. We visited all our friends, and visited all the old haunts, and then made our way up to the cliffs to sleep. Neither of us had slept for over thirty-six hours, so we had no difficulty in falling asleep, despite the crashing of the breakers below us.

We arose at eight the next morning, cooked ourselves some "bangers and beans," and went back to the village; we passed a very pleasant day just pottering about, and at six o'clock we set off for home.

We reached Plymouth easily, and from there we had a couple of lifts out into the wilds. We began walking through the pitch darkness, and it began to rain heavily. We were wet, hungry, and cold, and we didn't get a lift for nine hours; we began to feel dispirited for the first time. We sheltered at the back of an old pub' for several hours, but it was impossible to sleep. To our great joy and relief, as dawn was breaking, a lorry drew up, and we managed to get warm again in the cab. We were dropped at a café where we had a meal, and as the sun rose, our spirits quickly returned.

We got a lift from there in a highly expensive car which took us nearly to Exeter, and very soon afterwards we were lucky again. A van stopped, and the driver announced that he was going to London — we were inside before he had finished speaking. We got to know him very well over the two hundred miles home, and we parted like old friends.

I couldn't help feeling a sense of triumph as we roared into London; we had travelled five-hundred miles in two days, and the whole journey had cost us sixpence for the ferry at Plymouth.

M. J. Fisher, 6 Lower.

### The Cottage

I saw it in the distance,  
That pretty cottage small,  
With roses in the garden,  
And hollyhocks so tall.

With rust-red roof and chimney-pot,  
And door so small and green,  
That is the sweetest cottage,  
That I have ever seen.

J. Stone, 2B.

## BELLS and BELFRIES

Bells have played a large part in the life of man since before the time of Christ, although early bells were most probably metal plates screwed or bolted together. Cast bells as we know them today were not introduced until the thirteenth century. The oldest known bell in the London diocese was cast in 1380 by William Burford of Aldgate and is still frequently rung at Cranford.

The uses of bells naturally fall into two divisions of religious and secular.

In pre-Reformation days the ringing of bells was much more general than in later times, the usual number in each church being at least two large bells and one little or "Saunce" bell; many had three, four or five large bells and sundry small and handbells.

They rang not only to give notice of the services, but to mark the time, thus answering the purpose of a clock: moreover, different methods of ringing marked each particular service.

Even today our public clocks would prove not half their worth if the bells that chime the passing hours were silent.

Although generally regarded as a post-Reformation use, there is evidence that a bell was rung to give Notice of a Sermon, in Mediaeval times. Even in modern times it is the usual practice, after ringing the bells for service, to toll the tenor bell for a few minutes to denote the preaching of a sermon.

Many bells are inscribed with their use; for example, at *Wednesbury*:

"I will sound and resound to Thee; O Lord,  
To call Thy people to Thy Word."

and at *Banbury* and elsewhere:

"I ring to sermon with lusty bome,  
That all may come and none stay at home."

The Sunday mid-day peals are singularly perplexing. In some cases they are rung to announce an afternoon or evening service and in others it is a survival of "Knolling of the Aves."

Elsewhere, it is called the "Leaving-off" bell, supposed to warn servants that their master and mistress were leaving church!

The "Passing" bell is of ancient usage, and many quaint and interesting references could be quoted. It was the intention in tolling this bell to invoke prayers of its hearers for a person dying, and who was not yet dead. To use the ancient couplet:

"Come list and harke, The bell doth towle  
For some but new departing Sowle."

It is curious that while the "Passing" bell is no longer rung, the "death Knell" remains, and in many places it is the custom to announce the sex of deceased — generally three strokes for a man, and two for a woman, sometimes thrice repeated (as in the "Nine Tailors," by Dorothy L. Sayers).

For a child, a smaller bell is rung. Bell inscriptions to this use are common:

“ When I toll, the Lord serve the Soul  
When you die, aloud I cry.”

The villages of old times announced fires by ringing their bells backwards, and at Sherbone there is a bell inscribed:

“ Lord quench this furious flame,  
Arise, run, help put out the same.”

Alas, in these days of rushed speed, many of the old-time customs are dying out.

Let us never forget, however that:

“ Where'er the sweet church bell rings —  
Over hill and dale,”

they are . . .

“ The bells that tell a thousand tales,  
Sweet tales of olden time!”

A. Baker, 4C.

## A CONTINENTAL JOURNEY

Tired of the dismal routine of a British scholar's life, we decided that a holiday abroad would be more rewarding than a holiday at home.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, we decided that this would have to be a cheap holiday. Therefore, we decided to hitch-hike.

On the evening of the 22nd of July we arrived in Paris, loaded with camping kit, in two massive rucksacks. The problem of accommodation was soon solved by a grass verge. We were awakened, the following morning, by the incoherent chatter of passing workmen, and were soon on our way. After a couple of short lifts, we had the good fortune to obtain a further lift, in a long-distance lorry, all the way to Marseilles. On the journey we found, much to our dismay, that we could neither understand nor be understood by the French driver, a common occurrence throughout the trip.

On arrival in Marseilles we were bathed in the glorious sunshine and heat in which we were to spend the next week. During this time we toured the Côte d'Azur, until the oppressive heat drove us from Cannes to Geneva.

Crossing the French Alps was a breathtaking experience, never to be forgotten. Usually the formalities at the border posts were very brief, our passports not even being stamped, probably because we were British. Geneva was in “Grande Fête” when we arrived; fireworks were thrown everywhere, and the famous “Jet d'Eau” was illuminated by coloured floodlights. The camping ground in Geneva was well supplied with every convenience and absolutely free, which was unusual.

We crossed Switzerland in twenty-four hours, after having been given a lift by an American serviceman in a Chevrolet. Switzerland in the summer is very similar to the English countryside, and is, in our opinion, the most beautiful of all the countries we

visited. We re-entered France at Basle, an ancient town of international reputation. Once again in France we were offered a lift to Gaarbrücken, capital of the Saar, a small European state. World Wars have left the scars of battle in this German-speaking, beer-drinking country. Many of the older houses show evidence of much fierce fighting, the walls and roofs gaping with shell-holes. However, the people are extremely jovial and carefree, and most hospitable.

We then journeyed to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, where the well-known radio station is situated. In Luxembourg most European currencies are accepted, and often when tendering notes in one currency we received change in another. Fellow-travellers were very friendly towards us, a good example being a Dutch couple who offered us a lift to Brussels. They kept us well-fed, and found a suitable camping place for us on the outskirts of Brussels.

We saw little of Brussels, as we were soon on the road again. We soon discovered that Belgium is not an ideal country for hitch-hiking, for only the upper classes own a car. In spite of this, we obtained a lift in a French commercial truck to the Franco-Belgian border at Mauberge.

From the border it was a straight road to Paris, but we found that the lorry-drivers expected payment for a lift. We travelled in a large Dutch truck with a trailer, which picked up many more hitch-hikers on the way to Paris. There were eventually about twenty on board when we arrived at Paris. Together with two Swedes, two Germans and two Dutch boys we tried to obtain accommodation at the Youth Hostel in Paris but there were no vacancies. So it was necessary for us to spend the night on a rubbish dump in the centre of Paris. Early the next morning we boarded the train at the Gare du Nord and began our journey home after fifteen glorious days.

Generally speaking we considered our holiday very worth while and would like to recommend it to anybody who does not mind "roughing it" for a cheap and most enjoyable holiday.

M. Day, J. Forse, 6 Lower, Science.

### A Child Wonders

The sky is blue,  
The clouds are white,  
I wonder what colour they are by night.  
Are they green or are they grey,  
Or perhaps a little yellow gay?  
Where do the stars go at the dawn?  
From where comes the sun in the morn?  
After the night so dark and long,  
Out come the birds, to sing their song.

Winifred Happer, 1B.



## THE UNEXPECTED

There it was, there was the creature he had come so far into the jungle to capture. It seemed to be waiting for him, lying there in the swamp. He had to be careful though; the swamp was a treacherous place, but he had to catch this creature. So, carefully, he began to advance towards it through the swamp, sinking in it nearly up to his knees. It was not a very pleasant sensation, feeling the slimy mud ooze away from beneath his feet, but the thought of capturing this rare animal drove him on, heedless of the danger. The creature was lying there with its hard scales glistening in the hot sun, and its dark, protruding eyes glinting with evilness. Now and again, as a gnat flew by, it snapped at it with its long jaws, revealing dozens of pointed, sharp, cruel-looking teeth, and then lay still again, having a cold, wicked majesty of its own.

All the time the hunter was getting nearer and nearer, keeping his eyes fixed unmovingly on the creature, as it lay there sunning itself. He was close to it now, if only it doesn't see him . . . if only. . . Suddenly, he pounced! And with a quick flick of the wrist he picked it up by the tail and popped it into his jam-jar.

Annette Foreshow, 5C.

## A HOLIDAY IN CYPRUS

From Port Said, Egypt, where we were living for two years, we boarded the "Empire Comfort" and set out across the shimmering Mediterranean for the then peaceful Cyprus. Our crossing was very calm with only a slight swell, but, if I remember correctly, I was very sick. The next day we arrived at Famagusta where we boarded a rather rickety bus which was to take us right up to the mountains to Troodos which is about 5,000 feet above sea level. I remember, as the bus twisted and turned around hairpin bends and along paths with precipitous drops, seeing mountainsides covered with acre upon acre of green grapes, and donkeys laden with panniers of walnuts being driven along the stony road. Groggily, we dismounted from the bus and found ourselves in a cool grove of tall pine trees looking out upon beautiful mountains. We were to live in tents, about the size of small marquees, and it was a lovely experience to sleep breathing the scent of pine needles.

There were many things to do during the day, but the thing I enjoyed most was with my friend riding on donkeys to various little Cypriot villages along narrow paths, to collect souvenirs to take home with us. The Cypriots seemed especially fond of wood-carving and embroidery, and many was the time we had an irate donkey-owner chasing us for keeping his animals out too long.

This stay in the fresh mountain district, however, was not to finish our holiday, for we had yet a week to spend in Famagusta, by the Mediterranean. I cannot remember this period very clearly,

but one thing stands out in my memory, and that is the beautiful multi-coloured sea. It seemed almost impossible that so many colours of blues and greens could exist in one stretch of water; they were caused by the many sandbanks which we found very useful when swimming to land on if we became tired. My friend and I had great fun canoeing as well, for canoes could be hired for several hours for one Cypriot shilling. This part of our holidays, though, was somewhat spoiled by an electric storm which lasted a long while, and after a day or two, we reluctantly left the fresher climate of Cyprus, to return to the scorching heat of Egypt again.

Anne Thomson, 6 Lower, Modern.

### Mary of Scots

The place was filled with an eerie light,  
The stairs began to creak,  
Mary of Scots had entered my room,  
A headless form in the grey-black gloom;  
And I did not bless  
Our Good Queen Bess,  
For causing poor Mary's plight.

Lynda Concannon, 2A.

## FROM FEUDAL STATE TO WORLD POWER IN FORTY YEARS

At the beginning of the twentieth-century the living standards for the vast majority of Russians were comparable with those of fourteenth-century England.

The undernourished peasants were treated little better than serfs by a despotic Tsarist régime. The seeds of discontentment therefore were already firmly sown amongst the working classes of the Russian Empire. It is hardly surprising, then, that after the humiliating defeats which Imperial Russia suffered in the Russo-Japanese war (1904-5) the first Russian revolution occurred. After violent riots the Imperial Government capitulated, promising reform and democracy, and for a while the workers were appeased, through the years, however, the Tsar's government gradually returned to its previous despotism.

In 1914 Russia, like most European countries, entered the Great War and after initial successes suffered badly, both economically and politically. As a result by 1917 the Russian workers were worse off than ever; revolution was inevitable, and on the 8th day of March hungry crowds began looting food and crying anti-government slogans. Troops sent to quell the rioters often joined their civilian comrades in the fight to overthrow a corrupt government, and in cities throughout Russia spontaneous demonstrations occurred. On March 14th the revolution was practically over and the

Tsar had been forced to abdicate, eventually to be murdered. In this same month there returned to Russia an exile, Vladimir Ulianov, better known under the pseudonym, Lenin. At Petrograd railway station he was met by an enthusiastic crowd of fellow Bolsheviki. These were a political minority in Russia who believed in Marx's theories and wished to build a new classless society. If they had expected Lenin's praise they were mistaken for in his eyes the real revolution from which a Marxist society would evolve had yet to come. Such views, however, were not popular and Lenin found himself first neglected and finally hunted. Time alone proved the truth of Lenin's words and eventually the factory workers, who formed the bulk of the Bolshevik party, formed themselves in "the councils of working-class organisations;" such councils were known as "soviets" and accepted Lenin's leadership. By November, the second revolution was ready and the soviets announced that they had taken over the Government. Troops in Petrograd joined them, and Kerensky, hitherto Prime Minister, fled. It was owing to the complacency and apathy of the majority of Russians that the Bolsheviki seized power with so little bloodshed. This second revolution, however, was not a spontaneous uprising of the people but the carefully planned action of a minority of fanatics devoted to the cause of Marxism, desiring, even above political democracy, economic democracy. By this they understood the complete redistribution of capital and the abolition of private ownership.

But Lenin realised that Socialism by democratic means was impossible since the industrial proletariat was at that moment a very small minority. He was, however, determined to enforce his views upon the Russians and therefore created "the dictatorship of the proletariat." Thus the first Communist régime under Lenin was as despotic as that of the late Tsar.

When the World War ended in 1918 various European powers offered assistance to anti-Communist factions and civil war again raged throughout Russia. In 1920, however, at the expense of losing her Baltic provinces, Communist rule was firmly established throughout the Russian Empire. A certain amount of private enterprise remained, for the peasant farmers had refused to grow crops unless they were allowed at least a small amount of personal profit.

In 1924 when Stalin succeeded Lenin the dictatorial powers of the Communist élite were increased; private enterprise was completely abolished and the small peasant holdings became large collective farms and, under an Economic Policy known as the Five-Year Plan, Russian industry and agriculture prospered to such an extent that by 1939 the U.S.S.R. was a major world power.

During the Second World War Russia, like most countries involved, suffered considerably. She did, however, benefit from the war. For when the Wermacht retreated the flood of Communism flowed at its heels and used the opportunity to "liberate," permanently, many eastern European countries. Thus when Stalin died

he left a Russia which was greater than ever before, and second only to the United States.

Today under Nikita Khrushchev the power of the U.S.S.R. is, in terms of scientific achievement, steel production, etc., possibly the greatest in the world; in terms of political liberty and the well-being of the population, however, she must surely rank the most backward in the world.

B. Crabtree, 6 Lower, Science.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF PARTICIPATION

I am sometimes asked why I waste Saturday mornings playing soccer for the Second XI, when I could save the time, effort and money for less arduous pleasures; or why I spend some evenings, training for the school cross-country run when I could be taking a girl out.

My reply to these questions is that I get pleasure from participating and representing my House or School, and that is what matters most, not to enter for an event only if one has a chance of winning or if one will benefit financially, but to participate, knowing that one hasn't a chance of winning. One notices that the biggest cheer in the cross-country run — goes to the last man in, because he has been brave enough to run, even though his friends have laughed at his attempt.

Character is built up by the simple process of participation, and this is important in later life.

When one reaches the stage of meeting the challenge of participation and striving to do one's best and, at the same time, enjoying one's experience, whether one is first or last, then one is entering the sacred land of true sportsmanship.

R.Cole, 5C.

### DYING EMBERS

He could make out the face — a queer, distorted visage which shone with a fiery, red, menacing glow one minute and promptly disappeared into pitch darkness the next. He could see the eyes; he fancied they were glittering with vengeful spite as the light flickered eerily. A fascinated, hypnotic trance grasped him as he gazed on the face which remained motionless. The body belonging to the face was also still. It seemed to stand with a dejected look suggesting apathy.

The rather stout, vaguely uneven figure was clad in ragged clothes and had an old coat round his shoulders. The watcher felt uneasy.

Behind the figure all was dark and indistinguishable and the air had a heavy smoky atmosphere.

Suddenly he jumped as up above the ominous head a brilliant green light flashed and was gone in the same instant. He looked again on the face. The expression had changed to an intent stare. Was it his imagination, or had the face come nearer to him? The whole body had slumped forward, and, watching it, he suddenly felt his face very hot and he heard a loud crackling noise. As he watched, an orange light enveloped the figure and it was gone. The heat and light died down and it was then that someone yelled, "That's the last of the guy. Hurrah for Guy Fawkes!"

Audrey Draper, 4C.

### November Fifth

The sky is light as in the day  
Yet it is night, "How strange," you say.  
A bang, a flash, a sudden burst  
Of coloured stars, appear at first,  
A spurt of flame, a shout of joy:  
The warmth of fire, a smoky boy.  
To-day is long. For night we pray.  
Hurrah! For this is Guy Fawkes' Day.

Aileen Ensor, 3B.

### SLAUGHTER

The lioness crept stealthily through the undergrowth, her soft paws making no sound as she neared the springbok. When she was a few yards from her unsuspecting prey, she stopped for a few seconds, crouched and leapt. The delicate creature collapsed under her weight. She mauled her prey until she was satisfied that it was definitely dead.

Suddenly there came frightened cries and shrieks from the tree-tops. The lioness turned her head and looked behind her. She could see nothing but she knew what was frightening the other animals — it was man! Now she could hear the clumsy footsteps of the hunter coming nearer. In a moment he would step into the clearing. Her eyes squinting, she waited. Then he appeared, a tall well-built man carrying a rifle. He looked as frightened as a scared rabbit, as though he was being followed by someone or something which he was very much afraid of.

As he came running through the clearing, the lioness gave a mighty roar. The man stopped dead in his tracks, his face white and his hands trembling as he felt for the trigger of his rifle. As he raised his rifle slowly to take aim, the lioness crouched and leapt just as the gun fired. The bullet seared her side, only to infuriate her. The man and the animal engaged in a tremendous tussle. The lioness tore at his face and body with her razor-sharp claws. The man eventually collapsed in agony and exhaustion.

His cheek was gashed, his left eye ripped to pulp and his body torn so that his ribs were exposed.

The lioness, satisfied with her work, sat down and licked the wound caused by the bullet.

After a few minutes she stood up, walked towards the dead springbok and dragged it away to a place where she and her family could eat their fill.

B. Jones, 4C.

With green and glassy eyes he stares  
Through the darkness of the room,  
A blackened shape he slides along,  
An apparition in the gloom.

Suddenly a blinding light  
Pierces his gloomy dwelling  
And he is but a common cat  
Not nearly so compelling.

Valerie Colbourne, 4C.

### THE RETURN OF AN OLD FRIEND

A railway engine was returned to service in May, 1957, for working special excursion trains over the Western Region. It was the former Great Western Railway Locomotive, number 3440, "City of Truro" which in 1904 set up a world speed record of 102.3 miles per hour; which lasted for over thirty years. On May the ninth in 1904 it travelled from Plymouth hauling five mail coaches weighing one hundred and forty-eight tons. The driver, Clements, took more risks than perhaps he should have done and instead of slowing for the winding, sloping track he opened up to seventy-seven miles an hour when he descended Rattery Bank. This speed enabled him to have a flying start up Dainton Bank which rises one in every hundred feet most of the way; he went up this at  $57\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour. This amazing speed meant that the thirty-one and three-quarter miles was covered in thirty-three and a half minutes from Plymouth to Newton Abbot. This has never been bettered, although that is not surprising because of the strict safety regulations about the dangerous curves.

When the "City of Truro" reached the other side of Exeter it was flogged up the twenty mile incline to Whiteball summit so that it was doing a mile a minute at the top. When it reached the top the regulator was full open and so, going down hill, she soon accelerated to just over a hundred and as they had only travelled three miles from the summit, they still had six faster miles to travel.

Then driver Clements who was leaning out of the window, stiffened and grabbed for the whistle cord. Although the whistle shrilled, the platelayers whom Clements had seen still did not move. So all he could do was to shut the regulator and on went the brakes. If this had not happened the record would have lasted even longer.

This train is now mostly used on railway-enthusiast trains but was in York Museum for the last twenty-five years.

This famous engine has run through Hanwell Station nine times this year and will be working on the "Kentish Heights Express" on November the 10th from Greenford station to Westerham (Kent) via Ealing, Kensington, Clapham Junction, Balham and Crystal Palace. From Crystal Palace the famous 4-4-0 "City" will be relieved by a Southern "Lord Nelson" to Westerham via Beckenham Junction. The branch line from Dunton Green to Westerham will be opened specially for this train.

It is rather interesting to note that the world steam railway record is now only 126 m.p.h. obtained by the "Mallard," an Eastern Region locomotive; this was established fifty years later. So let us hope that in the summer the "King George V" will break the record from Paddington to Exeter, as is now rumoured.

A. Tonks, 5B.

## THE EIFFEL TOWER

In a line with the Champ-de-Mars, and facing the Pont d'Iéna and the Trocadéro is the Eiffel Tower, an enormous structure built for the 1889 Paris Exhibition by A. G. Eiffel. It became the property of the municipality in 1909. When it was built it was not intended to be a permanent structure. This amazing and conspicuous tower has a base 142 yards square, and there are 1,792 steps leading to the electric beacon at the top. It has been computed that the material, comprising 12,000 metal components and 2,500,000 rivets, weighs some 7,000 tons.

The Eiffel Tower was, until the construction of the Chrysler Building in New York in 1929, the tallest structure in the world. The tower is illuminated at night with striking effect. It has three platforms. The first which is nearly as high as the towers of Notre-Dame, is of considerable extent, and comfortably arranged for many hundreds of visitors at a time. The second platform is 376 feet from the ground. The third platform is 905 feet high. The total height of the tower is 984 feet. Viewed from the top the city of Paris appears little more than a map. The view of the surrounding country, however, is superb, extending, it is said, for 50 miles in clear weather, the Seine narrowing until it looks like a mere silver ribbon before being lost in the distance.

Powerful lifts take sightseers to the three platforms; visitors if they prefer may ascend and descend to or from the first platform by staircase. Refreshments and souvenirs may be obtained on all platforms. The French Television service have built a transmitting station at the top of the tower.

J. Double, 4B.

## MY SCOUT CAMP

This year I went for the first time on my Troop's Scout Camp. After much preparation and enquiring we boarded the train from Euston which took us to Penrith and from there a lorry, which took us on the last part of our journey to Glenridding in Cumberland where we were to spend our week's camp.

We went to bed after pitching tents in the pouring rain and after eating the much-needed food, which had been provided by the scouters.

A bright sunny day greeted us on our awakening. After washing and eating we completed our camp preparations, which were so numerous that they took us all day.

Each day the same routine was followed with the exception of excursions and hikes to various places of interest and beauty. The week that we spent there was very hot.

Our first hike was over Mount Helvellyn it was very wearying and a frightening experience. At one time we walked half-way across Striding Edge which was eighteen inches wide. It has a drop of two thousand feet and the day we went across we could see no more than three feet in front of us because of the mist. With our hearts in our mouths we returned by this route.

Our next hike was across another mountain and through a valley. We stopped at a brooklet and had our lunch. With our tin mugs we caught small rainbow trout that inhabited the brooklet. We walked four miles along lanes, two miles across fields and then up to Lake Windermere where we were to catch the ferry, but owing to another scout's who was also on his first camp being about four hundred yards behind, we missed the ferry and hiked back ten miles and reached camp at nine o'clock. That day we had hiked twenty-four miles and we slept until half-past eight the next morning.

We also visited Penrith and Glenridding. When we were not hiking and on excursions we were swimming and otherwise amusing ourselves.

This glorious, if tiring, week went by all too quickly and in no time at all we were all being packed into the trains which brought us home to Greenford.

John Tobin, 1C.



### The Fire

A leaf rustled,  
A twig stirred  
And from the forest  
Was uttered the word.

The word of dread,  
The word of fear,  
They panicked, they flew,  
The birds and the bear.

Clouds of smoke rose,  
Flames licked the air;  
All hearts beat faster  
Save that of the bear.

A tremble, a shudder,  
And forward, to where?  
None of them knew  
Save the old bear.

To the river they followed,  
To the river and there  
And all of them knew  
They were saved by the bear.

R. Skipp, 3A.

### THE 'DELL' MUSHROOM FARM

This mushroom farm is situated quite near Ealing in Ruislip. It is a very old house dating back to the sixteenth century. It is actually two old cottages joined together. When the cottages were being converted into one they found several interesting things including a baker's oven and a huge oak beam.

The cottage next door has to fetch water from a nearby well.

The front door of the farm opens into two parts like a stable door. It has very low ceilings.

An Ingle Nook fireplace was discovered, and the original wattle roof supporting the tiles was still in place.

The dividing walls of the house were made of wattles and cow-manure plaster.

The cottage has been modernised under the care of an architect who scoured the countryside in search of oak doors and fittings in keeping with the original cottages.

Between the house and the reservoir lie the mushroom houses, where the mushrooms are gathered all the year round.

In a beautiful garden setting this is a good example of old and new existing together in harmony.

Susan Crouch, 1C.

## HURDLING

I always thought hurdling was simply running and jumping over a gate-like object. How wrong I was! Hurdling is a very skilled sport when done properly. When you run for a bus, it is similar to practising for sprinting. Hurdling has'nt any everyday practice like this; it is an unnatural exercise. Your leading leg (the leg first to go over) has to come up straight, not slanting. The trailing leg has to be horizontal with the bar with the toe turning upwards. Meanwhile the arm opposite to your leading leg shoots forward while your other arm carries on the ordinary action of running. Bringing your trailing leg over in this position can put you off balance, so the arm that lunged out has to swing out like a swimming action. Well, if you carry all these instructions out, you will be a first-class hurdler, but it is hard to concentrate on all these in the seconds you leave the ground and jump over the bar, so I doubt very much that you will.

Patricia Hill, 5A.

## DRAMA

Drama is religious in origin, and the earliest European drama came from Greece. Greek drama contained little action on the stage, violent events being narrated in long speeches, not enacted. The chorus, generally a group of old men, provided a running commentary on what was happening, and was a necessary part of all Greek drama. Roman drama imitated Greek, but was not a very important part of Latin Literature. Acting, as we understand it, was unknown; Greek actors wore masks representing the types of character they were playing.

After the Roman Empire broke up, we hear little of drama for some centuries. In medieval England it developed in the form of a series of playlets called mystery or miracle plays; these were at once an instruction and a welcome show, as they were easier to understand. The plays were performed on moveable stages, called pageants, and on holidays, the people would assemble at various points to which the pageants would come one by one during the day, each in turn giving its play and then moving on to the next audience.

A still further development was the morality play in which virtues and vices were the characters. Later, in the sixteenth-century, another type of drama appeared, the interlude, which was a short play, often humorous, intended for entertaining guests in the houses of the wealthy, or at court. During the reign of Elizabeth I a special kind of play, a masque, was acted at court. It contained much music and dancing, with elaborate scenery and costumes; the masque is a combination of play, opera and ballet.

There are two broad divisions in drama: tragedy and comedy. Tragedy deals with serious or sorrowful subjects with disastrous ends for some of the characters. Comedy represents amusing or foolish people, complicated situations and a happy ending. There are special names which are given to special types of play. A farce is a comedy intended only to amuse, containing ridiculous situations and far-fetched characters. A melodrama is a tragic subject treated with a highly sensational plot and a violent ending for the villain.

Sheila Paice, 5A.

## CHRISTMAS

When we break up for Christmas many of us will go away, many will be at so many parties that they will forget what homework and school work are like.

We shall have had our own Christmas School Dance and School Parties. Thousands of pounds will have already been spent on presents and cards all over the world.

But do many of these people, or do you, realise why we have holidays, give parties and presents at this time of year? It would be good to think that people remember that Jesus Christ was born to save us, that Christmas has a real meaning. I hope that you all have a wonderful holiday and remember why you are having it, and do your best to thank the Person, the birth of Whose Son we celebrate, for all the happiness you will have.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

I.G., Upper 6P.

## HAGEN HERE I COME

On Friday, 26th July, my friend Sheila and I departed for our holiday in Germany. The two-hour flight, which seemed all too short, was a wonderful experience. It was only a short time after take-off before we were flying over Holland. We could see houses, trees and roads quite clearly and an occasional vehicle that looked like an insect scuttling across a map. Most of the time we were flying through cloud and the aircraft bumped alarmingly. Clouds are dirty-looking things from inside, but when we flew above them the view was indescribably beautiful, with snowy-white cloud below and turquoise-coloured sky above and around.

Soon we seemed to be flying perilously low over the tree-tops and I realised we were coming into land. A few minutes later we set foot in Düsseldorf and were greeted by our penfriends Bärbel and Kirsten, Frau Reschke, Kirsten's mother and Herr Goos, an office-colleague, who had kindly offered to collect us in his car. First we drove round Düsseldorf seeing the sights, and one of the things which seemed most strange to me was the trams, yellow contraptions with bells like fire engines and curtains at the windows.

We arrived at Hagen, the home of my penfriend, about an hour later. That evening I met Kirsten's younger brother, and during the course of the holiday I was introduced to a number of other relations and friends of the family. They were some of the friendliest people I have ever met.

The school-term had not yet ended for Bärbel and Kirsten, so for the next few days Sheila and I went to school with them. On one occasion we were asked to talk to an English group on some aspect of life in England. We chose to tell them about the British system of education in general and that at Drayton Manor in particular. Not wishing to "let the side down" we painted it in very rosy colours, so now there are about two dozen German schoolgirls who are firmly convinced that Drayton Manor is a paradise flowing with milk (state-supplied) and honey!

The next three weeks we spent seeing as much of the district as possible. The farthest afield we ever went was to Cologne. The Cathedral is the most impressive of the tourist attractions, but we saw many other interesting things—the eighteen-hundred-year-old Dionysos mosaic, the Art Gallery, a huge modern theatre, and the magnificent Rodenkirchen suspension bridge over the Rhine. Another day we visited Wuppertal and travelled on the overhead railway to the zoo, which is about the only thing of interest in the town. In addition we visited two castles fairly near Hagen, one at Altena, which houses the oldest youth hostel in Germany, and the other at Hohenlimburg, which I found especially interesting, as it had been turned into a museum of local history.

We visited many Talsperren, river valleys which have been dammed to form reservoirs. These are usually very picturesque and ideal for picnicing, bathing and boating, all of which, in true German fashion, are forbidden. The number of things which are prohibited is amazing. Every piece of grass bears a notice to the effect that *Betreten* is strictly verboten. But it is on public transport that the German really lets his passion for notices run away with him; we are told to push this, pull that, turn something else, warned against smoking, spitting, talking to the driver, opening the door when the vehicle is in motion, leaning out of the window, or pulling the communication-cord, and we are informed that only ten people must stand on the rear-platform, besides many other things which were beyond my powers of translation.

The day before my return to England Herr Goos took us to Essen. We visited first the Grugapark Botanical Gardens, and then went to see Villa Hügel, the home of Krupp, the famous industrialist. After this we set out on the Autobahn for Altenburg to see the Cathedral, which lies amidst lovely unspoilt scenery.

Early next morning Sheila and I were again at Düsseldorf airport. The three weeks had flown by and we were very reluctant to say "good-bye". But it had to be, and in the late afternoon we had arrived back in England and the holiday was only a memory.

Juliet Wooders, 6 Lower.

### The Egg-cup, Egg and Cosy

There once was an egg in an egg-cup  
And a cosy blue and red,

They were all on the breakfast table  
When the egg-cup sighed and said,

“Oh dear, young John is late again,  
I’m tired of waiting here.”

The egg said, “You impatient thing  
You’re just lazy so there!

“I think this place is horrid,  
And the people horrid too.

I have to sit here waiting  
With nothing at all to do.”

“Who’s talking now?” the cosy chimed,  
“Egg-cup’s wiser than you.

He’s older and has held the eggs  
Ever since he was new.”

“Pooh,” said the egg “huh, who cares?”

“I do,” said the egg-cup.

“I’ll tell you what will happen,  
You’ll be eaten up.”

Now as the three were arguing,  
John came in and said,

“I’m going to eat you up, egg”  
And cracked him on the head.

A cut across and he was dead.

Soon none was left at all,

Then the egg-cup smiled and said,  
“Pride comes before a fall.”

Tessa Gregg, 1A.

### ROACH-FISHING

The roach belongs to the Carp family of British Freshwater fish. Its colouration is mainly silver with a dark-coloured back and reddish fins.

To the angler the roach is a friend indeed. No matter what area he lives in, somewhere near there will be water containing roach.

Generally roach prefer slow or still water where the weed growth is fairly prolific and food is easily found. Tackle used in roach-fishing is very fine to give the fish the best chance of a good fight and also from the angler’s point of view, as these fish are very timid.

The ideal roach rod is from eleven to fourteen feet and is usually made of whole cane for two thirds of its length and then the top is made of rapidly tapering split cane. The taper at the top helps

to give the stiff, quick action needed for the quick bite of roach. The reel needed can be any type, so long as it is free-running and balances well with the rod.

The line should be of about one and a half pounds breaking strain for fishing in this area. The float should be a five-inch porcupine quill and the hook size a fourteen or sixteen.

The canal makes a good roach water and contains many fine specimens. The weather makes a good deal of difference in the method and depth fished. Summer roach-fishing can be concentrated from mid-water to the surface, but in the winter roach stay near the bottom, so fishing has to be done there.

Baits are very varied but probably the commonest two are bread and gentles (maggots). In the summer silkweed, which is found on the sills of weirs, is used especially on the Thames. The roach and many other fish feed on this weed as it contains organisms on which they thrive. Elderberries are also popular and many good fish have been caught on them.

The large roach can feel the bait in its mouth and if it feels any resistance, it is immediately blown out. This is why the angler's strike must be instantaneous as soon as the float knocks.

To attract fish the angler must groundbait. This is the same substance as the hook-bait thrown in the spot to be fished. This attracts fish and also gives them more confidence in taking the angler's bait. Over groundbaiting does precisely the opposite and also fouls the water.

There are several styles of roach-fishing. The Nottingham style is practised on fairly fast flowing water; the tackle is fine and is fished far off. The depth of feeding fish is found by gradual experiments. The allowing of the bait to flow with the stream is called "longtrotting".

The style called "tight-lining," which is now becoming rarer, was at one time extremely popular on rivers as the Thames and Lea. The rod used is called the roach-pole and can be up to twenty feet in length. No reel is used but the line is fastened to the top of the rod; a hooked fish has to be played carefully as gossamer thickness line is used.

The old Thames roach-fisherman used a single horse-hair for line.

Finally there is the Sheffield style created mainly for the wide, slow-moving rivers found in Norfolk, Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, the Fen country. It is this style which most match-fisherman follow and they rely on roach to fill their keep nets.

There are many good waters in this area which hold fine roach. One worth mentioning is the River Colne which flows from the Chilterns down into the Thames. This is a lovely river and an even lovelier one for fishing, so for the person who has not tried his hand at the sport, spend a day's roach fishing on it. You won't regret it!

M. Nutley, 5C.

## JAZZ FOR THE INITIATED

As most people must be aware I am very interested in jazz music and as I have ceased to have anything to do with the school jazz club I despaired of finding an excuse to write an article for this magazine. Finally I decided to write a kind of record review. I shall mention eight records, all seven-inch Extended Play, which have pleased me very much and which I think might please others. I must emphasize, however, that neither the records nor the artists that I shall mention are necessarily what I consider the greatest. I could as easily mention fifty others.

The first record, on HMV 7EG 8266, dates back to 1940 and features a section of the famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. His two lead trumpeters of that period, Cootie Williams and Rex Stewart swing their way pleasantly through four tracks in a most wonderful manner. The playing of Cootie Williams was of particular delight to me.

The second record, on Melodisc EPM 7-62, is of the same period and features Sidney Bechet at his very best on both soprano saxophone and clarinet. The Bechet-Spanier Big Four was a well-named group, for in these recordings 'Muggsy' also surpassed himself and laid firm claim to the first place among white trumpeters.

The Modern Jazz Quartet is featured on Esquire EP 106. 'Django' on one side rather overshadows 'Milano' on the other through its very plaintiveness. As a musical tribute to the famous guitarist, the late Django Reinhardt, it exceeds all expectations.

It is now fitting that a record of Django himself should follow. On Vogue EPV 1025 he leads the Quintet of the Hot Club of France through four delightful tunes. 'Nuages,' a delicate, slow blues, is magnificent and although the clarinetist leaves much to be desired the group as a whole sound marvellous. Django himself improvises magnificently throughout.

On HMV 7-EG 8045 appears the master of the alto saxophone, Johnny Hodges. On all tracks his beautiful, singing alto is to be heard to advantage but particularly on 'That's the blues old man,' a blues of his own composition, I admire the remarkable pathetic quality of his tone.

Charlie Parker, hailed by moderns as 'the greatest alto' is heard on Esquire EP-57. On 'Cool Blues' and 'Bird's Nest,' where his 'cool' inventive genius is augmented by that of pianist Erroll Garner, he is excellent but on the reverse side of the record, where the former quartet is enlarged to a septet, the contributions of the other musicians tend to smother his performance.

Thelonious Monk of the strange name and equally strange piano style displays his powers of invention on Vogue EPV 1115. From a rather wierd version of 'Smoke gets in your eyes' we pass on to the even wierder 'Portrait of an eremite' (of his own composition). His style, though unusual, has a strangely attractive air.

Last comes Lester Young with Count Basie's Orchestra on Philips BBE 12041. The "President's" tenor sax is heard on all tracks in what I believe is its best setting; at the head of the marvellous 1941 Basie band. Despite his many great recordings after this period I still prefer these.

Thus, for the sake of brevity, I conclude my list. I would, however, like to make it clear that this is not meant as an advertising column — I receive no remuneration for this article.

R. Malings, 6P.

*Nor does the Editor — R.J.]*

### A Teenager's Paradise

Surrounded by pictures of Elvis and Bill,  
A teenager lies on the floor,  
Her Gramophone playing a rock 'n roll song:  
Classical music to her is a bore.

She's casually dressed in sweater and jeans.  
Her hair in a pony's tail,  
She is far, far away in the land of Rock  
With Elvis, her favourite male.

Elvis is singing her favourite song  
That 'sends' her into a whirl,  
This is a rock 'n roll Paradise  
For a crazy mixed-up Girl.

Priscilla Golding, 2B.

### JUSTICE!

It was early morning in a small dingy French town during the year 1792. The people were jostling down the narrow cobbled streets towards the place of execution. They were anxious, some people were feeling nervous, some excited, some unhappy. They murmured as an old wooden cart came crumbling down the bumpy roadway towards them.

The sun had not yet risen and it was drizzling slightly, making the morning damp, cold and uncomfortable. This, however did not prevent the people from surging forward, so that they could get a good view of what was to happen. Suddenly there was a hush. The crowd now assembled in the square, looked up and stared with awe at the huge object before them. Raised on a platform was a framework of wood; at the top of which was a large, sharp, steel blade, that could be suddenly dropped with great force, when a rope was cut. After a few moments the talking began again. Some people were shouting, other were silent. Cries of "Vive la France"



could be heard from the enemies of the man on whom justice was to be carried out. His friends and family stared unseeingly at the guillotine which made a frightening spectacle, silhouetted against the grey sky. The church clock struck seven and once again silence reigned. All eyes turned to the steps of the platform. First to ascend these was a young man in his shirtsleeves, with his hands bound behind him, his head was held erect and he looked straight ahead. After him came a big dark man in a mask. All eyes focussed on the young man who turned to the crowd and said in French "Take an example of me, a traitor to my country, and serve your country well," with that he turned to his executor and said "Je suis prêt" (I am ready), and laid his head on the lower part of the scaffolding. The rope was cut . . . some people covered their faces, some stared and others wept, as a ray of the now shining sun, glinted on the flashing razor-edged blade. It was over. The people drifted slowly home. Justice had been done.

Romayne Harrison, 6 Lower Modern.

## AN OLD CHURCH

About two hundred yards from the busy Western Avenue passing through Perivale, there stands an old church, Perivale Methodist Church.

Not many inhabitants of Perivale know that this church is one of the oldest in England. It is quite a small church, and I think that if it had to hold the population of Perivale inside it when it was first built about two hundred years ago, the population must have been rather small.

Nearby to this church there is a humble building which is about as old as the church itself. It may have been nothing else than a coach house or a stable for any traveller who may have been passing by and wished to stop for a rest.

Here you have the old and the new side by side, the old in the form of the church and the supposed stable. the new in the form of the modernised Western Avenue which is in its last stages of completion.

J. Foreacres, 3A.

## MARQUETRY

Marquetry is a method of decorating articles usually in wood, by cutting the separate parts of a prepared design to shape, and assembling the pieces by glueing them to the foundation article.

Marquetry dates back to the fourteenth-century and originated from Inlay, which is a method of decoration by inserting one material into another material.

The veneers of wood which are used are different in colour and texture. They are taken from special parts of the tree, from trees

all over the world. The logs which are taken from the tree are cut up into very thin slices either with a saw or a knife.

All the materials necessary can be purchased in sets. These sets contain all the veneers needed, the plywood foundation, design and full instructions.

The first step to making a picture is to trace the design on to the plywood base. Starting from the top cut and shape the veneer for that section and glue in. One must be careful to squeeze out all the glue with a marquetry hammer. If this is not done the picture will not be perfectly flat but higher in certain places. The other pieces are very carefully fitted to the piece above them.

The picture when completed has to be thoroughly rubbed down with sand-paper before it can be polished. About six coatings of polish are needed to give a really bright shine. The picture may be framed with strips of veneers, neatly mitred at the corners, or with moulding.

G. Winder, 5B.

### The Decorators Are Here

Decorators are here at last,  
They gaily paint their way.  
The colours leave us all aghast  
It's contemporary they say.

Joyce Pratt.

### DO YOU KNOW . . .

#### Where spring-cleaning is compulsory?

In Hungary, where in 1937 it was made compulsory for all lofts, garrets and cellars to be spring-cleaned, inflammable material removed, and cloth and paper stored in fireproof receptacles. Fine for non-compliance with the Order was £30 in towns and £10 in country districts.

#### Who said "Veni, Vidi, Vici." ?

According to Plutarch, Julius Cæsar tersely announced his victory over the king of Pontus, near Zela in Asia Minor in 47 B.C. The words mean "I came, I saw, I conquered."

#### Who "Nosey-Parker" was?

Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1559-1575, had a long nose and a reputation — among his enemies — for prying into other people's affairs.

#### In what country were men NOT allowed?

In the fabled land of the Amazons, a nation of warrior-women living on the shores of the Black Sea. No men were allowed to cross the frontiers of their town except once a year the men of the neighbouring village.

### Which are the shortest and longest Alphabets?

The shortest modern alphabet is Italian, having twenty-one letters. The longest is Sanskrit, having fourteen characters for vowels and diphthongs, thirty-three for consonants, and two others, totalling forty-nine letters.

### Why is '13' regarded as unlucky?

This is of an ancient origin based on the fact that there were thirteen present at the Last Supper and that Judas afterwards betrayed Christ and then hanged himself.

Valerie Starkey, 6 Lower Modern.

### Riddle-me-ree

My first is in money  
But not in dough  
My second is in honey  
And also in dough  
My third is in west  
But not in east  
My fourth is in cake  
But not in feast  
My fifth is in onion  
But not in stew  
My sixth is in many  
But not in few  
My seventh is in evening  
But not in day  
My last's in September  
But not in May  
My whole is a youngster who has much to learn  
And always is hoping a merit to earn.

ANSWER  
Newcomer

Susan Bowers, 1C.

### CARP-FISHING

The carp is a large, strong, freshwater fish. It inhabits our lakes, ponds and canals and is usually caught from July to October, as it only feeds in a small temperature range. The chief exponent of carp-fishing in this country is Richard Walker who, besides catching the British record carp of forty-four pounds, and founding the "Carp-catchers' Club," has written a book called "Still Water Angling" which is largely devoted to the methods and difficulties of capturing this fish.

As the carp is a very shy and suspicious fish it will not take baits that are unnaturally suspended in the water on baits attached to

lines which rise vertically from the bottom, and so new methods of fishing had to be devised to overcome its guile. This was done by having the hook tied to the line which is without a float or leads. This tackle was cast out and the rod put in two rod rests a slip of paper folded over the line and held by a stone at its corner. As soon as the carp ran with the bait, which would probably be bread or part-boiled potatoes, the paper would fly into the air thus giving the angler warning. The paper has since been surpassed by automatic bite alarms.

Another method of catching carp is by suspending a large lump of bread on the surface of the water, at night. The carp comes round the edge of the water sucking down scraps of bread and can be heard approaching the bread, the automatic bite alarm is again used, and once the carp is hooked it will go off on long powerful rushes before sulking on the bottom from which it has to be "pumped" up to go on more, powerful rushes before coming to the net. It will live for quite a long time out of water and the usual procedure is to photograph it before returning it to the water to fight another battle another day.

E. Latham, 5C.

### A BUDGERIGAR AS A PET

A budgie is a small Australian parrakeet. The original colour of all budgies was green. We have attained a variety of colours including blue, yellow and white.

In pet shops you can attain many kinds of cages. The cage I think is best is made of chrome because it doesn't rust. You can buy many toys for budgies for, example, mirrors, ladders and wheels. Some people say that a budgie will not talk with a mirror in its cage which I personally have found to be untrue.

Our budgie is very ingenious. No matter how securely we arrange his mirror around the bars he gets it down.

When they are about five months old they start moulting and get adult plumage. The fleshy pad or cere above the beak becomes a very bright blue in the male; if it is female it becomes a rich brown. Many budgerigars live as long as nine years or more.

P. Smith, 2B.

### MY FIRST VISIT TO THE OUTER HEBRIDES

In August of this year I went with my parents to visit an Aunt and Uncle in Stornaway on the Isle of Lewis. We crossed the Minch from Kyle of Lochalsh, in the "Lock Seaforth," a Royal Mail vessel, managed by David MacBrain Ltd., Glasgow. It took four hours to cross and it was a lovely calm day. It was very interesting to see the Applecross hills after leaving Kyle. Applecross was

where my father was born and went to school. During the journey we passed two lighthouses, one called Rona and the other Stornaway which was at the entrance to the harbour. Stornaway is largely a fishing port. On its coat of arms are pictured one ship, three fish and the Stornaway castle which is now a Technical College for boys.

During our stay, we were taken for a long drive around the island by an old school friend of my father's whom he had not seen for thirty-nine years. We were taken through a number of beautiful villages. Most of the houses are thatched and have tremendously thick stone walls. Almost every house has its own loom, usually housed in a wooden shed at the end of the house. All the people work very hard at making Harris tweed when they are not working on the crofts. The Lewis people are very hard-working indeed. During our tour a cow walked into the middle of the road and simply refused to move. In the end, my father just had to get out and push it out of the way. The people at the croft were standing laughing at us. All of the crofts have very large piles of peat outside their houses to keep them warm throughout the hard winters.

Our holiday passed very quickly and I was very sorry to leave, but I hope to spend another holiday on this beautiful island in the not too far distant future.

Margaret Gillanders, 2A.

### Saturday Morning Chores

Oh what a fluster!  
Where's the duster?  
What have you done with the mop?  
It's over there,  
By the chair  
Look lively, now, don't stop!

Who'll do the mopping?  
Which one the shopping?  
Quick, before its too late,  
Don't stand and stare  
The milkman's there,  
Out by the garden gate.

Work in the morning  
Don't stand there yawning,  
And money can be yours.  
Oh! What a hurry,  
What a flurry  
With Saturday morning chores!

Jacqueline Pantlin, 2C.

## HOW TO MAKE A CHEMICAL GARDEN

The things you need are any kind of crystal, hypo, copper sulphate, iron sulphate, potash alum, chrome alum, cobalt, chloride, etc. All these you should be able to obtain at your local chemist's shop, and water glass solution (bought in elevenpenny tins at your hardware store).

First you mix your water glass solution in a jam jar about two thirds full of warm water and one third of your water glass, then drop in a few of your crystals and stir, then leave for an hour or so, being careful not to disturb them and you will then see your results.

You will, or should, see thin stems coming from your crystals in the shape of crystal formations, and the whole result should be very pretty if you get lots of different sorts of crystals.

Janet McVeigh, 1B.

*[Do not try this in a vessel that cannot be thrown away later, as there are no means of cleaning it out afterwards.—EDITOR].*

### Washing Day

In the Garden where they blow  
Pillow cases and sheets of snow,  
Swirling gently in the sun  
As he dries them one by one;  
Laughing as the wind sweeps by,  
Thinking he'll teach them how to fly.  
When they are dry and look like snow  
Back on my little bed shall go,  
And bring me when the moon is bright  
Happy dreams for my delight.

M. Simmons, 2A.

### DECORATING THE SCHOOL

I am very glad that at last the old school is being painted, and I still think that black should be the dominating colour. It is a great pity that many pupils cannot go in or out of a classroom without cleaning their shoes on the walls and doors. I expect that when the school comes to be painted again, the D.S. room will be the cleanest, as generally only girls use it. Of course, we cannot say much about the top layer, as that still has to be painted. The cleanest-looking place is, I think, the corridor at the back of the hall. If only they'd paint those awful doors. . . .

So much for the school. It looks, so far, very good, BUT —

What about us poor hut-dwellers? Isn't our little home going to have a wash-and-brush-up? I think it is most unfair, the hut

badly needs doing up. I know that in a short while it is going to be pulled down, but so is the rest of the school building, or most of it. I still can't see why the hut shouldn't be painted. If the school can, so can the hut!

Susan Lawrence, 4A.

*[The main doors have not been forgotten. There is no guarantee that the Hut is near the end of its life and we expect it to be decorated.—EDITOR]*

## MICE AS A HOBBY

There are many advantages in keeping mice as compared with other pets. A mouse's cage takes up very little room, and they need very little attention.

When buying a cage do not go straight for the cheapest, as they are usually the smallest. The cage's floor should be covered with sawdust (preferably pine sawdust) and in the sleeping quarters there should be clean straw for the mouse to chew at.

A mouse will eat practically anything, but you can buy specially prepared foods. Two teaspoonfuls of oats, and a small quantity of old bread, soaked in water, is enough for an adult.

I personally clean my mouse's cage out once a week. When I do so I wash the cage with disinfected water. N.B.—The cage must on no account be damp when the mouse is replaced, as mice catch chills easily. If by any chance this does occur, keep the cage near a hot object, and don't give the mouse as much exercise as usual.

There are many handbooks published on this interesting subject, and the one I recommend is called "Tame Mice and Rats" (8d.).

D. Johnson, 2C.

## THE CELESTIAL SCENE

If by some miracle of science one were able to be divorced from our earthly bodies and to speed away from the world with a speed far in excess of that of light itself, we should be able to view a vista of awe-inspiring beauty, denied even to astronomers who spend dreary nights crouching over a telescope watching the far-distant celestial scene.

From a vantage point to the celestial north of the plane of the elliptic, our solar system would prove to be an object of graceful symmetry. Suspended as if by magic in the timeless infinite void is our sun, pouring out energy on all sides until everything except the void itself is brilliantly illuminated. This atomic furnace, the birth- and death-place of atoms, has nine dutifully circling planets and many other eccentric bodies of secondary importance. At a distance of thirty-six million miles is a burning, yet half-frozen ball

of rock, with the sun huge and bloated in its eternal midday sky, the planet, Mercury. Next is clouded Lucifer, hiding her true face from all but intrepid voyagers who would dare to gaze on veiled Venus' visage. Following her is the emerald green star, Earth, with its Moon; next comes the red, omnipotent Star of War, Mars, followed by two attendant satellites, Deimos — Dread, and Phobos — Fear, whose names indeed are in keeping with the parent bodies' reputation. These, the minor planets, are followed by the major planets of which there are five. Jupiter, a huge, banded body with its famous "Red Spot" and eleven moons, Saturn with its characteristic rings and nine satellites, Uranus, a body similar to Saturn with four moons, Neptune with two moons (Oberon and Titania and lastly miniature Pluto, at a distance of three thousand, six hundred and seventy million miles, the size of Mercury. These bodies with various comets and asteroids make up our solar system.

But let us turn to another aspect of the celestial scene, from this, the comparatively mundane, to the system of which our sun is a mere minor member, the Galaxy. Our Galaxy, popularly the Milky Way, takes the form of a huge, splendid, slowly turning Catherine Wheel made up of millions of stars and nebulae. It is from here that we can watch the Procession of the Equinoxes, once every twenty-six thousand years. Seen against the jet black background of infinity the Galaxy seems a chaotic interplay of immense forces arranged into a beautiful spiral, studded here and there with many coloured jewels, red, blue and yellow, but mostly just plain white. From a nearer distance, with a little skill, famous stars such as Algol (the Demon Star), Deneb, Vega, Sirius, Castor and Pollux, Betelgeuse and Rigel, and many more may be picked out, until the mind is swamped with a sense of awe at this, a priceless crown in the heavens.

Further distant is our sister galaxy, the Andromeda Nebula, and even more distant are the receding galaxies, known as extragalactic nebulae, all in immense variety in size, in shape, in colour, an eternal, endless procession of beauty which can never bore. Stars evanescent, stars brilliant, exploding stars, fluctuating stars, planets, comets, clouds of incandescent dust and gas, nebulae, constellations, all, large or small, make up God's Universe.

When man of old looked up to the stars, and wondered, and predicted eclipses, he knew, and we know, that this is Man's Heritage, if he can survive his petty wars and squabbings, when he shall be great, and obtain lasting reward for his endeavours.

D. Morgan, 4C.

## WATCHING BIRDS FROM A "HIDE"

Have you ever seen a wild bird at really close quarters? If you have you will know the thrill of being face to face with one of the most vivacious creatures that live anywhere on the earth. You will



have seen the keenness in its bright, watchful eyes, and you will have noticed its very quick reaction to everything that goes on around it. A bird has to be quick to survive all the dangers that threaten it for most of its life. At the same time you will have noticed the detailed beauty of the bird's plumage. Just as a flower, when closely examined, reveals wonderfully intricate shapes and colour patterns on each individual petal, so do the feathers of a bird show beautiful graduations of colour or tone when seen at close range. Then, if you can continue to be near the bird without its knowing of your presence, you can have the added thrill of seeing the intimate details of how the bird lives and feeds and brings up its young.

Four years ago when I was on holiday in the country I was listening to a lecture on this subject. At the same time I was looking out of the window watching some birds which had come to eat the food which I had scattered around for them at the edge of a wood. Since then I have spent much of my spare time watching birds. I have since made collecting and taking photographs of wild birds my hobby. I have been around most of England, Scotland and Wales, and have seen birds on the fields, the woods and the great open spaces of heath and moorland.

If you want to watch the birds properly then you must hide yourself. In the absence of some natural cover you must make a 'hide'. This can be made from four poles and some thick material or sacking. The best 'hide' is a structure like a small bathing tent about four feet square and four or five feet high. What could be more fascinating than the display I once saw as I watched a pair of partridges from my 'hide'? I had been studying them for a couple of days, when one day I noticed that the female partridge or hen was acting rather queerly; I think she may have heard the chicks cheeping within their shells, for she became very anxious and excited and kept fidgeting about on the nest. Everything else lost its importance. Presently something happened. She suddenly left the nest to summon the cock, as the eggs were beginning to hatch. In a few minutes both birds were back and the cock went wild with excitement as he saw the first chick emerging from its shell. He rushed about and even banged himself on the trunk of the tree that was growing behind the nest, and again and again he came to have another look at the chicks. Soon the excitement wore off. The cock stayed to help to look after the chicks as they emerged from their shells. Some of the chicks crawled over him, seeking the protection of his body for their warmth.

There was another delightful incident in this family, when the chicks had gained a little strength. The parents moved away from the nest in order to lead the chicks out into the world. When the chicks saw their parents leaving the nest, they called them back. They went very slowly, calling all the time and the fluffy, dappled, little young seemed puzzled and afraid, but eventually the chicks

struggled out, one by one, over the edge of the nest and away through the bramble in single file after their parents.

Another extremely interesting thing seen from a 'hide' is the way birds feed their young. There are, of course, considerable differences between species. Many birds that feed on seed bring them back a beakful at a time and are welcomed by a nest of hungry youngsters with their heads held up high and their beaks wide open. The food is then poked into each chick's mouth in turn. But how many people have seen how the buzzard feeds its young? The nest was in a tree high up on a Welsh hillside where the country was very wild and life was rather a struggle for all the creatures in the district. It was very much a case of only the fittest and strongest surviving. Yet in the midst of that hard way of living, here was a buzzard standing on the side of her nest, one foot holding down the remains of a young rabbit that her mate had brought back, while with her bill she tore small pieces of flesh from the prey and offered them to her chicks. Her large chestnut form seemed so big compared with that nest full of the little, white, downy young; but she leaned over them very tenderly and held out a tempting morsel in front of each one and waiting patiently until the chick was ready to take it. What a delightful scene this was!

There is still a lot to be learnt about the lives and habits of even the commonest of our British birds, and it is up to us, the younger generation of to-day, to fill in the gaps that are not yet known. It is great fun doing it.

May I remind everyone not to steal eggs from the birds' nests, nor hurt or destroy them? Make yourself a hide and watch the birds. See for yourself the wonderful happenings in the life of a bird.

M. Bloom, 3A.

## VAN GOGH

Vincent Van Gogh was born in 1853 at Groot Zundert. He was the son of a country parson. As a boy he was fond of books and pictures, a solitary rambler in woods and fields. When still young he got a job in an art gallery. He gave up this after doubting himself and his job, and became a preacher. Failing to meet the requirements (Greek and theology were too much for his emotional nature), he turned to painting and missionary work among the Belgian coal miners. About this time his work took a more brooding effect, with subdued colours and hazy coiling lines. One of his paintings of this time was, "The Potato Eaters." This portrays the kind of people that he met and knew while working at the mines. The colours of the painting are very dark, being mostly blue, brown and green.

In Paris, Van Gogh discovered a new art of luminosity and richness of colour and, under the influence of the group of French

painters called the 'Impressionists' and of Japanese prints his subject became more joyous. He met Gauguin, Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Seurat and Cézanne during his two years in Paris.

After Paris he left for Arles, and one of the paintings of that time of his friend was "Pere Tanguy." This painting shows much colour, unlike the "Potato Eaters". Another of his paintings done in Arles was 'Old Peasant'. Again Van Gogh goes back to peasantry which was his chief subject during his first years. This picture shows great taste in art and is again bright in colour. Van Gogh painted others such as "The Chair". The chair belonged to his friend Gauguin. It is painted a rich yellow, strengthened by the white wall, orange tiles and a cool green door in the background.

Another of his paintings was "Road with Cypresses". The appearance of this picture would show that Van Gogh was in a mood or temper when he painted it. It has, however, a masterful precision in the small touches of colour.

Around this time, Van Gogh had a mental breakdown. He became a voluntary patient at an asylum, at Saint-Rémy, near Arles. His work again took on a brooding expression, with subdued colouring. In 1890 he shot himself and was buried in the cemetery of Auvers.

In his life-time Van Gogh's paintings were not appreciated. Now, however, he is recognised to be one of the foremost and most individual painters of his time. Reproductions of his paintings abound in schools and homes. His fiery brushwork, rich and vivid imagination make his pictures scintillating to look at. I am looking forward to my first visit to the Tate Gallery to see more of his fine work.

Ann Carter, 3A.

### The Long and Short of it

In the first form we find,  
As a matter of course,  
That our clothes are a size or two larger,  
But needless to say,  
On reaching the fourth  
They're all, by now, very much smaller.

We come marching in,  
With our macs to our shins  
And with lace-ups we all see our face in,  
But in the fourth form we see,  
All have skirts to the knee,  
And blazers they look a disgrace in.

Muriel Eggins, 4A.

## THE SHEPHERD'S STORY

One cold autumn night, I was watching my sheep on the slopes of the hills round about Bethlehem. Some other shepherds, who were friends of mine, were also watching their flocks around me. As we sat there, we talked of our sheep, and lambs, and many other things. All was still and quiet.

One by one we began to settle down to sleep. Only I stayed awake, as I was on guard, lest a sneaking hyena or a jackal should attack the sheep.

Suddenly I noticed a light in the sky. I could not understand it, because it was not yet daylight. I turned to rouse my companions, but they were already awake and gazing at the sky. The light became so bright, that we had to hide our faces; we all felt very frightened. We then heard an angel saying, 'Fear not, for I bring you good news, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'

We then heard angels singing 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men'.

We listened, and gazed at the sky, until the angels had gone, and the light had disappeared. We then decided to go to Bethlehem, to see if we could find the baby who was Christ the Lord.

When we reached Bethlehem, there was not a light to be seen anywhere. We went to an inn to see if we could find the Holy Child. In the inn, everything was dark and still, except for a light in the stable. We crossed the courtyard to the stable, where we saw Mary, with Joseph standing beside her, watching the babe, as He slept in the manger. We all knelt at the manger with bowed heads.

After a while, we returned to our sheep, with hearts full of joy, and made up our minds to tell everybody about the wonderful night, and of the little Child sent down by God, to bring salvation, help, and comfort to all.

John B. McNeill, 1A.

## THE MOST ENJOYABLE DAY I HAVE EVER SPENT

The date, 13th of April, 1957; the occasion, the tenth Anniversary Concert of the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, at the Royal Festival Hall.

It was my second course and concert with this Orchestra, and even I, a humble second violinist, could feel the excitement and emotional tension that had gripped the orchestra that morning as I wished my friends good-morning at the breakfast table. The staff, six house-masters and mistresses, and the professors, were especially kind it seemed, and as we all piled into our buses, which were to take us from Reading University, where we were staying

for the duration of the course, to the Festival Hall, the students who were staying at the University (those who could not get home, or lived abroad) gave us a rousing farewell with cries of "Good luck!" and "Don't play in the rests at the concert."

It took us about three hours to get to the Festival Hall and the usual supplies of barley sugars were handed round in the buses to anyone who felt sick and it was rather funny to hear everyone complaining of travel sickness for an obvious reason.

The morning rehearsal went quite well although the resonance of the Hall was very disturbing; but our conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent assured us that when the audience had filled the place the effect was quite different. The Festival Hall restaurant catered for our mid-day meal, which was easily the best meal I have ever had.

The afternoon was meant to be spent in complete rest but I am afraid most of us were more interested in listening to the jazz matinee which Earl Bostie and his negro band were performing, and although the music we play is a little different in some ways, we all agreed that their kind of music was **reasonably** enjoyable.

After tea, and after the returning of the piano, somewhat boisterously used during the afternoon's performance, we marked our positions on the stage and retired to our dressing rooms for the long wait until the start of the performance.

The time to "go-on" came very quickly and after the first terrifying glimpse of the thousands of people all round, I became quite composed.

The first item, Rossini's overture 'A Journey to Rheims', finished with a burst of applause which sounded like the Niagara Falls and I could feel in my heart that this concert would be the greatest concert I had ever played in. The first half of the concert went marvellously; at the end of Benjamin Britten's 'A Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra' people thumped on the floor for more. The real climax to the whole concert came in the second half, in Schubert's 'Symphony No. 9'. This is a wonderful work which really "sends" me (as some of my less-highbrow friends would say), and at the end of this Symphony there is a marvellous climax, rising from the depths into a world of sound finished off by a clashing chord which rang round the hall amid the whoops and cheers of the audience. As for the orchestra, our whole feeling was expressed in our playing and we all knew that what we had played had thrilled us far more than our audience, and with this we returned to Reading rather tired but feeling really satisfied with our achievement.

Vyvyan Yendoll, 5A.

## PARENTS AND GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Since I began to collect records I find my parents puzzle me, for somehow we do not seem to have the same taste in music. When-

ever I buy a new record my father always says it's the worst one I have bought so far. They do not seem to understand how enjoyable it is to play a new record continually for about fifteen times, but when I gave my father a record for his birthday he did exactly the same thing, but said it was different.

The puzzling sequence to all this is that when I am away for the weekend my parents play all my records and not their own. I know this to be a fact, because, however hard they try, they never seem to be able to get them back in the case in the order in which I left them. However, I have not given up hope that one day I shall be able to complete my parents' musical education.

M. Bowers, 2B.

### AN ANGRY YOUNG MAN

An angry young man is a phrase we have been hearing a great deal of recently. Contrary to some people's belief, John Osborne is not the first angry young man; there have been, and will be, many such rebels in each and every decade of history. Surely Pitt, Shaftesbury and Winston Churchill were all angry young men in their youth, and they had plenty to be angry about, just as the youth of to-day has a great deal to be dissatisfied with.

The launching of the Russian Sputniks has caused a great stir in the national press. Even the Da-y M-r-or has managed to squeeze S-br-na into half its front page (not to be confused with its back front page) so as to tell its animal-loving public of the life and death of a canine space traveller. To write letters by the sack-fulls to the papers about 'the Little Lemon' is supplying the Russians with material with which to make us appear ridiculous. I can just hear them saying, "Fancy the British kicking up all that fuss over a little dog, when they did not object to sending their young men to be killed playing so-called policemen in Suez." Added to this the very idea that marching up to the Soviet Embassy would deter the Russians, or anyone else, from carrying out further experiments with animals is worthy of a medal for lunacy.

I am a science student, and I believe that space travel is inevitable, but I ask myself whether all this has come too soon? Surely world progress is years behind this particular development and all the time, money and energy devoted to this particular field could be better employed in more urgent and more important projects such as curing cancer and polio, or carrying out the long-promised but little-realised improvement on British roads, or even education. When will those bell-ringing Tories and Socialist capitalists wake up to the fact that if they spend three or four times the present amount on education they might have a chance of getting all the scientists and technologists they need and beg for?

Instead they spend untold millions on defence and armaments that are ten years behind the times before they leave the drawing

boards. It must be obvious that we have reached a stage in history when in a few years any country in the world, however small, will be able to destroy, in a matter of minutes, any other country or countries on this earth. The time has come for Britain to show the world some of its long latent greatness by completely disarming and avoiding any future wars, hot or cold. If Russia and America want to fight, let them.

In many other fields at home great crimes are committed daily. The new proposals for raising old age and war pensions are an insult to the people who helped Britain to beat the Germans in the last war. Who-shall-drill-the-holes strikes, and strikes at the docks (do the dockers ever work?) because Covent Garden porters are on strike, are helping to tighten that noose round Britain's neck daily. The most horrifying of all is phone-tapping. 1984 does not seem to be so far off after all. "Little Brother" is already listening to us. Perhaps he would like to read our letters, too.

Fortunately life is not as grim as I have painted it, and it does have its brighter moments. For example the call-up has been abolished, I hope. No longer will people be able to say, "The army will make a man out of you." I wonder what people think makes women out of girls?

Ah, well, I think I have let off enough steam for one day. I had better replace my safety valve. Pass me my thick polo-neck pull-over, somebody. Oh, of course, I could not afford to buy it as I am not getting paid for this article.

Anthony M. Ingersent, U6P.

### Thoughts on taking G.C.E.

There are only seven months to go  
Before the dreaded day  
When I must fill an empty page,  
My books all put away.

In every lesson its the same,  
"Work hard," the teacher preaches,  
But I'm quite sure I'll never learn  
Those dreadful Macbeth speeches.

With formulas and phrases  
Definitions by the score  
My brain will go on stretching  
'Till it will hold no more.

But still I keep on working  
And hope to pass the test  
And to my fellow sufferers  
I'll just say, "All the best."

Irene Jackson, 5A.

## ON THE PREPARING OF WORK AT HOME

For as concerneth homework, I protest unto you it may rather be called an horrible torture than an help unto school work; a terrible and agonising practice rather than a merry pastime. For doth not every teacher lie in wait behind school books, seeking to find an unsuspecting pupil, whereon to shower homework? Doth not each child go late abed because of this?

Thus, on returning home must thou sit down and comence with the aforesaid. Thou rubbest the shoulder which the strap of the satchel maketh sore, for hath not the satchel been well filled, so that it robbeth thee the more easy of thy leisure hours?

Thou feelest that thou must perforce die of hunger for the work doth take so long. Thine tongue cleaveth to the roof of thy mouth, so thirsty be thou. Anon thou risest up, for thou canst bear it no longer, thou drinkest of Adam's ale to quench thy thirst but thou art still an hungered as thou sittest down with a morsel of bread and suppest of it while thou gettest out thine homework books.

Then discoverest thou that thy quill be blunt and thy rubber hath been taken by one that wisheth thee ill. Thou searchest among thine own ill-gotten gains wherein dost thou find a knife wherewith thine quill to sharpen and then dost thou look for thine ink and discoverest it at the bottom of thy satchel, and lo, what have we here? Thine eye gleameth with hope as thou poke in thine ink bottle with thy quill, the quill speareth somewhat and bringeth it forth. Yea 'tis indeed thy rubber, now mayest thou begin thy homework, but no, thy quill was broken in the work of salvage. Thou droppest a blot, moppest it up, sharpenest thy quill and at last mayest thou begin.

Hilary Downes, 3C.

## EXPLORING CAVES

Cave exploring, or, to give it its correct name Spelæology is a fascinating hobby.

There are within twenty-five miles of London some very exciting caves including many acres near the town of Godstone in Kent.

The most practical outfit to wear on cave exploring expeditions is an old boiler suit and a papier-maché miner's helmet, attached to which should be a powerful lamp. An acetylene lamp is most suitable, but if this cannot be obtained a strong electric lamp should be used. The disadvantage of this is that the water in the caves may short-circuit the lamp.

Preferably a cave explorer should be slim as cave exploring involves many tight squeezes, under or over boulders, along narrow tunnels, round right angle bends and through many small openings. One stout gentleman once got wedged in a tunnel with his nose resting on a lighted candle.



Some people may say "Why go caving? What is the use of wriggling painfully through "letter-boxes," squeezes and 'S'-bends for yards, an inch at a time, climbing lofty rifts, squelching through mud-banks, breasting torrential underground rivers, or diving through pools?" Similar questions may be asked of the "muddied oafs" who play football in heavy rain, or of the three active and twelve inactive white clad figures who bowl, hit and field a cricket ball, or of the eight men in a boat race crew who exhaust themselves by pulling an oar. But caving, which is one of the best physical sports, opens up more adventures of the mind than any other sport. The "caver" may lack the wide views of mountaineering, or the pleasure of cycling or fishing, but he has the loveliness of the stalactites, and the ever-varying, fantastic beauties of the rock shapes.

The would-be cave explorer must learn some expressions commonly used before he attempts to go caving, or to read books on caving. A sump, trap, or siphon is where a passage is completely filled up with water (all, or most caves have water in them because caves are mostly formed by water), an avon is a chimney leading upwards above a cave, a choke is a place where the way on is blocked by mud or boulders. On rope ladders a whistle is usually carried and the signal code is: one blast—**stop**, two blasts—**pull upwards**, three blasts—**lower**. Lastly, a **VANDAL** is an unspeakably selfish person who ruins caves for others by smashing stalactites, or by leaving litter.

John Fox, 4C.

### The Russian Satellite

Here comes the Russian Satellite,  
Singing Bleep, Bleep, and shining so bright;  
All of the day and all of the night,  
Round the world it continues its flight.  
What secrets will the machine unfold?  
Journeys into space I'm told.

Peter Stimpson, 1A.

### THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE RUSSIAN SATELLITES

In the past few weeks the Soviet Union has launched into free orbit around the earth, two artificial earth satellite vehicles and in doing so has greatly shocked parts of the Western world, including the United States.

For the first time America has been shown that she is not the only country involved in the development of space travel. Indeed she is now considered to be behind the Soviet Union, for the size of the latter's satellites seems to the Americans almost unbelievably large.

The question to be asked, however, is does the Soviet Union gain in any substantial manner from her achievements? It now seems more than likely that rockets bearing the Red Star may reach the moon first and even the planets, but does this in any way help her?

I do not think so. The moon, whilst possibly containing mineral deposits, will not have much significance apart from this. It could be used as a rocket bombardment centre from which to rule the world would be an easy job, but Soviet and American rockets can already reach the best part of the way round the globe without resorting to the moon as a launching base. Another use would be as an observation post for observing the Soviet Union's enemies and their whereabouts, but not much would be gained by this as armed forces movement in an atomic war would be very small. The moon could, however, be used for another kind of observation post for observing the universe, and as a launching base, not for missiles, but for space vehicles travelling to other planets. The advantages over earth-launching are manifold, less gravitational retardation, less air resistance, better rocket efficiency in a negligible atmosphere and many other things.

It remains to be seen, however, whether the Soviet Union will benefit in a purely scientific manner by being the first nation to possess space vehicles. For example, the problems of living in space, on the moon, in the other planets, are very large indeed and it is not yet known whether they can be overcome. Nobody can say for sure whether it is feasible to reach the other planets and the probability of poisonous atmospheres may be more difficult to overcome than the lack of an atmosphere.

It is also possible that in order to be the first into space the Soviet nation is sacrificing advancement in other less military and less dangerous fields. Does she for example know anything about the atom as a means of power for producing warmth, light, power, etc.? Even in future generations where space travel has become possible, the earthly problems such as power, adequate accommodation and feeding of a nation's population will be more important than being the first people to reach Mars or Venus.

The Soviet Union may still come out on top in all the different fields of science as well as in the space conquest (which is by no means proved yet), or she may lag behind to such an extent that her efforts with her satellites may well be in vain. No-one can tell. We must all wait and see.

P. Reeman, 6 Lower Science.

## PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

To-day the penny is not worth a lot, but we find the history of the penny dates back over a thousand years to the time when King Offa was on the throne.

For the next four or five hundred years, the penny was a silver coin, weighing the two-hundred-and-fortieth part of a Saxon pound, many times more valuable than to-day. The first copper pennies were made in 1797 during the reign of George III. These pennies weighed an ounce each. "Coppies," however, had a short life, for from 1860 up to the present day, bronze pennies have been made.

The pennies of to-day weigh a third of an ounce and are not truly circular. If you measure one carefully, you will find that the diameter taken vertically is slightly longer than the horizontal diameter. Also, if you place five pennies in a row so that they touch, the distance covered will be six inches.

Till the time of Edward I, it was so deeply indented by a cross-mark that it could be broken in halves (thence called halfpenny) or quarters (fourthings or farthings).

The figure of Britannia has appeared on the reverse side of the penny since 1672. The lady used to be the Duchess of Richmond, a court beauty and friend of Charles I. But, about 1800, the daughter of the Master of the Mint became the new Britannia. It is her face which we see to-day.

Every time a new sovereign comes to the throne, he or she faces a different way on the coins. Queen Victoria faces left, King Edward VII right, King George V left again. Then comes a gap, for if King Edward VIII had been on the throne long enough he would have faced right. King George VI faces left and our present Queen right.

Have you ever been told that pennies of 1862 and 1933 are worth considerable sums of money? Well, it is not true. The former was a rumour which grew out of the story that a workman at the mint threw some gold into the cauldron of copper from which the pennies were made, but it's just a legend. Not many 1863 pennies were minted and they are certainly scarce but are only worth a penny. It is impossible to find 1933 as there were only six pennies made and they have been buried under foundation stones of famous buildings or carefully preserved in museums.

In some years no pennies are made at all. You will never find pennies dated 1923, 1924 or 1925 for this reason. During the last war, pennies were not made after 1940.

In 1912 so many pennies were needed that a private mint in Birmingham called Heaton's helped with the job. Pennies made at Heaton's were marked with an "H" before the date.

About 500 million pennies are lost. They have been issued and never seen again. Where are they? Dropped in rivers, canals and in the sea or down drains, being hoarded by people who collect pennies for fun, gone abroad for people's collections. Many are in slot machines and amusement arcades.

Well, are those thoughts worth a penny?

B. Chamberlin, 4C.

## AIR TRAINING

Whilst at camp with the Air Training Corps at a Royal Air Force station in Norfolk a Sergeant and I were detailed to a Varsity Aircraft for a cross-country flight. The Varsity is quite a large aircraft with two engines — a comforting thought. On reaching the door of the aircraft — an operation necessitating the use of a very rickety pair of ancient steps — we were met by an array of instruments, large, small and multi-coloured. After the formal greetings with our pilot we were shown to our seats, iron frameworks. We were in the first and second radio-operators positions which I noticed were directly in line with the propellers. Somehow whilst first checks before engine starting were carried out, my mind ran over what I had read in the past.—

“. . . Propeller works loose in flight, crunches into fuselage.” The first checks involved flipping numerous switches, pushing and pulling levers, and pilot and co-pilot reading off in icy tones of seeming indifference, multifarious dials.

The engines wheezed, coughed, clattered, the propellers ticked over and the engines burst into life. The whole aircraft shook, the noise level was notably high (as aircraft magazines would say — There was a terrific din). The aircraft lurched forward as the brakes were released and bumped to the end of the duty runway; with the low-pressure tyres of large aircraft all cracks in the runway are felt.

The engines roared to full power, the aircraft increased speed and the nose rose, the fuselage floor being inclined at about 45 degrees. The steep climb was maintained if not increased and I, in a rearward-facing seat, was pushed forward into the radio table. After the aircraft flattened out with a whistling whine the undercarriage was retracted. We forged through massive cloud formations over the flat East Anglian countryside. This is a sight that I shall never forget, passing over the sunlit fields and rivers with roads like threads spreading amongst them. We passed over Norwich Cathedral and the town seemed centred around this point.

We passed over ruined castles and as the aircraft floated onwards the countryside changed and we passed over wooded hills. The aircraft's nose dropped, the undercarrige extended and with an almost imperceptible bump we landed on a small airfield. After checking the airfield's radio approach system we took off, circled, landed once more, then took off finally and roared into the air at such an acute angle that a Very lamp stored in the nose clattered past us and crashed into the rear bulkhead.

We were cruising quite serenely and I moved aft to do a bit of investigation. I mounted some steps and looked out of the astra-dome. I then realised that the aircraft was in a 60 degree turn and that owing to the pressure I was standing upright in the aircraft with no effect of gravity.

Looking at the ground I noticed dark shapes fleeting over the sunny ground and at the same moment the aircraft pitched into a huge, black cloud. I quickly regained my seat. The pilot ordered us to strap into our seats. By now I was almost deafened by the engines whose roar had subdued to a hiss. The aircraft started to pitch and roll, the engine hiss rising and falling. Rain and sleet lashed the windows through which the ground seemed enveloped in a mist. These conditions were wide-spread and as the clouds rose to high altitudes we were not able to break out and were recalled to our station. The sleet eased as we approached to land but there was an abnormally high cross wind and the aircraft slewed in almost crab-wise towards the touchdown point, over some trees and a hill near to the runways and a wind trap was set up. As the aircraft edged in, it dipped towards the ground. The co-pilot now assisted the pilot in the landing, both heaving on their control columns. Such was the altitude at which the aircraft approached the runway that the port main wheels touched first and the aircraft almost swung off the runway. We landed safely and were the last aircraft to land at our station in such a crosswind, other aircraft being diverted. So ended  $2\frac{1}{2}$  more hours flying experience and the Sergeant and I went straight to the NAAFI and sat down to an enormous meal.

C. James, 5C.

### ON GOOD SPINNING (FOR PIKE)

It is never much use spinning water more than six or eight feet deep. The best places are usually quiet streams, where there are beds of reeds and water lilies, shallows and deep holes. When having made the cast, the rod-point should be dropped to within a yard of the water, holding it at an angle to the bait; reel in the line, not too quickly, giving it an occasional jerk with the rod tip, thus producing what is known as a "sink and draw" motion.

Spinning is the most artistic way of catching pike. To watch a really good hand at the game is a fine lesson in angling:—

He makes no erratic 'casts'. His bait, properly leaded, shoots evenly and swiftly for the desired haven, like an arrow from the bow. Right across the river—forty yards if an inch—it falls right under the boughs of a drooping willow into a quiet eddy. With but little splash the bait drops into the water, and, after sinking a foot or two, is drawn evenly across the water.

It is a pikey bit of water; a fringe of waving reeds bordering the bank—a special retreat this for fine fish. Is Master Pike at home to-day? He is. A swirl in the water, a sudden resistance on the line, a gleam of light colour in the dark-green depths of the river flowing smoothly along, as a mighty fish seizes the bait and endeavours to return with its capture to its lair. Not so fast, my friend. The six foot odd of glass fibre is struck upwards smartly,

the line twangs like a harp-string, and a right royal battle has commenced.

Gamely the fish struggles, vainly trying to regain its old quarters, which for months past have been its home — a place carefully avoided by young roach, dace and gudgeon who have been well-educated. It is not to be, though. Three or four frantic plunges on the part of the pike, as many steady pulls by Piscator, and a handsome 15-lb. fish is brought within reach of the gaff which is expertly inserted under the chin.

G. J. Whitehead, 5A.

### My Evening

A few more yards and I'm at the gate,  
I'm glad, because it's getting late,  
I open up the kitchen door,  
It's good to know I'm home once more.

Off with my coat, my gloves and hat,  
And my satchel, I'm relieved of that,  
My mother greets me with a smile,  
I'm glad I hurried that last long mile.

Something to eat, a comfy chair,  
And the daily paper is lying there.  
When dad comes home it's time for tea,  
Then homework is the next for me.

When this is done and I am free,  
If there is time I watch T.V.  
Then teeth to brush, my hair to comb.  
Time simply flies when I'm at home.

Maureen Thornton, 1C.

### "THE SCAVENGERS"

A blinding, golden glare topped with a more blinding blue. So much dazzling sickly yellow sand, stretching away into the vast distance and eventually making a bright contrasting line beneath the rich sky. No relief for the weary, glazed eye, the dry sun-parched lips or for the cracked, wrinkled face. Only everlasting wandering onward, to a goal that might never be reached, to water, or just to a cool caressing breeze; away from this sand, which is everywhere, in the eyes, the hair and in the very air he breathes.

Above in the unrelenting blue, two black specks could be seen slowly circling and approaching, coming lower and lower, again

fading out of sight, but once more returning to follow the weary figure as he plodded on gazing into the distance ahead. Suddenly, and apparently without cause he started and began to stumble forward, with arms outstretched and all the while he eagerly mumbled some incoherent words. As suddenly as he started however did he stop; his hands dropped slowly to his sides and the hungry gleam gradually faded from his eyes. Once more he continued on in his former, weary manner, with his eyes, as always, fixed on the distant horizon. The birds had not stopped their incessant circling, but even began to flap their wings about his head; and to make vicious dives at his face.

The scorching heat of midday arrived and gradually faded away into a cool and desolate night. The figure still trudged on and the two birds remained persistent in their circling flight. From time to time their triumphant screeches rent to air, as they began to realise that their time was drawing near. They could hardly wait and their fierce desire gleamed in their eyes as they persistently flapped around the exhausted wanderer, who from time to time feebly lifted his arms to beat them off, but finding it useless continued heedlessly on his way.

As the sun rose once more a grey speck could be seen on the far horizon. The wandering figure suddenly became suffused with strength, and ran forward. The birds began to screech more loudly, and mad with rage tried to obstruct his path with the furious flapping of their strong wings, and the vicious onsets of their beaks.

After some time the grey specks became distinguishable, and many dark people could be seen walking peaceably in and out of their tents; soon their voices could be heard as they talked rapidly and loaded their kneeling camels.

On seeing this the eager figure tried to run forward more quickly, but his strength seemed drained from him, and his legs became so weak that they refused to carry him on; and his tongue so parched that he could not utter a sound. Gradually he sank down in the sand.

The birds furiously circled twice, and made a vicious dive at the body, screeching and hissing with joy. But their cries had been heard and many figures came running from the tents, ejaculating loudly and calling to the remaining people in the tents. On seeing the birds they began to slash them across their backs with their whips, but the taste of the blood was so strong and the birds' love of it so great, that the pain passed unnoticed in their lust for blood. They continued to tear at the flesh and soon the profusely flowing blood from their wounds mingled with that of their victim.

One of the Arabs suddenly grabbed at the bleeding body, and wrenching it from the beaks of the birds carried it away, while the remaining men continued their furious attack on the two vultures, who as soon as the body was gone however feebly rose into the air, circled twice and dropped like stones to the ground.

The torn body was quietly buried in the sand, the Arabs packed their tents and finished loading their camels, and soon the caravan began to move off. One old man began a song and soon it was taken up by the whole of the caravan, and they continued to sway comfortably on their way. Soon they faded away in the distance and only the echoes of a mournful song glided over the smooth yellow sands.

Linda Liebold, 5A.

### PHOENICIANS ASSOCIATION

To celebrate the 21st Anniversary of the Phoenicians Association a dinner-dance is being held at the Park Hotel, Hanwell, on the 27th February, 1958. We hope that as a former pupil of Drayton Manor Grammar School you will be able to come and bring a guest.

Many old scholars of various years have expressed a wish to attend this function, which will provide a fine opportunity for the renewal of old friendships.

Tickets, price £1 1s., are obtainable from the Chairman, Mr. F. E. Merrett, 83, Dulverton Road, Ruislip Manor, Ruislip, Middlesex.  
A. C. Merrett (Hon. Gen. Secretary).

### PHOENICIAN NETBALL

The formation of the netball section took place towards the end of last season. Only friendly matches were played and the team that was entered in the Ealing Rally did very well to be winners of their section.

This season the section is becoming more organised and there is a 1st and 2nd team playing regularly.

The first team has been entered in the Middlesex League and has so far won all their matches. It has been chosen to represent Ealing in the Middlesex County League.

The under 21 team has been entered in the Ealing Youth League. This team is playing exceptionally well and has won all four games played — the last victory being 31 goals to 7.

The enthusiasm and keenness of the teams ensures a steady future for the netball section.

### PHOENICIAN FOOTBALL CLUB

The Phoenicians are again fielding three teams in the Old Boys' League and London Old Boys' Cup Competition this year.

Despite the loss of Eric Wilkinson and Don Philp the first eleven have had an excellent start to the season and at the time of going to print have established themselves at the top of Division One (North). As they finished second in the table at the conclusion of the last two seasons they must have an excellent chance of obtaining the championship this time.

The results of the second team so far this season are encouraging



and although it may be optimistic to hope for first place in Division Two (West) I feel justified in the belief that they will not, as happened last year, have to fight relegation.

Our third team, following their great performance in becoming champions of Division 4 (North-West) are now competing in Division 3 (West) as a result of which they are enjoying a higher standard of football, but finding victories a little more difficult to achieve. However an enjoyable game is just as important as the result.

#### **A Message to All School 1st and 2nd team Players.**

The Phoenicians are able to recruit players only from the School and it is very important therefore that at least a proportion of you should join this Club on leaving.

A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in playing for the Phoenicians during the 1958/59 season to contact me at the undermentioned address before the **Easter Holidays** next year.

36, Cowper Road, Hanwell, W.7.

T. Lloyd, Hon. Secretary.

#### **Entrance to Universities and Colleges of Further Education.**

- J. Angove — Bath Training College.
- C. Belch — Redlands Training College, Bristol.
- E. Brown — University of Cambridge.
- J. H. Drane — Ealing School of Art.
- A. French — Stockwell Training College.
- D. J. Gowan — University of Birmingham.
- P. E. Pratt — Acton Technical College.

#### **Recent Old Pupils' Successes.**

- N. Bird — B.A. Hons. II London.
- M. J. D. Brown — B.A. Hons. Cambridge.
- K. H. Bultitude — M.Sc. Birmingham.
- E. Foot — M.B., B.S., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. London.
- R. Hutchby — B.A. Nottingham
- M. Soulal — Ph.D. London.
- D. Wright — B.A. Hons. II. London.

### **GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION JULY, 1957**

#### **Advanced Level**

- E. Aley-Kettle — Geography, History (O).
- E. Brown — Applied Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Pure Mathematics (D).
- E. F. Buckland — Geography (O).
- D. M. Charity — English (O), French, German (O).
- J. H. Drane — Art (D), Physics (O).
- D. J. Gowan — Applied Mathematics, Music, Physics, Pure

### Mathematics (D).

- R. J. L. Malings — English (O), German (O).  
S. May — English, French, German.  
R. J. Morgan — Economics (O), Geography (O).  
P. Morris — English, French.  
E. V. Pepper — English (O), Geography, German (O).  
D. F. Philp — Economics, French (O), German (O).  
P. E. Pratt — Botany, Chemistry, Physics.  
C. Saville — Chemistry (O).  
J. E. Seymour — English (O), German (O), Music.  
P. West — Botany (O), Chemistry, Zoology (O).  
(D) = Awarded Distinction.  
(O) = Awarded Pass at Ordinary Level.

### Ordinary Level

**Form 5A:** D. Basdell 1, A. M. Carr 2, M. M. Duley 6, F. M. Featherstone 6, S. M. Fellows 4, P. I. Lavallin 6, P. Martin 2, I. E. Pearce 7, B. Reeves 6, J. M. Ross 2, J. D. Stannard 5, V. H. Starkey 3, R. A. Cox 1, B. W. Crabtree 6, A. Dallorzo 1, K. D. Hamilton 1, F. I. Jarman 5, A. Jones 8, M. D. Keates 2, D. K. Marchant 1, A. Parfitt 5, R. C. Peirce 4, P. B. Reeman 5, A. J. Savage 6, J. R. Scott 2, R. G. Shortland 2, D. R. Worsley 3.

**Form 5B:** P. Berryman 3, A. A. Bird 4, S. A. Denny 3, R. B. Harrison 2, S. W. McCarthy 1, W. A. Murphy 8, C. A. Pearson 8, V. Quant 5, E. H. Reeves 7, A. G. Thomas 2, V. Ward 5, J. Williams 5, R. A. Bartlett 1, C. D. Boddy 1, L. C. Covington 5, R. F. Creech 3, D. M. Dawson 6, M. J. Fisher 6, P. J. Hartman 6, A. J. Hillier 5, C. T. Moore 2, F. O'Leary 4, M. J. Taylor 3, H. Timm 2.

**Form 5C:** L. A. C. Branch 3, V. A. Bunker 4, J. D. Cayless 5, P. J. Clark 8, A. J. Cole 6, M. Eyles 7, C. A. Foale 3, J. C. Hallett 6, M. A. Hill 5, J. Sabat 6, S. A. Smith 3, W. F. Smith 7, A. Spellers 5, R. M. Webb 8, J. Wooders 7, D. J. Adams 7, D. J. Beal 5, P. G. Brown 5, J. A. Copas 5, D. M. Coughlan 5, P. J. Crouch 7, D. C. Crumpler 2, M. Day 6, M. G. Dunnage 1, T. W. A. Durn 8, J. A. Forse 6, R. J. Lott 4, A. L. J. Peacock 6, A. D. Reynolds 2, A. R. Whitehorn 1.

**Form 6 (Additional Subjects):** J. Angove 2, M. J. Dodds 1, M. Gurney 1, J. C. C. Hart 1, A. Jones 1, S. D. Lipscombe 1, A. P. Priston 1, M. J. Wilkins 1, C. M. Woodbridge 2, R. G. Beasley 1, J. W. Cutts 1.

### LEAVERS — SUMMER TERM, 1957

**Sixth Form:** E. Aley-Kettle, J. Angove, R. G. Beasley, R. P. Bowers, T. G. Broom, E. D. Brown, R. G. Brown, E. F. Buckland, D. M. Charity, J. M. Cranmer, M. J. Dodds, J. H. Drane, D. G. Gowan, A. G. Knight, S. May, E. V. Pepper, D. F. Philp, P. E. Pratt, J. S. Samaroo, C. Saville, J. E. Seymour, P. E. West, C. M. Woodbridge.

## ADMISSIONS — SEPTEMBER, 1957

**Form 2B:** Toni Mury. **2A:** Penelope Lewis. **4B:** Veronica Tomkins. **4A:** Peter Mury. **6L:** Anne Thomson.

### **Form 1A:**

Bailey, Jennifer M.; Bailey, Norma V.; Baxter, David R.; Bellamy, Gordon A.; Bines, Alan M.; Buckingham, Ann; Kosiba, Janusz; Daniell, Jean F.; Darke, Robert L.; Day, Anthony R.; Day, Johanna; Grogg, Tessa A.; Jacobsen, Harvey M.; Kerr, John P.; Kinch, Frank C.; King, Carol L.; Lynch, John P.; Manchester, Jennifer H.; McNeill, John B.; Mersh, Gordon J.; Moore, Heather M.; Morbey, Richard I.; Perry Christine A.; Phillips, Janet M.; Reynolds, Geraldine; Ruel, Shirley Y.; Staples, Carolyn J.; Stimpson, Peter; Virgo, Roger T.; Warren, Keith; Wenborn, Susan M.

### **Form 1B:**

Armitage, Martin J.; Beldham, Susan A.; Bucknell, Malcolm; Colvin, Christine A.; Davies, Simon J.; Elmes, Peter J.; Fernee, Carole L.; Fox, Mary L.; Gibbons, Keith L.; Happer, Winifred F.; Howe, Brian W.; Jarman, David I.; Kaye, Michael J.; King, Rosemary; Knightley, Gordon R.; Ledbury, Myra; Leyster, Gordon W.; McVeigh, Janet S.; Moles, Molly G.; Mowat, Ian J.; Murfin,

**Fifth Form:** R. A. Bartlett, P. B. Berryman, A. A. Bird, L. A. C. Branch, V. A. Bunker, A. M. Carr, J. D. Cayless, D. M. Coughlan, R. A. Cox, A. P. Dallorzo, D. M. Dawson, S. A. Denny, M. R. M. Duley, T. W. A. Durn, S. M. Fellows, M. Finn, J. C. Hallett, K. D. Hamilton, M. A. Hill, A. J. Hillier, P. Martin, D. R. Middleton, C. T. Moore, K. Moore, F. O'Leary, I. E. Pearce, V. Quant, B. Reeves, A. D. Reynolds, A. J. Savage, J. R. Scott, R. G. Shortland, S. A. Smith, A. Speleers, J. D. Stannard, A. G. Thomas, H. Timm, L. J. Udall, V. E. Ward, A. R. Whitehorn.

Fiona O. M.; O'Connor, Brian; Pepper, Stephen; Roberts, Margaret A.; Rollins, Sandra M.; Rose, Kenneth A.; Shears, Christopher J.; Suter, Heather I. G.; Thomson, Roger; Tuddenham, Iavne; Webb, Keith A. J.

### **Form 1C:**

Benton, Pamela D.; Bowers, Susan K.; Briggs, Albert P.; Britton, Lynda J.; Camp, David; Cooney, Stephen E.; Crouch, Susan J.; Duffield, Ronald L.; Farquar, John D.; Fleming, Susan; Hardy, Wendy I.; Harvey, Brian C.; Haynes, Graham A.; Huggins, Georgine A.; Jamieson, Alexandra; Kitching, Beryl A.; Newman, Ann; Quisley, Anthony L.; Rees, Roger M.; Shenfield, Martin I.; Smeed, Mary L.; Smith, Linda A.; Spencer, Anthony M.; Spooner, Warwick E. S.; Stevens, Pamela F.; Thornton, Maureen A.; Tobin, John R.; Wade, Joan M.; Walmsley, Sandra R.; Whatley, David A.