

The Quornian.

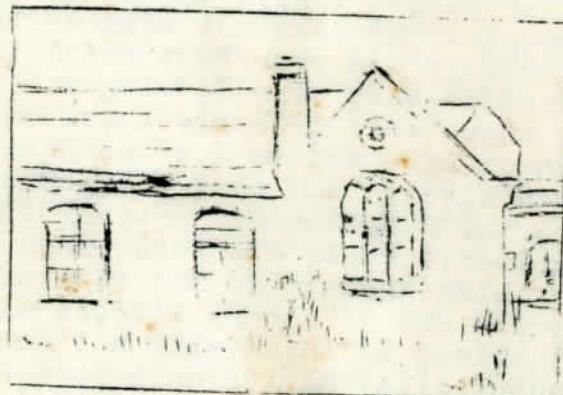


The Magazine of
The
Rawlins Grammar School,
QUORNDON.

Spes Mea Veritas.

THE QUORNIAN
MAGAZINE OF THE
RAWLINS SCHOOL, QUORN.

S.J. Roberts
J.F. Clay
J.L. Field



M. Burt
D. Adnett
N. Squire

With the collaboration of members of the staff & V.

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SUMMER TERM
1931

EDITORIAL

Another School Year draws to a close, marking, no doubt, the passing of certain time-honoured faces. We feel that many pupils who leave us do so with a very light heart, though we think the vast majority would admit that their years at the Rawlins School had been, on the whole, very happy ones. The average schoolboy or girl, however, feels that the day he leaves school is a day of great release... from study, from homework, from grind, from exams, and from lack of pocket money. And there is SOME truth in it for SOME people. He does not believe the old tale that your schooldays are your best days. Yet we have known pupils weep because they were leaving the Rawlins School. We think that these were probably those who put their best into their school life and so got the best out of it. It is more than likely that they will be, so to speak, the salt of the earth. But there is a type of pupil, all too common, who habitually puts his worst into his school life and does everything grudgingly and in miserable fashion. He gets the worst out of school life, is glad to leave, and we are inclined to think, will not get the best out of his subsequent life. Habits once formed are very hard indeed to shake off; though it is not an impossible task, we hasten to assert for the comfort of some. Let thorough, willing, eager, mannerly, true, sporting, good-tempered, pleasant be your watchwords. And aim high, remembering that your education has only just begun.

Our remarks would be incomplete without a reference to the departure of Mr Procter to the County School for Boys, Windsor. During his stay at Quorn Mr Procter has shown himself to be keenly interested in the welfare of the school as a whole and of the pupils individually. If we say that he did not let his predecessor, Mr Lucas, down, we give him high praise. But remember the words of a once popular poet...

'Tis only when the thing is lost
That you can reckon up the cost....

We hope Mr Procter's successor will carry on the good work and reduce our sense of loss; and that Mr Procter will have a pleasant post in the "more civilised South".

And now we ask you to peruse the many pages of excellent fare provided for your amusement and instruction overleaf.

LAMENT FOR THE MOTOR-MOWER

Mower, old pal, the day has come at last;
Your mowing days are now for ever past.
Not that, of course, you've mown at all just lately;
Still, all the same, you WILL be mourned for greatly.
You've been the cause of witty conversation,
You've taught us how to struggle with temptation.
Another faithful mourner is the hen
Who likes your grass-box better than her pen.
But, placing sentiment for once aside,
(Although I know your best you always tried)
You HAVE played on us many scurvy tricks,
You HAVE so often left us in a fix !
Do you remember how one sunny day
Your silencer was sprinkled o'er with hay ?
And how your passion set the hay alight
And gave your faithful driver such a fright ?
Do you recall you once refused to stop
And knocked your shed's back wall out neck and crop ?
What grass you mowed was half left on the field.
What good came of your nice new metal shield ?
'Tis sad your oiling system was not better:
Your float once leaked, too, in your carburettor.
And even at your best there was no hope
That you would mow the nettles on the slope !
Your appetite for waistcoats, caps and coats
I very much regret to say denotes
A mower short of all the finer feelings,
A mower very foul in all its dealings.
They say that three makes wretched company;
But SOMEONE made us two a happy three.
You can't have quite forgotten Mr Lucas,
Although he in your prime (and mine) forsook us;
For he, most skilled in all mechanic's arts,
Applied his skill to you, replacing worn-out parts.

Do you remember Mr Keighley's man ?
Why was there always trouble with your fan ?
Sometimes, you know, quite easily you'd start,
And, full of beans, we'd for the pitch depart;
Arriving at the scene of operations,
You'd stop and cancel all our expectations.
And then would start a weary uphill pull.
Oh yes, your company was never really dull.

Besides, you cannot say you were not overhauled:
And I can't here record the names that you were called.

But now we to oblivion consign
A worn-out warrior, once a pal of mine;
For now we have a nice new little mower,
Which, it is hoped, will always prove a goer !

W.J.

REMEMBER BELGIUM.

Last Easter three of our boys and two of our masters joined the party of East Midland Secondary Schoolboys in their visit to Belgium.

We had a very comfortable journey to Bruges, though the train that took us from Ostend to Bruges caused some amusement among our expert engineers. We received very comfortable quarters at the Hotel du Béguinage, where evry effort was made to make us feel at home; though we are afraid some of the food, albeit excellent, did not suit the palate of some of our more fastidious boys.

It would be impossible to detail our activities in Belgium, but the reader will get some idea of the American nature of our tour when we say that in ten days we visited, saw or did the following:- Brussels (with the place where Nurse Cavell was shot), Waterloo (with its wonderful memorial hill, said to have been carried there in basketfuls by women because they would work more cheaply than men), Zeebrugge (where we visited the Museum and also had a lecture 't the beginning of the Mole on the famous naval exploit), Blanckenberg (where we amused ourselves on the sands), Antwerp (where we visited the Zoo, the Cathedral and the docks), Ypres (where we were received by the burgo-master, who did us the further honour of lunching with us; and where we had a short religious service at the Menin Gate, followed by an official photograph, which, incidentally, we have not yet seen !), Lille (where we paraded the streets for a short time), Vimy Ridge (where we saw a bit of reconstructed front-line and part of the famous Canadian tunnel), Lens, Arras (where we had some rather expensive tea and some "cake anglais"), Menin (where there were some apparently farcical

customs proceedings), Flushing and Middleberg in Holland (where we were struck by the cleanliness of things and by the quaint peasant costumes and where one of our number bought a pair of clogs 'because his father was having a new house and garden'), Sluys (where there was once a naval battle, but whose only water is now a canal, the sea having receded) and lastly Bruges itself, where we saw the old German submarine base, the place where Capt Fryatt was shot, the chapel where a drop of the "Holy Blood" of Christ is said to be still preserved, the famous belfry and the midget golf course underneath, the Notre Dame church where the guide was so quaint and so charming and the picture gallery where there is the magnificent and realistic painting of an unjust judge being skinned alive.

We were all able to speak French as well as the natives (!) but the Flemish found us lacking sometimes.

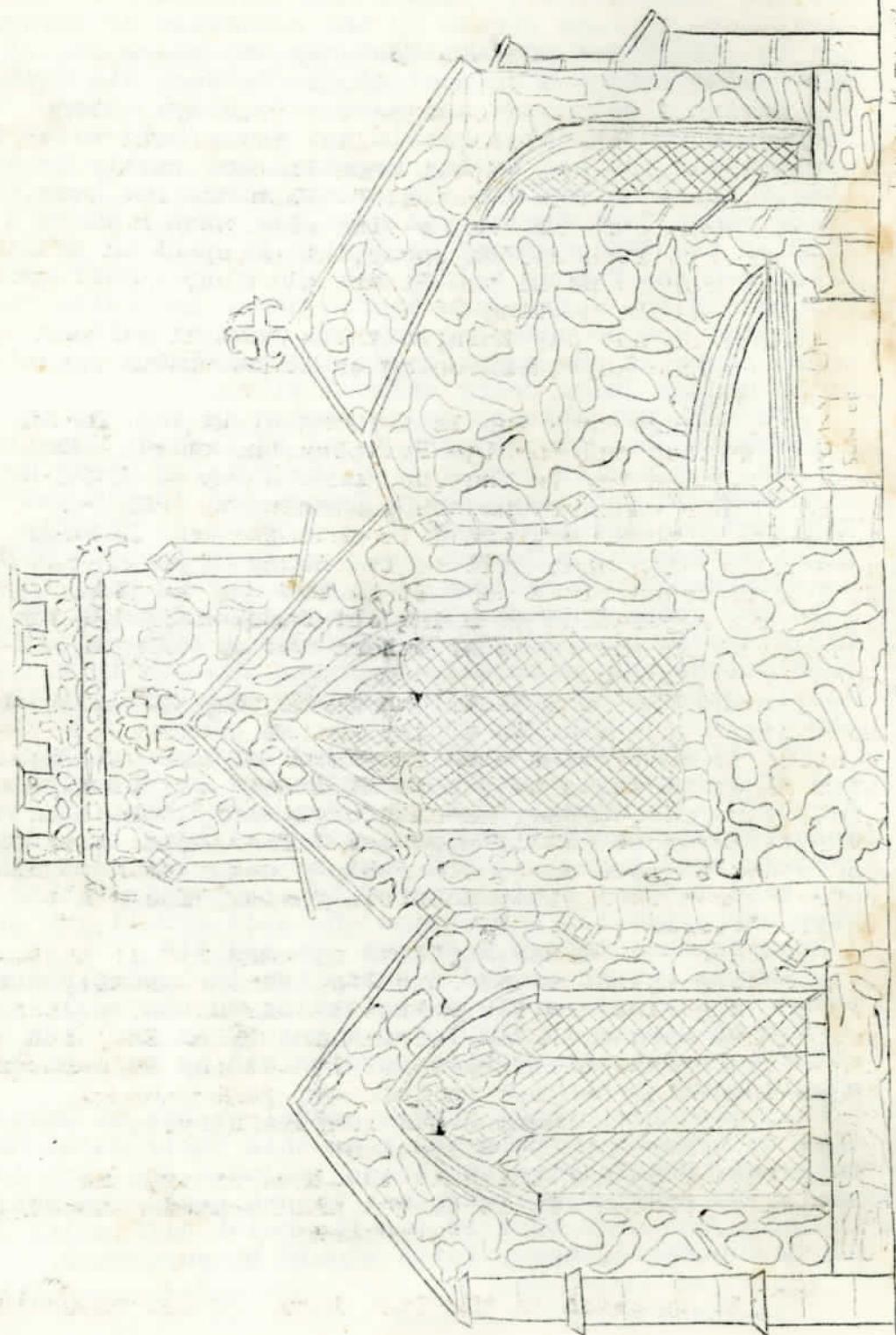
The cemeteries were legion, the British being kept with most lavish care, though French and German and Belgian ones are kept well also. The most ghastly sight we saw was a German cemetery near Loretto Hill, containing 38,000 bodies. They were buried head to head with one cross between. There were, therefore, in this field approaching 20,000 black crosses with white inscriptions; and we believe everyone who saw them was deeply stirred by the awful tragedy and futility that war is.

In lighter vein, be it recorded that one rather small boy of our party caused much amusement by describing himself in the hotel book as a "student", that the same incorrigible had his snapshot taken sitting in a dog-cart (a real dog-cart) and that he also saw some lake and said: "That reminds me of the turpentine": that when corrected to 'serpentine', he said: "Well, you see, I know so many things, I forget 'em all !!"

On the return we had a hasty tea in London, which, owing to a previous misunderstanding in the train time we had to devour in about two minutes. As the fish and chips were hot, the greater portion had to be left, or we should have been.

As these trips have become annual events, we should like to urge on parents who read this their value and interest. Considering the items included, the cost is small. We realise, however, that in one sense the outlay is large, but urge that if the financial difficulty is not insuperable, these visits should be supported.

W.J.



Sir,

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Sir

KELLY
JUN
CORRESPONDANCE

Sir,

May we, although not leading a revolt of youth, protest against the gramophone-like way in which people elder in years, repeat when in conversation, "Well, you see, you don't realsie". When one receives this remark, one feels like saying with much more point than politeness, "Why, pray, let us speak at all? Why not address us in the Gladstonian way as though we were a public meeting?"

But we do not say this; we think that it is just a dodge to elude any questioning or ideas which may be coming along.

This occurs when one is talking about, say, India, Russia, British and Foreign Politics, the eternal Free Trade question etc. Is that, we ask, the way to interest those of our numbers who are beginning to take an interest in these matters? Is that the way to keep conversant with what will be the ideas of to-morrow? No! A thousand times no! It is the way to give yourself the reputation of being old-fashioned, of being intolerant of the views of others and of being intolerable by others.

To make them eat their own words, they do not realise how much we realise. We to day are at sixteen and seventeen as conversant with the facts of the past history of various ideas as they were at twenty and twenty-one. And, may we add, we know as much about many things as the average arrogant middle-aged man? Please, the next time you speak to someone considerably younger than yourself refrain from using that horrible phrase "You don't realise".....

Another pet phrase is, "take my word for it that..." This rather egoistic and conceited phrase usually comes after a discourse on the critical attitude of modern youth. One does not mind information (Sic. Ed.) but one strongly resents the forcing of it and the informer's ideas about the subject in this arrogant manner.

Yours still respectfully,

"Strebör"

P.S. Please do not think it is aimed at any one particular person. It is to the middle-aged generally.

"Strebör"

Sir, We appealed in the last issue of the "Qournian"

that an endeavour should be made to eradicate from the behaviour of the younger members of "Society" that peculiar trait which has developed in the last few years i.e. the imitating of the American habit of gang warfare. We have, we believe, further complaints to make. That continent has, besides sending to us Lord Beaver-brook, sent us a peculiar dwawl and method of pronouncing the English language which cynics have declared to be worse than that adopted by the B.B.C.

We think that you, as a hearty supporter of the acquisition of a working knowledge of modern languages, will agree that the English language is bad enough as it is without the introduction into it of phrases which the addict pronounces with a different intonation all-together and which, by the way, we believe we are right in saying constitute many "gross grammatical errors". These should be "heavily penalised".

We think it preferable to hear the Leicester-borns asking for their 'at than to hear this rot.

Another rather tremendous thought has just occurred to me. It is that we patriots (that, I know, will arouse some people) form a Society for the Propagation of Pure English. We believe this idea was mooted some years ago but think, that with your great and valuable influence, this idea will take root and flourish to the disadvantage of those film stars who speak in this cacophonous manner. While we are on this point, may we say, as the films have been described as likely to make the English language universal, that we pray to God that they call it something else if only for the sake of our Shakespeare. If he were alive to-day, what would he say?

Heaven forbid that those people whom some call scenarion writers and others the very incarnation of the devil, should lay their vile hands on our Shakespeare.

Sir, we ask you to use your influence against these creatures.

Yours etc.,
"Leumas"

Dear Sir,

As one who is neither middle-aged nor very young and who is consequently very interested in the eternal controversy between youth and age, I would like to contribute a few remarks on the subject introduced by your correspondent "Strebbor". In doing this, may I say that it is not with the idea of answering him

as from one to whom his letter was directed, but from one who considers himself to be in the position of neutral arbitrator with the idea of helping him to understand the attitude of those of more advanced years.

"Strebör" objects to the assumption of superiority by older people on the grounds that young people know as much as the average middle-aged person. Is this true? He advances no evidence in support of it save his own authority. In fact he is doing exactly what he so very reasonably dislikes older people to do when they say, "Take my word for it..." Surely, other things being equal, the older person, by virtue of his greater age and consequent wider experience has much more right to do this than a younger person.

What "Strebör" wants is to compete on terms of equality with those to whom he is not equal. To be young is in many ways an advantage; in other ways it is a disadvantage. A reasonable youth who wishes to learn will recognise this but not be depressed by it and above all will not attempt to hide it, ostrich fashion, by pretending it is not there.

It is a difficult role for assertive youth to play. It is very annoying at times to come up against the frame of mind to which he refers. My sympathies are all with youth in the matter. It is made easier if one answers "Well, you see, you don't realise..." with "Well, would you mind helping me to realise?" The youth will then realise whether the older person has real grounds for his assertion or not. Quite often he has not, and Youth wins the day, Socratic fashion, by merely asking a question. Only thus can the wheat be sorted from the chaff among those who say, "Well, you see, you don't realise..."

In closing I would like to suggest that Youth has a definite positive part to play in these discussions. Youth is naturally idealistic (Used to be, still) and it should press hard for the realisation of its ideals, for the very experience that older people claim as the basis of their superiority, in the realm of ideals very often tends to the desertion of ideals, and Youth here has a decided advantage.

It would be disastrous indeed if Youth lost its idealism and shared the somewhat sour and embittered cynicism which one often finds in older people.

Yours etc.,

"Et Augebitur Scientia"

Sir,

During the recent earthquake which passed over the British Isles, numerous delicate articles were damaged, including two in Madame Tussaud's. A certain member of our community happened to visit that "palace" the day before the catastrophe happened. It has been wondered, owing to this dear person revelling in the slamming of doors, whether it was he who caused the displacements of the figures of Carnera and Crippen, and not the earthquake at all.

Yours etc.,

"Doubtful"

VI, V ADVERTISER.

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Apply immediately to avoid rush to
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Free a booklet "Fowls and How to manage them", which will be sent post free on filling up the coupon on the back cover of Jonathan Willett's latest novel "Absence". Send stamped addressed envelope to
Toby's Poultry Farm, Manchester.

Listen !! To have a respectable character one must have respectable nails. COMPLETE box of manicure utensils on sending threepence in stamps. Packet of six hair clips sent for an additional 1d stamp. Send to
Mlle Dorothy, The Promenade, Swithy-in-Sludge.

Bargain On sending 6d in foreign stamps, the "Beauties of the Countryside", including a chapter on advice on the growing of honeysuckle, will be sent by return post. Write P.C. to Lady Snow, The Boulevard, Wigan.

Free A précised ghost story by the most famous Evelyn Burt is being given free in every packet of "Squibs'" chocolate biscuits. So watch for "SQUIBS'" on every packet. S'NAUGHTY if you don't.

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BE STRONG: Strength can be improved by means of the new "Felix" system. Send for free pamphlet and autographed photo of inventor. Box OK.

J.L.F.

WHO'S WHO IN THE SIXTH.

ATTWOOD, Alan: son of the local pastor, but this does not seem to make any difference. Used to reside in Nottingham, but got fed up with it, so came here. Still maintains quite erroneously, of course, that Nottingham is a better town than Leicester. Might be a sheep by the number of times he says "Bah !" The next time he has his hair cut, he is going to have it made into a suit for Carnera in 2½ hours. Gives us this autobiographical note : "Born in Lancs. This explains a lot. Am outrageously the most handsome man in the school, ~~not~~ excepting Gillie Potter".

BURT, Margaret Eveline, commonly known as Burtie. Lives in a farm house, but says she is not a farmer's daughter. The only member of the fair sex left, thus a rose among the thorns. Together with Pannel still maintains classical studies in spite of barbarian tendencies. "Gets tired of being surrounded by people who talk of nothing but 'chuffers', 'airships' and Beaverbrooks and wishes that ONE of her many nicknames would discontinue to be used."

CLAY, John Frederick, resides in Woodhouse in the House of Learning. Says what he thinks in spite of constituted authority. Maintains the superiority of Rail Transport over Road in coalition with the "Air Minister", agreeing that the latter is 'utterly retrograde'. Prefers to spend his Wednesday afternoons swotting instead of giving his valuable aid to the cricket team. "Sits next to Pannel, but emphatically has no sympathy with the latter's sentimental and other tendencies".

FIELD, John Lawrence, captain of the cricket team and of the school. Has a habit of going in first and then being not out. Resides in Barrow....Road, not village. Quite popular with the ladies. This is not his own fault.

Southerner by birth, this explaining all the.....well, you know what all Southerners are. Caused a sensation by appearing at Leicester in a "posh" cricket cap. "The son of a prominent Loughborough electrician, quite a good golfer. Don't know why people will constantly talk about my low scores of late: it makes me ashamed of them".

PANNELL, Henry, resides at Mountsorrel and is as hard as granite, including when the Head is trying to make some Algy sink in. Quite a good cricketer. Still maintains classical. He is not, as his surname suggests, any relative of Mr Ward. In fact he eschews the sloyd room on all possible occasions. "Contrary to the general belief, am not in the least sentimental and, in conjunction with the Ministers for Rail and Air, utterly deplore the terrible state of mind of the sentimental ones".

WILLETT, John Alfred, hails from Rothley. Is suspected of having secret connections with certain Chicago gangsters. Is the only one of the peers of the school who is not taking the exam: perhaps he is the only one who is candid. Has a decided dislike for any fixed timetable, hence his only occasional appearance at school.

"My name ain't Toby".

ROBERTS, Samuel John, Unconventional, outspoken, especially on political subjects. Has a very low opinion of the authenticity of news given in the popular or Beaverbrook press. Very much likes supporting lost causes in debate, invariably loses but does not care about that... Has a decided and unconcealed contempt for film fans and sentimentalists. Maintains the doctrine that education by means of the brain is immeasurably superior to education (?) by the hands. "Consider the sloyd's most important use is being the Dining Hall of the Peers of the School" Anon.

THE "RAIL-ZEPP"

Aerial competition, although as yet a negligible quantity in Britain, is causing the serious consideration of the Railway Companies on the continent, and in America. Accelerations of principal services has been used as a weapon against this competition, with the result that

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France and even Canada are rivalling Britain in individual speed performances, although our general standard is still higher. Germany has not any ordinary train services which approach France or Britain in speed, but she has gone one better.

A novel vehicle has been evolved, which is a combination of a railway coach and an airship cabin. This is about 70 - 80 feet long and is carried only on two axles with a wheelbase of 65 feet. The aluminium body is streamlined and contains accommodation for 40 passengers. The motive power is an aero-engine and propeller. Various unimportant trials have been carried out, but on Sunday June 21st a real test was made,

The main line from Hamburg to Berlin was cleared of traffic and the Rail-Zepp was given a 173 mile run. This was covered in 94 minutes at an average speed of 110 m.p.h. Speed was reduced for curves and stations, the maximum attained being 142 m.p.h.

This is an epoch-making event and a record for all classes of railway work. Without trying to make any forecasts as to the possible use of such vehicles on normal railway services, I merely state that the railway is not utterly useless as a high speed medium after all.

J.F.Clay.

THE ALGEBRA LESSON

Characters: Brown, Selby, Smith, Jones, White and other pupils. Also Mr James M.A., Litt.D., Ph.D. etc.

Scene : The classroom of a boys' secondary school. It is the second period and is an algebra lesson. The teacher sits at his desk, while the boys are also in desks. There are the usual maps and pictures round the room.

Teacher: Come ! Come ! Jones, what is $A^2 - B^2$?

Jones : Please sir $(A + B)(A - B)$

Teacher: What ! What did you say ? Repeat that, boy !

Jones : Pl..please sir $(A + B)(A - B)$

Teacher(muttering): Hopeless, hopeless ! What can we do with that boy ?

Voice (from back of class): Take him and chuck him in a duck pond !

Teacher: Who spoke then ? Answer me ! Who spoke then ?

Brown, was it you, you thickhead ?

Brown : No sir ! I mean...yes sir ! That is... I never

Teacher: Silence ! You will learn the future, present conditional and imperative of avoir and vendre and will repeat them to me before school to-morrow morning.

Brown : I...er...thank you sir !

Teacher: What ! Thank you ! Thank you did you say ? Thank you ! What on earth do you mean ?

Brown : I...er...that is...I mean...I didn't think...

Teacher: Think ! You think ! Impossible ! Impossible, boy ! Quite insensible ! However, to resume the lesson, Jones, what is $(A^2 - B^2)$?

Jones : (thinking he has got the right answer at last) Please sir, $(A + B)(A^2 - AB + B^2)$.

Teacher: (Jumping up) What ! Boy ! Boy ! You are hopeless, absolutely hopeless ! Tell him, Selby.

Selby : Please sir, $(A + B)(A - B)$

Teacher: Good ! Good my boy ! Excellent ! Please remember that in future years Jones. Now open your books to Page 135 and work out examples 1,3,5, 7,9 and so on. Boys ! Commence work !

(There is a short period of silence till suddenly Jones is heard to say)

Jones : Shut up ! Stop it ! Please sir ! Oh stop it ! You've hurt me over so much !

Brown : Why, what's the matter ? I'm not hurting you, I've not touched you.

Jones : No, but your compass point did.

Brown : It didn't.

Jones : It did !

Brown : It didn't ! I tell you. It was White.

White : No it wasn't, you fibber ! It was you.

Brown : It wasn't. Don't you believe him, Jones. I'll come and give you one, White.

White : Come and do it and see what you'll....

Teacher: Silence ! White, come to me at the end of the lesson for an imposition.

White : But it wasn't he, it was Brown.

Teacher: What ! How dare you stand there and tell me such lies & I distinctly heard you.

Smith : Please sir, he's not standing, he's sitting !

Teacher: What ! What did you say ? Repeat that at once !

Smith : I...er...I said he was sitting and not standing.

Teacher: (sinking into desk) Good Heavens ! How dare you ? Answer me ! Answer me ! or be quiet !

Smith : But please sir I...

Teacher: Silence ! Smith and White will both learn the future, present conditional and imperative of

être and aimer and will repeat them to me before school to-morrow morning. Boys ! Resume your work !

(There is a short silence, suddenly broken by a bell ringing, denoting the end of the period.)
Teacher: (rising) Boys, dismiss !

(The boys file out, followed by the teacher, most majestically !!)

John Bradshaw.

LIMERICKS

Said a man to his wife down at Sydenham
"My trousers have gone. Have you hidden 'em ?
It is perfectly true
They were not very new,
But I foolishly left half a quid in 'em."

There were some good people of Ramillies,
Who went to the Zoo with their families.
The children all cried
For an elephant ride,
Then made for the place where the camel is.

There was a young chappie of Whopping
Who went down to London a-shopping.
He bought a new suit
Which he said was 'too cute'
And a hat which was perfectly topping.
P.W. Sykes.

There was an old man of Toulouse
Who came home without any shoes.
It would have been funny
If he'd lost any money,
'Cause he hadn't got any to lose !
E. Harris.

An unskilful young rider from Rhyl
Motor-cycled full speed down a hill,
Till a spill at a bend
Killed our wilful young friend
And he now in the churchyard lies still.

A railway porter of Crewe
Met an engine one day that he knew.
Though he smiled and bowed,
The engine was proud,
It cut him, yes, cut him in two.
H. Brewin.

SALLY'S EXPERIENCES OF THE EARTHQUAKE

Sally was a charwoman. She was big and rather stout, with reddish hair and grey eyes. She met her friend Emily, another charwoman, in the street the day following the earthquake, so she asked her in to have a cup of tea whilst she told her about it, because Emily did not hear it.

"I went to bed rather late an' I 'adn't been in bed very long afore all of a sudden I woke up an' found the bed a-shakin'; I could hear the ornaments a-clinkin'. I thought a man 'ad got into the 'ouse ! Oh ! I was frit ! Then I could hear the furniture a-startin' to shift, so I thought it 'ud be best if I got a light, so I put me 'and out for the matches, but I couldna find 'em, they'd rolled on the floor, so I thought it 'ud be best if I lay in bed quiet like, so I did, an' I wor tremblin' all over, I was, but then it stopped an' I wor that tired, Emily, that I went to sleep.

But, lumme, next morning when I goes downstairs, an' ornament were off the mantelpiece an' it lay in smithereens on the floor. Oh, I were mad !

Can't think why you didn't 'ear it, Emily. Oh, well perhaps it's best you didn't, for it frit me proper, it did ! I 'opes we don't have another of 'em again, not while I'm living, any way, putting the wind up me like that ! Oh, well ! It's over now, thank goodness !

Marie Haynes.

PUZZLES.

DIG

(1) Make a diamond of words.

Clues..(a) A consonant. (b) An animal. (c) Strata. (d) One who stamps. (e) Popular summer fun. (f) Rocking. (g) What the army has to do. (h) Digit. (i) A consonant.

(2) Change MAKE to TASK, changing one letter at a time in 5 steps.

~~make~~ ~~TAMKE~~

(3) Six lettered word meaning to omit. Then make two squares of three letters each of this word.

(4) As No 3, but the word means 'writing-fluid container'.

~~little oil~~

Joan Kelly.

SPEECH DAY

The 140th Speech Day was held on Friday, 17th July. The Rev W.A. King took the chair and the Hon. Mrs R.E. Martin kindly consented to present the prizes.

The IV & V girls opened with two songs, followed by the Headmaster's report, in which he emphasised the importance of the Oxford exam.

The chairman then passed a few remarks on the report and then Mrs Martin expressed her delight at being present to distribute the prizes. Peter Rumsey gave two very good violin solos and Norah Squire a pianoforte solo with her usual ability.

A vote of thanks to Mrs Martin was proposed by the Chairman and seconded by Mr Farnham; while a vote of thanks to the Chairman was proposed by the Rev H.H. Rumsey and seconded by Alderman C. Wilson.

The Hall was quite full and the pupils were very glad to see Miss Almond once again.

PRIZEWINNERS

Prep.... Phyllis Shenton, English & Nature. Nancy White Handwork & Drawing. Vera Sylvester, General Progress. Kemp, History & Geography.

II..... Joan Evans, English. Joyce Holland, Nature. Harris French. Everard, Science & Religious Knowledge. Orton, History. Hibbitt, Geography.

III... Margery Toone, English, French & Latin. Iris Allen, Religious Knowledge & Geography. Sylvia Richardson, Science & Handwork. Stafford, Mathematics.

IV.... Millicent Tacey, General Excellence. Joan Kelly, Science & Art. Marie Haynes, Bradshaw, General Progress.

V..... Dorothy Adnett, French. Norah Squire, Latin. Bishop, Religious Knowledge & Science.

VI... Margaret Burt, Botany, History & School Captain. Clay, Religious Knowledge. Pannell, Classics. Roberts, Science, Attwood, General Progress and Mathematics.

Oxford School Certificates. Nancy Dexter (Dist. in French) Armon (special mention in languages), Watterson, Matthews, Prevost.

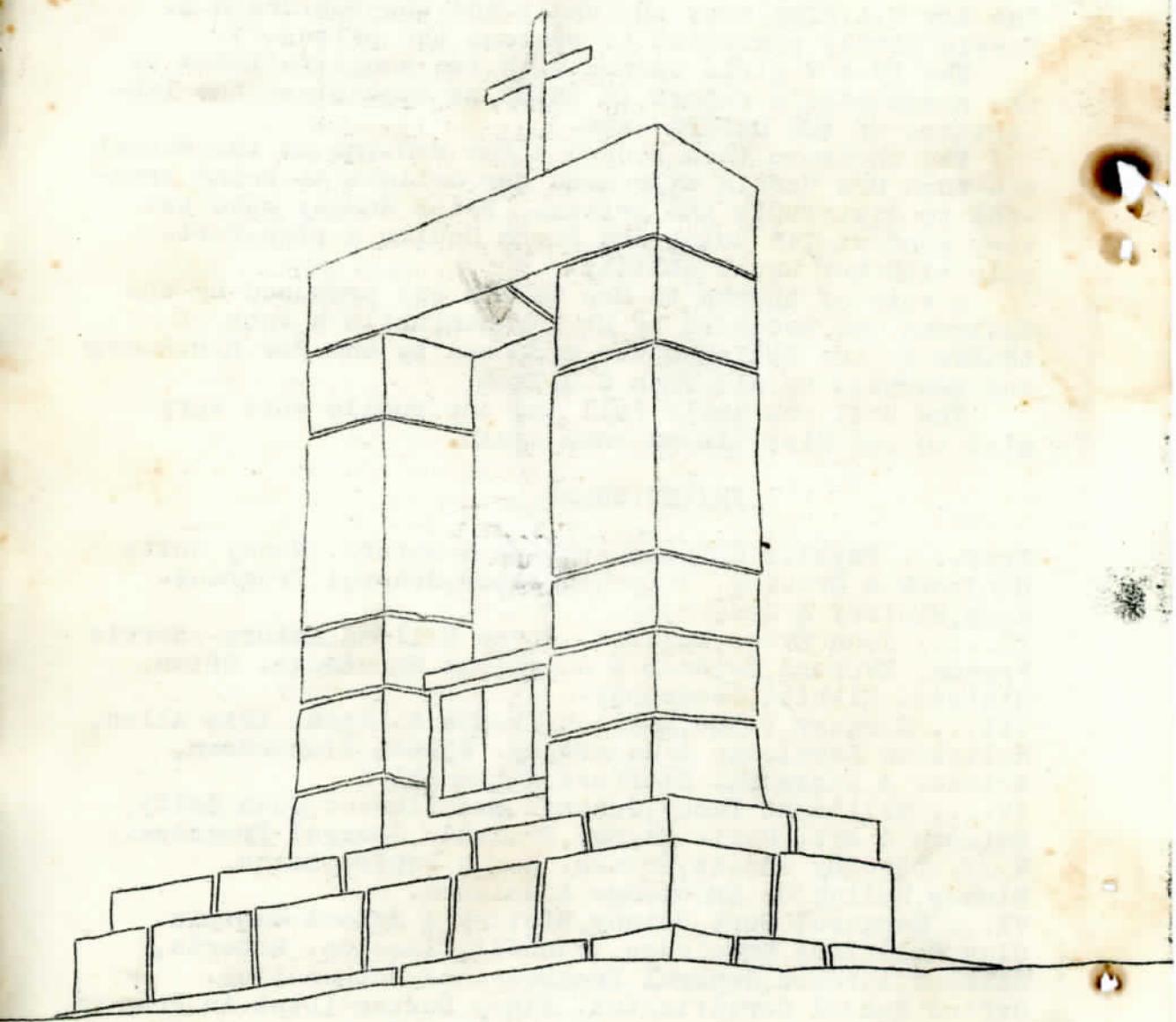
Sports Awards. Field Cricket 50. Mothersole Victor 1930. Margaret Burt Victrix 1930. Robertson Victor 1931.

Florence Walker, Junior 1930 and Senior Victrix 1931.

Squire Junior 1930. Harrad, Junior 1931. Joan Lewin Jun. 1931 Lucas Cup. Margaret Burt (second year)

Viall Cup. Field.

D. Adnett.



MOUNT SORREL WAR MEMORIAL

M. TACEY

BOY'S CRICKET NOTES

Our first two matches with Clarke's College and Mill Hill were cancelled owing to rain, but we were well rewarded for our disappointment when against Barrow G.S. on our own ground, J.L. Field, going in first, was not out after scoring a masterly 63, although he says that "the fielders caught the other fellows and missed me". Don't you believe him; it was a great innings, almost faultless.

Our next match was against Mill Hill on the Victoria Park, Leicester, where our opponents ran up a score of over 100, chiefly, it must be admitted, through our rank bad fielding. Probably we missed the quiet seclusion of our own ground. They left us only a short time to bat in which we scored just over 40, the last wicket falling to the last ball of the final over.

Next week we visited another Leicester Park.. Spinney Hill.. to play Clarke's, who, by the way, were very anxious to pay us out for our many soccer victories. Again we were given over 100 to get, but replied with 90 odd for the loss of 9 wickets, when the Park Keeper made faces at us and we had to draw stumps.

On July 8th we played Baxter Gate Wednesday at Loughborough and, including Mr Procter, ran up over 100, being the first team to score a century against them. They replied with 150 odd for 7....not bad for a "crowd of schoolkids" as someone called us.

Our second fixture with Barrow was cancelled owing to the continuous rain.

We have also played the girls XI, batting left-hand and bowling underarm. We got just over 40 and got them out for 27. Under similar restrictions (which are indeed a subtle compliment to our cricket abilities) we played the Old Girls XI and lost to them by two or three runs.

Another evening we played and defeated the Old Boys by 10 wickets. This made them so angry that "we kids" & Mr Jacques and Mr Procter had beaten them that they threw out another challenge, this time leaving enough time to get together a very strong (?) team;

You will notice that we haven't, except the first time, mentioned Field's innings, or we should have had to mention him in every match. Also may we congratulate him on brilliant performances for Beaumanor Park. When one in future thinks of Rawlins 1930 C.C. one will naturally think of that remarkable wicket-keeper batsman. Bravo Jack !

S.J. Roberts.

	Inns	N.O.	Runs	Highest	Average
J.L.Field	5	2	196	65	65.3
R.Gamble	5	1	59	32(not)	14.7
H.Pannell	3	0	18	15	6.0
D.Squire	3	0	15	7	5.0
	0.	M.	R ²	W.	Average
R.Gamble	48	12	109	10	10.9
H.Pannell	20	2	77	5	15.4.

GIRLS' CRICKET NOTES

There were to have been six matches this term, but two have been cancelled owing to bad weather. Three were played at home and two away. (Something wrong with the arithmetic. Ed)

Clarke's Coll.	Away	Cancelled	
Barrow G.S.	Away	Tie	34 each.
Clarke's Coll.	Home	Won.	
Newarke Sec.	Away	Lost.	
"	Home	Cancelled.	

The team consisted of M.Burt (capt), F.Walker, E.Hoult, O.Stanton, M.Haynes, M.Porter, J.Lewin, P.McBean, I.Allen, E.Hunt, J.Copson, with S.Richardson as reserve.

Scorer:-M.Toone.

F.Walker

SINGLE-WICKET.

Both boys and girls have as usual run a single-wicket competition. The girls have not yet played their final, which is to be between M.Burt and M.Porter.

In the boys' competition, the finalists were Gamble and Pannell and the winner Pannell.

TENNIS NOTES.

There has been the usual amount of tennis, apart from the fact that there has been no tournament.

Margaret Burt beat Dorothy Adnett for the Lucas Cup and Field won the Viall Cup by beating Gamble.

LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Owing to outdoor attractions there have been only two meetings. The attendance at both was good, considering it was the Summer Term.

First Millicent Tacey spoke on "Patriotism". A second paper was given by D.Adnett on "Ancient Games". Both were very good efforts, but the second was spoilt by a too rapid delivery.

J.F.Clay.



I hike, we hike, they hike, we all hike.

HIKERS

(with apologies to Lord Tennyson)

They come from haunts of tramcars' roar,
They stride along the byways,
And stroll beside the river Soar,
Then out on to the highways.

Yonder Mountsorrel and Rothley lie,
They still keep briskly going,
For Woodhouse Eaves ahead they spy
And hear the cattle lowing.

The reservoir they pass and see
The swans for food are diving.
The hikers laugh quite merrily
To see the way they're striving.

Anstey they find is in their rear
But Groby is before them.
They stop at Groby Pool to peer
And then the woods....explore them.

They take some lunch inside the wood
(For lunch they have a liking)
Then find the road again, 'tis good
To start again a hiking !

Through Cropstone, Swithland, Quorn they go,
Once more to join the river.
For rain may fall and winds may blow,
But they'll hike on for ever. M.Tacey.

HATS OFF TO ROBERT!

Ten years ago a certain small boy entered the prep. He rose from form to form, increasing in popularity, till he reached the highest and most honoured position in the school, that of captain. Robert Armon has nowunfortunate ly left and has taken up a post in Barclay's bank, Bourne.

This term we have missed Bob in every respect, both in work and games, and the familiar cries round the class of "Eh up (pronounced oop) Gibbett, what's the third person plural of the future of avoir ?" or "What do you get for No 13, Bob ?" are no longer to be heard. He was always willing to help anyone in difficulties and I'm afraid that we schoolboys and girls do get into some messes ! But he would always help us out.

As for games, we have missed him even more than in the classroom. His position as our captain has, however, been rewarded by the marvellous record of the football team Two and a half seasons ago he was promoted to captain and since that day the team has not lost a match. As a matter of fact, as I dare say you know, the team has WON every match.

As far cricket, his batting proted of the strongest, and he was ranked as a tophole bowler. Even in outside matches one could nearly always rely on Bob getting some runs or wickets.

He was also a very capable secretary of the Lit. & Sci. Soc., as well as a leading light on the Magazine Committee.

Now he has departed into another sphere, where he will be able to look on Rawlins Grammar School as the birthplace of his excellent education and sporting abilities.

So here's to Robert William Armon, a sportsman, a gentleman and a pal who will long be remembered in the minds of the staff and pupils of "Rawlins".

J.L.F.

NOTABILIA.

Among things of interest this term may be reckoned the following:- the school photograph, the new mower, the Friday afternoon when it wouldn't start, the attempted resurrection of the old mower, the first ball victims at

Leicester (and elsewhere), the matches scratched owing to wet weather, the not-out habit of our captain, Field, Millicent Tacey's masterly speech, the welcome reappearance of Mr Lucas in an evening cricket match, the fact that he has not forgotten how to catch, Field's batting and Mr Jacques' bowling squash the Old Boys, the nettle-scything activities of Bishop and the bad luck which robbed him of his reward, the new pavilion gate after the sheep had left the field, the pacific spirit of Form VI, V, Robertson's ability at pure athletics, the butter-fingers of the cricket team, the girls are coached and immediately handsomely win a match, fixtures are renewed with Barrow, Toby's continued absences, the rabbit in the main schoolroom, a short visit from Miss Almond, the increase of junior interest in cricket, the "Midland Off", the happy spirit of the tea and of the Boys v Girls match, the Pathescope man's cinematographic activities, the small attendance of juniors at the Lit & Sci meetings, certain desks have been repaired, certain chairs haven't, a new scythe (but no stay and a bent back), the promise of Form II, the persistence of scarlet fever, our regret the day when Swithland went to Cleethorpes, Robertson takes a well-earned (?) holiday, the advice and cartoons in the pavilion, the mystery of the lock and key that disappeared and reappeared, Harrad's writing and the many little tufts of grass in the field.

Anon.

FORM

NOTES

VI..... It is again time to show off our literary ability in the writing of the form notes of the senior form: indeed a difficult task as we have to write a lot about the good points of the form (which are few, according to some) and resist the temptation of writing about the bad ones.

We were sorry to lose our head prefect and school captain at the end of last term. But it is the general impression that his place has been ably filled by J.L. Field who, besides being an excellent captain, can and will on the least provocation become the form's fo...no, humourist.

We were, despite the presence of several non-runners, second in the final list at the sports, thanks to the excellent running of our girls....all of them !

Mr Jones (to prove that all youth does not lack initiative, we suspect) told us that we could have a historical debate on any subject we chose, subject, of course, to his approval. The subject immediately chosen was that

"Bismarck's policy of blood and iron is preferable to modern diplomatic methods". Despite a powerful exposition of the case in support of the motion, it was overwhelmingly defeated. Which says a lot, considering that the bellicose fifth were allowed to vote.

Well, we believe that that finishes the account of our creditable performances. We will not go into a detailed description of our bad ones because, if we did, we should need an enlarged edition of the mag. !

Best wishes to all who are leaving at the end of the term.

S.J.R.

V..... The form has now become accustomed to the VIth Form rabble and has begun to show interest in Arithmetic which had been sorely neglected.

We thank "Bolly" for upholding the prestige of the form by giving an excellent paper on "Ancient Pastimes" to the Lit.& Sci. Society.

Also we regret that the girls' cricket team can only beat a team containing half first XI and half second XI players.

Despite pedantic and gloomy forecasts of a World War we refuse to be depressed.

Although we did not do very well at the sports, we hope to do better next term and, maybe, next year.

We shall miss very much our noted film fanatic and also our gasworks, not forgetting our well-whisperer.

Up till now the boys have had rotten luck with their cricket, having drawn two, lost one and had two cancelled owing to wet weather.

We wish our Oxford candidates the best of luck and also those who are leaving us. We also wish Mr Procter luck, who is, we believe, leaving us at the end of the term.

W.E.B. & G.P.T.

IV.... Well, here we are again nearing the end of another very pleasant term ! At least it will be until the exams commence, for noone is looking forward to THEM !

Nothing of great importance has happened this term except various absences owing to illness.

For those who cared to take leather-work Miss Burrows kindly allowed them to during drawing lessons. Those who took it certainly thank her very much indeed.

Form IV is well represented in both girls' and boys' 1st XI, for we have three boys and four girls in them.

John Bradshaw.