

THE QUORNIAN

The Official Magazine of the Rawlins Grammar School, Quorn

VOL. IV. No. 2.

JULY, 1946.

EDITORIAL

THIS term's magazine is the second of the new series of *The Quornian*; we would like once again to thank our many contributors who have presented us with the problem of an embarrassment of riches. We are grateful, too, for the many good wishes for the success of the magazine which have been received from past students, and we include an article from a former editor, which shows clearly the struggles which were the prelude to the appearance of *The Quornian* in the olden days.

The Headmaster's Letter makes reference to the diversity of our School activities, and we feel with a justifiable pride that these activities reveal the great service which the country grammar school can offer in the development of a boy or girl, more naturally perhaps than the average large town school, or the prospective multilateral institutions. These are days of transition in the educational world, and the greatest fear is that in the process of "levelling," that existing high standards in our grammar schools will be lowered for the sake of parity in secondary education. The latest move has been the projected abolition of the School Certificate; mature reflection will show the unpopularity of this step in the grammar schools, and we print a satirical sonnet which voices the general disapproval felt. We are rapidly moving from the extreme of too many examinations, (though our parents thrived on them) to an extreme where to have passed any at all, will be evidence of low cunning, and the pupils of to-morrow will be unharassed by any healthy competitive spirit. In the meantime, in common with other grammar schools all over the country, who have provided secondary education for rich and poor alike for hundreds of years, we shall continue to serve the community.

To all those who are leaving school this term, we wish the best of success, and hope that they will maintain a close contact with the School by means of the Old Quornians' Association, and the magazine.

SCHOOL NOTES

SUMMER TERM, 1946

We extend our congratulations to Miss W. G. J. Tipping on the occasion of her marriage on April 22nd, at St. Andrew's Church, Stockwell, to Flying Officer N. E. C. Dear. At the end of the Easter Term, Mr. Murray presented Miss Tipping with a water-set from the School, and with a salad-bowl and a brass ash-tray from the Staff. We have been pleased to have Mrs. Dear with us this term, and it is with regret that we bid her farewell, as she is to take up a full-time appointment at Loughborough High School in September. We print on another page a letter from Mrs. Dear.

This term also sees the departure of two other members of Staff, Miss Bays and Mr. Hughes. Miss Bays, who came to Quorn in 1944, leaves to take up an appointment under the Hastings Education Committee. She has been associated with the Cubs and Brownies since her arrival, and has given good service. She will be missed by the many friends she has made in and outside the School.

Mr. Hughes, who has been appointed Science Master at the Cheadle Hulme Grammar School, Lancashire, came in September 1945, but in the year he has been with us, he has contributed enthusiastically to the out-of-school activities which are a feature of the School. He will be long remembered for his organization of the Derbyshire week-end, and the Scottish excursion. The good wishes of the School and the Staff go with Miss Bays and Mr. Hughes as they depart, South and North respectively.

On Mondays and Fridays of this term, we have had with us Mr. Long and Mr. Newman, two students at the Loughborough College. We have enjoyed their visits, and wish them every success, hoping that when they enter the teaching profession, they will recall with pleasure their school practice at Quorn.

We give our congratulations to two pupils who were prizewinners at the Loughborough Musical Festival on May 11th. They were Hedi Schnabl who won first prize in the open elocution section, and Freda Hosking who was placed third in the pianoforte section for the ages 14—16 years.

On the afternoon of May 23rd a great nervous strain was imposed on the School. The occasion was the School photograph, when the whole School was required to look pleasant and to remain still for at least two minutes. How many fell by the wayside is revealed (if proof be needed) by Proof B.

On Saturday June 8th, a party of 36 School and Staff visited Stratford-on-Avon to see a performance of Shakespeare's "The Tempest" at the Memorial Theatre. The production was an excellent one, thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and although the weather was disappointing, the day and the play will be a pleasant memory for all who went.

On Friday, May 17th, we received a visit from Mr. R. Bishop and Mrs. Develin and listened to a talk with illustrations on the virginal and its music.

After explaining the construction of the virginal, Mr. Bishop gave us the story of the development of music for this instrument from the early examples of the Tudor period to later and often more elaborate excerpts of the Restoration and early Hanoverian era, when this type of instrument began to retire in favour of the newly-invented instrument, the pianoforte. He was ably assisted in his talk by Mrs. Develin who played instrumental examples on a modern virginal, and also accompanied herself in songs by Dowland, Arne and others.

After the lecture a number of questions were put to the lecturer and some discussion followed.

Mr. Bishop is to be congratulated on his clear and interesting method of presenting the subject; he gripped our attention throughout. Mrs. Develin too, proved herself to be a most inspiring and accomplished performer. After such an experience as this we no longer subscribe to the dictum of a certain wag that a virginal sounded like a bird cage played by a toasting fork. At the same time few will agree with the exclusive claims made by the lecturer on behalf of the virginal to the detriment of the more modern pianoforte and its music.

—J. C. BRYDSON.

We have also received from a member of the Fifth Form an appreciation of the visit of Mr. Bishop and Mrs. Develin, and the hope is expressed that more recitals of this kind will be held.

On 25th May, a group from the School, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Owen, cycled to Nottingham where boating and bathing took place.

On June 29th and 30th a cycling run to Dovedale and the surrounding district was organized by Mr. Owen, and Saturday night the 29th, was spent at Ilam Hall Youth Hostel.

Pupils studying French have shown throughout the session, great interest in France and in French life generally. Upon receipt of our parcels of clothing, the students at Morlaix sent some pathetically grateful letters, and the School was mentioned in several French newspapers including *La République* and *La France du Centre*.

Mr. Owen with the co-operation of schoolmaster friends in France is arranging for every pupil interested in French to have a correspondent in France and it is hoped eventually that holiday exchanges of pupils will be possible. Plans are being made for some pupils to go abroad this summer but it is not known yet whether these will materialise. A scrap-book is also being compiled, the object being to illustrate every sphere of English life in general, and particularly the life of the School. When completed, this will be sent to a Grammar School in France, the pupils of which will offer us a similar book illustrating the various aspects of French life. Pupils who have snaps, newspaper cuttings, or postcards of interest, are asked to bring them to Mr. Owen. We print below a cutting from *La République*.

"UN DON DES ECOLIERS ANGLAIS."

"Les élèves d'une école d'Angleterre (Rawlins Grammar School, Quorn près Loughborough, Leics.) viennent d'accomplir un joli geste à notre égard. Sachant notre pénurie, ils ont remis à leur professeur de français, Mr. R. Owen, ancien assistant à l'Ecole Normale d'Orléans, un colis de livres et de vêtements destinés à des écoliers du Loiret. (Ce colis vient du reste après d'autres qui furent envoyés à Morlaix.) Les vêtements ont été remis à L'Œuvre universitaire pour les élèves des colonies de vacances, et les livres d'anglais sont allés au Collège moderne de garçons. Un grand merci à nos petits amis anglais et à leur maître."

A suggestion has been received from a member of the First Form, that there should be form captains, one for each sex. We print it without comment.

We are grateful to Miss Butler for presenting the Library with the following books:—

"In the Lands of the Bible" and "London" by H. V. Morton, and "Guilds of London."

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Morse who will be remembered among Old Quornians as Miss Winifred Payne. Miss Payne was a pupil at this school, and later she returned as a teacher (1920-25).

We congratulate Hedi Schnabl on gaining a scholarship at the London Academy of Dramatic Art.

This term ends on Tuesday, 30th July at 4-0 p.m., and next term begins on Wednesday, 11th September at 8-55 a.m.

VALETE

Form VI, Elaine Paling; Form IV, Muriel Pittam, Mavis Lewin; Prep. II, Thomas Towle.

The High School,
Loughborough.
June, 1946.

Dear School,

I am grateful to the Editor for giving me this opportunity to tell you how much I have enjoyed coming to you during the last two years and that I shall miss my visits to Quorn—even the cycle ride during our damp English summer!

It is hard to tell you how much I appreciate your kindness and friendship, but I shall always think of my days at Quorn with a very real pleasure. However, I shall still be in Loughborough, so this is not "Good-bye" but "Thank you."

May I wish continued success to the magazine and other School activities, and I send my best wishes to you all.

Yours sincerely,

W. G. J. DEAR

THE HEADMASTER'S LETTER

Many friends of the School have spoken in high praise of No. 1 of the revived *Quornian*. This issue is, I think, equally good.

Since the appearance of the last issue the school has achieved some little fame. *Picture Post* was so interested in our excursion to Scotland that it published an illustrated article about it; an article that was read with interest and no little surprise by some Old Quornians in the Forces. The parcels of books and clothing which we sent to France inspired appreciative articles in at least three French newspapers. I am delighted to see so many pupils exchanging letters with French girls and boys and I hope that the links so formed will lead to lasting friendships.

Another feature which gave us all great pleasure was the production of "Quality Street."

I want to say how much I welcome the work of those on the Staff who are arousing the interest of the girls and boys in Youth Hostels. I hope that their work is properly appreciated by the pupils, and by their parents. If the following pages contain the record of all kinds of interesting and exciting activity, it is largely due to the unselfish devotion of the Staff.

As I write, the pupils of the Vth and VIth are taking the Oxford examinations. I wish them all, success and good luck (this year there are a number who are badly in need of the latter!).

A.D.M.

"THE QUORNIAN"—VOLUME III

("THE DUPLICATED QUORNIAN")

Having before me a copy of almost every issue of the above magazine, I feel qualified to write a short account of its history, as suggested in last term's *Quornian*.

No. 1 appeared in the Autumn Term of 1926, and consisted of thirty-six pages, all hand written with a cyclostyle pen, and duplicated on a flat-bed duplicator. The cover, also cyclostyled, included a hand-painted reproduction of the School Badge. After unsuccessful experiments with a printing press, a typewriter and wax stencils were brought into use, and this method was employed for the second and subsequent issues. The same laborious system of duplication was used until in 1932 a Roneo rotary duplicator was acquired. Besides reducing the amount of work, this machine gave a greater degree of legibility (a matter which hitherto had at times left much to be desired), though it took two or three years more to achieve perfection in this respect. The printed covers were introduced in 1928.

The tenth anniversary number (which represented the highest standard ever reached, and with which I had the honour to be associated) had fifty duplicated pages, one hundred per cent legible, with such luxuries as framed pages, a hand-drawn initial letter to each article—and an "errata" of some dozen items, chiefly typing errors—a commendable achievement for an amateur publication.

And who did all the work? Much could be, and indeed has been

written in lighter vein about "THE Committee," but space forbids more than a brief factual account here. The committee, elected annually, consisted of some half-dozen senior pupils, and a few members of the Staff. Special mention must be made of Mr. Jacques, who did more than anyone else to get the "Mag." established, and who for several years did nearly all the typing. Later generations of pupils took over practically the whole of the work, the Staff acting mainly in an advisory capacity.

Finally we must mention the contents of *The Quornian*, and here a comparison of the old with the first issue of the new might be interesting. The quality of the articles in the new magazine is undoubtedly higher than in the old, but this is probably due to the fact that previously shortage of contributions necessitated the use of practically everything submitted, whereas to-day limited space allows only the best entries to be used.

For my last word may I say "Congratulations on the re-appearance of *The Quornian*, and long may it live!"

RAYMOND A. DEXTER

(If any reader can supply me with any of the numbers missing from my collection I would be grateful to have them. They are those published in the Summer Terms of 1928, 1934, 1936, 1937, Autumn Term of 1938, and both subsequent issues, though it is possible that in some of these terms no magazine was published.)

HIBB'S STRIP

COOKERY.—Girls! If you're stumped, try this! It should bowl any maiden over.

Googly Pudding.—First slip on batting gloves. Break two duck's eggs. Toss into Oval bowl. Cover with pitch. Stir with short leg. Allow batter to get set. Cook in medium pace oven.

BOOKS TO READ.

Fiction.—"Pickles for Supper" (Eliza Wake)

Travel.—"With rod, pole and perch in Darkest Nanpantan"

(Ivor Blister)

Horror.—"Tombstones Galore" (Jay Walker)

SPORT.—Answers to correspondents.

S.A.P. (Quorn). Merchant is an Indian cricketer—not a black marketeer.

GARDENING.—If your peas are slow in swelling use a bicycle pump.

YOUR STAR GUIDE.—There will not be an easy understanding between you and those in authority—quite the reverse in fact. You will probably be tempted to upbraid a master. Don't! Antagonism can easily grow between you. A little restraint will save a lot of detentions. A depressing phase will creep in about mid-week, transforming you into a picture of misery. Never mind, stew does this to us all. By Friday, however, your whole outlook on life will be brightened. Wear a green exercise book in the seat of your trousers.

That's all for now. Send your problems to "Hibb." (Maths. queries NOT accepted.)

A.J.H.

A SHORT STORY

just to instil into my well-wishing friends that life is judged by our intentions and not our actions (judged I mean, finally); and that

"Lionel" ends in "L"

THE STORY

Lionel was going home after a tiring day at work. It had been a glorious June day, and the sun was hovering over the distant hills for a last peep at the earth before being immersed in the quiet seas of darkness beyond the horizon. As he walked, Lionel contemplated the sun; he wondered whether it was a ball of fire, as everyone thought, or was it just a circular gash in the sky through which we see an outer rim of fire. Above the sun there were suspended, as if by strings, squadrons of frail, delicate clouds, thin as the air itself. And these basked in the sun's warm splendour. At the other extremity of the sky, that farthest away from the sun, there was a wonderful contrast. Clouds, vast, monstrous, sat on the horizon, and parts of them reflected the reddening sun in such a way that they looked like the dreadful smoke and fire rolling over Etna.

Down in deepest Hell, where souls writhed and kicked before Satan, and fountains of blood splashed amid the tearing flames, Satan himself was musing on the wickedness of Earth. He wondered if Good *really* triumphs in the end. Then like the procurer, he laughed upon the stenching gains of his low business. And as he laughed, angry veins stood out upon his brow, the air crackled, and there were more screams. He was expecting a new-comer to-night; someone of his own kidney; someone who would get an extra warm reception. Laughing, he dissolved himself into the pith of flame.

Lionel looked at his watch; he would be home in five minutes, and in his wallet was "the stuff" that would terminate the life of his wretched little wife and incidentally put one thousand pounds insurance money into his own pocket. Thinking of this he stepped off the pavement to cross the road. "Look Out!" shouted the lorry driver. Too late!

And up above in the gilded orange fairy land of the clouds there was a faint rumour of a chuckle.

H. E. POOLE, Form VI.

ANTICLIMAX

It was annoying me! I knocked it away, it came to me again. At last I could stand it no longer; I tried to overcome my temper, but of no avail. It went away and I thought it would trouble me no more. But I was mistaken. I clenched my fists until the knuckles showed white under the skin. At last I got up and with my hand clenched, I hit it again and again and again! Only a red splodge remained on the wall where it had been. Its body slid to the floor, lifeless.

I collapsed, then I fell in the chair. When I felt better I thought it over and I realised what I had done and I laughed. It was a hysterical laugh—for I had killed a fly.

D. HORWITZ, Form II.

VICTORY DAY

I travelled up to London and I arrived there an hour before the parade. I was very excited. All the streets were arrayed with flags and bunting was stretched from one window to another.

Several flags were mingled in with the crowds that were already gathering on the pavements and balconies of shops. I managed to get to the front of the crowd.

Suddenly I saw some police riding horses and then the people nearly went mad when the King and Queen passed. Four white horses pulled their open carriage. The Queen was dressed in pale violet, and the King kept bowing every few moments. The two Princesses looked very nice indeed. Princess Elizabeth was wearing a hat made of ostrich feathers. The carriage stopped at the saluting base and the Royal Family got out. The saluting base was very smartly painted in white; Queen Mary was there and she kissed her daughter.

After a minute or two, another carriage passed which held two very popular men, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill; Mr. Churchill was wearing morning coat and top hat. The King and Queen shook hands with them.

Suddenly I heard the first strains of a band. The people got more and more excited and I was nearly pushed off my feet. Then the band went past. The W.V.S. were very smartly dressed and were keeping time beautifully with the music.

Next came the nurses and they got a big cheer. Some were dressed in mauve blouses and white aprons with a scarlet cross on the top of them. Others were dressed in blue. The front ones had their hats and coats on. They were followed by the gallant dogs that had done many great deeds. Then the mechanised part of the march-past went by. The tanks rattled by, next one of the anti-aircraft guns on a great khaki lorry with about sixteen tyres on, and several more tanks. After those, came cars with no windows, and just material for the roof and sides. Drizzle then started and gradually turned itself into a down-pour. But most of the people took no notice of it. After a while it still showed no signs of stopping so I went to my lodgings, after I had seen the Scots go by making a fearful noise with their bag-pipes. Then the aircraft flew over and I left the cheering crowd.

CYNTHIA SMITH, Prep.III.

A STORM

One afternoon as I was walking in the countryside I noticed the stifling atmosphere and I saw black clouds gathering in the sky. Then I saw a swallow swooping low down in a field. I realised it was going to be a bad storm, and I had a moment's notice for it started to pour down with rain. I ran for cover in a tumble-down air raid shelter just as some lightning flashed. The rain came down in torrents and the wind howled in the telegraph wires. It was such a ghostly moaning. Then I saw a flash of lightning and in the distance I heard rumbling of thunder. I stood there cold and wet. Suddenly it stopped and it seemed as if it had been raining for hours. I came from my shelter and everywhere seemed fresh again with puddles here and there. The rain drops sparkled on the grass, while spot after spot of rain dripped off the leaves of the trees. The sun began to shine through a cloud and the storm was over.

RONALD BAKER, Prep. III.



"QUALITY STREET" by courtesy of the Leicester Evening Mail

"QUALITY STREET"

The high-light of the school session was undeniably J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street," performed on April 5th and 6th by the Dramatic Society under the direction of Mr. Bennett.

"Quality Street" is not an easy play either to act or to produce. To suggest an atmosphere reminiscent of "Cranford" and to depict characters who, with their exquisite sense of propriety and good taste might have stepped out of a novel by Jane Austen, are tasks that might easily dismay an amateur company. However, thanks to the keenness and unflagging industry of Mr. Bennett and the cast, each performance was a great success.

Space does not permit me to dwell on the merits of each pupil's performance, so I shall confine myself to mentioning the main characters of the play: Susan and Phoebe Throssel, played with delicate restraint by Betty Stewart and Hedi Schnabl, and Valentine Brown, convincingly portrayed by W. Taylor.

The playwright himself, in his stage directions, is unable to decide which of the two Misses Throssel is the more attractive. Miss Phoebe, he suggests, "is slightly the nicer, unless, indeed, Miss Susan is nicer," and it is indeed difficult to state which were the more appealing, Hedi Schnabl's wistfulness and occasional fits of petulance or Betty Stewart's gentleness, loyalty and unselfishness.

Taylor's Valentine Brown was particularly successful. Dashing, and yet thoughtful when the situation required it, he was not like your usual swashbuckling soldiers of the stage, and his performance rang true throughout the play. Who can forget the charm of his proposal to the radiant Miss Phoebe?

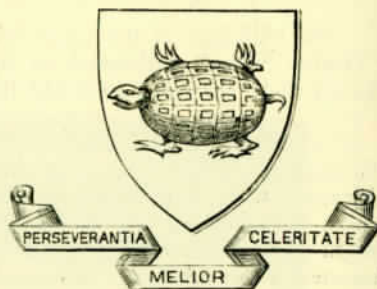
A word must be said, too, in praise of the performance of Joy Clements, Pearl Pentelow, Mary Webster, Sylvia Himan, Pat Darby, Jean Agar, Elizabeth Sefton, H. Cook, P. Spence, G. Pole, Betty Norton and J. Thomas and the younger children belonging to the School Preparatory Department, all of whom played admirably and contributed in no small measure to the success of the play.

We must also thank Miss Brockhurst, who supervised the scenery, Mr. Jacques who built it and acted as Stage Manager, B. Springham for the lighting, R. Gilbert for the music; the scene shifters E. Halford, D. Storer, S. Robertshaw, B. Towel, Gillian Ashby, Margaret Lay and Kathlyn Linsell. All these made the play a school enterprise, but especially we must thank Mr. Bennett to whose enthusiasm and unfailing good humour is largely due the success of this first full-scale venture.

R.O.

THE SCHOOL ARMS

Our founder, Thomas Rawlins, did not possess the right to bear arms, and, as far as is known, no distinctive badge was in general use whilst the School remained at Woodhouse. When, in 1892, the School was removed to Quorn, the Headmaster, Mr. Hensman, adopted as the school badge the tortoise, which he had found on a seal attached to one of the old school documents. It is interesting to note that there seems to have been no definite agreement as to how the charge should be placed upon the shield. In some cases it was placed diagonally; at other time in an upright position.



In the nineteen-twenties, as a tribute to Mr. George Farnham, of Quorn Hall, a notable benefactor of our School, the Farnham arms were adopted in place of the tortoise as the school badge. The Farnham family has been settled in this district since the middle of the thirteenth century, and the name occurs frequently in old records. Thus, we learn that Sir Robert de Farnham took part in the Scottish wars of Edward I. This Sir Robert bore a version, not known elsewhere, of the Farnham arms, with four instead of two crescents, but the arms as now used by the School have been borne by the family for several hundred years.

The School also owes its eagle crest, and its motto, to the Farnhams. "Spes mea veritas" appears on a portrait of John Farnham, dated 1563, now at Quorn House.

The ancient art of Heraldry is even to-day full of interest for many people. Its original function being to serve as a distinguishing mark, the characteristic features of heraldic painting are brilliance and clarity. The animals or other charges depicted upon the shield are often reduced to simple conventional forms; they are always drawn as large as space permits. The pigments used should always be as bright as possible; different shades of a colour are not recognized. In English Heraldry five colours, viz., blue, black, red, green, and purple; two metals, viz., gold and silver; and eight furs, of which only ermine is commonly seen, are employed. By a well established rule of Heraldry, one colour must never be bordered by another, but always by a metal or fur. Thus the maximum contrast is obtained. In all Heraldry, simplicity is a good general rule, and that Heraldry is regarded as best which follows most closely mediaeval traditions. The system of dots and shading, by which the tinctures are now often represented, was first introduced about 1630, by the Italian, Petrasancta.

The use of arms has always been and still is, strictly controlled by the ancient College of Heralds. To facilitate the keeping of records, what may almost be termed a special language, with a grammar of its own, has grown up, and by the use of this the arms may be described, or blazoned, in the most concise manner possible. Tinctures and charges are still known by the names used centuries ago. Thus, Gold becomes

Or, and Blue, Azure, and the school arms may be blazoned as followed: Quarterly, or and azure, four crescents countercoloured.

The different members of a family were often distinguished by the addition of some small mark to their arms. Mr. George Farnham was a second son, and the small crescent, the Mark of Cadency of a second son, may be seen, centrally placed, on the arms carved above the main door of the Farnham Memorial Hall. It is generally omitted from the school arms.

Strictly speaking, only the arms of those actually able to bear them should be depicted upon a shield, a field of some other shape being used for the arms of ladies, and of such bodies as schools and colleges. School arms are commonly shown upon an oval field.

DONALD HUGHES

THE FALLING STARS

It was a beautiful night, the sky was full of stars. Town and country people could not remember such a night. The Moon sailed silently over the pale purple sky, and here and there, stars fell towards the earth.

A little girl, seeing one fall, whilst looking out of her bedroom window, asked her grandfather why they did this and where did they go? Her grandfather, being a wise old man, answered her by telling a story:—

* * * *

"In the Realm of Space dwelt King Sun and his pale beautiful wife, the Moon. The King was such a jolly fellow, kind but rather hot-headed. His wife however was graceful and dignified and as cool as he was hot.

Now in this land of spheres, the stars, the children of this happy couple, were rather inquisitive, for they were always looking at the earth or seeing who could fall nearest it, without falling on it. This worried Queen Moon so much that she turned much paler.

Soon, so many stars had fallen out of the sky, that even King Sun turned pale, and, on doing this, the angels' tears fell on to the earth. They wept so long, that the people on earth began to look gloomy and grumble, that, at last, King Sun went to see Father Time. He told how the stars kept falling out of the sky and how the angels kept on crying.

Father Time told King Sun that no one could stop the stars from falling towards the earth, but he could change the broken stars into flowers. He also said the angels would stop crying, as soon as King Sun became his usual self. The King said he would like the broken stars changed into flowers.

On returning he was so bright and happy, that the angels stopped crying."

* * * *

"So you see little one," her grandfather was saying, "if you see where a falling star hits the earth, you would find on going there, lots and lots of flowers."

The little girl sighed with satisfaction. She was asleep; the stars were forgotten.

JOY POPE, Form IV.T.

A LEICESTERSHIRE YARN

"Well, it were like this 'ere," said the farmer, "I was snived upon wi' work, an' one day I 'appened to go to gerra sheep wot 'ad 'ad a young 'un when I sees some o' them goobies from the college, like. Yo' know, them wot says a-a-a-actually an' that. Proper manny lot, they was. They was talking 'bout flicks an' Charles Boyer, yer know, an' some o' them was smokin' teks. There was a lot o' our kids followin' them—proper milky, they was. Them was wheeling grids. Well, these college twerps was pokin' 'bout in them 'edges. Says they was looking fer specimens, they did. Now, these village kids—our Dick was there, they'd got yakkers. They was shootin' at the college lot. Little Maggie 'Oggins, proper little 'ussy, she is, she 'it one of them on the napper. He turned mardy, 'e did and told 'em to go 'um. But them didn't. Now, yo' knows the pond in that field, don't yo'? Well, the mardy 'un and one of his pals, chases Maggie, gets 'old of 'er and threatens to throw 'er in wetter. She bawled 'er 'ead off, she did. Oh! ah! An' she 'adn't done nowt much, 'ad she? Tim Smith, 'e yells out, 'Yo thinks yo're nobby, don't yo'. Well, I'm telling yo' that yo're crap.' Well, they let go Maggie a' that.

"Then our 'oss comes up an' one o' our lads, 'e says, 'You dursen't ride that.' So one o' the college lads, 'e climbs up—'e couldn't ride. Maggie 'its our 'oss wi' 'er yakker an' it 'its it on its behind. It gallops off ter the pond an' the 'ole college lad, 'e 'as to go an' fall off. When 'e gets out 'e was all sludged up an' 'e said the wetter was friz.

"Well, then I thought it were time I hinterfered. So I chased 'em off an' told 'em if I caught 'em I'd persecute 'em, an' they know'd I meant it. So they went. An' I sended our Dick ter kep. Wot, d'yer mek on that?

"Well, I'll tek me gun, an' go. Goodnight apiece."

TRANSLATION INTO "KING'S ENGLISH"

"Well, this is what happened," said the farmer, "I was snowed under with work and one day I happened to go to get a sheep which had just had a lamb, when I saw some of those softies from the college. You know, the ones that say a-a-a-actually and that sort of thing. A really stuck-up crowd, they were. They were talking about the pictures and Charles Boyer, you know and some of them were smoking cigarettes. There were a lot of children from the village following them—really playing the fool, they were. They were wheeling bicycles. Well, these college people were poking about in the hedges. They said they were looking for specimens. Now these village children—my son Dick was among them, had catapults. They were shooting at the college lot. Little Margaret Hoggins—proper little hussy, she is, hit one of them on the head. He turned sulky and told them to go home. Well, you know the pond in that field don't you? The sulky one and his friend chased Margaret, got hold of her and threatened to throw her in the water. She cried her eyes out. And she had not done much wrong, had she? Tim Smith shouted out, 'You think you are clever, don't you? Well, I'm telling you that you are beastly.' They let Margaret go at that. Then my horse came up and one of our boys said, 'You dare not ride that.' So one of the college boys mounted her. Margaret hit our horse on its behind. It galloped off towards the pond and the

college boy had to fall off then. When he got out he was all muddy and he said the water was cold.

"Well, then I thought it was time I interfered. So I chased them off and told them that if I caught them I'd prosecute them, and they knew I meant it. So they went. And I sent my son, Dick, to bed. What do you make of that?

"Well, I'll take my pipe, and go. Goodnight all."

PEARL THATCHER, FORM IV.T.

A VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM

A few weeks ago I had occasion to visit London and while in the metropolis I spent some time at the British Museum. I had never visited the building before, and I was quite as impressed by the numerous massive pillars, as with the dome of St. Paul's or the towers of Westminster.

I entered the Museum by the north door, which is the entrance for the King Edward VII Gallery, a long room about twice the size of the school hall. Here I spent two hours during which I only just managed to see everything. There were many different sections, many of which contained collections of relics either bequeathed by some generous benefactor or lent to the Museum. There was a geological section, where there were glass cases full of very interesting rocks, while a large portion of the Gallery was devoted to relics of ancient civilizations; weapons of warfare and utensils used by the ancient Chinese, Greeks, Romans, Britons and other peoples. Although many of the weapons, such as daggers and spears were somewhat rough and crude there were some fine examples of ancient pottery. Earthenware vessels such as one finds in pictures of Bible stories, were beautifully coloured in simple but attractive designs. There was also the famous Portland Vase on view, and a number of busts and models in metal and clay, of ancient heroes and mythical characters, which incidentally proved helpful to a number of students who came in laden with folios and sketching equipment.

However, what fascinated me most of all was a collection of old manuscripts and books, including the famous original "Magna Charta." The books were chiefly Psalters belonging to distinguished personalities of some six or seven hundred years ago. They were written in old French and Latin, which I was unable to decipher, let alone translate. The beautifully coloured and illuminated manuscript writing was on parchment which had turned yellow with age. The illustrations, depicting religious subjects, such as the Virgin and the Child, were some of the most wonderful hand paintings I have ever seen. Like the porcelain figures they were perfect in every way.

Naturally I spent a considerable time poring over these relics which had a particular attraction for me. In fact, I could have wandered round that gallery for a whole day. As it was I passed a very interesting and enjoyable afternoon there.

PEARL M. M. PENTLOW, FORM VI.

FLIGHT

A cry came from the sky at morning,
And there across the early sun
Flew three geese, strident, calling,
Knowing this flight must be done.

Unerring, effortless, they make
Instinctive pathway through the sky;
The ancient way their kind must take,
Lest, fearing this, they fall and die.

A drone came from the sky at evening,
And swift across the early moon,
Came three warplanes, dark, achieving
Flight that must be ended soon.

They speed unswerving into darkness,
Man-chosen way across the sky,
Meeting sharp horror in its starkness—
Their kind must live, though they may die.

GILLIAN ASHBY, Form V.

THE RIVAL SPIRES

I wandered through the tangled mass of flowers,
Which still were wet from summer showers.
In the humidity and darkness
Of that garden wilderness,
Sodden lupins gleamed in the sun like flaming fires;
Cheerful, glistening spires,
Golden, purple, pink and blue—
Spires of almost every hue
Danced and nodded in the breeze,
Underneath the dripping trees.
I gazed beyond; past tumbling rills,
Where, sheltered 'neath the verdant hills
A rival spire held its sway,
Tall, stately, cold and grey,
Surmounted by its chancicleer,
While its sonorous bells pealed loud and clear.
Rival spires!—Yet surely friends
In that they all had common ends—
To tell mankind of the love,
The greatness and the glory of God above!

PEARL M. M. PENTELOW, Form VI.

TO A CANARY IN CAPTIVITY

The sunrise of his restless head he lilt;
The fragile hood of silence now he jilts;
A tiny wisp of sound swims through the belt
Of stillness; gaily he spouts a torrent
Of unwearied love upon the gloomy world.

A feeling from his golden breast
With boundless ecstasy expressed
And, sprinkling sparks of amethystine fire
Does he lament the pitiable pyre
Of his lost liberty?
And like the skylark does he rise the higher
To fling his song the wider?

All in an opal rapture bound
Ascending silver scales of sound,
Tearful, he lends his dewy throat
To the parched air; the echoes float
Like wind-blown petals to the stony ground.

Like the morning heaven
Bursting into flame
Rings this new-made haven
In celestial main.
Sing on! You are the kiss
That animates my withered soul,
Yours is the virgin bliss
Of knowing nought yet loving all.

My head is drifting in a cloud
Above the lands from whence you came,
I hear the birds that chatter loud
In dark, green forests wet with rain
And my tears tumble like your throbbing notes.

There is no mate to hear your aching cry;
But in the breast of the steaming jungle
On a bough entwined by vines,
Above a pool in which trees numberless
Droop their image, she sits in loneliness.

Who can but guess for what he sings?
His meditations, sorrows, joys, belong
To some world not yet ours—he chokes his song,
Like ambrosial perfumery it clings—
The sweetest things are the unfinished things.

H. E. POOLE, Form VI

A RADIO RECOMMENDATION

When I listen in to the radio set
And coaxingly set it in tune,
I think of the things they put "over the air,"
Of the comics, and others that croon.

Sunday's favourite is "Men of God";
"Variety Bandbox"—is mine,
While, if I haven't heard "Itma" that week,
8-30—that is the time.

Monday, I don't hear much at all,
As I'm out, most of the day,
But there's Askey, and Robb Wilton
With Robinson Cleaver to play.

Tuesday's a day of variety shows
Like "Here's Wishing you Well Again,"
While at 8-15 that pestering boy
"Just William" follows in train.

Wednesday is "Double Bedlam" day
With Radford and Naunton Wayne;
This serial play is closing soon
(On Sunday you can hear it again).

Thursday's the day for "Itma" fun,
The programme you greet with loud cheers,
While I love the stirring adventurous men,
Dumas' "The Three Musketeers."

Friday has only two laughable shows,
"Merry-go-round" and "Harmony Hall,"
While Askey and Horne can be heard again
(If you listen-in) by all.

Saturday's popular variety show
Is undoubtedly "Music Hall,"
And "Saturday Night Theatre," earns
Its applause when the curtains fall.

So you see the radio's not at all dull,
If you keep it safe and sound,
You can have it loud—you can have it soft,
And the licence is only one pound!

R. K. MARTIN, I.M.

SUMMER AND WINTER

The summer suns are shining bright,
The children laugh and play,
The owls tu-whit all through the night,
And go to sleep all day.

The winter snow is falling fast,
The birds have taken flight,
The long, long summer days have passed,
Bringing a chilly night.

SHEILA PARKER, Form I.M.

THE SEASONS

Spring has come with blossoms bright,
Dew drops falling in the night,
Glistening on the spiders' webs,
At dawn they look like silken threads.

Summer is coming with picnics gay,
Fruits on the trees and fun in the hay,
Trips on the sea and games on the sand,
Buckets and spades and life is grand.

Spring and Summer glide away,
Autumn comes with leaves so gay,
Orange, yellow, brown and green,
It makes a lovely Autumn scene.

Now Winter has come with snow so white,
With short crisp days and long dark nights,
A blazing fire and toast for tea,
Christmas at last and presents for me.

PAT BLACKWELL, Prep. III.

IN THE WOODS

The garden is bright,
With blooms red and white,
The sweet smelling stocks
And marigolds bright.
But down in the woods
Is where I would stray
In cool and in shade,
On a hot summer's day.

MURIEL ADCOCK, Form I.M.

THE OLD CASTLE

The castle stands on the hilltop
With reeds in the moat round the wall.
The drawbridge where the knights once rode
To a grand and gorgeous ball.

The banquet rooms and passages
Are lifeless now and old;
The Lords and Ladies of the Court
Lived there, with knights so bold.

The castle stands in ruins now,
Of the tower there's no sign;
In olden days the people came
To feasts of food and wine.

Creepers climb the ancient walls
And moss grows on the ground;
The chains in the dungeons rust with age,
At night the bats fly round.

JOY CANNER, Form II.

THE JOURNEY OF THE HOSTELLERS

(with apologies to T. S. Eliot)

Dedicated to the members of the Western Ross Expedition, who reached Achininver Youth Hostel on the eve of April 11th, after two days of damp travelling.

A damp coming we had of it
Just the worst time of the year for a journey
And such a long journey,
The roads bad
The weather sharp,
The very dead of April,
The cycles, worn, soft tyred and rattlingly
Being wheeled up the slippery slopes,
A hard time we had of it.
There were times we regretted the Midland scenery in Quorn
The Grammar School, and the gowned teachers bringing
homework.
Then the bicyclists, cursing and grumbling against a head
wind
And wanting their dinner and warm bed
And the sandwiches running out, and the lack of shelter.
And the buses hostile, and the trains too crowded
And the lorries all dirty and charging high prices
A hard time we had of it
At the end we prepared to travel all night sleeping in
snatches
With the train wheels singing in our ears that we'd sixty
miles to cycle
Then at night we came down to the Ullapool village
Wet from sea to skyline
Far from our destination
With a tourist's club.
And with water drops beating the darkness,
And the next day, it rained more
And we, all fifteen, rumbled away in a lorry.
Then we came to an old croft, with nothing in it for comfort
Reporters and kids and teachers struggling to get to the
hostel
And all fields flooded and no bridge
But there was no information and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon, soaked to
the skin.
Was it, can you say, satisfactory?
All this was a short time ago, I remember
And I would do it again
But set down
This, set down
This. Were we led all that way for health or wet?

There was good health certainly, we had evidence and no
doubt

I had seen health and wet, but had thought they were
different.

This health was hard and bitter agony for us,—and wet—all
wet.

We returned to these places, our classrooms,
But no longer at ease here in the old dispensation
With an alien people wearing dry shoes
I should be glad of some more Scotch rain.

HEDI SCHNABL, Form VI.

SONNET

Milton On Their Blindness

For years and years we've swotted for School Cert.,
But now the Golden Age for Youth is here.
In future Fifts there's nothing more to fear,
And gone for ever is the Fifth Form Spurt.
There's no more need for Youth to be alert;
On French and Maths no need to shed a tear.
Sit tight, my lads! Enjoy your final year
And leave with your Psychology unhurt.
We've also heard a rumour that the schools
Will train as usual for the Annual Sports.
The actual races on the day, however,
Will be prohibited by new-made rules.
No store is to be set by deeds or thoughts,
No difference made if dull, between, or clever.

W.J.

MY PICTURE

The wealthy pay for landscapes for their walls,
But my small window frames a lovely thing—
A picture, just a glance at which recalls
A happy memory of an English Spring.
'Tis always changing. There, beside the road
A line of fir-trees tremble in the sun.
A hay-cart creaks beneath a golden load,
The team plods home to rest, their day's work done.
And, in the sky, the darting swallows gleam,
Adding a flash of colour. How they shine!
And nearby runs a little meadow stream
A-bubbling past this garden-plot of mine,
All riotous with blue and yellow flowers.
And, as it's never really quite the same
I watch it for a hundred happy hours,
This priceless picture in my window-frame!

MARY GERRARD, Form III

ON A FINE MAY MORNING

When I wake up on a fine Spring day
When the sun is shining through
The curtains, in a cheerful way,
And the sky above is blue;
As the birds sing loud,
For there isn't a cloud
To be seen, in the heavens so clear;
When the lambs rejoice,
As with trembling voice
They welcome the day that is here.
Then I rise without care
And delight in the air
That is scented with flowers so gay.
And I sing as I go
To let everyone know
'Tis a beautiful, fine, Spring day!

MARY GERRARD, FORM III

THE PIGMY

The bushes teem with bursting life.
A lad with bow and hunting knife
Is stalking wildebeeste and gnu
The bushes green hide him from view.
A troop of monkeys poke and pry;
Above the beasts who peaceful lie.
The lad approaches with his bow;
The monkeys see the stealthy foe
And with a chatter-bound they flee
To some far-distant safer tree.
The pigmy lad from cover leaps
And slays a gnu as still it sleeps.
He skins the beast and looks with pride
At horns and meat and glossy hide.
His hair is crinkled, short and black
His lips are thick, and hunched his back.
He turns, and with a joyful grin
Takes home the horns, the meat and skin.

P. WILSON, IV.T.

THE RESIDENTS

When I first came to school in the brown autumn days,
There were many new things to discover,
And some of the strangest that greeted my gaze
Were—a ginger cat, a black cat, and Rover.

I soon got accustomed to names and to faces,
I soon fled when lessons were over,
But always about in the oddest of places
Were—a ginger cat, a black cat, and Rover.

In Hall, after prayers, when the calm had descended,
And a sanctified air seemed to hover,
A mew or a bark and the silence was ended
By—a ginger cat, a black cat, or Rover.

In Geography lessons, where maps were designed,
And the topic was Calais or Dover,
The door would creak open and there I would find
A ginger cat, a black cat, or Rover.

In the porch, in the prep., in the "girls only" showers
You can always be sure to uncover,
These omnipresent, wandering pets of ours
A ginger cat, a black cat and Rover.

BRADGATE AREA SPORTS

After a cessation of seven years, the Bradgate Area Sports were revived and held at the Humphrey Perkins Grammar School, at Barrow, on June 1st. Once again there was keen competition, particularly in the Senior Section, between Barrow and ourselves. In many events we took first place, our jumping both by boys and girls reaching a high standard, but we were not so successful in some of the track events, and Barrow finally beat us by the narrow margin of 66 points to 58.

Our congratulations are especially due to the following:—

J. Mee, who won the 100 yards in good style, P. Boulter, who ran a well-judged race to win the 440 yards, E. Halford who easily won the Hurdles, B. Springham who jumped 4ft. 8½ ins., and could probably have jumped higher, D. Halford who was first in the Long Jump with a jump of 15ft. 5 ins., G. Nail who won the Junior Long Jump, and our Senior Boys' Relay Team, which won in good style.

To all unsuccessful competitors, we offer the suggestion that they practise assiduously and cultivate the "will to win."

COUNTY SPORTS

Sincere congratulations and hearty good wishes to E. Halford who at Loughborough, on June 22nd, won the Hurdles race, and will represent Leicestershire at Eton on July 20th in that event.

G.L.A.

ROUNDERS

The rounders this year have, on the whole, been very enjoyable. The team's play has greatly improved throughout the term, especially the fielding. The noticeable feature of the two matches played against Barrow and the High School was that though the opposing batting was better than ours, our fielding was superior. This stronger batting won our opponents both the matches, the results being 5—3½ for Barrow and 5—2 for the High School. Nevertheless, our fielding held down the score, with some quick returns from the deeps to bases and some good work between the backstop and first post, which accounted for many of the batters.

The team is hoping to go to a rounders' tournament on Saturday, July 6th, at Leicester, so here's wishing them all the best of luck.

B.S.

BROWNIE AND WOLF CUB NOTES

Last term three Cub Recruits were enrolled and John Stacey, Alan Whittingham and Ronald Baker were awarded their First Stars. Jack Proctor has been appointed sixer of the White Six, and John Scorrer the seconder.

During the Easter holidays the Cubs collected match-boxes which they have used this term to make a model suspension bridge. The model is now gaily painted and ready to be entered for the District Cub Competition.

On Victory Day six Cubs from our Pack attended a Cub Rally at Walesby Forest. The Chief Scout was present and gave an encouraging message to the Cubs there. Unfortunately the rest of the programme had to be cancelled because of rain.

Mrs. Nihell Preau came this term to enrol two Brownie Recruits. New leaders have been appointed for the sixes. They are: Fairies, Jean Colton (sixer) and Constance Pilling (seconder); Gnomes, Leila Baylis (sixer) and Sylvia Dawes (seconder). Last term Jean Colton was awarded her Second Class badge.

The Pack made two scrap books and prepared a short mime for the District Competition. The results were judged at the Brownie Revels on June 29th. Our Pack was placed fourth. The scrap books are now going to be sent to poor children in Europe.

Most of the School Brownies were able to go to the Revels where they had a very good time.

K. M. BAYS

2nd QUORN GUIDE COMPANY

We were sorry to lose the Kingfisher Patrol Leader, Muriel Pittam, this term, but hope that she will enjoy her new work. Margaret Lakin who was Patrol Second succeeds her.

The 1st Quorn Guide Company has accepted our challenge to a rounders match and the date fixed for this, is July 10th after our usual meeting. We hope a similar match can be arranged with Woodhouse Eaves Junior Red Cross in the near future.

Best of luck to all Guides taking School Certificate Examinations this term.

M. A. CLARKE, Captain.

ACHENINVER, 1946

During the Easter holiday, nine of the older members of the School, under the leadership of Miss Graham and Mr. Hughes, joined with a party from Steyning Grammar School, Sussex, in a visit to the North-west Highlands.

When we reached the station at Garve, in Ross-shire, apart from a short wait at Inverness, we had been in the train for something like eighteen hours. Nevertheless, when the cycles had been sorted out, and kits packed, the party set out cheerfully upon the next stage of the journey. After a long climb over the mountains, and a struggle against a head-wind for most of the way, eighteen weary cyclists eventually reached Ullapool, thirty-three miles from Garve. We awoke next morning to find real Highland rain pouring down, as it continued to do for the rest of the day. Our original plan of continuing by cycle had to be abandoned, and, not without difficulty, a lorry and a car were chartered to carry both the party and the cycles over the remaining twenty-seven rough and hilly miles to Acheninver Youth Hostel.

Difficulties were encountered at once. Everyone was soaked to the skin. The bridge leading to the hostel had been swept away, and the burn was in spate—an awe-inspiring torrent of swirling peaty water. The only alternative route to the hostel lay across fields, barbed-wire fences, lesser burns, and rocky moorland—a difficult route, to say the least, but one over which cycles and heavy packs and boxes were soon transported. But soon we had a fire blazing, and food and hot drinks were produced. The rest of the day was spent in collecting supplies, and in trying to make ourselves tolerably comfortable.

By the following day the rain had almost ceased, and the burn had fallen with amazing rapidity. The boys managed to build a temporary but precarious bridge, and from then on we felt less cut off from the world. As the rain-clouds cleared we began to see something of the magnificent view of loch, mountains and islands. We explored the crofting township of Achiltibuie, and tried our hand at peat-cutting—at which our performance proved amusing rather than useful. We began to get used to the strenuous life—to the rather cramped quarters in the hostel, to washing in the icy burn, to the heavy work of carrying all supplies nearly three miles after their arrival by the daily bus, to taking part in the quaint ceremony of sorting the mail as performed nightly in the Post Office, and to the never-ending labour of potato-peeling, cooking, and washing-up.

There were two particularly memorable outings in which everyone took part. The first was a launch trip amongst the Summer Isles, which lie just off the Achiltibuie coast. The other was the ascent, by a rough and exciting route, of Cona' Mheall, the rocky little mountain just behind the hostel. We were fortunate in having perfect weather on these two days.

Later, the weather deteriorated again, and the energy of some of the party showed signs of flagging. The rough roads, too, were playing havoc with many of our cycles. Despite this, two further notable excursions were carried out by the more energetic members. These were the ascents of Cul Mor, and of Suilven, both of which mountains lie at a considerable distance from the hostel. Suilven is an unique mountain, precipitous and seemingly inaccessible on all sides, and this ascent,



THE SCOTTISH HOSTELLERS



THEIR HOME

which took some fourteen hours, was a particularly creditable performance.

We were fortunate in the end, in that the weather held good for our ride back to Garve, so that we were dry though tired when we faced the long journey home.

Thus ended an excursion upon which we look back with mixed feelings. It was a decidedly "tough" adventure, and the weather was not always kind. Some of us would not care to repeat the trip, but on the whole we enjoyed it. We saw some of the finest scenery in Britain, and we shall not forget the kindly people who struggle for their living in this wild corner of the Highlands.

D.H.

FORMS II AND III IN DERBYSHIRE

On Friday, 29th March, twenty members of Forms II and III, accompanied by Miss Brockhurst, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. and Mrs. Owen, left the School for a week-end at Youth Hostels in the Peak District.

We travelled by train to Millers Dale. We soon walked from the station to Ravenstor hostel, and here, after beds had been made, and supper eaten, we passed an enjoyable evening in the common-room, dancing the "Hokey-Cokey" as only Quornians can, and with a gusto which amazed other hostellers.

Most of us were up early on Saturday morning, exploring the hostel grounds, and the mist-filled valley of the Wye, before breakfast. Ten o'clock found us, our various duties done, on the first stage of our journey, which brought us to the ancient market town of Tideswell, where we inspected the fine church. We continued, climbing steadily in considerable heat, until the combined efforts of the staff could urge the party no further, and then lunch was eaten by the side of a grassy lane. The oft-repeated advice of the organisers, "Be sure to take plenty of warm clothing," came in for some round criticism at about this point. After lunch, an easy walk across the moors, and down narrow Cave Dale, brought us to Castleton. Here thirsts were effectively quenched with ice-cold lemonade, and afterwards we toiled up the steep hill to view the ruins of the Castle from which the village takes its name. We spent the night at the Castleton Hall hostel, an old house in the centre of the village, which we found very crowded and considerably less comfortable than Ravenstor.

Sunday proved to be another perfect day—in fact, at no time did we have any doubts about the weather. We halted just outside Castleton to enter the Treakcliff Cavern. Then a strenuous climb, performed by some members of the party on all-fours, brought us to the summit of Mam Tor, where we were rewarded with a magnificent view of Kinderscout, the highest part of the Peak, and of the Vale of Hope. When certain people had been persuaded to hide, or put back in their pockets, the lemon peel and the empty lemonade bottles for which they had no further use, we descended to Edale for lunch, and further supplies of lemonade. In the afternoon, a straightforward walk across the moors, in the course of which a handful of boys demonstrated their powers of leadership by nearly getting lost, brought us to Chinley, in good time for tea, and the train home.

D.H.



H. M. COOK

CRICKET REPORT

This year our team has been little changed from that of last season, the only vacancy being that of wicket keeper, a post which has been ably filled by Eric Halford. On the whole the season has been fairly successful considering the limited number of boys available for selection.

As regards criticism; the fielding, a very much neglected branch of the game, has been weak. Bowling may be classed as respectable, but, alas, the batting is not so good. It is regrettable that so much of the work falls on the same few members. A decent pitch would probably help a bit, also regular practice. For if we are to make any sort of a showing in future years a "cricketing spirit" must be encouraged throughout the school, particularly in the lower forms.

As regards House Matches, here a very keen competition ensues. "Almighty Bradgate" with a large number of the First Eleven in their ranks have been twice humbled by Beaumanor and Ulverscroft; from the latter match Miller emerged with the rather remarkable bowling figures of 5 wickets for 2 runs.

As regards individual performances; Miller, once again, hit a very patiently collected 42 not out, out of 63, against Loughborough College, but this only proved to be a "momentary spark." Poole has proved his worth with both bat and ball, and "lives to fight again" next season. One bright spot in the season has been the improvement in the batting of Boulter and it is to be hoped that he will maintain this good work and accomplish great things next season.

H.M.C.

The honourable reader might remark on the complete lack of "build-up" which the captain has given himself in the preceding review; while modestly showering the rest of the team with praise. However, as a member of the team which Cook has captained, and, as a great personal friend, I know that I speak for the rest of the team, and, indeed, the School, in thanking him and bidding him "Good-bye" (although I doubt if we will ever manage to keep him away from the old School). He has played well and captained well; at the head of, on the whole, an ungrateful team. So, good-bye Harry Cook, or rather, here's to the next time!

H.E.P.

RESULTS

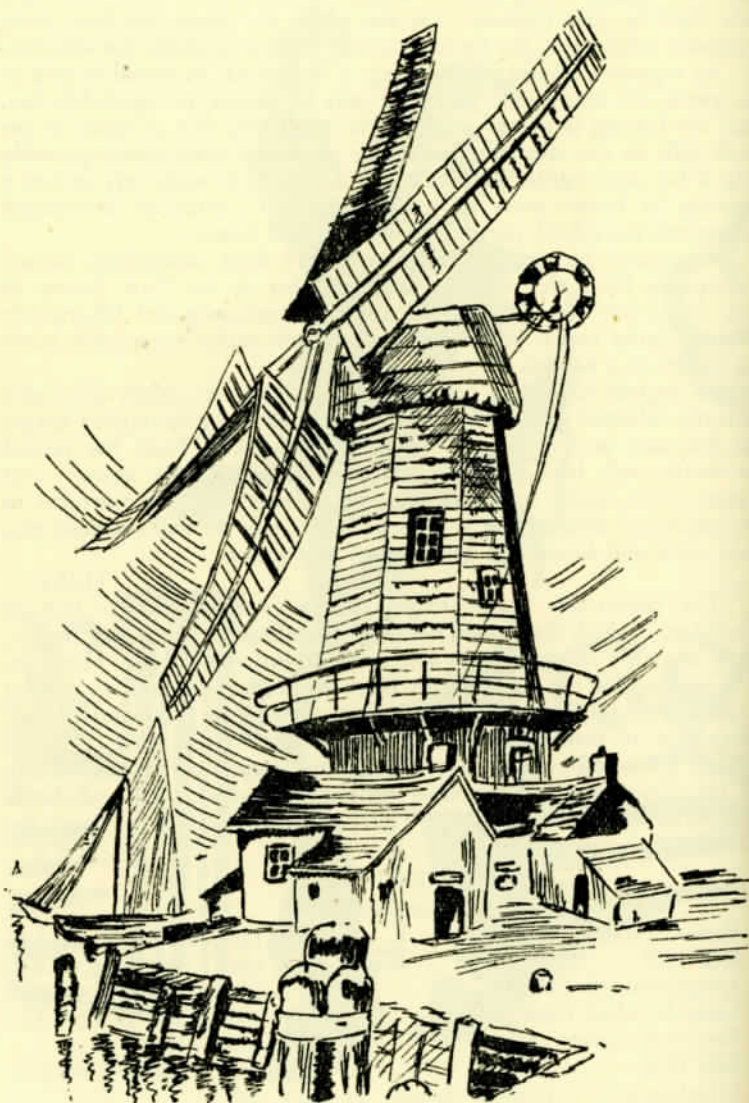
SCHOOL MATCHES

v. Barrow Grammar School	...	A	May 14th	Lost by 2 wickets
v. Mill Hill	...	H	May 22nd	Won by 9 wickets
v. Loughborough College	...	H	June 5th	Won by 30 runs
v. Loughborough College	...	A	June 20th	Lost by 2 wickets
v. Barrow Grammar School	...	A	June 26th	Drawn
v. Mill Hill	...	A	July 12th	Lost by 3 wickets
v. Loughborough Grammar School	H		July 17th	

HOUSE MATCHES

Beaumanor v. Bradgate	May 22nd	Drawn
Bradgate v. Ulverscroft	June 18th	Ulverscroft won by 7 runs
Ulverscroft v. Beaumanor	July 11th	Ulverscroft won by 55 runs.

THE WINDMILL



N. BLOODWORTH

OLD QUORNIANS' ASSOCIATION

FOREWORD

Old Quornians will by now have seen the first copy of this new issue of the Magazine. It is our desire to make this short section interesting to them, but it is not easy unless they themselves co-operate with the Editor. This number contains two articles, one by an Old Boy and the other by an Old Girl (and we have some more, publication of which is prevented by lack of space alone) which are the kind of thing required. We should also welcome any news of interesting whereabouts, occupations, marriages, births, and (alas) deaths.

We have, for example, recently received a letter from F/Sgt. R. Raynor, who is stationed at Singapore, appreciating the recent Old Quornian and asking for "all the news about the School and the Association." Philip Morris also writes from the Royal Navy apropos of the School's appearance in *Picture Post*. It is clear from such letters that the old days at Quorn still mean much to many of its former denizens. We venture to hope that those nearby may so support the Association and Magazine (if for no other reason) that those far off may receive comfort and interest from news of their success. One way of doing this is to support the Annual Summer Reunion and General Meeting which the Committee plans to hold at the School on Saturday, July 20th.

W.J.

Mr. H. Mellors, B.Sc., has just been appointed as Assistant Technical Officer in the Instrument Section of Engineering Research Department of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Billingham.

Kingsmead College,
Selly Oak,
Birmingham.

It would be difficult to say just what I expected to find when I came to Kingsmead College last September as a candidate for missionary service overseas. In spite of preliminary interviews and examinations, I knew very little about the training that was before me, and nothing of my future colleagues. It must be confessed that somewhere at the back of my mind lingered a vague suspicion that missionaries were still expected to wear long black skirts and elastic-sided boots! How wrong I was you may gather from what follows.

I soon discovered that I was one of a group of students drawn from all parts of the British Isles. Among them I found teachers, nurses, doctors, a deaconess, a chemist, a Youth Club leader, and experts in branches of science and agriculture, all of whom had some experience already of doing their own special jobs. Now that I know them as friends and colleagues, I am amazed that with such diversity of gifts and interests they can share a common loyalty to Christ, and a sense

of vocation as servants of His Church in the World. (Yet perhaps it is not surprising, after all, for real unity has nothing to do with uniformity.) To say glibly that our task is "the spreading of the Gospel" would be to give a one-sided idea of the modern missionary motive. Of course it is true that the message is the same for every age since the disciples of Jesus set out, with unconquerable power and enthusiasm, to turn topsy-turvy the values of the Roman Empire. The wandering medieval monks and the great pioneers of uncharted regions of Africa and Asia carried the same good news and were possessed by the same indomitable spirit. But if the message and the spirit are unchanged, the methods must inevitably change with the circumstances and needs of each generation.

To-day the pioneer-explorer missionary, opening up new areas and facing the almost insurmountable difficulties of living in unfavourable climate, approaching hostile, unwelcoming tribes or learning unwritten languages, is practically a back number. We follow along roads already opened up, to be servants of a Church now established in every nation, to share in the building up of medical services, educational projects, modern agricultural and scientific methods and pastoral work, often side by side with leaders of the "Younger Church" itself. The day may come when we, too, shall be out of date, and those who go from the Church at Home will be exchanging with men and women from the Church overseas as "liaison officers," sharing and enriching the life of each part.

In the two to four terms that most students spend here, they are given training which is designed to fulfil a threefold purpose—to strengthen and instruct them more deeply in the Christian faith, to equip them for particular emergencies and responsibilities, and to teach something of the needs, beliefs and social customs of the people they will serve. One has to be prepared, it is said, to do anything from preaching to plumbing, apart from one's own particular sphere of activity!

Here at Selly Oak, is a real working spirit of co-operation and unity among the denominations. Men and women of several Colleges, training to be not only overseas missionaries, but Community Centre leaders, Youth Organisers, Social workers and teachers, meet together for lectures and worship, study and recreation. There are students from the Colonies and liberated Europe as well as the British Isles, making possible a rich fellowship and interchange of ideas and experiences.

As Christians of no age before, we can realise the world-wide setting of our life. And never, with a world in ruins, were there greater chances for building or a greater need for builders who recognize the One Foundation. However inadequate we know ourselves to be for the mountain-like tasks of our generation, wherever we are called to serve, we cannot refuse the challenge. The words of a German ex-student of this College, writing after his release from an internment camp to return to work among his own people, echo a thought that many of us share in these grim days. "It is better," he writes, "to light a candle than to curse darkness."

MURIEL HYMAN

[Since this article was written Miss Hyman has heard that she is to proceed in the Autumn to Hyderabad, India.—Editor.]

EXPERIENCES IN JAPANESE HANDS

On February 17th, 1942, two days after the fall of Singapore, a motley crowd of prisoners of war arrived at Changi, on the Eastern tip of Singapore island. Little did any of us dream then of what was to come. No one expected to be a prisoner long. My own opinion was that we should have eighteen months of it, and I was called a pessimist. One "spiritualist" saw himself, in a vision, walking the streets of London in July, while the general opinion was that we should be home by Christmas 1942, and the first of many rumours claimed that Churchill had promised to have us free in 60 days!

How wrong we were. We had to wait 3½ years before we were free. Years of building roads, railways, aerodromes, digging tunnels and trenches, under the blazing sun, during the monsoon, through jungles, in swamps, and on the sun-kissed beaches of the travel posters. But the posters don't show the half-inch long red ants, the scorpions, or the mosquitoes with which such places abound.

Years of monotonous, tasteless Eastern food, and not nearly enough of that; of watching the next man's mess tin to see if he had a spoonful more of rice than you; of eating anything from swamp weed, which had to be boiled twice to get the poison out, to cats, dogs, rats, and snails. I tasted snails, which I cannot recommend, but I was never fortunate enough to get any of the others.

There was, however, a lighter side to our existence. Our spare time was taken up with, among other things, bridge playing (until the cards wore out) and darts, the boards and darts being made in camp.

Entertainment too was fairly plentiful. In the early days we had some really spectacular shows in an old cinema. I remember one particularly where the first scene ended with a realistic rainstorm, and another scene had a beautifully illuminated waterfall. The majority of the material, songs and music for these shows was written in camp. Beside this various well-known plays were produced including *Hay Fever*, *Badgers Green*, *To-night at 8-30* and *Autumn Crocus*. It says much for the quality of the acting that in the last one a particularly tender love scene, with the girl's part played by a man who lisped, was listened to without a titter. Another remarkable performance was a *Symphony Concert*, in which all the musical parts were written entirely from memory. Japanese Officers used to attend these shows regularly, and they seemed to enjoy them too, until they saw one which they claimed to be full of propaganda. Then all shows were stopped.

Our spiritual side was not neglected either. The Japs never interfered with our religious services. There were several churches, mostly open air, of all denominations. I remember one service in particular; it was a memorial service to the late President Roosevelt, and at that time we were not supposed to know that he was dead. We were also allowed to observe the two minutes silence on Armistice days.

Our captors were very anxious that we should learn nothing from the outside world. While the war was going well for them, we were allowed to read the *Syonan Shimbun*, a local Jap sponsored newspaper, printed in English, but when things began to go wrong, they would not allow us to read it. Nevertheless, a few copies were smuggled into camp, and it was amusing to see what excuses they were making, and to compare their contents with the real news. We were able to get the real news, because a few men, at the risk of their lives, constructed and

listened in daily to wireless sets. The news was then passed round to the rest of the camp and it is remarkable that about 10,000 men could all learn the news by word of mouth, without anything leaking out to the Japanese especially when such events of D-Day, Germany's capitulation, and the re-taking of the Philippines were taking place.

The Japs have a reputation for being crafty, but we learned to beat them at their own game. Time after time we were able to get away with things right under their noses, and the way things were smuggled in and out of the camps was amazing, but if anyone did get caught, the punishment was not pleasant. On one occasion a small camp was being moved, and as usual, all prisoners were thoroughly searched. Luckily nothing was found that should not have been there, and the party moved off together with the Jap C.O. A few days after they reached their destination, they had a wireless set working. It had been hidden in the Jap officer's bedding by a prisoner who was acting as batman to him.

Not so successful, however was the attempt by one man to pinch palm oil from Singapore station. Palm oil is thick, yellow unpleasant tasting stuff, used in England in the manufacture of soap, but in great demand in the East for frying. The man had filled his water bottle (about a quart) with oil, when a Jap guard spotted him. After an argument, he was forced to drink the lot.

Imagine drinking a quart of castor-oil, and you'll have some idea of how he felt.

On looking back on it all from civilisation, I think the first British officer who came to release us was quite right. He said we all seemed a bit queer No wonder!

E. HARRIS

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The above have joined the Association since our last issue. We propose to publish the complete list of members once a year.