

THE QUORNIAN

The Magazine of the Rawlins Grammar School, Quorn

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EDITORIAL

THE Spring Term is usually uninspiring. It lacks anything comparable to the festivities of Christmas Term; and the long vacation, the prospect of which lightens the load during the summer, is still six months away. The term is dominated by examinations, and no one has ever decided which is the worst, the anxious preparation and foreboding beforehand, the actual tussle with question papers, or the subsequent disillusionment and regrets. The weather does not help. It is as gloomy without as within. We are cold, and often wet. We envy the hibernating animals their winter's sleep.

But we who sit in the editorial chair at Rawlins Grammar School have had an interesting phenomenon to observe. A great change has taken place. The School has been neatly beheaded—but the tail is wagging steadily and healthily. The loss of the Sixth has of course been very noticeable in all aspects of school life, but considerable credit is due to the new fifth form prefects and to some of the younger members of the School for assuming so capably what have hitherto been sixth form responsibilities. No phase of school life has declined, no form of activity has faded during this term. True, there has been a struggle. We in the editorial chair have been sadly perplexed as we endeavoured to coax contributions from uninspired victims—but the School rallied, and last minute efforts by some of our more literary-minded members saved the day. To them we are grateful, and the *Quornian* appears as usual.

We are now beginning to accept Mr. Jacques as "the Head". We now naturally look for him in the study rather than the staff-room, and his influence is rapidly making itself felt in the School. Rooms have been cleared, queues have appeared where no queues previously were thought of, and the mid-morning refreshment is now delivered by a squad of "milk-men"—but so far Russian has not appeared on the timetable.

It is largely due to Mr. Jacques' guidance and control that the change over is causing so little disturbance in the life of the School. We voice our sincere regret that his leadership must be of such short duration.

D.E.W.

The *Quornian* has been compiled by a committee consisting of G. Roots, G. Cutts, M. Bunney, J. Joiner and Mr. Whitbread.

SCHOOL NOTES

We congratulate J. Joiner, M. Grove, R. Heggs, O. Gregory, M. Bunney, G. Roots, G. Cutts, A. Bowyer and P. Norman on being appointed sub-prefects. The lines have already begun to fly.

The V Form are now at the top of the School. We are sure they will set a shining example; they are already renowned for their perfect behaviour.

Several new experiments have been tried out this term. They have all been keenly discussed by the pupils. The first was queueing for dinner. People began to look upon dinner time as a time for exercise, but we are now back to a modified form of the old routine.

Anyone passing the school gates at about four o'clock nowadays finds the drive full of orderly bus queues, in great contrast to the chaotic confusion which reigned when the plan was first tried out.

We are sorry to have lost Mr. Alexander last term, but we heartily welcome Miss Devine who has taken his place.

Pupils from various parts of the School are now nervously, but very efficiently, reading the lesson each morning, to the very great relief of the sub-prefects.

O. Gregory and M. Sefton have taken charge of the Library, and the VI Form room has been declared a "silent" room.

We congratulate the following on their musical successes: J. Joiner, Grade V, Piano, Credit; S. Blower, Grade V, Piano, Pass; Miss J. Brockhurst, Grade IV, singing, Credit; A. Murray, Preliminary Piano, Pass; R. Dexter (old boy), L.T.C.L. in Practice and Composition.

We have had one newcomer this term, Anne Hunt, of Form IIIM. We welcome her to the School.

A new detention has been opened on Thursdays now, to the great delight of regular clients. It was hoped that there would be no need for it, but it shows no signs of closing down through lack of patrons.

On the morning of the 20th February an auction was held in the School Hall. The pile of lost property had been steadily increasing for some time, so it was decided that Mr. Jacques should auction it off, and the money be given to the Sports Fund. The articles ranged from coats and vests to protractors and purses. It seemed rather ridiculous that a blazer should sell for twopence and a science stencil for one and twopence, especially when it is remembered that a new stencil can be obtained for only sixpence. However, the pile diminished fairly rapidly, and a reasonably large sum was raised.

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

I have written many an article for the *Quornian*, but it is a new experience for me to write one under the above title.

It has seemed strange for me to preside over the "study" this term and to spend my time on forms, time-tables, salaries, groceries, tree-felling, milk supplies and suchlike matters.

Things seem to have gone on very smoothly and no recourse has had to be had to sticks, strops, whips or other weapons.

As a homely rhyme elsewhere in this magazine suggests, the question of the School Certificate had to be faced rather promptly. I was able to make some arrangements to help a few of the possible candidates and I feel I can now congratulate the Fifth Form on the efforts they are making. I can only hope that these efforts will continue and produce the desired result. The sub-prefects also have shown commendable zeal.

Circumstances have made it impossible for us to produce our annual School play this Easter. It was felt that the absence of the Sixth Form, the shortness of this term and the other calls on the time of the Fifth Form made it better that the attempt should not be made.

The happy atmosphere of the School seems to continue, and the boys have shown that they are not downhearted.

I offer my thanks to all my colleagues and to the pupils for the help they have given me this term in my new duties.

W.J.

MISS M. E. SAWDON

The new Headmistress of Rawlins Grammar School, Quorn, is to be Miss Marjorie Elizabeth Sawdon, she has been selected for the post from 76 applicants.

Miss Sawdon was educated at the Alderman Wraith School, Spenny-moor, Co. Durham, and St. Mary's College, the University, Durham. She is a B.A. Honours in English Language and Literature. She gained a Diploma in the Theory and Practice of Teaching (Class I) and is a prize winner of the University Jubilee Essay Prize (1939).

Miss Sawdon was assistant English Mistress at the County School, Holywell, North Wales, and since 1937 has been Senior Mistress at Tadcaster Grammar School. The success which her pupils have had speaks highly of her capabilities and her present Headmaster also speaks very highly of her.

The Governors think they have made a wise choice and wish Miss Sawdon every success in her new post.

W. S. N. TOLLER

CATERPILLARS

In summer, beautiful white butterflies lay, on cabbage leaves, eggs from which emerge small, sausage-like creatures. They are ugly little things with many pairs of legs, although their parent was beautiful and had only three pairs of legs. The caterpillar rears on its tail and peers thoughtfully around its new surroundings, almost in wonder. Then it advances, with its comrades, on its course of destruction. The green cabbage leaves are soon only a mass of criss-crossed framework. The caterpillars are fat, healthy looking creatures. The flesh from the leaves has been eaten and, presumably, enjoyed by the small green army. Left, right! Left, right! The army marches down the stalk of the devoured leaf and up the stalk of the next leaf, bent on its ravages. Before long the caterpillars of the green army are somewhat uncomfortable in their skins, and they literally jump out of them. Now, feeling more comfortable, they continue to destroy every leaf in the vicinity with their efforts to satisfy their greed. Eventually they turn into small, brown, bomb-shaped objects, which, one by one, dive from the debris of their feeding grounds and bury themselves in the ground below, as though in shame.

MARY SEFTON, Form V.

DUNGAVEL WOOD

Coming from the brilliant sunlight glaring down on the green grass outside, it is something of a shock to enter the wood. Choosing a small, secret path which wends its way through, I pass into the deathly silence. My feet make no sound on the brown needles which are spread thickly on the ground. It is very dark, the trees are pressed closely together and no birds sing. I pass on, reach a small stream, and stand on the wooden bridge looking down at the water. This is not a merry, bubbling stream, chattering and clattering over stones and small boulders, for it, too, seems to feel the stillness which reigns over everything, and it is afraid to shatter it. It glides slowly along without a ripple, as though made of glass, and it scarcely seems to move. All around it is brownness—no splash of colour from a gaily-dressed flower, no bright blade of grass or fern, only brown trunks, brown needles and brown earth. It seems wrong to be in the wood at all, to laugh, to move, or to cry. I am half afraid and turn quickly away, but I cannot hurry, the spell is too great, I must go slowly, looking around, and the stillness deepens, until it seems to scream at me to stop. Tucked away there, behind a hedge, sheltered on all sides by tall trees, is a small grey stone. Inscribed upon it are the words: "To Boye, aged 15 years". Perhaps this, then is the heart of the wood and of the stillness. Perhaps this dog once romped merrily through the wood, yelping and barking, dashing into the stream, throwing up clouds of spray, playing hide and seek with his master, or retrieving sticks; perhaps one day he was wandering here and suddenly . . . But time is flying I must not stand dreaming here. A few steps more and I burst out of the wood into the lane, leaving the peaceful wood with its grave, alone and undisturbed.

M. BUNNEY, Form V.

A WINTER DAY

The breeze blew through the window,

The clouds went scudding by,

For though 'twas in the Winter,

The sun shone in the sky.

We children in the classroom,

All longed to be outside,

But teachers thought quite diff'rently,

So we stayed in and sighed.

Sighed to be in the sunshine,

Where trees were bare and brown,

Impatient to be playing—

But teacher wears a frown.

At last we are allowed to go,

Hark! the bell is ringing,

The children pour out of the gate—

Skipping—running—singing.

I. LAKE, Form IIM.

DECAY

The once flourishing water-way lay black and useless, winding its way across the countryside like a slug amongst a bed of lilies. By its side were some dilapidated sheds, most with their roofs caved in; a lean, grey rat scuttled away. A piece of wood became dislodged and plopped into the river, raising a small column of brown water. Like a gun-boat it nosed its way warily down stream, disturbing patterns woven in oil on the water. It bumped against the hulk of a coal-barge, which had been reduced, by Mother Nature, to just the backboned ribs, which were covered with slime. It continued on its way, passing staring rat holes, sprawling steel stakes and black slag heaps, the several shrouds of a bygone age. At last the wood became entangled in a blanket of weeds, but the water went on to fall, plunge and rise again, to lap against the stinking walls of a lock.

G. ROOTS, Form V.

THE STORM

Waves crashing and beating on grey stoney shores;

Majestic, triumphant, the wild water pours.

The cold swirling sea-foam roars into the caves

While the furious wind whips the dark breaking waves.

Above, on the cliffs, clearly lighting the bay,

Showing black cruel rocks, torn by the white spray,

Stands the lighthouse, so friendly, so cheerful, and tall,

Guiding safely all ships, both the great and the small.

After tossing them, trying to do them some harm,

The gales drop to breezes, the sea becomes calm.

The light has gone out, and the dawn breaks at last;

The fierce storm is over, all danger is past.

B. SUTTLE, Form V.

TOWN LIFE

The scene is the street of any busy town on market day. All is rush and bustle, the street pavements seething with people of various descriptions, English and foreign, black and white, all mixed together like ingredients in a pudding. From the road comes the unceasing roar of traffic; bellowing motor cycle engines, purring sports cars; heavy, rumbling lorries and buses; the "parp, parp" of hooters of varying notes; the jingle of horse brasses; tinkling cycle bells; and then as a contrast to all this harmonious discord, the musical chiming of a nearby church clock. The fishmonger brooms out his shop with a steady "swish, swish" of his brush. Every now and then comes the "clack, clack" of wooden-soled sandals on the pavement. Women exclaim loudly to their friends in shrill, high voices as they see something in a shop which catches their eye. On their lofty posts, flanking the road stand the winking traffic lights, either halting the mob of vehicles or sending them on their way. A policeman stands at the cross-roads competently directing streams of traffic to allow the scurrying citizens to cross the road in safety.

All is rush and bustle, each individual person becoming part of a scrambling, hurrying crowd. This is town life, whose motto is always "keep moving". No wonder that women are often heard to exclaim "Thank goodness I live in the country".

BETTY BREM, Form V.

PUSHKIN

It seems the fashion in literary circles to make a sorry attempt to translate Pushkin—so why should not I? If it be objected that the wrong season has been chosen for this translation, I would ask the reader to consider the inner reason for my choice. The reader may also please himself in his interpretation of the meaning of certain lines towards the end. Do they constitute a reference to the premature departure of the Sixth Form?

Meanwhile our little northern summer,
A mime of winter in the south,
Flits by, is gone; and every comer
Knows; but dumb is every mouth.
Autumn's breath around is sighing
The sun we love so well is dying;
Shorter is the light of day;
The wood's mysterious display
Has rustled down in sad succession.
A mist has fallen on the plain,
The noisy geese turn south again
And fly away in long procession.
A melancholy time is near;
November is already here.

W.J.

PUZZLE CORNER

Answers on page 11.

1. If you had a bobbin of cotton one inch in diameter, the cotton being one hundredth of an inch thick and a quarter of an inch deep, and the colour a deep red, what is the quickest way of find the length of cotton?
2. Here is a catch question: Why is it impossible to construct a golf links within twenty miles of Manchester?
3. What are the pen-names of the following: Samuel Langhorne Clemens, Mary Ann Evans, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, Sarah Chauncey Woolsey?
4. Chopin and Schumann were both born in 1810. Who was the elder?
5. What are the real names of the film stars Stewart Granger and Barbara Stanwyck?
6. Who discovered Radium?
7. What is the most southerly town in the world?
8. Mr. Wasnegg eats two eggs for breakfast every morning, yet he neither buys, begs, borrows, steals nor finds eggs. He does not keep hens and the eggs are not given to him, nor does he barter for them. The problem is, how does he get those two eggs for breakfast every morning?

P. NORMAN, M. SEFTON, Form V.

FIFTH FORM RESOLUTION

We may not all be very very clever,
We may not all have worked all through the school;
There may be some who've broken every rule,
And some, maybe, who've done no work whatever.
But from to-day, it's every soul's endeavour
To cease, if power be given, to play the fool,
And, hot in zeal, in calculation cool,
To make this closing year the finest ever.
But no one thinks, however hard he plods,
He will thereby the less be liquidated,
Because there is no hope the County Gods
Will by our efforts be propitiated.
In school, as life, we labour for the right,
But soon our struggle ends in endless night.

W.J.

THE EXODUS OF R.G.S.

There's a little village—Quorndon—with a little sleepy station,
Which for yards and miles and leagues around has an awful reputation;
There's a little grammar school there, which gives our modern generation
A chance to learn some wisdom through our modern education.
But the boys and girls who go there have a fixed determination,
To make that school a bear-ground, with no discrimination.

So, our sunny, quiet tranquility is disturbed by the ability
Of the *darling* little pupils to make a great big row.
They're full of wise duplicity, and are Tarzans of agility;
They're wished to a warm climate—but never mind that now!
Although they're spouting vanity, they're models of urbanity;
But our spirits sink to zero when we hear that cursed bell,
When—heaven save our sanity—comes a great rush of humanity,
Shouting the Rawlin's war-cry, a long and deafening yell!
So patiently long-suffering, we withstand the liberal buffeting,
While a master marshalls them in line with countenance austere—
A grim and fearful figure, he hears the slightest snigger,
And is always on the look-out for a shoving in the rear.
They push and shove politely, and kick and poke delightfully,
The rusty buses quiver as they squeeze and wriggle on;
Their conduct is unsightly, they stamp, thump and punch frightfully;
A laugh, a scream of anguish—"My hat's been sat upon!"
They fight until the bus rocks, they think they are young Woodcocks,
And squash each other, howling, with great big clumsy feet.
Oh! cheers, they're gone at last! with a final yell and blast,
And left their peel and apple-cores all over our main street.

So now you know why Quorndon, with its little village station,
Has, with all those *darling* horrors, an awful reputation.

ROY K. MARTIN, Form IIM.

A WINTER'S DAY

The snow is slowly falling down,
Clothing the earth with her soft white down.
The trees stand barely looking on,
The birds sing sweetly their winter song.
The clouds go gliding across the sky,
And oft the sun will wink her eye.
Children are playing in the snow,
Whilst others keep warm by the fire-side glow.
Such scenes as these on a winter's day,
Make our hearts feel bright and gay,
And mother nature looking on,
Joins in the winter's happy song.

GWEN SPENCE, Form IG.

MY FAVOURITE WALK

My favourite walk is to Lodge Farm, which is about four miles from my home. It is a very old house, built, I am told, in the early seventeenth century. It is built of thick, grey bricks, and stands erect in the heart of an apple orchard.

The first half-mile of the route is through a thick, grassy meadow where clover and buttercups grow, and where children can laugh and play gaily to their hearts' content.

Then there is the bridge, the thick, sturdy bridge, under which the River Soar flows noiselessly, and where occasionally one can see a water-hen or a rat bobbing in the rushes.

Over the stile I go, following a mossy path leading up to the Foxcover, a beautiful glade with trees overlapping one another; one can see the whole countryside from that very spot.

On the other side of the Foxcover there is the Bush Pond, on which Farmer Manton's ducks float and gabble all day. His two goats are loose in the same field so I have to be careful and not let my mischievous dog, Major, out of my sight or else before very long I would have Farmer Manton on my track.

As soon as I am out of the gate, I can see the Lodge Farm, which is about twenty yards further up Bampton Lane. I am always very pleased when I get up to the gate, as I can be sure of a warm welcome and a delicious, cold drink, which I drink through a straw, at a table under a shady oak tree.

I know I must have been this favourite walk at least fifty times, but every time I recapture the breath-taking beauty and heart-stirring tranquility once again.

ANON

ON TADPOLES

If you are walking on a spring day by a stagnant pond and you look closely you will see therein great masses of transparent jelly dotted throughout with many tiny black specks. These lumps of jelly look helpless; they are big, but cannot escape from all the lurking evils of the dark, deep pond. On looking closer you will see the tadpole, or little black spot, breaking out and starting his life, a life of many changes. Again the tadpole seems helpless. True he can move about; he darts hither and thither, but he looks so tiny and small. He has a head and a tail and nothing in between. He has a mouth and two eyes. He hides in weeds, which he eats. He is very defenceless in the dark, deep, under-water kingdom of the pike and other fish, on whose menu tadpole appears at the top. Soon the little fellow grows gills like two feathers. Then something happens which is the turning point in his life. He grows two legs. Now he can swim about more quickly. Then two fore legs come. I wonder if he is mystified by these changes. He learns to hop a little, his tail goes. Now he is ready to go out into life, to grow big and strong, but still he is helpless and small in the enormous cruel, hard world around him. He has undergone metamorphosis. What does he care? He's a frog.

G. CUTTS, Form V.

ON LEADING A Y.H.A. PARTY

Being advice, given in good faith, to those who intend and inflict themselves permanently upon the nation's schools, Heaven and the School Certificate Examiners willing.

The first essential is an ability to lash oneself into a frenzy of enthusiasm, together with a natural dexterity in the handling of a horse-whip. Having filled himself with an insatiable thirst for fresh air and primitive living, our prospective leader should closely con the following advice, accumulated at great pain and danger by one who has tried.

1. To choose a suitable spot for a visit. Ideas which may present themselves are (a) The North Pole, (b) The Himalayas, (c) Alaska, (d) Anstey. The wise leader will choose only one; therefore, consider each in turn:

- (a) The North Pole—most people do not like bears—try South Pole—evening dress is essential, and coupons will be prohibitive.
- (b) The Himalayas—no trains beyond Dover.
- (c) Alaska—all self-cooking.
- (d) Anstey—passport difficulties.

Scrap all four and go to Much-Tittering-in-the-Stalls.

2. To enlist the co-operation of fellow members of staff. The way must be carefully prepared and body armour should be worn. It is better to attack in several waves. (i) The Fifth Column approach. Promise continuous sunshine day and night, say that the trip will last for only five days, sing the praises of mythical feather beds and belittle the number and size of hostel duties and local bumps in the landscape.

Uncross fingers and launch offensive (ii). The Hail-fellow-well-met approach. Express deep admiration at their obvious physical fitness and their willingness to give up a few days of their holiday.

Scrape left ear from wall and go into phase (iii). The bully and bribe method. Threaten to fake illness next term, thereby ensuring extra duties for others.

Allow one week for subsidence of ill feeling and healing of physical and mental wounds. At end of week, sneak into staff room, cheerfully announcing that bookings have been accepted by all wardens. Retreat to previously prepared positions.

3. To enlist members of party from school. Post list on obvious notice board. Next day this will contain 347 names in multicoloured ink, together with several dozen thumb-prints in varied shades of grey. Cross off names of Ministers of the Crown and people who left school more than nine years ago. From the remaining 269 decide to draw lots. Choose twelve names and draw them from a hat.

4. Equipment. This does not matter a great deal because no member of the party will heed your recommendations, and, in any case, most people will go equipped for a three months stay at a Butlin establishment. On second thoughts, it would be as well to take the matter seriously because the leader inevitably has to carry half the party's kit. Make a list of essentials: Rucksack, books, sticking plaster, twenty-seven shirts,

raincoat, greatcoat, sticking plaster, iodine, vaseline, sewing machine, sticking plaster. Purge list of unnecessarys and end up with boots, one shirt and a rucksack full of sticking plaster.

5. Incidental last minute adjustments. Spend five weeks asking members to join Y.H.A. Cancel bookings for three girls; make new bookings for two boys; alter booking for girl who has just discovered that she is sixteen and not fourteen. Buy railway tickets; change three of them; lend out personal equipment, simultaneously bidding it a fond farewell.

6. The Visit. Ply booking clerk with questions and cigarettes until all the outsize half-fares are safely on the platform. Round up party from snack bars, coffee stalls, slot machines, etc. Run back for girl's rucksack. As above to get half-fares safely off the station. Defend oneself against accusations of being responsible for bad weather, ill fitting shoes, blisters, weight of packs and shortage of sandwiches. Do four people's duties each day, carry three packs and seven overcoats, buy meals and lose track of several shillings due to tortuous arithmetical calculations of school cert. candidates. After twelve days deposit each member in the arms of its parent. Go home and have nightmares for rest of holiday.

General advice. Always take your own compass, because, at the height of the crisis, the boy who promised to bring one is bound to produce a pair of compasses. Never take a party of more than three and choose a district where all the hills slope downwards. A good leader, apart from being able to walk, run, cycle and read a map, is expected to know by heart the country's bus and train time-tables, to be an expert singer, dancer, comedian, juggler and contortionist, and to have the strength of a beast of burden. He must possess innumerable excuses for use on irate wardens. He must go to sleep last and get up first, know all the best cafes and be able to negotiate reduced rates at all of them. He should also command many expressions of encouragement such as "It's only just over the top and round the corner"; he must be cheerful and yet take the blame for the hills being put there in the first place. If you don't possess these qualities, don't lead. And finally, when you have taken the party as far as Windermere, put them on a bus to Morecambe and go hostelling on your own.

E.R.W.

ANSWERS TO "PUZZLE CORNER"

1. The quickest way would be to look at the label on the end.
2. Because a golf "links" is the name given to a course by the sea. A golf "course" is all that can be constructed inland.
3. Mark Twain, George Eliot, Lewis Carroll, Susan Coolidge.
4. Chopin, by four months.
5. James Stewart, Ruby Stevens.
6. Madame Currie.
7. Magellanese.
8. Mr. Wasnegg keeps ducks.

SCHOOLMASTERS IN FACT AND FICTION

Schoolmasters are a separate species of man! We have our glum bank clerks, our portly and ostentatious business men, satirine typists, humorous bus conductors; but—a schoolteacher is a wholly different being! These everyday examples of the Genus Dominus are scornfully accused of receiving high salaries, long holidays; of belonging to a profession of sinecures.

What could be further from the truth? If the critics were put to the test they would fare badly with a class of noisy children, eager to avoid all avoidable work; experts at turning a discussion on the geographical importance of Southampton into a heated argument concerning the merits of various ocean liners.

Let such doubting Thomases plough through interminable lessons all day, crawl wearily home to tea, then spend the rest of their time perusing piles of tattered exercise books, vainly endeavouring to decipher some infant's illegible scrawl, or trying to see where Johnny has gone astray with his quadratic equations. Then—a short respite for an austerity supper and a brief siesta by the empty grate; after which what remains of the evening is spent in pondering over next day's lessons. After the maximum two hours of sleep allowed for common or garden teachers, the weary man rises to greet his marmalade and kippers, to face another strenuous day. Such is a teacher's life—here are the facts revealed!

As we venture into the realms of fiction other aspects of the subject appear. If we gaze through the magnifying glass provided by Dickens the picture is crystal clear—a paragraph appears in the *Times*:—

"Dotheboys Hall, Yorkshire. Establishment for the education of suitable youth. Lodging and tuition provided by modern practical methods. Term 12 gns. yrly. Principal: Mr. Wackford Squeers."

Glancing through the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby* we find that brimstone and treacle are the order of the day.

Mr. Wackford Squeers is unmasked as a harsh and unjust taskmaster, a firm adherent to the belief that the cane is the cure for all ills—a typical Victorian schoolmaster. And before our eyes pass the shades of Dr. Arnold and Mr. Chips.

In more recent times schoolmasters are generally represented in fiction as mild, meek little fellows, easily taken in by the most obvious of practical jokes. Patrons of Michael Poole, or perhaps Anton Lind are quite familiar with the type—they are well known. The characters which writers can conjure up, however, are in no way comparable to the genuine article. It is a well known maxim that truth is stranger than fiction!

Teachers differ as do other men; some stalk majestically in gowned glory through endless echoing corridors, others saunter along in nonchalant or casual manner.

All prospective schoolmasters should know that extensive qualifications are required in order to make a success in the profession. Among

these may be numbered such qualities as the patience of Job, fanatical courage, the possession of abnormal brain-power, a profound knowledge of child physiology, a keen insight into the abstruse meanderings of the average juvenile mind, a familiarity with telepathy, and last—but not least—very strong vocal chords for the purpose of effectually silencing recalcitrant infants. Unfortunately teachers are only human!

But for all his failings the school master is a time-mellowed institution, one of those figures without which the English scene would be the poorer.

N. FORD, FORM VI.

THE VAN GOGH ART EXHIBITION AT BIRMINGHAM

On February 2nd, a party which was composed of Form V, Form IV, Form IIIG, Form IIIM, a few members of staff and one or two outside visitors, went to Birmingham Art Gallery to see the collection of Van Gogh pictures, which was being shown under the auspices of the Arts Council of Great Britain. We journeyed in motor coaches, and three persons per seat was the order of the day. This pleased a few people in Forms IV and V.

We arrived at Birmingham, whereupon the party split, half going to see the Natural History Museum and the other half going in to the exhibition. After Mr. Wastnedge had given a fine lecture on the human skeleton (using the exhibited one as an illustration) half time arrived and we all "changed ends".

We saw many drawings, sketches and ink work in gallery XIII. In the next gallery, XIV, we saw a few of the darker paintings by Van Gogh. One of these worthy of mention was "The Potato Eaters", which seemed strangely alive. There were some beautiful oil paintings in this gallery. Gallery IV contained the sunflower paintings, and two portraits of "La Berceuse". A particularly beautiful painting here was "A draw-bridge with women"; Van Gogh had achieved a marvellous effect with his brush when painting the water ripples. Perhaps the most remarkable work of art was the painting of the artist's bedroom. Van Gogh meant this picture to convey an air of peace and sleep, but it was done in such startling colours, that judging by the comments passed, it conveyed anything but sleep.

When we had seen the exhibition, we went back to the bus. Here, one or two people complained of pains in the stomach. (We hasten to add that it was not the pictures which gave them this, but sudden pangs of hunger which assailed them.) Once on the bus we ate our lunch and then—home.

The exhibition was, however, enjoyed by all, and our thanks are due to Miss Brockhurst for arranging this instructive outing.

BETTY BREAM, FORM V, and DOROTHY TOMLYN, FORM IV.

WITH THE FIFTH IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES

After meeting B-tr-c and N-rm-n on the bus, and walking up to the station, collecting B-ryl on the way, we were joined by Mr. W-stn-dg- on his third attempt to reach the station at Loughborough. Books were bought and the train rumbled in. A familiar head belonging to B-wy-r, with a Y.H.A. beret perched on it, was poked out of a carriage window, showing us the whereabouts of the rest of the party. We trooped in, feeling dizzy with excitement. At Nottingham we alighted and were led to the refreshment room by Mr. W-stn-dg- and Mr. Wh-tbr-d, a procedure which was repeated at every other station which we visited. After a comfortable, but rowdy, journey we reached Hellifield, where, after two hours, we boarded a train for Dent, where we arrived about six. We wandered down the steep half-mile hill and then along another two miles. Around a bend appeared the hostel lights. After telling Mr. Cook, the warden (the image of Leslie Howard) all our names, we proceeded to change our foot attire. A good meal and a jolly evening at cards followed, and we went to bed looking forward to the next day.

We arose at 7-30 and an hour later sat down to breakfast. We did our several duties with vigour, and then, coatless, but with mackintoshes, we started on our first venture. We crossed Widdale Fell in the drizzle and our macks, and walked into a cloud at the top. Through slush and slime we wallowed our way, many times nearly losing our shoes by the hungry sucking of the ooze. By twelve o'clock the weather had dried her eyes, and gave us a watery smile. So we sat down, opposite the skeleton of a cow, and ate our dinner. We packed away our mackintoshes, and once more ventured on. The countryside looks beautiful, but is not so green as would be expected. The treachery of the Yorkshire country is hard to believe, for under the reddish coloured reeds and the green, more treacherous bog weed, is the most horrible mud and slime. The fells are intersected by black stone walls. After crossing some miles of this country we reached the inn through which lay the path to "the Falls". Hardraw Force, a hundred feet of unbroken falling water, is the biggest in England. We walked a quarter of a mile before we beheld them. What a magnificent spectacle—magnificent but terrible. At the cost of wet clothes we followed the path right round behind the tumbling water. After this awe-inspiring sight we returned to the road and ultimately reached Hawes. Mr. W-stn-dg- led us to Richardson's cafe where we partook of a substantial meal of two eggs each—if needed—bread and jam, cakes and a pot of good tea. Thus refreshed, we repaired to the station. The girls and two masters stepped into one carriage, the boys into another. Having been bombarded with chocolate paper, Mr. W-stn-dg- settled down to telling us funny stories.

The hostel was reached again, and a weary but happy party settled in for the night. Mr. Cook, it appeared, had spent the day making his hair stand on end by reading D-r-'s detective book, and consoling himself by dipping into M-r-n's romance. Table tennis was the craze for that night, but at 10-30 we all retired.

Sunday dawned too good to be true. It was fine! Breakfast was eaten and duties dealt out. Our efforts at scrubbing tables, cleaning windows, washing crockery, peeling potatoes and sweeping the "plush" stair carpet deserved commendation.

We set out again with four newcomers. Will anyone ever forget Whernside? What a beautiful mountain it is—but what a cheating mountain. The "top" seems to be in sight so many times, and so many times did we clamber up only to see another "top" beyond. One beck did get in the way rather frequently. We crossed it at least six times, but no one could say it was not a beautiful beck. We saw three glorious tarns, then the climb really began. The only thought that got most of us to the top was the fascinating word "sandwiches". We made short work of these. The four newcomers to our party left us at this juncture to go their several ways, and we descended on our own. What a glorious feeling it is to come down to earth after soaring on high at two thousand four hundred and fourteen feet, even though one's shoes are saturated and persist in sticking in the innocent looking bog weeds on the way down. A green lane was then discovered and after a few miles we dropped down into Dent village, where we ate a delicious, but scanty, tea. At five the journey back to the hostel commenced. It was relieved by the jaunty air struck up by Mr. Wh-tbr-d and Mr. W-sta-dg-, in which we girls joined, the boys being so far ahead that they were out of sight. Darkness was upon us by the time we saw the home-lights of the hostel.

After dinner, served at 7-30, we sat around the glowing coals and did not speak very much. We again dispersed to our various dormitories at 10-30. It being our last night I thought I would sing the girls a lullaby called "Ma bella Marguarita", but it was rudely greeted by a roar of laughter. I then tucked everyone in and wished them goodnight (I tucked B-ryl in very well, for that very morning she had fallen from the top of the bunk on to the floor with a flop which reminded me of a wet fish being slapped on to a slab). The candle was blown out, and I crawled into bed to float into the land of dreams to the sound of B-tr-c's voice sobbing "Poor cat"—for she was upset about a cat that had been left outside.

Monday dawned. Sadly we packed, sadly we ate our breakfast and sadly we did our duties. With downcast hearts we walked the road to the station. Never will I forget the way the train pulled into the station when half the party were still panting up the last lap of that torturing hill. The last little run was the hardest piece of work I ever hope to tackle.

The journey back was made a little happier by Mr. W-stn-dg- writing his appreciation of the Van Gogh exhibition, and the portrait of that artistic gentleman drawn by Mr. Wh-tbr-d on the carriage window.

We all of us heartily thank the masters for giving up their half term to trudge along with us, and also Mr. Cook, for the never-to-be-forgotten part he played in our trip.

J. JOINER, Form V.

OUR FUTURE

THE ATOMIC TRAIN

You and I are young; we have our future before us; the world lies at our feet. What are we going to make of it? The great thing of the future is "Atomic Power".

Many people shun atomic power because they cannot understand it, but then, how many of us can really understand the workings of our clocks and wireless?

The atomic train gives a balanced view of what is behind the subject. The train consists of two coaches. In the first coach are shown the fundamental facts. We see the size of the atom—there are as many atoms in a cricket ball as there would be cricket balls in the volume of the earth. We see, too, the structure of the atom—a nucleus surrounded by empty space in which the electrons revolve like planets round the sun.

Einstein discovered that matter and energy are the same things, so the problem was how to set free the vast amounts of energy contained in matter, as is being done for instance, every minute of the day in the sun.

From here we pass into the second coach, where the practical applications are shown. In this coach one is allowed to handle a bar of uranium 238. Uranium 238 contains less than one per cent of uranium 235 (which is used in the atomic bomb). There is no practical way yet of separating uranium 235 from 238 for industrial purposes. Next we are shown a working machine splitting the atom by a process called fission. A screen follows demonstrating this. You are first shown what happens when there is a small amount of uranium 235 being bombarded by a part of a nucleus (a neutron). The neutron hits a nucleus of an atom which splits into more neutrons which go on splitting other nuclei. This is safe until there is a critical amount of uranium 235. In the atomic bomb there were two pieces of such "critical" uranium 235, when the bomb was dropped, which were brought together to form a critical piece to cause the explosion.

The exhibition also showed pictures of devastation caused by the bomb and a map of Leicester depicting the extent of damage if a similar missile were dropped on the centre. The final part of the coach was given over to the brighter side of the question, showing the probable design of an atomic power plant to save coal. Atomic energy can also be used in medicine, agriculture and industry.

On leaving the train we are given a grim reminder: "Any industrial nation can produce atomic bombs if it wishes. These provide tremendous power for destruction. There is no defence against it, but if atomic energy is not misused it holds promises of great advances in medicine, in industry, in the supply of power, and, as a result, in our standard of living."

Which is it to be?

G. CUTTS, Form V.

FOOTBALL

"My remarks of last term still apply." How often has that statement appeared in a certain little book? It certainly does not apply to the 1st XI for they finished the term in a blaze of glory. This improvement began with that memorable match at Melton, where we hoped for the best while fearing the worst.

Two early goals were scored by our opponents, but then our boys, apparently determined to demonstrate their latest capabilities, began to play football of a standard not shown by our boys for many years. The whole team suddenly went into action, Boulter crashed in a glorious shot from the right-wing, Nail, cleverly eluding the centre-half, scored another, and later added a third. At the interval the score was three goals each. Could they keep it up? In the second half Melton attacked furiously, but the defence, particularly Spence, Greenwood and Springham, refused to be beaten. Then, aided by long passes from Bowyer and Bumpus and strong determined runs by Boulter, a continuous attack was launched on the Melton goal which eventually succumbed three times, and we finished worthy winners by six goals to three.

While we never again reached the same heights, the football during the rest of the term was of a very high standard indeed, and worthy of the School at its best.

RESULTS

Nov. 19th v. Melton (away), won 6—3 (Nail 4, Boulter, Ford).
Nov. 26th v. Mill Hill (home), drew 4—4 (Spence 2, Boulter, Nail).
Dec. 3rd v. Moat Boys' (home), won 4—1 (Roots, Boulter, Nail 2).
Dec. 17th v. Melton (home), lost 3—2 (Nail, Roots).

This term a much weakened team has played with a great deal of enthusiasm, but without the skill and experience of their predecessors. They are, however, improving in every match, and should win several matches yet.

HOUSE MATCHES

Bradgate beat Beaumanor in a very even game, by two goals to one. As usual there was little real football, but plenty of enthusiasm. Springham scored a remarkable goal for Beaumanor with a high kick from his own half which bounced over the advancing goalkeeper's head. Sadler and Ford scored for Bradgate.

Ulverscroft beat Beaumanor more easily than in previous matches. This was a triumph for the younger boys, well supported of course by Spence. Ulverscroft scored eight goals without reply through Roots (3), Biddle (2), Spence, Taylor and Nail.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

This term the team has lost the valuable assistance of G. Nail at centre forward, and has started rather badly with a loss to Barrow G.S., 7—1. However, Carter stepped into this position and started by scoring

four goals. Sussons has kept goal for the best part of the season and shows great promise. So far we have done well in the first division. Let us do our best to maintain our position.

RESULTS

| | | | |
|------------|----|--------------------------|-----------|
| Sept. 20th | v. | Barrow G.S. (away), | lost 4—0. |
| Sept. 27th | v. | Castle Donington (home), | lost 2—0. |
| Oct. 4th | v. | College T (away), | won 2—1. |
| Oct. 11th | v. | Shepshed (home), | won 6—0. |
| Nov. 8th | v. | College C. (home), | lost 5—0. |
| Nov. 22nd | v. | Limehurst S. (home), | lost 3—1. |
| Nov. 29th | v. | Limehurst N. (home), | won 7—1. |
| Dec. 6th | v. | School of Art (home), | won 7—2. |
| Jan. 10th | v. | Barrow (home), | lost 7—1. |
| Jan. 17th | v. | Castle Donington (away), | won 6—1. |
| Jan. 24th | v. | College T. (home), | won 6—1. |

A.B. (Capt.)

HOCKEY NOTES

At the end of the Christmas Term we were very sorry to lose our goal keeper, Ann Fulton, and right back, Kathleen Linsell, but these have been replaced by Betty Bream and Freda Royston respectively.

Betty Bream has played extremely well in all the matches this term and Freda Royston has settled down to her position in the 1st XI.

It is regrettable that Sylvia Newton is unable to play this term, but her substitute, Margaret Kent, has successfully filled the vacant position.

Although the results have not been in our favour, we put up a good fight and we all thoroughly enjoyed the games.

Our last match was played against Melton Grammar School. It was a very cold day and the ground near the goal mouth was extremely muddy. As a result most players left the pitch splashed with mud, but in spite of this we had a grand game, and the refreshments were very much appreciated.

On the whole the weather has been reasonable this season and we have only had to cancel two matches.

RESULTS

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-------|-----|
| Barrow A v. 1st XI ... | ... | Lost | 7—1 |
| Barrow A v. 1st XI (return) ... | ... | Lost | 7—2 |
| Coalville 1st XI v. 1st XI ... | ... | Lost | 7—1 |
| Coalville 2nd XI v. 2nd XI ... | ... | Drawn | 1—1 |
| Adderleys v. 1st XI ... | ... | Won | 2—1 |
| Adderleys v. 1st XI (return) ... | ... | Won | 4—1 |
| Broom Leys 1st XI v. 1st XI ... | ... | Won | 6—0 |
| Melton 1st XI v. 1st XI ... | ... | Lost | 5—2 |
| Melton 1st XI v. 1st XI (return) ... | ... | Lost | 2—0 |

B.M.H. and M.G.

NETBALL NOTES

Up to now this term we have not had many fixtures. However, we played Barrow Grammar School, the results being in our favour, senior 27—0, junior 12—8. We also played Melton Grammar School, the seniors losing 11—17 and the juniors winning 10—8. Our match against Broom Leys was cancelled owing to bad weather.

We have a good junior and senior team, with zealous people in them, but a little more enthusiasm from the seniors would be welcome. Our shooters are good, but this is no reason why they should not keep up their practising at break. In the near future we will be competing in tournaments at Loughborough and Leicester, so it is essential that everyone should turn up to the weekly practice.

BARBARA HORSLEY

NEWS OF THE VETERANS

The Fifth Form is now at the top of the School and is the Form to which everyone looks up. It was a keenly discussed question as to who should be made Prefects. Now that we know, efforts are made by the more humble members of the Form to keep them in the "straight and narrow road", and to prevent them becoming "swelled headed".

A frequent visitor in a morning of late has been a "whisky" cat. It was probably only trying to make friends with "the Gorm", but its efforts were not appreciated. She—"the Gorm"—has become quite expert at turning it out of the window.

There has been much rejoicing among some people of late at being allowed to drop certain lessons. Some teachers have regretfully found that the bright sparks of their particular lessons are missing.

Much regret was felt by certain people when it was decided that girls and boys should have dinner at separate times. However, there is still lessons in the hall to fall back on to, and someone is bound to get the back row.

It was hoped that the gradual edging together of the two centre rows of desks would not be noticed. We were just congratulating ourselves on sitting two together again, when our hopes were dashed to the ground by the order to "separate those desks at once". The desks now repose in straight rigid lines.

We remember with delight the enormous Form Cake we had last term. Mr. Furzdon tried to cut it mathematically, and did it very well.

OLD QUORNIANS' ASSOCIATION

At the dinner in November there were many expressions of the wish that the Association should not cease to function. There was also a feeling that, in another sense, it was bound to come to an end as a mixed body, for the source of recruitment of male members would soon be dried up for ever. Should there be a lingering, or a sudden death? And if a sudden death, would it be possible and desirable to have an Annual Reunion as former friends and acquaintances either at the school or elsewhere?

An undertaking was given by the Chairman of the Association that all possible steps would be taken to ascertain the wishes of the members on the above questions and also on that of the proposed War Memorial.

A committee meeting was held to discuss these matters. In the committee there was the same indecision as at the dinner about the future of the Association; but about the Memorial it was felt that we ought to call a meeting of subscribers and to recommend to them that some tablet or memorial should be erected in the School, but that the disposal of the rest of the funds, now held by the Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer of the Old Quornians' Association, should be left to the meeting. Some members felt that most subscribers will wish the School in its new form to benefit. Others felt that subscribers might like their money back.

Early next term the intention is to call such a meeting. Meanwhile readers of this magazine may be giving the matter their consideration.

OLD QUORNIANS ABROAD

Miss E. Butler, who is remembered with affection by very many Old Quornians and who keeps in touch with an amazing number of them, sends the following interesting information about Old Quornians Abroad:

Canada: William Webster, Ivy Heggs, Charles Calvert, Grace, Alice and Beth Sanders. U.S.A.: Ethel Rumsby, Alice Turner, Charles and John Burrows (California). Kenya: Dorothea Backhouse, all the Davidsons, Noel Smith. South Africa: Edith Symons (Johannesburg). Egypt: Winifred Burrows. Sudan: Nora Burrows. Austria: Edith Breitenback (if alive), Hede Breitenback (fled to Hungary in 1939, not heard of since). Sweden: Axel Calvert. Rhodesia: Peter Field. New Zealand: Ada Webster. South America (Monte Video): Antonia Merladet (in full Benito Roderigo Antonio Merladet Sarria Iberando Goigoichia "and some more in the Church which I do not remember").