

THE QUORNIAN

The Magazine of the Rawlins Grammar School, Quorn

VOL. IV. No. 4.

MARCH, 1947

EDITORIAL

THIS has been an eventful term, and the school has felt the impact of two external forces—the weather and the electricity cuts. The protracted snowfall has made conditions pleasant or unpleasant according to age and outlook. But after a month, even the most persistent of snowball-throwers feels a little jaded. Consequently, the thaw was awaited by young and old, and not least by the disconsolate footballers who made a hardy restart on 26th February.

One of the disappointing features regarding the magazine for the past term has been that it has not been accorded full support by the school. Surprising as it seems, there are quite a number of pupils who do not buy a copy of the magazine. Unfortunately, in order for the magazine to pay its way, it is necessary for over 250 copies to be sold to the school, the remainder being bought by Old Quornians whose numbers it is hoped will increase annually, until the magazine not only pays its way, but returns a profit. This appeal, then, is to all pupils to support the magazine, if not by contribution of material, then by the purchase of a copy at the end of each term.

It is natural that the same names appear each term at the foot of articles or poems, for some people have a natural felicity of expression. Yet it is hoped that these magazines will stimulate other pupils to write and submit the results of their writing for consideration. This is the fourth issue of the revived *Quornian*, and readers will by now have an understanding of the standard the committee are attempting to maintain. Once again, thanks are due to all our contributors, whether the results of their work are printed here or not.

This is the last time that I shall take up my editorial pen, but I feel confident that the *Quornian* is now an established feature. It was my pleasure and privilege to be associated with the restart of the *Quornian* and I shall look forward to receiving copies as they appear. May I bid farewell with best wishes for the continued success of the *Quornian*.

SCHOOL NOTES

SPRING, 1947

The School had the pleasure this term of entertaining for a day on January 9th, 1947, two visiting missionary teachers from the Sudan. They were Sister Beatrice and Sister Pamphylia, who were following a course at London University. They took part in our opening service and observed various classes during the day. We trust that their brief glimpse of a country grammar school at work was of interest to them.

It was with mixed feelings that the School, especially prospective victims, learned of the presence of the School Dentist, on January 14th. Had it been the cricket season, talk of "stumps being drawn" would have been forbidden. As it was, some comfort was drawn from the thought that when he died, the School Dentist would probably have as his epitaph:—

Ye who pass this spot,
Pass with gravity;
Mr. Roger is filling
His last cavity.

On January 27th, Mr. Gwyn Thomas, newly-appointed Drama Adviser for Leicestershire, paid us a visit, and gave the Fifth forms a most interesting talk and demonstration on "The Art of Theatrical Make-up." He made up W. Taylor as Robert Browning, to the delight of all present (perhaps the colour of Taylor's cheeks was not entirely artificial!), and afterwards, in the seclusion of the Hall, he made up H. E. Poole as Edward Barrett. Our thanks are due to Mr. Thomas for an interesting afternoon.

Several week-end hostelling parties had been planned for this term by Mr. E. R. Wastnedge, but the weather has made winter sports our only recreation.

Apropos the weather, it is appropriate to record that in view of the unprecedented cold spell, which began when the first flakes of snow fell on January 23rd, and which as we go to press is still unabated, we suffered the minimum of discomfort. The school has remained at worst, habitable, and at best, a refuge from the outside world.

Although Christmas is but a memory, the snow is still with us, so that it is in order, to recall the splendid parties enjoyed by the school at the end of the Christmas Term. Games were as hilarious as ever, and a feature of the parties this year was the Staff contribution to the entertainment.

We announce the formation this term of a Junior and a Senior Art Club, which meet on Tuesdays and Wednesdays respectively. We wish the venture every success, and hope that Miss Brockhurst will be able to pass to us some of the best efforts for possible inclusion in our next issue.

On February 12th, one of the many blank games days this term, the time was agreeably spent in hearing a lecture by Colonel Rhys Davies, on "Canada." His address was most instructive and entertaining.

Mr. S. P. Farmer has resigned his place on the Governing Body, and Mr. H. O. Pell has been appointed by the Barrow-on-Soar Parish Council to take his place. We are sure that Mr. Pell with his wide knowledge of Local Government and of educational administration will make a valuable contribution to the School.

The Dramatic Society acknowledge with grateful thanks the gift of make-up, by Mrs. White.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries, and apologise for any inadvertent omissions.

The Lion Rampart (Melton), *The Humphrey Perkins Chronicle*, *The Edwardian* (Coalville).

VALETE

Kathleen Morgan IVT, F. Hosking Va, S. Robertshaw Va, A. Patterson Va, June Bostock IV, A. J. Hibbitt IV, P. Lloyd IV, S. Wing Vb.

This term ends on Friday, 28th March at 4 p.m., and next term begins on Tuesday, 22nd April, at 8.50 a.m.

This magazine has been produced by a committee consisting of Betty Stewart, Mary Webster and H. E. Poole, acting under the chairmanship of Mr. Bennett.

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

I have just finished reading through the copy for this magazine and I find one important omission, due, I have no doubt, to the modesty of the Editor. It is the melancholy fact that he is leaving us. I have prevailed upon him to add a farewell paragraph to his Editorial. Mr. Bennett has been here long enough to make his mark. The Dramatic Society owes much to him and the brilliant success of the production of "Quality Street" last year was evidence of his ability and patience.

The Quornian too bears witness to his teaching and enthusiasm. The four numbers of Vol. IV will be his lasting memorial at the Rawlins Grammar School.

"Si monumentum requiris, inspice"

He is leaving at the end of the term to take up the post of Senior English master at the Gowerton Grammar School, Swansea. We all join in giving him (and Mrs. Bennett who has helped him in producing the plays) our warmest wishes for success in the future.

We are sending out soon to all pupils, past and present, and to all the friends of the school a letter asking for support for the Memorial Fund. We have tried to get the addresses of all past pupils and if we

have missed you by some chance, please send your donation to any member of the committee. We shall publish the first list of subscribers in the next issue of *The Quornian*.

At the Annual Speech Day, the Chairman of the Governors, Col. W. S. N. Toller, announced that in the development plan of the Leicestershire Education Committee, this school is scheduled to remain co-educational. This news should kill the report, which has done us considerable harm, that this is to become a girls' school. I am glad that the school will remain as it is, for we have a tradition of co-education that goes back for nearly fifty years. The constitution was altered in 1899 to allow the admission of girls, and according to a report published in a very early number of the *Quornian*, this was the first grammar school south of the Trent to adopt co-education.

To all old pupils, wherever they are, and some are far distant, as the article by Kenneth Walton shows, we send our best wishes. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

A.D.M.

KHAMSIN

A hot gust struck our faces, quickly followed by more and more, whirling up clouds of yellow dust into a pale phantasmagoria.

As the wild winds struck our veiled faces, the sky grew dark, gradually sinking into obscurity. The air became much cooler, and the flying granules became fleeting clouds, so thick that if one raised one's hand considerable quantities of sand could be caught in the folds.

The wind was now so violent that we were unable to remain on our feet. Yet there seemed something friendly in this turmoil of the elements, for it raised a barrier between us and the Arabs.

The camels knelt down, placing their hind-quarters to the storm, bending their necks forward along the drifting sands. Thus they remained motionless until they were half entombed by the groping dunes.

In the lulls one would be able to see a camel emerge from a seemingly empty trough, occasionally in the height of the storm one would drop a matter of feet, due to the sand being blown from under.

Gradually the wind slackened to a breeze, and slowly sank to a fanning breath. For three hours we had remained stationary under the full impact of the seeking blasts.

Night had fallen by the time we were able to resume our journey. The heat seemed to have increased, as we toiled our way over the yielding dunes, staggering uphill, and sliding down, sinking deeply at every step. Sometimes to relieve ourselves, we would hold on to the camels' saddle ropes.

These next few hours were some of the most fatiguing of the march. At last even this trial came to an end, and we found ourselves on firm ground. The sands tapered away to chalk, breaking forth, here and there, to broken outcrops of basalt. In the dim light the windswept plateau was a contrast in black and white.

We were now a little exhausted by the heavy travelling, and, calling a halt, we sought a few hours oblivion in sleep. P. WILSON, VA.

SPEECH DAY

The Annual Speech Day was held this year on December 18th, 1946. A large number of parents and friends attended to hear Mr. F. L. Attenborough, Principal of University College, Leicester, address the school in a speech which made a special appeal to the boys, and revealed that the Principal had a fresh memory of his own boyhood days. The programme was completed by items by the School Choir conducted by Mr. Brydson, the declamation of a famous speech of the Earl of Rosebery, by H. E. Poole, and "The Story of Naaman" in choral speech by Form IIIG.

The chair was taken by Col. W. S. N. Toller and he was supported by a number of the Governors.

The prize list was as follows:—

Higher School Certificate and Prize: J. Clements, P. Pentelow. School Certificate and Prize: A. Clarke, P. Darby, J. Foulds, M. Webster.

Subject Prizes: English (presented by Miss E. Butler), A. Clarke; French, P. Darby; History, M. Webster; Geography (Miss E. Butler), E. Halford; Mathematics, S. Robertshaw; Science, J. Foulds; Art (Mrs. W. Jacques), D. Smart; Cookery, D. Kirby; Special Prize for Art (Mrs. W. Jacques), H. Cook; Special Prize for English, H. Schnabl; Special Prize for French, P. Pentelow.

Form Prizes: IV, 1st S. Himan, 2nd R. Hillman, 3rd K. Linsell; IVT., 1st P. Spence, 2nd L. Garley, 3rd R. Mebberson; III, 1st A. Hibbitt and G. Roots (tie), 3rd R. Heggs; II, 1st J. Siddons, 2nd J. Thomas, 3rd M. Kent; IM., 1st R. Martin, 2nd E. Sills, 3rd T. Barton; Ig., 1st J. Clark, 2nd M. Preston, 3rd A. Parker; Prep. III, 1st D. Rawlings, 2nd C. Smith.

Competition Prizes: Short Story (Senior), 1st H. Poole, 2nd J. Pope; Intermediate, D. Horwitz; Junior, R. Martin. Verse Composition, Senior, 1st G. Ashby, 2nd H. Poole; Intermediate, J. Canner; Junior, 1st R. Martin, 2nd S. Parker. Verse Speaking, Senior, 1st H. Schnabl, 2nd H. Poole; Intermediate, 1st G. Casey, 2nd M. Grove; Junior, 1st U. Bell, 2nd L. Ingram; Special Prize, O. Jones.

Guide Prizes: M. Webster, P. Thatcher. Cadet Prizes (presented by D. Nurse, Esq.): K. Clark, W. Taylor.

Progress Prizes (presented by the Headmaster to the two boys and two girls, who, in the opinion of the Staff have worked hardest and made most progress): J. Mee, G. Nail, M. Austin, B. Payne.

Special Prizes (presented by I. J. Underwood, Esq.) to the boy and girl who, in the opinion of the Headmaster, have rendered the best service to the school: P. Pentelow, H. Cook.

UNITED NATIONS' ORGANISATION

Throughout the ages men have always gone to war and this has caused fear and famine. Great statesmen said that war was the continuation of policy, the furthering of national interests, but even so, it still remained a pestilence. Various attempts have been made in the past to develop a system whereby war was abolished, leading up to our present United Nations' Organisation. Before the last century war was thought of as a glorious thing—but when examined closely, no annals of heroism can atone for the sorrow and waste which inevitably result in the aftermath of battle.

After the Napoleonic wars when Man first realised in any measure that a system to ensure peace was needed, Castlereagh instituted the Congress system, which was doomed to failure because the despotic rulers of the day were opposed to its high ideals.

The years went by, until the war clouds burst once again over Europe, in the initial years of this momentous century. The greatest war ever known was fought out on the battlefields of Belgium and Flanders. The loss of life due to this titanic conflict was equal to all the previous wars in history, and the nations realised once again that war was a gain to nobody, that it was a thing to be outlawed.

With this thought in mind, the League of Nations was formed; which with slight differences, is the counterpart of our present U.N.O., their aims being practically identical. The League of Nations made an attempt to secure a universal and lasting peace, by the formation of a national league which would settle any international disputes which might arise; but it failed because it did not uphold its authority. It allowed dictators, like Mussolini, to break their conventions and do what they pleased.

As a result of this, once again in 1939 the world was plunged into the dark chaos of war with even more terrible results, for Science had been madly racing along the path of destruction, and weapons of untold terror had been produced. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were each reduced to a pile of rubble by a single bomb.

Accordingly, the United Nations' Organisation came into being, for science had got out of hand, and had to be checked. It was formally agreed that every nation should be represented at a central assembly, and international disputes were to be decided without bloodshed.

Any nation that started a war should be instantly stopped, for the benefit of the rest of the world.

The United Nations' Organisation attempts to achieve this object, for if war broke out again, it would probably mean the total destruction of everything living on this planet; the release of atomic and bacteriological warfare would precipitate this issue.

But will the United Nations' Organisation fail as the League of Nations did? We hope not.

United Nations' Organisation must be regarded as the only hope between us and total annihilation; if it fails there is only one *finis*, so it must not fail. It has a worthy object in sight, and its views must be listened to, and acted upon with universal respect. N. FORD, VA.

GUERNSEY

At about six o'clock in the morning the daily steamer from Southampton to Guernsey is slowly passing the island of Alderney, and it is at this point that one catches the first glimpse of Guernsey—a grey blur on the horizon. An hour later the boat is lying between the islands of Sark and Guernsey. Here it gently turns starboard and, followed by a track of foam, slowly enters the harbour of St. Peter Port.

The capital, St. Peter Port, is set at an incline to the sea and the rooftops of the whole town may be seen in one swift glance. In this quaint little town lost in a maze of narrow streets in which traffic is often limited to a speed of 12 m.p.h. is Hauteville House—once the home of Victor Hugo. It commands a beautiful view of the sea around St. Peter Port, and it was whilst living in exile there that Hugo wrote "Travailleurs de la Mer," and "Les Misérables."

Blocks of greenhouses, some two hundred feet in length, span the interior of the island like a silver sea. Very noticeable are the numerous wind pumps which draw water for the greenhouses, in which tomatoes, flowers and vines are cultivated.

The island, being only seven miles long and four miles wide, has no need of a railway, and as there is no tramway, the chief means of transport is by motor coach. Apart from the road running along the seafront at St. Peter Port and the newly constructed "Val Des Herres," the roads are comparable in width to our country lanes. At regular intervals they are marked with yellow lines, and when two vehicles approach each other, the one which is nearer to such a line draws off the road and allows the other to pass—a safety device which greatly curtails accidents.

There are many beautiful bays, most of which are approached by a steep descent, and two or three by shady water lanes. Petit Bôt Bay, where stands one of the defensive Martello Towers—there are fifty-eight on the island—is a favourite spot for bathing. It is approached by a winding valley thickly covered with gorse and wild flowers. At the foot of the valley are the remains of two water mills fed by rivulets from the surrounding heights. The bay is fringed with rock, but a receding tide reveals a broad expanse of firm, silver sand.

A water lane, accompanied by a tinkling stream and shaded by trees and high hedges leads to Moalin Huet Bay. At the tower end of the bay the Peastacks, a line of jagged rocks which protrude out into the sea, can be seen. Buildings now replace an old water mill once situated at the foot of the valley. But a small cascade of water still falls on to the pebbles and trickles down to the sea.

Saints Bay is the most southerly point of the island and like Petit Bôt it is a beautiful spot for bathing. The broad pathway winding along the valley passes the hillside Martello Tower and continues down to a sheltered cove, a fisher's haven. Looking across the deep blue water of the bay one sees the waves breaking up at the foot of two rocks, which bear a strange resemblance to a dog and lion.

Beyond Saints Bay lies Petit Port Bay, reached by a descent of more than two hundred steps. It nestles within an angle of the precipitous cliffs and its broad band of firm sand dips gently down to the sea. Here are caves inviting exploration, and one can lie on the flat rocks to be bronzed by the sun.

Plémont Point in the south west corner of the island, seems to be unfrequented by visitors. This is perhaps due to the lack of bathing places for the beach is a profusion of giant rocks. But sheltered by the warm, dry rocks when the tide has retreated, sun-bathing here is very pleasant. Fish dart about in the small pools of green water, trapped by the rocks as the tide recedes, and in this tranquil spot one can hear, coupled with the faint murmur of the waves, the lost water trickling over the flat, black rock down to the sea.

It is fascinating to watch the fury of a gale at Pleinmont Point. About a mile out to sea is the Hanois reef of rocks. These toothed rocks break up the Atlantic rollers as they surge up the narrow channels of rock to be churned into boiling foam, which thrashes the shore, sending up a heavy spray to lash the cliff face.

Along the broad sweep of Cobo Bay to Grandes Rocques, the fierceness of the gale is no less violent. At Grandes Rocques numerous pillars of red rock break up the giant waves which pitch, swirl and race madly on with an ever increasing tempo until they reach the sea front wall, against which they crack with tremendous force hurling pebbles, seaweed and driftwood some thirty feet inland.

Around Grandes Rocques and Cobo the German fortifications are still intact. The observation towers, a striking contrast to the Martello Towers, present excellent points from which to view Lehou island. The island of Lehou is about half a mile from Guernsey and at low water it is possible to reach it by walking across the rocks. But at high tide such a journey would be dangerous even in a boat, for from the "observation post" one can see the treacherous currents which meet in a jagged line over the concealed rocks.

A sight long remembered is the bright shafts of light from the lighthouse on Petit Hanois, which flicker across the restless sea around the Hanois reef. It revolves every forty-five seconds and, being visible for twelve miles, guards ships from the treacherous reef of which Victor Hugo wrote: "This reef is famous. It is one of the most determined assassins of the sea. It lurks to betray ships in the night. It has enlarged the cemeteries of Torteval and Rocquaine."

P. D. SPENCE, Form VA.

GARDENS IN SPRING

Gardens in Spring are like the first few breaths of life of a new born baby. Mother Nature shows herself for the first time after the cold, white winter. The small snowdrops are pushing their delicate, green shoots through the hard brown earth, and look like green guardians. The daffodils are also endeavouring to show themselves in the fresh, flourishing world, and are growing near to the snowdrops, so as to give a blaze of glorious gold against the white, when the flowers bloom and show their heads to the sun.

The crocuses are in flower, with radiant colours of yellow, mauve and white, while some are tinted as if a little gnome had been busy with a paint brush. Also showing themselves to the world are the brides of the gardens, the narcissi, having the hyacinth and tulip shoots as bridesmaids, dressed in their pale green robes.

SYLVIA HIMAN, Form VA.

QUOT HOMINES, TOT SENTENTIAE

The world is deceptive. All around us we see objects; see them with the unseeing eye of those who take for granted the little things of life. In our nonchalant way we build for ourselves idols: idols which we worship and pay homage to, not on bended knee, but in silent awe: money, power and comfort. Many of these mythical gods are hereditary, or instilled into us whilst still infants; year by year, decade by decade we build upon our childish foundations, and then once at least these satyr-like idols are dashed in our faces.

This deals with two such credulous people. One sat in his chair, pensively huddled by the fire watching the dancing flames lick the glowing embers with wild anticipation.

It was summer.

Slowly his temper cooled, while he realised grudgingly that he was expending his wrath with no avail; what a wretched country to live in! Yesterday he had carried his rainproof and had spent the whole day in silent anguish and discomfort, the merciless, almost tropical sun beat on relentlessly. Today—a cricket match—why not? The previous night had been spent quaffing cold water in one long endeavour to counteract the overwhelming heat; but morning crept stealthily out of the night, as if ashamed of the inconsistency that prevailed throughout the chase across the living day back to the resting-place of Apollo—night. Indeed it had need to, for with it came rain,—cold, icy, rain.

Several hours later this man shook off the cloak of melancholy, for the sun shone with the whimsical light only found in countries of treacherous demeanour. Joyously he took up his packed bag and proceeded warily to the pitch; it was perfect for play. Visions of "ducks" loomed up as he splashed through the ponds on his way to the wicket. The captain of the fielding side placed his men assiduously about the pitch and then—it rained! Back by the flames he dreamt of his ideal country where one could play cricket forever; well, he would be there in two months.

Many thousands of miles away, "Sahib," as his groom called him, sat brushing the myriads of flies from his face with a small horsehair swish. Well, at least he could gain a respite from this acrid place in another two months. Here, the rains were three months off, yet he and his comrades marked off on the calendar each painful day which stood between them and the rains—great thrashing sheets of rain, sweeping through the valley. Then, and then only would the area begin to pulse and live with pleasant greenery as some giant-killer overthrowing the ogre of parched and blackened drought. Slowly, almost mechanically, he swished and wrote, wrote and swished with a slow, true stoicism when a fly evaded the lethal swish.

Our cricketer sank limply into "Sahib's" chair in the office: two days of this nightmarish country and he felt his equilibrium slightly upset: indeed, another two days and he would surely lose his intellect. Outside, a pariah dog fought savagely with another of its kind over some detestable morsel of garbage. He watched this scene with a mildly dis-

interested air. Curse these flies. Three months in this hole; well, at least he did know what to expect tomorrow and the next day, and the next; one whole month would be nothing but heat, heat and still more heat. He still sat there with a rueful look in his eye, as much as to say "Why did I leave England?"

Meanwhile back in the old country, "Sahib," his teeth chattering with cold, divested himself of two layers of sodden freezing garments. Drat! No fire, of course, must save in case of future fuel crises. Next morning, he arose gloomy and retrospective. That sky of Judas could not deceive him: it might radiate goodwill, but it would surely send rain.

He dressed for rain—goloshes, mac, and a beautiful, thick scarf. He would show the world that no English winter could fool him. All that day, the sun scorched down in the blistering heat of old, making life unbearable indoors. Thus do all the wise fare, who enthrone as gods the climates of alien countries.

P. SPRINGHAM VA.

A DARING ESCAPE

It all began on a dismal morning in December; I was a prisoner-of-war at Stalag 4B, which is about two miles from Vichemont, and in Vichemont we knew there were several members of the Maquis. At one o'clock the loud speakers called us on parade and it was announced that Von Bregan was coming to inspect the camp in the near future. Von Bregan! The name sounded familiar; yes, of course, he was the Gestapo chief of Ludwick, and the man into whose face I had smashed my fist two years before. I realized that I must get away before he came, so I had, somehow, to get in touch with M. le Normand of the Maquis. This I did, and he told me to get out the next night; that he would see me at the copse, and take me to the sidings.

At last it was time for me to depart. After what seemed an eternity, I was at the fence. I climbed, got over, and lay prone on the other side for a while. I crept up the hillside to the copse, where I met M. le Normand who whispered "Bon soir, m'sieur." "Bon soir," I replied. "We must hurry," he said, and I sensed a note of urgency in his voice. "I'm ready." "Come then."

That journey was a nightmare for me. At last we reached the sidings. We crept through the lines of stationary trucks, until we came to the one that was going to the frontier of Switzerland.

"Come quickly, m'sieur, we have not much time." It was the quiet voice of M. le Normand urging me on. "Down," he rasped. I ducked. The shadow of the sentry guarding the trucks in the sidings fell across me. I held my breath, because this was the second stage in my escape. If I failed now, it would mean the firing squad. "It is all right now, m'sieur—he has gone." I rose and followed him. I got into a truck, and then I heard the whispered "Au revoir, mon ami." Ten minutes later I heard shots being fired; I expected to see a German face appear over the edge of the truck but it did not. Three hours later I was over the border, free, and after being a prisoner for two years, it's something to be free.

A. J. BOWYER, Form IV.

AN ACTOR PREPARES

Acting, actors and the theatre, these generally are considered to be dreamy, unreal, unpractical things, gloriously removed from the "down to earthness" of everyday life. I can't think of anything more practical than acting, or more down to earth than the training this practical side of acting—for stage technique. Let me take you round the Highgate branch of the R.A.D.A., and we shall see what happens there during a day's training for the stage.

Every part of the actor's body must be supple and controlled, four dead lumps at the ends of four stiff limbs have to be turned into expressive hands and feet. There is nothing unusual therefore, to see thirty students sitting on the floor and trying to wriggle each toe separately, or trying to shake their fingers without shaking their hands.

On into the voice production class. It is a fact that we need breath to make a sound so—we learn to breathe. We breathe out on "ff" on "ah" on "oh", and in on anything we like, holding our ribs and hoping they'll expand at the right time. Then the voices are produced, thrown forward, projected, settled and then we say: "Six swift Swiss ships swiftly shifted," or perhaps "Blake's black back brake block broke."

Now it's no good having a voice unless you can use it to speak. So into the diction class we go. But in order to speak we must have a supple tongue, pliable lips, a soft, soft palate and a loose jaw, so we sit for a whole hour, to all appearances making a surprising number of ugly grimaces. Drop your jaw, point your tongue, curl your lips—and then look in the mirror. When all these fact contortions have been perfected we begin to find out that we do not yet know how to say the alphabet.

To finish the day—the acting class. We have now got a voice, we can use it to speak and we can move, so now we learn to put these unusual accomplishments to the best and most cunning use on the stage. There are a hundred different ways of getting up from a chair, of crossing a room, of lifting one's head, of pausing, of falling, and each one has to be used in the right situation with perfect timing, in order to get the best effect. There can be all the difference in the world in one second's delay. This is technique, the only part of acting that can be taught and must be learnt. In modern acting, technique is as important as feeling. There can be so much wrong with one single move, accompanied by a single line, that many people get discouraged. Others get so technique-conscious, that for a time they lose all feeling, but the most important thing is to know that you yourself have got it in you to overcome these difficulties and to stick to it. So we try again, and all the toe wriggling in the world wouldn't stop us, for we feel that one day we shall agree with Dame Irene Vanbrugh. When asked recently what difference she found between what she thought the theatre was going to be like at our age, and what she thinks it is like now, she said: "When I was your age I thought it was going to be wonderful and now I think it is—wonderful."

HEDI SCHNABL

CONVERSATION

The train drew up with a jerk, those trying to alight were swept back with the crowd of young soldiers surging to get into the train. Kit-bags, haversacks, were all thrown in together, and joyful shouts rang through the air. After a while everything was peaceful again and in order, all were seated and the train set off again. Tom Brown was rather a quiet boy and he found himself seated by an American comrade. Tom read his paper and put it down on his knee, when a voice with a strange accent asked "Would you mind me reading your newspaper?" "Not at all," replied Tom politely. After a while Joe, the American, offered Tom a cigarette which he accepted saying "Thanks a lot, I hadn't used to smoke but it seems to quieten your nerves, and we really need something these days."

So the conversation had begun. Soon they were like old friends, talking about everything. "How long have you been in the Army?" asked Tom.

"Oh! since the beginning of our war; and you?" asked Joe.

"Many years, it seems, but really only four. I was too young at the beginning of the war so I joined the Army Cadets and got into training. It all came a lot easier, and helped me much more," replied Tom.

"I joined up straight away, and believe me, you certainly see the world in this job," said Joe.

"Yes," said Tom slowly, "but somehow it's not as you'd like to see it. For instance seeing Italy from the top of a tank isn't so cushy."

"No," agreed Joe, "but I'd like to see the end of this and return home, but I won't lose heart until it's over."

They both sat quiet for a while deep in thought, probably dreaming of home. Suddenly Joe said dreamily, "I should love to see my wife for a while, and my daughter. Not that I don't like England," he said rather apologetically, "I think it is grand and the people are so kind, but my daughter is only two and I'm missing the best part of her childhood. All I get are snaps and nice long letters from my wife. Still let's have no more talk about me. How about you, are you married?"

"No, but I'm engaged, we're going to wait until after the war, for I should hate her to be left on her own if anything happened," answered Tom.

"Sure you would," sympathised Joe. "I tell you that's what I like about England; they don't just do things and suffer the consequences, they think first. I often wish America was like that."

The train started to slow down, Joe gathered his things together but before doing so he scribbled an address on a piece of paper. "Here pal, if ever you are in America near my home, drop in to see the family, or perhaps your girl friend would like to write to my wife. Well, it's been grand having a chat. Thumbs up, and here's to the victory."

Tom could clearly see the warm welcome which this stranger had offered to him, and he realised that a true friendship had been formed in those few moments on the train. There had been created as it were an Anglo-American alliance; if ordinary people could obtain friendship so easily, why could not the same understanding grow between the nations?

MONA AUSTIN Form VA.

ON TOAST

The title of this essay is not meant to convey in slang terms a sense of superiority, but rather to indicate that its subject is a delicacy, which has not received its due from the pen of man, nor yet has been appreciated fully by the palate of man.

Toast is to be approached with discretion. A great deal depends on the mood of the eater; when one is dejected or depressed, toast must be approached warily and with circumspection; when one is in a gay mood, toast is to be toyed with, sawn into segments and smeared with some viscous substance which will render it more amenable to mastication; but it is when one is in an aggressive mood that the joys of eating toast are most evident. A stirring conflict ensues: first, there is the "softening-up" process; then comes the encircling movement, and after that the final subjugation and obliteration of the enemy.

Toast is to be eaten preferably in solitude. The limitations which the company of even one's closest friends imposes, can be avoided by the solitary diner. There is a school of thought which claims for soup, pride of place in the list of noise-making foods. Jokes about soup-drinkers exceed in number all standard topics save the perennial Scotsman and the eternal mother-in-law. Here again is an injustice to toast. It is just possible to drink soup quietly, but it is impossible to deal silently with a piece of toast; there are only degrees of noise. The ferocious crunch of the aggressive eater is as palpable a sound as an anti-aircraft barrage; even a genteel, feminine approach gives rise to a sound of hailstones on a corrugated-iron roof; while the self-conscious diner who makes determined efforts at silence, only achieves a disagreeable squelch, reminiscent of the withdrawal of a gum-boot from a quicksand.

Yet, while the comfortable eating of toast presupposes solitude, toast in itself, is a companionable thing. A mention of toast in a company where food is regarded with due solemnity, will evoke suggestions of various savouries which appeal to individual tastes. Toast, it seems, cannot exist *qua* toast; there must always be something on toast. Some hold a brief for the fishy tribe, and draw appetising pictures of succulent and tasty denizens of the deep, recumbent on slabs of toast; others, less imaginatively, advocate eggs, or beans, or any other of the hundred delicacies with which the ingenuity of chefs has provided the eating world. Common to all these dishes is toast; it is their *sine qua non*.

How is this magic substance prepared? Surely in the most pleasant of all ways; the method is lost in antiquity, and at least one English king has had his ears boxed (and rightly so) for carelessness in its preparation. The gradual browning of the bread is no task for distracted monarchs, but a duty for devotees; toast is meant to be, not a burnt offering, nor bread thinly disguised by patchy charring, but an evenly-browned, crisp invitation to eat. To achieve this perfection requires a great many things; toasters are not born but made, and the art of toasting can be acquired. It needs a steady hand, a keen sense of smell, and a mind not prone to wander. It also requires a piece of bread and a toasting-fork. These obtained, practice before a glowing fire will give an early proficiency.

These remarks are, of necessity, addressed to those in possession of their own teeth.

G.B.

RICK DAVIES AND THE No. 2 FORMATION

PART II.—“SECRETS OF THE UNDERGROUND BASE”

Synopsis for new readers

Rick Davies, while investigating the strange disappearance of a number of planes fitted with an invaluable safety device, has been taken prisoner by a Mr. Steel, whom he learns has stolen the planes. Steel takes Davies to his subterranean base.

Now read on

As Steel and Davies descended the rope ladder which led down into the cavern, with Jose lumbering inconspicuously, but menacingly in the rear, Davies looked round in amazement. The cave was about a mile long and a quarter wide. At the broad end, there was a great conical wireless tower with a revolving roof with blazing lights at intervals. A long and winding staircase led up to a small door, set in the rock.

“Our own wireless station,” remarked Steel, “we can transmit messages for a radius of fifty miles to police stations and all my men. They all have black ebonite transmitters attached to them and when we wish to contact them the bulb glows with a red light.”

“Bulb?” queried Davies.

“Yes,” said Steel, “there is a tiny light on each transmitter which warns the men when a message is coming through.” “I see,” said Davies, “what are all those little rooms all round the walls for?”

“Storerooms,” explained Steel, “ammunition, food, clothes, spare engines, sleeping quarters, etc.”

“My!” said Davies, “it must have cost a fortune to build.” “Somewhere about £10,000,” answered Steel, “but as these planes are worth at least £80,000 and the formulae £50,000, there’s quite a good profit.”

“And what about me?”

“I have decided not to dispose of you yet,” said Steel, “you will be useful in Germany. You know a great deal about these planes, I take it?”

“That’s as may be,” said Davies, guardedly.

“Oh, I know you do,” laughed Steel, “and here are the objects in question—the missing planes.”

Assembled in box formation, the planes were facing what appeared to be the flat rock. On the other side was another squadron of jet black planes—Steel’s own. They all looked smart with their polished steel-work. “But how are you going to get them out?” asked the bewildered Davies.

With a dramatic gesture, Steel pressed a portion of the rock face. There was a rumbling noise and the rock slowly divided and facing them was a great parallel runway. Davies darted forward, but a touch of something cold behind him checked him.

“Rollers,” said Steel, pointing to the floor. The rock was about an inch off it and small wheels filled up the space. He gently slid the rock back into position.

“I have already installed all the engines,” said Steel, “so we have fifteen up-to-date planes with safety engines, speed-increasers and smoke screen controls. It’s amazingly simple. We’ll run rings round the Air Police.”

“All main air routes are heavily guarded, though,” answered Davies, “both in Britain and on the continent. So you are all prepared?”

“Yes, you’ll find all the storerooms empty, and when we leave, we’ll blow the wireless tower up.”

“Blow it up?” said Davies, incredulously, “you must be mad.”

“No sense in leaving it for Britain to get hold of,” said Steel. “I’ll take you over the wireless tower then we’ll have a meal and you can turn in. I’ve got work to do. I shouldn’t waste your time trying to get out, anyway. The only way out was the way we came in and the secret runway will be guarded from now on.”

Walking to the wireless station Steel outlined his plans.

“We leave at 6 a.m. tomorrow,” he said, “and it’s (he consulted his watch) nearly eight now. At eleven all men will be recalled to base. They will then sleep till three and then have a meal. We’re leaving nothing to chance. Last minute preparations and adjustments can be made and the planes will be taxied on to the runway. I’ve compiled a 1 inch—50 miles scale map of our route.” He handed Davies a packet which Davies unfolded. It was a map of Scotland, the Atlantic, and Germany, and showed, amidst a jumble of winds, moons, arrows, keys and crosses the route the planes were to take. Davies handed it back. “You’re leaving nothing to chance,” he said.

“No,” answered Steel, “in an enterprise like this you can’t afford to.”

They had reached the wireless tower by now and climbed the winding steps. Davies was still covered by Steel’s gun. As they reached the door Davies swung it open to reveal a great room like a glasshouse. It was circular in shape and the transparent roof was lit at intervals by blazing lights, which poured their radiance on the room below. A long passage bisected the room, each side of which had about a dozen switchboards, covered with buttons and levers, with extremely complicated keys to advise the operator. There were only two at work now, but they rose as Steel entered.

“Any news?” he snapped.

“No, sir,” answered one, “everything quiet.”

“Good,” said Steel, “you can go below for coffee and sandwiches. Send Osmand and Neil up.”

The two saluted and went out. A moment later two others entered who took their places at the switchboard.

Steel and Davies watched in silence for a minute or so, and then came the opportunity Davies had been waiting for. Steel allowed his eyes to wander and a record uppercut smashed into his jaw. Steel collapsed, and the two others rose angrily. But Davies had Steel’s revolver, and the menacing black muzzle cowered them. They slunk back into a corner of the room. Davies called to Osmand.

"Hi! you, come here and show me how this confounded thing works."

Osmand hesitated, but the hand that held the gun was cool and steady. He slowly advanced.

"Sit down by that switchboard."

"Now, contact Avernathy Police Station." Osmand half rose, and Davies deliberately sent a bullet whistling into the air. The frightened man sat down and grabbed the earphones.

"Communicate this message," said Davies, "Urgent. Contact Air Ministry. Tell them to send planes to Avernathy and bear north. Steel and planes here and for Pete's sake hurry. Steel plans leave 6 a.m. Davies."

Osmand got up and looked at Davies blackly. "Through," he said, "they will telephone Air Ministry immediately."

"Good," said Davies and there was a note of triumph in his voice.

He did not see the dark shadow that was silently slipping up the darkened stairway.

(Can the relief force reach Avernathy in time? Can Davies escape the peril which is lurking outside? The next "Quornian" will contain the final instalment of this serial.)

R. K. MARTIN, Form III.

HIBB'S STRIP

(No. 3 of this Crazy Chronicle)

CALLING ALL GUIDES: Have you got your Beauty Badge yet? If not, let Handsome Hibb give you a few tips.

Regarding face cream. For blondes I suggest Wall's Vanilla although Massarella's Raspberry is more suitable for brunettes.

Next, about smells—sorry—perfumes. My Paris pen pal whispers that Eau de Garlic is the rage this season (Woolworth's have limited supplies so queue early). Remember that the little touch behind the ears means so much—but don't forget to wash there first.

Follow these hints my dears and watch the effect on your boyfriends.

STILL MORE FOR YOUR LIBRARY LIST:

Travel: Tales of Pisa (Eileen Orr).

Mystery: Eyes in the Night (Rae Darr).

Non Fiction: History of Hiccoughs (Eustace E. Dubble).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

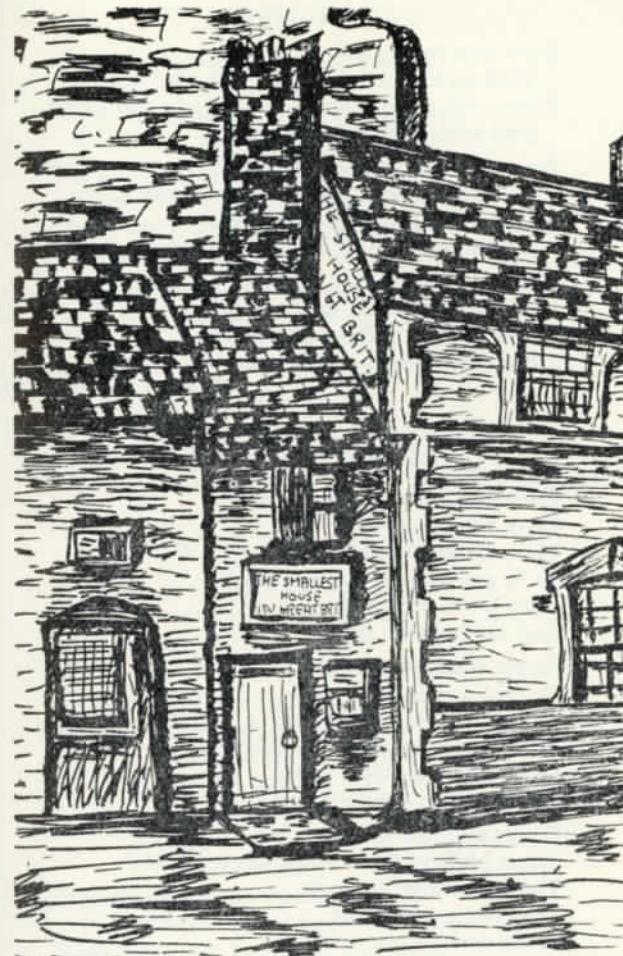
Miss F.I.T. (Rothley); Electricity Cutts (the live wire of the IVth Form) is no relation to Sonny Shinwell.

GARDENING HINT:

If you want to save fuel why not grow some baked potatoes this year? Knit little woolly bed jackets for each potato, space two feet with a hot water bottle between each and place in a carefully prepared hot-bed. A sprinkling of Furson's Famous Fertilizer will ensure that they are well done.

That's all from Helpful Hibb for now. Back next term with more topical tripe.

(The author is no longer a member of the School but we managed to obtain his M.S. by bribing the male nurse at the institution where he is now residing.—Ed.)



THE SMALLEST HOUSE IN GREAT BRITAIN—CONWAY, NORTH WALES

This little house is on the banks of the River Conway. It is about 5 feet wide, and 9 feet high. There are two rooms, one upstairs and one downstairs, the bedroom being reached by a stepladder. The rooms are furnished and downstairs there is an old, oak chest, in which the inhabitant kept all his cooking utensils and food, and which was used as a seat. There is a picture of Queen Victoria on the wall, and a fine display of brassware above the tiny cooking range. The last inhabitant left in 1901; he was a fisherman and stood 6ft. 3in. in height. There is no back entrance to the house and in the background one can see the wall of Conway Castle.

PEARL THATCHER, Form VA.

SPRING

Very soon Spring will arrive,
With its lovely flowers and beautiful sun,
Trees with green buds that will grow and thrive,
And animals that love to run.
Bees will come softly humming by,
And breezes will lightly fan the flowers,
And birds will sing and gaily fly,
And animals will play in the meadows for hours.
Trees will gently rock and sway,
In the sun's warm rays and heat,
People will do nothing else all day,
But enjoy nice cool things to eat.

CYNTHIA SMITH, Form IM.

PRIMROSES

Primroses grow in the shade,
Or in a mossy glade,
The pale yellow flowers
Sit in green shady bowers,
They grow in hedges,
And on sheltered ledges.
People come from afar
On foot and in car,
To pick the dainty flowers,
Which grow between the showers;
Many country people come
To take some flowers home.
Primroses grow in the spring,
When birds in the treetops sing;
The cold winter through,
They live under snow,
In the dark, warm earth,
Until they peep through the turf.

JOAN HAMMOND, Form IIG.

A SLEEPING ISLAND

The sea was as quiet as a sleeping ghost,
And the palm trees waved on the moonlit coast,
The calm sea glittered in the moonlight,
Just like a diamond's flashing light.
The only thing that could be heard,
Was the restless twittering of an early bird;
The sea breeze murmured through the trees,
With the salty tang of silent seas.

BARBARA M. SMITH, Form IIG.

A VILLAGE MAY-DAY

I hear the voices of the children,
Playing on the green;
The small birds twittering in the trees,
Add to this lively scene.
The old world village comes to life,
Folks dress in clothes so gay;
They leave their work and cottages,
Because it is May-day.
The May Queen's carriage passes through
The winding village lane,
The villagers all deck the coach
With flowers, once again.
But now the dusk is falling fast,
The sun sets in the west;
The end of May-day comes once more,
The country is at rest.

JOY CANNER, Form III.

IN THE PARK

It's lovely in the park by day,
With the smell of new-mown hay
Coming from the field nearby,
And the sun shining down from on high.
It's horrid in the park by night,
When the keeper shines his light;
And the ghosts and witches appear,
That is the time I fear.

IAN LAKE, Form IM.

ODE TO A SONG

O everlasting song, that lingers yet
Within this troubled heart and mind,
Sings fie on me, for misery and sweat,
While such a song, full of that kind
Mystery, drives far all hate and malice.
For music, doth bring to our eyes
The scenes, where Nature, with her lips doth kiss
The pleasant fields, and pale blue skies
Which veil the earth, where our dear children run
And play, among the simple flowers;
For they only can resolve their joy in fun
Amid the muffled hills, where showers
Brighten emerald blades with crystal drops.
Play on sweet music! Recover childhood
With all its love, and sweetest charm;
Therefore play on, and heed not what life would,
And keep me from all care and harm.

G. V. POLE, Form VA.

AUTUMN

By far the fairest season of the year
Is Autumn, when the leaves are blown away,
The stormy clouds bring little birds to fear,
And leaves fall from the trees by night and day.
The swollen river overflows its bed,
And with its glitt'ring water swamps the field;
The autumn flowers' petals now are shed,
The apple tree its fruit begins to yield.
The country shows its beauty at its best,
And the great 'bow of God shows in the sky,
And then, the sun decides to have a rest,
And in the snowy clouds begins to lie.
By far the fairest season of the year
Is Autumn, when the winter draweth near.

DOROTHY TOMLYN, Form III.

IN MY DESK

In my desk, all mixed together,
Are books of maths. and books on weather,
How to draw cattle, how to speak well,
How to write English, and how to spell;
A book of Algebra, a book of prayer,
Un livre de français est also there;
Anthology books, a Shakespearean play,
And others I study through every day;
Biology diagrams, drawings of art,
Geometry books that I've had from the start;
Notes of music, and notes on history
(Both of which are an utter mystery!)
How to sew well, how to cook cakes,
The exercise books with the rings round mistakes,
Text books, best books, large books, small,
Books, books, books—and well—that's all!

PEARL THATCHER, Form Va.

CONFESION

I learnt the usual languages when young
—That's those of Virgil and of Moliere;
When still a schoolboy I resolved to share
The treasures to be found in Goethe's tongue.
I came to know the songs by Dante sung,
The Troubadours and Epics were my care;
Cervantes' language then I had to bear
And that from which linguistic art is sprung.
I studied other idioms of the West,
But longed at length to start an Asiatic;
Tolstoy's and Lenin's seemed to me the best
For reasons both aesthetic and pragmatic
This one is hard—not too for a grammarian!
But—disappointment—it is also Aryan.

Key supplied to teachers only, if applied for

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W.J.

QUORNIJUMBLE

(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

'Twas snowig and the spoozy feet
Did vizzle in the snow,
All freezy was the slipsome sleet,
The earth was splodge below.
The buses looged, the cycles spurged,
The traffic glumpered by;
The water in the taps had glurged
And grimpy was the sky.
The boys at school gave yappage yells,
The girls shrieked wimperly,
The snowballs flew like wiffle shells,
And all was laughsome glee.
But with the thaw the slurkage grew,
And floody were the paths;
The oozeful river glocked anew,
And quackty ducks took baths.
Now peace is come: the tripsome brill
Of flipsy spring is near.
Sometimes I wish 'twas snowig still
And draughtsome winter here.

G.B.

2nd QUORN GUIDE NOTES

Unfortunately many of our Guides have left, including M. Lay and M. Webster, Swallow and Blue-tit patrol leaders.

At Christmas the Guides performed a play under the supervision of Mrs. Yeomans and Mrs. White, entitled "The Bloater," after which carols were sung by the Company with Mrs. White accompanying them at the piano. A collection was made during the interval when about £2 was raised.

The Guides have been working for badges and Pearl Thatcher and Olga Gregory have passed their Needlewoman Badge. Pearl has also passed Toymaker.

We are hoping to have a series of lectures in First Aid by Mr. Wastnedge. These will help Guides to pass their second class.

OLGA GREGORY, IV (Swallow Patrol Second).

MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club has been unable to meet frequently this term as the gramophone is being repaired. We have, however, visited the De Montfort Hall to hear "The Messiah," sung by the Leicester Philharmonic Society, and also Nottingham to hear the Hallé Orchestra. We began this term with a concert given by members of the club. The programme included piano solos and duets, and Pearl Thatcher and G. Pole each contributed a song. Our main trouble is shortage of talent, and if anyone in the school has any hidden away we should be grateful if he would bring it to light.

M.E.L.

STORMY EWDEN

The lion-like entrance of November did not deter the hardy souls who planned to visit Ewden last term, and two or three clear and sunny days preceding the departure sent spirits soaring to a new high level. The trip really began when school ended on Friday evening for it was then that Miss Clarke's prodigies engineered the first "brew" in the kitchen at Quorn, but at 5.30 the journey began in earnest when we boarded the bus for Loughborough, our varied and somewhat unconventional attire causing more than one Boyer patron to stare disbelievingly. We were fully assembled at Loughborough and the booking clerk turned a benevolent blind eye to the excessive size of several "under fourteeners." The railway treated us kindly and landed us in Sheffield almost on time. It was there that we met Miss Davies who was on her way home from Hinckley for the week-end.

As we "debussed" at the entrance to the Ewden Valley the night was cold and dark, but the air was clear and invigorating, so that the short walk alongside the reservoir to the hostel made us eagerly anticipate the Saturday walk. Mr. Newhouse and the Ecclesfield party were well installed by the time we arrived and I fear that our smartly tailored girls raised doubts as to our claim to be walkers. Happily, those doubts were soon dispelled.

Mr. Endall, Ecclesfield's C. in C. arrived Saturday morning and the first walk began with a wind of about gale force chasing threatening clouds across the sky. After following the ridge we stopped by a ruined shooting cabin for lunch and then—the rains came. Gently at first, but as we ploughed our way through the dead bracken along the steep sides of the beck and up on to "the top," capes and sou'westers became the order of the day.

Hot tea at "The George" at Langsett put new life into the party, but only one boy and girl elected to walk back over the ridge instead of "hitching the tennis ball special." Oh, what the riders missed!

The hot meal was followed by a happy, noisy, common room evening with no shortage of games, songs and "shaggy dog" stories. It is a point of interest that "telegrams" proved to be very popular in some quarters—or should it be corners?

No one had to be rocked to sleep that night, although there was a glut of sleep-talkers in the girl's dormitory and a creaking bunk above caused some lack of sleep.

Sunday's plans had to be changed owing to the bad conditions underfoot and most of the time was devoted to more leisurely road walking with the inevitable brew at High Bradfield.

In Sheffield the crowd invaded the British Restaurant and did justice to a very large, very hot, very welcome meal before making its way sadly to the station, where Ecclesfield helped us on our way with a school yell which shook the station and stopped passengers in their tracks.

Well, the weekend was cold and wet and we received a battering from the weather man, but everyone was happy, no one caught a cold and there was a 100% attendance at school on Monday, all this in spite of more than one household where clothes had to be hung up to dry over-

night. But more important, friendships were started with members of another school. We had hoped to renew those friendships at half term but the blizzard stopped that—a disappointment, but a temporary one.

One last word. Youth hostelling is reputed to teach young people how to live cheaply, make new friends, appreciate and preserve the countryside, and at the same time enjoy healthy exercise. Surely we can claim to have enhanced this reputation just a little by introducing twelve Midlands boys and girls to wild hill country, their counterparts from another school, one or two seasoned hostellers, and in some cases to the joys of hostel life. The proof of the trip's success will be if they ask to go again on our next trip. Will they?

E.R.W.

BROWNIE NOTES

Unfortunately the Brownies still have no Brown Owl, but the Pack is being carried on by Pearl Thatcher.

We still have two sixers, namely the Fairies and the Gnomes. Elaine Colton is sixer for the Fairies and Christine Norton is seconder. For the Gnomes Leila Baylis is sixer and Sylvia Davies is seconder.

The Brownies are now looking forward to seeing Miss Pochin, who is visiting them in the near future to pass Elaine Colton and Lilian Ingram for their second class. Miss Pochin will also enrol Christine MacDonald as a Brownie.

During the year the Brownies are holding a competition between the two sixes. Marks are awarded for work and games and there is great keenness between them.

Good luck to all Brownies in their work which will lead to their becoming Guides. OLGA GREGORY, IV (Assistant Pack Leader)

CADET CORPS NOTES

The most important event in Cadet life since the last issue of the magazine has been the examination held at the Drill Hall, Loughborough, in December for the award of Cert. A Parts I and II. The school platoon was well represented and we congratulate the following on their success:

Cert. A, Part II: Cpl. Taylor, W. (Vb.).

Cert. A, Part I: L/Cpl. Mee, J. (Va), Cadet Cutts, G. (IV), Cadet Pritchard, T. (IV), Cadet Lloyd, P. (IV), Cadet Bowyer, J. (IV).

As a result of this examination we are pleased to have been able to put into effect the following promotions: Cpl Taylor promoted to Sergeant; L/Cpl. Mee promoted to Corporal, January, 1947.

The inclement weather has rather interfered with our activities of late, but we have got down to serious training again and hope to be able to do some outdoor work in the near future.

Finally, we should like to take this opportunity of saying "Goodbye" to Cadet Lloyd and of wishing him all the very best in his new surroundings. Cadet Lloyd was always an enthusiastic member of the Platoon and we are sorry to lose him. However we hope that his place, together with those of others who may leave in the near future, will be filled by members of the Middle and Senior Schools and we offer an enthusiastic welcome to any recruits.

OLD QUORNIANS' ASSOCIATION

FOREWORD

Old Quornians will be wondering how the school has fared during the recent cold spell. It cannot be said that we were always exactly warm, and certain rooms (readers can exercise their memories by guessing which) have been icy on occasion. Nevertheless, someone, be it Headmaster or caretaker or both, deserves praise for keeping us so warm under difficult circumstances.

We would like to point out here that prompt payment of subscriptions as they become due is important. Obviously the production and delivery of a magazine is an expensive affair and if a subscription is due, we are in a dilemma. Shall we send it, feeling that the subscription will be one day forthcoming? Shall we risk losing the price of it? Shall we refuse to send it at all and be accused of pettiness?

There are not very many of these cases, but there are some, and we hope all Old Quornians will do their best to make their number, like the Quadratic Equation of old, equal to nought.

The figures connected with the Annual Dinner give food for thought. We spent £14 18s. 1d. and received £15 0s. 6d. Thus far, just right. But we also provided a bus, which, with a tip, cost £2 19s. 4d. A collection was held to cover the expense, but only 17s. 6d. was realised. The Association has thus lost about £2 on the evening. The bus was an experiment and was therefore justified, but the committee will have to consider very carefully next year whether the experiment is to be repeated.

We welcome this term contributions from Ken Walton in India, Hedi Schnabl in London and Eric Adcock of less distant origin. We venture to hope their articles will interest you and encourage you to provide some material for a future copy of the *Quornian*.

We announce with regret the resignation from the Staff of Mr. Donald Tittensor. Mr. Tittensor, whom Old Quornians will remember for his many qualities, had a great zest for games, was noted for his varied home-made and other scientific apparatus, played the violin in the little School Orchestra, fished almost more than human, and took a leading share in the work of the Old Quornians' Dramatic Society. He went through the war from start to finish and reached the rank of Major. He has decided to make the Army his career and is therefore not coming back to us. We wish him luck.

Miss Iris M. Till was married to Squadron-Leader Peter Hillman on January 4th at Swan Street Methodist Chapel, Loughborough.

The long-awaited appeal for contributions to the War Memorial Fund will really be sent out in the very near future.

Miss Muriel Priestley, who has passed Pitman's Book-keeping Examination with a First Class, has been co-opted to the Committee.

Miss Peggy Heap has passed the Civil Service Reconstruction Examination and is at present training at Nottingham Employment Exchange.

The following may awaken memories in some Old Quornians. It was found in an old book, on a piece of paper which also had on it sundry scribblings and calculations.

The following team will represent the school tomorrow, Wednesday, July 5th, against Mill Hill School at Quorn.

A. Sheddern		
P. C. Botterill		
J. Graves		
H. Facer		
R. Bancroft		
V. Oliver		
Nora	S. T. North	Match to begin at 2-30.
	G. Cordon	
	D. G. Hack	
	A. Branson	
	C. T. Frisby	
Reserve	J. Flewitt	H.W.H.
Scorer	W. E. M. Lewis	

Could any Old Quornian say what year this was in, and the result of the match?

NEWS FROM INDIA

Here in India, at Karachi, just as in England, Christmas is fast approaching, but nothing looks very festive in this district. The desert still remains dry and dull and dusty and the wind, now blowing from the north, is blowing up sandstorms most days. It is much cooler in the daytime now and quite cold at night too. The temperatures for last Friday were 77°F. in the day and 48°F. at night. In the mornings now, when we get up, we put on vests, shirts, pullovers and goodness-knows what, but as the morning goes on we begin to take them off again, one by one, until by dinner-time we are just wearing shorts. After tea the ceremony of putting things on begins again and by bed-time we've got all the lot draped around us once again. Now comes a rapid stripping act and we disappear beneath four blankets. Believe me, it's quite a change from the summer when we used to soak everything through with sweat even though we only had one thin sheet on top of us. You know, although it may rain every other day in Blighty, I think there's a considerable amount to be said for the English climate.

On the whole, life in the Armed Forces out here, though rather monotonous at times, isn't too bad. It could be lots better, but it could be much worse. Take, for instance, the trouble the Indians always seem to be kicking up. Well, it's usually amongst themselves and they don't often trouble us. I'd certainly rather be here than, say, Palestine, because nobody seems to like the British there and if we haven't got a lot of friends in India, we have at least got a few.

I've just returned from Calcutta. They've been having quite an amount of trouble there lately, but the place was out of bounds to us while the riots were taking place and when it came in bounds again everything was about normal once more. Actually, we were stationed

at Dum-Dum and that is about five miles from the centre of Calcutta and is the City's Airport. Our job was rice-dropping to the Indians in East Bengal who had been cut off by the very extensive floods. These Bengalis had left their villages for the drier spots and were now completely surrounded by water and were unable to get any food. As if this wasn't enough, some other "types" decided to start a spot of brigandry and began to raid these poor folk, taking away their wives and goods, setting fire to anything they were unable to take away and killing anyone who tried to stop them.

The Bengal Government paid all our expenses while we dropped rice, etc., to these stranded people and we were employed down there for about three weeks, 62 Squadron having been dropping for a week or two before we arrived.

I went on a sortie one day and had a very interesting trip. The countryside around here though is quite flat and so was not quite so interesting as when we were dropping in the mountains of Northern Burma during March and April of this year. We took off from Dum-Dum in aircraft C—Charlie at 11-45 a.m., and climbing to 1,000 feet, flew in a northerly direction. We were loaded with Atta—a certain form of rice which, I believe, is powdered—and it was packed in 90 lb. sacks ready to be thrown out. As far as I can remember we were carrying about 60 sacks, so that meant nearly 6,000 lbs. of rice.

I am in the nose of the aircraft and can now see a small village called Sribarddi, where we are to drop our rice. The zone is marked with strips of white cloth forming the four corners of a square. This square is about the size of a football pitch, certainly no larger. Having found the place we circle once, fire a red Very light to warn all the natives that we are going to drop, and then come round on our first "run-in." The D.Z. is behind a few trees, and a road, on top of an embankment runs across this end of it at right angles to us. This road is simply crammed with natives who have come to see their "groceries" arrive. They are standing there, looking at us with their mouths agape, staring, with a mixture of terror and amazement on their faces, at our Dakota roaring towards them about twenty feet or less above the ground. The pilot pulls the nose of the aircraft up and we shoot over the heads of the crowd, through a gap in the trees almost to the near edge of the D.Z. Then—"Drrring" goes the bell and the Supply Troops start pushing the rice out of the aircraft. As we had been circling, these troops had been stacking the sacks in the door near the back of the aircraft and now they are pushing as hard as they can to get them out. "Drrring" goes the bell again and they stop pushing the rice out and start piling some more sacks up in the doorway. We are over the end of the D.Z. now and are climbing to miss the trees at the far side, now we're banking to port and starting to come round again on our next approach. Down again, over the road, rice out, climb over the trees, bank and come in again. This goes on for about six times and then the last of the rice is dropped. We do a tight turn to port, zoom down over the Dropping Zone—in the opposite direction this time—waggle our wings to the waving crowds, put the nose up, climb to 4,000 feet, level out and fly south towards Dum-Dum and dinner.

K. WALTON

WAYS AND MEANS IN A PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT

I am now working in the Personnel Department of a large Leicester works. Until I came here I never realised what a large range the words "Personnel Department" covered. To me as to a good many other people, a Personnel Department was simply a "Hire 'em and Fire 'em" Office. However, even with my brief experience I have come to realise the folly of this opinion.

Even the word "personnel" has never appealed to me—it has a cold, impersonal ring, even un-English—rather like a farmer talking about a flock of sheep instead of human beings speaking of human beings.

In dealing with people, and personalities, however, one very soon learns to be tactful and discreet. Sometimes, it is true, plain speaking has to be the rule, but we do have to try to "oil the wheels" of industry, and being pleasant is half the battle.

One obvious duty is the engagement of new labour, both for factory and office staff. There are various methods of achieving this end, the precise details of which would bore my readers to tears owing to their complexity. The chief shortage nowadays is office girls, particularly shorthand typists. This fact alone supports my contention that shorthand should be taught in schools.

Boys from school (or ought I to say young men?) are urgently needed by most industries. Generally speaking, an apprenticeship is offered.

The majority of apprenticeship schemes afford comprehensive training and prospects in most branches of industry. Boys are allowed to go to day school (in many cases on full pay) for two or three days during the week, whilst evening classes are also encouraged. In Leicester, day school classes are held at the College of Art and Technology. On passing the necessary examinations, the apprentice becomes eligible for consideration as a draughtsman. These schemes are usually managed by a specially appointed "Apprentice Supervisor," who usually comes under the jurisdiction of the Personnel Superintendent.

The Personnel Department also deals with application by young men for deferment of military service, so that they may finish their period of apprenticeship. This is done in close consultation with the District Man Power Board, who, upon satisfactory evidence of apprenticeship being provided, can, if they wish, defer call-up to the Forces.

An important department closely allied to us is the Medical Centre. Every applicant for work of any kind has to be interviewed by a State Registered Nurse attached to this Department, and, if necessary, a full medical examination can be given by our Industrial Medical Officer (I.M.O.). One of my duties is to conduct these applicants to the Medical Centre, and it is interesting to note their reactions when passing through the departments of such a large firm. Most are very nervous and over-

awed and remark timidly what a big place it is—and not another word can be induced to escape from their lips. Others are quite talkative. One sombre-looking gentleman who had a rupture told me that he was so afflicted because he strained himself by lifting a body on a slab from its niche in Rotherham mortuary—his previous place of employment! Mortuary to engineering—quite a change! I tactfully changed the subject.

There are many other routine jobs which are performed by us which entail much work, for example the issuing of extra clothing coupons and bread units, the running of an overall scheme, which can only be mentioned briefly, but I hope I have conveyed to my readers a little of what the words "Personnel Department" really mean.

B. E. ADCOCK

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