

# THE QUORNIAN

The Magazine of the Rawlins Grammar School, Quorn

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CHRISTMAS, 1947



ALAN DALTON MURRAY

Headmaster 1941-47

## EDITORIAL

THIS term we can think of only one thing—that after July, Rawlins Grammar School will cease to exist as a co-educational school. The news has been received with no mixed feelings, and many are the hard things said about “the powers that be.” But there it is, and we must accept the decrees of fate with as good a grace as possible.

But that the news has had a detrimental effect upon the activities of the school is certain. More and more we feel that “there’s no future in it.” The Cadets and Guide groups have disintegrated, and after Christmas the bulk of the Football XI will have departed. The disappearance of the Sixth Form renders any dramatic production on the scale of previous years impossible. And on top of this, our present Headmaster is leaving us. A sad tale, indeed.

But two whole terms remain. What of them? Is the tale of despondency and inactivity to continue? We sincerely hope not. Our new head, Mr. W. Jacques, has served the school faithfully and well for many, many years, and knows and loves it better than any of us. We owe him a great deal. He has come to the headship in unhappy circumstances. (Shades of Mr. Chips!) May we therefore appeal to all of you who read this to help him in an unpleasant task. Since the scholastic ship must needs go down, let it sink in a burst of glory. Let us, by our work and our play, make the last two terms of the school as we know it, a success, a climax, a glorious blaze from the ashes of which may arise a new phoenix, Rawlins Grammar School for Girls.

D.E.W.

## VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS

When Rawlins lived and benefactions made  
For education of the simple poor;  
He little thought the newly opened door  
Would one day cease for boys to ply its trade.  
When Farnham also gave us generous aid,

To add new buildings to the common store,  
He did not think the boys would be no more  
And we should have to join the Girls Brigade.

But needs are needs in 1948,  
The district's education must be planned,  
No sentiment: look at the matter straight  
And you'll agree the male sex must be banned.  
Hensmans, Thomsions, Murrays reigned in glory,  
But Jacques is undertaker—quite another story.

W.J.

## SCHOOL NOTES

At the end of last term, the School was excellently entertained with a concert of songs and instrumental music. Some of the prisoners-of-war stationed at Quorn rendered items on the piano and violin and two of Mr. Brydson's pupils, Miss White and Mrs. Gelsthorpe (the latter making a welcome return), each sang two delightful songs. We would like to express our thanks to them and also to Mr. Brydson, who compered the concert.

If anyone happened to listen to Children's Hour on August 23rd, they would have heard the sweet voice of a school fellow, Roy Martin, reading to them "The Outlaw," a poem written by himself. Congratulations, Martin!

We were unfortunate in losing Mr. Douglas and Mrs. Yeomans at the end of last term. Their places have been taken by Mr. Jones and Mrs. Fuller. The latter rejoined her husband in Palestine after a while, and her place has been taken by Mrs. Coghlan.

Mr. Alexander has also come, to teach Maths. and Physics, and Mrs. Figgures to take the girls for gym, dancing and games. We welcome them all.

This term R. Hillman, M. Webster, Boulter, Spence and Springham have been appointed prefects, and O. Jones, R. Mebberson, K. Linsell, B. Hillman, Ford, Storer and Wilson sub-prefects.

Many Old Quornians will have heard with regret of the death of Mrs. Hensman, widow of the late Mr. E. J. Hensman. She had been a complete invalid for several years. A number of books and papers, which once belonged to Mrs. Hensman have been kindly sent to the School by Miss Bartlett, her companion.

Mrs. Alexander, who has been a member of the governing body for many years, has resigned. We shall greatly miss her for she always took a great interest in the School and attended all school functions whenever possible.

We congratulate Miss Brockhurst, J. Joiner, J. Tebbutt, S. Blower and Lake on their fine performances in the concert given in Loughborough by Mr. Brydson's pupils.

A new set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica has appeared on the shelves of our Library. The cost has been borne by the Farnham Trust. Each volume bears inside the new book plate presented by Mr. S. H. Skillington. This book plate was designed in consultation with Mr. Christopherson, of the Leicester College of Art. All who have seen it agree that it is a vast improvement on the old one. We are deeply grateful to Mr. Skillington for his interest and generosity.

We are indebted to Miss Butler for the gift of six novels by Philip Gibbs to the School Library. Many thanks to one who has always been a devoted friend of the School.

The annual Staff v. School hockey match took place on Monday, October 27th. Due, we hope, to superior skill and not superior torsos, the staff won by 7 to 0. However, the School XI put up a better fight than last year, succeeding in reducing the score against them by half.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries: *The Beauchamp*, *The Lion Rampart*, *The Gowertonian*, *The Humphrey Perkins Chronicle*.

We congratulate the following on obtaining their colours:—Football: Boulter, Bloodworth, Spence, Swann. Hockey: B. Stewart, M. Lay, F. Hosking. Cricket: E. Poole, Swann, Bloodworth, Boulter.

This term ends on December 18th. The Spring Term starts on Wednesday, January 7th, and ends on Tuesday, March 23rd.

### HOUSE POINTS—1946-47

	Ulverscroft	Bradgate	Beaumanor
Work .....	179	173	148
Athletic Sports .....	44	32	28
Games .....	140	105	55
Conduct .....	24	42	30
	387	352	261

Congratulations to Ulverscroft.

### A. DALTON MURRAY, B.A., B.Sc. AN APPRECIATION

Mr. A. Dalton Murray came to us as Headmaster in 1941, and during the time he has been here he has been an exceptionally good Headmaster. He is popular with staff and pupils, he has raised both the tone and the numbers of the school, and we are very sorry to lose him.

In the present circumstances we cannot but agree that he has done the right thing in accepting this new appointment.

Mr. Murray's various activities in the village have been most helpful, and he goes with our very best wishes for the future.

LT.-COL. W. S. N. TOLLER, D.S.O., T.D., D.L.  
(Chairman of the Governors)

## HEADMASTER'S LETTER

This is the last letter I shall write for *The Quornian*. There is always something ominous about those words "the last time" and I look back over the past six years with mixed feelings. Naturally I am glad to be going to a fine, well equipped school, but I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for Quorn. The past six years have been a hard struggle, for when I came the school was very badly off in almost everything. It has been a joy to see things being done — the Old Quornians' Association revived, plays and concerts being given, better provision for Art, Science and other subjects and, above all, the foundations of Sixth form work laid.

During the last two years, with the threat of the school's being changed hanging over our heads, things have been doubly difficult. The Director has explained the reasons for the change to many of you at Speech Day and if you missed that you can read the statement in the magazine. As one who believes that it is better to educate boys and girls together I am sorry that the change has to be made. It seems however that there is no other easy alternative to this step.

I should like in this last letter to express my gratitude to the Governors for their support and help during the past six years, and also to the Staff—and in the Staff I include Miss Priestley, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Simpson, and the other helpers in the kitchen.

I would like to say a special word of thanks to Miss Mounteney and Mr. Jacques, who were both here when I came. I leave with the assurance that the welfare of the school for the next two terms is in the capable hands of Mr. Jacques.

With those of you who are pupils I would like to leave this thought. While I have been Headmaster I have always tried to impress on you that your education should be a complete one of body, mind and spirit. The development of the body at games and sports, the enlargement of the mental faculties by regular and exact study must not outstrip the nourishing of the spirit by occupying it with those things which belong to beauty, truth, and goodness. At my first speech day I read to you these words of Robert Bridges; I have written them in lots of autograph albums; I quoted them at my last speech day; and now I leave them with you. They best express what I believe true education should be.

"Thy work with beauty crown, thy life with love;  
Thy mind with truth uplift to God above:  
For whom all is, from whom was all begun,  
In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are one."

So I will say to you all—pupils past and present and the friends of the School—Good-bye. If any of you are near Redditch do come to see me. And remember I shall be pleased to have a letter from you. The High School, Redditch, will find me.

A.D.M.

## STATEMENT ON THE FUTURE OF THE SCHOOL

FOR the past two years there have been rumours that this school was eventually to become one for girls only. In December, 1946, at the Annual Speech Day, the Chairman of the Governors, Lt.-Col. W. S. N. Toller, announced that the North Leicestershire Divisional Executive had decided that the school should remain a mixed one. We all hoped that the matter was settled. Apparently the Ministry of Education was not satisfied that the provision for girls in this area was adequate and it became clear to those in authority that either a new school for girls must be built in the Loughborough district or our school must be changed. When the Headmaster handed in his resignation in September it seemed appropriate that if there must be a change it should be made at once. The Governors agreed, although reluctantly, to accept the situation and so the matter was settled.

The pupils in the VIth form are to be transferred to other schools at the end of this term. The remaining boys will stay until the end of the summer term when they will be placed in other grammar schools. Everything possible will be done to make the change as easy as possible and parents may have some choice of school. It must be remembered however that the choice will be limited by the accommodation available. Mr. Jacques will remain as Headmaster until July, 1948, and in September a Headmistress will take charge of what will then be a school for girls only. It is intended to make special provision here for technical and commercial education.

And so a long history of co-education will come to an end. This school was established in 1691 for boys only and it continued so until 1898 when girls were first admitted. It is stated in an old copy of *The Quornian* that this is the oldest mixed grammar school south of the Trent. In 1897 the school was established in the present buildings (although they were much smaller than now) so that this year sees the fiftieth anniversary of the school in its present home.

All of us on the Staff are firm believers in co-education and we view the change with regret. We feel that something of value will be lost. But life is full of changes and they must be accepted and we must make the best of them. We hope that the new school which will emerge from the coming changes will retain much that is of value in our present one and will add new glories to the name of Rawlins Grammar School.

A.D.M.

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*The Quornian* has been produced by a Committee consisting of Mr. Whitbread, Mary Webster, P. Boulter and N. Ford.

# SPEECH DAY

NOVEMBER 13th, 1947

An outsider present at our prize-giving ceremony might have been forgiven for assuming that he was listening to a debate on the motion "that the Rawlins Grammar School should be converted into a girls' school,"—but the fact that a verdict had already been reached made the occasion a melancholy one.

The Chairman, Lieut.-Colonel Toller, without any preliminaries, plunged into a plea for the continuation of a co-educational school. He vehemently asserted the opposition of the governors to the change, and explained the financial dilemma caused by the destruction of the school's London property by a bomb. He expressed, as did other speakers, the fervent hope that the Old Quornians' Association would continue to flourish as it did at present.

The Headmaster's report followed. He congratulated pupils and staff on the excellence of the examination results, but as a farewell message bade all remember that education does not consist of the passing of examinations, but lay in the cultivation of those principles which make a person sound in body, mind and spirit.

After the presentation of prizes by Mrs. Mason, the Director rose to explain the reasons for the Committee's decision to convert the school. The Education Act of 1944, he stated, had ordained that every child should have the greatest possible opportunity in the widest possible range of subjects. It would be practicable to implement this Act in Rawlins Grammar School only if the sexes were equal in numbers, and such was not the case. Girls greatly outnumbered boys. Moreover, in the Loughborough area the number of places in other schools available to boys exceeded those for girls, and it was essential that extra places be made for the latter. Other schools, for various good reasons, were unsuitable for conversion or expansion. The authorities had decided that the problem could be solved only by making this a school for girls, and transferring the boys to vacancies in other neighbouring establishments. He pointed out that such a transfer would benefit the boys, whose requirements could not adequately be catered for on our premises. The girls remaining would also benefit, and plans were already made to give them greater facilities for commercial and domestic training. Mr. Murray's resignation had provided a suitable opportunity to effect the change, which, he felt, was far less startling than some the school had undergone in the past; and, indeed, he urged, is not change a sure sign of vitality and energy in an organisation?

The Director then wished Mr. W. Jacques all success in the difficult task ahead of him, expressed his deep appreciation of Mr. Murray's service to the school, and bade him God-speed in his new appointment.

The speaker concluded with congratulations to the school on its many activities in the past—its "mellow fruitfulness" as he called it,—and a plea for some permanent memento of the school as a co-educational establishment.

The Rev. W. A. King thanked the Director for his explanation, expressed the regret of the Governors at the departure of Mr. Murray, and his own sincere sorrow that the present organisation of the school should cease. Further thanks were made by Mary Webster and P. Spence.

The general mournfulness of the proceedings was somewhat dispelled by the pleasing singing of the choir, under the baton of Mr. Brydson.

When the meeting had closed, parents had the opportunity of seeing the school, and of examining a splendid exhibition of arts and crafts arranged by Miss Brockhurst.

## PRIZE LIST

Higher School Certificate and Prize: H. Poole, B. Stewart.  
School Certificate and Prize: P. Boulter, K. Clark, N. Ford, K. Geary, M. Harley, J. Mee, G. Pole, P. Spence, B. Springham, D. Storer, W. Taylor, P. Wilson, M. Austin, B. Harris, R. Hillman, S. Himan, K. Linsell, R. Mebberson, J. Moores, M. Neale, D. Rudkin, P. Thatcher.

Special Prizes: Senior English (presented by Miss E. Butler), H. Pool; Senior History, B. Stewart; English, N. Ford; History, P. Boulter; French, R. Mebberson; Geography, R. Hillman; Mathematics, P. Spence; Science, P. Wilson; Art (presented by Mrs. W. Jacques), N. Bloodworth; Music, P. Thatcher.

Form Prizes: IV, 1st G. Roots, 2nd B. Hillman, 3rd M. Bunney; III, 1st J. Siddons, 2nd J. Hibbitt, 3rd, G. Nail; IIIm, 1st B. Payne, 2nd W. Lacey, 3rd J. Whiles; IIg, 1st M. Preston, 2nd M. Clarke, 3rd, J. Clark; Im, 1st P. Richards, 2nd A. Mobbs, 3rd J. Brown; 1g, 1st J. Hooke, 2nd R. Kelham, 3rd S. Smith; Prep A, L. Ingram, M. Thomas; Prep B, V. Hardy, J. Friend.

Literary Competitions: Short Story (Senior) M. Bunney, (Middle) R. Martin; Verse Composition (Middle) R. Martin, (Junior) R. Kelham. Verse Speaking (Senior) S. Harris, J. Simmons; (Middle) R. Martin, P. Woods; (Junior) R. Kelham, J. Hooke.

Cadet Prizes (presented by Mr. D. W. C. Nurse for outstanding service during the year): J. Mee, W. Taylor, G. Cutts, A. Bowyer.

Progress Prizes (presented to the boy and girl who, in the opinion of the staff, have worked hardest and made most progress): D. Murby, W. Taylor.

Special Prize for progress in Languages: M. Little.

Service Prizes (presented by Mr. I. J. Underwood to the boy and girl who, in the opinion of the Headmaster, have rendered the best service to the school): H. Poole, B. Stewart.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE

The Christmas Tree is shining bright with light,

The presents are in paper, hung with care

On all the boughs; the candle flame is bright

At which the children love to come and stare.

The star it twinkles like the morning dew,—

The star of which the angels told the men,

The star that brought men's senses back to them—

Shone forth to tell good tidings all anew.

O, be ye grateful for our Christmas-tide,

For all the joys and pleasures of the year,

The bells all chime and sound for Christmas-tide,

The pleasures, fun, and all the Christmas cheer.

BETTY BROWN, Form IIIM.

## THE MARCHING SONG OF III<sup>m</sup>

If you chance to hear a riot when the whole school should be quiet,  
Like a thousand angry Zulus, whose noise nought can stem,  
You can bet your last pay-packet that the causes of the racket  
Are the thirty-odd young savages that constitute III<sup>m</sup>.

There are seventeen young ladies, known from Paradise to Hades,  
For their charm and noble culture and their peaceable relations,  
While the thirteen handsome boys add to all the general noise  
By their undisputed aptitude for learned disputations.

There are some of us, we know, who are known to friend and foe  
For their virtues and their diligence and anxiety for praise;  
There are others whom, we fear, we must refrain from naming here,  
Whose motto and whose policy is emphatically to laze.  
There are moments, it is true, and we fear they're not a few,  
Though the causes we can't bring ourselves to name or even mention,  
When the mistress or the master cause unparalleled disaster  
By consigning some young sinner to a well-deserved detention.

We are positive fanatics for the higher mathematics,  
And the mysteries of vulgar fractions never trouble us;  
We wallow in geometry and dote on trigonometry,  
And we know beyond a doubt that two minuses make a plus.  
There isn't any mystery in the realms of ancient history  
But we have a ready answer or can make a gallant try,  
For we know the dates of kings, all their deeds and suchlike things,  
And the words that Saxon Harold used when the arrow hit his eye.  
We're considered perfect saints when it comes to using paints;  
If you've seen our masterpieces there's no need for further proof;  
And then when the lesson's singing we can set the rafters ringing,  
While on sundry sad occasions we've been known to raise the roof.  
We have never yet gone wrong when we've tried a foreign tongue,  
And we love the foreign languages in spite of aching jaws;  
It is really quite stupendous, the way we dote on genders,  
And we've learned the French for "Waiter," and the Latin for  
"What's yours?"

When it comes to doing grammar we don't hesitate or stammer,  
For our solid sense and judgment we are quick to advertise;  
There are never any pauses when we're naming types of clauses,  
And we're national authorities on how to analyse.  
When we set our minds to science, we can use each strange appliance,  
And we love the little bottles that we get our acids from;  
Though to boast we're far from willing, we invented penicillin,  
And 'twas we who first constructed an efficient atom bomb.  
You have heard from this our story that we've earned undying glory;  
We're industrious and clever and beyond a doubt we're triers;  
But we simply must point out, ere you raise a praising shout  
That we're most annoying, soul-destroying,  
Ennervating, irritating,  
Continually aggravating,  
Unrepentant liars.

So—if you chance to hear a riot when the whole school should be quiet,  
Like a thousand angry Zulus, whose noise nought can stem;  
You can bet your last pay-packet that the causes of the racket  
Are the thirty-odd young savages that constitute III<sup>m</sup>. D.E.W.

## FUN OF THE FIFTH

After the summer holidays it was with pleasure that we met, as one happy family, together again. After listening with secret dismay to the warnings of many teachers that we should "see who will attain to the Fifth," we can now smile back and point happily around the Form Room with not one seat vacant. Indeed, it is with pleasure we find two more seats occupied by new members. Beatrice Suttle and Margaret Bird, and we give them a hearty welcome.

On going up to the lab. we find the windows as wide agape as ever, resulting in shivering for the girls and superior smiles from the boys. Perhaps though, there is more need for fresh air now, for around the shelves and even on the tables appear mysterious receptacles of various shapes and sizes. Crowding curiously around to see what secrets they hold, one starts back in horror after one swift glance. Stark and stiff, all neatly pinned out, with arms stretched wide as though in appeal, lies the corpse of a frog. The disgust and horror on J-n-t's face would surely melt the heart of any organ-prober.

We are thinking of trying to get the buses to arrive a little later on Tuesdays; it would be more convenient. The French Prep. certain people do now is considerable. Luckily they are mostly the experts at French, while we "duffers" have plenty to do in grinding at the weekly verbs.

It is with delight we find that we have, at last, a gym teacher, although Netball is now found by certain people to be rather embarrassing. Our form now has a very definite dislike for the Canary Isles. We did think that bird-twitting in class could be very amusing, now we definitely do not.

We have realized for a long time that there is often a fashion for certain words among pupils. Now strangely enough we find it in teachers. Scarcely a lesson goes by without the magical words "School Cert." being heard. We have come to the conclusion that there must be some obscure reason lying behind this.

We recall with pleasure the day on which the Fifth "went walking." The clothes worn are something to be remembered. H-bb-tt and C-tts appeared to find the passages in Public Houses very confusing; we told them practice was what they needed. But the "pop" drunk on the front steps was well worth the trouble.

Incidentally, it is rather surprising that Form Room doors are not made of stronger material, but it does make an interlude when the door swings silently open to bump with a bang on a desk, causing the teacher to jerk round in dismay.

I finish with our Form motto: "United we stand; divided we fall."

## OUR CLOCK

The clock stands on the mantle-piece,  
And ticks both night and day;  
I've never heard him yet complain  
Nor found him in the way.  
He used to chime, but now he's old  
His springs have all gone wrong;  
But still he bravely ticks away  
The same old cheerful song.

And then he sometimes goes quite fast  
But sometimes goes quite slow;  
He very rarely goes quite right  
But stops for an hour or so.  
The bright light makes him grin and  
He smiles and laughs quite oft, [wink  
And then when Mummy's fast asleep,  
His tick is very soft.

R. KELHAM, II<sup>G</sup>.

## THE LAUGH OF THE GODS

The Atom Bomb!

The significance of that dreaded and closely-guarded secret suddenly burst upon a stupefied world. Hiroshima had been simply blasted off the map, leaving in its wake the inevitable trail of massacre and chaos. Thousands of innocent people had been doomed to a remorseless death. The diminutive band of scientists had once again challenged Nature and succeeded in bringing an awful weapon into action. Now, the blood chilled to think of the mass havoc of smoking ruins, bleak piles of rubble, and stark, tottering walls open to the sky!

The Atom Bomb—the destroyer, the all-powerful but frail dividing line between complete extermination and world peace, impressively colossal, and terribly significant, a brooding shadow of destruction.

When the great explosion took place the sound travelled through space until it reached the courts of Heaven. The vibrations increased in sound and rolled like the menacing thunder before the storm. Its grotesque death-blast passed through ethereal offices; rang in the crevices of golden glittering walls; drowned the soft, drowsy music of lyres and harps, re-echoed along timeless and endless avenues of gossamer where souls drifted in silent space; until its ugly quiverings were borne up the Judgement Carpet and ended, as all things do, before the Omnipotent's throne, where the echoes gradually died away.

The Atom Bomb—vital and remorseless!

The gods were sitting in council, joking and reviewing Man's efforts to exterminate his neighbour.

The beings who live in remote parts of the universe might have heard a laugh on that momentous day, and paused to wonder what it was.

It was a rich, silvery, ringing laugh full of irony, a laugh to scorn and mock the Bomb. Man worshipped it. The gods smiled pityingly at this artificial idolatry and laughed.

The laugh echoed over glistening mountains; soared into inaccessible heights; rumbled deep into the bowels of the earth, and enraged souls in torment. Bubbles in rushing torrents and languid streams carried the laugh along the current; across desert sands and frozen wastes alike it rang; through steaming tropical forests and verdant grasslands it pursued its way; and threatened to split the sky in twain. Nor was it confined to our earthly realms; it was seared across the velvet expanse of infinite space; and whirled across myriads of planets. It thundered down the long, shadowy and gloomy road, as yet contained in the crystal future; but which we must shortly traverse. It swelled in volume, sounding like a celestial choir. And the Star of Prosperity glimmering in the distance down the cloud-lined road of Time, passed on the great sound until it reached the Hills of Nothingness.

And while the laugh echoed and re-echoed the gods sadly viewed the desolation of Hiroshima.

The Atom Bomb—or the future?

The gods will tell you.

Roy K. MARTIN, Form IIIM.

## CATS

The bright red glow of burning coals is the sole illumination in the gathering gloom. Silence reigns. Suddenly there is a patter of feet, the door opens and someone enters. Gropingly the person advances towards the fire; then the silence is broken by an ear-splitting shriek, followed by a prolonged howl. Why must the cat always sit in front of the fire in the path of human feet? Perhaps it is a pleasure, but it is a very painful one. Puss limps to safer quarters beneath the armchair where she reigns supreme for none can reach her. The fire is replenished, the light switched on, and the exiled monarch peeps from beneath the refuge of her stronghold, in order to see who has hurt her pride, and her toe. It is a boy—"a lout of a fellow," thinks puss—but changes her opinion when he rattles a saucer, and proceeds to pour milk into it. She stealthily creeps from her hide-out across the hearth. Her oppressor finishes the operation and walks again to the fire, whereupon our heroine retreats under fire and reaches her milk by a devious route round the table some distance from her aggressor.

This is what is known as "A cat's life." Relations say that all she does is eat and sleep. But she catches an occasional mouse in the day time, and invariably keeps the unfriendly neighbours awake at night. Therefore she reigns supreme.

Her majesty, however, thinks she is invaluable and immensely useful as her presence is sure not to encourage mice, even if she is out of training and so unable to catch them. Moreover, she keeps the hearth warm by sitting on it all day long and occasionally she will descend to be stroked, or if she wishes to honour you greatly she will sit on your lap, that is if you have any eatables handy. Her manners leave little to be desired; she always purrs when given milk, and invariably mews when none is forthcoming. And one has only to put one's toe behind her and point to the door and she is out in a flash; she then proceeds to climb on to the fence, from there she crawls up the drain-pipe, clammers up to the bedroom window and jumps through it and so into the house once more. The only drawback to this expedition is that the window is sometimes closed and she does not discover this fact until after she has jumped.

Her day's occupations are very strenuous. At daybreak, when she hears the alarm bell ring, she commences to mew at the back door. Fifteen minutes later the master allows her to enter. She receives her milk graciously and on ascertaining that no more is forthcoming, she warms herself by the fire, if there is one. When meal times arrive she arouses herself and begs to the nearest person. If she does not receive any dividend for her labours, she moves her custom to other quarters, to some one who has a more open hand for a starving cat. After meals she has a siesta, and wakes up promptly to the accompaniment of the dishes of the next meal. She is rarely too late and never too early, unless some clumsy person treads on her or turns her out.

In the evening she generally spends her time on the mistress's lap. When bedtime arrives she is displaced from her resting place and seeks refuge out of range of her master's vengeful eye, but it is usually useless. There is a cry "Where is that lovely cat?" Furniture is moved and eventually she is discovered, hoisted by the scruff of the neck and

deposited out of the door, which is then slammed just, as she is half way inside again.

Resigned to her fate she retreats to the coal-house. If mice disturb her she prowls round to neighbouring houses and commences to sing if she receives payment for her recital she moves on.

This is truly "A cat's life"; her trials and degradations are evident; her suffering is dreadful; her profits are few. Who would change places with a cat? Anyone would.

P. BOULTER, VI.

## PROGRESS

In the centre of a small, smoky town in the north lived an old lady. She occupied two rooms on the second storey of a house in a narrow, grey street. She was rather poor and worked very hard as a dress-maker to keep her home together. From early morning until late at night she could be seen with bent back working industriously at some garment.

She had very little time for day-dreaming but at night she would often lie awake and let her thoughts wander back to the time when she was young and lived in a pretty village in the country. She would think of the happy times she had had, and how beautiful everything had been. Then she would wonder what it was like there now, and long to go and see.

One day as she sat sewing a sudden idea occurred to her. Why not save enough money to go to see her birth place, just once before she died? From that moment she worked even harder than before, and saved every penny she could spare. Even so, it was many weary months before she had anything like enough, but at last the time came when the old tin which she used as a money-box was quite full. When the great day dawned she awoke very early and made her small home very neat and clean before she set out for the station. She had enquired about trains beforehand and had discovered she could go all the way there by train, though there had not been a station there when she had left it. However, she comforted herself by the thought that it was probably a pretty village station which could not make much difference. It did not take the train very long to reach the station, and the old lady soon scrambled excitedly out of the carriage on to the platform then up the station steps.

When she reached the street she stood there amazed and bewildered by the sight before her eyes. The street was crowded with people and traffic, such noise and confusion reigned as the little old lady had never met with before. People scurried and hustled by, cars hooted, trams clangled, children shouted and a paper boy tried to make her buy a paper. So confused was she that she bought one without realizing what she was doing.

Where was the tiny village lane that she had known? She thought of the small whitewashed cottages with their pretty gardens, which were always full of flowers, the gentle lowing of the cows, and the lingering scent of new mown hay. All were gone.

After a time a girl who had been watching her came up and asked if she could help her. She led her to a seat in a nearby park where it was quieter, and there the old lady told her everything; how she had toiled and scraped to save enough money to come and see her childhood home again, and now how bitterly disappointed she was. The girl listened intently, and then began to talk. She told her how progress like a black stain, in the form of buildings was gradually spreading over England, she did not dwell on the bad, but on the good things of progress. She put everything in a new light and at last the old lady was soothed and comforted, she felt even honoured that her pretty village was now a part of progress.

After a while they wandered together round the town, trying to find some part of it which the little lady remembered. But all in vain.

At last the old lady said "Good-bye" to the girl, thanked her and climbed wearily back into the train. She sat gazing out of the window thinking how happy and excited she had been that morning. Now she was not exactly unhappy, just resigned. She smiled to herself and leaned back against the seat. When at last the hot engine panted its way to the terminus and halted, everyone alighted and went their various ways. All except the old lady. She still sat with her eyes closed and a happy smile on her face, as though dreaming of her pretty village, as it once had been.

MARJORIE BUNNEY, V.

## THE PARTING

We say goodbye to those we love  
We say goodbye all round,  
And think that never more we'll meet  
Upon this well-known ground.  
The sixth form room will empty stand,  
When each of us departs  
To learn at other district schools .  
Our "Sciences" or "Arts."  
And in September, forty-eight,  
The girls will be alone  
To bear the staff what'ere befalls,  
Without a moan or groan.  
The "gentlemen" will be transferred  
And have no choice to say  
Whether they would rather go  
Or whether they would stay.  
And those who stay, remember please,  
"The Quornians," old and new,  
The sixth form "subs," the men on staff,  
Who went to please just you.  
To make more room for local girls,  
Whose future may depend  
Upon their education, So,  
Good Luck to them we send.

K. LINSELL, Form VI.

## HOSTELLING IN THE WEST RIDING

Saturday morning, July 26th—the L.M.S. station at Leicester—a scene of bustle and haste, a muddle of luggage, porters, trucks and rucksacks. Among the crowds assembled on the platform one group of "voyagers" waited for the north-bound train—a party of travellers waiting to renew their acquaintance with the Yorkshire Dales—ready to answer the call of the Fells. There were seventeen of us, six boys, six girls, and five members of staff, headed by Mr. Wastnedge, out to show us his native county. The journey to Skipton was quite comfortable (excepting an inrush of passengers at Leeds) and the train drew in at 4.15.

As it was too late for tea there, we caught a convenient bus to Hetton, six moorland miles from our first hostel. Yorkshire greeted us with her habitual drizzle, so that it was a strange band that wound its way up that first soft green track, hardly discernible figures in mottled gas capes, blending so harmoniously with the grey misty landscape.

Naturally, as soon as we started our trek to Malham, three of our aspiring pathfinders proceeded to show their ability by leading us astray and soon we had gone several miles in the wrong direction. After a really magnificent traversing by our intrepid leader of a wildly cascading stream (via two quivering, unstable tree trunks) at the first village we came to, the trail was rediscovered.

It was seventeen very tired and dirty hostellers who finally tumbled into the hostel just before closing time that night! From this time onward the Dales smiled upon us and we enjoyed ten days of almost perfect weather. On the second day spent at Malham, we visited the magnificent waterfall which joyfully cascades down Gordale Scar, and also saw Malham Cove. Some enthusiasts actually scaled the great mass of limestone which merges into the skyline here, but the others—"Ah, the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak!"

Two days later the party left Malham for the hostel at Kettlewell, preceded by two advance scouts who made a valiant attempt to break the five mile record! This episode provided many interesting problems some of the most outstanding being: "What is the best way to ascend a slope of 89 degrees?" "Is there any alternative way of crossing a wide bridgeless stream?" and "What is the best treatment for blisters?"

In Kettlewell the party divided into two groups—the energetic, tough specimens, and the "rest"! During the stay at Kettlewell the former hiked over Buckden Pike and Gt. Whernside, while the latter contingent (the one mainly interested in food!) slipped away down the valley to Grassington, an expedition strangely reminiscent of Cornish pasties! Many mystic tales were told over the festive board that night, accounts of squelshy valleys, angel's harps (rusty wire, over which one unfortunate took a swallow dive into three feet of mud!), runaway clouds and valiant jousting competitions.

Kettlewell was soon a memory as we walked over from Wharfedale into the "land of the Three Peaks," towards the Bishopdale Hostel, a rambling old mansion whose warden (who reigned supreme at table tennis) was quite a character—black beret, rugged brown visage, red scarf and hoary "Sherlock Holmes" pipe.

The party left Bishopdale next morning, en route for Dentdale, stopping at Hawes for refreshment, a name associated with unlimited boiled eggs and fancy cakes. A sudden and inspiring view of Pen-y-Ghent and Whernside was obtained from Widdale Fell. While on the bus to Hawes, some soulless members of the party were heard to remark that it was only during the bus trip that they really appreciated the scenery of the Dales!

Dent Hostel proved the most attractive so far, a fact due to its charming environment and the cheery and efficient organisation of its genial warden. Some of us spent our days at Dent hiking over more "mountains" while the easy party made trips to Hawes and Dent, especially to the George Inn. An exhilarating walk along the ridge of Whernside resulted in a splendid view of Ingleborough and Ribblesdale; and the Lakeland Hills were visible from Great Combe and Crag Hill. One great experience was on our trek to Stainforth, our final hostel. Hoping to take a short cut across Cam Fell, we lost our direction in mist and finally rejoined the road a mile further up, after about four miles of moorland hiking. The hostel at Stainforth was a palatial establishment set back from the road in its own grounds. While at Stainforth we visited Settle and Austwick and explored Stainforth Force. On the last full day Pen-y-Ghent was scaled and the easy party went back by the "Hunt Pot" and the tough ones went on to conquer Malham Tarn and Fountains Fell, a fact which the rest refused to believe, much to the justifiable annoyance of the valiant few. Too soon, however, our holiday was over, and the train was bearing us homewards. It was a very sobered party who watched the rugged Yorkshire scenery gently merge into the familiar plains of the Midlands.

Our heartfelt thanks are due to the steadfast purpose and patience of our leader, and to the other members of staff who guided us through the Dales; may we all soon return again to the fascination and mystery of the valleys and moors of Yorkshire.

N.N.F. and B.M.S.

## A BREATH OF SPRING

A thrush did sing, and through the rain  
A shaft of glittering sunlight came;  
And on the ground beside my feet  
A tiny aconite did sleep;  
With golden petals all curled up  
It looked just like a little cup.  
The sturdy pines stood stiff and straight.  
A thrush sat on the dew-drenched gate.  
It sang out notes so sweet and clear  
And sat so very very near.  
The sun grew stronger every minute  
And then I heard the sweet-voiced linnet.  
The palest primrose, sweet and fair,  
Opened to the fragrant air.  
The grass around looked very bright  
All freshen'd with the dew and light.  
The little dore-mouse gave a shake.  
All the wood was now awake.

JUNE NUTTALL, IIg.

## HOLLAND

I have been asked several times if it is true that the people in Holland wear national costume. Well, not many people do in towns, but one day our party went to the Island of Markem, where everyone wore national costume. This was the only place we went to where we saw all the people dressed the same. Clogs were worn a lot in the town because of the shortage of shoes.

The houses were red in colour, but they were built in different styles to what you see in England. Inside they are similar to English houses.

In the big towns where battles were fought, nearly every building was covered in bullet holes. Arnhem was the worst, and near the bridge only the remains of the church were standing. In Arnhem the cemetery was well looked after by an Englishman. The Dutch people always welcome English people.

All fats, cheese, cigarettes, cakes and sweets are on coupons. The fruit was very cheap. In one shop you could buy four pounds of apples for about five-pence, and tomatoes at about two-pence a pound. They were not short of food in Holland at the places which we visited, and I do not think they were short anywhere else.

The Youth Hostels in Holland are well run and clean, and the wardens and their wives are very charming. In Holland the wardens and their wives are called "Mudder and Father." The food which was provided for us at supper and breakfast was very good, but when we came home we all felt as if we could scream if a plate of broad beans was put before us because we had beans at least twice a day while we were away.

S. NEWTON, Form IV.

## THE FOURTH TRIP TO WIRKSWORTH

After eating sandwiches and drinking tea kindly made by Miss Clarke, a rather odd party emerged from the school gates, led by Miss Graham and Mr. Wastnedge; every one complete with a packed knapsack. This noisy crowd fell on to the bus to Loughborough and fell off at Central-road. At Loughborough L.M.S. Station we boarded the train, found an almost empty compartment and sat down; the situation was different at Trent, where in the next train we were packed like sardines! The train took us as far as Derby. Here we changed again, but this time we had elbow room. At Derby we said good-bye to Miss Clarke and the train carried our party on to Matlock, where we waited while Mr. Wastnedge paid our excess fare (paid back later with due respect). Too tired to walk, we caught the bus to Wirksworth Hostel, where the housebook was signed, beds prepared and a tour of the place made to fill in time till supper, cooked by the warden. The evening passed and bed was greeted with sighs.

Next morning beds were made and most of us assembled in the kitchen. The cooks made a fairly good job of breakfast, but their speed was retarded by the many "helpers"! After breakfast duties were performed and about 10 o'clock we started out for a day of walking. The party walked to Matlock and caught a bus to Pickery Corner. We walked through Alport to Lathkill Dale, where we ate lunch by a

stream. After this we walked to Bakewell and had a huge tea of chips, peas, meat pie and gravy and tea. Some of the boys had lemonade on top of that. A bus was caught back to Wirksworth, where at the hostel we found more hostellers had arrived. After a welcome supper some visited Black Rock, which one climber described as "dead" safe. Later in the evening the common room became noisy, but for some it was quiet enough to hear Mr. Wastnedge's jokes.

That night Miss Graham had a "rocky" beginning in bed, but all ended peacefully. Mr. Wastnedge's trouble began in the morning when he could not find his boots and three pairs of socks. Sunday morning breakfast consisted of egg (eggs for some), bacon, sausage, bread and butter, jam or marmalade and tea. After this Ritz menu there were more duties and about 10-15 a.m. we started the last day of walking. We walked over the moors and fields to Brassington where we ate lunch on the lawn of a public house. After lunch we walked to Winster, where we waited for a bus to take us back to Matlock. We enjoyed a cup of tea in relays, while Mr. Wastnedge kept the others occupied by telling corny jokes about Miss Graham's ancestors. At last the bus arrived and carried us to our destination. At Matlock station we waited about 20 minutes and at last the "old Spanish trail" came to an end. We arrived at Loughborough with the "sun in the morning and the moon at night."

M. KENT, D. TOMLYN, Form IV.

## VARIATIONS ON A CAMP THEME

It is a clear morning in July; the rising sun casts its rays on the sheltered dales. On one of these green Yorkshire hillsides a cluster of tents is seen; from one newly lighted fire bluish woodsmoke ascends in spiral coils up to the cloudless sky. Four figures are moving round the fire. Kenneth is stirring a large dixie, Michael and Ted look on—while Ronald (the teacher in charge of the camp) is casually lighting a cigarette. A spirited and typical dialogue then ensues . . . .

K.: Porridge is nearly ready. Tell the boys to come and get it, Ted.  
T. (shouting down hill): Gr-u-u-u-b! Come and get it!

(Terrific rush up hill)

R.: What's it like, boys?

K.: Tastes pretty good.

M.: If it's not we'll jolly well make him eat it?

All: Hear, hear.

R.: Porridge up, blokes—let's taste it. (Makes wry face). Ugh! It's burnt! It's no good, gentlemen, we'll have to have bread and jam instead.

K.: I'm frightfully sorry, chaps.

T.: So are we!

M.: Never mind, we'll let you off this time.

R.: I'll cook the porridge tomorrow.

All: Then we shall be poisoned!

(Curtain)

This same scene is also well known as a classical piece of comic opera; certain literary worthies maintain that it is the work of Gilbert and Sullivan.

K. (Tune: "My bonny is over the ocean"):

The porridge is boiling nicely,  
The porridge will soon be done,  
So tell the boys to hurry  
Otherwise they'll get none.

R.: Has the porridge been well cooked—

All: BEEN WELL COOKED!

K. (Tune "Oh no, John; No, John! No!")  
I haven't tasted it so I don't know

All: He doesn't know . . . . .

R.: If it's burnt what shall we do?

All: What shall we do?

M.: Make him eat it all in a lump

T.: And won't he look a chump!

R. (Tastes it) (Tune: "Clementine"):

Oh! What a mess! Oh what a mess, what a most horrible mess!

R.: (dramatically) (Tune: "Excelsior"):  
Porridge is burnt.

All: Porridge is burnt!

R.: PORRIDGE IS BURNT!

All: Porridge is burnt.

R. and All: PORRIDGE IS BURNT, ALAS!

K.: There's a tavern in the town.

All: IN THE TOWN!

K.: 'Tis a place of great renown.

All: GREAT RENOWN.

K.: Where they serve breakfast for one or three,  
AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT ALL ON ME!

(CHEERS)

(Exeunt)

(CURTAIN)

Equally well known is Shakespeare's interpretation of the same theme; the following lines are from a recent edition of his famous words.

N.B.—The Bard of Avon departed from his usual style here, and there is only a small amount of the familiar blank verse.

K.: Double double, toil and trouble  
Fire burn and dixie bubble.

M.: First some sugar we will pour  
In the dixie, more and more,  
A drop of milk we now must add,  
Stir it well, thou idle lad.

K. (drearly): Double double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and dixie bubble.

R. (walking up to the fire): How cooks this steaming mess,  
Is't good and sweet?

K.: Methinks 'tis good and sweet to taste withal.

R.: Then go thou good and trusty Michael,  
Call the noble members of our band,  
That we may eat together.

(M. goes out)

R. (tasting porridge): Marry, good gentlemen,  
My tongue—'tis now black and hard  
For 'tis a pasty porridge  
Fit only for a bard,—

(pointing skywards)

These very gannets would scorn to eat such menial fare.

All: Alas! Black Day! No breakfast now,  
To eat or not to eat; that is the question;  
'Tis the latter course we must pursue.

K.: Good friends, I so sorry am to say  
That I've spoilt the first meal of the day,  
Pray, forgive, forget this trouble  
(Resigned to fate)

Fire burn and dixie bubble.

R.: Friends, campers, Yorkshiremen,  
Lend me your ears—  
There's naught so becomes a man,  
As porridge made from oats grown in this fertile plot.  
This blessed isle,  
This jewel set in the silver sea,  
THIS BRITAIN!

(to Ken): Thrice damnèd cook—  
Get thee from my sight.

K.: Alas, 'tis true—my lord is just,  
I know of nought to live for, die I must!  
(Stabs himself and falls to ground)

M.: Friend of my youth, the fault was also mine,  
I canst not live without thee, or I'd pine!  
(Stabs himself, etc.)

R.: Woe is me! 'Twas meant as jest,  
I'll die too for I'd never rest.  
(Also stabs himself)

T.: My dear friends have gone, my teacher too,  
So die I must, there's naught else to do.  
(Follows same procedure!)

SEQUEL: As old Sol commences his daily climb up into the azure heavens, four solitary figures sit miserably by the ashes of a fire; four hungry mouths solemnly crunch . . . . .

Bread and Jam!

N. FORD, VI.

## CADET CAMP

Cadet camp this year was held at Hartley, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. Two members of our platoon attended it, L/Cpl. Bowyer and Cadet Cooper. The Company entrained, with the rest of the Battalion, at Loughborough at 10 p.m., 2nd August, and arrived at Newcastle at 3 a.m., where papers were bought. Another twenty minutes and we were on the platform at Hartley, where we eventually moved off at 4.30 a.m. On arriving at the camp we were given some breakfast and then told to get some sleep until 9 a.m. when we would move into huts. The morning was misty and cold, but after a wash we had another breakfast and prepared for the day. Most of the morning was spent in preparing the hut. The afternoon passed quickly and we were allowed out from 4 p.m. until 10 p.m., most of which time was spent at the fair or on the beach. Next day began the real Army life; the bugle went at 6.30 a.m. First the beds were made and then we had breakfast. Nine o'clock was time for P.T.; we turned out with our Army boots on and were much relieved when the staff sergeant came and told us to report to the signals room, where we spent most of our time during the week. On Friday we were duty company, this meant that we got up at 6 a.m. and were not off duty until 6 a.m. the following day. Fun was had in the cookhouse from which a surprising amount of food disappeared and turned up that night in the hut, where all, except the guard, had a good feast. A grand time was had by all, and it was talked of for weeks afterwards.

J. A. BOWYER (L/Cpl.)

## SPORTS DAY

The fastest race run on Sports Day at the end of last term was the race for shelter when the long threatened storm broke. Officials, competitors and spectators disappeared beneath adjacent trees, under the prize table, or into the loud-speaker van—lucky souls these for they got a dry ride back to the school buildings.

The afternoon, however, was anything but a "wash-out." Before the somewhat violent conclusion of the proceedings the majority of events had been completed, for efficient and detailed organisation had enabled two or three events to be run off simultaneously. Outstanding performances were those of Rita Mebberson, Beatrice Mattock, P. Spence and J. A. Bowyer, each champion of his or her section of the school. The general standard of athletic prowess was good, without being brilliant. No records were broken; from the start there was little doubt as to who would be champions.

A novel feature on the programme was the dancing performance by girls from all parts of the school. It was charming and graceful. The colourful dresses looked beautiful against the green of the background. The scene was, in fact, spoiled from the spectators' point of view only by the worried frown on the face of the recorder as he added up House points at his table in the middle distance.

A feature even more sincerely appreciated by the younger spectators was the lemonade stall, under the auspices of two 8th form girls, the proceeds from which benefited the Camping Fund.

On the whole a satisfying day, athletically and socially. D.E.W.

## FOOTBALL

The 1st XI has met with little success this term. Only three of last year's regular players remained, and the newcomers have not yet become welded together as a team. In every game there has been a definite lack of cohesion, and far too much individual play, which against the better opposition has proved unsuccessful. Often the team has started badly and given away goals in the first few minutes of the game. This applied particularly against the City Boys' School, an extremely strong eleven, who scored 7 goals against us in the first half, but only one goal in the second. Spence has been a tower of strength, but he needs greater and more determined support.

### RESULTS

Sept. 27th v. Gateway (away), lost 9—2 (Spence, Cooper).  
Oct. 2nd v. Loughborough College School (away), lost 5—3 (Spence 2, Storer).  
" 8th v. Mill Hill (away), won 4—1 (Ford, Spence 2, Roots).  
" 15th v. Loughborough Grammar (home), lost 5—3 (Spence, Boulter, Ford).  
" 29th v. City Boys' (home), lost 8—0.

### HOUSE MATCH

Once again Ulverscroft beat Bradgate without undue exertion. Under Spence's generalship their young forwards were plied with opportunities to score. Boulter strove manfully for Bradgate, and Ford dribbled with some success, but generally their efforts received scant support. Nail, Stacey, F. Taylor (2) scored for Ulverscroft, who won by 4 goals to none.

### JUNIOR FOOTBALL

After a moderate beginning against Castle Donington, we achieved an unexpected victory against Loughborough College "Town", beating a more polished side by 2 goals to one. Against Shepshed there were "glimpses" of good football and the whole team is to be congratulated on its enthusiasm and determination.

### RESULTS

Sept. 27th v. Castle Donington (home), lost 2—0.  
Oct. 4th v. Loughborough College (T) (away), won 2—1 (Stacey 2).  
" 11th v. Shepshed (home), won 6—0 (Nail 3, Cooper 2, Biddle).  
G.L.A.

## HOCKEY NOTES

We now have a first and second XI. The 1st XI is working much better as a team than last season's 1st XI. The weather has favoured us so far this term and we have played our matches. The first was against Barrow, and the second against Coalville; the team played well but we lost both matches. The third match was against the staff, which ended in a win for the staff 8—0. This match was greatly enjoyed by all. We should like to thank the staff for playing and we hope to have a return match before the end of term. The fourth match was played against Adderleys, it was a very fast game and the match resulted in a win for Quorn 2—1.

The second XI played their first match against Coalville, which ended in a draw 1—1. The forwards do not work too well together, but with more practice they should make a good team. By the end of the season we hope to have two good teams.

B.M.H. and M.G.

## A GYMNASTIC DEMONSTRATION

Many of the girls from Form III and the higher forms were fortunate enough to see a gymnastic display by two Swedish teams at the De Montfort Hall on 27th October. Although many of us had looked forward to it with interest for some time it was even better than expected.

The entertainment began with the singing of the Swedish National Anthem, which we all enjoyed. Then came a welcoming speech by the Lord Mayor of Leicester and various bouquets of flowers were presented.

The Sophia Girls Team was the first to perform. Their exercises were much appreciated and their agility on the bar was surprising. When it came to vaulting, and we saw with what ease they accomplished everything, we recalled our own pitiful attempts with shame. With the appearance of the Arbetarnas Men's Team, everyone was tense and expectant. They, too, began with exercises which were a pleasure to watch, and then proceeded to more difficult exercises. Their balancing was wonderful and when they began the vaulting everyone gasped at the daring feats performed. The positions into which they twisted themselves reminded several people of fireworks.

It was over all too soon, and after the National Anthems, everyone departed with a strong resolution to try harder at gym.

M. BUNNEY, V.

## OLD QUORNIANS' ASSOCIATION

### FOREWORD

What can be said? The blow has fallen and nothing we can say or do will alter it. There is a suspicion at the back of many minds, however, that we (like England usually is reputed to do) woke up too late and that effective steps to get more boys into the school ought to have been and could have been taken years ago.

It is fair to recognise that we are living in a period of great change and that some individuals have to suffer. We can only hope that the present changes will bring about a greater sum of efficiency and of human happiness than was the case before.

Life is full of dilemmas and delicate decisions, and no one (not even the members of the Education Committee) really knows the consequences of his present actions..

Since, however the die is cast, we can but hope that in the present case, they will be good.

I would like to close these remarks by thanking the many people who have said kind things personally to me and to my wife, now that our future is uncertain.

W.J.

### WEDDINGS

MISS JOSELYN GAMBLE to Mr. Derek Ordish at All Saints Church, New-town Linford on September 20th.

MISS JUNE COLTMAN to Mr. G. H. Wright at Christ Church, Mountsorrel, on September 13th.

MISS LILY BERESFORD to Mr. W. S. Ellis at Emmanuel Church, Loughborough, on September 6th.

MISS MARGARET BOTTERILL has achieved mention in the local and national press as the owner of a parrot nearly 100 years old. Miss Botterill has not owned it quite the whole of this time, we hasten to add.

MISS KATHLEEN COOPER on Lady Iris won the Remington Challenge Cup for the Open Jump Event at the Great Glen Gymkhana in September.

MR. PAUL PRITCHARD celebrated his 21st birthday by a party at Quorn Guest House recently. The party was attended by old pupils and by the Chairman of the Old Quornians' Association.

MISS GILLIAN ASHBY was Junior Leicestershire Lady Tennis Champion this summer and had the distinction of playing at Wimbledon. Her success there encourages us to hope that next year she will go even further in the national competition.

MR. JAMES BARROWS has been accepted for O.C.T.U.

### "WE WILL REMEMBER THEM"

[The following letter has been received from the father of an Old Quornian, Victor Camp, who made the Supreme Sacrifice August 19th, 1944, while taking part in the liberation of Lisieux.]

My wife and I have recently paid a visit to the battlefield of Normandy in order to see for ourselves the care taken of our war graves. I had already been in touch with Monsieur C. Parmin, Professor of English at the College in Lisieux, who is the secretary of the Association France—Grande Bretagne for the district, and had received from him several nice letters and two photographs of Victor's grave and also a letter and card from the French family who had adopted our grave, and they kindly offered us accommodation should we care to pay a visit there. M. Parmin also paid us a visit during the first week in August of this year to let us know that we should receive a great welcome.

We arrived at Lisieux on August 19th, the third anniversary of Victor's death, having travelled via Newhaven, Dieppe and Rouen. We paid five visits to the cemetery during our ten days' stay, and took fresh

flowers each time. We found most of the graves had either fresh cut flowers or growing plants in pots, and the work was being done at the cemetery by French ex-service men under the direction of an ex-staff sergeant of the British Army, from Aberdeen.

In the German cemetery in the next field, the work was being done by German prisoners under an English major of the War Graves Commission.

Our visit coincided with the third anniversary of the liberation of the city, so we had the great honour and pleasure of meeting the liberator, Lt.-Col. Martin Lindsay, D.S.O., M.P. for Solihull, commander of the 1st Gordon Highlanders of the Glorious 51st Highland Division, to which division Victor also belonged.

On Friday, August 22nd, a civic memorial ceremony was held at which we, along with the Colonel, were specially welcomed, and on the following day a grand civic reception was given at the Town Hall to Col. Lindsay and the British families present, which included besides ourselves Mr. and Mrs. Pope, of Mountsorrel, Mrs. Pope, of Sileby (widow), and Mrs. Hardy, of Richmond (whose husband was killed in his tank at the liberation of the city). At the end of the ceremony we had the honour of being asked to sign the Golden Book in the Mayor's Chamber. The people of the city, in all walks of life, could not do sufficient to welcome us. We were invited out and entertained by several families during our stay.

On Sunday, August 24th, a special Requiem Mass was held at the little church of the village of Ouilly le Vicomte in memory of 13 men of the Leicestershire Regiment, amongst whom were Cyril Pope, of Mountsorrel, and Arnold Howlett, one of my old schoolboys, of Loughborough, who were killed on a farm there, and to which we were specially invited. The rest of the day was spent as guests at the farm where these boys were killed. On Tuesday, August 26th, we went by taxi to the hamlet of Grandchamp, 14 km. out of Lisieux, with its historic old chateau, where Victor was killed and where he was first buried along with 24 other Seaforth Highlanders. This old chateau stands in a lovely serene piece of countryside, and but for the shellholes, the broken bridge, and the paneless windows, one could not imagine it having been a battlefield.

The kindly old Maire of the village, before taking us round the chateau, took us into his house and entertained us.

Wherever we went we have a standing invitation to be sure and come again very soon.

We came away on Thursday morning, 28th, and all eyes were filled with tears at parting. We have made many friends, and we have found that everything humanly possible is being done for the welfare of the resting places of our dear lads. If I can be of any help to anyone wishing to visit that part of Normandy, I shall be only too pleased to give my services.

CHARLES E. CAMP



Top left: Examining the old village stocks at West Burton.

Top right: Good-bye to the Dales!

Centre: Going up Buckden Pike.

Bottom: Feeding time at Spouthouse Farm.

## PARIS TO-DAY

Paris! A gay city of culture and fashion and flowers, which is the dream of many. For me and nearly thirty other students from Bristol University that dream has come true . . . . It was on the chilly evening of the 28th February when we climbed down on to the platform of the Gare du Nord, to be met by our French hosts and hostesses. Since then, so much has happened that I can only attempt to give a brief outline of my experiences in and impressions of Paris.

The object of our stay was to increase our knowledge of the country, its people and language. With this aim in view most of us were "billed" separately in French families, while we attended a course on French civilisation at the Sorbonne. Of the latter I will say little as I think most readers will be more interested in the social side of my stay. It will suffice to say that the course was most interesting and instructive, dealing with most branches of French civilisation from literature to geography and institutions. It is now a well established feature of the University of Paris and is arranged exclusively for foreigners. This year there were about 150 students, for the most part English and American, although there were representatives of thirty different nationalities. Consequently, besides the value of the actual lectures, it was a great experience to meet so many different types of people. Moreover, for us, the students of Bristol, those four months did something more; they strengthened the friendship and understanding between a group of fellow students who hitherto scarcely knew each other.

I have been asked many questions about life in a French family. First of all I would like to stress the importance of living with a family if one really wishes to obtain a true picture of life in a foreign country and to speak its language at all fluently. During most of the time in Paris the "family" with whom I stayed consisted only of Madame Thomas, who cannot speak English. Consequently I was obliged to speak French except at such times as we had bi-lingual visitors or when I was with my English companions. From the point of view of food I was extremely fortunate in that Madame's cooking was delicious and that the little fourth floor apartment was quite close to Les Halles, the market which Emil Zola so vividly terms "le ventre de Paris!" Indeed, I was quite well fed in spite of the fact that conditions in France are worse than in England. Of course, French meals differ considerably from ours, but I soon became accustomed to them, although I never reached the stage of eating frogs and snails!

The sights of Paris—the glorious windows of Notre Dame, the view of Paris from the top of Eiffel Tower, the "Mona Lisa" at the Louvre, the illuminations and various fetes. I have seen all these wonders and many more. Naturally there is a less pleasant side of Paris as elsewhere; the endless strikes and shortages, the miles of red tape to obtain a ration book and the eternal nightmare of the traffic are, a few of the inconveniences; but you forget them all when you are wandering through the magnificent palace and grounds at Versailles, or enjoying every minute of "Faust" at the Opera, even if you do sit up in the "poulailler"! Churches, museums, theatres, cinemas, the street cafes,

the "bouquinistes" by the side of the Seine, the flower market which becomes a bird market on Sundays, the luxurious shops, the friendly little "agents," the tree-lined boulevards . . . all these are now but memories of four months which passed like a dream.

It was with mixed feelings that I took leave of my French friends. I was glad to be on the way home, but there were many earnest entreaties and promises to return. When I left Paris, the autumn leaves were beginning to fall, I had found Paris cold and bare, I had watched her adorn herself in green robes with chestnut candles of pink and white, and I left her as beautiful and gay as ever, crowned in golden glory!

PEARL M. M. PENTELOW

## THE LATE MRS. E. W. HENSMAN

Very old Quornians will have grateful memories of Mrs. Hensman for her skilful first-aid in accidents and sudden illnesses, and her untiring help in School entertainments.

The girls especially will remember how she helped with our Hockey. There were not enough girls to provide a full team practice game, and she was always ready to play in a scratch team against our Match XI, and often got a team from the Leicester Ladies' Hockey Club, of which she was a member (goal-keeper), to give a real hard practice game. To this we owed our victory in our very first match—against a mixed 1st and 2nd XI from the Wyggeston Girls' School.

And surely the boys must remember the knee-drying meetings round the kitchen fire on wet mornings. (In those days there were no buses for pupils who lived in other villages.)

E. BUTLER

## THE OLD QUORNIANS' MEMORIAL FUND

The news of the impending change in the School has raised the problem—what is to be done about the war memorial? The Committee of the Association has given the matter careful consideration and its members feel that there should be in the School a record in metal or wood bearing the names of those old pupils who fell in the last war. We have more than enough already to cover this. Shall we take say 5s. from each subscription and then leave it to the subscriber to say whether the balance should be returned or should be used for the benefit of the new girls' school? We intend to send a circular to all subscribers asking for opinions and suggestions, and we shall call a meeting before anything more is done. Any further subscriptions should be sent to Miss N. Dexter, 21 Farnham-street, Quorn. We had intended to publish a list of subscribers, but in view of the circumstances we leave it to the next issue.

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The Magazine Committee regrets that, owing to lack of space, some contributions which it would have liked to include in full have had to be omitted or abridged.