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The Quornian.



The Magazine of
The
Rawlins Grammar School,
QUORNDON.

Spes Mea Veritas.

THE QUORNIAN.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE PAWLINS GRAMMAR SCHOOL QUORN.

A. ATTWOOD.

J. F. CLAY.

J. BRADSHAW.

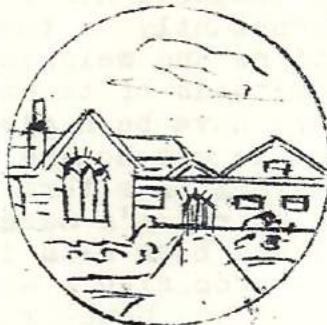
SUMMER TERM

D. ADNETT.

N. ORTON.

M. TACEY.

1933.



With the collaboration of the members of the staff.

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EDITORIAL.

The main item of interest this term has of course been the general inspection. For three days three inspectors were constantly on the premises, noting our smallest actions and weighing up the exact value of all our methods of teaching and study. We do not know whether we have been given a good or a bad report but we are hoping for the best. An extremely important event this term has been the formation of an Old Quornian's Association, after numerous meetings had been held in the school. On one of these occasions at least the drive and the space behind the nucleus - reassembled an R.A.C. park at a test match. We hereby invite all those leaving us this term to become members of the Association to which they are admitted on request without fee for the first year.

We have to regret the leaving of Mr. Butler who has been a valued member of the staff for some two years. He leaves us to take up an appointment at Eckington near Sheffield.

On the athletic side we have nothing brilliant to report. Neither boys nor girls have produced a Hobbs or a Larwood, but we will we ought to express our gratitude to Snow for his valiant work with the motor-mower against the ever growing grass, as also to the band who voluntarily undertook though rather late, to repair the breaches in the wire round the tennis court in order to keep out the undesirables.

On the whole, we feel justified in saying that the spirit of friendliness and camaraderie (which we like to think is the dominant note of our school) has been maintained unimpaired; and we express the hope that it may ever be so and that all our members will live up to the motto :-

"SPES MEA VERITAS."

It was within an ace of him. He felt its relentless grip closing upon a frame already overwrought with terror. On his forehead appeared beads of perspiration. A shudder shook his body and he uttered a groan that was both pitiable and terrifying. He knew that he was in a corner with his back to the wall - a corner that offered no loophole of escape. He knew that he must face it or succumb weakly. Day after day this inhuman monster had dogged his heels inexorably, possessing a thirst that was unquenchable.

Year had succeeded year, it had ever tracked him but more than ordinary mortal's luck had enabled him to evade it. Thousands less fortunate than himself however had been dragged into its ever open jaws. His comrades and friends had been attacked, and as often as not had disappeared unable to withstand the terrific onslaught, finding release at last in a state of oblivion. It had come to him, who still believed that he had the courage and skill to withstand it, found it even now at his very door, realising that its relentless pursuit had at last

been successful. He writhed in his chair, his head in a turmoil, his brain a whirl of mad thoughts. Suddenly his eyes lit up, for surely that was the way of escape from this terrible monster, across the room he staggered with the real of a drunken man, his throat parched with fear, with trembling hands, drew from the cupboard a red-labelled bottle and with a determination that he forced upon himself with a supreme effort of will, he drank the contents at one gulp.

The reaction was so intense that he sank back into his chair exhausted. Time dragged; he was still sitting, but the feeling throughout his body was as though he was being crushed with leaden weights. The draught had taken no effect; the more he tried to make a mental effort, the more his head ached. He knew he was growing weaker. He realised the horror was creeping nearer, yet he had no strength to move. His face changed. Appeared a resignation like that of a man doomed to an inevitable end. He knew of no way of escape: none.

THE CLUTCHING TALONS OF TOOTHACHE HAD

GRIPPED HIM.

"Beta".

The news that the L.M.S. have introduced a new type of express locomotive has aroused new interests for every "homo sapiens" who takes an intelligent interest in railways. The Anglo-Scottish expresses have always been considered the aristocrats of British railways. The new type of locomotive is the largest express type in Britain. It has the dimensional potentialities to be the most powerful, but definite proof of this must wait for its performance. The weight without tender is 104 tons and the overall length 74 ft., eight ft. longer than a cricket pitch. It is expected to haul over 500 tons up the redoubtable Beattock and Shap inclines, and this suggests capacity to deal with 600 tons on the level sections. In the course of its daily work it will have to run at speeds of from 80 to 85 m.p.h. and its possible maximum will doubtless be more than 90 m.p.h.

Although Glasgow can be reached in 7 hrs. 40 mins. from London, quite a good schedule, the speed of the Scottish expresses is not excessive. Such trains as the London to Birmingham Liverpool or Manchester expresses travel much faster. It is load haulage and a strict regard for the passenger's comfort which is the keynote of Scottish trains. In the height of the season there will be loads up to 17 or 18 vehicles, including dining cars. It is then that the prowess of the new locos will be tested. To haul 550 tons of coaches, plus 500 passengers and their luggage a distance of 400 miles without a stop is a feat of locomotive capacity greater than a sprint.

The new locomotive is of the Pacific type and is in this way similar to the locomotives which work the rival L.N.E.R. Scottish services. These have been on the L.M.S.R. since 1922 and an improved design introduced in 1927, they have given great satisfaction on performance, working reliably on trains up to 600 tons in weight, also showing great freedom of running attaining 90 m.p.h. when required. The new L.M.S. locomotive is larger and follows G.W.R. practice in general lines. The locomotives which the new Pacific will replace are known as the Royal Scot class. These have given good results, but often require assistance up the steep inclines for hauling 15 coaches. The performances of the new locomotive will be watched with interest.

OUR ENGLISH WEATHER.

It is our English way,
So some strange people say,
To greet everyone that we meet
With a smile that is sweet,
And in tones so discreet,
Remark on the weather today.
But, be this right or wrong,
Whilst we know all along
In some countries what weather t'will be,
In our towns by the sea,
With their folks on the spree,
You never know what it will be.

When your nights are spent working hard for an exam,
When your head with more facts you are trying to cram
You can bet your last dollar the sun will come out,
And its rays shining, brilliant, the storm clouds
will rout.
If you've caught a bad cold and You've got to stay in,
Or if someone's expected and they haven't bin, -
If for any old reason you cannot get out,
You'll be perfectly certain King Sol is about.

BUT,

If you want to go out in the meadows one day,
If you want to go off "on the spree" as they say,
Or if cricket's the game you are wanting to play,
Or you're having a party so grand and so gay,-
Do you think of the sun you'll see one bright ray?
No! T'will hide itself up for the whole of the day.
This climate of ours, though it equable be,
Is really perverse, I am sure you'll agree;
You see with a climate extraordin'ry hot,
You know whether it's going to be fine or not;
And yet, with a climate that strikes very cold,
One knows that the ice, a fast firm grip will hold.
But whatever we want in this country of ours,
If we get it at all, it may last a few hours.
And from years of experience we've learned to expect,
That our clothes with fine rain will soon be bedecked.
- If we want the sun that is, - so just understand
If we ever want rain, sunshine reigns o'er the land,
While the vaporised brine shines in spoiling our plans.

A.A.

There appeared an article in Punch showing how school work in England could give a communistic outlook. The following are specimens of good Nazi teaching in Germany.

 In the accompanying figure 4 lines are unnecessary. Remove them.

History.

What happened in 1870? State why 1870 is an important date. What great man died in 1858 and why? When will 1870 be re-enacted and why?

There are three great men in history. They are, Friedrich der Grosse, Wilhelm der Grosse and Adolph der Grosse. Show how these have been assisted by der alte Deutsche Gott and state what will happen to Englishmen who confuse Friedrich der Grosse mit Wilhelm der Butcher.

Scripture.

Show how the sword of the Lord and of Gideon became the good German mailed fist.

Show how Uriah the Hittite became Adolph the Hitlerite.

State why good Germans should consider the Song of Deborah to the Mount Sermon on the Mount, the Book of Joshua superior to the Acts of the Apostles.

Science.

Explain with diagrams the cooling of the machine gun, the submarine, the zeppelin, the flame thrower, Big Bertha and the Fokker scouting plane used by Baron von Ditsch-toff-n who achieved 80 victories in the service of his Fatherland.

Arithmetic.

X is a dishonest Jew who sells cloth at a profit of 5%. His shop is broken into daily by good Germans. He buys new glass daily from a patriotic Nazi who charges him 150% more than usual for his glass. Ogives 5% of his profit to the local Sturmtrupper. By how much is the Fatherland benefited?

1000 good German troops are fighting 2000 Frenchmen. If each German kills two Frenchmen before he dies for his Fatherland and if the battle is fought out what will the numbers be at the end,?

Geometry.

From centre O draw four lines 1 inch long with 90 degrees between them. From the extremities of each line erect a perpendicular. Let the resultant perpendiculars follow each other symmetrically.

"Democrat".

EASILY IDENTIFIED.

Alf at last managed to enter. He was rather afraid of all the fat, sharp-elbowed women, but he was determined to have one of those swagger suits at 35/-, a wide range of patterns. He knew the pattern he wanted too, A loud, conspicuous check.

As he pressed forward to his Mecca, he wondered just what his mother would say. He stood rather in awe of the old lady, and had always found it easier to acquiesce than provoke her. He was a man of medium height, with a big healthy face and shock of red hair. His face often assumed a rather vacuous expression. But not now - he was nearly there.

He procured his suit and kept reassuring himself all the way home that it was a wonderful bargain - two pairs of trousers, a coat and a waistcoat for 35/-. He decided to give his brother the waistcoat as he couldn't bear wearing one.

He arrived home, but thought he'd better keep mum as his mother was not in the best of tempers - his slightly inebriated father having knocked her on the head with his boot.

The next day he donned the new suit as he was going to London on business. His mother got suspicious when he asked for water to shave with, because it was Wednesday, and he only shaved on Sundays ready for church. She walked in just as he was putting the finishing touches to his toilette, and stood petrified. "We shall be able t'see yer a mile off" she scathingly remarked. "Yer look like a blinkin' Yank". Alf hastened his departure, and all was serene until the Evening Paper arrived with its heavy black type headline:-

TRAIN SMASH.-----4.30. LONDON EXPRESS.

19 killed & 40 injured.

Alf had travelled by the 9.30. She yelled for the family and they all came and heard the dreadful news. Mrs. Smithers was the first to recover and she energetically threw a few things into a bag and marshalled her eldest son to the station with her, shouting back injunctions to the family until the corner hid them from sight.

When they inquired about Alf - they found that no-one knew anything about him - but he might be one of the killed whom they could not identify. Only a few piece of his arm and his leg were intact, the rest of his body being charred and blackened like nothing on earth.

As Mrs Smithers reached the body, she saw a piece of gaudy check cloth and immediately went into hysterics. "I knew he'd be killed in this train smash" she screamed, "he had a mole on his chin and the fortuneteller at Bingley Fair said he would be call'd away from home and work when only a young man. At last the authorities prevailed upon her to return home, and Alf's charred remains were sent to Birmingham to be laid beside those of his dearly beloved grandmother.

Things went on methodically--his affairs were settled, and the insurance obtained from the Birmingham press being equally shared out. His brother became the proud possessor of a pair of check trousers as well as the promised waistcoat. His sister Fanny, with her share of the insurance money, bought a new drawing-room suit, Tom, a small car, and Dick a diamond engagement ring.

Just a week later, they were celebrating the 21st birthday of Alf's younger brother Tom, Mrs Smithers using some of her share of the insurance money for the purpose. It was dusk. The guests and family were gathered round, finding pictures in the fire. The parlour had a French window opening on to the patch of greyish green grass and brown soil, which was titled "The Gardener".

Mrs Smithers threw back her head, laughing at a joke but suddenly she stopped and shrieked, "Alf's ghost is in the garden". All looked horrified, and the younger children began to whimper.

Outside the window was the ghost, pale, hollow-cheeked, and ghastly and encrusted from head to foot in mud. Then the ghost itself broke the spell, saying "Well, ain't yer glad ter see me?" That was no ghost's voice, but honest Alf's. At that all rushed forward simultaneously and let him into the room. He had some food first, for he was half-starved, and then began to talk.

"I was in one of the carriages", he said, "which turned over and I was thrown on the gravel. While I lay there, feeling my bruises, two men came up to me and before I could prevent them they had taken my coat and all my money. I did not know what to do, so decided to walk home and beg my way. I'd covered about half the distance when I met three tramps. They took my trousers and gave me these filthy rags instead. Dressed like this people refused me food, drink, or anything. Still I've arrived home".

"I'll go and change these trousers and you can have them back," his brother kindly said. "No", interposed Alf--"you can keep them--no more bargain counters for me--there are too many of one pattern and they are too taking." His mother turned away to hide the smile his words brought to her face. He had returned and she had regained control over

him- but what about the insurance money ?

J.M.K.

EXAMS! EXAMS!! EXAMS!!!

Why must we be burdened with examinations ? This is a question which has been raising much controversy lately, and certainly it is very fruitful of argument.

But why ? To find out the ability of pupils ? In a way, yes, but surely it is a much better plan to take the steady year's work, than work done in the keyed-up-to concert-pitch atmosphere of an exam room.

Don't we all cram hopelessly for the two or three weeks before the exam, and isn't this stuff nearly all forgotten almost as soon as it's over? So really the exam is not a test of knowledge, but a test of the most expansible brain. Then referring in particular to the school-leaving exam, wouldn't our last term or so of school life pass more pleasantly, without the pressure of constant swotting?--(and I think this is the outstanding point)--shouldn't we all like our lessons much more if we hadn't got to learn them? Think how much more interesting the story of Aeneas would be if we didn't know we'd jolly well got to know the translation off pat? And wouldn't FV = P'V' take on an interesting appearance if we T T' didn't

know that our success in the Physics partly depended upon it? Yes, I am sure that it would, -so if any pupil of the R.G.S. ever gets into Parliament, let him or her (in these days of female politicians) bring in a bill for the Abolition of Exams and be sure of at least one vote.

M.T.

THE EASTMAN SONG.

Eastman, Eastman, sitting on a policeman,

Drinking gooseberry wine,

Policeman, policeman, knocking off old Eastman,

Spilling all the wine.

Eastman, Eastman, knocks the policeman,

Knocks him over the line,

Policeman, policeman, hits old Eastman,

Counts him out for time.

"IF".

If I had been old Charles or Boyle,
I wouldn't have made our pupils moil
At learning laws and formulae,
That take one all one's time to say.

Or if I had been Solomon,
I'd not have put all those men on
To build a palace with a girth
Those hours of learning to be worth.

Had I been the unique Euclid,
I'd not have spent time as he did,
Inventing props and righting signs,
And doing dotty things with lines.

If I had been old Julius,
I wouldn't make such a great fuss
Over those Britons in our isle,
Strist history teachers for to rile.

Or were I an "auteur français",
I'd never spend time writing plays.
I'd find something to do instead,
To alleviate our aches of head.

If I had been a Charles Darwin,
Dabbling with apes and origin,
I'd pass more profitably my time,
In helping Roosevelt with the dime.

Really, why should they be allowed
To cause our scholars to be rowed
For ignorance of history
Or Boyle's inherent mystery?

And yet such people carry on
Inflicting their efforts upon
The toiling scholars without hope
Of 'cure but bad results to mope.

A.A.

As the London Passenger Transport was conveying the teeming millions of London to their homes, a small but select band of patriots gathered in the top floor of a deserted office. This body was a gathering of good citizens who looked with horror on a tendency for Englishmen to think for themselves. Their motto was "Let convention do your thinking for you and if everyone does it it must be right." They thought that if people continued the dangerous habit of wondering whether they ought to follow convention, then the stability of the race was endangered.

Their chief was Sir Algeron Agustus Talkalot, the nation's Minister of Economy (with efficiency?) at a salary of 2500 per year a free suit of clothes, and 165 clerks. Only this morning Sir Algeron had informed an attentive and appreciative House how he had sacked a clerk whom he found sucking a pencil, the property of H.M. Government. "Have you no sense of economy?" he roared, "Do you not know that sucking pencils is contrary to our present policy? Do you not know that pencil-suckers are a danger to the nation's finances?" Sir Algeron thundered these words out in a tone which had bullied the electorate of Mudsme-in-Slush into electing him. When he recounted his achievement to the House, the only opposition was from a Glyde-sider who considered Government pencils the result of wicked capitalistic profiteering at the expense of toiling workers. So with the self-satisfied feeling one who has truly served his country, Sir Algeron set off for the committee of Public Taste. There, when he found himself at the table, he saw his two principle supporters Lady de Vere Redchops "quite the most shining light of Mayfair" who, this morning had been painted by Sir Jesse Root, or more correctly, by the products of Roots' shop Hogsnorton Square. The other was Toni Carroni, late of Chicago, the paid factotum of this committee. Toni was a swell guy, took a man for a ride on most favourable terms, bumpings-off (without a mess) 40 & 50 per bump, estimates free, on the most favourable terms, no puttings-on-the-spot on Sundays.

It was decided that the English people followed convention well and truly, but a minority did not.

If the minority were eliminated, all would be well. Sir Algeron's Economy Bill would pass, everyone would willingly give up 25 per cent of his or her salary to help the sacred cause of economy with efficiency, because everyone else was doing so.

More people would attend Lady de Vere's dances, because everyone was going there, and Toni would have a good fee. A list of dangerous persons was read out, stockbrokers who did not play with yo-yos, young men who hated crooners, hikers who did not carry five times the necessary weight in their packs, and other social dangers. Toni suggested bumpin' 'em all off. This idea was favourably entertained by Sir Alg. and Lady de Vere Redchops. One person objected, and Toni bumped him off just to show how easy it was. When he departed to get his guys together to bump off the Condemned social dangers. The committee of Public Taste looked forward to a newer and better England, a land where people did what was done, a land fit for heroes. But Lady Redchops placed a cigarette end on an inoffensive looking bag. It burnt through the outer cover un-noticed. There was a flash...."Have you no sense of econ- " began Sir Algeron. The bag contained Toni's ammunition including bombs, and all was soon over. Thus perished this laudable enterprise, the Committee of Public Taste. People still do what is not done sometimes. Is it not a sad prospect for humanity?

J.P.C.

WHY THE TIGER HAS MARKS ON HIS FACE.

A tiger one day saw a hare sitting under a tree, and asked what he was doing."Oh," answered the hare, I am keeping watch over my grandfather's gong to see that nobody runs off with it." "Wh-ere is the gong" asked the tiger."Up there" said the hare" pointing to a large round object hanging from one of the branches."If you like you may strike it and see how well it sounds."

"But let me go farther away, for the sound of the gong always brings tears to my eyes." The tiger said he would like to sound the gong, and the hare scampered off down the road. When he was out of sight, the tiger raised his paw, and gave the gong a great blow which shattered it, but it was a wasp's nest and not a gong at all, and hundreds of wasps at once settled on the tiger's face and stung him with such violence that he nearly went out of his mind. The stings made brown marks on his face, and to this day, all tigers have marks on their faces.

B.S.

Among things that have happened this term may be noted the following-inspectors, our school certificate candidates sit at quorn this year, Mr. Jacques gains an M.A. for himself and half for the school, a prefects tea party, bad batting, processions on Friday afternoon, sheep, labour and liquor on the tennis court, on the same place raspberries, oranges and cream heat, an association of Old Quornians is formed, Form VI help with a little of the clerical work, the typewriter is removed for repairs, swimming, the old motor mower is drawn and quartered now to grace the shelves of the Physics Lab., one Old Boys cricket match played in mist and smoke, we lose Mr. Butler, school is repainted, Snow mows Attwood loses a key, Mr. Jones and his cricketers are in a predicament when their stumps are taken for use in a match and the others are locked up, nettles are mown and removed, some pupils maintain their excellence others their indolence, and a few fall from a good standard to a worse, we hear the King open the World Economic Conference, Clay's wit is unabated, some Form IV boys are dazzled thereby on the tennis court, exams, exams and again exams, the car park behind the house with its Morris Minors and a good if old bus on Mondays, Form IV and V boys all change into shorts on Friday afternoons a real bat is caught and nourished in the Little lab, also! poor bat, Hoults absences and Maghernitu's spelling!

A PRAYER FOR THE OXFORD CANDIDATES.

Please Mr. examiner don't be too hard.
For your letters and standing I've every regard.
On this the display of my learning,
May depend the amount of my earning;
And since for a pass I am yearning,
I pray you don't be too discerning.
And when you do come to my papers,
Where these fractions have cut all their corners, -
And when you come to my history,
With my answers all full of mystery, -
When you look at those horrible stocks,
Which left me high up on the rocks, -
Though many times I've been mistaken,
And the right road oft forsaken,
I pray that you will think of me,
Devoid of all tranquillity;
Think of me at home in Quorn,
With thoughts that make me feel forlorn,
And do for me the best you can,
But please don't make me an alseron.

A.A.

REVERTE.

Sunday afternoon; today has been
The hottest day of all the year. The sun
Has clothed the fields with such a radiance
As I but rarely, if at all, have seen.
Before me stands an ash but late begun
This year to clothe itself with tender leaves;
While by it stands a much more leafy elm,
And yonder languish cows, amidst a sea
Of gold lie peacefully beneath an oak
Which from the sun already shelter weaves,
But then, as though to show that e'en amid
This now all prevalent rejuvenation
Death is the final tot, there stands, half hid,
A silver birch, Quite dead, although not quite
Bereft of all its beauty; in the rear
The farm I see, whose distant situation
Lends it enchantment, for though full of charm
I know it was of late the awful scene
Of such a tragedy as filled some minds,
Tis true, with curiosity, but some
Sith that acute dismay one often finds
In high born souls; the inscrutability
Of all things on this earth.
Filled as I am with a sense of mystery
And tragedy of all around us (deeper ones
Lie hidden in my heart, but they are not
To be exposed to other peoples' gaze);
Knowing full well the law of brutal Germans
That he does Heaven's will who weaklings slays,
And threats of war and pending devastations;
My mind though frequently distraught by deep
And futile study and my daily work
So often quite unfruitful; I am content,
As long as this amazing sunshine lasts,
To sit and gaze; and to admire the scene
And thank my lucky stars I am alive.

W.J.

To be read to the very young.

Aloysius Smith the celebrated London detective walked up the drive of dark overhanging trees which led up to the gloomy haunted castle overhanging the squalid village of darkpool. As he walked up the drive, he felt a strange unaccountable presence. There was a smell as of decayed matter and the dark trees through which the watery moon could not pierce its rays gave an atmosphere of death. The only sounds were the dismal hooting of owls and the distant croaking of ravens. The clouds were gathering as if all the forces of Thor were to assault the castle of darkpool. The intrepid detective walked on undaunted, his hand receiving confidence from the comforting steel of his automatic.

Arriving at the house he made his way to the door and pulled the bell. A grating peal like the death rattle of a dinosaur rang through the house and echoed and re-echoed. At length the door was opened by a small white-haired hunchback who carried a guttering candle. Without a word Aloysius Smith followed him along dark corridors full of that strange unaccountable smell of death and cold as the tomb. "My master is expecting you" said the hunchback as he threw open the door of a room. The detective followed him into the room when a piercing shriek rang through the house. That cry was the most unearthly and fearsome sound the detective had ever heard. There was a patterning of feet and the hunchback disappeared taking the candle with him. It was the work of a moment for Aloysius Smith to switch on his electric torch and with automatic at the ready, he advanced across the room towards a dark shadow which hung swinging from a hook in an oak beam. It was the body of the master of Darkpool castle - the man who had appealed for aid from Aloysius Smith. The detective had come to his aid only to find his client hanged.

At that moment a flash of lightning tore the heavens asunder, and in its light Aloysius saw on the dead face of the hanging victim a look of mortal horror, as of a man who had looked "upon that which might appall the devil." Our hero was undaunted and resolved to spend the night in the haunted room. With his automatic held ready to the gloomy at the top of the half-ruined turret every few steps the castle was shaken by a clap of thunder, each louder, nearer, and deadlier than the one before. In the corridor he noticed blood red stains on the floor and heard groans and clanking chains, but he heeded them not.

At length he threw himself down fully dressed on the bed in whith Earl Deathwood was found with his throat cut, and fell into a fitfull slumber.

He awoke with a feeling of unaccountable dread. He reached for his automatic only to encounter something cold and round, a graining skull. "That's mine" said a throaty voice, and Aloysius Smith looked to see the dreaded figure bending over him. He could not move hand or foot. Relentlessy those gripping fingers approached his throat. The ghost put its teeth in the doomed man's skull and took a great bite. Then it departed leaving a sickening trail of BLOOD. Aloysius Smith, plumber's mate of Wigan, resolved to have no more CHEESE SUPPERS.

J.F.C.

THE LAMENT OF THE JERRY-BUILT HOUSE OWNER.

This quality of plaster is much strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the floor beneath. It is twice cursed;
'Tis cursed by me below, and she above.
'Tis mightiest in annoying. It becomes
The poorest hovel bettar than this place.
It shows excess of shacking over work,
The opposite to what it should have been;
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of men;
But quality doth seem above all this;
It is not in the firm that built this house.
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When quality seasons cheapness. Therefore house
Though cheapness be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the court of justice none of us
Should gain the verdict: Though we pay for ~~you~~
quality,
That same payment doth teach us both to be
More wide awake. I have now said enough
To uncover the weakness of thy work;
Which, if thou follow, public opinion
Must needs give sentence to bankrupt thy firm.

(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

A.A.

REJUVENATION ON THE TENNIS COURT.

Text:-

And they worked with their hands and laboured.

In days of late,
Sad to relate,
The wire around our tennis court
So holey was, it, as we thought,
Refused to function as it cught.
The only thing that could be done,
And which we did midst lots of fun,
Was to set to with might and main
And put the wire up again.
So first we gathered a small host
Of boys to help us with the posts
On which the wire, until this year,
Had rested, giving us no fear.
And then we started stripping these,
With all the tools that we could sieze,
Of bits of wire and other stuff,
Of which we found more than enough.
However after this was done,
We'd earned "Our glass of Worthington",
And thus unto the pop repaired,
And none too badly we all fared.
And thus refreshed upon pur way,
So toiled we on till end of day.
We then dug up these ricketty posts,
- But night- alas for all our boasts,
Began to fall, and neath its pall,
We hurried to replace the props,
Much firmer than before 'an all.
Thus did we leave our work, and thus
A kind hand well replenished us
With raspberry drinks, and tasty cake,
To well earned rest until day-break.
And then straight after school next day,
We started once more bright and gay,
To put the wire up again,
To prove our work was not in vain.
In fact e'er long the court assumed
A look of being smart and groomed.
The wire is now put up quite high,
And though the balls oft high do fly,

We find they're now inside the court,
While when the wire wasn't taut,
We oft long times have stayed and sought
For balls lost by someone's onslaught.
So we are glad we've done the work,
-That from necessities we did not shirk.
And if a game of tennis we would play,
Our time is not spent, we are pleased to say,
In fetching balls that lie outside the court.

A.A.

OUR PERVERSE DUPLICATOR.

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

Is this a duplicator that I see before me,
The handle towards my hand? Come let me work thee.
Thou printest not, and yet I turn thee still.
Art thou not, vile gadget, workable
With paper and with ink? Or art thou but
A gimcrack that won't go, a false creation
Proceeding from a profiteering firm?
I turn thee yet, with stroke full powerfull,
And yet the paper will not draw.
Thou turnest not the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I am to use
To print the magazine.
We printers are made the fools o' th'other pupils
Or else worth all the rest. I turn thee still
And on thy drum and stencil drops of ink
Thet were not there before, ame there's the rub
Which cleans them off, and what a cursed mess
I see before mine eyes, now all the one half-sheet
Printing seems blurred and dirty blots abuse
The snow-like whiteness that shouldst bethere.
Ah! Now thou goest! And with steady pace
And easy well-oiled turns towards the design
Moves all that pile of well-packed paper.
Thou sure and well-made tool
Heed not my words, I said them without thought.
The very sloyd room knows thy power
Thou like new strange garments
Cleaves not thy mould but with the aid of use.
Give my your favour, my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten, kind machine, your pains
Are registered on every sheet I print.
I go now, it is done; the bell invites me
I will print more hereafter, thanks to thee.

J.F.C.

	2	3	4	5	6	7	
8		9			10		11
12		13			14		
15					16		
	17	18	19				
20	21		22		23		
24		25	26		27		
28		29		30		31	
	32	33		34	35		
36			37	38		39	
	40						

Down.

CLUES.

- What we should not do in school.
- A quality of our lessons.
- Father. (school).
- Another of our dislikes in
- Behead "Ace."
- The lost continent.
- What happens when we want to play cricket.
- One in authority.
- Those who draw.
- Skin.
- Adverb.
- Vulcanite.
- Time of activity on the farm.
- Occupied.
- Slaves.
- Automobile Association.
- RTA? (Actual).
- Curtail a number.
- Lemonade made without the lemon.
- Curtail the opposite of "ebb".
- Preposition.
- One of our dislikes.
- Poem.
- Tool.
- Original bus conductor.
- Retreated in disorder.
- Couples in punts should be aware of this.
- Part of a word meaning to band together.
- Curtail a Woman's name.
- The action of "pop" on tailing workers.
- Small part.
- Water creature.
- Propeller.
- Associate Institute of Engineers. (abb).
- Royal Navy. (abb). (hearts).
- Partner of the Queen of
- Unsatisfactory.
- Vehicle.
- It is. (abb).
- Walk heavily.
- Pleasure frequently indulged in by wayward pupils. A.A.

CRICKET NOTES.

Despite the fact that we have lost all our five matches this term, the losses have by no means been inflicted with dishonour. The following are the results:-

May 24. V Old Boys. Lost.....53 for 7 dec. O.B.
R.G.S. 51.

May 31. V Barrow G.S. Lost. Barrow. 54. R.G.S. 52.

June 16. V Lough. Jun. Coll. Lost. L.J.C. 50.
R.G.S. 18.

July 5. V Lough. Jun. Coll. Lost. L.J.C. 76-8.
R.G.S. 72.

July 12. V Barrow G.S. Lost. Barrow 91. R.G.S. 58.

This means that against 324 runs scored by our opponents, our XI has scored 251 runs, and for 301 runs, (25 byes) our bowlers have taken 45 wickets.- giving a reasonable average of 6.6 runs per wicket. Indeed some of our bowling has been quite good; Stafford, Orton, and Dodge having taken 5 for 14, 5 for 12, and 7 for 35 respectively in three of our matches. The batting has not been up to this standard, the highest score being recorded by Dodge, who batted for an hour and a half to score 30 not out, against Lough. Jun. Coll. The fielding on the whole has not been too good. Many chances have been missed, although one or two good catches have been taken in the slips, in addition to a fine one-handed catch by Stafford only about two yards in front of the batsman, against Barrow. The essence of County cricket has entered into one or two matches, a useful stand being made by Robertson and Rumsey at Barrow, who batted for about three quarters of an hour, and only made four runs. In this match also, after we had made 58 all out, three of the Barrow wickets had fallen for 4 runs; but another spell of stonewalling helped to raise their total beyond our own, although Dodge had a good bowling analysis of 7 for 35.

There have only been eight entrants for the Single wicket competition this year. Orton was the winner after a stiff first round against Attwood, Orton winning by 10 to 9, after one innings had been played for one run each. Orton reached the final by beating Stafford, and he then beat Robertson by 1 not out, to nothing.

Batting Averages! 1st. XI. Qualification- 3matches.

	Inns.	Runs.	Times not out.	Av.
J.Dodge.	5.			
J.Dodge.	5.	45.	1	11.2
C.Stafford.	5	53.	0	6.6
E.Robertson.	5	12.	2	4
P.Rumsey.	5.	14	0	2.8
P.Field.	5.	14	0	2.8

Bowling Averages.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Average.
C.Stafford.	37	9	59	13	4.5.
V.Orton.	36	10	53	11	4.8.
J.Dodge.	49	7	103	16	6.4.
W.Hibbitt.	14	0	37	1	37.

A.A.

GIRL'S CRICKET NOTES.

This term the Girl's cricket team has not been very successful, having lost the two matches played. As yet we have not had our customary match against the boys, but we hope to have it shortly.

Results of matches.

Barrow. A. May 31. R.G.S. 22. Barrow. 148.

Barrow H. July 5. R.G.S. 30. Barrow 54.

Averages. Batting:- J.Copson 13. M.Toone 3.

M.Haynes 2. S.Richardson 2. D.Adnett. 2.

Bowling. M.Toone 7 for 50. S.Richardson 8 for 85.

J.Copson. 5 for 43.

FORM NOTES.

Prep.

This term we have had some inspectors. We have made three History models, one of a Roman town, of Saxon ~~Villages~~ and one of an old English village.

Doris Dean was first in in a walking race, and Mabel Payns won a running race. We have been having exams. John Cooper has left and has gone to live in Nottingham, and Teady Schofield has gone to live in Derby. In handwork we have been doing canework and making stools. We are looking forward to our Summer Holidays.

Betty and Joan.

FORM II.

Now the end of the term is drawing near, and most of us have completed our first year in the Rawlins Grammar School. During the year, detentions have been scarce. The wooden articles which we started to design last term, are all ready together with a number of our drawings, to go into the exhibition. We have enjoyed the cricket season but we shall be glad to welcome the hockey season.

Rothleyites.

FORM III.

This term we have been improving with our lessons. Mr. Jones is pleased with our progress in Latin. We are all very pleased that Mr. Jacques has won his M.A. degree. We all like chemistry very much. The Inspectors have visited us this term, so we have been looking our best. Not once this term has the weather altogether washed out the Wednesday afternoon games, but once they were interrupted and eventually given up during a very heavy downpour. We wish good luck to all sitting for exams, and particularly those who are sitting for the Oxford exam.

R.A.D.

FORM IV.

We have now nearly come to the end of Form IV, and we shall be very sorry not to have Mr. Jones as our form-master.

We are very pleased with the result of the sports, and Joan Evans Vietrix Ledorum of the senior girls. In handwork we have been doing cane-work and leather work and stencilling which we hope to see in the exhibition.

In the boys' single wicket competition we have V. Orton champion and in the tennis tournament the result is between Field and Stapleton. The girls' competition has not been played off yet; It is very unfortunate that Brewin has broken his arm, but eight weeks' holiday ought to do him some good. Well, all Form IV wish you a very lively holiday and success to the Oxford people.

K.R.

Nothing very remarkable has happened this term, except the three day visit of the inspectors. The School Certificate Exam. is being held at school this time, instead of at Leicester, and we wish everybody success. We are well represented as far as the Sports field goes. We have six girls in the cricket XI and two boys in the 1st. XI. We wish all scholars leaving at the end of this term good luck and everybody a snappy and H.G.T holiday. M.H.

FORM VI.

As is usual there are a number of people leaving this term, and although the size of the form will be somewhat depleted we look to the VIth., to-be, to uphold the reputation of past years. There are seven Oxford candidates this year, and we wish them every success, and are expecting good results from their efforts. We note with some satisfaction the formation of an Old Quornians' Association, which we regard as being a strong link between the present pupils and the past, and which possibly some of us are hoping to join. Besides noting occasional howlers from the Vth., we also celebrate the appearance in our midst of two new tasseled creatures. F.A.C.A.

SPORTS DAY 1933.

The sports day came and went; The sun shone. To many spectators it was delightfully hot, to some few others uncomfortably so. The ice-cream was delicious. Competitors ran and won, ran to lose, and a select few even walked and won. There was one thing lacking, which was made obvious in the 880 yds. senior race-- and that a bell. Scientists were ever men of short memory-- that is the only excuse that can be offered for the lapse on the part of the timekeeper who insisted in a fifth circuit. The starters' pistol worked admirably except on two occasions-- and just one criticism, none of the competitors readily knew how to take the crouch start, - most essential in short races.

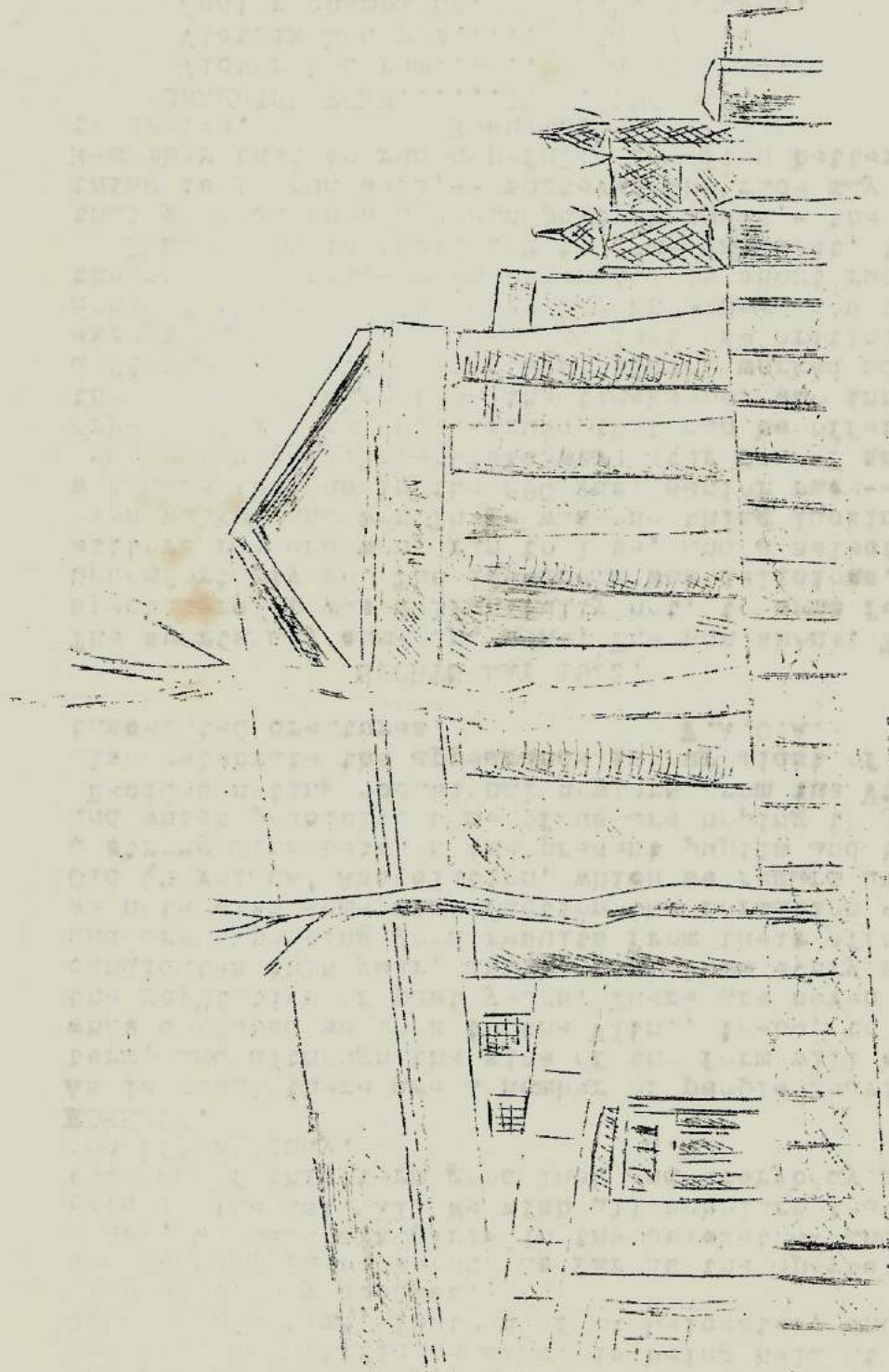
Finally it is thrilling to come in first, to know that you can show a clean pair of heels, - the greatest thing is to run well, - whatever the race may be. Remember that to run hopefully is often better than to arrive. Results.

CHAMPION FORM.....IV... 100 pts.

Victor Ledorum..... A Attwood.

Victrix Ledorum..... J Evans.

Junior champions. K.Richardson,
P.Field, and F.Kirk (tie).
G.F.B.



LEICESTER MUSEUM.

