

THE QUORNIAN

The Magazine of the Rawlins Grammar School, Quorn

Vol. IV. No. 5.

JULY, 1947

EDITORIAL

TAKING up a new post in the teaching profession, entailing as it does not only the meeting of fresh colleagues, but making the acquaintance of scores of new pupils, is at any time a trying experience. There are new faces to recognise, new names to be learned, and a new set of rules and traditions to be mastered. But if anything can be more discouraging, it is to enter a new school in the middle of the year, when the routine is set, and the syllabus half completed. Then indeed does one feel new. The smallest child in the school knows more than the new arrival, and does not hesitate to let him know it. Memories of one's own childhood are recalled. One is a "new boy" all over again.

But I am beginning to feel that my "awkward stage" is over. By now I recognise most people on sight, even if Joan is occasionally called Joyce, or Mee receives Harley's notebook instead of his own. By the time this appears in print such difficulties will have been overcome, and I hope I shall be a recognised and accepted feature of the Quornian landscape.

One of the privileges(?) of the English master is to edit the *Quornian* and a glance at the previous editions of the revived magazine showed me that this would be a formidable task, for the literary standard has been a high one. Any hopes I had of raising it even higher have, alas, been somewhat dampened, for, as my predecessor hinted in past editorials, the first gush of enthusiasm is over. Contributions have been few, and the Committee has had to consider for inclusion in these pages work which, had competition been keener, would not have reached even that stage. Nevertheless, our thanks are due to all contributors, whether their work has been accepted or not. May I remind the unsuccessful ones that even Thackeray and Keats knew the bitterness of having their work refused? But disappointment goaded them on to renewed efforts. A word, too, to those who have not contributed. Our aim is to make the *Quornian* representative of the *whole* school, not merely the mouthpiece of the few who shine in literature. Views and ideas on other subjects are welcome—perhaps some nature notes, an article on the history of your own locality, or your hobby. You can derive considerable pleasure, you know, from seeing your work in print. Remember that without numerous contributors the *Quornian* cannot flourish.

Here it is, then, the fifth *Quornian*. Success and a wide circulation to it!

SCHOOL NOTES

Mr. Swanston and Mr. Jones, students from Loughborough, helped the staff in their very fatiguing task, for a few weeks at the beginning of term. We hope they have recovered!

In view of the hope that summer *will* come, cricket nets have been erected on the plateau to enable boys to practice. The results of the recent cricket matches show that practice there or elsewhere has had a good effect on the standard of play.

An old custom at prayers has been revived. Prefects read the lessons, with varying degrees of nervousness.

Early in the term a talk was given to the girls about nursing as a career. An interesting film was shown about the training necessary. Afterwards the girls saw the inside of a van, fitted to show different aspects of nursing. We are very grateful to Miss Galbraith who gave us the talk.

The Wales trip certainly had queer effects on some members of the party. First Betty Stewart succumbed to measles, to be quickly followed by Gilbert, who was ill with appendicitis. However, both have now recovered and have returned to the fold.

Despite the fact that it has now been almost forgotten in the coldness of "Flaming June," we feel we ought to thank someone for the heat wave in May. The popularity of the water taps and the willingness to go "outside" showed that something had happened—even if the heat did not penetrate to the Sixth Form room.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Smith on the grievous loss of her husband.

Certain people who think they have brain fever, through working too hard, had a chance to have it medically proved from June 9th—11th. What? You missed him? Never mind, try next time!

Mrs. Gelsthorpe delighted the School on June 12th by singing at prayers—"Hear, ye Israel" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and George Henschel's "Morning Song." We would like to express our appreciation of this very fine singing.

A party from school went to see the Leicester Drama Society's Jubilee production of "Twelfth Night" on June 16th. The original was made more interesting by an unforeseen imitation of Colonel Chinstrap and a chorus of "fahs" from the School party when a "singer" failed to reach his note!

As in the past two years, excursions have been planned. These will take place at the end of term and we hope they will be as interesting as the ones we have enjoyed before.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries: *The Loughburian*, *The Gateway*, *The Lion Rampart*.

This term ends on July 25th and the Autumn term commences on September 10th.

In the recent Musical Festival at Loughborough, Sheila Blower and M. Brydson were successful in gaining certificates. I. Lake, in addition to three certificates was placed third in the open piano duet class.

Mr. Hughes is leaving Cheadle Hulme School to become Biology Master at Blackburn Grammar School.

We are grateful to Lt. H. Boeringer and to Lt. F. Schaaf for their work on the field. They have helped the caretaker to make a really fine jumping pit.

VALETE

Va., H. Woolley; Vb., J. Nurse, J. Burgess; IV., B. Porter.

SALVETE

M. Le Normand, I. Cooper, K. Ives.

The magazine has been produced by a Committee consisting of B. Stewart, M. Webster and H. Poole, under the chairmanship of Mr. Whitbread.

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

Some time ago a Quornian of an older generation called to see his old School. He had been a boarder here in the time of Mr. Hensman. When we met we recognised each other as neighbours when we both lived in Slough. The world is a small place. The old boy is Mr. Eric Perrin. Some of the Quornians of Mr. Hensman's time may remember him.

I have heard within the last few weeks from several who have left recently, including Pearl Pentelow and Harry Woolley—the youngest Old Quornian of all. It is interesting to keep up the links with the old school. To those who are still pupils I would impress on you to buy and keep a copy of the magazine. You will often look at it in the years to come. For those who have left, what better way is there of keeping in touch than by joining the Association and subscribing to the *Quornian*?

Before I started writing this note I had just completed the correction of the proof of the circular letter about the Memorial Fund which I referred to in the last issue. It may reach you before this does. I hope that it will evoke a good response.

Best wishes to all taking examinations this term. We are expecting some really good results this time—do not disappoint us. A.D.M.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

By the time you lucky fellows read this we poor fifth formers will have finished wrestling with the "School Cert." Now like two world champions we are awaiting with nervous tension the referee's decision—hoping for the best, but expecting the worst.

Our minds are looking to the future, but at the same time bitter remorse creeps in and shatters our dreams. Like a past "appointment with fear" we are reminded of the times we have dilly-dallied and chattered on the stairs and heard that familiar stentorian voice torturing us with: "You'll never get School Cert. like this."

Then we recall beakers, bottles, burners, crucibles and chemicals, and an Apollo-like figure explaining Ohm's Law to a form where minds were at 'ome.

Three times a week we were taken for a trip round the world, our pilot being the only member of the crew knowing the way; but unfortunately he left us to find our own way back.

Something we are proud of are the historical battles we have inwardly fought under the guidance of a conscientious General whose watchword was "keep at it."

However one person pacing to and fro considered our feelings and assured us that in spite of our limitations there was still hope.

Perhaps some of you listened wonderingly to our weekly sing-song when we really gave vent to our feelings.

This prize upon which we set our hearts, if not our minds, is the key to the doors of success. We wonder—is it? OLWEN JONES, VA.

EVENING

The tangled grass swayed gently above my head; cattle waited quietly for dusk in the evening light. Water flowed lazily by the tall elms, swirling deep and brown under the steep bank and spreading hawthorn, trickling shallow and golden over the stones. Beyond the stream, visible through the fine tracery of pale willow leaves, the proud sweep of another meadow rose against the horizon, ever watchful for intruders into its cherished domain.

Nature was moving by the cool water. Blue dragon flies, startling among the softer shades of evening, hovered for a moment and were gone. Gentle voices filled the air, the talk of the stream, the chatter of some bird, voices carried on a kindly breeze. Suddenly a woodpecker, resplendent in red and green, darted on to the trunk of a withered elm to cease the calling of the young ones housed within. Harmony and concord reigned supreme

The people in the passing train, wearily watching the flying countryside, little realised the peace which they were shattering among the green fields. They did not hear the song of the stream falter and die before the relentless beat of the engine; they did not notice the sunlight fade before the orange flame of the boiler fire, and the sun sink shamefully behind the gathering clouds; they could not see the frail bird, weak and trembling, clutch desperately on to his perch in the hedge as an angry wind arose.

BETTY STEWART, VI.

NEWS FROM THE FOURTH

Since the beginning of the year we have lost five members of our form. Hibbett, the first to leave, is now engaged in fire insurance; anybody out for easy money can take out a policy on school books. Lloyd, always rather pale, has perhaps become well-tanned now he works in a shoe factory. The other three "departed" are J. Bostock, B. Porter and D. Kirk.

Norman, our tennis star, cannot play singles, but he's good on the doubles ("Hic-hic! Down Whiskey!").

Taylor has acquired a new habit. He crawls in the corner mumbling to himself. We are willing to "cell" him to any monastery.

Jean Tebbutt is kept busy by Miss Graham. She is now preparing "The History of Conduct Marks," by U. Vadditt.

We find our Science lessons very interesting now, especially when we study worms. It is rather a pity that some teachers do not sit down to teach; at least we can assure them that a worm is soft.

With the change of a form master, we do not find it wise to dawdle up the field on a hot day, but we do prefer to practice for the flat races in the cool of the evening.

It is with regret that we realise that very soon we shall no longer be the "Glorious Fourth," but the "Dignified Fifth." According to many teachers we are not the only ones who do not welcome the change, but there are strong reasons for thinking that some may continue in the Fourth. We all agree it would be a pity to split up the "happy family."

We wish the future Fourth a pleasant year in the Fourth Form Room. We shall be interested to see whether they are any luckier than we are in persuading Mr. Simpson to unseal the windows.

A SIMILE OF MONEY

Money is like water. The sea is the wealth of the nations. It is evaporated and drawn up to the sky and sprinkled upon the earth. For some of us it runs in deep channels, and if we are skilful we may dam it for our use. Some of us dam it deeply, some shallowly. With some it just filters away and is swallowed up, only to reappear in another dam.

If you keep it stagnant it is of no use. You must let it pass along; always keeping a reserve; it should not run out faster than it runs in.

If you have a large dam, high up in the hills, it stands, a great and mighty reservoir always filling, always running off. Farther down hundreds of other men are collecting the waste from your overflow; farther still there are smaller dams, and so on until it runs away to the sea, as it must in time, to the great ocean of world-wealth which collects everything and gives back everything.

DOROTHY TOMLYN, FORM III.

RICK DAVIES AND THE No. 2 FORMATION

EPISODE III.—"THE SHOWDOWN" (CONCLUSION)

Synopsis

Rick Davies has gained control of a wireless tower in a subterranean base in Scotland which a Mr. Steel is using as a convenient shelter for some invaluable secret planes, which he hopes to transport to Germany. Davies knocks out Steel and, capturing the two wireless operators, he transmits an urgent S.O.S. to the Air Ministry, who are now hurrying in an ultra-modern jet to his aid. Davies does not see the danger which is sliding up the stairs towards him.

Now read on

Davies suddenly tensed. He gripped his icy automatic in a firm grip. *THERE WAS DANGER IN THE AIR.* With an amazing instinct for detecting peril, which he had gained in his many famous exploits, he knew that the atmosphere was charged with suspense and expectancy.

Davies looked up and saw himself mirrored in the transparency of the blazing glass, and behind him a dark, lurking something.

Davies threw himself on the floor and, a split second later, a gleaming dagger thudded into the woodwork inches from him. He looked up and saw Jose, Steel's henchman, his ugly features twisted in demoniacal fury. Davies expertly rolled aside as, with all his brute strength, Jose hurled himself at him. Davies picked himself up and stumbled again, taken unawares by a vicious trip-up. Jose had the dagger between his teeth, and his face was horrifying to behold. For a while, the two contenders rolled about in the corridor, neither giving way. But although Davis was nimbler and more quick-witted than his opponent, Jose had the advantage of strength. They were at the top of the stairs now, and in danger of slipping, but Jose gripped his adversary in a vice-like lock, and forced him on to the stair-rail, the only dividing line between safety and an eighty-foot fall. Davies felt the first awful pangs of strangulation, as Jose's grip got tighter, then with a last super-human, desperate effort he heaved and the grip on his throat released. Then, with a fiendish yell, Jose toppled backwards. With the glittering knife still clasped between his teeth, Jose plunged into the gloom, thudded on to the rocks below and then—silence. Davies hurried down the stairs. The blazing lights of the wireless tower picked out a huddled heap. It was Jose—dead.

He turned quickly. In the last few hectic moments he had forgotten the existence of the wireless operators and Steel, but now, they were hurrying down the stairs. In a millionth of a second Davies realized he was fully exposed by the glare of the searchlights and threw himself out of the line of the rays, as a bullet whistled seriously near him.

Then he heard a shrill whistle from above. Steel pressed a small button in the rock; a great slab of rock opened in the roof exposing the velvet universe. A rope ladder dangled down and a host of men swarmed down. These were Steel's gang and a more villainous looking troupe it was not possible to conceive. Davies could pick out many who were on the police records. Then, realizing his great danger, he

raced across to the wireless tower. He could hear Steel explaining about Davies, and the whole mob fanned out over the cavern. Davies hoped there was a back way in through the wireless tower. He pushed at a door set in the rock just as a torch-beam came round the corner. He hurried up some wooden steps into the inviting darkness and found himself in a sort of loft. He scrambled behind a bale of straw and waited, his automatic ready in hand.

He had not long to wait. A few moments later the door burst open and a shaft of light from a torch pierced the gloom. Davies crouched lower behind the bale of straw, as it came into the filter of light from the torch. About twenty of Steel's men scrambled into the loft and conversed in surly voices, muttering oaths. Davies' heart nearly stopped beating. It seemed an interminable time before they went up another flight of stairs and through another door. Davies' assumption had been correct. It was a possible exit of escape from the wireless tower. Davies slipped down the steps and out into the subterranean base. If he could only find that button in the wall. Then, suddenly, the lights of the wireless tower went out.

The darkness was so black for a few moments that Davies was dazed. He was startled to hear voices so near him. He dared not move in case he bumped into someone. Then he realized what the reason was. The jet plane was picking up interference from the radio! Which meant that the plane would be landing anywhere and anytime now. Davies sighed with relief, as the lights came on again. Only a few moments, and then, the cavern was plunged into darkness once more; but it had served to guide Davies to the wall. He collided with someone, smashed his fist into his jaw and clapped his hand over the unknown person's mouth to stifle the groan. He found the wall and while the light flickered alternately off and on, he pressed all over the wall. Davies caught his breath as his hand came into contact with a small switch. He pressed it down and a low rumble was heard, as slowly the cavern roof opened.

Davies could never recall how he got out of the subterranean base. Most of Steel's henchmen must have made a concerted rush for the exit. Davies kicked, fought, punched and clawed his way through. When he scrambled out under the starry vault of the heavens he heard a low rumble towards the S.S.W. He just had time to conceal himself in the bushes before Steel's troop stumbled out. They also heard a low rumble and, guessing its purport, dived back into the refuge of their subterranean retreat. Davies sprinted along the uneven, rough ground towards the twinkling lights of Avernath. He guessed the jet had landed because, except for the solitary chirping of an early morning bird the countryside was enveloped in that silence peculiar to very early morning.

A sluggish grey light was dawning in the East, as the jet rumbled towards the underground base. As they prepared to land on the surface of a pasture field there was the shattering impact of an explosion which rocked the jet on its landing wheels. Great lumps of earth rained down all over the giant plane.

"Quick," gasped Davies, "that's the wireless station going up! They'll be—"

But already the plane was discharging its occupants. He found himself lifted off his feet and swirled along with the rest. The explosion had blown a great gaping hole in the ground. As they jumped down they saw what havoc the explosion had created. Great portions of rock, huge pieces of glass, wood and metal, wireless instruments and smashed bulbs lay strewn around in hopeless confusion. The constabulary rushed round the corner and stopped dead. The secret runway was stretched in front of them, and the planes were just "revving" up to depart. They had arrived in the nick of time!

Then began a great struggle. The police threw themselves into the planes and struggled fiercely with the surprised ruffians. Although they were outnumbered three to one, the police force completely overwhelmed the criminals.

Davies was prowling around amidst the rubble and debris when he saw a dark shadow slipping along the side of the wall and vanishing into one of the huts. Davies followed, intrigued, but when the light was switched on he was completely taken aback. Steel turned with a snarl of rage and pulled out his automatic. Davies coolly avoided the badly aimed missile and flung himself on the man he hated. So they rolled together locked in a death embrace. It was rather fascinating, this struggle for mastery, for in his varied career Davies had had many. This one was exceptional, however; it was a struggle for life or death. Steel brutally banged Davies' head on the rock. Davies was stunned and had only a hazy recollection of what actually followed. Two terrific uppercuts completely demoralized Steel, and just as Davies was about to finish him off a bullet ripped through Davies' sleeve and into Steel's heart. Steel groaned once and then sank to the floor. Davies turned and saw Jose lying in the doorway with a smoking pistol in his hand. So Jose had not been quite killed, but now beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead, as he stammered:

"I've paid my—my debt. I've ki—," and rolled over on his side.

It was only then Davies realized with what burning loathing Jose hated Steel.

* * * * *

There remains very little to tell. Steel's scoundrels were rounded up and given their just deserts—some the death penalty, some prison sentences. It was evident that Steel was a fanatic and that he had a colossal amount of money to finance the building of such an amazing base. The invaluable planes were completely unharmed and very close guard was kept on them from then on. Davies tried to avoid the limelight of publicity, but after being besieged by photographers and journalists the whole of the following day, and being entertained to a grand dinner in his honour at the Dorchester Hotel, he retired to the little Devonian cottage he loved, and resumed his detective novel writing. In his next novel he could have written on the title page "Based on Fact"!

THE END

R. K. MARTIN, II^m.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

It certainly was last term! After the society's first success of "Quality Street," it was hoped and expected that the "Barretts of Wimpole Street" would keep up the high standard, but I don't think anybody could have been prepared for what they got on Saturday night, March 8th, 1947. It was far better than "Quality Street"—it was good enough to be seen by many more people than had the chance, but I am sure that if the society continues along present lines, it will soon draw much larger audiences.

The "Barretts of Wimpole Street" is a difficult and adult play. It has a slight and well known historical plot and must therefore rely mainly on the production and on the acting for success. For the excellence of the production, all praise is due to Mr. Bennett. Besides producing, he supervised the stage setting, lighting, make up and all the hundred and one odd things necessary to a good production. The whole play was produced with an eye to detail, and every detail (especially the setting) exactly matched the mood of the play, a mood which the producer understood perfectly.

Variety in pace, neat entrances and exits, careful grouping, and contrasting between the characters never once allowed the play to drag, but neither did it rush to its climax. These things made a particularly strong impression in the production. Barrett's first entrance, controlling the uneasy giggles of the school, in his measured walk across the stage, Elizabeth drinking the porter, Barrett praying at the foot of her bed, Henrietta's defiance of her father in three varied "No's"—and the perfect timing of the last scene.

In choosing the cast, Mr. Bennett discovered new talent as well as helping to develop the veterans. Every part was well played, and if I mention one, I must mention all, but the performances of H. Poole and Betty Steward deserve very special mention. Poole gave the very difficult part of Barrett all the power and cruelty, all the selfishness and bitterness that it required. He was the aged man of conflicting emotions and when he came on the stage he commanded, but never stole it from the other players. His performance was finished and his character study complete.

Betty's Elizabeth was charming, sympathetic and interesting throughout. She had the longest part—was only off stage in one scene, and it is therefore largely due to Betty that the good pace was kept up. It is the easiest thing to make Elizabeth dull, but the part was well studied, full of light and shade and variety, and everything she did, it was obvious how much she loved doing it.

W. Taylor well established the character of Browning by his first energetic entrance and kept his whole performance up to that high standard. Brenda Harris attacked the tricky part of Henrietta with zest, forming exactly the right contrast to Elizabeth. This was Brenda's first big part—congratulations! Arabel and Occy completed the senior members of the Barrett family. Arabel played by Mona Austin was convincing as the third spinsterish sister, and Occy (K. Clarke) introduced the right touch of humour. A delightful characterisation came from G. Pole as Henry Bevan, and Betty Porter's Bella was as gay, as

giggly and as silly as was necessary. Kathlyn Linsell, another "discovery," gave a calm and pleasant performance of Wilson. Smaller, but no less important parts were taken by J. Mee (Surtees Cook), P. Spence and P. Boulter (doctors) and A. Bowyer, P. Norman, G. Cutts, T. Pritchard and J. Lockwood as the brothers. And last, but not least, a very special word for "Judy of Swansea" for her rendering of Flush. I hope I am not giving away production secrets when I say that all the hints she needed were chocolate biscuits.

Here thanks are also due to people responsible for stage management (Mr. Jacques), lighting (B. P. Springham), scenery (Miss Brockhurst), music (Mr. J. Hall) and costumes (Doreen Errol), and to Mrs. Bennett who did everything that wanted doing, including make-up.

I have pulled the play to pieces, so now I want to put it together again—and that is what it was—"together." It was team work—everybody worked together and enjoyed themselves so much, that they were almost inspired, and much of the enjoyment came across to the audience. The spirit alone, in which the play was done, assured its success.

Backstage there was the same excitement. The little gossip in each interval, the fuss when a "prop" could not be found, the sighs of relief when Flush came off the stage without a hitch, all these were part of the enjoyment; and then suddenly after the play was over, and the last costumes carefully packed, everybody, as dear Bella would say, "felt a lack of something."

H.S.

NATIONAL SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

The work of the Savings Movement goes on in School at a rather feeble pace nowadays. The number of members is pitifully small, though it is true that some pupils are members of other groups.

It is therefore surprising that during the half-year ending on March 31st, 1947, our total saved was £195 4s., which compares very favourably with the £68 of the previous half-year. The half-year before that however had a total of £360. This most recent figure, satisfactory in some ways, is unsatisfactory in others, for it represents the savings of a few of the members of the school only—a few who evidently have quite a bit of money to spare!

At a recent Conference at Buxton, attended by the School Secretary, the figures for this school were read out as a reproach to Grammar Schools in general. It is true our name wasn't mentioned, but the Honorary Secretary knew the school referred to and, I'm afraid, he had to blush.

Interest and duty alike commenced the Savings Movement. By saving, you safeguard to some extent the future of both your country and yourself. A good flow of savings is necessary even when the country is prosperous. In these days when goods are scarce, the patriotic duty is to refrain from really unnecessary purchases. It is hoped you will be able to spend your savings to better advantage in a few years time when goods become more plentiful. Habits are formed when you are young. Therefore form the habit now of regular saving—even if the amounts are small. "Many a mickle maks a muckle."

W.J.

"THERE IS A HAPPY LLAN"

(with apologies to Mr. Wastnedge)

Anyone who was fortunate enough to be on Loughborough L.N.E.R. Station at 9.30 p.m. on the evening of March 31st, would have beheld a truly surprising sight. It is doubtful whether twenty senior pupils and four members of staff of a local Grammar School were recognisable in the mixture of berets, slacks, haversacks and bikes which was littering the platform. Indeed, appearances were so deceptive that, upon reaching their destination, this muddle of berets and bikes were accosted as the "Holland" party! But no, it was merely members of Rawlins Grammar School arriving in Swansea for a holiday in the Gower Peninsular, South Wales.

After breakfast at Woolworths, we met Mr. Bennett and caught the bus to Llan Madoc and the hostel at which we were to stay. Llan Madoc is a tiny village very near the coast and our hostel was only about 500 yards from the sea. The hostel was still being built when we arrived, but sufficient huts had been erected to house our party quite comfortably. The boys occupied a converted barn next door to the dining hut (a very convenient arrangement!) while the girls were in a dormitory further up the field, a severe handicap at meal times! Besides these buildings the camp also possessed a large pavilion complete with billiard table, piano and stove. Who will ever forget the first time we tried to light this stove? . . . blankets were much more effective!

It's difficult to say which of our excursions was the most outstanding, for every day they seemed to become more and more enjoyable. Gower gradually grew in beauty and soon her hills and villages were more familiar to us than our own landscape at home. But perhaps we were most fond of the beach below the hostel and nearby Llan Madoc hill. We discovered the beach on our first afternoon, nearly broke our necks descending the sand-dunes, and rushed to chill our feet in the sea! Soon, however, the sea became so familiar to us that certain enthusiasts were actually snapped dancing in it! . . . Our first tramp over the hill was rather a back-aching job, but nevertheless there were many subsequent expeditions to the Llangenith shop to strip the shelves of apples, fishpaste, chocolate, lemonade and even pickles!

During our first few days we used to retire for "restful" evenings in the pavilion, and gathered round the piano for a sing-song. At first these were rather ragged, for though many of us knew the tune, or the words, or the chorus, very few of us knew all three! Still, our rendering of "Green Grow the Rushes O!" in the bus to Swansea on our way home did credit to the progress we had made. As for other entertainments, who can forget the charm of the "ballet" dance with Pole and Mr. Wastnedge performed with such feeling and *delicacy*, or other many and varied efforts upon piano and dance-floor?

Camp duties were not very heavy, "spud-bashing," washing-up and water-carrying being the most undesirable, and generally we managed to leave the camp only about three-quarters of an hour after the pre-arranged time! Our first big excursion was a cycle ride to Rhossili, a larger beach further down the coast. Except for numerous punctures our rides were generally free from accident, for the roads were quite good and almost free from any other traffic. Misfortunes, however, will occur, and on this first visit to Rhossili, fascinated by the waves crash-

ing over the rocks of the "Worm's Head," some of our party advanced too near to the foam and succeeded in getting thoroughly soaked. On our second trip here on Easter Monday, however, the proceedings went off more smoothly. We walked or cycled along the coastal sands to Rhossili beach and climbed to the end of the "Worm's Head," a narrow rocky peninsular about a mile long. This peninsular was cut off from the mainland twice a day by the tides, so upon this outing we had to adhere strictly to the time-table.

The weather was very kind to us; we only had two days of wind and rain (and enjoyed even those). So excursions were also made to Pennard, which possessed another lovely Gowenian beach, and to Reynoldstown, during the course of which riders left their bikes and walked over Cfn Bryn, one of Gower's highest hills. One morning we all took the bus into Swansea (after missing it at Llan Madoc and walking four miles to the next stop) to explore the town, and were greatly impressed by the modern new Guildhall. We also went to Mumbles Head, where terrific quantities of tea, lemonade and ice cream were consumed!

Not only did we get to know Gower well during our stay, but also her villagers, and the crowning factor in establishing firm friendship between us was the performance, one evening, of a "Grand Concert" for their entertainment. We were able to do this very successfully as our party contained many of the Dramatic Society and also our producer. Thus excerpts from our two previous productions of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and "Quality Street" were performed to a packed hall of surprised and delighted villagers. We prepared for the concert only about two days before hand—costumes were improvised from black-out material, lengths of lace and the wardrobes of the Vicarage and the Llan Madoc Rep. One piece of furniture consisted of an empty beer case covered with a cloth! Our most amazing rehearsal was held by the sea with the beach for our stage, no furniture, and the two old maids in bare feet and slacks.

On our last night in the camp we indulged in the strange and ancient custom of making life as uncomfortable as possible for those poor staff who had been striving to maintain our welfare all during the holiday. Out of it all two burning questions remain, "What happened to the water left at the foot of Miss Graham's bed?" and "Why did Mr. Wastnedge's bunk collapse?" But retaliation was so spirited that we wondered if we hadn't gone a bit too "fah"!

April 13th saw us leave for home with many deep regrets, but with grateful hearts to Mr. and Mrs. Bennett for bringing us to see their native Gower. It will be long before our memories of Llan Madoc begin to fade, and let's hope that before then we shall each have a chance of seeing the fine Welsh country again.

B. M. STEWART, VI.

SWIMMING

The first forms are enjoying their first swimming lessons at Loughborough Swimming Baths under Madame Swann, and up to now First Grade Certificates have been earned by J. Hooke, R. Wakefield, P. Rudkin, P. Patchett and M. Jeffrey. Several others can swim and will pass the First Grade by the end of July.

E.M.

WHITSUNTIDE UNDER CANVAS

As though in recompense for the battering he gave us last November, the weather man smiled radiantly upon us throughout our second visit to Yorkshire when, at the invitation of Ecclesfield Grammar School, a party of fresh-air "types" visited that region of the Pennines to spend the Whitsuntide holiday under canvas. The invitation was to share the camp site and equipment if we could supply our own food and blankets, and who could resist such temptation? And so it was that for several weeks in advance a corner of the lab. became well filled with the tins of sausages, puddings, and, in fact, anything edible which members had been able to "scrounge" from parents, relatives, and friends.

We had a bad start. From the ticket queue at Loughborough we had a first class view of our train leaving us high and dry, and the next hour passed slowly as we munched our sandwiches on the platform. At Nottingham only four people were able to board the train and the rest of us crossed Nottingham to catch a train which was (for once) happily late. We regrouped at Sheffield and were met at the bus stop by a party from Ecclesfield who had already pitched the tents. It was a ravenous band of Quornians which tackled the meal which awaited it.

Friday was typical of a first night under canvas and more than one member of staff was disturbed at 5-20 a.m. by the howling mob which had apparently been playing football since about half past four.

It was a lazy camp with very little organised activity and many people took advantage of the glorious sunshine by spending a great deal of time browsing outside tents or playing cricket and rounders. Duties were light and the worst that one was asked to do was peel potatoes or serve a meal.

On Whit Sunday a party decided to walk and several people who had seen the Ewden landscape bare and rain-swept now saw it in its softer and less forbidding mood. Our journey took us high up over the desolate Duke of Norfolk's Road to Derwent. Sandwiches were eaten on the steep banks of Abbey Brook and "paddling" was the order of the day. At Derwent the party split so that the "blister brigade" could catch a bus and the remainder climbed the steep Derwent Edge from where we had a magnificent view across the valley to the Derbyshire Hills. It was a vast scene with Wyn Hill, Lose Hill and Back Tor backed up in the distance by Kinderscout itself. Hopes of tea at Low Bradfield were squashed but justice was done by the party to several bottles each of grape fruit and orangeade.

Mr. Endall awaited us at camp with a meal which was most drastically dealt with, but we can honestly say that we had earned it—even those who did the last two hundred yards by car—for we had covered eighteen miles (on the map) at a pace which was worthy of any seasoned walker.

On Whit Monday a small party walked (or should I say scrambled?) over Wharnccliffe Side to see the Ecclesfield valley, where we could just see our hosts' school. Meanwhile, in camp, there had been plenty of activity including a "county match" in which Leicestershire showed Yorkshire how to play cricket. I believe, however, that the defeat was later avenged on the rounders field.

To compensate for this rivalry, friendships of the most touching nature were built up and one, at least, has blossomed to the extent of two letters up to the time of writing.

By Tuesday, "Prof." had been able to remove from his arm the "battle scar" it received during the rounders game, but he still sported his "Grade A" black eye, accumulated during what must have been a hectic cricket match. This, however, was no handicap to him when he and the lads—and lasses—struck part of the camp, regaled at intervals with soothing passages on the flute-tum-recorder-cum-tin whistle, which was played alternately by Franky and Mr. Mitchell.

It was a sad and yet happy crowd which sat on kit-bags to await the bus and which finally said a fond (very fond) farewell as the guard waved his flag.

Summing up, we can say that the experiment was eminently successful. The weather was wonderful, every one had enough to eat (amazing!), more friends were made, and we hope that this will be the first of many such visits.

As far as is known, however, only one member of the party braved the low temperature of the waterfall in the glen (hats off to Jean). One thing which Form V should have remembered from their science lessons was that sound travels easily through the earth and that secrets, especially the rehearsal of newly dedicated poems, cannot be too jealously guarded at camp.

Many of the party will leave school in July, but wherever they go we hope that they will always recall those nights and days at Spout-house, the afternoon willingly given to set potatoes for the farmer, the spoon and plate which acted as a dinner gong, the pigs which maltreated a teacher's towel, the wash in the stream, and the joy of that final sing-song around the last camp fire.

There was talk of unofficial hostel trips to be arranged—may we hope that they will become more than a day dream?

And one last word of thanks to those two stalwarts who cycled up to see us, but sadly only stayed one night. It was a worthy effort.

My own reaction can be put into these words—Thank you, Ecclesfield for the invitation, and thank you, Quornians, for making our part of the trip so successful.

And now?—Roll on July and the Dales.

E.R.W.

EXCURSIONS

During the two past terms we have had many happy outings under the guidance of Mr. Wastnedge. Our first walking tour was to Ewden, in Yorkshire, where, with our newly made friends from Ecclesfield, we walked for miles in the pouring rain. All the same we enjoyed it.

Two Sundays we spent walking in our own county, all round Bradgate Park, Newtown Linford and Beacon Hill.

Our last excursion was to Spout Hill Farm, over the hill from Ewden. For four happy days we basked in glorious sunshine, ate marvellous food, and slept under canvas, with our friends from Ecclesfield.

We all would like to thank Mr. Wastnedge very much for arranging these outings, and also thank Miss Brockhurst, who made it possible for the girls to go.

The Youth Hostellers of Forms VI, Va and Vb

ON CAMPING IN YORKSHIRE

O to be in Yorkshire

Now that summer's here,
To smell the rising woodsmoke
And glimpse the rushing weir;
To rush uphill for dinner.
Wash in water icy cold,
Such are the joys of camping
Glorious to behold.

In the misty haze of dawn
The tents are white and still,
No sound breaks the silence
Except the tumbling rill;
The "vardo"* is deserted—
The air is fresh and cool,
Old Sol has not yet risen
No ripples cross the pool.

Then—a tent flap slowly opens,
Lithe forms jump quickly through,
These poor souls doomed to duty,
Members of the Breakfast Crew!
The fires are soon set burning,
Shining dixies placed in line,
Bacon soon is sizzling,
Beans are cooked in brine.

Many are the joys of camping
Amid the Yorkshire hills;
To see the waving heather
And to watch the flowing rills!
So if you love the countryside,
Admire the rugged moors,
Take up your loaded rucksack
And see the Great Outdoors!

* Caravan.

N. FORD, Va.

CAMP FUND

During what remains of this half term members of the School will be certainly annoyed by members of the newly formed Camp Committee whose chief aim in life is to raise huge quantities of money in order to buy tents. The annoyed members of school will, we hope, find new enthusiasm and will proceed to bring in the buckets, tins and wheelbarrows overflowing with sixpences and half-crowns.

This term's leavers should not despair, either, for what would be the use of a camp without an Old Quornian!

E.R.W.

ANGLO-FRENCH CO-OPERATION

Since the war many efforts have been made to renew and strengthen the ties of friendship between English and French people. We ourselves are aware of some of these, for we have taken, and are taking, part in them. The visit of Madame Le Normand, our correspondence with Moileix, the presence of Maryvonne in Form III, personal exchanges by some of our pupils and the studies of a very recent old girl at the Sorbonne are some of the things that come to mind in this connection. More extensive exchanges may become possible, especially if prosperity and cheap travel ever return.

Recently some forty young French farmers have visited England as the guests of English Young Farmers' Clubs. Two were assigned to Leicestershire. To the regret of some, the delight of others and the surprise of most, these two were young ladies. They came from Normandy, from the region between Evreux and Rouen and were respectively a farmer's daughter and a farmer's fiancée.

They were entertained and shown round in different parts of Leicestershire, and the best part of their stay, coinciding with Whitsuntide, was spent in the Long Whatton region.

What has this to do with School? Well, Mr. Little, the father of one of our boys, was the heart and soul of the local arrangements and he very flatteringly asked the writer of this article to act as interpreter on Whit Tuesday. I say "flatteringly" because Mr. Little's own French proved to be of a very fluent order.

We visited a flax factory at Ripley, boated at Darley Abbey, visited market gardens and farms, had a ham luncheon and two ham teas and finished up with a social evening with dancing, games, a conjuror, and ceremonial cake-cutting. During the evening also the president of the Young Farmer's Club read a speech in French in praise of the visitors, their country and its agriculture and Anglo-French friendship.

I imagine the visitors were surprised at the knowledge of French possessed by the simple people of the Leicestershire countryside—not so simple after all!

It is intended that visits of a similar nature will be continued on both sides in the future.

Why print this in the *Quornian*? Perhaps because we are now surrounded by so many Germans (with whom many of us also try to be friendly) that we are somewhat inclined to forget our nearer neighbour, that neighbour which was esteemed so highly by Mr. Churchill in 1940 that in her hour of peril—and ours—he offered her complete union with England. That did not happen, but events like the one just described help to bring about that unity of spirit and purpose which may be more important than, or lead later to, political union.

W.J.

THE ADVENT OF SPRING

The first magical day of Spring arrives; windows everywhere are open wide, to let in the fresh scents of the Spring flowers. One is tempted, at each opportune moment, to glance out and see the tender green mist of budding leaves about the hedges, the cottage gardens, gay with primulas, and the choruses of golden daffodils, bowing and curtseying in the dancing sunlight. How dear are the little yellow and purple crocus heads that peep through the lawn, whose each separate blade suspends a crystal drop of early dew.

After months of misery during the dullness of drab winter, the one wish for Spring is granted, and inspires the hearts of young and old. The bright sunshine and bird song incite the housewife to whisk away all the grime and filth which has collected in every remote corner during the winter. She is often cheered by a posy of primroses, arranged in a glass meat-jar, and placed on the kitchen window sill. The bunch of horse-chestnut buds arranged in a tall slender vase brightens up the sitting room, and, slowly, leaves emerge, as though the chrysalis of the tight sticky-buds were giving forth beautiful green winged butterflies. To those in their teens the Spring brings romance, with all its love and sorrows; and yet the disappointed heart is revived by the healing spirit this lively season brings. To the young child, Spring is a time for laughing, playing, and frolicking about the fields or bathing in the waves of the rolling hills. Then, as the sun descends, trailing out its red kite-tails across the sky, they step over the thin trickles of water at the side of the dove grey roads, and pluck the primroses from their flat cushiony leaves, and carry them reverently home to present to their mother.

Before long the joyous bells peal out their Easter message over fields and towns. The golden daffodils, and starry primroses fill the little churches, whilst outside frivolous, fluffy lambs play catch-as-catch-can in the paddock, and the yellow broom falls from the hedge, a shower of golden rain. At last, at Eastertide, the world has awakened to flower-spangled meadows, and quickening woods, and how fresh and lovely it all seems after the long, hard winter is over. G. V. POLE, VA.

AN OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE

In a village far away
In an ancient cottage poor,
With sloping roof of tawny thatch
And roses round the door.
The windows are of lattice
And the chimney's very quaint;
The garden's full of flowers
That look like spots of paint.
Inside this little cottage
The furniture's antique,
The heavy beams are very low,
The oaken doors do creak.
There's an old-fashioned corner
With an old-fashioned chair,
And an old-fashioned lady,
With snowy, soft white hair.

SHEILA PARKER, Form II.

WHAT THE FLOWER SAW IN THE TROUT STREAM

The wind was dancing lightly over the tiny stream and gently it blew a wee small flower over the rippling, sparkling water. The flower looked down into the stream and there on the bottom she saw a mother trout and six baby trout. The mother trout was teaching the baby trout how to swim on the shiny, pebbly bottom without being seen by the ever watchful eye of the fisherman, who sits on the bank of the stream with a long brown rod, and a large white net. There he sits on his folding chair under the shade of the weeping willow which hangs its branches mournfully over the stream. The trout swim in and out of the quivering green water weeds, pass shiny stones, and over tiny water snails. Sometimes they swim about with the other streamlined red fish who dart about playing hide and seek among the bulrushes with the young daring trout. The sun shines down on to the clear crystal water and catches the dancing ripples, making the stream look like a sky at night, full of glistening, silvery stars.

The wind gently lifts the flower up and dreamily she closes her petals, for night is drawing nigh. The breeze drops, the fisherman yawns, collects his tackle together and walks slowly away. Another day has passed and the tiny trout have learnt one more lesson about how to keep safe. The sun goes slowly down, the stream is still, the trout are lying peacefully on the bottom and only the whistling of an occasional cricket can be heard.

AVERIL SIMPSON, Form IV.

HIBB'S STRIP

(Nonsense Newsreel No. 4)

SPORT

Boys! The athletics season is here again. Follow these simple training hints and you too can run away with the prizes.

As regards diet; if you are running in the evening it is a diet with a small "T." Otherwise, as you are running on your feet (I hope) the best meal consists of cornflakes and chilblain cheese.

When it comes to the actual training try this method. Run alongside your bus on the way to school as far as the next fare stage; at least you'll be surprised at the money you'll save.

BOOK LIST

Thriller: The Remains of a Climber (Ivy Leaf).

Biography: Sir Isaac Newton (Laura Gravity)

Mystery: The Man with a Torn Pocket (R. Dupp)

BIRSTALL STOCK EXCHANGE—LATEST (SUMMER EDITION)

Wicket-keeper's gloves shot up, paddle-steamers took turn for the better, ice creams slipped and minerals fizzed out towards the close.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Last week Sir Rupp of Figgs (leader of the Biggleswade Bookworms Union), when telling members about his new book on mathematics, called "Plus Fours," said "As I have just rushed my Plus Fours to the press I am speaking to you in short pants."

That's all for now, back at Christmas with more clean fun for Quornians.

A.J.H.

NO TITLE!

I sauntered up the shady drive,
I felt 'twas good to be alive.

I rang the bell, and straight away
The Butler came, passed the time of day
And asked me in, brought me a chair,
And called his mistress, with an air
Of great respect. Well, when she came
I thought, "I like this kindly dame."

She showed me to a pretty room—

My bedroom smelt of sweet perfume.

At dinner with the servants there

The daughter gave me stare for stare.

"Oh, good Sir Herbert, tell me, pray,

Have you acquired a fiancée?"

She was the first to call me sir,

'Tis 'Erbert all my friends prefer.

I answered, "I ain't been honoured much,

And ain't acquired a good ol' Dutch."

"Oh, good Sir Herbert, how you tease!

Don't use this common language please."

After dinner I could see

That she had taken much to me.

During the evening we had to sing

And Elizabeth gives me a ring.

"Just something to remember by,

Don't tell me you are feeling shy."

And just before I had to leave

I heard her sigh and lightly heave;

She said, "I like you very well,"

Said I, "Thanks very much, my gel.

A pleasant time. Now, tell me when

You think I may come here again.

I have not done what I came to do,

For I was sent to clean the flue.

You've made mistakes, 'tis very clear.

The sweep bids you 'Good-day,' my dear."

PEARL THATCHER, VA.

THIS TERM'S HOWLERS

A certain gentleman—in kindness we veil his name behind the screen of anonymity—was explaining why he had not turned up for a Sunday walk: "The weather was bad, and my father said he did not think that Mr. Wastnedge was so daft as to go out that afternoon. But I wanted to go, and I said I thought he was!"

We note with pleasure the innocence of the small girl who, after seeing "Twelfth Night," and hearing the line:

"Now is the woodcock near the gin,"

expressed doubt as to whether Shakespeare wrote it, because he could not have said such unpleasant things about the immortal Bruce.

FASCINATION

A dirty, badly-dressed boy stood on a large bridge in a smoky town. All around him clustered dark, dark buildings. Houses were apparently piled on top of one another, while here and there tall chimneys towered up into the mist. Shadowy people now and then loomed up out of the dusk and hurried on without pausing, intent upon their business. The boy was staring as though fascinated at the filthy river, the waters of which slipped noiselessly under the old steel bridge. It had been raining and the sky was leaden-grey colour, while the water was, if possible, even greyer. There was a film of oil on the surface of the water and here and there a few sticks together with other rubbish had lodged against the walls on some projection. These walls rose sheer out of the water and at their bases were large green stains which seemed to be spreading ever upwards as though seeking to cover the walls with a coating of green. The waters rolled onwards, deep, black and mysterious. The river seemed to be intent on its own journey, not hurrying, not dallying, just going at its own pace. It took no part in the strife of the world. It seemed as if petty things such as man could not affect it in the slightest way. To the boy it seemed to be the only constant thing in all that dreary scene. At last he turned reluctantly away. Somehow this view always satisfied him. He was comforted now and able to turn his thoughts to his own worries and battles without fear.

MARJORIE BUNNEY, Form IV.

THE OLD COUNTRYMAN

"Old Jack was never conventional in his dress, or anything else for that matter. Even now I can still see him hobbling along the leafy lanes, his battered and hoary pipe protruding from his yellowish teeth. He was the very image of a hardy old countryman; grey felt hat pulled down over his mop of untidy hair; patched coat; and dirty brown corduroys secured by a great leathern belt. His brown collie always padded along by his side; he was seldom seen without the dog; this canine veteran was often his sole companion. Most nights, old Jack was to be seen in the bar-room of the "Anchor," the centre of a riotous mob of rural yokels, gather together for their evening carouse.

He might have been curt in his rolling, rumbling accent, and even incapable of writing his own name, but if help was needed, Old Jack was the man to approach. He was that type of man, and there are too few of such in the world at present, more's the pity.

Old Jack is never seen in his old haunts nowadays, and many are they that miss his cheerful grin; for he has made his last journey; he lies at rest under the shade of the yew trees in the little village churchyard."

(Taken from "Rural Life" by "Rustic.")

N. FORD, VA.

A LANDSCAPE IN SPRING

I am walking very slowly along a very quiet field pathway; the time is evening and the church bells are pealing the same old tunes that they have rung out for hundreds of years. They seem to waver across the blue sky and away towards a glorious sunset. The sun sinks wearily down beneath the beautiful copper tipped clouds and it stretches out its last rays towards the still blue and empty sky and slowly fades away. In the distance I can hear the bleating of the little woolly lambs who don't feel so warm as they did in the day with the blazing sun shining down upon them. A chorus of birds singing in a few trees is the only sound that can be heard. I also see that all the trees have new green dresses on and here and there a large brown and sticky bud can be seen. Far away in the distance the lovely green fields have brightly coloured flowers dotted here and there.

Then I slowly turn and begin to wend my way home; the dew is falling and makes the grass sparkle and glitter and I think how beautiful everything looks on this still Spring evening.

CYNTHIA G. SMITH, Im.

THE BRADGATE AREA SPORTS AT BARROW-ON-SOAR

The running was good on Saturday, June 7th, and in some cases excellent. J. Mee, B. Preston and J. Lockwood were amongst the most notable competitors. Lack of stamina and practice in racing, however, was quite noticeable amongst the runners in longer races. G. Cutts was unfortunate in that he misjudged his final sprint and did not have time to pass before the end of the race.

Considering the complete lack of hurdles for practice, our competitors in this event did very well. Both A. Bowyer and J. Cooper showed promising form. Unfortunately valuable points were lost because, as in several events, girls were not entered from this school. As Barrow only entered two girls we could have gained at least third and fourth positions.

The high jumpers had little or no competition in the senior events, thus J. Swann and B. Horsly won easily, whilst J. Robotham and S. Harris took second places. However, in the junior events opposition was tougher and in several cases we were defeated, but T. Claffey and S. Webster took first and second places in their event.

Training at Quorn helped our long jump teams considerably. After jumping into the wind and obtaining quite good lengths, they found when jumping with the wind that very good distances could be covered. As teams they did very well, and individually even better. Amongst those who were outstanding were A. Greenwood, K. Clark and K. Foulds.

In one event—the relays—we surpassed ourselves. In this event nearly every one of our teams was victorious. Outstanding amongst them were the senior boys. The running, changing the baton, and finishing, were of a very high standard. But they can improve even on that, so we will see what happens at the County Sports.

B. SPRINGHAM, V.

CRICKET

We still have not the amenities with which certain of our neighbours are supplied, but we have this term at least had an attempt to provide better facilities for practice and we have also had valuable coaching and help from more members of staff than has ever been the case hitherto.

The term's programme consists of home and away games with Loughborough Grammar School 2nd XI, Loughborough College School 2nd XI, Barrow Grammar School and Mill Hill School, plus three House Matches.

So far the results have been:

Beaumanor, 4; Bradgate, 7.—(What a beginning).

at Quorn: Loughborough Gr. Sch., 50; Quorn, 56 for 3 ... Won

at Quorn: Quorn, 43; Barrow Gr. Sch., 37 ... Won

at Loughborough: Quorn, 61; Loughborough Gr. Sch., 62 for 2 Lost

at Barrow: Barrow Gr. Sch., 112 for 6 dec.; Quorn, 40 for 6 ... Drawn

at Loughborough: Quorn, 89; Loughborough Coll., 44 for 5 ... Drawn

at Quorn (v. Mill Hill): Quorn 29 for 3—Rain stopped play.

The batting has been weak, except for that of Poole, Boulter, Swann and Bloodworth. Others have tried manfully, but without much success so far in this difficult art.

So far Poole has scored 40 runs in four innings, Boulter 105 runs in six (of which two were not out), Swann 39 runs in five innings, and Bloodworth 45 runs in five innings (once not out).

The fielding has been patchy. On occasion good work was put in but frequently easy catches were dropped. Swann has done fairly good work as wicket-keeper.

The bowling has been good on the whole. Poole has produced unplayable ones; Boulter is inaccurate, but useful; Ford knows what a length and flighting are; and Bloodworth bowls his extremely slow ones with considerable cunning. Poole has taken 11 wickets for 85 runs, Bloodworth 4 wickets for 114 runs, Boulter 5 wickets for 96 runs, Ford 8 wickets for 55 runs.

Generally it may be said that most of our players are too slow; too slow to use their feet when batting; too slow to turn a one into a two; too slow to snatch short singles with safety; too slow to stop difficult balls when fielding and too slow to back up when the ball is thrown in to bowler or wicket-keeper. There are a few exceptions to this, but not many. It seems a pity, for this fault at least is one which is capable of being remedied even if faulty batting and bowling are not.

Space does not allow a lengthy comment on the younger hopefuls. All that can be said is that there are quite a few young boys who show considerable keenness and willingness to learn from all the advice tendered by their well-wishers.

The following have played for the school during this session: H. E. Poole (cap.), P. Boulter, J. Swann, N. Bloodworth, N. Ford, D. Storer, E. Walker, S. Ball, P. Spence, P. Wilson, M. Harley, D. Carpenter, G. Nail and G. Cutts. W.J.

FOOTBALL

The "Arctic" weather of last term filled all lovers of football with dismay, but it was just possible to complete the House Competition.

HOUSE FOOTBALL

Ulverscroft, superior in every department, were in a determined mood against Bradgate, and some brilliant combination between Spence and Swann laid the foundations of an overwhelming victory. Goals came in rapid succession, and all Bradgate's efforts to keep down the score were unavailing. Spence scored 5 goals, Swann 4, and Gilbert obtained a consolation goal for Bradgate. Result: Ulverscroft 9, Bradgate 1.

The second match between Bradgate and Beaumanor was dull and uninteresting, as neither team could produce any combined play, and merely kicked and dribbled aimlessly. Bradgate managed to score through Ford, and thus won a poor game by 1 goal to nil.

Ulverscroft beat Beaumanor, but here again the standard of football did not reach great heights. Result: Ulverscroft 6 (Spence 3, Swann 2, Lockwood), Beaumanor 1 (Bloodworth).

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

The Juniors have had a very successful season, and are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm, and their efforts to play constructive football. When the competition was cancelled, we were the leaders in our division and had every prospect of finishing as champions in our first season in the North Leicestershire League.

RESULTS

- Oct. 5th v. Sutton Bonington (away), draw 1—1 (Stacey).
 " 12th v. Quorn C. of E. (away), draw 2—2 (Stacey, Barton).
 " 19th v. Shepshed C. of E. (home), won 1—0 (James).
 Nov. 24th v. Mountsorrel (home), lost 2—1 (Bowyer).
 Dec. 14th v. Sileby (home), won 9—0 (James 2, Nail 2, Bowyer, Biddle, Stacey).
 Jan. 18th v. Shepshed (away), won 4—1 (Brown, Biddle, James, Killingley).
 Feb. 1st v. Quorn C. of E. (home), won 5—3 (James 3, Stacey 2).
 G.L.A.

ROUNDERS

We have three teams playing matches this season, Seniors, Middle School and Juniors, and all of them are showing considerable keenness and promise. The fielding of most players shows great promise and the batting is improving, though this is the weakest part of the games.

The Senior team have played twice against Barrow, winning at home 4—1½, and losing 6—2 at Barrow. The Middle School have played Barrow twice, winning at Barrow 9½—1½ and drawing at Quorn; they also won at Limehurst Modern Secondary. The Juniors were very excited when they beat Limehurst 13—½.

We have further fixtures with other schools and the Senior team is competing in the Rounders Rally at Leicester, though the Middle School are unable to enter as they have a School excursion week-end on the days of the Rally. They hope to demonstrate their prowess against Limehurst at the Schools Gymnastic Display at Loughborough College Stadium shortly. E.M.

GUIDE NOTES

Most of the Guide meetings this term have been devoted to Firm Aid lectures by Mr. Wastnedge. We are very grateful to him, and I would like to take this opportunity to thank him on behalf of the Guides. We hope many Guides will be able to pass their First Aid badge now.

Because of these lectures, other Guide work has been somewhat neglected. It is hoped that the Guides will make a special effort to attend all future meetings, and to gain some badges.

Unfortunately, many of the Guides have left, but we hope that the Company will be "little and good."

There is a folk dancing display soon, by Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of many foreign countries. If our Guides go, it may be the starting of a friendship with a Guide company of another country and it will certainly give us some knowledge of how Guiding and Scouting is carried on in other lands.

PEARL THATCHER, Va (Swallow Patrol Leader).

BROWNIE NOTES

During my absence at the end of last term Olga Gregory took the Brownies every Wednesday afternoon. Olga is a keen Guide and she stepped into the breach in a very Guide-like way in spite of the fact that she is in the Hockey team, and ought to have been practising.

Recently the Brownie meetings have been changed from Wednesday afternoon to Friday dinner-hour between 1 o'clock and 1.45. Will all Brownies please note this fact, and make an effort to attend?

The competition which is held in the Brownie Pack between the two sixes, the Fairies and the Gnomes, is running fairly evenly. The Gnomes have gained 67 marks and the Fairies 59. Work hard, Fairies, and try to pull up!

It has been suggested that in addition to the School sports we should have some Brownie sports. The Brownies are enthusiastic so we shall see what we can do.

Several Brownies have obtained some badges. Leila Baylis, Elaine Colton and Lilian Ingram have passed their Second Class, and several others are not far behind. In addition, Leila is well on her way to becoming a First Class Brownie. Good luck to her and all the others who are working for badges.

PEARL THATCHER, Va (Pack Leader).

ART CLUB

Both the Junior and Senior Art Club have held regular meetings throughout the term.

After an overwhelming attendance at the first few meetings of the Junior Art Club, membership decreased until only a few really enthusiastic members remained. It is interesting to note that they are all

girls. The last few meetings have been devoted to the construction of papier maché puppets and we are hoping, eventually, to have our own puppet theatre.

Membership of the Senior Art Club is also small. The girls are experimenting with design in needlework, while our one boy member is doing claywork.

We should like to see some more IIIrd, IVth and Vth Form members at our meetings. Why don't you come?

THE IIm AND IIg TRIP TO LEICESTER

A few weeks ago a party consisting of IIm and IIg, together with Miss Graham and Mr. Murray, made a tour of places of historical interest in Leicester.

We visited the Museum, the Guildhall and the Roman Baths and Forum.

At the Museum Mr. Daniel showed us the maps and photographs of the Three Fields System. He told us how some of the tools of the medieval times were used; he also showed them to us.

There were plenty of other interesting exhibits to see, including the clothes of the fattest man in the world (Daniel Lambert) and some photographs and pictures of him. Daniel Lambert was thirty-seven inches round the knee. There were also fish and animals of different shapes and sizes, and also some French paintings.

The Guildhall had many interesting stories connected with it. There were many old books including one of the early manuscripts of the Bible. The "lock-ups" were most popular with the boys.

We then visited the Roman Baths and Forum, which were next to St. Nicholas Church. We were shown the Jewry Wall and some Roman Paving done in various attractive colours.

Thus ended a very pleasant and interesting morning.

BETTY BROWN, IIm.

OLD QUORNIANS' ASSOCIATION

FOREWORD

"Les jours se suivent et ne se ressemblent pas" is a common French saying. We could parody that at this moment by saying that terms (and years) go by in quick succession, but they are (with respect to our "gallant allies") pretty well all alike.

The Old Quornians' Association remains quietly in being, committee meetings are held, weighty matters are discussed and reminiscences and laughter are indulged in; the question of collecting scattered subscriptions is rarely absent, the *Quornian* is sent out, the War

Memorial is touched upon, the Autumn Dinner and the Summer Reunion are arranged, members pay subscriptions and receive their magazines.

So this term there are no world-shattering announcements to be made.

We suppose that, by the time this number appears, the Summer Reunion of July 5th will be over. It is worth recording here that this year it is an evening function only, as last year the afternoon events were not well supported. It is on this occasion that the Annual General Meeting is held.

Old Quornians are hereby invited—we hope it is in time—to attend the School Sports on the afternoon of Saturday, July 19th.

They may also like to be reminded that the School Outfitters are Messrs. Underwood, of Market Street, Leicester, who, in normal times, supply Old Quornian ties, silk squares and blazers, and who are at the moment able to supply a limited number of ties and squares.

H. Woolley and J. Nurse have just joined the R.A.F. as apprentices. The former has written to the Headmaster from Halton Training Camp to say that he finds his new life full of interest.

Pearl Pentelow is now in Paris, studying at the Sorbonne.

Rev. P. Lidster, who was at one time on the staff of this school, has recently been appointed Vicar of Humberstone. Mr. Lidster had a great deal to do with the founding of the Community Service of Leicestershire and some Quornians may remember his plea for the formation of a village branch here, at a meeting in the Village Hall.

Rev. S. H. Rumsey, who received a part of his education here, has recently been appointed Vicar of Whetstone.

We record with pleasure three weddings:

George Kenney to Miss D. Butler, at Thurstaston Parish Church on May 23rd, 1947.

Betty Sibson to Mr. A. E. Critchlow, at Rothley Parish Church on June 12th, 1947.

Janet Squire to Mr. Paul M. Shearman, at Quorn Parish Church, on June 15th, 1947.

This last wedding had added interest for us, because Janet, who is the daughter of an Old Quornian, was given away by her brother, Mr. D. Squire who is an O.Q., and one of her bridesmaids was also an O.Q., Miss Barbara Sheppard.

PLEASE BOOK THIS DATE——

ANNUAL DINNER and DANCE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd.