

THE QUORNIAN

The Magazine of the Rawlins Grammar School, Quorn

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EDITORIAL

THE approaching demise of the school as we know it has led to some feeling of unrest and uncertainty this term. This was to be expected, and was indeed unavoidable. But in spite of this we can look back on a successful term. Many pupils have brought credit to the school by their activities both cultural and athletic, as a glance through the following School Notes will show. Without detracting in any way from the deeds of the girls, we would like to compliment the boys especially on doing so well considering the smallness of their numbers.

This *Quornian* is a "bumper" issue. Contributions have been amply forthcoming, and the Editor is grateful to all who have helped by sending in articles and poems. The usual financial limitation imposed upon the size of the magazine has been disposed of, for what remains of the old Camping Fund has been transferred to the magazine's credit.

What the future of the *Quornian* is to be we do not know, but we hope that the authorities-to-be will not allow it to lapse. A magazine is important to a school, not only as a means of disseminating authoritative information, but as a focal point for literary activities. Seeing their work in print encourages embryo writers, points of view can be put forward, the deeds and doings of pupils find a permanent record, and the magazine provides a means of contact between past and present lovers of the school. That this school is not without ability—literary and otherwise—these pages amply prove, and the Old Quornian Association depends largely on the magazine. We hope, therefore, that the *Quornian* will be encouraged to continue.

D.E.W.

A "MASTERLY" SONNET

To every Quornian who my sorrow shares
I send this sonnet, where, with veneration,
I name some men who taught in this foundation
But who forever now shall have no heirs.
Two Heads, Keith Thomson, Murray. Time impairs
Them not. We owe to Wales by immigration
Three Joneses, Thomas, Bennett, Owen; in rotation
There climbed those old laboratory stairs
Lucas, Proctor, Butler, Tittensor, Cork,
Wastnedge, "Hudge-es" and the Sheffield Clish.
Two Burrows, Fryer, in our annals walk,
While Fursdon, Dawes, Arguile complete the dish.
Not quite. There's Roberts, Douglas, Whitbread (editor),
The writer. Is he a debtor or a creditor?

W.J.

SCHOOL NOTES

The end of the Spring Term was enlivened by a series of matches involving Staff and pupils. We congratulate Mr. Jacques' team—the Spitfires—on their victory in the hockey competition, and both Masters and boys on their performances in the football match—which was, happily, drawn 1—1. Our thanks go to Mrs. Figgures for her organisation of the hockey matches.

The School has been noticeably quieter this term on Monday and Thursday afternoons, when large sections of the student body have been to the swimming baths. So far, in spite of the efforts of the Staff, everybody has returned safely.

We were very fortunate at the beginning of term to hear Miss Cheesmond, a South African, speaking to us on Kenya. Her talk was very interesting, and some of the incidents she related most thrilling.

Soon afterwards we had another speaker, Mr. Maclaren, who told us about his country, Canada. His talk was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and he made us realise what a sense of humour really is.

During the term we have had two students from Loughborough College, Messrs. Robinson and Wearing. We sincerely hope they have not decided to change their careers, and wish to thank them for the help they gave our athletes.

Films on the gas industry were shown at the school in the middle of term, followed by a Mickey Mouse cartoon, which was enjoyed by all, especially the teachers. A few weeks later, members of the Fifth Form, under the supervision of Mr. Wastnedge, paid an interesting visit to the Loughborough Gas Works.

Congratulations to Sheila Blower and I. Lake on their success at the Loughborough Musical Festival, where, competing against players of all ages, they won the Open Duet Cup.

We congratulate the following on gaining School Colours:

Netball: Barbara Horsley, Janet Joiner.

Hockey: Beryl Hillman.

Football: Spence, Boulter, Ford, Cutts, Bowyer, Bumpus, Nail, Greenwood, Roots.

Cricket: S. Ball, D. Ball, Roots, Nail.

A gym and country dancing competition has been taking place this term. The cups, presented by Miss Jarvis, one for upper and one for lower schools, were won by Forms V and III.

The appearance—too late, alas, for some of us—of a tennis court, has been welcomed by everyone, and we are grateful to those whose hard work has made it possible to play.

Our heartiest congratulations to Beatrice Mattock and A. Bowyer. Both came second in their events in the County Sports, and will consequently compete in the All-England Sports at Bath on July 17th, Beatrice in the 150 yards under 15, and Bowyer in the senior hurdles. We wish them both good luck.

We take this opportunity of saying *Au revoir* and "Good luck" to all boys, masters and mistresses who are leaving the school this term. They are too numerous to mention individually, but we append such information about the members of Staff as is available at the time of going to press.

Mr. Wastnedge is to take up an appointment as Science Master at the Grammar School, Skipton.

Mr. Whitbread is to teach English and Latin at the City Boys' School, Leicester.

Miss Mounteney, Mrs. White, Miss Clarke, Miss Brockhurst and probably Mr. Fursdon and Miss Graham are to remain at Quorn, being visited periodically by Mr. Brydson.

Mrs. Coghlan is going to live at Bromsgrove, where her husband has obtained a physical training post.

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

Most of what can be said about the school has already been said more than once and I do not propose to repeat it again.

However, I must state that arrangements have been made for the transfer of all the boys (with the exception of those in the Preparatory Department) to either Loughborough Grammar School (a majority), or Loughborough College School or Barrow Grammar School. I also here record my thanks to the Headmasters of these schools for the helpful and sympathetic attitude they have taken in this matter.

It must also be stated, however, that if the boys are safely provided for, the masters (or some of them) are not. They look to the fulfilment of promises made, but so far it appears to them that no tangible effort has been made on their behalf by anyone in authority.

I think it is fitting also to mention here that this change in the school means one other big break, for Mr. W. F. Bent Beardsley, Clerk to the Governors, almost certainly will soon sever his official connection with the school. Mr. Beardsley and, I understand, his father before him, have occupied this position for over fifty years. The work of the Clerk is unseen by the school, but he is one of the most important men in the whole organisation. During my brief spell of office Mr. Beardsley has been very helpful and friendly to me. One hopes, but is not confident, that the new arrangements will be better.

Three other things I have to say. One is that I hope the boys will be happy in their new schools and that the girls remaining behind will not miss them or us too much. Another is that I wish Miss Sawdon happiness and success in her new venture. The last is that I thank pupils and colleagues, present and past, for the almost invariably pleasant relations that have existed between us; and people of Quorn for their expressions of gratitude and regret.

W.J.

THE STAFF-ROOM

Shelves intolerably littered with unmarked exercise books . . . The damp rawness of the staff-room on a winter's morning, and its inviting coolness on a soporific summer's afternoon . . . The struggle for the radiators on cold days . . . mid-morning cocoa instead of tea . . . the utter congestion in the masters' staff-room . . . the seemingly incessant hammering on the door by importunate infants . . . the revolting sight of returned homework piled high on the table after prayers . . .

The multitudinous "systems" of dinner duty, and the unnatural frequency with which one's name appeared on the dinner rota . . . the eternally bedraggled state of the table-cloth . . . the acidity of the comments levelled at the dinner dish . . . and the rapidity with which the much maligned contents disappeared . . . the accuracy with which helpings of pudding had to be served out to various diners, and their habit of encircling the table before settling . . . the obstinacy of teapots which always dripped, and the mysteriously diminishing number of handleless cups . . . three or four heads nestling together as their owners struggle with the cross-word puzzle . . .

The speed with which spare milk was appropriated by one ever-thirsty member of staff . . . a tea-cup the size of a plant-pot, and dissertations on how to subtract . . . the constant controversy between North and South . . . the ardent advocacy by one member of a certain spot where "Health abounds and Beauty surrounds", and the efficient love of another for a town which has a railway station and a gas-works—doubtlessly also efficient . . . the guile of one in persuading others to wear out shoe-leather . . . the look of scorn which greeted excuses for not paying tea-money . . . the charming defence by one member of Worcestershire as a cricketing county . . . the "handicaps" of the Yellow Peril . . . the aspersions cast on married life by the member with the sporty ties—and his constant efforts to beguile the younger and fairer members of staff into that happy state . . . accents Welsh and wonderful . . . the brow-beating of husbands . . . Russian . . .

Shall we ever forget these things?

D.E.W.

"TRIG."

I've wandered far in foreign lands,
Many strange sights I've seen,
Dancing girls and hookah pipes,
And even Sheba's queen.

My mind is far away from Trig.,
Opening the Pharaoh's graves,
Rescuing damsels in distress,
Whilst Mr. -rgyl- raves.

Cosines, Lines and Tangents queer
Muddle up my brain;
My mind comes back to modern times—
I'm back at Trig. again.

(The writer of these regrettable confessions not unnaturally wished to conceal his identity. For his health's sake, we concurred.)

FINAL NEWS OF THE FIFTH

The Form has not had quite so much breathing time this term, but nevertheless there have been thoughts to spare for other things besides that awful day when the results of School Certificate come out.

The Form underwent a terrific strain a short time ago, when a photograph of the Form and Mr. Fursdon was taken. It is marvellous when you realize what cameras can stand.

Chaos reigned the other day, when on entering the Form room after break, everyone being in a hurry to pack their bags and hurry upstairs to the lab., it was discovered that numerous satchels were missing. As many of these contained vital books for the next lesson the confusion can be imagined. Not only satchels, but books and desks were also mixed. Matters were not improved by the invasion of the Form room by crowds of Third Formers, who all had plenty of helpful(?) suggestions to make. It took some members of the Form until next day to forgive the culprits, but after sleeping on it, they were able to see the funny side of the incident.

The Form has recently lost two of its members, Norman and Robotham. We have neither seen nor heard of Norman, but a letter has been received from Canada, while several people are not without hopes of further more substantial news.

When desks are too crowded to hold gym clothes, etc., people may now, as a last resource, be driven to digging holes in the floor and burying their treasures there. For on no account must you pack them tidily on the window sills. If you should be so rash, the things are immediately termed "rubbish" and you can bid them a fond farewell.

On June 7th and 8th, as a sweet foretaste, came the French Oral Exam. Never before has Mr. Jones appeared as such a terrifying and awe-inspiring figure. Many were the sarcastic remarks forthcoming from the boys who were not taking the exam., and they of course knew the horrible results long before anyone else.

Very few members of the Form are coming back next term, probably not more than two, but we have been a united Form and shall be sorry to depart along our several ways.

MARJORIE BUNNEY FORM V

THE FORWARD FOURTH

It is with great pleasure and pride that our versatile form announce our future stars of Wimbledon. They will compete in the year 2,000 A.D.

During "Test Season" certain arguments were raised during lessons by the back of the room boys as to who will win the "Ashes". The victorious Don is, of course, the general form favourite, but there is a tendency amongst the girls to favour Dennis Compton.

Cracking jokes as well as beakers has become a regular item during those cherished hours of Science.

The fourth's fearless females focussed their attention on wriggling worms and black beetles during the term, a pursuit looked upon with delight. But after a few days favourable conditions broke. The centipedes and slimy snails escaped through their prison gates with enthusiasm.

We are feeling rather elated with ourselves because of our efficiency on Milk Duty, but the muddles into which we sometimes get take some of the wind from our sails.

Friend B-sh-p has found that by asking too many questions in English that he has become his own "Grammar".

We would like to take this opportunity of wishing the boys the best of luck in their new adventure, and perhaps it will help them on their way a little if we say that we shall miss them very much.

FURTHER STANZAS TO THE MARCHING SONG OF IIIM.

Two terms have passed and gone since we burst forth into song,
Since we treated all the Rawlins School to a lyric in our praise;
But its meaning was sarcastic, and the last verse somewhat drastic
We've improved our way of life since then, and amended our bad ways.

The days are past and spent when, our minds on mischief bent,
We tortured, tried and harassed all the teachers in the school;
Now we strive with all our might to do our work and get it right,
While our conduct is exemplary—we observe the slightest rule.

In the periods for Maths we have drawn some perfect graphs;
We've devoted all our thoughts to them with vigour and with verve.
And members of both sexes have been plotting y's and x's
For the pleasure of producing a true parabolic curve.

There are some whose latest pleasure is to spend their hours of leisure
In attendance on aquaria, and in studying the whims
Of shiny newts with curly tails, and sticklebacks, and water-snails,
And tadpole with transparent tail that wiggles as it swims.

We have played a noble part in the literary art,
We're producing massive tomes on topics abstract and profound;
We rise to heights ecstatic on matters numismatical
And our work on natural history to our credit does redound.

Though the girls have mighty tussles that put strains upon their muscles
In transporting sewing gadgets on their overlaid backs,
Though with all their hearts and souls they loathe working button-holes,
They are widely known as experts in the art of tailor's tacks.

Just as bees work in a hive, so we struggle and we strive
To master all our subjects, with a zeal that naught can stem;
For we're studying and learning—it's for knowledge we are yearning—
Which is greatly to the credit of the once maligned IIIM.

D.E.W.

III M—UNREPENTANT

Our seventeen cultured ladies still carry on their resolve to endear themselves to every member of staff, although they frequently fall under the displeasure of most of them.

Gym and dancing are our girls' speciality, which they have recently proved by triumphantly winning a glittering cup which was borne amid a multitude of sly smiles and witty remarks from the boys.

From the depths of darkest mathematics the pitiful voices of -n-d and Sh-l- are heard to query: "Why, sir? But - - - - - please sir, I don't understand!"

On the rounders pitch there is still to be heard J-n's defiant cry of "No BALL!!" followed by a loud cackling horse-laugh from R-by.

Our form bowler, M-gg-, contorts her face into terrifying malevolence as she cunningly spins the rounders ball.

The thirteen handsome boys are as vivacious as ever. Having completely routed the girls at rounders, at which they considered themselves undisputed champions, we have compelled them to acknowledge our superiority.

As this is our last term here we are setting out to obtain a record number of detentions, and to harass and perplex the staff with our famous brand of intelligence.

Subjecting each member to a searching court of law, I would say Bill ploughs aggressively through trigonometry much to the gratification of Mr. Arguile, but the latter's hair is rapidly greying with the strain of answering Stan's constant barrage of algebraic queries. Trev gazes down at us aloofly from his superior height and "Nogg" is at hand with his usual witticisms on school dinners. "Sugg" is wreathed in broad smiles at the thought of only a few more days at school. "Tadpole" gallops through life as recklessly as usual, and "Col" still has a revulsion for fat babies. Those companions in misfortune "Yank" and "Johnny" cling affectionately together. "Yank" still continuously shoots over the bar, and "Johnny" ejaculates in horror at the slightest premonition of a little extra work.

Recently the boys have been noisily enjoying aquatics in our local swimming baths, a pleasure(?) they have never enjoyed before. "Sandy" very effectively drowned himself in the three foot end, which, although uncomfortable for him, called forth unrestrained mirth from his colleagues!

And so we go on! Although we will be divided next term, I am sure we shall live up to our brilliant(!) reputation.

MURIEL R. ADCOCK and

ROY K. MARTIN FORM IIIm

THE LOVE OF LEARNING

It should be a Science lesson. Ten minutes ago the bell tolled mournfully, and the pupils of this excellent form, IIm, have just trudged up the creaking stairs to their room. Hear the sighs of the girls of IIg, who have to clear the desks which they themselves have just littered with sewing machines, bundles of cloth, boxes of pins and needles and reels of cotton for their next lesson.

After ten more minutes have elapsed the future scientists of IIm slowly trickle from their form-room into the lab. "Close the door," Mr. Wastnedge reminds us.

"There's Stacey yet, sir."

"Close the door, Stacey."

"There's Neale yet, sir."

"Close the door, Neale."

"There's Mobbs yet, sir."

So this intriguing dialogue continues till Lake blissfully saunters in, and then at last the door is sealed.

All is quiet, and we are about to begin our laborious studies when Brown, who has been hitherto admiring the agility of the fish, who swim unceasingly to and fro in the aquarium, addresses the "learned one". "Please, sir, what do you feed 'em on?"

This rather obvious red herring succeeds, and Mr. Wastnedge answers.

"They eat the microscopic creatures in the water. They also . . . Margaret, can you keep quiet? . . . As I was saying, Brown, besides the creatures in the . . ."

Ping! A small piece of chalk which was aimed rather wide by Mr. Wastnedge misses Bass by three or four yards, and lands about nine inches from Knight's booted foot.

"Well, you see, Brown, these small . . . Knight!"

The foot of the said aggressor, which has been edging towards the stump of chalk, shoots like a rocket into its former position.

"I was only trying to get it for *you*, sir," comes an innocent, angelic voice from Knight.

"Now, Brown," resumes Mr. Wastnedge, after a sigh, "these creatures, microscopic ones you know, eat the fish."

This statement draws roars of false laughter from the pupils of IIm in a manner which would positively shock any other master. Our teacher, however, bears all for the love of Science.

At last, after a period of noise which could only be classified with the din coming from the padded cells of Bedlam, the lesson continues, and Mr. Wastnedge make a suggestion.

"IIm, get out your Physics books and we will try and write a few notes." Turning to the blackboard he continues, "Now, rule off after your last notes and take these down."

At this he writes furiously on the board for about ten minutes, after which period he has covered the aforesaid with many monotonous lines and drawings, all very neat and tidy considering they have been done above the speed limit. After ten minutes of filling pens, borrowing ink, collecting forgotten books, sharpening pencils, and doing the thousand

and one other things that should have been done during break, the form settles down to work. Not for long! Knight reports to the whole class, and anybody in the courtyard who may be listening, that he has completed the task, in brief terms which run as follows: "Finished, sir!"

"Ding, dong, dong, ding."

There is a clatter of books as each boy or girl pulls his or her own together.

"I did not tell you to move."

"Ding, dong, dong, ding."

"Pick up that piece of paper, please, someone."

"Dong, ding, dong, ding."

"Lees!"

That gentleman wakes up, and after attending to the paper, walks laboriously back to his place, while a chorus of, "Hurry up, Lees," issues from his dear form mates.

"Ding, dong, ding, dong."

"First row."

"Ding, ding."

"Second row."

"Ding, ding."

"Third row."

"Dong, dong."

"Fourth row."

"Ding, dong."

"What a form," breathes Mr. Wastnedge, as he gathers up his slide rule.

The bell still rings as he retreats to the paradise of the masters' staff-room.

D. H. RAWLINGS Form IIm.

HORRORS IN THE WAXWOKS

As I opened the door a loud creak echoed through the building and dense shadows were cast by the still figures. From cold, glassy eyes the statues stared at me and icy shivers ran up and down my spine. My hair stood on end in the nape of my neck and as I peered round the corner the eyes of Crippin met mine. Jack the Ripper looked on in hideous stupidity. In the deathly silence I looked around. Would it still be there? Would it be in the same place?

If not—what was I to do? Go to the police? No! I daren't do that. I'd lose my job and then—I'd have to do it again. I was so frightened I didn't care what I did so long as I got out of the mess safely. My feet felt like lead as I moved towards it. Horrible thoughts crowded my head. I imagined I saw a judge, a jury, and one word filled my mind—Guilty!

And then I saw it—eyes standing out like burning coals, mouth agape. I slowly put out my hand towards it. A warm head rubbed against it. I lifted the soft body in my arms, and carried Puss back to the fireside in my own caretaker's room.

DOROTHY TOMLYN Form IV

APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR *presents*
THE CASE OF THE FRIDAY DINNER

or "AS YOU LIKE IT"
(with apologies to William Shakespeare)

A TRAGEDY

(N.B. Any similarity between characters in this play and civilized human beings is entirely accidental, not to say amazing. Members of staff are invited to institute proceedings of libel and slander against the author and may be confidently assured that they will be entirely disregarded.)

Scene: The Hall at R.G.S.

Time: Any Friday Dinner-time

Dramatis Personæ: R.G.S.

"THE MASTERPIECE"

(The scene is a hall laid with tables, benches, trolleys, boxes of cutlery, etc. Everything is quiet. Suddenly there is a terrible commotion off-stage and a howling mob of boys pound into the room, sniffing eagerly in the manner of greyhounds.)

DISGUSTED VOICE: Ugh! Fish pie again.

EDUCATED VOICE: What a truly repellant odour!

VULGAR VOICE: Coo! What a pong!

INDIFFERENT VOICE: We haven't had sausage meat this week.

ACCUSING VOICE: Who's taken the cruet?

SARCASTIC VOICE: Don't it smell nice? (sic)

RAUCOUS MEMBER OF STAFF (banging lustily with spoon on table): *Please* be quiet! Will you be quiet? BE QUIET!!

(Awed hush)

R. M. of S.: To-day we will start with the back tables and end with the front.

(Chorus of indignation from diners at front tables)

(Diners at back tables apprehensively line up in files and begin their long trek down the hall giving vent to sundry encouraging remarks.)

OPTIMISTIC VOICE: Well, cheer up!

RESIGNED VOICE: We can only die once.

INCREDULOUS VOICE: What *do* they put in that white sauce?

PEREMPTORY VOICE: Here, take some of those potatoes off.

SECOND AGGRESSIVE VOICE: Where's all the shiny spoons?

CASUAL VOICE: I had a premonition it would be fish pie.

CONTEMPTUOUS VOICE: Call these knives? More like cutlasses.

EXPOSTULATING VOICE: All right, don't stick your fork into me.

(Soon everyone is engrossed in reluctantly dissecting the succulent matter on their plates, with dejected expressions and sickly smiles.)

COMMANDING VOICE: It's your turn to take the plates.

INDIGNANT VOICE: I took them on Wednesday.

HOPEFUL VOICE: What's for pudding, I wonder?

WITTY VOICE: Who said "A prune, a prune, my kingdom for a prune"?

BORED VOICE: Oooh! Corny jokes again!

(As the trolley containing the second course is wheeled on to the stage there is a hush and everyone peers expectantly at the big enamel bowls.)
(A heart-rending mixture of howls, groans, shrieks, sighs and ejaculations of horror rends the air.)

HORRIFIED VOICE: Oh no, not, not prunes again!

SECOND HOPEFUL VOICE: Sure it's not figs?

PERSUASIVE VOICE: Come on, be a sport; let's have another spoonful of custard.

SECOND INDIGNANT VOICE: Careful, you nearly had that all over me.

DETERMINED VOICE: I'm going to organize an anti-prune society.

RAUCOUS MEMBER OF STAFF: Get in line, please—you'll all get your turn.

MUTTERED VOICE: That's what we're afraid of.

R. M. of S.: Don't crowd round the tables—go to the end! Get into line! GET INTO LINE!!

(Gradually the fascinating odour of prunes pervades the air. Those who have not already succumbed are intoxicated by the exquisite aroma.

Gradually everyone expires.)

SOLITARY VOICE (quoting dramatically):

"To die or not to die, that is the question;

Whether it is safer in the end to suffer

The pains and agonies of this dire misfortune,

Or, by opposing, end it." (Expires)

(Clatter of crockery off the stage and from the kitchen comes a most unmusical rendering of "Five Minutes More".)

CURTAIN

R. K. MARTIN Form IIIM.

WHO WAS IT?

Who was it who stole all those plums

From Mrs. Potter's garden?

Was it Rawlings and his chums,

Or was it James, or Farden?

Who was it who, from Mrs. Bow

Took the pantry key?

Can't you tell who it is, now?

You'll never guess. It's me!

I. LAKE IIM.

MY PET AVERSION

If you keep dogs you will know that it is necessary to buy dog meat for them to eat. Before being fed to the dogs the meat has to be cut up and cooked. Very often I have to cut the meat into smallish pieces.

The meat is usually horse flesh—slimy, smelly, gristly and altogether revolting; the knife is usually blunt and the fork will not enter the meat. So I have to grasp the disgusting stuff in one hand and saw with the knife in the other hand. The meat slides to one end of the table, leaving a trail of blood and slime. I run after it and it promptly returns to its former position.

To add to my confusion, the dogs hover round the table, jumping up now and then to enquire how I am getting on, and then sitting down with watering mouths, only to yell and run away as I, in my courses round the table after the meat, tread on one or another.

"Plop!" One piece of meat goes into the saucepan. "Plop-p-p!" The remainder of the horrid stuff slithers on to the floor, to be attacked by three greedy dogs. This results in the growls and yells of a skirmish. In my endeavour to part them I accidentally sit on the dog meat. UGH!

At last the mangled stuff is simmering in the saucepan and in the dining room awaits my supper—if I can face it.

MARY SEFTON, Form V

THE HAT OF INVISIBILITY

Every morning when I go to school or up to the village, I have to pass Witch Goggle's house. I hate it, but there is no other way to go, so I have to pass it.

The other day I was going up to the village for my mother. I had the same funny feeling that I always have when I go by her house. I feel she is peeping at me from behind one of her apple trees, and is likely to put a spell on me at any minute. Well, I had the shock of my life that morning, for when I was passing her gate she hobbled up to me and croaked:

"D'y want this?"

She held out to me a peculiar looking hat. It was made up of pieces of coloured cloth, and looked like a witch's hat.

"I wonder what she has given this to me for?" I asked myself. My thought was answered for the witch started croaking again, "It is a hat of invisibility".

At that she hobbled away and left me staring at the hat.

"I will play a prank on giant Thunder," I thought to myself, so I started out in the direction of his castle. When I drew nearer I saw him gardening. I went up to him and said "Hello, how are you getting on, Giant Thunder?"

He turned round immediately, and roared "Who's that trying to be funny? I will advise you to nip away before I lay my hands upon you."

He got back to his gardening.

"He has got such a lovely garden," I thought to myself, "and he's too mean to give anyone even a radish. I think I will pull his lettuce up."

So I commenced. He only noticed after I had pulled up half a dozen of them, that they were strewn all on the ground. He looked furious, and I said innocently, "What's the matter?"

Just then an extra big breeze blew my hat off. I immediately started running after it and had just rescued it from a rose tree and crammed it into my pocket when he laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, and bellowed, "Now I've got you. You are my prisoner."

He marched me into his castle and down eight flights of stairs before we were confronted by a narrow black door through which he put me, and I heard the keys clanging as he locked the cell door. I looked around me. There seemed no hope of escape; there was only a tiny window which was covered with an iron grating. All that was in the room was a bench attached to one side of the wall and a small, rough, square table.

I sat down and thought, and thought. There seemed no hope of escape, until I remembered the magic hat. It was still crammed in my pocket. I thought out a plan which, if it worked, would enable me to escape.

Presently I heard footsteps.

"They must be the giant's" I thought.

I put on the magic hat just as I heard the key turn in the lock. The door opened and the giant stepped in. In his hand he held a plate on which was a piece of bread. He scanned the room up and down, but of course he could not see me. He was so astonished that the plate fell

from his hand and broke into four pieces on the floor. But I lost no time; I just slipped through the door and raced up all the flights of stairs. I was out of the castle in no time, leaving the giant gasping at the empty room.

I ran and ran for all I was worth towards home.

Suddenly I was aware that I was not invisible any longer. I felt my head. The magic hat had vanished. Where could it be? I looked around me, but could see no magic hat. I looked up and to my astonishment saw the hat sailing in the wind high over the giant's castle. I returned home without the hat and was scolded for not bringing the things my mother wanted. But of course if I had told her about the magic hat she would not have believed me.

Still next time I have a chance of having one I will not play pranks.

GWYNETH LEESON, Form IM.

THE KING OF THE HUMJUMS

It was a fascinating sight, the first glimpse of the Humjum King. He was sitting in a high chair with a canopy over him. Swarming round him like a lot of bees were his subjects, dancing and bowing whenever they came before him. There he was, as proud as a peacock, dressed up in all the finery he possessed. Brown-black, shiny skin covered a humpy, bumpy, fat body. He had small, twinkling brown eyes, always on the alert. He had a snub nose, and flashing, pearly-white teeth could be seen when he opened two thick lips. But in spite of his fatness elsewhere his hands and feet were graceful and slender, his fingers long and thin. Over his tight, brown, corkscrew curls was a marvellous headdress. Yes, a plumage of ostrich feathers was arranged in a band decorated with beads. He had two golden earrings on his ears. Strings and strings of necklaces hung round his neck. Beads, bones, teeth, pearls of all sorts helped to make the necklaces. On his arms and round his ankles were silver and gold bangles. A row of feathers were fastened just below each knee. The only other thing he wore was a leopard skin which hung from his waist down to just above his knees. So there in the clearing of the jungle, in all his splendour, I saw the Humjum King.

SHEILA ATTENBOROUGH Form IM

A CASTLE

At last I screwed up courage and entered the large iron gates, which themselves seemed to suggest evil. I crept along the drive which was lined with fir trees, into the depth of which I peered with fear. The air was heavy and still, and the sky was overcast. I knew it would not be long before the storm broke. Just as my courage was failing me, the drive seemed to broaden; suddenly like some dreaded prehistoric animal, the castle stood before me, sinister in its grandeur. Its massive granite walls towered into the sky and around the turrets rooks circled, telling all the world that death and evil had been the fate of this corner of the earth.

MARGARET BURGESS Form IV

THEY SAID HE COULD NOT PAINT

In the eighteenth century Sir Hugh Newton (1722—1806) ranked as one of our greatest painters.

Born in Lynton, Devon, in 1722, Newton later (in 1729) went to the village school. There he was the laughing stock of the boys for he was always giggling at the smallest things. You may think he came top, in art, of his class, but he did not. He invariably came in the tens (there were twenty children in the class); so much so that his art master said he could neither draw nor paint, and that he was good for nothing.

In 1737 Hugh was made a member of the Royal College of Art (M.R.C.A.). In 1729 no one could have believed that he would even set his feet inside the porch of the College, let alone so soon become a member.

By 1750 he was painting portraits, for which he is now famed. By 1760 he was painting hundreds of portraits. The king, George III, was so impressed by his own portrait, that he gave Newton £2000 for it, and then knighted him. He painted portraits of himself (1750), George II (1758), George III (1762), the Duke of Wellington (1796), Dr. Johnson (1778) and many others.

In 1804 he had the misfortune to lose one eye in a stage-coach accident, the other one being lost a year later. His last great painting was the portrait of Sir David Wilkie in 1803.

He died in 1806, a poor man, but his marvellous portraits will live for ever.

C. J. GARRATT, Form IM.

DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know that the horse's first ancestor was only as big as a fox, had four toes on its fore-feet and four on its hind-feet, lived in marshes and was called Hyracterium?

Did you know that the shape of Cleopatra's Needle is called "obelisk"?

Did you know that a Ginney is not a place where gin is distilled but the first process in the manufacture of cotton?

Did you know the monkey's "flea" is not a flea, but a sweet oil which evaporates into small particles of solid which the monkeys pick off?

COLIN ADAMS Form IIM.

A WISH FOR A COTTAGE

I would like a cottage small

Right upon a hill;

I wouldn't like it very tall,

I should like it near a mill.

With a garden full of flowers,

With roses round the door,

To give a welcome to summer showers;

Oh! I wish I had a cottage small.

A. COVE Prep. III

A DAY IN LONDON

What a thrill it gives Mrs. Wiggle, who has come from the country, to ride down the Strand in the front seat on the top of a motor bus! How important she feels when she looks from her great pinnacle at the people below! The bus stops. She cautiously descends the steps and alights into the mud and grime of the street. A taxi hoots. In her hurry to get out of the way, Mrs. Wiggle bumps into a lamp post.

Everybody turns and stares and how foolish she feels in contrast to her previous day-dreams. Mrs. Wiggle bustles along, looking in shop windows, trying to avoid the eyes of the anxious passers-by. In reality they are too occupied with their own thoughts and in too much of a hurry to bother about the little chubby housewife from the country.

At last Mrs. Wiggle overcomes her fears and begins to look at the people around her. The women are wearing longer skirts! This is the "new look" that she had seen and heard about in the newspapers! They were only the same length as her own clothes. So she, Mrs. Wiggle, has been wearing the "new look" for at least the last twenty years.

Overcome with immense joy and satisfaction, she swaggers on her way.

J. TEBBUTT Form V

SPRING

In Spring the fairies come out to dance,
On bob-tail rabbits they gaily prance,
They prance about all through the night,
Until at dawn the sun shines bright.

In fairy rings the flowers spring up,
From these flowers the honey bees sup,
The blue-bells in the glade do ring,
And little birds come forth to sing.

The leaves are budding on every tree,
A lovely sight for us all to see;
From a tree a squirrel does swing,
All these wonders happen in Spring.

JEAN BUTTERY Form IM.

POPPIES

Flowers of yellow, pink and blue
We see all the summer through,
But of scarlet ones, how few!

The poppy tries her very best
To hold her own against the rest,
Which are not in scarlet dress.

In amongst the corn she grows,
Everywhere her colour shows,
In the fields, by lush hedgerows.

Cheerfully she seems to say,
"Let's be happy all the day,
Summer's here, let's all be gay!"

PAMELA GREEN Form IV

THE SEA SHORE

Have you ever seen the foaming sea
On a cold, bleak winter day;
When skies as far as one can see
Are mixtures, black and grey.
Or heard the thunder of each wave
As it rolled towards the shore,
And disappeared in a gaping cave
To be seen and heard no more?
Or perhaps you've seen a summer sea
Beneath a deep blue sky,
When sparkling sprays all leap for glee
As raging storms drift by.
And maybe when the sun appears
You've seen the tiny streams
Of water, as they try to steer
Into a land of dreams.
And as they pass a lonely shell
They glisten, as they run,
And seem to sing a song and tell
Their secrets to the sun.

JOY CANNER Form IV

R.G.S. AND THE OUTDOOR LIFE

During the past two years we have tried to satisfy the appetites of those Quornians who are lovers of the outdoors and although the journeys have not been great in number, this year, we pride ourselves that the quality has been high. Most of the trips have been made to Youth Hostels, but we have had one stay of twelve days in the Gower Peninsular at a youth camp—that was under Mr. Bennett's leadership at Easter, 1947—and Whitsuntide of that year was spent under canvas. It was on the strength of this later venture that our camping fund was launched and very popular it proved to be until the sad news of the school's future brought the scheme to a premature end.

We have had our disappointments, too, for in February, 1947, the blizzard caused us to cancel a half term holiday in the Peak District, Whitsuntide of this year saw us cancel a camp for Form IV, and three attempts at booking holidays in the Lake District have proved unsuccessful. It is heartening, however, to hear that an old Quornian will be doing a three weeks tour of the Lakeland Hostels during August of this year.

We have now one more trip ahead of us before R.G.S. as we know it ceases to exist. This will be a six day stay at Bridlington, Filey and Saltburn Hostels and the members are taken from Form V as well as some old Quornians.

Before I close, I would like to express thanks to a number of people. Firstly, to those members of staff who so willingly gave up their week-



THE COUNTRY WE ROAMED — WHERNSIDE, YORKS



OUR INTREPID LEADER



LUNCH ON WIDDALE FELL



THE STAFF, 1948



HOCKEY TEAM, 1947-48

ends and holidays so that they could work to make the trips a success, and, secondly, to all the pupils who have taken part, because their behaviour has never failed to earn us a word of praise wherever we have strayed. That is something of which we can be proud, for school parties are often frowned on by regular visitors.

And, finally, let me press you to keep it up. The most difficult part of Youth Hostelling is the making of the initial trip, so now that you have started please do not drop the idea. Do remember, however, that on *you* rests the future good name of Y.H.A. As one warden so aptly put it—we now have a generation of hostellers who are reaping where they have not sown, and many of them abuse their privileges. This is very true and the solution would appear to be for you to do a little sowing by working for the association. I think that you would find it good fun and not at all irksome.

On your travels you will meet good and bad hostellers—ignore the bad example and counter it by setting a good one yourself. It is as easy as that.

So once again, thank you, and good luck on your future adventures. Remember there is an adage which says “Those on whom the Gods smile die young,” but, in case you already have wrong ideas, that should not be interpreted as “A short life and a gay one”.

E.R.W.

THE FOURTH FORM WALKS OUT

A very noisy party of seven boarded the bus at Quorn. Sweets were passed round, and Mr. Wastnedge put a film in his camera in order to snap any peculiar incidents. At Cheveney Road Miss Graham joined us and the route was planned. On arriving at Woodhouse Eaves, Mr. Wastnedge and Miss Graham gave their sandwiches to the boys to carry in their knapsacks. We went along a narrow lane or cart-track towards the Hanging Stone Golf Course. As we went down this lane, groans were heard from Bishop and Co. as they listened to Mr. Wastnedge's plans for the day. At the end of the golf course we crossed the road and went along a lane edged with rhododendrons. We girls passed on in front, but the boys and Mr. Wastnedge trailed behind talking Science. At the top of the Beacon we stopped to have a rest and look at the surrounding countryside. Passing down the other side we went through some birch woods which were carpeted with bluebells.

From there we carried on to Ulverscroft, but the boys seemed to be in a hurry for they were about two hundred yards in front of us. From there we went on to Copt Oak, and a little further on stopped for dinner, after which the boys practised bowling with a tennis ball, tutored by Mr. Wastnedge.

After dinner we went over Bardon where one of our members tried to catch a bumble-bee in a lemonade bottle. On into Abbots Oak, where we had a glass of lemonade each. Then we went along the road to Woodhouse Eaves, where all but Mr. Wastnedge and three of us went on in front. When we reached Woodhouse Eaves we were all footsore and weary, but pleased with our achievement.

B. PRESTON and L. HEATHERLEY Form IV

A COUNTRY HOUSE

The drive of worn cobbles was covered in places by soft moss and overhead the branches of the stately trees formed a cool, green tunnel. On the left side was a small gardener's cottage, almost hidden by a mass of bushes, and with a slight covering of pine needles on its sloping roof. Through the trees further up the drive part of a picturesque house could be seen. To one side there was a double row of stables and from the back of the house rich pastures sloped down to a wide cool stream. Everywhere there were signs of prosperity. The house itself seemed to doze in the sun. Its grey walls were covered with a curtain of gay creeper and in places with a grey lichen. On the sloping roof the spaces between the tiles were filled with a pale moss and the wide windows held bright curtains and gay flowers. Near the french windows, on the wide terrace, which ran down the whole of one side, a cat was sleeping in a cushion-filled chair. Below this terrace sprawling masses of flowering bushes and luxuriant flowers. From the house across the quiet fields and the sleeping village to the far distant hills behind a bluish haze there was a feeling of peace and quiet happiness.

S. HAYNES Form IV

THE PUMP

Between the slope and later football pitch
(Where football boots shall boot the ball no more)
There ran a hedge in distant days of yore
And by the hedge, for drainage, ran a ditch.
The Governors then, unlike to-day, were rich,
And bought that plot to add unto their store.
The ditch they filled and up the hedge they tore,
So now we hardly know which piece is which.
A well and pump were made to drain the land;
Around it Quornians were educated.
But pumps grow old; a hurdles track was planned
And minus fuss the pump was liquidated.
Upon the site the Bradgate Sports were run,
We thought we too might have our bit of fun.

W.J.

MY DOG

My dog is a wire-haired terrier. His coat is brown and white; he has bright brown eyes and brown ears. He came to us as a stray in 1943; he was thin and panting then. We took pity on him and let him come in. The next day we reported him to the police, but as no one claimed him, and by this time we had grown fond of him, we could not bear to lose him, so Mum said we could keep him.

Now that he was our own we had to think of a name for him. So we thought we would say all the names we could think of, and by the one he answered to, we would call him. We thought of all the names for dogs we could, but he answered to none of them. Then in a comical way my brother said, "Oscar", and he came at once. So Oscar it is.

He is now a very happy, faithful and loving pet. If we go to the pictures or a concert in the village, he will follow us and will wait outside for us to come out. He loves children and makes a fuss of everybody who comes. Although he is not a good house dog, he is a fine pet.

MAUREEN HARDY Form IM

SALDANHA'S FIRST DAY

A few weeks ago I went to a nearby aerodrome to meet a small friend of mine off a plane. Little Saldanha (Sally for short) had been learning English on the journey through the wilds of Kenya and up to the time when the plane circled the runway to land, and although she could, in a fashion, speak the language, she was visiting a civilised country for the first time. Little Sally was nearly nine years old and had lived all her life in a tiny hidden village, deep in one of the most remote parts of Southern Kenya.

I can recall in my mind, even now, the expression on the tiny black girl's face as she stepped down from the plane. It was one of mixed amazement, awe and fear. After I had introduced myself and made her feel a little easier, I helped her into a car and we started off to travel to my home. As the car moved Sally clung on to my arm and rolled her eyes in such a queer way that I had to laugh.

We travelled on through the countryside and many times she became excited or frightened as we passed tractors in the fields, and when we passed through the villages the only thing she could do was to sit stock-still and stare out of the window of the car.

When we reached home the dog came to the gate and barked at us, and to the amazement of the passers-by, Sally turned and ran, thinking that it was a fierce animal which was going to attack us. It took me a good five minutes to reassure her and at last lead her into the house.

When I took Sally to wash herself she did not know what to do and ended in splashing the water all over the place, putting her dress on back to front and then running her fingers along the teeth of the comb to make music. This delighted her immensely. When teatime came I nearly burst myself with laughing as she examined first one piece of pottery after another.

After tea I took Sally round the orchard. She knew well enough what to do with the fruit which was already ripening. My father happened to be cutting the grass with a scythe and she stood watching, fascinated, as the sharp blade sliced through the stalks of the grass.

After I had managed to drag her away we went into the field nearby to play at rounders. At first Sally stood watching us with a puzzled expression on her face, but after a time she joined in. She regarded the bat as though she were afraid of it and when the ball was bowled to her she sprang out of the way as if it would bite her. But eventually she became accustomed to the game and played like the best of us.

We played thus until supper-time. When I took Sally to bed she crowned the evening by lying on the floor by the side of the bed to sleep, and later, when I managed to coax her into bed, she lay there bouncing up and down until well into the night.

So ended Saldanha's first day in a civilized country.

KATHLEEN HALL, Form IIM.

A HOSTEL IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES

THE WARDENS: (Mr. and Mrs. Cook) Deeside House, Cowgill, Yorks.
POSITION: On Dentdale Road, N.E. of Whernside about 6m. E of Dent.
HOSTEL DETAILS: Men 34, Women 26, Store and P.O.; Dent (no telegrams); Early closing day, Thursday.

NEXT HOSTELS: Askrigg 14m.; Ingleton 11m.; Stainforth 15m.; Keld 16m.

That is all the information you need to know about a Youth Hostel and that is all you will find in the Handbook about Dentdale, but there is more to be said about it. First of all there is Mr. Cook. Mr. Cook is not just a warden of a hostel; he is *the Warden* of *Dentdale* hostel. He and the warden are one; he is everything to the hostel and the hostel appears to be everything to him. You can say that the Warden makes the hostel, and you can almost say that Dent makes the Warden. Somehow you can't quite imagine one without the other, and you can't quite decide what it is about either that made our three nights therein the happiest of our trip through the Dales.

As soon as we arrived we were greeted by the warden in question. Dressed in shorts and windjammer, he looked like a keen and seasoned hosteller, which he is. Within a few minutes he had watched us remove our boots and hand in our cards, had asked us where we had been and where we were going, had pointed out our dormitories and had learned our names, which he never once forgot.

The hostel itself is a pleasant building standing by itself, surrounded by fells with a stream almost outside the front door. It is very clean; the food is good and plentiful, as it is in all West Riding hostels; the dormitories are pleasant; there is a large drying room and self-cookers' kitchen; and there are as many things to grumble and joke about as anywhere. But although the men had to shave by the reflection in the stream, in which they also had to wash, it was at least funny to watch them; and although we never did find out whether the sandwich filling was substitute banana or rancid cheese, it didn't taste so bad after climbing Whernside in the wind—and you can get almost indifferent to gnat bites.

It was the other things that mattered—the friendly atmosphere, and the feeling that we were welcomed as hostellers, and not just tolerated as a school party, the piece of "poetry" that Mr. Cook recited after every meal. I think I can still remember it. "Stack up your plates and take them to the kitchen; fold your blankets; put your pillows on top; bring your sleeping bags to me." On the last morning we adapted this masterpiece for choral speaking and beat Mr. Cook to it, after breakfast. Even the duties were pleasant. The whole time we were there, we were "on washing up". Half the party did the job, to the accompaniment of a sing-song from the other half. We took great pride in the kitchen, less pride in our singing, and if the former was praised, there were at least no complaints about the latter. At night Mr. Cook would come in and talk to us, help us with our plans, and soon everyone was exchanging hostelling experiences. Rules were kept because they were made to be kept, but if one was accidentally broken by a penitent hosteller, no more

than: "I've done it myself", was said. And now, when I've mentioned Mrs. Cook, who shares all the work with her husband, I have sung the praises of Dent as much as I can—and still it only sounds like an ordinary hostel. Well, that is just what you will find—an ordinary hostel, not because other hostels are like it, but because it is a youth hostel in the right sense of the word, and other hostels *should* be like it. It is as simple as possible without being unnecessarily primitive; it has a good warden; and on your way through a countryside that is wonderful, it offers you a night's lodgings for 1/6, a well cooked meal for 1/3 and the companionship of other hostellers free. What more can you want?

H. SCHNABL

WHAT "NICE" PEOPLE THINK

Hostellers are a lot of hearty women and brawny men who leap about on bicycles and tear over mountains. They are uncivilized because they care more about the countryside than their appearances. They are improper because they wear shorts and stay together in one hut. They are stupid because there is no point in just walking from one place to another all day, for the sake of it. They are dirty because they can't have a bath every day, and they are pigs because they eat as much as they can and drink out of mugs. Hostels are worse than barracks because there is no bar, and wardens are jailors who are out of a job.

We are ladies and gentlemen who go on holidays to enjoy ourselves. We stay in fine fashionable hotels where we can observe each other, and get drunk every night, and therefore we are civilized. We are highly proper because we lounge about the beach in bathing suits, and there is some sense in doing nothing. We are clean because we cover ourselves in make-up, and we are "nice" because we eat just enough to keep ourselves from starvation. The hotels we stay in are the ones that charge most, because they offer least. In fact, we're the salt of the earth—who are you?

H. SCHNABL

THE WIND AND RAIN

The wind, the wind blows high,
Blowing the gray clouds quickly by;
Some look as though they're going to cry,
Others look fair and promise dry.

Pit a pat, pit a pat, down comes the rain,
Beating a tune on the window pane;
Rain drops, glistening, all so gay,
Dance the rumba in the sun's bright ray.

J. V. WHILES Form IIIM

THE IIM TRIP TO LODDINGTON

The school bus had an extra onus to bear one Friday afternoon, when fourteen variegated Youth Hostellers, in the company of four apprehensive and long-suffering members of staff, left the IIM "Specimens House" for a week-end excursion to Loddington. This may, perhaps, explain the high spirits and general vigour during the bus journeys from Quorn to Leicester and from Leicester to Billesdon, where a boisterous party tumbled out and began the six mile trek to Loddington.

It was raining so we donned our capes, macs and other regalia. Several people, by draping their capes over their haversacks, achieved an amusing effect reminiscent of dromedaries on the march. Half-a-dozen immediately set out briskly to establish a commanding lead, while others were content to walk at a more respectable pace. The journey was agreeably lightened by the diverting experiences in remote lands recounted by Messrs. Whitbread and Wastnedge, and doubtful aspersions cast on some people's sanity! The countryside looked very wet (which was hardly surprising considering it was raining) and when we struck across country much foreign matter adhered to our boots. It was during this phase of the journey, between visualizing horrible fates at the hands of Mother Nature, that that immortal marching song, "Boots, boots, boots, boots", was conceived by S-ndy. Mr. Whitbread frowned at his map with fierce concentration; the weaker sex gave vent to feeble ejaculations with every other squelsh, and St-n was content to bring up the rear and revel in the company of the girls.

Having made a detour to avoid a herd of aggressive looking cows, we ploughed determinedly through fields until we were rewarded with a view of Loddington Mill, and pressed on with renewed energy. We did justice to a welcome hot supper on our arrival.

We then adjourned to the Common Room, where the revels included "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John," "Animals" and a bewildering game called "Fizz-buzz" in which Mr. Wastnedge proved the victor.

The next day, after breakfast, duties and boot-cleaning ceremonies had been completed, we began our walk to the Eye Brook Reservoir and back, a total anticipated distance of twelve miles.

The sun shone down benignly as we strode briskly along, taking hills, viaducts, stiles and fields in our stride. We then came to a huge hill which wound up and up until morale had to be re-established with that popular marching song "Boots, boots, etc." We traversed a tortuous muddy lane and came to the first of several huge fields. (On the wild and woolly Leicestershire—Rutland border, fields are not fields, but vast prairies to be traversed by furlongs.) Skirting a wood we saw the glittering wastes of the reservoir shining near the horizon. Corny jokes were once again the order of the day, and Tr-v found much delight in d-th's company, deserting her now and then to retort on queries about their prospective future.

Lunch was eaten in (need I say it?) another vast field, and then several adventurous spirits decided to explore the "village" in search of sustenance and thirst quenchers. Imagine their indignant amazement when they found that the "village" was half-a-dozen houses; and that the population (seemingly consisting of two dogs) apparently existed on

nothing. Withering scorn came forth, and many were the appropriate epithets hurled at the "village", noticeably, "A one-eyed dump" and "A dreary hole" (pronounced "dreeryole").

At the crossroads the members of staff held a conference as to whether we should walk straight on or make a detour via Uppingham, though this would add five miles to our journey. Visions of lemonade finally tempted us to Uppingham, so, scaling a winding hill and listening patiently to Mr. Wastnedge's Lake District anecdotes, we arrived there. Huge quantities of lemonade and Ovaltine tablets were then consumed and, much refreshed, we forged on. Several of the party tried their hands at composing more verses for that immortal aria, "Boots, boots, etc." Members of staff racked their brains for more "shaggy dog" stories and were rewarded with a shower of Ovaltine tablets. We arrived at the village of Belton, where, to our inexpressible delight, Mr. Whitbread negotiated, with his well known persuasive charm, a right royal banquet. Some were fearful how boiled eggs and jam would react with lemonade and tablets, but there were no disastrous consequences. The last two miles of twisting, dusty road were covered with a positive welter of wit, vivacity and mischief.

That night some of the boys tried their hands at making "apple-pie" beds, but only Y-nk's bed, liberally lined with bottles, was a success. Mr. Wastnedge explained how Disney cartoons were made, while in the adjoining dormitory the inmates were regaled with the hair-raising adventures of Rick Davies, well sprinkled with sinister natives, green dragons, secret passages, etc.

On Sunday we began our walk back to Billesdon by a longer route. Remembering the previous day's quest, many furnished themselves with bottles of lemonade. S-ndy's bottle-opener, which he had shrewdly tied on to his raincoat, did a roaring trade. By that picturesque mansion, Launde Abbey, over the hill, and across many cart-tracks our way wound, naturally interspersed by several rests. It needed a keen eye and agile limb to discern and avoid the mud and puddles. Fr-g now took the lead until we came to further fields of mowing grass, where the vigorous wind blew us about like so many nine-pins. We were glad to strike the footpath once more, and even gladder later when we halted for lunch. Here St-n and J-hnny demonstrated the fierce battles of the "1st Division Pansy Patrol", effectively using their voluminous capes as tanks; and S-ndy regaled us with a gory account of his dreams in glorious Technicolor. With these diversions concluded, we struck the main road and Mr. Wastnedge, pointing to a steeple far away on the horizon, cheerfully remarked, "Make for that steeple". Later several weary voices complained that the church was inaccessible. Out in these open spaces, the wind howled and shrieked like a demon, but undaunted we plodded on up and up (all fields in East Leicestershire are tilted at about sixty degrees) until we reached the great highway once more, where several cows gave us the "glad-eye". An iron stone working loomed up next, and crossing a railway offered some variation, but the church seemed little nearer. Next we plunged into a vast sea of long grass. It was a wildly glorious sight to see the grass swaying like the waves of the sea—a turbulent swaying green—but now we descended on to the road once more exhausted by the buffeting of the elements. The steeple

was much nearer now, and we finally reached it at the village of Tilton-on-the-Hill, the highest village in Leicestershire. Here a notice pointed out the solitary shop of the village, where more lemonade was imbibed. It was a relief to find that a bus could take us on the last stages of our journey, for rain was falling heavily, so, nothing loth, we scrambled aboard, a tired but happy party.

I am sure I speak for all when I say it was an extremely enjoyable adventure. We sincerely thank Mr. Wastnedge, Mr. Whitbread, Miss Clarke and Miss Graham for giving up their week-end to accompany us. We shall remember those vigorous and hilarious walks, and revisit many a time in our memory the trip to Loddington.

ROY K. MARTIN Form IIM.

[The Staff who accompanied the party wish to record their thanks to those stalwart members of the party who cleaned their shoes for them—especially as it entailed rising at about seven o'clock in the morning.]

SPRING IS NEAR

The little flowers are peeping
Beneath the snowcapped ground;
The snowdrops all are sleeping
Awaiting Spring's first sound.
The crocuses are showing
Their purple flower so sweet;
My garden flowers are growing
And looking very neat.
But now it is a-snowing,
The flowers are shut up tight;
My flowers to sleep are going
Until the sun's first light.

SYLVIA DAWES Prep. III

A DECEMBER SONG

The snow lies thick upon the ground,
And the wind blows strong and cold.
Children are throwing snowballs round
And making snowmen bold.
Christmas-time will soon be here,
When we go carol singing;
And Santa Claus comes with a cheer,
His toys and presents bringing.
Children are playing with their toys,
And Christmas-tide has gone.
They are happy girls and boys;
There's joy for everyone.

EDITH MITCHELL Prep. III

THE GHOST

The wind shrilled eerily about the house
And shook the ivy strands, which overhung
The cob-webbed windows, while with silent feet
A figure grey walked on the stony path,
Stirring no stones, nor making any sound.
Its cloak brushed past a rose, and on a twig,
Yet all was quiet and nothing there did stir.
The silv'ry moon shone wanly through the trees,
And storm clouds half obscured its gleaming face.
Yet still the grey-clad figure softly walked.
A figure from the past, recalled to life.

S. R. SUTTON Form IV

TO CANADA BY PLANE

From King's Cross we went by taxi to the London Airport at Heath Row. Arriving a few minutes before 9 a.m., we were taken to the Trans Canada Airlines (T.C.A.) office to have our baggage weighed. It came to 172 lbs, and as each of the four of us was allowed 66 lbs. we were all right. At the Customs we said we were going to live in Canada, and in the bags was just clothing and personal articles, and the bags were marked with yellow chalk. We answered questions about our money, showed our passports, and handed in our ration books, but not our clothing coupons. We were supposed to start at 10-30 a.m., but the plane had to be changed, and we did not take off until 1-30.

As we went up I began to get hot and wished I had not had any breakfast, but once I got used to the motion of the big four-engined, three-wheeled plane, I felt better.

We were served a meal on the plane. It consisted of a paper beaker of milk, one of almost pure orange juice, and another containing salad. In a dish on the tray were sweet potatoes, liver, peas, carrots and gravy. For sweet we had sliced peaches and pineapple. After that there was a paper carton of hot tea. I thought it most funny to see a waxed paper carton of hot tea. It was strange that it did not collapse with the heat.

Because of storms over the Atlantic we flew not to Sidney but Iceland and landed there at 6-45 local time—that is one hour behind English time. We left the warm plane only to be met with the chilly blast of an icy wind. We had to walk across fifty yards of almost frozen ground, and entered a building heated up to about 80 degrees fahrenheit. Two minutes later I hurried out—to lose my dinner.

Iceland is a barren place. The 'drome was surrounded by boulders two or three feet across. On one side lay a cold-looking sea, rising and falling with sullen waves. Beyond the boulders were snow covered mountains. Above were cold grey clouds.

We were supposed to be there only for an hour, but we did not leave until 8-20 p.m., after over one and a half hours—just as I was finishing a drink of tea from a cup with sides at least a quarter of an inch thick.

On we went to Goose Bay, Newfoundland. During the night we had to rise from 20,000 to 30,000 feet, for a storm was in the way, and we had to fly above it. Some time between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m. the steward woke everybody up. "Fasten your seat-belts (safety belts)," he said. We were going to land at Goose Bay. But half an hour later we were told that because of fog we could not land, and that we were going on to Gander.

We arrived at Gander at 3-20 a.m. local time, and watches had to be put back three and a half hours. We had breakfast here, I had only a small glass of pineapple juice, as coming down made me feel ill, but my younger brother, David, had two fried eggs and bacon, which was silly, as he had been ill all the trip so far.

We took off once more about 4-20 a.m., just as it was becoming light, and flew on to Montreal, where we landed about 8-30 a.m. By 9-5 we were going through the Customs. We opened our bags about an inch, but were told it was all right. Our passports and X-rays were examined, too. At another desk more questions were asked—how much money we had, whether my father had work, where we were to live. Then we were free to go. From England to Montreal had taken about twenty-four hours. According to the time table it should have been twelve and a quarter.

Next we went to cancel our seats on the plane to Toronto. At first the T.C.A. man said it was impossible, but then he took one look at David and said he would try to get us seats on another plane on Sunday. So off we went to the Dorval Inn, to book rooms for the night. David was put to bed and slept for twenty-four hours. Mother, Father and I went to the airport cafe for a meal. It was nice, but I thought it too rich for me. All the rooms here are heated up to 72 degrees. As you enter a building the heat nearly kills you. As I am writing this the heat in the shade of my room, without heating, is 70 degrees. We slept that night with all the windows open, and at 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon we were told that we were booked to fly on the 9-30 p.m. plane to Toronto.

We packed our bags, and at 9-0 they sent a taxi to take us to the airport which was about three miles away. We got there in just under five minutes, only to find that the plane did not leave for another eighty-five minutes. The mistake was because the time-table was made to a different time standard. Unless you know of this you may make a mistake of three or four hours in timing a plane's departure.

At last we boarded a small two-engined plane, seating about twenty-seven people. As it was not air-tight, we had a stream of air passing our faces.

After a brief fifteen minutes break at Ottawa, we landed at Toronto at 12-30 in the morning. It was raining "cats and dogs", and had been doing so for over four hours. By 12-45 we were in a high-powered car speeding along the road at sixty miles an hour, but several times we had to stop as David was sick.

And so at 4-30 a.m. on Monday we arrived at Kincardine. A cup of tea and off we went to bed, where we stayed until noon.

J. ROBOTHAM ex-Form V.

A CATHOLIC PROCESSION

Although it drizzled with rain, the pagentry and colour of the procession were still present. These processions cannot be held in the big towns of France, but in Morlaix and other small places they are held once or twice a year.

At the head of the column came the young children carrying banners and crosses adorned with flowers. They also had baskets of rose petals which they threw over the priest when he went to the altar.

These were followed by the members of various Sunday Schools and convents. The pupils of the convent whom I saw wore a uniform consisting of a navy suit with hat to match, white blouse and gloves, and black or white shoes. The younger girls wore long white socks, the older ones silk stockings. These were kept in order by nuns walking in the centre of them.

Then came the girls in confirmation dresses of white material. These dresses were worn for the confirmation service, the first communion and the procession which followed.

After these were the Catholic Guides and the choir. Lastly came the chief priest with several minor priests; they wore gold and white vestments and walked under a gold and white canopy borne by men in scarlet vestments. They were joined by choirboys who were also donned in scarlet. A youth in the procession put up a white and gold umbrella over the chief priest and he proceeded to the altar of flowers. As he did so the children threw their petals and everyone knelt.

The priest burned incense and then came the responses. These, and the singing, were, of course, all in Latin. The priest was led back to the canopy and the procession carried on to the next altar of flowers.

When they had gone, they left a beautifully scented carpet of flower petals. The people then flocked to pick up some of the "holy flowers".

BETTY NORTON, Morlaix Form IIIg.

MEDITATION

While sitting there 'midst nature's peaceful green,
My thoughts went back to think of what the scene
Looked like, ere these last hundred years or more did pass.
Did cows sit chewing, mournfully content,
Out there, where boys have now just pitched their tent
O'er there in that long verdant meadow grass?
And did that weeping willow cry so low
Into the lazy, lingering, stream below,
Choked up with murd'rous, strangling water-weed?
And, how did Farmer cross that roving stream
Without that happy bridge with ancient beam?
Perhaps he had no need for it, no need.
All this I wondered while I watched the brook;
Abandoned by my side lay, closed, my book.
I had no use for it that summer's day.
For one thing then beyond all doubt I knew,
That peace along the ages had come through
To bless that tiny spot, and rest, and stay.

J. JOINER Form V

INDIAN BALLET

On Wednesday evening, April 21st, a small party of three, accompanied by Miss Brockhurst, attended a performance of a strange, but extremely interesting ballet programme.

Soon after we had taken our seats, the curtain rose on a very impressive scene. On the stage, brilliantly clad, sat the musicians—they were so still that one wondered for a moment whether they were alive or not. For some minutes the hall was filled with their thin, weird music, and after this striking opening, three girls glided on to the stage and, moving together in perfect unison, performed a graceful Temple Dance.

The first dance executed by the leader, Ram Gopal, represented a "Hunter in a Forest". By means of both his previous explanations and his facial expressions and arm movements, we were easily able to recognise the animals which he was signifying. The "Dance of the Setting Sun" is one which is particularly remembered, being performed also by Ram Gopal, in a dull red light—one needed little imagination to recognise the subsiding, magnificent figure alone on the stage.

The costumes of the dancers were beautiful—the exotic colours lending life to each dance and making even more striking the appearance of their tinted skins. Around their ankles jingled rings of bells, and each time the dancer moved, a delicate tinkling combined delightfully with the unusual music.

For a little time we found ourselves transported to another and hitherto unknown, world of dancing—difficult to understand perhaps at times, but as we found, easy to enjoy.

BEATRICE SUTTLE FORM V

ROUNDERS NOTES

This term the weather has been reasonable and we have played a number of matches. We have four teams, two Senior and two Junior. The fielding of all teams is of a good standard, but there are few of us who can really hit the ball. The first Junior team is the best of the four teams and has won all its matches. The second Junior team is very promising; it has only played one match this term but was an easy winner. With more practice in hitting we should soon have four good teams.

RESULTS

Barrow Grammar v. Quorn 1st (Senior) Lost 3—1½.
Barrow Grammar v. Quorn 1st (Junior) Won 17½—3.
Coalville Grammar v. Quorn 1st (Senior) Lost 3—1.
Coalville Grammar v. Quorn 2nd (Senior) Lost 3—1.
Coalville Grammar v. Quorn 1st (Junior) Won 3—1.
Loughborough High v. Quorn 1st (Senior) Lost 7½—2.
Melton Mowbray v. Quorn 1st (Senior) Lost 6½—2.
Melton Mowbray v. Quorn 2nd (Senior) Won Innings and 2 Rounders.
Melton Mowbray v. Quorn 1st (Junior) Won 6½—0.
Melton Mowbray v. Quorn 2nd (Junior) Won Innings and 1 Rounder.

B. HILLMAN FORM V

GIRL GUIDES AT THE CATHEDRAL

On Sunday, June 6th, all Guide Companies within the City of Leicester met in the Market Place. It was a very dull day, but the Union Jacks and the Company Colours made a very cheerful scene. Among the crowds of girls were many from R.G.S. When all the Companies were lined up behind the colours, they marched to the Cathedral and the Colour bearers lined the walk of the Cathedral. It was about half an hour before the service began and gradually the church filled.

After the Colours had been put on the Altar, the Guide Promise and Law were recited by two Guides, and the lesson was read by another. A second hymn was sung and then the Provost of Leicester gave a talk on "The difference between a Guide and a Scout". The Colours were collected again and the National Anthem closed the service. To end the afternoon's activities the dismissal was taken at the Town Hall Square.

Representatives of the School present were: L. Heatherley and B. Henson (Standard bearers), E. Dene, M. Jeffrey, P. Rudkin, M. Shuter, M. Lawrence, G. Smith.

L. HEATHERLEY FORM IV

THE BRADGATE AREA SPORTS AT R.G.S.

"Where are all the people going?" asked one person on a rather crowded bus.

"Oh! haven't you heard? It's the area sports today."

That was a beginning—crowded buses. But even the cloudy skies and occasional showers did not damp the spirits of the enthusiasts who were taking part. With the field in good condition and carefully marked out, everything ran quite smoothly, although perhaps the competitors were closely packed while changing. Out on the field all was well organised by certain members of staff.

Much to our disappointment there were not enough entries from this school to gain points. Many Quornians came first in their events but other schools, having more entries, were able to gain second and third positions, thereby scoring five points to our four.

The fourth formers were excited while watching the under seventeen's long jump. If Nail came first it meant no science prep. for them. Much to their pleasure Nail did win first place, with an outstanding jump of seventeen feet.

Bishop, too, deserves a special word of praise, for the remarkably well timed spurt he put on to win the 440 yards.

There were a number of supporters from other schools watching the running, long jump, high jump and relay races. Beside these, there was another great attraction—the refreshment tent. Many of the children could eat ice cream better than they could perform their various athletics.

What an anti-climax it was on Monday morning when two of the forms were obliged to clean up the mess which had been left by the sweet eaters.

Still, they all enjoyed the afternoon itself, although perhaps many of the competitors were glad to leave. They all did their best, so good luck to them in the future, especially those who will appear in the County Sports at Coalville on the 19th June.

BARBARA HEATH FORM IV

THE HALL CLOCK

The old clock stands in the narrow hall,
Stern and grim with its back to the wall;
And as the moments swiftly fly
It ticks them off as the days go by,
With its ceaseless tick-tick, ticking,
Never stopping, never sticking.
It seems to me to keep repeating
"Time is fleeting, time is fleeting".

PAMELA GREEN, Form IV

OLD QUORNIANS' ASSOCIATION

A committee meeting was held early in the term, and a Summer Reunion, to take the form of a dance, with a meeting interjected, was arranged for Saturday, July 10th. A discussion took place about the War Memorial. It was agreed to contact the County Authorities about the possibility of doing something in the proposed new library. A second committee meeting, attended by Mr. Smith, Deputy to Captain Fowler, County Architect, was held on Tuesday, June 22nd. The result of this conversation will be discussed by the General Meeting on July 10th. The proposal briefly is that the new library shall have some oak shelving and a carved tablet bearing the names of the fallen, probably of the two wars, and that the whole shall be planned by the County Authorities and incorporated in their general scheme.

Old Quornians who remember Mr. Tittensor may be interested in his present activities. He remained in the Army with the rank of Major and is described as Chief Design Officer, Armament Design Establishment, Ministry of Supply. In connection with this office, he has recently visited U.S.A. and Canada in an extremely comprehensive journey. Quorn evidently counts in international affairs and may indeed be a decisive factor if the dread thing happens.

Kathleen Burgess is now in Melbourne, Australia.

Rosalie Wood is taking a textile designing course.

The Treasurer would like to thank all those who subscribed to the presentations to Miss Mounteney, Mr. Jacques and Mr. Murray.

E. Keith Wood, our indefatigable Hon. Secretary, is studying for the Solicitors' Final Examination of the Law Society. At Nottingham University he is Vice-President of the Conservative Society and was delegate to the Universities' Conservative Conference. He is on the Committee of the University Law Society and of the Editorial Board of the Magazine.

MARRIAGES

Elizabeth Mary Hyman to Ronald Edward Smith, at Rothley, March 20th. The happy couple are now in Johannesburg.

Roy Bennett to Fraülein G. Rusbek, of Berlin, at St. Peter's Church, Mountsorrel, on June 5th.

Tessie Orme to Godfrey Duckett, at Maldon, Essex, on March 27th.

CAIRO

Colourful, noisy and vulgar, but essentially gay. It smells abominably and contains some of the most extraordinary dishonest people I have ever met. Vivid is my recollection of being greeted at the Main Station by a number of dirty Arabs. Wreathed in smiles, they patted my back with a "hail fellow well met" attitude, shook me warmly by the hand and simultaneously relieved my pockets of what little wealth I possessed at the time. Fortunately, I managed to retrieve each article before it had quite reached the pockets of the thief.

The shopkeepers are quite remarkable. Not content for the prospective buyer to examine the goods peacefully, they will grab him briskly by the arm and whisk him rapidly around their shop giving a comprehensive verbal list of all contents, and emphatically asserting that they are selling their goods considerably cheaper than other shops in the city. Consequently, the innocent one buys, only to find later that he could have bought exactly the same thing at another shop for half the price.

One enterprising proprietor of a perfumery I happened to visit, was most anxious that I should gain a more intimate knowledge of his selection and swamped me lavishly with a variety of his most powerful perfumes. The effect was devastating and brought forth a stream of vulgarity from my male companions when I regained them. It was only after my clothes had been sent to the laundry some half a dozen times that they assumed a more masculine air.

I cannot help feeling that one Egyptian photographer I met conducted his business on unnecessarily expensive lines. I had just been snapped in La Rue Soliman Pasha (principal thoroughfare) and subsequently left a deposit and an order for some copies at the establishment concerned. Returning some days later, I was to find that the shop had been completely demolished and the rubble carted away. And I was 7/6 out of pocket.

However, the entire country is altogether fascinating and the two years I spent there were among the most profitable of my life.

If any of you are ever out that way, be especially careful at Port Said. For there live a most astounding variety of thieves. Watching them one night as sightseers came ashore from the liner "Austoras", Australia bound, I was presented with one of the most intricate lessons in the art of petty theft imaginable. Never mind, there is no cause for alarm if you should meet me—neither is there any necessity to hold on to your pockets and handbags tightly as I assure you that whatever I learnt was for no illicit enterprise of mine!

J. A. JELLEY

"—HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME: LOVELY DIGS—"

Perhaps at this time of the year a word on the annual summer holidays—"Peculiar to the British" variety—wouldn't be amiss. The fun usually begins on the Saturday before August Bank Holiday Monday (always called "August Satdi", although, as this year, it can fall in July).

Father, Mother, the two kids and Aunt Emmie arrive at the station flushed and panting and well nigh exhausted, following a hectic twenty-

four hours of packing—running aimlessly around the house—upstairs and down, and constantly re-opening trunks previously described as “positively full”. Mother thinks that the weather may turn wet and cold, in spite of a fair forecast (“You never *can* trust them, my dear”) and therefore decides that just *one* more pair of fleecy-lined might be taken with advantage. Then there’s all Aunt Emmie’s pills and potions—*aspirins*, *cascara* tablets, indigestion lozenges, smelling salts and winter-green rub (“Just in case my twinges *do* come on again this year”). Of course she could easily buy a small package of either in the unlikely event of them being needed—“But it’s *so* comforting to have them by me, my dear.”

Once at the station, the next procedure is to find the elusive platform of departure—an arduous task complicated by numerous porters each advising every platform on the station. When the train *does* finally arrive there’s that necessary search for the coveted “compartment to ourselves”. Once found, the “oasis” is jealously guarded—Mother stands at one window—Aunt Emmie and the kids crowd at the other, whilst Father stands up at the middle window over the door, sticking his head out. This effect suggests to the passing seat-seeker that that particular compartment is crowded to the doors, but if he does decide to investigate further he receives a nasty grimace from Father, whilst Aunt Emmie gazes at him as if were some particularly repugnant species of rattlesnake. Should he, however, force the issue and demand admission, the door is grudgingly opened, with the occupants secretly wishing that his cases would burst open and their contents fall between the platform and the train. Then they all shut up like clams and not a word is heard for the next two or three hundred miles!

Once at the coastal resort they enquire as to the whereabouts of the lodgings, with increasing misgivings, which rise in crescendo to feelings of dire horror and disgust as they approach the house! This is usually situated between a particularly repulsive, evil-smelling, fertiliser factory and the cemetery, with a magnificent view of the fish and chip shop from the front window—and the whole scene drenched with a sombre pall of sulphur fumes from the nearby gas works. Of course, the house is called “Sea View” and indeed the sea can be seen—with the aid of a pair of Naval binoculars from the garret skylight. The premises are described as “two minutes sea and shops”—which, of course, means by rocket plane.

On ringing the bell, a sharp-featured austere-looking woman answers, and looks them up and down, wondering to herself how many knives and forks will disappear as a result of *their* visit! She says curtly “Come in”, and Aunt Emmie gives her a sickly smile and she leads the way to the bedrooms—described in the advertisement as “two double-bedded rooms with single beds in each—all mod. cons.—water in all bedrooms”. The two rooms are or is one room with a curtain across the middle, the double beds turn out to be single beds with three-quarter mattresses, the single beds are folding chairs disguised, and the water in all rooms only happens when the roof leaks!

And so it goes on year after year—but would a seaside holiday be quite the same without the landladies of song, story and comic cards, and their dismal dwelling houses? I wonder very much!

B. E. ADCOCK