

# THE QUORNIAN



DECEMBER 1946  
Vol. IV No. 3

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## THE QUORNIAN

The Magazine of the Rawlins Grammar School, Quorn

VOL. IV. No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1946

### EDITORIAL

THIS term, the first of a new session, has been rather disappointing as far as contributions for the magazine have been concerned. It is alarming that as many contributions have been rejected as not reaching the high standard of last year, as have been accepted for inclusion in this number of *The Quornian*. Yet, the strange thing is that much of this material has emanated from successful contributors of last year. The poetic muse has deserted some, and others have found to their surprise that good readable prose is a most difficult thing to write. There is a further disquieting feature about contributions this term; there has been a distressing tendency for contributors to take as subjects, members of staff, their habits, their methods or their mannerisms. Frankly, these are no subjects for a magazine—especially one which circulates beyond the walls of the school, to old pupils who would be puzzled by the references, and to people unconnected with the school, who would rightly consider it bad taste.

On the question of illustrations for the magazine, it is perhaps necessary to state that it is, by far, preferable to submit original work than copies of other work. However well the copy is made, there can surely be little satisfaction in seeing the reproduction of someone else's idea.

We are hopeful that those who this term said with Shelley:

“ Rarely, rarely comest thou  
Spirit of Delight,”

will next term be able to say with Keats:

“ . . . I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain.”

# SCHOOL NOTES

CHRISTMAS, 1946

We record the departure, since our last issue, of two further members of staff. Mr. R. Owen who had been with us since September, 1945, left us rather unexpectedly in July to take up an appointment as French master at the Bethesda County Grammar School, North Wales. The best wishes of School and Staff go with him on his return to his home district.

At the end of October, we bade farewell to Miss Muriel Clarke, who had been associated with the Preparatory Department since September, 1944, and had also organized the Guides from September, 1945, after being Lieutenant from September, 1944. She will be greatly missed by pupils and staff alike, but as she leaves us to get married in the New Year, our regret at her departure is offset by our pleasure in wishing her all happiness in the future.

\* \* \* \*

We have a number of new members of staff to welcome this term:

Mrs. Yeomans, B.A., who comes from the Norwich authority to take History and Geography, and English in the lower school.

Mr. E. R. Wastnedge, B.Sc., who replaces Mr. Hughes as Science master and who during the war was attached to the Ministry of Supply.

Mr. J. W. Douglas, B.A., recently demobilised from the Forces, who replaces Mr. Owen as French master.

Miss J. Clarke, who did part-time teaching of Domestic Science last year, is now full-time with us and girls from the Fifth form will be taking School Certificate in this subject.

At half-term Mrs. J. M. White came to take over the Preparatory Department on the departure of Miss M. Clarke.

We also record with gratitude the assistance of Mrs. Holt, who took Physical Training with the girls until the end of October.

\* \* \* \*

We have forwarded copies of our last two issues of *The Quornian* to schools in the district and to other schools which have an association with Rawlins Grammar School. We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following contemporaries and apologise for any inadvertent omissions: *The Gateway*; *Humphrey Perkins Chronicle*; *Stourbridge Edwardian*.

\* \* \* \*

At the end of the Summer Term, final positions of houses were computed, and the results were as follows for the School Year, 1945-46:

Ulverscroft (Work 182, Games and Sports 185, Conduct 26) ...	393
Bradgate (Work 168, Games and Sports 104, Conduct 38) ...	310
Beaumanor (Work 150, Games and Sports 115, Conduct 32) ...	297

\* \* \* \*

On September 25th we were privileged to receive a visit from Mme. Le Normand and her two daughters. Mme. Le Normand is on the

staff of the school at Morlaix with which we have many contacts. She spoke to the school after prayers with a fluency and command of English that aroused the admiration of us all. She gave a lucid account of the school organisation of France, the differences in curriculum and timetable between Morlaix and Rawlins Grammar School. Then, with a simplicity which was touching, she told of school life under German occupation—the enforced requisition of premises, the bombing of buildings, the punishments for displaying pro-Allied sympathies, the skill with which pupils and staff tried to evade German restrictions, and continue the work of education. Finally, Mme. Le Normand spoke of her pleasure at being able to visit this country, and meet pupils and staff with whose names she was already familiar through the School Magazine.

The school gave three hearty cheers to show appreciation of a most interesting and informative talk. Mr. Jacques thanked Mme. Le Normand, and spoke of the need not only of Anglo-French co-operation but of general European harmony, for the peace of the world.

\* \* \* \*

On November 5th a party of pupils from the Upper School, accompanied by Mr. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques and Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, visited London. Arrival at St. Pancras was scheduled for 11.4, but fog delayed the train, and as a consequence the carefully planned programme had to be somewhat curtailed. After a quick, but excellent lunch in Piccadilly, there was a coach ride around the well known sights of London. The tour took only an hour, but it was surprising how many places were seen in that short time. Mr. Murray's expert knowledge of London rendered him an excellent guide. At 2 p.m. we had an appointment with Mr. Anthony Nutting, M.P. at the House of Commons. We were shown as much of the Houses as it was possible to see, but unfortunately the House of Commons was in session, so we could not gain access to the Debating Chamber. Mr. Nutting gave an interesting talk about the Parliamentary machine, on the historic terrace of the House.

The party next made for South Kensington, where some visited the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition, while others spent an hour or so in the Science Museum or the Natural History Museum. We reassembled at 5 p.m.; it was already foggy dark and in consequence we made for St. Pancras to have tea before settling down in the luxury of reserved seats for a tedious journey home. The excursion was immensely enjoyed by all those fortunate enough to be in the party.

\* \* \* \*

On Thursday, November 14th, pupils from the Preparatory Department, and Forms I.M., I.G., II.M., II.G. and III. were entertained most instructively by a puppet show; it was presented by Mr. Bruno Tublin, under the auspices of Vienna Puppetry Institute.

\* \* \* \*

Since our last issue, Hedi Schnabl, whom we had cause to congratulate for obtaining a scholarship to the London College of Dramatic Art, has been further successful in gaining admission on a County

Scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where she is pursuing her studies, some of which sound quite alarming.

\* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, November 13th, the Upper School heard an entertaining and informative talk by Mme. Biddulph, who spoke on "Home Life in France." Questions were put by pupils and staff, which were well answered.

\* \* \* \*

The sympathy of the Staff and the School is extended to Mr. Douglas who suffered a bereavement by the death of his father early this term.

\* \* \* \*

The signs of activity by the Dramatic Society this term, make it necessary to announce that some time in February it is hoped to present Rudolf Besier's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Will pupils and Old Quornians please note this forthcoming attraction.

\* \* \* \*

On November 14th, the Headmaster announced the creation of a new order of pupils from the Fifth form, to be known as sub-prefects. The officers for this session are therefore as follows:

Prefects: Betty Stewart, H. E. Poole, Mary Webster.

Sub-prefects: Freda Hosking, Margaret Lay, A. Patterson, S. Robertshaw, Mona Austin, Sylvia Himan, Rhona Hillman, Rita Mebberson, R. Gilbert, P. Spence, B. Springfield, P. Boulter, P. Wilson.

\* \* \* \*

We bid farewell to the following pupils and wish them all success in the future:

Form VI.: Jean A. Agar, Joy Clements, Pearl M. M. Pentelow, Hedi Schnabl, H. M. Cook. Form V.: Gillian Ashby, Aileen M. Clarke, Patricia E. Darby, Jean V. Dormon, Jean M. Foulds, Celia M. P. Hives, Diana M. Kirby, Doreen P. Smart, E. Halford, D. R. Hampson, D. Miller, E. T. Roper, J. B. Slater, J. K. Thomas, J. B. Towell. Form IV.: Elizabeth Sefton, Hazel Sharman, Betty Wortley, D. E. Chapman. Form IV.T.: D. Halford, L. L. Garley, N. Shimwell. Form III.: Gillian J. Cassy, E. Mary Gerrard, Stephaine Smith. Form II.: J. Bradley. Form I.m.: Margaret Y. Roberts. Prep. III.: Jean Colton, Pamela V. Hassell, Shirley E. Scothern, R. J. Baker, G. J. Bickers, G. H. Davies, A. J. Whittingham. Prep. II.: R. Jane Chamings, Constance M. Pilling, G. C. Stanyon, J. R. Wing.

\* \* \* \*

Examination Results, 1946: Oxford Higher School Certificate, J. Clements, P. M. M. Pentelow; Oxford School Certificate, A. M. Clarke, P. E. Darby, J. M. Foulds, R. M. Webster.

\* \* \* \*

Speech Day will take place on Wednesday, 18th December, 1946.

\* \* \* \*

This term ends on Thursday, 19th December, 1946, and next term begins on Wednesday, 8th January, 1947.

## THE HEADMASTER'S LETTER

And now we come to No. 3 of the revived *Quornian*. The first two issues were excellent. They set a high standard and they evoked much favourable comment. Mme. Le Normand, of the Morlaix School, told me that she was amazed at the quality of the contributions both in verse and prose. We have already established a fine tradition and the effort now will be to maintain it. You remember the words of Sir Francis Drake, "When it is given to us to endeavour any great matter, it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same unto the end, until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory."

Now our work with the magazine will never finish for we hope that it will appear regularly term by term. But that can only be done by your support. We want your work—articles, verse, drawings. We also want everyone in the school to regard it as a duty to buy a copy of the magazine. Only by selling a copy to every pupil can we pay our way.

We are cutting down the number of pages this term and are having no illustrations because we do not wish to include anything which is lower than the standard we have already set ourselves. If you send in a drawing remember that it must be your own original work. We do not want copies of other people's work.

Finally I want to say how pleased I am that this year two pupils have passed the Higher School Certificate Examination, and that we have a number in the fifth form who are thinking of staying on to do sixth form work. The School Certificate results were poor, but were not much worse than we expected them to be. We are confident that next July the story will be quite different.

A.D.M.

## EDWARD WILLIAM HENSMAN

(An Appreciation)

Mr. E. W. Hensman was a man of great personal charm, a strict disciplinarian, and a man whose life was devoted to one purpose, namely, the welfare and well-being of the Rawlins School.

Those of us who were privileged to be at school under Mr. Hensman's headmastership, remember how, as small boys, we looked upon the "boss" with great awe, fleeing at his approach! Then, as we grew older, we became aware of his many lovable qualities, and of the great affection he had for the School and for all his pupils, past and present.

Mr. Hensman had always kept a record of the activities of all his old pupils, and, after war broke out in 1914, he endeavoured to keep in direct personal touch with all the old boys and girls in the services. (Old Quornians of my day will remember the "picture gallery" of their photographs on the notice boards.)

The tragedy of the war lay very heavily on Mr. Hensman's heart, and each old boy who was killed, seemed like the loss of a son to him. In addition to this, the management of the school became increasingly difficult, teachers became more and more difficult to obtain, and when in 1916 Mr. Lidster and Mr. Andrews left to take up commissions in the Army, the command of the cadet corps was added to Mr. Hensman's already overwhelming task. He threw himself heart and soul into this work, as he did with everything, and there is no doubt that the numerically small contingent belonging to R.G.S. was the smartest, the steadiest on parade, and the best turned out, in the whole battalion. All of us tried our utmost to be a credit to "Teddy," turning out on parade with buttons shining and rifles well cleaned and oiled. (The cadets of to-day do not know what button cleaning means!)

As well as his manifold school duties, Mr. Hensman took part in many village organisations, including night guard duty with the Civilian Volunteers.

All this physical and mental strain, coupled with his increasing sorrow as the number of killed amongst the Old Boys steadily mounted, resulted in the breakdown of Mr. Hensman's health, which led to his retirement in 1918.

Mr. Hensman belonged to a type of English schoolmaster which has passed for ever, and England is the poorer for the passing. A true gentlemen, in every meaning of the word, the whole idea underlying all his teaching was to turn out from the Rawlins School, girls and boys who would go out into the world knowing how to "play the game," and how to behave like ladies and gentlemen. Beside such an ideal everything else fades into insignificance. Edward William Hensman, God rest his soul, was a kindly Christian gentlemen.

D.W.C.N.

## POLYGLOT

One of the many problems a Headmaster has to solve is the knotty one of what subjects the pupils of his school have to learn. This year an attempt has been made here to give the School Certificate candidates who are not good at certain subjects a chance to drop them in favour of an alternative subject at which they are alleged to be better.

What languages ought we to learn? Well, if we stress the word "ought", I suppose we must at least include Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian. If, however, we remember that time is short and subjects many, we shall be bound to cut down this formidable list to three at most, and more often to two, and frequently to one and alas! in some cases to none.

Why does anyone learn Ancient Greek? For culture and because it is the language of the New Testament. Why Latin? Largely because it is the foundation of many European languages. Why French? Because it is the superb instrument of our nearest neighbour, who happens also to be perhaps the most artistic of all living peoples. Why German? Because it has a fine poetical literature and is the language of the potentially strongest people in Europe and because our soldiers and authorities have to govern a large part of Germany for a long time to come. Why Italian? Chiefly because of its splendid artistic value. Why Spanish? Principally because of our trade with Spanish-speaking South America.

Why Russian? Because everything depends on the present suspicions existing between the English-speaking countries and Russia being dispelled. Each country tends to believe rather fantastic things about the other. If only more contacts of people could be made, we might soon come to see that individuals the world over are remarkably alike. The Russians do everything to prevent personal contacts, and yet the British soldiers do meet them to a certain extent. Most soldiers can rattle up a few words of French or German at a pinch. Very few can manage a word of Russian. Therefore the few existing means of contact are wasted . . . unless the Russians know English, which again is rare among the rank and file.

During the 1914-18 war, a Leicestershire Headmaster foresaw the importance of the Russian language to the English people. He studied it himself, went to Russia to learn more of it, came back and taught it for a time in his school. But I suppose the difficulties were too great, and I do not think that many schools teach it now. The reason is no doubt, the one we started off with—the difficulty of doing everything; but also the difficulty of finding teachers.

I have so far not mentioned two other languages so badly needed by English officials, namely Chinese and Japanese. Very few Englishmen know these languages. One of the Englishmen who is expert at Japanese, anyway, is a former member of the staff of this school, and he is a . . . Welshman. This brings us to another foreign language which we sometimes hear.

The object of this article is not to frighten our readers with the prospect of so much work which they feel they could never accomplish, but to spur on some of our older boys and girls to a realisation of the vastness of the field of knowledge into which they are now privileged to be taking the first steps.

And here I only speak of languages!

No one can know everything, but young people should be aware at least of the vast field of interest that lies before those who have the good fortune to be trained to take in some of these things.

The advantage of a really trained mind is that it enables one to enter into worlds of experience that have a perennial interest and charm, and which remain when some of the more ordinary pleasures have begun to pall.

When once you really fall in love with learning, there is never any falling out again.

W.J.

## FROM SCHOOL TO UNIVERSITY

Manor Hall,  
Clifton, Bristol 8.  
November 1st, 1946.

When I first came to Bristol it was as if I was embarking upon a new life. Yet now, after a month at the University, I feel as if I know my environment inside out, although actually I do not, by any means. What struck me from the very beginning as being so different from the life to which I had been accustomed, was the size of the University and the large number of students, compared with a small school like R.G.S. On the first day of term it seemed as if I never would find my way about the long corridors and up the endless flights of steps. Nevertheless, despite the fact that it took me three weeks to find the Arts' Common Room, I now know my way about sufficiently well not to get lost. Again, there is a vast difference between being one of about three hundred pupils and a member of a community of one thousand eight hundred students, of whom quite a formidable number, approximately one third, are Freshers like myself. A rather striking fact is that there are three times as many female students as men in the first year class for the Special French Degree, although as a whole the male sex predominates in the University, as may be expected from the number of ex-service men.

Naturally, in such a large community, that element of familiarity which one finds in a small school is somewhat lacking. One gets to know very few people apart from those who attend the same lectures, belong to the same societies, or live in the same Hall, and even then one only knows a small percentage of these by name. Yet there is, as it

were, a spirit of co-operation and friendship which pervades the whole Union. The countless societies all meet in various parts of the Victoria Rooms, the home of the University Union; each one goes about its business independent of the others, and yet there is that spirit which makes each student feel he or she is a member of a united community.

An important point about the Union is that the success of its activities depends entirely upon the efforts of the students themselves. All activities are run by the students, although naturally members of the Academic Staff take a keen interest in particular branches of the social life. They continually impress upon us the importance of the social amenities which the Union affords, and particularly those for physical exercise (although I am sure we have sufficient of that in climbing stairs all day!).

As regards the actual studies, I find them rather more advanced than those in the Sixth Form, the main difficulty being taking notes in lectures; particularly when the lectures are delivered in French! However, with careful adjustment and intense concentration the problem can be reasonably overcome. The greater part of the work is left to a student's own discretion. Books are recommended by the score, but written work has been considerably less than that set at school—so far! Then there is considerable freedom as regards attending lectures, although a register is kept and certain lecturers are very particular about punctuality! Alas, one does not escape terminal examinations at the University, in fact we have them at the end of every term and not just twice a year as at school. What is more, students taking Special French had a series of tests during the first week of term, some of which did not have particularly pleasant results for all concerned.

This article would hardly be complete without some reference to those establishments known as Halls of Residence. One of the two for women, Manor Hall, is quite pleasant and has two annexes, in one of which I share a room with two other girls of my own age. This certainly broke the ice on the first day or two, for even now there still seem to be fresh faces in Hall. Despite certain inconveniences, the atmosphere in the annexe (a house opposite Manor Hall) seems much more homely than in Hall, for there are only fifteen students so that by now we all know each other fairly intimately. Fortunately, Hall food is good and normally sufficient—fortunately—for meals are by far the most important thing in the daily routine! It was rather alarming at first to be confronted with what appeared on the surface to be a series of "do's" and "don'ts," but which are really quite necessary precautions, including the regulations concerning male visitors!

Manor Hall, like the other Halls of Residence, organises a considerable number of social activities so that, altogether, University life is very full. So far, there has not been time for feeling homesick! Nor need one ever be bored, there are so many different things to do which are interesting and at the same time a part of University education. Indeed, I am sure that I shall never regret coming to Bristol.

PEARL M. M. PENTELOW

## RICK DAVIES AND THE No. 2 FORMATION

### PART I.—“MR. STEEL TURNS UP”

The War Office and the Air Ministry did two very sensible things when they suddenly became aware of a startling series of disappearances which had occurred around the important inland aerodrome of Finnibrooke, Surrey. The planes which had so astoundingly vanished were all fitted with a new safety device. Experiments had proved that with this new safeguard fixed in the rudder, planes had not the slightest possibility of crashing. This new, unique contribution to science was very valuable, and if it had got into the hands of any opposing party, results would prove disastrous.

These two sensible things were to place a nation-wide police cordon around the British Isles, check up carefully on any planes leaving the aerodrome for foreign countries, and to examine every passenger and his luggage more severely than usual. The second was to call in the aid of Rick Davies, Ace Detective, known of old for many daring exploits all over the world.

As may be guessed, this caused a great sensation everywhere. Even the slightest scrap of information concerning the affair was eagerly devoured by the British public, greedy for more and more.

There was one thing about the case that Rick Davies did not like. In charge of the case was a Mr. Steel, who seemed to resent his intrusion. Davies decided to keep a very careful watch on Mr. Steel.

It has been stated that a nation-wide police chain had been established. This is not strictly true, because in the heart of the Scottish Highlands, no policeman remained to join the last links of civilization. As will be proved, they (the War Office) were capable of a serious error.

One day Rick Davies went over to interview Sir Thomas Rickhart, one of the prominent members of the Air Ministry.

“What is the squadron where these planes are disappearing, sir?” asked Davies.

“There are fifteen planes which have been completely wiped out,” said Rickhart grimly, “from No. 2 Formation,” and he added, “five have been disabled.”

And then without the slightest warning, Davies took a holiday.

He went to Lochlaven, a remote hamlet in the most desolate part of the Scottish Highlands. He stayed at one of the cottages, and, except for an occasional telegram to the War Office, lived without speaking to anyone. Why did Davies take a holiday? *Because Steel had left the War Office for Scotland a few days ago!*

Everyone was surprised and intrigued when this was disclosed. The public was so buzzing with excitement it was too dull-witted to put two and two together.

One day Davies was tramping over the sloppy marshes and coarse turf of a typical Scottish stretch of country. He was thinking. He knew Steel was somewhere mixed up in the affair, and he meant to find out where.

Suddenly, Davies stopped dead in his tracks. Distinctly on the clear, sharp air he heard footsteps. His hand gripped the cold, heavy automatic in his pocket, but a cool, level voice behind him said: “I should not advise you to move, my friend.”

Davies spun round and was confronted by a man who held a steady revolver—and the man was Mr. Steel!

“May I?” he asked lightly, and dropped the detective’s automatic into his own pocket.

“Where did you come from?” said Davies, “who was that I heard? Are you—?” The man nodded.

“If you will lead the way,” he said, waving his revolver, “I will tell you all.”

“And if I escape?”

“You will not escape. You will be a dead man in about an hour’s time. I can see the headlines—‘Famous Detective found dead on Hillside; Strangled by Mystery Killer’.”

“You wouldn’t—you daren’t!”

“That is for you to decide. I am a German—my real name is Hans von Schonberg. It was interesting to worm my way into the War Office, intending to take the case up. My men—about 50—are scattered all round the hills in this district; and each one of them has a pistol—and can use it.”

“You talked about strangling—”

“I have a heathen named Jose, who has a grip that even a bear would envy. He’s always around—just in case, you know—”

“You swine!”

A smile flitted over Steel’s face. “You are full of charming compliments to-day, my dear Davies,” he said, “but they won’t be of any use.”

“I expect your men have been rounded up by now by the police,” said Davies.

“That is where you are wrong,” came the answer, “there are no police here.”

“What!” cried Davies, astounded.

“There’s not a policeman within 50 miles of here, I arranged that, of course,” answered Steel. “Things were becoming a little too hot, you know. Now we have practically the whole of this district to work in. Very convenient.”

“Tell me, you human devil,” said Davies, anxious to gain as much information as possible in case there was an outside chance of escaping, “how did you steal the planes?”

“Quite easily,” said Steel, with an easy smile, “there was no guard, no moon, and I had 20 men with me in my plane—one for each plane, you see—”

“No guard?” interrupted Davies incredulously.

“No. The planes were easy to operate, and as the safety device was already attached, we had no fear of being shot down. It was a great risk, of course, but that couldn’t be helped.”

"But five were disabled—"

"Unfortunately, we were discovered when the last five were on the runway, so one man obligingly dropped a bomb on them. Quite a number of casualties."

"On your side?"

"Two on my side," said Steel.

"Where do you get all these men from?"

"My dear Davies, you should know that the number of unemployed in Britain is exceptionally high and there are always some people ready to earn a couple of thousand in an easy way."

"How do you propose to get the planes out of the country?"

"By plane, of course."

"You'll be spotted and followed."

"That is where I come in," said Steel, "I have just perfected two new devices, one, which is a sort of invisible smoke-screen, which will make a plane entirely invisible, and second, a power which will make the plane speed through space faster than anyone has yet been able to attain."

"And where is it?"

"It is driven by combustible atomic energy and is fixed in the engine. Press a button and hey presto, you are whirling through space at 600 miles miles an hour!"

"Will these experiments and planes be sold to Germany?"

"At a very convenient profit," answered Steel. "There will be my men to pay of course, but I will solve that problem by vanishing for six months."

"You swindler—!"

"My! You are quite elegant to-day," said Steel, with an evil laugh, "In your element it appears."

"You are sure these devices you speak of are successful?"

"Highly."

"You have both formulæ?"

"In my pocket."

"How can you make more of these safety devices without that formula, too?"

"One of my men has already gone to Germany with it in one of the planes."

"Don't you take a great risk in carrying these formulæ on your person?"

"Not when Jose is around. And just in case you have conceived any plan of attack, I may warn you that he is only a few yards off."

"In that case—?"

"You will meet your death more swiftly than you anticipated."

"Where are we going?"

"To my secret base," was the reply. "Halt."

Capturer and captive were standing on a desolate piece of ground with gloomy mountains, dark and hazy, circumventing them. Steel, still with his revolver levelled at Davies gave a shrill whistle and immediately Jose, an ugly, massive brute, lumbered out from behind a bush. Then Steel gave two more whistles and the solid-looking ground opened and a large gaping crater was exposed to view!

(More thrills in "The Secrets of the Underground Base," the second episode, which appears in the next edition of "The Quornian")

ROY K. MARTIN, Form II.M.

## THE FIRST KISS

She was alone, away from the crowd, on a vast expanse of green. Someone had admired her dark beauty. Once he had brushed against her, and remembered the tingling sensation that had shot through him.

He stood alone; somehow the others had gone; he felt a push and he came nearer, nearer and nearer. He kissed her. Swiftly they parted, each dropping into separate pockets.

The Billiards Championship Cup changed hands.

D. HORWITZ, Form III.

## HIBB'S STRIP

(No. 2 of this up-to-the-minute Newsreel)

NEEDLEWORK.—Girls! Try this chic little romper in school colours. Requirements: 17 ozs. of electric bell wire; needles (number nines) Tension: All slipping. Instructions: Toss for ends. Knit 4; Purl 3; 2 for domino and 1 for his knob. Half-time, change over. Pull wool over eyes, pass to centre and pot red.

FILMS TO SEE.—This week at the "Ritz," Quorn. Booked at enormous expense. "PREFABRICATED" starring Gregory Pick, James Mason, Lewis Stone and Carmen Veranda.

It's terrific! Super! Colossal! It's tripe!!

### MORE FOR YOUR LIBRARY LIST:

Thriller—Suspense (R. Fermoe).

Travel—Up the Pole (S. Keemo)

Romance—The Progress of Love (E. Kister Twice).

### BIRSTALL STOCK EXCHANGE LATEST—November 5th:

Roman Candles opened brightly; Catherine Wheels took a turn for the better; Chinese Crackers got cracking; Umbrellas went up; Squibs fizzled out and Rockets went off towards the close.

### LATEST NEWS FROM THE COURSE:

Ancient Ford—slow starter.

Last Bus—should not be missed.

Mauvais Oeuf—will knock 'em all back.

Burst Pipe—sure to run well.

(Gnat Bite has been scratched).

Nap selections: Clothes Line—put your shirt on it.

Bet with Honest Hibb—you'll get a good run for your money.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH PUPIL EXCHANGE

I send a word of encouragement to the pupils of my old school who are interested in France and want to go abroad, when I say that I have just spent a most enjoyable holiday in France, with a very pleasant French family.

My holiday began at 12.45 on the morning of October 2nd, when I journeyed by taxi to Loughborough for St. Pancras Station. This part of the journey was very dull, as it was still dark.

After crossing London to Victoria Station I boarded the boat train for Dover. At 11.45 after going successfully through His Majesty's Customs, I, with many more, embarked on the Channel steamer for Calais. The boat docked at Calais at 1.50 and it was about three minutes later that I felt myself on foreign soil—my first journey abroad. The next stage of my journey was to Paris, through flat agricultural country, where I was to meet, for the first time, my new French friend.

Among the crowds on the platform I searched for a girl with light brown hair, wearing a blue coat and a red, white and blue ribbon bow on her coat lapel. This had been previously arranged.

At last I saw her and was greeted in the usual French fashion, by a kiss on each cheek and a handshake.

We then set off for her godmother's house in the small town of Puteaux, where we were to stay while I was shown the sights of Paris.

The next day, after having my first French breakfast of rolls, butter and coffee, we set off for Paris.

Here we visited L'Arc de Triomphe and from the very top, after going up in an electric lift, we saw L'Etoile, which is formed by many streets radiating from the arch at regular intervals, looking for all the world like a star. After descending I spent several minutes looking at the Unknown Soldier's Tomb and also the marvellous architecture of the arch.

When we had walked down the famous road, Champs Elysées, with its magnificent shops and "cafés," I was shown la Palace de la Concorde, with its numerous fountains, and close at hand the beautiful Paris Opera House.

My stay in Paris soon ended however, and I found myself being whirled inland on the very uncomfortable French railway to Dijon and then on to my next stop, Besançon.

It was here that I saw the famous prison called the Citadel, where at present, deserters from the African Army are imprisoned.

At the foot of the hill on which the Citadel is situated, is the Cathedral of Besançon.

This Cathedral is noted for its astronomical clock which is the only one of its kind in France.

The inventor was to have built another clock to put in Strasbourg Cathedral, but many of the French aristocrats did not wish this to be and so the inventor was blinded so that he could not make another.

Near to the Cathedral are the houses which were the birth places of Victor Hugo, the famous French author, and the Lumière brothers,

who together invented the first films for the cinema. After spending some days in Besançon I was taken further inland and nearer to Switzerland to a town called Belfort.

It was here that I spent several days in the Vosges Mountains, from which I saw the famous Mont Blanc in the Alps.

In the town there are many interesting parks, and outside the Hospital is a statue of Edith Cavell, which, during the war, was taken down by the F.F.I. and stowed away in a cellar not far from where I was staying and was put back after the liberation. The days floated quickly past and soon I was speeding home across now familiar country.

I had spent an enjoyable holiday in France with a very pleasant French family, and I would like to encourage the pupils at school to persuade their parents to let them take part in the pupil exchange.

DIANA M. KIRBY.

## THE CONTENTS OF ONE'S POCKET

Most celebrities, and indeed most ordinary folk, have peculiarities for which they are renowned: Mr. Churchill his cigar, George Bernard Shaw his beard, and indeed Hitler was never seen without his moustache. These idiosyncrasies, if they may be called that, are by no means restricted to what one wears or does, nor are they restricted to individuals; groups and races inherit their own peculiarities from generation to generation.

Now men's pockets, although not peculiarities in themselves, have been and still are a source of mystery to the world in general. The navvy of bygone days was supposed invariably to carry a penknife, a piece of string and a shilling; these objects were thought adequate for any emergency. But the present day male will stand for no such austere simplicity. It might well be that as man's brain progressed through the ages his requirements became more complex; so from the navvy of bygone days to the business man of the present generation, although only a fantastically small fraction of the world's evolution, it might appear that our requirements have been increased.

The present-day pocket has a wealth of comfort and convenience. Now let us consider this humble, but most essential, product of civilisation. The average man carries in them a host of so-called essential objects: handkerchiefs, cigarettes, lighters, money, but most frequent of all, a hole. When new, pockets are wonderful; a neat slit in one's clothing, generally with a flap covering the aperture. After having hands thrust into them for many weeks they become loose, ugly, and misshapen. It is, I think fair to say on their behalf, that of all our clothes they are the most maltreated; all too frequently they are lacerated and mutilated by knives and sharp objects.

The pockets of the males in this generation are noted for their complexity, but, the younger males are the worst offenders, the schoolboys; if one can imagine all the greasy, black, muddy and sharp, hard objects of the world, one is imagining the contents of a boy's pocket.

B. P. SPRINGHAM, Form V.A.

## THE FOREST

As I gaze upon the forest, immediately I think of an army of sentinels, dressed in brown uniforms with green helmets. But when I walk through it, the trees become individuals and have their own characteristics, distinguishing themselves from all the rest. The stately Oak, with his dark, green leaves, looks like a king in all his grandeur, leading his army into battle. The huge Horse-Chestnuts are blossoming, and the snow-flake candles are covering the trees just as the brides' wedding veils. These are the youths of the army.

Further on is the "Lady of the Forest," the Silver Birch. She wears a flowing, silver gown, and a silvery-green hat, looking all the time as if she is waving farewell to the youthful army. The rear-guards are a few tall, wavering Poplars, which overlook the rest of their companions. Sorrowing over the army are the Weeping Willows. These have wept so much that they have formed a stream, which trickles, tearfully, behind the whole army of trees.

SYLVIA HIMAN, Form V.A.

## ABSURDITY CORNER

It all began when I went, next month, to my sister's farm, situated in the middle of London. I remember it so well, because it was just after my funeral. I was a bachelor at that time and my wife had deserted me. When I reached my sister's house, she, poor man, was as happy as a bird because she had just become bankrupt.

I offered, because I was unable, to take charge of the farm. Knowing every inch, I thought I had better have a look round. So I began to walk around the farm on horseback. I went down the straight lane and when I was going round one of the corners, I looked over the brick hedge and saw a dead horse dying.

Immediately I saw it I hurried, after a pause, to the barn for help. I went there because I knew that it was deserted. When I got inside, I fell down to the top storey and found myself by the water-trough just outside the door.

Discovering that the barn, being full of people, was unoccupied, I mounted a bicycle, which I heard there, and galloped along the lane. Seeing a scream, I set my bicycle to jump the fence. I saw an unconscious man dancing about like mad. He had evidently dropped a feather on his head. He had his back to me and by the agonised look on his face I saw he was unhurt. Hoping that I also should be hurt, I turned the steering wheel and immediately began to walk uphill, to the valley below. Being in the middle of London, I knew that there would not be any buses running, so I ran slowly home to my wife and that night, in the sunshine, I promised my boy friend that I'd marry him.

Being dumb, I told my hostile friend about this, and he, poor nervous man, had the cheek to tell me I was drunk. I'm not, aren't I.

PEARL THATCHER, Form V.A.

## SEMPER EADEM

When the Dons came up the channel,  
And Drake was on the Hoe,  
The Beacons blazed upon the heights,  
On that day of long ago.

When the trumpets pealed in pride,  
And yeomen cleaned their arms,  
The women prayed for victory,  
The priests were chanting psalms.

In England's hour of danger  
Drake set out to sea,  
The drums were throbbing thunder  
As the sailors left the quay.

The fight was long and bloody,  
The decks were tinged with red,  
Till England was victorious  
And the Spanish ships had fled.

Many centuries had passed in time,  
The Armada came again  
From a vast land of hatred,  
But not from martial Spain.

'Twas on the dawn of Autumn  
In that one eventful year,  
That Hitler loosed his legions  
On a world beset by fear.

Aerial fleets of sudden death  
Were hurled on Britain's shores;  
Sleek Spitfires left their nests  
And clawed the clouds with angry roars.

In freedom's hour of danger,  
When England stood alone,  
She fought the Huns with vigour  
In the greatest epic known.

Land of chalky cliffs and bays  
Thus shall England ever be,  
A land of hope and promise,  
Glorious island of the free.

N. FORD, Form V.A.

## THE RIDER

On and on through the misty light,  
On—and the twilight turns to night;  
Lights of a hostelry gleaming far  
Up on the hill, as clear as a star,  
Comfort and warmth for the night.

On and on to the arching door,  
Over the yard with the cobbled floor,  
Sleepy old ostler, called by night  
Carries a wavering stable light  
Blown by the stormy wind.

Up again in the early dawn,  
Riding again by misty morn;  
Over the grey and chalky road,  
Sturdy and strong his black horse strode,  
On to the journey's end.

SHEILA SUTTON, Form III.

## NATURE

They are swaying in the breeze  
Are those great and wonderful trees,  
And Spring flowers  
In April showers  
Make scented bowers  
For the trees.

When in Winter earth is bare  
We can see the scampering hare,  
O'er the ground  
Homeward bound  
Hopping round  
In the snow.

In the Spring the lambs do skip,  
And the warm tulip's tip  
Starts to grow,  
And the snow  
From the hedgerow  
Has gone.

W. LACEY, Form II.M.

## THE SEA

On lovely summer days the sea is calm,  
'Tis then the sailors do not come to harm;  
The waves ripple on the sandy shore  
And seagulls loop and dive and swoop once more.  
The sun shines on the waves so merrily  
The small ripples reflect the light with glee  
And all seems very lovely, bright and gay.  
On windy winter days when winds do wail  
'Tis then the sea is much too rough to sail;  
Against the sturdy rocks the white waves dash  
And after that is seen the lightning flash,  
The surges on the clammy shore-sands fall,  
The waves dash up against the old sea wall  
And all the little boats are in the bay.

JANET SIDDONS, Form III.

## DESCRIPTION

As day's last remnants struggle in the sky,  
And tranquil symphonies of darkness seem  
As echoes in an empty hall, like dreams  
The tip-toed, rout-red clouds come hurrying by.

The sudden sun, o'er painted fields of rye  
Descends unwillingly, for he has seen  
A golden day, and now reflects the sheen  
Of his own lustre with a tyrant eye.

The landscape darkens; sombre shades of night  
Drift down on fragrant pastures, spellbound in  
A satin stillness; only the small, bright  
Eyes peer through the dimness where mounds begin.

Whilst, down an avenue of stars, betwixt  
The craggy clouds, sleeping, she sails sunkissed.

H. E. POOLE, Form VI.

## HOMESICKNESS

The still sea moves in summer silently,  
With a lilt and a languor that is slow,  
And the smooth sunlight flickers on the sea  
As the low hill-waves tremble to and fro.  
The restless ocean frets in autumn's wind  
And the swell heaves and mutters broodingly,  
While the sun, whose watery rays are thinned,  
Pales the grey swollen breakers' filigree.  
The lashing ocean boils in Winter's gale,  
Crashing and battering idle black rocks,  
Storming with foam a December tale  
Pounding the shifting sand with vicious shocks.  
The sea is alive as the months go by;  
The country is dead to the coast-dweller's eye.

G.B.

## FOOTBALL

Familiar faces have gone, new inexperienced players are trying, as yet unsuccessfully, to reach the standard set by their predecessors. The defence, largely composed of last year's players, is as sound as ever, but the inside forwards have not yet developed the ball control and sense of position necessary for success.

Only on two occasions have we scored more than one goal; against Mill Hill, Swann scoring twice and J. Thomas once, and against Loughborough College School, when in an attempt to strengthen the forward line, Spence was moved up, and he, with the two wingers, added more thrust to the attack. This was our best game to date, and we were unlucky not to win. Spence and Bloodworth (2) were the scorers in a drawn game.

### RESULTS

Sept. 28th v. Gateway (away), Lost 1-0.  
Oct. 9th v. Mill Hill (away), Draw 3-3; Swann 2, J. Thomas.  
Oct. 16th v. Loughborough Coll. School (home), Draw 3-3; Spence, Bloodworth (2).  
Oct. 30th v. Loughborough Gram. School (away), Lost 2-1; Spence.

### JUNIOR FOOTBALL

This year, for the first time, we have entered a team in League Football, and at present have not lost a match in Division 2 of the North Leicestershire League.

The team shows promise, but, here again, goals have eluded us, and against Shepshed, although we attacked during the whole of the game, we could only score once.

### RESULTS

Oct. 5th v. Sutton Bonington (away), Draw 1-1; Stacey.  
Oct. 12th v. Quorn C. of E. (away), Draw 2-2; Stacey, Barton.  
Oct. 19th v. Shepshed C. of E. (home), Won 1-0; James.

### HOUSE FOOTBALL

Bradgate surprisingly held Ulverscroft in a close game, but the latter fully deserved their success. Ulverscroft forwards lost many chances by repeatedly being off-side, but in the first half they were easily superior and took the lead through Swann who scored two splendid goals. Then Bradgate improved and scored through Wilson after a good movement on the right wing. The game was then keenly contested, each side scoring once more through Storer and Patterson. Ulverscroft finished the winners by 3 goals to 2.

## HOCKEY

This year our 1st XI was left with only three of the original members of last season's team, and the 2nd XI had also been greatly weakened, with the result that an almost completely new team had to be arranged. Some of our new players are rather young for a 1st XI, which this year probably contains some of the youngest members ever. Yet, in spite of the disadvantages of inferiority in size and age which are encountered when playing other schools, the team is enthusiastic, works hard, and with more practice and experience should do very well. The team keeps position well, though occasionally the forward line is slightly ragged and there are gaps in the defence. In matches we have played so far the defence has put in some creditable hard work, and the forwards have combined together with some purposeful passing, although they are inclined to waver in the goal circle and not shoot hard at the first opportunity.

Weather has been poor so far this season, two fixtures were ruined by rain. One was a match against the Sileby Ladies, in which the players arrived and began to play in the pouring rain. Conditions did not improve, however, as was hoped, so the match had to be abandoned at half-time. The county tournament was also cancelled on Saturday, November 9th, due to rain, but will be held on November 23rd. We have had two school matches, the first being against the boys. This was as terrifying a game as ever, and although spectators will agree that we could teach the boys something of the "nicer" points of hockey, the result of a 2-0 win for the boys implies that they were not entirely devoid of talent! The traditional Staff match was also held, the School being represented by a mixed team, but I think that this year we must at last admit that the Staff are quite capable of soundly beating us! I can only put in a plea for the difference in years.

There are several more fixtures before the end of term, and many more have been arranged for the new year, so we look forward to a busy season. We are also hoping to gain some fixtures for our 2nd XI, which as in the 1st XI, contains some very promising players.

B.M.S.

### GIRL GUIDE NOTES

Last term we said "Good-bye" to a few guides; Jean Foulds, Margaret Roberts and Shirley Scothern have left.

Also, at half-term, Miss Clarke left to get married. We were sorry to lose her. At the last meeting Kathlen Foulds presented her with a whistling kettle. We have been very happy while she has been with us.

Mrs. Yeomans has taken Miss Clarke's place and we welcome Mrs. White, who will assist her as Lieutenant.

Last term the Guides were very busy making things for a Sale of Work. With the stalls and various side-shows we raised £10. Some of the side-shows caused much amusement. For Miss Clarke's fortune-telling there was a long queue. Another form of fortune-telling was a doll with a skirt of fortunes. This belonged to Margaret Bird of the Bantam Patrol.

This term we have many new, young Guides. We give them all a hearty welcome and hope they will be very happy as Guides.

PEARL THATCHER, V.A. (Swallow Patrol Second)

## BROWNIE NOTES

Last term the Brownies were unfortunate enough to lose their Brown Owl, Miss Bays. She did a lot for them, and gave up much time and we were very sorry to lose her. For a long time the Brownies had no meetings, but they have started to have meetings again every Wednesday.

Several Brownies, Jean Colton, Joan Kerfoot and Constance Pilling have left. Now the sixes are as follows:

Fairies: Elaine Colton (Sixer), Christine Norton (Second), Carol Reeves, Jill Green, Valerie Hardy, Maureen Hardy, Renee Carvell. Gnomes: Leila Baylis (Sixer), Sylvia Dawes (Second), Edith Mitchell, Lilian Ingram, Carol Hill, Sybil Peak.

The usual handwork competition will be held during the Christmas holidays. Last year it was won by Leila Baylis of the Gnomes.

The school Brownies intend to get in touch with a pack in the poorer parts of London. They will send letters and exchange a few presents at Christmas.

During the year the Brownies are holding a competition between the two Sixes. They are awarded marks for their work and games. Up to now the Gnomes are winning. Pull your socks up, Fairies.

Several of the Brownies are on the way to their Second Class,

PEARL THATCHER, V.A. (Pack Leader)

## NETBALL

There has been an almost complete change in our Senior Netball Team this year, and likewise in the Junior.

The members of our Senior team seem enthusiastic and with more practice will prove to be quite a good team. Our shooting and defence in particular need attention.

The Seniors have played one match only this term, which was against the Loughborough High School, whose team was a mixture of the 1st and 2nd Senior teams. The game was very enjoyable, but mainly due to their stronger defence we lost rather badly.

The Junior Netball Team seems a more promising one than usual. Its members are keen players but again its defence tends to be its weakest point, and the shooters must practice.

The Juniors also have played a match against the Loughborough High School Juniors. Our team played very well and the play was quite even. Before half-time the High School had scored more goals than our team had, but our team in the second half picked up, yet not enough to equalize their score.

Those who deserve special mention are in the Junior team and are Janet Siddons and Jill Mebberson.

In spite of our losses we must not be discouraged, but must practise in order to try to reverse the scores in future.

## RAWLINS MUSIC CLUB

The R.M.C. has made its first appearance in school this term, and so far has held two meetings, which have been quite well attended.

The first meeting was held on October 24th, when members of the 5th and 6th forms, together with Miss Brockhurst, Miss Clarke and Mr. Wastnedge met to discuss the various forms of meetings to be held this term. At this meeting, it was decided that Freda Hosking and Margaret Lay should act as joint chairmen and secretary. Gramophone recitals, talks and outings were suggestions made for forthcoming weeks. A gramophone recital was arranged for the second meeting, to be given by Betty Stewart.

This was duly held on November 7th; it consisted of Fifth Symphony in C, by Beethoven, and the explanatory notes were much appreciated by all, as were Freda Hosking's interpretation of the main themes at the piano. The third meeting to be held, is to take the form of a gramophone request programme. An outing, to hear a concert given by the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by John Barbirolli, is being arranged for November 21st.

Since the first meeting, the 4th form have been invited to join the club, and it is hoped that all will show a great interest in it. The main object of this club is to create in the school a love of classical music.

F.M.H.

## CADET CORPS NOTES

Since the last issue of the Magazine the Cadet Corps has continued to function quietly but efficiently—at least we are pleased to think that this is so.

During the present term we have had a recruiting campaign which has resulted in the formation of a "Bantam" section to include the younger boys who are keen but as yet under the age limit for full membership. Our strength at the moment is as follows:

Full membership ... 12

Bantam Section ... 7

We hope that these numbers will be even further increased and feel confident that they will as the advantages of being a member are so obvious in these days of compulsory military service. Not, of course, that our outlook is entirely military—far from it. Our primary aim is, and always will be, to foster and develop a spirit of friendship and tolerance, learning, at the same time, to accept and perform our duties whether as schoolboys or citizens, cheerfully and efficiently. A difficult aim to achieve perhaps—but is not everything worth-while difficult to achieve? Anyway, it does not get us down, for another of our aims is to have a good time in the process and this we feel we perform with true and unquestionable efficiency.

One of our difficulties up to the moment has been the question of accommodation, but at last that seems to have been solved satisfactorily. We are to be given an Army hut which should make its appearance amongst the school outbuildings in the near future—to the great relief of the Guides, no doubt, who will have undisputed possession of the gym. from now on on Tuesday evenings.

Several names have been entered for the next Certificate A (Part I) exam. in December. We do not expect a 100 per cent. success but (just as with School Cert.) we will have a go at it. Cpl. Taylor, of course, having already obtained his Part I, is able to look on—his only comment being a sad, but dignified shake of the head.

During the summer holidays four of our number (Cpl. Taylor, L/Cpl. Clark and Cadets Lloyd and Pritchard) attended the Brigade Summer Camp where, to use the old trite phrase, "a good time was had by all." We understand that their skill on the bugle has to be heard to be believed. (Musical Society please note!—but do not imagine that this means they can play the French horn—no that could never be!) We are also led to believe that there is a strong suspicion that it was one of them who pulled the communication cord on the return journey—but that is by the way.

Well, that is all for this time—we have plans for the future, but there is no point in talking before they materialise.

#### SHOOTING (.22 Rifle) MOUNTSORREL RANGE

Winner: Cpl. Taylor

Score: Possible	...	40	20	20	20	20	20	Total
Cpl. Taylor	...	39	20	20	20	14	20	133

#### PROMOTIONS

Cadet Clark to L/Cpl. (July, 1946); Cadet Mee to L/Cpl. (July, 1946); L/Cpl. Taylor to Cpl. (July, 1946).

#### NEW MEMBERS

PAGE

Full Membership: Bloodworth (Vb.), Norman (IV), Bishop (III).  
Bantam Section: Bloxham (III), Carter (III), Horwitz (III), Barton (II.M.), Horwitz (II.M.).

J.W.D.

## OLD QUORNIANS' ASSOCIATION

### FOREWORD

Another generation of Quornians has suddenly grown Old, and more than one or two of them this time did not go out in a blaze of examination glory. Nevertheless we would like to assure them that some of their predecessors who have made good and valuable citizens, also in their day were not brilliant pupils. As Mr. Nutting told us at the House of Commons, some people do their best in the small hours of the morning, and these people do badly in exams. because the exams. are set at the wrong time! It takes all sorts to make a world, and some make good scholars and others do not. We naturally think highly of the former but we do not despise the latter, and we hope that all Old Quornians will rally round the Association, whatever their attainments may be.

I asked in a previous foreword for news of births, marriages and deaths. Would Old Quornians who have undergone one of these events (don't point out the Irishism, for it is deliberate) please notify me of it? Your former school friends would be interested to know of your happiness or misery as the case may be. I occasionally know of such events, but do not like to record them without the consent of the chief actor in the drama concerned.

W.J.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. BRIAN HEAFFORD has recently succeeded in obtaining the Diploma of Loughborough College in Aeronautical Engineering (1st Class). He is at the time of writing a Technical Investigator for British Airways Corporation. He is, however, expecting to take up an appointment soon as "stressman" with Messrs. Handley Page Ltd., of Cricklewood. ("Stressing" is the business of calculating the strength of the aircraft structure.—Editor.)

\* \* \* \*

Mr. JOHN PEPPER after three years of study at University College, Nottingham, and the Midland Agricultural College, Sutton Bonington, and after examinations in Edinburgh, Nottingham, London and Wye, has taken his B.Sc. (Agric.) and the National Diploma in Agriculture awarded by the Royal Agricultural Society of England and the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.

At Sutton Bonington, Mr. Pepper (Pep) played Soccer for the first XI, had his hockey colours, won the cricket ball two years in succession and was captain of the Southern Division of the College.

\* \* \* \*

Miss ENA STEWART also finished a successful career at the Midland Agricultural College. Among other things she was Vice-Capt. (to John Pepper's Captain) of the Southern Division. She took the College Diploma in Agriculture, and, after examination at Leeds, the National Diploma in Agriculture.

She is now generally "running" (or helping to run) a farm of 800 acres near Newton Harcourt. She recently played in a Ladies' County Hockey Trial.

Finally she wonders how "we stick all that crowd at school."

(She means how we masters and mistresses can have the patience to deal daily with the large number of children now in our care.—Editor.)

\* \* \* \*

Miss PATRICIA HORSPOOL has lately passed her final exam., which makes her a State Registered Nurse.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. RAYMOND DEXTER has taken the Diploma of Associate of Music of Trinity College, London. In other words he is now entitled to the letters A.Mus.T.C.L.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. REGINALD SYKES has passed the final examination in Textiles for the National Certificate.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. PHILIP MORRIS is now in Portsmouth Cathedral choir.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. RALPH EMERSON, who is now in the Army in India, asks Old Quornians who know him to be good enough to send him a line. His address is:

147143 Emerson, R. W.

R.A.M.C.,

British Military Hospital,  
FEROZEPOR,  
India Command.

## VARIETY CONCERT

A Variety Concert was organised in the Farnham Hall on Saturday, October 12th, in aid of the War Memorial Fund. The house was quite well filled, but some of those who came were secretly afraid that they were in for a very "homely" show. What they really had was a first class entertainment. Some excellent talent was revealed. The songs and humour of Leslie North and Robert Lovett, the violin solos of Raymond Dexter, the recitations of Gillian Ashby, Hedi Schnabl and Millicent Tacey, the piano solos and accompaniments of Margaret Davies, Leslie North and Nancy Dexter, and the drolleries of Jack Field and Robert Lovett were of uncommonly high order. The Association offers these artistes its warmest thanks for their art so freely given.

All who knew, had an especially soft spot for the genial comedian, as news came during the performance that he had the distinction of becoming, through the co-operation of another Old Quornian, a proud father.

The War Memorial Fund benefited to the tune of approximately £17.

## ANNUAL SUMMER REUNION AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The second Annual Summer Reunion was held at the School on Saturday, July 20th. The arrangements for this had to be made at short notice owing to the sudden imposition of bread rationing, which commenced on the 21st!

The afternoon opened with tea in the Farnham Hall at which about forty were present. A permit for extra food having been refused, the supply was not so good as the committee had intended. Nevertheless Miss Mounteney and her helpers achieved wonders and everyone appeared to be satisfied.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING followed, with the President, Mr. A. D. Murray, in the chair. The annual balance sheet (July 1945—July 1946), showing a balance in hand of some £20, was presented and approved. An amendment to the constitution reducing the annual subscription to 2/6, and 5/- if the magazine is required, was adopted. Mr. A. D. Murray was re-elected President and it was resolved that those Governors of the school and members of the staff who have joined the association be elected Vice-Presidents. The committee was re-elected with the exception of Miss T. Orme (who had gone to college) and Mr. H. Mellors (who had left Quorn). Miss M. Freeman (Ratby) and Mr. E. Mills (Quorn) were elected to these vacancies. The President announced that a sub-committee had been appointed to draft an appeal to all known Old Quornians and friends of the school for the War Memorial fund.

The meeting was followed by dancing in the Farnham Hall with music supplied by the school radiogram. More people arrived in time for a short entertainment—songs by Miss M. Davies and Mr. Murray Rumsey, monologues by Mr. G. Bennett, and amusing turns by Mr. J. Field and Mr. R. Lovett. More dancing followed till 10.30, and the evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem and roof-raising cheers for things and people in general.

E. KEITH WOOD, Hon. Secretary.

## ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE

This interesting annual event brought together, on November 16th, about a hundred Old Quornians, Staff and Governors, including people from London, Sheffield, Middlesbrough and Coventry.

The programme followed traditional lines. Mr. J. H. Douglas proposed the toast of the School, stressing that what made a school was not its building but its tradition, and remarking that our tradition was evidently a fine one. Mr. A. D. Murray replied with characteristic humour and good temper. The toast of the Old Quornians was proposed by Miss Hedi Schnabl as a young Old Quornian. She stressed in a lucid speech the imponderables of school life and compared love of the old school to patriotism, remarking that neither can be fully explained; they just exist. Mr. Frank Bunney, as an old Old Quornian, replied and mentioned some of the changes which had come over the school since his day, and urged the younger Old Quornians to support the Association to the utmost of their power. Mr. Matthew Sheppard proposed the toast of Absent Friends, especially mentioning the Sheffield and Service absentees. He praised the magazine highly and said that it was from fellowship in smaller units that fellowship and peace in world affairs might develop.

Subsequently a one-act play, "Between the Soup and the Savoury," was played by Miss N. Dexter, Miss A. Callaway and Miss M. Tacey. Once again all present were delighted by an extremely fine presentation of the goings-on of the servants in the kitchen of a large house. The romancing of the love-lorn kitchen maid amused and touched everyone.

The evening concluded with dancing, presided over by Mr. John Field, to the accompaniment of gramophone music provided by Mr. Norman Bown.

Between dances Mr. Robert Lovett sang two songs "The Faithful Heart" and "For You Alone." He was accompanied at short notice by Miss Muriel Hyman, who is leaving for India in a week's time. The names of these two artistes are enough to guarantee the excellence of their performance.

## LIST OF NEW MEMBERS

Mr. J. L. Field, Tangleay, 95 Barrow Road, Quorn.  
Mr. G. Neal, Old Hayes Farm, Ratby, Leicester.  
Mr. D. E. Chapman, 5 Kedleston Avenue, Birstall, Leicester.  
Miss J. Dorman, 6 Bradbourne Street, Parsons Green, Fulham, S.W.6.  
Miss H. Schnabl, 94 Derby Road, Loughborough.  
Miss D. Kirby, Bull's Head Hotel, Woodhouse Eaves.  
Mr. J. B. Towell, 24 Leicester Road, Quorn.  
Miss P. E. Darby, 4 Wilmot House, Mansford Street, Bethnal Green, E.2.  
Miss C. Hives, 21 Meadow Road, Woodhouse Eaves.  
Mr. E. Halford, 3 Nursery Lane, Quorn.