

Q CO RIER E N S

THE MAGAZINE OF
QUEEN'S SCHOOL

RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS
VOLUME 4 NUMBER 1 Jan. 1966

QUEEN'S COURIER

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RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS

*General Editor: Mr S. A. Balding
The Editor would like to thank Miss Williams and the girls of the
Commerce Department for their invaluable help
in the preparation of the text.*

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 1

JANUARY 1966



Vivienne Peters (Queen's School 1962-1964) receiving the Sash of Honour and Order of Merit as the best cadet on her course at the W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.

Editorial

The weather at the beginning of the Autumn Term did its best to make up for the poor summer with its dreary rainfall and grey Rheindahlen skies. Staff and pupils returning from holidays in the Mediterranean countries had tales to tell of floods and storms, of camping sites awash and cars stuck in the mud. In fact, those who went home to various parts of the United Kingdom probably enjoyed as good weather as most.

It was sad to think, as the Summer Term ended, that several members of our staff, including some senior ones, would soon be on their way back home at the end of their service in Queen's School. We wish them every success and happiness and thank them again for all they gave to us in their time here. A large number of senior pupils, including many School Prefects, also left us at the end of their school careers. As the holidays closed and the plans for the new school year went into action, it was good news to hear that seven members of the Upper Sixth had gained university places, five were accepted by Training Colleges, and others had been offered good posts in banking and industry. Our best wishes and congratulations go to them. We look forward to hearing in due course how life is treating them.

Our Fifth Forms also did well in their various public examinations and have set a high standard for their successors to emulate.

Three weeks after the Autumn Term had started, the school underwent a full inspection. A team of five of Her Majesty's Inspectors, led by Mr. John Powell, spent a week with us, during which they scrutinized in detail the general tone, organisation and running of the school. At the time of writing, it would be premature to comment on their findings, but it was generally agreed that their presence in the school, their thoughtful appreciation of our problems and the sound advice they offered stimulated much useful thinking.

We have just as many material problems as ever owing to our overcrowded and scattered buildings, but good will and determination, backed by a sense of humour, have overcome them in the past year and if the spirit is right, the challenge can again be met and won with far greater satisfaction than easier circumstances would warrant.

Calendar of events

1965

September 7	Term starts
September 22	Visit of Director B.F.E.S. and Mrs. F. Mulley (wife of Minister of Defence, Army)
September 29	Netball matches at W.G.S., Hamm
October 4	HMIs' Inspection begins (till Oct 8)
October 7	Parents' Committee Meeting
October 8	End of 1st Grade Period
October 14	Netball: 1st and Under 15 v King's School (home) Commonwealth Lecturer: Lower School (p.m.)
October 15	Commonwealth Lecturer: Upper School (p.m.)
October 18	Lectures and Films: Duke of Edinburgh's Award Commander D. L. Cobb, R.N. (Upper School p.m.)
October 20	Netball: 1st, Under 15 and Under 14 v Cornwall School (Dortmund)
October 21	Visit of Area Commander 11.15 a.m.
October 29	End of 2nd Grade Period
October 29	
October 30	
October 31	Half-term
November 1	
November 4	Film (Dental Directorate) Lower School, 2.15 p.m. Parents' Committee 3.00 p.m.
November 5	Junior Soccer and Netball teams leave for Hamm
November 6	Junior Soccer and Netball Tournaments (Hamm)
November 11	Film (Dental Directorate) Upper School 2.15 p.m.
November 16	R.N. Careers Team visit (Upper School)
November 19	Careers Advisory Officers' visit begins Football and Netball teams to P.R.S.*FW
November 20	Inter Schools Tournaments at P.R.S.
November 26	End of 3rd Grade Period
December 3	Christmas Fair
December 6	Reports to be completed
December 15	Carol Service, St. Boniface Church 6.30 p.m.
December 17	Term ends.

Upper school speech day

2nd JUNE, 1965

Speech Day is probably the highlight of the school year. Little matters of detail are given careful consideration: blazers brushed; hair combed and cut; cardigans removed and the whole school, both buildings and pupils, is made to look really resplendent. And 1965 was no exception. Staff and pupils can look back with pride on a day that was both successful and a very happy occasion.

We were delighted that the Commander-in-Chief and his wife, General Sir William and Lady Stirling, were our Guests of Honour. Sir William arrived promptly and was met by the Headmaster at the gate. The School was indeed fortunate in having the full military band of the Cheshire Regiment present and they certainly provided excellent music and a genuine martial atmosphere to the inspection of the Guards of Honour, both of the Combined Cadet Force and the Rangers. After the march past, which a number of parents and friends attended, Sir William then toured the various exhibitions in the hall. New styles of display were being tried and we were most gratified by the interest which our guest took in them. As a centre piece, two bed-sitting rooms (a boy's and a girl's) had been temporarily constructed in the centre of the Hall. These had then been decorated and furnished, as far as facilities would allow, by the Technical Studies and Art Department according to the winning designs of a competition which had been held in school. On the stage was a vast display of photographs, maps, curios and souvenirs of the Padre's Easter visit to Jerusalem. Other displays were graphs of examination statistics, photographs of the School Plays and School Sports, and a complete display of school uniform. In rooms about the school were varied displays including History, English, Science, Geography, Modern Languages, Commercial Studies and Music.

After lunch, the School with Staff and Parents, assembled in the Garrison Theatre and at 2.30 p.m. our guests of honour arrived. We were very pleased that the Command Secretary, Mr. H. L. Emmett, had agreed to act as our Chairman and we were most gratified by the firm but friendly manner in which he guided the afternoon's proceedings. After the presentation of a bouquet to Lady Stirling and the introductory remarks of the Chairman, the Headmaster gave his report on the school year. Having committed the facts and figures to his printed report he was able to interest both parents and pupils much more with his general appraisal of the school and the past year. Delivered with many touches of humour it was apparent from his speech that the year in both academic and sporting achievements had been a great success; possibly the best in Queen's School history. Lady Stirling, although indisposed and acting against doctor's orders, then presented the prize books. Her presence was much appreciated and we were indeed most grateful for the interest which she has always taken in the affairs of the school.

The Commander-in-Chief then made his address. Keeping his remarks mainly for the pupils he gave them some sound and wise advice for the future. The Deputy Head then proposed a vote of thanks which was seconded

by the Head Girl, Sally Long. After three cheers for our Guest of Honour led by the Head Boy, Brian Airey, the Prize-giving closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

For the next hour, tea was served back in School whilst the many exhibitions and displays were explained to our Guests and Parents by proud pupils. By 5.00 p.m. our Guest of Honour was ready to leave. He had had a busy day, and we had thoroughly enjoyed having him and his wife as our Guests.

Lower school speech day

30th JUNE, 1965

Lower School Speech Day was held on 30th June, 1965 in the Garrison Theatre. We were pleased to welcome Brigadier D. A. Beckett D.S.O., O.B.E. as our guest of honour. Brigadier Beckett had already shown a keen interest in the school and had visited us on previous occasions.

The morning was spent in preparing the theatre and the various exhibitions displaying the practical work of the pupils during the year.

At 2.30 p.m. the Lower School, together with staff, parents and guests, assembled in the Theatre. The chairman for the occasion, Mr. Williams B.Sc., the Assistant Director, addressed his opening remarks mainly to the pupils. After the introduction the Headmaster and Master-in-Charge delivered their reports and Brigadier Beckett presented the prize books awarded for diligence and attainment shown during the year.

After the prizegiving the Guest of Honour spoke to the pupils and stressed the importance of courage and tenacity. Although these qualities had changed their nature and outward form they continued to be of as great importance today as in the past. His speech was much appreciated by the pupils.

The senior girl prefect, Joan Moon, thanked the Guest of Honour for his services and Christopher Knight led the school with three cheers.

After the ceremony, our guests, with parents and pupils, returned to the Lower School for tea and toured the displays.

It was felt that the day was a fitting climax to the school year.

House reports

CORNWALL HOUSE

Although the performance of the House in the past two terms has not been outstanding, there has been no lack of team spirit or keenness.

On the cricket field we managed, despite some very close matches, to retain second position. Much credit is due to John Stallwood whose forceful bowling tactics kept down our opponents' runs. However, the athletics picture is very different and we only managed to gain third position. As with the cricket the House also managed to obtain second place in the swimming gala.

In the football competition both intermediate and senior teams have played extremely well. One notable match was against Edinburgh whom we beat eight goals to three. At the time of going to press Cornwall was leading in the football competition but still have one final game to play. However, we were not so successful with the basketball matches and ended the season with last place.

John Ross and John Stallwood both deserve special mention, each having gained five house colours.

I am sure that the House would join us with a very warm "Thank you" to Mr. Stallwood and Miss Poole for their invaluable assistance rendered to us during the last two terms.

C.C.
H.P.

EDINBURGH HOUSE

At last a good report may be written for the House. Past reports have so often recorded Edinburgh's hard luck stories, but this term a new sun has begun to shine on the horizon.

The boys' enthusiasm, always present in the House, has risen to a high pitch and the support for House teams is much better.

Of the two main sports in competition for boys — athletics and swimming — the House has acquitted itself admirably, gaining a very hard fought for first place in athletics and second in swimming.

The shooting competition was won for the third year running by the House, who were many points ahead of their nearest rival. Black achieved the highest individual score of any team.

On the girls' side enthusiasm was not as high as expected and the high standard set in the tennis tournament was too high for our team. Although the players were keen, their skills were not good enough and we came fourth.

This term saw the institution of House Colours and we are pleased to report that twelve boys and fifteen girls obtained them. We must mention Jones who obtained 5, Brent R. 4, Black, Reilly and Borton 3, while K. Black obtained 3 in the girls' games. Congratulations to them and to all those we have not mentioned.

Well done Edinburgh, keep it up, and we'll soon fill up the cupboard.

B. Airey
J. Downes

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

The past year has been a very successful one for Gloucester, as far as sport is concerned. This has largely been due to a great effort by the mass of the House, rather than to individual achievement. In the Spring Term the girls did very well to win the netball competition, while the boys gained second place in the soccer competition after some very exciting games. Our greatest success of the term was, however, in the Inter-House Cross Country. For the intermediates, P. Jones and M. Ford came first and second respectively, while D. Fermor ran a first-class race to win the senior event.

The Summer Term was a mixture of success and marginal failure. In both the senior and intermediate tennis competitions our girls came second, and a high standard of play was to be seen. The biggest team effort of the year was the athletics standards competition, in which large numbers of normally non-athletic House members turned up on Saturday mornings to have a go, with the result that Gloucester gained a runaway victory. On Sports Day itself we were doing very well until the very last event, when we were overtaken by Edinburgh. Nevertheless, congratulations are due to the whole team for their efforts. More success awaited us in the swimming gala, in which we rather unexpectedly came home with flying colours. Continuing our run of success, the boys won the cricket competition in fine style, with both the senior and intermediate teams winning all of their matches. There were some fine individual performances, but teamwork and House spirit were also very important factors.

At the time of writing, halfway through the Autumn Term, the boys are playing well in the soccer competition, and both teams are as yet undefeated at basketball. Our one dismal failure is to do with the Work Trophy, where we occupy a seemingly unassailable fourth position. Surely, with so much to be proud of on the sports field, this is a stain on the reputation of the House which must be removed as soon as possible.

All in all, though, Gloucester has had its best year for quite some time, and we must all strive now to keep the House in this position.

KENT HOUSE

The Spring Term saw hard work by the playing members of the House, but in spite of their efforts the Basketball results were disappointing. The Netball and Hockey fared no better either!

In the Cross Country Race we came third. At the finish we were well represented by F. Auty and M. Cox who came third and sixth respectively and by the many others who gallantly struggled home within the first thirty and the one and a half minute time limit.

This year we did not do so well in the Athletics as in previous years. The Lower School Kent boys came second in their section and the Upper School team fourth in theirs in spite of some really good individual performers. R. Auty, Captain of the team, won the long jump and the 400 metres, D. Rogers won the 800 metres and C. Amies won the 200 metres. The girls, too, put up a spirited performance with Helen Clarke winning the javelin event and others obtaining second places. In particular Sally Kay and Susan Bance did well.

The Athletics Standards points gained were very disappointing as insufficient of the House members made the effort to gain their points on the Saturday mornings allotted!

In the Cricket Competition, dare it be said, we again achieved fourth position! This was not through lack of endeavour by the Seniors who had most enjoyable games, even managing the remarkable feat of a tie with Cornwall. The few keen Intermediates suffered through lack of support, being able to field only eight or nine players for their games.

However, all was not lost, as during the Summer Term we did regain

the Work Trophy. Well done all!

The Autumn Term has commenced well generally and we look forward to loyal support from all our House members, enjoyable games and success.

*P. Letts
P. Green*

Sixth form lectures

SPRING TERM 1965

11th January	"The Mare's Nest" (History of the V.1 and V.2)	The Headmaster
18th January	"A Personal Account of the years 1939-1947"	Mr R. Ford, M.A.
25th January	"Space Travel"	M. Andrews (6 beta)
1st February	"Carpaccio"	Mr P. Wilcockson
8th February	Brains Trust	
15th February	"The Development of Parlia- ment"	The Rev. C. Sellars
22nd February	"The General Strike"	The Deputy Headmaster
8th March	"The Artist and his Materials"	Mrs D. Wilcockson
15th March	"Sport in Canada"	Lt. Col. M. Turner, RCE.
22nd March	Brains Trust	
29th March	"The Russian Revolution"	Mr D. Simpson, B.A.
5th April	"Portrait Painting"	Mrs D. Wilcockson

AUTUMN TERM 1965

The Sixth Form Lectures during the Autumn Term dealt with the topic of "Britain To-day". The main source of information was Anthony Sampson's "The Anatomy of Britain To-day". The subjects, which were shared between the Headmaster, the Deputy Head and the Senior Mistress, were as follows: -

Britain 1865-1965: A comparison

Parliament To-day: The Parties

The Monarchy and the Palace

Wilson and Heath

Media of Information and Entertainment (two lectures)

Schools and Universities

The Churches

The Civil Service

At the time of going to press, arrangements have been made for Brigadier D. Horsford, D.S.O., (B.G.S., H.Q. B.A.O.R.) to talk to the Sixth Forms on Monday, 13th December.

Sport

NETBALL REPORT

The Inter-School Netball Tournament was held at Windsor Girls School, Hamm, on March 12th and 13th 1965.

As a preparation for this event, the School 1st and 2nd teams had played the W.R.A.F. and W.R.A.C. teams, with, on the whole, very pleasing results.

Accordingly we embarked on this tournament with a certain amount of optimism.

The first match was against Prince Rupert School and Queen's had a comfortable victory by 25 goals to 14. Then Queen's played King's School and won again, though with a narrower margin of 14-7.

This left Queen's with a match to play against Windsor School; as this team was also unbeaten, the match promised to be an exciting one.

From the spectator's point of view it was an almost unbearable half an hour as the score crept up with first Windsor in the lead and then Queen's. However, the eventual result was a draw 17-17. This meant that the tournament had to be decided on the number of goals scored for each school and Queen's was victorious with 56 goals to Windsor's 41. This was a most exciting end to the tournament and a well deserved victory for the 1st team.

Meanwhile the 2nd VII had not been idle! They had played, and beaten, Windsor's 2nd team 22-9.

The under 15 team, too, had a thoroughly successful season remaining unbeaten throughout.

Turning now to form Netball. This season saw the introduction of a form Netball Tournament, run on a knock-out basis. Each form, or occasionally, two forms combined, entered a team, including the staff. This tournament was played during lunch hours and provided a great deal of enjoyment for players and spectators alike. Even greater zest was added to the Competition by the formation of a VAB Boys' Team who under Pottinger's manership busily challenged, and defeated, all comers!

The final match was played between the staff and the Lower VI and was an honourable draw. This tournament did much to foster form spirit and I should like to thank the members of the School team who helped with umpiring and the form Games Captains who organised their teams so ably.

S.C.P.

TENNIS REPORT

We were fortunate this year in having Kathleen Plowman still in school to Captain our team. Before the Inter-Schools Tournament, at the beginning of June, we managed to fit in one match against Wegberg Hospital which was narrowly won by our hostesses by 5 events to 4.

In the Inter-Schools Tournament held at King's School we entered our 1st VI and a boys couple. Because of a lack of available courts we had to play 15 games against our opposite couples from other schools and not the usual best of three sets.

Queen's won every event of the girls' matches by 3 matches to 0, and to our great delight the boys also beat all their opponents. Queen's therefore retained their title and won the tennis for the second year in succession.

Turning to House Tennis, for the first time this year we had an Intermediate as well as a Senior House Competition. The results of this will be given in the House Reports. It was encouraging to see enthusiastic and increasingly skilful play on the part of the Intermediates, and this promises well for next season.

S.C.P.

BASKETBALL 1964—5.

For the first time, the school basketball team had the chance of regular match play before the Inter-Schools Tournament at Hamm. We took part in the Garrison League, and took second place of ten. We found the league good experience, and enjoyed many close games, in well organised, match atmosphere. In the K.O. competition just before Christmas we reached the final, and were defeated after a thrilling game, with the lead changing several times.

In cold results, this experience was wasted in the Inter-Schools Tournament. We failed to record any final success. We played Windsor point for point in the first half, and faded later. Against Kings we seemed to be winning in fair comfort, but when they put pressure on, we had no tactical answer, and in a desperately close game we lost by a single point. We had several able and athletic players, but when we realise that any amount of individual skill just cannot match a well drilled team who play in rhythm, then we shall be able to play to a situation, and not to our mood. We were disappointed in the Tournament, for we were worth better results. The team had very good spirit, and had put in many hours of individual practice of shooting and handling. However, it seems clear now that we relied too much on individual flair, and tactics involving perhaps two players at any one time. The team member must learn to do every job adequately, to be calm under stress, and to be involved fully with all his team mates in the play, with or without the ball.

We are most grateful to the Garrison Gymnasium Staff for the chance to play in their tournaments — this gives the whole season's programme a purpose, and the experience will make all the difference — this year.

T.G.B.

SCHOOL CRICKET 1ST XI

The season was a very short one owing to the comparatively short term and the calls of the examination hall; however, it was possible to play three matches and the team gave a very good account of itself in all matches.

The opening battle was by tradition against the power and might of the Staff XI. The school batting first made a sound start but then the middle order slumped to 36 for 6. However, with a sound knock from Tinnant and some fiery tail-end attacking by Wright, who scored 30 in a few minutes, the score reached 106. This total was beyond the capabilities of the Staff

who scraped together an entertaining 63 before conceding defeat.

In the matches played by the School XI it was very noticeable that their "out-cricket" was of a high standard. Very few runs were ever given to a batsman and their catching and their throwing was very good.

In their annual match against Windsor Boys School the School XI again batted first and with a very good innings from Ian Broom supported by Philip Letts the school reached a total of 75 runs. Generally this is not a winning total but with Letts and Myhill bowling unchanged, the catching being good and the throwing sufficiently accurate to run-out two batsmen, Windsor Boys School never really looked out of trouble.

From a start of 8 for 2 they slumped further to 19 for 5 reaching only 34 before being all out, Letts getting 4 for 17 and Myhill 4 for 13.

In the final match against the Hospital Staff, at Wegberg, the game swung both ways until at the end the school won yet again but this time only by a run margin. Congratulations are especially due to Michael Barratt, the Captain of Cricket, for the way he welded his players into a good all-round team and led them to three sound victories.

THE 4th INTER-SCHOOLS ATHLETICS AND SWIMMING INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

This was a year of "First Times" for these Championships. It was the first time that we had been able to "board-out" our 120 visitors, both boys and girls, and for this we thank the many good friends of the school. It was also the first time that we welcomed competitors from Gloucester School, Edinburgh School, and Lancaster School to these Championships. Unfortunately it was the first time that all the manifold preparations came to nothing on account of bad weather on the Monday of the Athletics Championships.

The rains came and after several inspections of the track and field it was decided to abandon the Championships. Tuesday came and with it fine weather for the Swimming Championships. We at Queen's School did not have it quite so much our own way this year, with only Sally Long (Diving), Susan Jones (50 metres Front Crawl) and Philip Letts (100 metres Breast Stroke) becoming Champions at their events. It is worth noting here that Sally Long, who won the Girls Open Diving Event, has won this event now four times consecutively and leaves the school as an undefeated Champion; a very fine performance.

Those who came second in their events were Lyn Fairbanks, Hazel Piggott, Philip Letts, Ann Morgan, Paul Bawden, Rowena Cross and Alex Cross.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those parents of pupils at Queen's School, and other friends of the school, who did so much to help with the boarding of Competitors and with the organisation of these Championships — in particular Flight Lieutenant McWilliam and his Staff for all their help with the Athletics and Major F. Davies and C. S. M. I. R. Bissom for their help with the Swimming.

Physical Education Dept.

JUNIOR AND LOWER JUNIOR ATHLETIC FESTIVAL AT HAMM

Queen's fielded a full team on this occasion, the junior team divided fairly equally between boys from Upper and Lower Schools, and the lower junior team from Lower School only. Both teams had trained hard, giving much spare time for this purpose, and our hopes were quite high. In the event, we did not do quite as well as we had expected. Conditions were bad, and some of our lads did not achieve their maximum performance, but nevertheless we came away with one first place and four second places. We also proved second fastest in the junior relay although both Windsor and ourselves were disqualified on take-overs.

Boys competing were —

Upper School

— MacLean
I. Jones
Hew

Lower School

— Jermy
Miles
Briwa
D. M. Jones
I. Robinson
Dawkins
Black
Macaully
Hinds
Homer

School journeys

A trip to Jerusalem

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of hope to lean upon,
My scrip of faith, immortal diet,
*My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage."

— but Sir Walter's retrospective description of the pilgrim's outfit was for simple days; our preparations for a self-contained party of twelve (ten of them schoolboys) more befitted our technical age. Moreover, even with generous leave of absence, we had only thirty days for our journey. Thus we were careful to see that our two estate cars were in tip-top shape; our

* Pilgrims were enjoined: "The bottle... is not for indulgence but only just enough to keep body and soul together". (Informacon for Pylgrymes unto the Holy Londe: Wey.) We carried two half-bottles of whisky with the sole intent to make friends and influence people. But the very sharp frosts during our early Camps diverted our aim. This foot-note is by way of justification of the two adults who alone felt the intense cold as they watched over their sleeping charges...

food supplies had been strictly calculated, weighed and packed; our trailer, equipped with telescopic lid and "pull-out" tents for quick pitching was our special pride. It was "all our own work." We felt that no detail had been neglected: we were stuffed with official and international documents; and within, we were brimful of protective injections.

Nonetheless we journeyed as pilgrims and paused at Saint Boniface Church as we left Headquarters to say one of the 'Psalms of Ascents', Psalm One Hundred and Twenty One:

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in . . ."
If we were to get to Jerusalem and on to the Red Sea, we should have 7,000 miles to cover before we saw home again . . .

The journey to Istanbul in two and a half days can scarcely be made into a saga. True, we did have to man-handle the vehicles on one wicked stretch of road; we certainly slid down the Dragoman Pass in darkness, fog and slushy snow; we collected five punctures in the trailer tyres (mercifully all at one go); and we were shadowed by Communist police during half a night's drive. Be it said that when the writer went back to ask them the way, they were most courteous. We ran along the Bosphorus into Istanbul in cold, sheeting rain, but friendly Turks soon opened up a Motel being made ready for the tourist season.

Here we stayed for two days, resting and getting our kit into shape. We had time also to see the Blue Mosque, St. Sophia, the Topkapi museum and Palace and the Seraglio. Then after a full Turkish dinner, we joustled for the last time with the local taxis and escaped unscathed to cross the Bosphorus into Asia. As the ferry took us over the narrow strait, we sipped a cup of Turkish coffee and talked of Xerxes, Byron and of that famous Apostle who, carrying the Gospel from the Holy Land, "came over to help us". Within a day or two we were over the Tarsus Mountains and turning off our route to pay homage to the memory of the great St. Paul at his birth-place, Tarsus.

The town is sadly fallen since New Testament days and only a ditch remains to mark the course of the once full-flowing river which carried the ships into the heart of the city. We stayed for only one night, sleeping (by kind permission) in the courtyard of the mosque. Scores of fat and variously-coloured slugs lay all around the tents. But we remembered chiefly the kindness of the police and local folk and also the sudden change in the weather, for at long last, the Rheindahlen rain had given up the pursuit!

When we sighted our first 'bee-hive' village in N. Syria, we felt that at last we were getting somewhere and cameras were brought into full action. The lady in the colourful native garb was indeed willing to have her charm recorded but her husband seemed less keen — how else could one explain his obvious wish to put a half brick through the windscreen of the Citroen? Further along the desert road we had a little trouble with the Vauxhall. But the leaking petrol tank stood no chance against our state of preparedness; the American boy in the party was called on to chew up most of his gum supply.

Damascus amazed us with its sprawling size. No doubt it has a street called Straight as in St. Paul's day, but we could not find it and had to

resort to our car compass in order to come out of the city at the right end. There were several police Check-points after Damascus but we had no difficulties except perhaps that the Padre had constantly to protest that the ten strapping youngsters were not his sons. Too late, he realised that he had squandered much prestige. At the border we passed serenely through a seething mob of local travellers and came to the Jordan frontier — in seven days as planned. However, it was late in the day and we were hungry and dirty. We therefore rang up the Headmaster of St. George's School in Jerusalem — where we were to stay — and arranged to move on next day and to take in Jerash on the way. Then, with intense satisfaction, we settled to a meal in the frontier restaurant and had a thorough wash — a great luxury! Later, and with exquisite leisureliness, we set up camp in the grounds of the frontier post. No one was allowed to pester us and the predatory hordes of small children were sharply sent away.

Jerash, "Pompeii of the Middle East" stood majestic and silent, its stark columns clear-set against the brief verdure of the desert Spring. It was from these streets that the people had flocked to hear Christ preach in the open country-side. Our meditation was wildly broken by the triumphant shouts of some of the younger boys from the dizzy heights of an unparapeted wall. We took a count of the party before we sped away!

Soon we were descending into the desolate region of the Dead Sea, crossing the Jordan and climbing steeply towards the hills of Jerusalem, to catch the first glimpse of the towers of the Holy City. Without difficulty, we found our way to St. George's School where Canon Adkin, the Headmaster, was waiting to greet us. Everything was at our disposal: dormitories, a dining room, a kitchen; but nothing could surpass the cups of real English tea — in *real* cups and *not* plastic beakers.

Thus, the key was set for the whole of our ten-day stay in Jerusalem. Everywhere, the Headmaster's name got for us personal attention and V.I.P. treatment. At the Convent of Sion the Reverend Mother herself showed us the Pavement on which Christ was judged by Pilate and fully explained the fascinating story of its discovery. At the Dome of the Rock (the third most holy place in Islam) the Shaikh of the Mosque met us with the traditional courtesy of rose-water sprinkled on hands and head. The monks who tend the Church of St. Peter's of the Cock-crowing — it marks the site of the palace of Caiaphas — were likewise kind and informative. Later, when we wished to see something of the work being done for refugees, a letter from the Archbishop of the Anglican Cathedral gave us full entree to the farm, orphans' school and the metal, woodwork and leatherwork training shops.

During Holy Week we were content to follow the tracks of the pilgrims of old: the Palm Sunday route; Gethsemane; the Good Friday procession to Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre in company with thousands of Christians from many lands. We went to Bethlehem. One day was given up to the Jordan Valley: we bathed in the Dead Sea; risked our limbs amongst the incredible excavations of ancient Jericho; we were charmed by the traditional place of Christ's Baptism; and we gazed at the Mount of Temptation and resisted any such impulse to climb it! Back in Jerusalem, we saw the Pool of Bethesda with its five porches, mentioned in St. John's Gospel, and we

visited the Crusader Church of St. Anne. One evening we were invited to a Passion Play in St. George's Cathedral. It was brilliantly produced by a Hollywood expert; on another evening, on the invitation of the School prefects, who teach in the Arab Sunday School, we saw the Arab youngsters' idea of the Good Friday and Easter Drama. The boys were guests of the Arab boys' Youth Club on one afternoon — and, we gather, were closely questioned about English Youth. . . Later, we played Basket-ball against the St. George's team. A 'Lament' ought perhaps to be published in due course. . . However, we were able to invite the Headmaster and the team to a full-scale tea party. We there found that an Arab 'hour' is at least three times as long as a British one. It was a great party!

The time would fail to tell of all we saw: the Wailing Wall, the Church of the Pater Noster, the Tomb of the Kings, Solomon's Stables or the Asqua Mosque. The talk which the Archbishop gave to the party of his experiences in Jerusalem — and, indeed, those of his father before him — deserves an article by itself. So also would our leisure-time activity of bargaining in the souks. Did not Mr. Christian haggle furiously for ten loaves at the price paid normally by Arab customers? And did he not at the end of a mighty battle come forth exhausted but triumphant? Unfortunately he neglected to count his ten loaves. . .

Fully packed and ready, we set off immediately after Easter Communion for Petra and it was not until darkness was falling that we came upon the modern village set amongst wild mountains. The road dwindled to nothing and so we set up Camp near to the local Police Post. The next morning we hired horses and rode the last three miles to the ancient city hewn out of the very mountains. The only approach is through the Siq — a narrow defile between towering cliffs of rainbow-coloured sandstone. We climbed to the High Place and re-enacted, in part, a human sacrifice on the very slab. We climbed three thousand feet to El Deir, a great rock-temple, and ventured to the rim of its ornamental facade. Suitably, in that strange place, there was a heavy thunder-storm as we camped that night.

From Petra we made our way to Aqaba through some of the Lawrence of Arabia country. By the sub-tropical sea, our bard began his Epic, as he now could:

"We've bathed in the Med. the Dead and the Red. . ."

But here the effort proved to be too great for him.

Before we left, the Padre was delighted to find an old acquaintance, a tough and gentle little Belgian priest who for years has laboured in the grim surroundings of Aqaba.

On the return journey we fell in with the Bedouin who were waiting for the Crown Prince to pass by. One or two of the boys were able to ride on the gaily caparisoned camels.

Back in Jerusalem, we checked the vehicles and packed our gear. There was a session of photography between the Archbishop and the party. The Headmaster gave each of us a Jerusalem Cross as a memento and we were able to give a gift to the School which the Head promised to use to help one of the several orphaned youngsters who are given education and keep at the School.

The return was more gently done than the outward journey. We rested for a full day by the Mediterranean at Iskenderon; and later at Istanbul, we visited the hospital at Scutari made famous by Florence Nightingale. For the moment, the Turkish First Army has its Headquarters here and we were made most welcome. In Bulgaria and Yugoslavia the May Day preparations were in full swing and we should have liked to linger longer but we thought it best to push on until we had cleared the Alps. When we arrived at Salzburg we rested again for two days enjoying the slides down the well-known salt mine and a visit to the famous puppets performing *Der Fledermaus*. Then we ran quietly home to Rheindahlen to find familiar faces waiting to greet us on the School car park. And we gladly admitted that the psalm we had said seven thousand miles earlier had been truly kept.

C.H.S.

Scugnizzi camp

Instead of taking a British School Party to Italy to give a Camp for Fr. Borrelli's Scugnizzi, we this year tried the experiment of inviting fifteen Neopolitan boys to Germany.

The chiefest of our opponents was the weather and it did not spare us. Nonetheless we were able to carry through our programme completely and not one boy caught cold! That we were able to do so was entirely due to generous help and entertainment from surrounding Army and Air Force Units: Royal Air Force Wildenrath, Royal Air Force Laarbruck, 13 Royal Signals Regiment the Army Units at Krefeld and Villich gave whole days of lavish hospitality and almost overwhelmed us with their kindness. Stadt Krefeld, through the British Services Liaison Officer, arranged a full day's visit which included a trip on the Rhine with the German Army as our host! It was a splendid day and our one day of sunshine!

The writer has frequently received expert advice and help from Military and Air Force sources, in some of the more ambitious School 'ploys' he has undertaken. Yet once again, we should like to put on record, sincere thanks for what has been done.

C.H.S.

The school play

It seems that every school has its share of born actors and this was very apparent when the Dramatic Society performed 'The Importance of Being Earnest' last March.

We have all come to expect such a high standard from Mr. Balding and his charges that they as well as the audience must have felt more than a little apprehensive in those agonising first few minutes of the play. Surely it is doubly difficult to live up to an already established good reputation.

We were soon to be put our ease, however, first by Angus Black's confident, half-amused air and then by Michael Thursfield. As Algy his performance was quick, entertaining and apparently effortless — he seemed

to be living the part. Equally polished and self-assured were Susan Fisher as Lady Bracknell and Sheila Stride as Gwendolen. All three have acted before with great skill and are obviously very talented. Their command of the situation somehow (rather unfairly) did not surprise us.

It is perhaps to those in the play who make no claim to be actors that the greatest praise is due. True, they did not react to what was being said around them on the stage and only sprang to life when it was their turn to speak — but how well they all did despite this.

Brian Airey as John Worthing had obviously worked very hard and very successfully and was convincing — how like a governess Brigid Hardman-Mountford made Miss Prism seem! If the audience had known how much coaxing and persuasion had been necessary for Fiona Meiklejohn to think of playing Cecily, they would have appreciated her excellent performance more. Rolfe Wainwright amused us greatly as the very parsonic Reverend Chasuble and John Youdell had the air of dignity and distance one associates with a butler. Indeed, it says a great deal for all who took part that Wilde's witticisms were not lost on the audience and even seemed quite topical. The diction was excellent.

The obvious limitations of the stage did rather detract from the settings. Clearly the best had been made of a bad job — but can justice be done to all the rehearsals, hard work, make-up and costumes with such poor lighting and lack of space? Let us hope that whenever Queen's School is extended a proper stage with footlight equipment will be built. This production was indeed worthy of something better.

S.C.

Clubs and general activities

SQUASH CLUB

This term the Squash Club has raised its number to twelve, and many of them are old hands. However, Mr. Jenkins has shown remarkable patience with the new members, some of whom had never even seen a squash racket before, let alone used one! The rules, although seeming very complicated at first, were soon digested and everyone was fired with enthusiasm, with the result that it was decided to extend the club to five o'clock.

We are told that, when played by experts, squash is one of the fastest games in the world. We are no experts, but to our delight have lost a good deal of weight!

We would like to thank Mr. Jenkins on behalf of the club for his expert guidance, and hope that the Squash Club will continue to flourish.

Doreen Kears U VI

Carla Standing U VI

CHOIR

During the Spring Term, this year, the choir worked hard preparing for the performance of Fauré's "Requiem", which took place at St. Boniface Church on April 8th. The soloists were Mr. Hough — baritone and Miss Williams — soprano. The service was quite well attended considering the

proximity of the Easter holidays, and everyone expressed their appreciation of it. We should like to thank Mrs. Aspinall and the girls from the Domestic Science class for preparing the attractive supper for us at school, after the service.

We also gave a performance, the previous day, at the Naturwissenschaftliches Gymnasium in Mönchen-Gladbach. We were warmly welcomed again, and hope that this friendship between our two schools will continue to flourish.

This term the choir is working hard again for the School Christmas Carol Service. Practices are being well attended, especially by members of the Lower School. I shall be very sorry to miss this year's Carol Service as I am leaving to go to Gloucester School, Hohne, and I wish the choir all success for the future.

Last, but not least, we would like to express our thanks to Mr. Wainwright, for his invaluable help and tuition.

Anne Coleman 5A

NEEDLEWORK CLUB 1964-65

The Needlework Club flourished last year though numbers declined in the summer term. Attendance remained at about 40, so that the Club had to be held in two sections. We are sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Cross who is no longer able to take the dressmaking section and we thank her very much for her work for the club. We are happy to welcome Miss Davison who is very kindly taking her place. The two sections continued and quite a number of 'chic' garments were turned out. In the embroidery section about 20 members produced some fine work: stuffed animals, tray cloths, cushion covers, tapestry work and knitting. The meetings have been very enjoyable indeed. As well as being a "hive of industry" the meeting has also been a "social occasion"!

B.P.

TRAMPOLINE CLUB

Fourteen brave young souls defy gravity for two hours a week, in the school Trampoline Club. The apparatus itself is a full-size model with all the trimmings, located in the Garrison Army Gymnasium. Not only are we allowed flying time, but the Gymnasium staff co-operate cheerfully and skilfully in the instruction.

Most of our number had not actually been in orbit until the first club session, and all the smiles were saved until they clambered gratefully off. They are quick to learn, reasonably brave, and efficient 'spotters' (a 'spotter' pushes the wildly gyrating, frantic body back on to the canvas should it veer too far towards Earth). The series of tense, pop-eyed victims has changed to a fluent line of acrobatics and relaxed progression. They are learning how vital it is to help each other and laugh at themselves — no bad thing. We are most grateful to the Gymnasium Staff for their immediate and consistent help, without which this club could never get off the ground.

T.G.B.

THE DANCING CLUB

The club meets regularly every Thursday afternoon in the school gym.

There are 30 girls representing each age group from third to sixth formers. Besides learning traditional Scottish country dancing under the expert guidance of Miss Lind, we are also attempting a few of the more modern dances, for example the Cha-Cha.

We must thank Miss Lind for her enduring patience with our somewhat clumsy attempts to be graceful dancers. For all concerned it has been a pleasant but exhausting way of spending a Thursday afternoon.

*B. Stallwood
D. Parsons*

SWIMMING CLUB

In the crowded swimming-pool timetable, we are fortunate enough to be allotted a session for club swimming, as distinct from racing training and class instruction.

This session produces some of the most valuable swimming work of the school. In a very full programme, the pupils work for examinations of the Royal Life Saving Society and Amateur Swimming Association. This year four pupil instructors (from last year's successful Bronze Medal candidates) supervised the training of and prepared a group for the Bronze Medal Life Saving. They gained 16 successes, and three pupil teachers passed the very punishing Award of Merit examination, the first Queen's pupils to do so.

For those who were more concerned with their personal survival, the A.S.A. exams provided tough tests of stamina and water skill. 5 pupils passed the Bronze, 17 the Silver, and 14 the Gold Award. All these examinations are nationally recognised and worthwhile targets. They involve a long swim, various tests of confidence and underwater work, all to be performed continuously. They were a hard challenge to the club members, often involving much extra training, and it is very pleasing to record that so many pupils persevered and succeeded. Particular congratulation to the pupil-teachers, who fed back their success from last year to their contemporaries, with obvious success. This continuity, and 'snowball' of instruction, worked very well and has set a most interesting and valuable precedent.

We could not possibly attain such a number of successes in difficult examinations, without the generous help, time, and facilities offered to us by the Garrison Sports Officer and his staff. It is pleasant to be able to show so definitely that they are appreciated and used to the full.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society met for its mysterious purposes every Thursday afternoon during the last academic year and, miraculously, managed to produce speakers and a chairman on each occasion.

Apart from debates, we organised a few Balloon Games, Brains' Trusts and, on one occasion, a Mock Trial — which certainly made a mockery of justice!

Among subjects discussed in the year were: whether the Police should carry arms, Euthenasia, Capital Punishment, "The Deterrent", Government Policy (a very stormy debate this!), Gambling, Aircraft Development, Vietnam,

"The Space Race", Germany's future, U.N.O., Race Equality, Pirate Radio Stations and many others which will not be mentioned, striking as they do at the very heart of that admirable institution, the British Way of Life — and even, once or twice, the special sanctities of School Organisation.

This term, so far, smaller numbers have obliged us to confine our meetings to fortnightly affairs. It is thought inadvisable, in view of the serious Brain Drain to other Activities, to put too much pressure on those geese from which we might hope for the occasional golden egg. The hope, I trust, is not so vain as the metaphor.

H. J. H.

THE RUGBY CLUB

During the Spring term the club played matches against R.A.F. Wegberg, and H.Q. Unit R.A.F. A notable victory was recorded against R.A.F. Wegberg, and the result against H.Q. Unit was a loss by only three points to nil. In addition an all-boys match was held against Windsor School which Queen's lost by nine points to three. It was a most enjoyable occasion, and it is hoped that this will be the forerunner of many more.

The greatest success of the year was achieved in the Rhine Area Seven-a-side Competition, when the school reached the semi-final, beating such notable opponents as H.Q. B.A.O.R. on the way. The semi-final itself went to extra time, before the school succumbed to Duesseldorf Dragons.

This year promises to be another good one. Although some of the stalwarts have left, thanks to an influx of newcomers there is now a greater depth of players in the club. Rex Gregson, Simon Hardman-Mountford, and Ian Jones will no doubt be useful in the pack, again only lacking weight, while among the backs Paul Fennerly, Geoffrey Baiton, and Alan Hastings should provide enough speed to trouble many opponents. At full-back Philip Letts will provide a tower of strength. Matches have been arranged against the Academicals, Learbook Vacation XV, R.A.F. Wegberg, and H.Q. B.A.O.R.

There is every hope that the strength of the Club will continue to grow, and that with further experience, an even more successful season than last will result.

C. L.

FILM CLUB

It was with great regret that we said good-bye to Mr. Mackay at the end of the Summer Term. His technical know-how and skill had proved invaluable, particularly as the Army presented us in May with a new but rather complicated projector. Sincere thanks are indeed due to him, but an equally sincere welcome to Mr. Thomas who has taken his place.

During the Summer Term the Film Club has had to provide entertainment in wet weather for those who would rather be taking part in out-of-school activities. It has now a regular membership again which provides a better basis for running the Club.

I hope after Half-Term that we can be a little more ambitious with the sort of films we show.

A final word of thanks to Messrs. Storey, Dickerson and Barnard who have seen to the setting-up and efficient running of all the equipment.

S. Copnall

METALWORK CLUB

The club enjoys full attendance and a wide range of models is being attempted. Once again a steam engine is being constructed together with small tools and copper work.

Particularly commendable has been the interest and ability shown by the group of girls who have joined us.

D.A.K.

The following clubs also met regularly:

Drama	Pottery
Chess	F. A. Referees' Course
Art	Fencing
Model Engineering	Soccer
History Model Making	Boys Hockey

COOKERY CLUB

The club is well attended by boys and girls who have not the opportunity to attend lessons in school time.

There are some very pleasing results. Each pupil is willing to experiment, with some anxious moments but satisfying results on the whole!

J.B.

NETBALL CLUB

The club was able to meet regularly as the weather conditions have been good. Owing to the fact that we now have the extra use of an R.A.F. court, no members have been disappointed by having to "stand out". The membership totals 42, which conveniently makes six teams.

Many thanks to our three umpires, Miss Cates, Miss Stride and Miss Mathews, for their help and advice. On several occasions they themselves joined in the games and proved to be very skilful players, giving us excellent practice!

Janet Gould

Lynda Bromley

MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB

Summer Term 1965

The music appreciation club had an average membership of about 20 in the Summer Term. The programme was quite varied, ranging from 'pop' to philharmonic. Members presented their choice of music explaining what appealed to them in each item and leading to discussion. Selections from the popular operas, Aida, Carmen, La Boheme etc., were well received. A very enjoyable meeting consisted in a playing of the recording of My Fair Lady in the original cast recording and with the presentation programme (illustrated) to help one's imagination. Film background music on records and on tape though new to many members formed an interesting programme. It was fairly obvious, however, that more participation by all members would be desirable as arrangement of programmes seemed to have fallen to a small group.

B.P.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL LAND RANGER COMPANY

AND

AIR RANGER FLIGHT

After an oversubscribed start the Ranger Company's numbers have settled down to a steady and reliable level. The Air Flight has proved popular and the girls have enjoyed a number of informative visits to R. A. F. Brüggen and R. A. F. Wildenrath. We are indebted, and wish to convey our thanks, to the Station Commanders for their co-operation and interest and to the Flying Officers who arranged the programmes and instructed us. Recently a whole day was spent at R. A. F. Wildenrath, during which the work of the Airfield was explained and the various sections were visited by the girls. We were provided with an excellent lunch in one of the Messes and tea in the Ladies' Room of the Officers' Mess. We have also been promised short training flights when planes are available and hope to fit those into normal Thursday afternoon training periods.

We are glad to be able to report that the company is flourishing and that much has been planned for the winter months. Unfortunately our Skip — Mrs. Sadler — leaves us, owing to her husband's posting, at the end of December. We thank her for all that she has done for the company, and our good wishes go with her when she goes back to England. At the same time we welcome Miss Greig, a new arrival at Upper School, who has already shown her worth. We hope that she will enjoy her time with us.

Our cellar is in process of being redecorated. This is being done on Saturdays when the walls are being cleaned and papered. When this is finished we hope to extend our small library. In all, this has been a very happy and satisfying year and we are pleased to be able to report on a flourishing company, and to look forward to a profitable winter session.

Mrs. J. M. Eastman (Captain)

THE COMBINED CADET FORCE

The Cadets did not have a very inspiring year as a whole. After a fair start in September numbers dwindled steadily until they reached a very low ebb in July. Training for the Cadet Proficiency examinations was given and successful Field Days were held in the Autumn and Spring terms; the R.A.F. section participating in flying at Brüggen and Wildenrath. Gliding experience was obtained by three nominated cadets.

Our Annual Inspection was held on the 13th May when the Inspecting Officer was Air Commodore P. Farr O.B.E., D.F.C. accompanied by Wing Commander W. M. Collins D.F.C., and Major M. B. Adams. No band was available for the day in question and the contingent numbered just over thirty, but the sun shone brilliantly and in the drill movements a very high standard was reached. The Letts Cup for outstanding progress was awarded to Sergeant Emery.

A further setback was the resignation of the Contingent Commander, Major W. O. Siney, who returned to the U.K. at the end of June to take up a teaching appointment in Hertfordshire.

Only seventeen cadets attended the annual camp at Hohne with the

First Royal Tank Regiment. However, our hosts provided an enjoyable and instructive time which included demonstrations by tanks, artillery, missiles, range work and a forty-eight hour exercise in which the boys cooked their own food and slept in the open.

This Autumn Term 1965 sees the fate of the contingent in the balance. Numbers of new cadets are at present encouraging and it is to be hoped that there will be an upward swing in the coming year. Captain G. D. West's valuable assistance will be augmented by Lieutenant A. Reilly's appointment to the staff. Mr. J. H. Johnson, although giving up the active training side, will continue his indispensable care of stores and equipment.

Finally we would like to acknowledge the assistance given us willingly by the Training Section, and indeed by all sections of the Garrison, the H. Q. Unit R.A.F. and the O.C.s of R.A.F. Bruggen and Wildenrath.

J. Turner P.O.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD (Girls Section)

There is a small but keen group of girls who are studying under the scheme. They willingly undertake the Expeditions in all kinds of weather and seem to enjoy them. We hope that the groups will grow owing to the visit of Commander Cobb who kindly gave a talk on the Scheme.

J.B.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD (Boys Section)

During the last few months the Award has been well supported by a small but enthusiastic group. Unfortunately the Bronze section has suffered by losing a number of boys owing to posting. However, a good new intake has been enrolled and these are now engaged in the various sections of the Award.

The Silver section has five very keen candidates who should be ready to have their work assessed in the near future. Two have qualified as glider pilots and one has passed his sailing standard. Three have attended a course of instruction in fire-fighting procedure and the use of the firefighting equipment. All five have had the experience of a rather testing trial expedition in the Eiffel where their late arrival at the second camp site caused a minor "disturbance" in the administration.

D.A.K.

Examination successes

University Entrants

M. Barrett
Yolande Bristow
Helen Davies
Kathleen Plowman
Patricia Sanderson
B. Stanley
M. Thacker

— October 1965

— Durham University
— Hull University
— University of Wales (Cardiff)
— University of Wales (Aberystwyth)
— Liverpool University
— Leeds University
— Leeds University

Colleges

Tanya Cresswell
B. Cunningham
Sally Long
Vivienne Nash
Ann O'Keefe
Jennifer Shaw

— Bedford
— London College of Printers
— London College of Secretaries
— St. Matthias, Bristol
— Mount Pleasant, Liverpool
— College of Maria Assumpta,
London
— Nonington College of P.E.

Patricia Stallwood

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

A: Art, B: Biology, C: Chemistry, E: English Literature, F: French, G: Geography, GR: German, H: History, PM: Pure Mathematics, AM: Applied Mathematics, P: Physics, Z: Zoology.

"A" Level (July 1965)

Barrett M.	APM.
Bristow Y.	E.G.H.
Clifford C.	P.
Cunningham B.	A.
Davies H.	P.Z.
Fisher S.	H.
Garner J.	G.H.
Gregson R.	F.
Long S.	E.
McCoy S.	E.F.
Meiklejohn K.	F.
O'Keefe A.	E.
Plowman K.	B.C.P.
Sanderson P.	E.G.H.
Shaw J.	E. GR.
Stanley B.	B.P.
Stallwood P.	A.
Thacker M.	C.P.M.P.

"O" Level (July 1965)

The following candidates obtained

Eight Passes

Comfort M., Hayes M., Higgins R., Myhill N.,

Seven Passes

Cheesewright P., Coakham J., Hallums M., Smith J., Whitfield A., Williams L.,

Six Passes

Arscott B., Bedwell M., Black A., Carr H., Jeffrey L., Kirkham E., Letts P., Townsend J., Gambett A.

Five Passes

Jones S., Kay J., Newall W., Broughton M., Clark F., Goodwin G., Haycock G., Parsons D., Simpson A., Stallwood B., Walker S., Wilkinson C., Birrell J., Lumsden J., Thomas M.

Four Passes

Carr P., Cochrane S., Etherton P., Davies M., Hastings A., Moon S., Wainwright R., Wilkinson B., Williams M., Cottrell I., Paskell C., Truscott G.

Three Passes

Downes J., Green P., Lloyd P., Snelling J., Bryan S., Carter N., King B., Snow G., Wharburton S., Ward E., Gergusan R., Gibson C., Huston S., Kirkpatrick A., Cutbush M., Elliott P., Graham I., Nesbitt P., Austin P., Devonport J., Foster D., Barrett M., Edwards H., Clifford C.

Two Passes

Harmer A., Emery W., Pottinger J., Bailey K., Buckels J., Cleevely J., Palmer J., Read E., Scott D., Simpson M., Turner A., Airey S., Fermor D., Glennon E., Thursfield M., Wood H., Yaxley A., Cunningham B.

One Pass

Broom I., Meiklejohn K., Stanley B., Fisher S., Garner J., Piggott H., Sanderson P., Thorpe C., Bonney A., Coburn J., Howe J., Auty R., Brent R., Cross R., Evans L., Glennon A., Hunter N., Seddons D., Stallwood P., Davies M., Foggerty J., Rogers R., Rowson L., Shepperdson D., Wharton J., Barnard A., Brent L., Dempster M., Dickerson M., McKenzie-Ross A., Robinson E., Sheil H., Wilkins A., Pether A.

Certificate of Secondary Education (C.S.E.)

The following pupils obtained certificates

In Eight Subjects

Atherton K., Bradley R., Elliott M., Taylor F., Wagner C., Worthy P.

In Seven Subjects

Carpenter C.

In Six Subjects

Bowles C., Dawson S., Dempster M., Homer J., Lamb P.,

In Five Subjects

Ledger S., Pridmore L.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS*

The following candidates obtained

School Certificate

Adams P., Yaxley A.

School Certificate (Commercial)

Elcock S., Gough M., Wilkins A.

Six Passes

Devenport J., Fermor D.

Five Passes

Airey S.

Four Passes

Cochrane S., Dickerson M., Fairley S., Foskett H., Howe J., Jacobs C.

Three Passes

Aimes G., Austin P., Barnard A., Brown A., Downes J., Foster D., Gauntlet A., Kime C., Moon S., Thomas M., Thursfield M., Wharburton S., Wharton J., Wood H.

Two Passes

Carr J., Coburn J., Cox P., Davey P., Eden J., Evans L., Gibson C., King B., Legrey S., Lloyd P., Mark C., Morton A., Palmer S., Robinson E., Snow G., Thomas D., Townsend J., Walker S., Wilkinson B.

One Pass

Andrews M., Arscott B., Ashford P., Bawden P., Brent L., Brent R., Bristow Y., Broughton M., Bryan D., Buckels J., Carr P., Childs R., Clark F., Cleevely J., Cottrell I., Emery W., Etherton P., Glennon E., Goodwin G., Graham I., Green P., Hallums M., Jeffrey L., Jones S., Lumsden J., Martin P., Newall W., Palmer J., Parsons D., Pether A., Pottinger J., Rogers D., Rogers R., Rowson L., Seddon D., Shepperdson D., Simpson A., Stallwood B., Tinant B., Wainwright R., Wakefield G., Ward E.

Single Subject Examinations

Stage III - English

Gibson C., Clark H.

Stage II - Two Subjects

Hunter M., Elcock S., Foskett H.

One Subject

Bawden P., Neill J., Glass M., Youngman-Smith C., Rogers R., Gough M., Wilkins A.

Stage I

Arithmetic

Hart J., Gill T., Ashford P.

Book-keeping

Elcock S., Foskett H., Gough M., Wilkin A.

English

Thursfield M., Fairley S., Shiel H., Wagner C., Austin P., Eden J., Ledger S., Wright T., Youngman-Smith C., Elliott M., McCormack H., Bradley R., Devitt P., Sottolano R., Pridmore L., Brown C., Wilson P., Homer J., Dempster M., Bowles C.

Mathematics

Simpson M., Mark C., Lamb P., Wright T., Brent L., Hunter M., Taylor F., Cleevely J., Cutbush M.

Shorthand

Cresswell T., Long S., Sleep A.

Typewriting

Long S., Neill J., Glass M., Sleep A.

Present staff and prefects

Headmaster Mr. W. B. P. Aspinall, O.B.E., M.A.

Deputy Headmaster: Mr. J. W. Morgan, B.Sc. (Econ.)

Senior Mistress: Miss J. R. Herbert

Mr. J. W. Arthurson

Mr. T. G. Baker, Dip. P.E.

Mr. S. A. Balding, B.A.

Miss J. E. Bradley

Mr. P. Brindley, B.A.

Mr. F. Burkinshaw, B.A.

Miss J. D. Cates

Mrs. J. A. Clarke

Miss A. Cockburn, B.A.

Mr. P. J. Cocking, A.T.D.

Miss A. Cooper

Mrs. A. C. Cross (part-time)

Mr. T. H. A. Dalton

Miss G. Davison

Mr. D. O. Eastman

Mrs. J. M. Eastman

Mr. H. Evans

Mr. W. C. J. Francis, B.A.

Mr. C. M. Gosling, B.A.

Miss I. J. Greig, M.A.

Mrs. J. E. Griffin (part-time)

Mr. H. J. Hough, M.A.

Mlle C. Hubert

Mr. B. R. Hunt, B.A.

Mr. W. T. P. Jenkins, Dip. R.Sc.

Mr. D. A. Kay

Miss D. I. L. Lancashire, B.Sc.

Mr. A. Lawson, B.Sc.

Miss H. G. Lind, M.A.

Mr. C. Lodge, B.A.

Mr. W. A. Lonsdale

Mr. J. J. McCallion, M.A.

Miss N. Matthews, M.A.

Mr. P. Matthews

Mr. G. W. T. Morgan

Mr. D. J. N. Nicholls, Dip. P.E.

Miss U. Nixon, B.A.

Miss S. C. Philpott, Dip. P.E.

Miss B. F. Poole, B.A.

Mr. A. J. Reilly, B.Sc.

Frl. E. Rettberg

Miss J. M. Rhodes

Mr. H. K. Roll, B.A.

Rev. C. H. Sellars, B.A.

Mr. D. A. Simpson, B.A.

Mr. J. A. Stallwood

Miss J. S. Stride

Miss J. M. Taylor-Smith

Mrs. M. Stephenson

Mr. D. G. Thomas, B.Sc.

Mr. V. C. Tomkinson, Dip. P.E.

Mr. J. Tomlinson, M.Coll. H.

Mr. J. Turner, B.A.

Mr. K. E. Vipar, B.A.

Mr. G. Wainwright, LRAM (T)

Mr. D. R. Walker

Miss B. Walters

Mr. D. Wells, B.Sc.

Miss E. A. R. Williams, B.Comm.

Mrs. M. Wright, B.Sc. (part-time)

ADMINISTRATIVE AND CLERICAL

Mr. E. Bell

Miss C. M. James

Mr. W. G. Caddy

Mrs. M. Dobson

Mrs. E. Mayo

Frl. F. Bögershausen

Herr J. Höfges

Miss M. Hunter

SCHOOL PREFECTS

B. Airey Head Boy

R. Gregson Dep. Head Boy

J. Gibson

S. Jones

Gillian Ford

Ruth Holt

Susan Fisher

Gillian Snape

Head Girl

Dep. Head Girl

C. Paskell

M. Andrews

T. Wright

P. Letts

S. Hardman-Mountford

I. Birrell

Louise Wright

Hazel Piggott

Pamela Elliott

Josephine Palmer

Elizabeth Read

Carla Standing

Doreen Kears

Brenda Stallwood

Marguerite Bedwell

Barbara Arscott

News of staff and old pupils

Mr. and Mrs. Wilcockson have returned to Buckinghamshire. Mr. Wilcockson is lecturing at Newland Park Training College. Their second daughter was born in August.

Mr. G. Edwardson — has returned to England after 10 years at Queen's School and is teaching in Buckingham.

Mr. R. Buddery — is teaching at Milfield School.

Miss M. Humphreys — is Headmistress of a Girls' School in Lagos, Nigeria.

Miss A. Bicknell — was married in October.

Miss Fleming — was married in August and is now in Singapore.

Mr. R. Singleton — has returned to teach in Scotland.

Mr. M. Christian — is now teaching at Galashiels Academy.

Michael Barrett — is at Durham University.

Yolande Bristow — is at Hull University.

Christopher Clifford — is at Southampton School of Technology.

Sheila Grant — has completed her training at Bedford College of Physical Education and is teaching at Stourbridge High School.

Kathryn Meiklejohn — has joined the staff of the Midland Bank, Basingstoke.

Patricia Nesbitt — is a student nurse at Wegberg Hospital and hopes to go to Warrington Hospital later next year.

Jennifer Shaw — is at Maria Assumpta Training College, London.

Jennifer Smith — is a pupil at Headington School, Oxford.

Carol Beavis — is training as a Nursery Nurse in Bognor Regis.

John Bates — has been awarded a Technical Cadetship in the Royal Air Force.

Malcolm Bowdidge — is at the Army Apprentices School, Chepstow.

Kenneth Gadsby — is at Manchester University, having passed three 'A' level subjects with Grade A in each.

Kathleen Plowman — is reading Biology at Aberystwyth University.

Patricia Stallwood — is at Nonington College of Physical Education.

Fiona Clark — is at a Secretarial College in Dundee.

Helen Clark — is a Secretary in a large jute manufacturing firm in Dundee.

David Fermor	— is at Salisbury Technical College.
Jeffrey Beech	— is a Junior Leader and hopes in the near future to be posted to Germany to join the Regular Army.
John Garner	— is at Lloyds Bank, Bicester.
Pat Parker-Smith	— is a trainee dispenser in Jersey.
Maureen Bryan	— has completed her degree course at Keele University.
Kay Cousins	— is at School in New York.
Rowena Cross	— is going to nurse at St. Bartholomews Hospital in 1966.
Helen Davis	— is studying Medicine at the University of Wales.
John Devenport	— has joined the Royal Navy.
Lesley Eames and Linda Gunn	— are both at the Midland Bank, Northampton.
Jeffrey Jarvis	— has joined the Metropolitan Police Force.

Letters to the editor

Sir,

I would like to say something about school hours. I suggest that the school should keep normal times during the Autumn and Spring terms, but, in the Summer, when the days are longer, school should begin at seven thirty, instead of nine in the morning, and last until half past twelve. The pupils would then finish school for the day. In Summer this would enable pupils and teachers to relax during the hottest part of the day.

Pupils would also attend school on Saturday mornings for the same hours as weekdays. In all, only one hour would be lost on the present hours. The homework would remain the same, although none on Saturdays, with twelve minutes each weekday for compulsory study, to make up the lost hour.

Yours etc.
Philip Miles 3A

(We always thought that some pupils had the knack of relaxing at any old time of the day! Ed.)

Sir,

About a year ago my brother Robin was watching television and my mother asked him to see whether or not she had put the light out in the kitchen. My brother went into the kitchen and came out again and said, "It's too dark to see!" What shall we do with him?

Yours etc.
P. Eldon 2C

(Put him on a light diet? Ed.)

Sir,

It is stated in the school rules that no make-up, whatsoever, is to be worn by the students.

I have noticed that some of the Prefects and sixth formers wear make-up. Do they have the privilege of being able to wear it? If so why?

I don't think it's right that some should be allowed to break rules and others not.

Yours etc.
Dianne Fehr 3A

(Perhaps they don't want to lose face? Ed.)

Sir,

I think it would be a good idea if the Upper School could have a bowling club during the club period. Later on this could possibly be continued to house bowling matches. This would enable those people who are not very good at the more vigorous games such as football or basketball to be able to play for their houses.

Yours etc.
C. Gambrill 3A

Sir,

I should like to make a complaint about school dinners. It is not the meals I am complaining about, but about the table heads. It seems to me that the dinners down the far end of the table are considerably smaller than those of the other end. I think something should be done because half of the school ends up mangy and skinny and the other half are fat and contented.

Yours etc.
L. Harding 4D

(Could it be the effect of perspective? Ed.)

General section

PREDICTIONS FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR 1966

January:

The anonymous and enterprising kleptomaniac having finished his collection of board-rubbers will now start collecting prefects' badges.

February:

There will be an unscheduled fire practice; also an appeal for funds for a new chemistry laboratory.

March:

Cross-country day will see the publishing of reports concerning the disappearance of two of the P.E. staff. Later two unidentified bodies will be found in the Rhine.

April:

There will be controversy over a new book which will be published by the third year of Queen's. Later the book will be banned in England.

May:

May 1st. Take over bid for Queen's Courier by Hamm.

May 2nd. Editors petition.

May 3rd. Editors sacked.

June:

Prefects will request permission to carry firearms. Also an anonymous donation will be made to the Museum in Mönchen-Gladbach of 37 board-rubbers, 30 prefects' badges, and one prefect. The Museum will make a generous offer to Queen's School.

July:

Visit to Queen's will be made by sports teams from Mönchen-Gladbach to further Anglo-German Relations. Later Mönchen-Gladbach will sue Queen's School for damages.

August:

A revolution will break out in Iraq, led by the Padre and certain members of Queen's School.

September:

Sensational suicide pact in Staff room after G.C.E. results arrive.

October:

The new term will start off with a bang. A further four weeks holiday will be added to the Summer holidays to allow for repairs to the school.

November:

The pupils will celebrate Guy Fawkes night by burning the gymnasium.

December:

School dinners will be stopped. Riotous celebrations will break out.

P. Goodwin Lower Sixth

IF I WERE HEADMASTER

Now, if I were headmaster, this would happen. The school, which previously was easy going, would have much stricter discipline. The prefects would all be tough and accept no nonsense or cheek. Detention would be two hours hard labour and P.E. would make a school of supermen.

Cycles would not, repeat not, be allowed, motor bikes yes, but "push-bikes", no. Leather jackets would replace school uniform and heels less than one inch high would not be worn. Crash helmets would be worn instead of caps, flashy scarves instead of ties.

Shakespeare, Dickens and Twain would be reserved for November 5th and music would be abolished. Teachers would be selected from the criminal haunts of London and machine-guns would replace chalk thrown at pupils. Art would go, except for the art of drawing (i.e. with pistols). James Bond would replace Commonwealth Lectures and my tough pupils would not have much choice of career. They would join M.I.5, the Army, the Communists or some anti-Government, subversive activity.

Their curriculum? Well, take Tuesday, for example. First lesson, P.E., second lesson, Maths. (taken by Paddy O'Hooligan, an expert in counting his ill-gotten gains), third lesson, the History of War, fourth lesson, Domestic Affairs (how to get plenty of money without working too hard). Then, a twenty-minute break for their bread and water... er... dinner.

After dinner, French (taken by Monsieur le Handie-avec-baton), then German (Herr Schnell-mit-der-Cosh) and lastly a lecture by James Bond. (By far the largest percentage of pupils join M.I.5.)

Then the bell goes and our pupils "scramble" for their motor bikes and roar away. There is no third-party insurance because our accident rate is so high that nobody will act as a third party, not even Sir Miser Moneybags, the local multi-millionaire.

Just one thing, do not mention this to the Governors of the school; if they got to hear of it they just might object to a few points. If they did I might end up as head-janitor, not head-governor.

Philip Miles, Form 3A

ODE TO CRITICS

Throughout the land of England
There are some folk who say:
"We wish we could be teachers
And work five hours a day."
You'll have your chance at teaching
P'raps sooner than you like,
The Schoolmasters of England
Are coming out on strike!

For when the call from Glasgow
Comes sounding through the glens.
The teachers of the South will rise
And throw down chalk and pens.
"Now comes your chance, you critics all
Who envy us our wealth,"
The Schoolmasters of England
Say, "Teach the kids yourself."

But will we schoolboys welcome you
And beg you all to stay?
Remember if you had not come
We'd be on holiday.
We'll try our little best you know
To drive you all insane;
We'll play it rough, but don't get tough
For mothers soon complain.

Some parents find it difficult
To manage three or four;
We hope you'll like to teach a clan
Of thirty-three or more.
And when at four, with throat so sore,
You stagger to the bus,
The Schoolboys of old England say
"There's only room for us."

You'll set exams, make out reports,
Mark piles of homework too,
And find that your five hours a day
Is multiplied by two.
To cope with us and Mums who fuss,
You'll need a lot of pluck;
Both schoolboys and schoolmasters say
"The best of British luck!"

S. Cochrane Lower Sixth

HONG KONG

When I was fifteen months old and my father was posted to Hong Kong, I can still remember the coolies, the men who pull rickshaws around and the junks which were used for fishing out at sea; when you are far from them they look quite small but close they are a huge, massive bulk of wood—it's amazing they float! Most of the population are poor and in wooden shacks and sleep in the streets. During the winter the Salvation Army issue blankets and during the nine summer months there is a great shortage of water. Hong Kong is mostly visited by tourists because everything is so cheap. From the flat which we lived in, we had a view of the whole harbour and

the mainland, Kowloon, and at nights the blaze of the lights made it look like fairy land.

During the Monsoon season we were never without our wellington boots and macs. One night my sister and I were awakened by our mother who told us that Typhoon Mary had hit the Island and because of the windows being blown in we had to move into the centre of the living room. By morning it had blown itself on to Japan, and then we were able to see the havoc and damage. The trees which had surrounded the area were no longer there, our road was impassable and behind our block of flats there had been a huge landslide which had taken with it our water pipes. Altogether, though, we had a happy stay there. *R. Whittington 1C*

LET US BE FEMININE!

Through the years a tradition has evolved that British schoolchildren should wear uniform. It seems to me that uniforms have changed very little from the day they were designed! I know we girls are always crying out for equality with boys, but do we have to look like them? Their grey trousers are substituted by grey skirts. Their shirts are substituted by a white blouse; you will of course note the great difference between a white shirt and a white school blouse! We wear a tie, just like they do, and to finish it off we even wear a grey "V" necked pullover (just like they do).

I do think, however, that most of us are forced to agree that a uniform is necessary; but please, could it not be a teeny-weeny bit more feminine? "Well!" I can hear you saying. "What do you suggest?" All right I will tell you. I think that for winter we could have a dress instead of a skirt and blouse. I do not think that a little grey "A" line dress would be out of place. It could be daintily trimmed with a lemon "peter-pan" collar and lemon cuffs, with an addition of three shiny black buttons.

To step out into that cold weather, I suggest a pretty semi-fitted, doublebreasted, grey coat. Now I am going to make you shudder. I think black leather, knee-length boots worn to school would be a wonderful protection against the cold. After all it would be quite easy to enforce that they are taken off in school, they are not that easy to conceal!

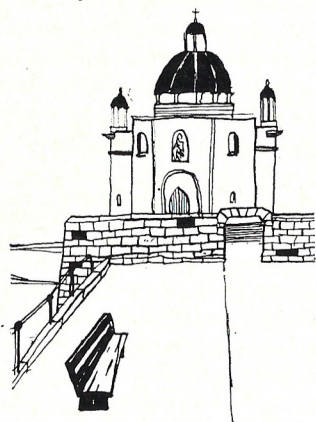
"Well you can't say much about Summer uniform," you are saying; "you already have your dress." I know I have, but what a dress! Gingham never looks tidy and creases so easily. How would you like a dainty lemon dress, high-necked and sleeveless, trimmed with a dainty black bow just below the bust line? How pretty and dainty it would be!

To replace that horrible black blazer could we not have a lemon light-weight coat? It could be edged with black binding, double breasted and to be a little unusual we could move the badge to a single pocket on the lower left-hand side.

If this is too much to ask for the whole school, could not the sixth form be endowed with a uniform along these lines? We are, after all, young women, not walking, talking machines for cramming knowledge into. Or perhaps it is part of our education to wear something we hate and loathe; perhaps it is part of our education to look like a modified specimen of the masculine species! *Pauline Rowland, Lower 6th*

THE ISLAND OF MALTA

Malta is a very small island in the Mediterranean sea. On maps, Malta is only marked as a little speck; this shows how small it is. The capital of Malta is Valetta. The smallest town in Malta is Rabat. Rabat is where you can buy the Maltese lace and Malta-weave cloth.

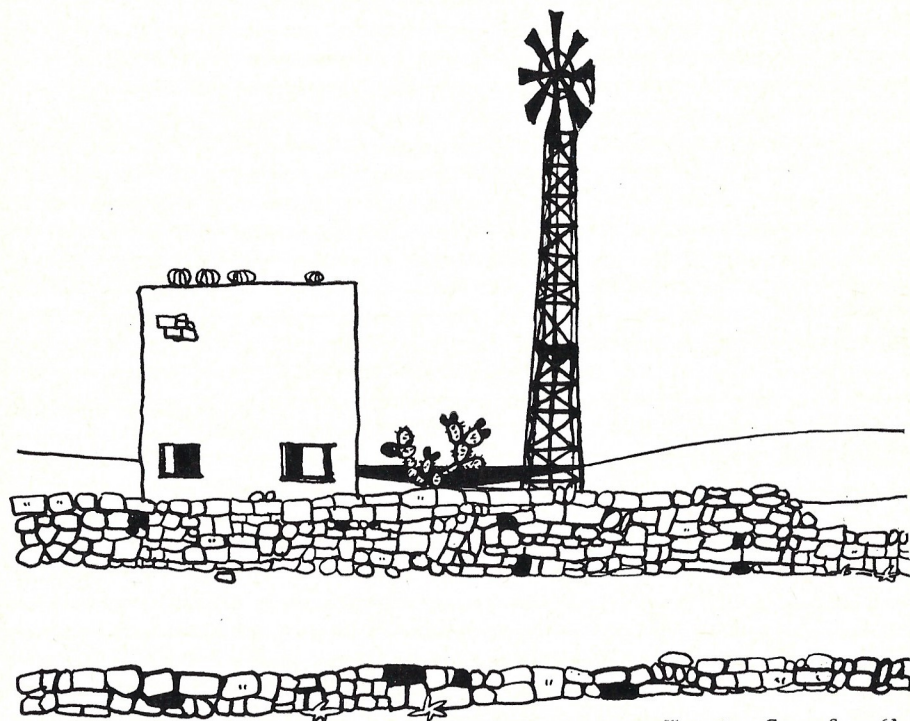


The Maltese people that lived around us were very friendly and kind. The Maltese people use English money, but the ten-shilling notes were green and the one-pound notes were brown.

When we lived in Malta we lived in a large house in St. Julians. Not far from St. Julians was St. Pauls Bay. In the middle of St. Pauls Bay was a small island with a statue of St. Paul standing on it. St. Pauls Bay was given this name after St. Paul was shipwrecked there.

The English schools were only open in the morning because it was too hot to work. Nearly every morning the children were taken swimming.

In Malta stood the second largest unsupported Dome in the world, and this stood in Mosta. The ceiling of the Dome was made of gold. Inside stood the most beautiful statues. When the village had a fiesta, the statues were



Illustrations George Snow 6A

taken out of the Dome and carried around. It took six men to carry each statue.

Also while we were in Malta we were invited to a Maltese wedding. It started at 9 o'clock in the morning and carried on throughout the day. After the church ceremony we went to a large hall. In the hall the bride and bridegroom sat on thrones. The women went up to the bride and received three almonds tied in a small piece of net. The men went up to the bridegroom and received a flag with the bride and bridegroom's name printed on. This was one of the Maltese traditions.

In Malta not many people travel in cars because it was far too hot. In place of cars garrys were used. The buses in Malta were not double-deckers and they were coloured red at the bottom and cream at the top. People who owned cars took the doors off and opened up the roof. The doors of buses were also taken off.

The roofs of houses were flat with a large wall built round the edge so that children could play safely. Women can hang their washing up to dry. Attached to the building on the roof is an extra room with large glass windows. This is usually used as a bedroom in the Summer.

The winters in Malta are very mild and only last from December until February. The summers in Malta are very hot and last from February until November.

Kathleen Kirkwood 4D

AUTUMN

Chill winds, rustling leaves,
Golden fruit and faded flowers,
The ageing of the year.

Gone are the cries of summer frolics,
Still stand the hedgerows,
Once bright with life.

Scurrying mice, hoarding squirrels,
Smouldering fires making pungent
The dusk hurrying to stifle the day.

J. Hallums

When leaves turn gold and air is crisp,
When dahlias glow in garden beds,
And blackberries gleam in the hedge,
The harvest moon climbs in the sky,
And spider webs are lace at dawn,
Autumn is here and children think of Bonfire night.

Rosemary Stirling



Illustration Ian Graham 6A

A FRAGMENT OF THE PROLOGUE OF THE PROTEST MARCHERS' TALES

(with apologies to Geoffrey Chaucer)

A school maistre was ther in oure compaignye,
That fro the tyme that first he hadde began
To techen kids, war he a worrit man.
His hair as whit war as the driften snow,
With bluen streaks wher pupils inke didde go,
Wan thet he teched them; rote was his face,
That with his blud pressure waxed purple-y-pace.
His moustache sad, and broune his eyen tweye,
But wandering and full crossed too war theye.
He shuffled miserable along the tracke,
With banne the bombe sign carried on his back.
And then biforn, he carried posters gay
To say the techern shoulde han mor pay.
And with him marched a murye councillor,
That of the school maistre took not ne scor,
Excepten for to railen and bemoan
The money waste on educacioun;
He thinketh it right, or so it seemed me,
That techern shoulde work and not get pay.
Perhaps that manne is right, and yet I fear,
He will not be electen autre year!

P. Green Lower 6th.

NOMINAL CHARGE

A hundred yards, a hundred yards,
A hundred yards onward,
Into the dining hall
Went the six hundred.
Forward the pupils,
"Silence!" a teacher said,
Into the dining hall
Went the six hundred.

Tables to right of them
Tables to left of them
Each one further onward
Went the six hundred.
Now they bow their heads for grace,
Now they're seated at their place
Are the six hundred.

Now the meal has begun,
Now they're eating one by one,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Gallant six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 Oh that brave effort they made
 To try and eat the Queen's School meal,
 Even though sickness they did feel,
 Noble six hundred.

Ann Rew 4A

LAUTERBRUNNEN TRUMMELBACHFÄLLE

During my Summer Holiday of 1965, my family camped at Lauterbrunnen, which is seven miles from Interlaken in Switzerland. One evening, we decided to take a short car ride further up the valley to obtain a better view of the mountains Jungfrau, Eiger and Mönch. Whilst driving in a south-easterly direction from Lauterbrunnen, we noticed a large plaque outside a hotel, on which "Lauterbrunnen Trummelbachfälle" was inscribed, in large, printed letters. Not knowing what "Trummelbachfälle" meant, we ventured to find out.

We studied photographs of mountains falls, and after concluding that the hotel car-park was a convenient parking place, walked through the hotel gardens, beside a fast, whirling stream, until we approached a small wooden souvenir shop. We paid the fixed entrance fee, and noticed about a dozen plastic raincoats, which could be hired for fifty cents. However, we were equipped with our own, and set forth along a short, wooded path, which rose quite steeply. We rounded a rocky corner, and gaped in utter amazement at "things" clad in those awful hooded raincoats, looking more like the Ku Klux Klan than humans. Continuing to walk, we approached the side of the mountain, and became aware of a deafening sound-water. Leaning over a rail, we stood and gaped at the terrific torrent of icy water gushing from a crevasse in the mountain. The atmosphere was overwhelming — the noise was like thunder, and the impact of the water on the rocks which were *somewhere* beneath us sent flying sprays of water over us. The water created a severe draught, which seemed like a gale. We spent several minutes staring in absolute wonder at the thousands of gallons of water gushing out from inside the mountain. Apparently, the water came from a glacier. We climbed up narrow steps, obtaining a better view of the raging torrents, which formed a whirling mountain stream.

Following the steps, we came to a large open area, surrounded by mountain flowers and trees. The man we had previously met at the souvenir shop unlocked a large wooden door in the mountain side, through which we entered. After he pressed a button, the cabin in which we were seated slowly motioned upwards — we were IN a mountain. The cabin was typical of an old-fashioned English Tavern, with its coloured glass and decorations. The path of the cabin was well lit, and we ascended at a 50° or 60° angle — a fantastic engineering feat.

The cabin stopped, and we clambered out on to the side of the mountain. After climbing more steps, we were about one hundred feet above the stream, which could still be heard clearly. We entered some dimly lit

caves, the floors of which were saturated with water. It was intensely cold here, and we stumbled from one cave to another, dripping with water from the spray, feeling like drowned rats. Eventually we found our way out, and descended the steps, which were cut out in the mountain. We glanced frequently at the falls on our left, and reached the path leading to the hotel gardens in the late evening. The visit had been an experience I shall never forget — the thundering sound of water, the violent spurts of spray . . .

Lesley Hammond 5C

THE OLIVE TREE

I bought a field in Cyprus where grew an olive tree,
 I watered it and pruned it with assiduity,
 Until I found I owned the ground but not the tree.

I bought the tree; for weeks I thought the haggling would not stop;
 Now I can pick my olives and start a little shop.
 "Oh no!" they said. "You've bought the tree but not the olive crop."

At least I can sit under it; a little seat I made.
 Where I could smoke my cigarette and drink my lemonade;
 But no, although the tree was mine, I did not own the shade.

In my despair I cut it down, if not for shade or food
 It might provide a cheerful fire if that was all it could.
 Alas, although I had the tree I did not have the wood!

B. Burrows

THE MAN

At midnight precisely he woke up. It had stopped raining. He got up and dusted his clothes. He felt hungry but he had no money with which to buy food. He had had no money since last week after he had been sacked from his job; since then he had been walking around trying to scrounge whatever he could.

The man, whose name was Slim Jones, walked away.

A pain started gnawing in his stomach and he decided that he would have to get some money somehow. He was too lazy to work so he decided to rob someone. He lay in wait in a dark alley. Before long a man came along. Slim silently crept up behind the man. He brought up his knife and thrust it into the man's back. Slim hesitated a moment, then he turned over the corpse and pulled out the wallet which was full of money. Then Slim stole off to the nearest café, leaving his victim lying in a pool of blood.

After a meal he strolled into a park and sat down on a bench. He found a newspaper beside him, he picked it up and began to read it. The first thing that caught his eye was the headline which read: "Gentleman killed in alley."

When Slim read on he realized that the headline was referring to the crime he had committed. He was mystified. Then he looked at the date and saw that it was the next day's. He had an idea, he turned quickly to the

horse-racing results. He hurried to the local race-ground. He bet on the various races and won £ 2,000. Happily he went back to the park and started reading the newspaper again. He saw a small article at the bottom of the page. It read:

"Man gored by escaped bull."

"A man was yesterday gored by a bull, His name is not known. He had over £ 2,000 on him. Police are investigating."

He looked up at the charging bull and screamed.

Elizabeth Newsham 5C



THE SOLITARY

He stood alone in Spring-time,
While the sun sank slowly in the west,
Its brilliance marking the farmer's delight.

He stood alone in Summer-time,
Gazing upon children playing in the fields,
Their happy laughter filling the air.

He stood alone in Autumn,
The golden leaves falling from the trees,
As if they were too heavy to bear.

He stood alone in Winter,
The snow silently decking the ground,
Pure white, untrodden and cold.

Doreen Kears Upper 6th.

HELLBRUNN

Near Salzburg, in Austria, in the midst of a park, is Hellbrunn. Hellbrunn was the former summer residence of the Archbishop Marcus Sitticus of Salzburg in the 17th Century. He was a very humorous man and planned many surprises in his garden, to amuse his guests. These surprises consist mainly of fountains operated by natural springs.

The first surprise is the "table of the duke", a stone table surrounded by stone stools. On summer evenings, the Archbishop's friends sat at this table and dined. When they had had too much drink, the Archbishop turned on the water, and a jet of water shot up from underneath the stools.

The next three attractions are the grottoes of ruins, rain, and birdsong. The first one is an artificial ruin built with cracked walls and a falling ceiling. This was built to terrify the guests. The grotto of rains is a large room decorated with shells and pebbles, and when the water is turned on an artificial rain falls from the ceiling and on to the visitors.

The last grotto, the grotto of bird-song, is built of stalactites. In the stalactites small mechanisms are hidden, which, by water and air pressure, produce birds' voices. Again, water falls from this ceiling and blocks the entrance. As a visitor leaves the grottoes, water spurts from the tips of the antlers of two stags' heads on the wall.

The next place to be seen is the Crown Grotto. In the centre of this grotto is a bishop's crown which rises on a jet of water to the ceiling. A guest would then be caught by water which blocks all exits and he finally leaves the grotto and the gardens by walking through a dome of fountains.

Kathryn Laws 5C

AUTUMN

Autumn is coming,
The leaves are turning brown;
And when the wind blows,
They all come tumbling down.

With reds, yellows and oranges,
They make a pretty sight;
And the trees go on scattering
The leaves through day and night.

Comes the end of Autumn,
And the trees are bare,
With a very empty look,
They just seem not to care.

Jeannette Berry 1E

THE HOSEPIPE INCIDENT

This is a true story about me when I was a small boy of three in Famagusta, Cyprus. We lived in a house which had shutters on the windows. We also had a tap with a hosepipe on it for watering the garden. Being a mischievous boy (and I still am, much to the teachers' despair) and liking water, the hosepipe was a great temptation. Whenever I could get into the garden on my own, I used to make straight for the tap, and turn it on. After a while my mother realised that somehow she would have to turn the tap tighter. I used to watch her get a brick and hit the tap the other way. One afternoon my mother had a visitor in the lounge. I was playing out in the garden with the pipe, when I decided to wash the shutters which were closed. To my mother's horror the water came gushing into the lounge over our guest and my mother. They were drenched from head to toe. My mother was not amused at the time, but we have had many a laugh since.

Anthony Crenan 2C

"O" LEVELITIS

I remember, I remember,
The school where I began
To learn to write and calculate,
And read the arts of man;
The drawings on the blackboard,
The pictures on the wall,
Of ducklings on the village pond,
I still can see them all.

I remember, I remember,
The teacher's desk so high,
Where stood a vase of marigolds,
And notebooks all awry;
She was a lady full of fun,
With so much on her mind,
She must have found us wearisome,
For we were rarely kind.

I remember, I remember,
The raincoats near the door,
The plastic hats and wellingtons
All dripping on the floor;
I never came a bit too soon,
Nor missed the bus back once,
But now I wish I'd listened more,
And not been such a dunce.

I remember, I remember,
The end-of-term results;
They never went down well at home,
When read by the adults;
Though now I've passed my eleven plus,
It grieves me quite a lot,
To know I'm nearer G.C.E.,
Than when I was a tot.

Maureen Smith 4A

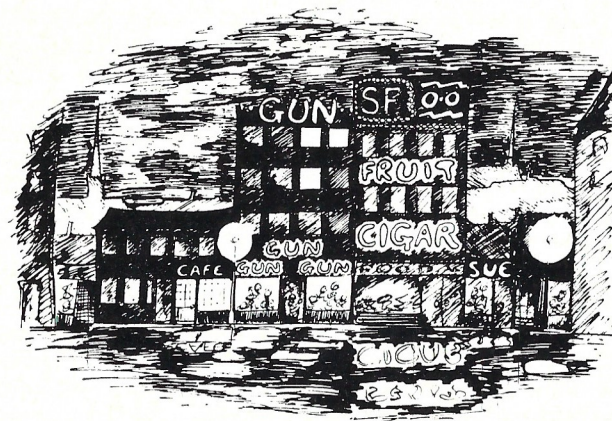


Illustration Susan Fisher Upper 6th.

RAINY NIGHTS

I like the Town on rainy nights,
When everything is wet;
When all the town has magic lights,
And streets of shining jet.

When all the rain about the town
Is like a looking glass;
And all the lights are upside down,
Below me as I pass.

In all the pools are velvet skies,
And down the dazzling street,
A fairy city gleams and lies
In beauty at my feet.

Yvonne Barnett 1E

OBERAMMERGAU

Oberammergau is in Germany, near Garmisch and quite close to the Austrian border. It is famous for the Passion Play which is put on every ten years.

The Passion Play was started because in 1632 a man called Casper Schusler brought the plague from Eschenlohe to Oberammergau and within four months 84 local adults fell victim to the Black Death. In 1633 councillors and the villagers vowed on the behalf of the entire population that for all time they would perform every tenth year a play of "The Lord's Suffering and Death" if God would prevent further death from pestilence. From that hour, it was reported, there were no more deaths from the plague in Oberammergau. Since 1634 the play of the vow has been performed at the opening of each Passion Play season.

The first Passion Play was performed in 1634. In 1680 there was a change of the customary ten-year cycle in years with the final figure "4". The reason is unknown.

The cast for the Passion Play is chosen about a year before the season opens. All Oberammergau citizens who were either born in the village or have lived there for at least twenty years are allowed to take part in the Passion Play. All men who were not born in the village but are married to an Oberammergau-born wife may take part if they have been married ten years. Oberammergau women are only eligible up to the age of thirty-five. They must be unmarried. Children and teenagers are eligible at any time. The Passion Play season lasts nearly five months.

The Passion Play theatre is a large theatre with an open-air stage. The capacity of the 200 ft. by 150 ft. auditorium is 5,200, in the reserved seats. Every word that is said on the stage can be heard from every seat without the aid of microphones and loud-speaking equipment.

On the tours round the theatre you can go backstage and see all the interesting props and costumes which are used in the play. The cross of Christ, the crosses of the two thieves, the revered table of the "Last Supper" and movable scenery used in many settings are among the things to be seen. The dressing rooms of the performers are attached to the stage. In this part the costumes are taken care of, and one can see about 1,000 of them hanging in perfect order. Down long passages there are the shields and spears of the Romans, hung up on both sides of the walls. In the rooms to the left and to the right of the forestage, there are hung the simple costumes of the same colour, which were worn by the members of the chorus.

About the town of Oberammergau there are on the buildings many wall paintings. Some are religious paintings but others are stories taken from well known fairy stories. Two of these are Red Riding Hood and The Three Bears. These last two are now orphanages.

Oberammergau is also famous for its woodcarving. One of the things that should be visited during a stay in Oberammergau is one of the woodcarving workshops. They are very interesting.

Oberammergau also has some very good climbs. The Kofel 1342 m. has a footpath woven round and round it but near the top there is a steep climb of rock to the summit. This climb takes about two hours. Another

mountain is the Laber 1640 m. which has a cable car. The Laber is also a good climb.

Oberammergau is an extremely interesting place to stay.

A. Levinson 3A

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

Goblins, witches, wizards appear,
Laugh at you, joke at you, look and jeer,
Casting a mantle of fear in the night,
Clumsy and ugly their forms give you fright.

The hags give shocks as they peep and pry,
Look at that witch going past in the sky!
The air is full of dark forebodings,
Evil forms whisper their goadings.

Dawn is coming, soon will lighten,
Dawn is coming, soon will frighten,
Witches, wizards, hobgoblins take flight,
'Tis to limbo you'll go at the end of the night!

Vyvienne Lamb 1A

A TRIP TO DE EFTELING

In this three hundred and seventy-five acre recreation park the first place we visited was the Enchanted Forest. Here we went through the gate of the witches to the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. In a glass case, she looked very lifelike with her golden hair lying on her shoulders and she is seen breathing. By her is the spinning wheel, and blood can be seen on her finger. Going round to the side of the castle, we saw the cook and the boy in the story.

Then we went on to the next thing which was the goblin-home. These were toadstools which were larger than normal size and on a line was some goblin size washing. After that was the man with the long neck. His neck went higher and higher until it was almost taller than the trees beside it; then it came down again. By the way, I must mention that in between the fairy-tale places there were little mushrooms which had music coming out of them.

After that came Little Red Rieding Hood and the little Red Dancing Shoes which danced about on their own on a glass top. A very unusual thing was next, a talking parrot. It was silent for a minute while it recorded all sounds around it and then repeated everything that everybody said in a few yards radius.

We next saw a Chinese nightingale that sang, (it was not real), about Hansel and Gretel and a well. At the bottom of this well was shown a story in pictures. There was an interesting fairy museum and the Snow White who was also in a glass case like the Sleeping Beauty.

Also there was a marvellous clock and as it struck the hour, horsemen came out and went round the turret on their horses. When they finished, there were three trumpeters who turned around and blew their trumpets.

In the Enchanted Forest, I think the most interesting thing was the

Flying Fakir. He sat at a window in an Eastern Palace and piped to the tulips which grew obediently to his piping. When they were at their full height the windows shut. Then at a place higher up in the tower, another window opened and across came the Fakir on his flying carpet to a window on the other side. He then went down to the bottom window and started piping again.

Then we went to have a leisurely half-hour on the boating lake. There were rowing boats and canoes to choose from. We wandered back afterwards, past the fairy-tale land to the playground. There were many interesting things to go on: slides, see-saws, swings, roundabouts, and train rides. There was a machine man who said "Litter Please" and when the litter was dropped in his mouth he said, "Thank You", in Dutch of course.

For ten cents you could get a goose or hen egg from a machine goose and hen. When the coin was put in, it made its own special noise and moved its head and out came an egg. In it were sweets and plastic rings.

In the playpark, what I liked most was the steam-driven merry-go-round. It was very cheap as it was only twenty-five cents for five goes. It was marvellous. The horses went up and down and rocked from side to side and backward and forwards. I went on the horses on all of the goes.

Besides the things I have already mentioned there were woods, a swimming pool, picnic grounds and a lake which we did not have time to see. What I did see though was wonderful and I really enjoyed the trip.

J. Marshall 2A.

JIMMY

I am standing alone in a very big field,
I am tall and strong for the crops I must shield.
My back is straight and I am of wood;
My arms are of straw and my feet are no good.

My coat is all ragged and my trousers are old,
But both are quite thick so I never feel cold.
A little bird's nested on top of my head,
Which is knitted in wool, yellow and red.

When the birds come here they see me then go;
For I am Jimmy the old Scarecrow. *M. Warrington*

THE LAKE

It was a hot sultry day and the sun shone down on the lake making the water scintillate as though it were shot through with flashes of colour. The waters looked cool and deep under the shadows of the grim cliffs overhanging the water.

A flash of colour indicated that a brightly coloured bird just flew over the lake skimming its wings in the water. The glint of the sun on the stones on the lake's bed looked like gold coins that day, freshly minted.

The waving of the long green weeds in the shallows was like a sea- maiden's hair. The white, white sand on the lake bed covered a multitude

of secrets, the lake's moods, wild and carefree, sombre and still and quiet.

Last of all the gentle noises of the lake itself as it flowed up little nooks and eddies as a fish flounders in the swell. The dead and decaying leaves drift.

Gabrielle Littlely 5C

ADEN

Since being born in Hanover in 1952, I have spent most of my life travelling with my family. In my thirteen years I have lived three times in Germany, twice in England and once in Aden.

Perhaps the most fascinating place was Aden, where I lived in a modern flat near the Officers Club, and just near the beach. Aden is very humid but the sun always shines and there is plenty of sport. There is no need to worry about the weather when planning a picnic or an outing. In fact the weather and particularly the hot sun is the main factor in deciding the way of life. Because it is so hot, school starts at 7 o'clock in the morning, and finishes at 1 o'clock each day, leaving the afternoon free for swimming and games.

Aden is the chief town of the federation of South Arabia, and is a very important port. Steamships used to call at Aden for supplies of coal, but nowadays modern liners and cargo ships call at Aden for fresh supplies of oil. Although 300 miles from the Red Sea, Aden lies on the main shipping route of Australia, India and the Far East.

The harbour of Aden, known as Steamerpoint, is a modern town with European style houses and offices. The shops are a mixture of modern Western types and the native bazaars. The shops are owned mostly by Indians and the local Arabs, although there are other European and Greek shopkeepers. In the local bazaars tourists can buy an assortment of cheap trinkets mostly bought from India and China as there is almost no local industry in Aden. Almost all the things sold are imported.

The inhabitants of Aden are of three main types: Somalis, who come from Somaliland across the Red Sea. Yemenese, who come from the Yemen, and the Adenese, who of course were born in Aden. The Somalis are the more intelligent people, but the Yemenese are the hardest workers. The Adenese are generally lazy and not very intelligent. Most of the natives cannot afford houses to live in, and therefore live in shacks and caves in the hillside, and sometimes in old motor cars. They cook what little food they have over open fires on the ground and live in a very primitive pattern.

Sheep and goats roam in the streets day and night, and often share the shacks with the natives.

The main native city of Aden is in the Crater of an extinct volcano, and is known as Crater. Here in the hundreds of native shops, trade is carried on by the tribesmen living inland who come down to sell their produce and buy imported goods such as: — cloth, silks, Eastern foods and manufactured goods.

Life in Aden is never dull as the natives never seem to agree for very long, and there is often trouble amongst the tribesmen.

Adrienne Lea 2A



Illustration Penny Lamb Lower 6th.

HOUSEWORK

When the sun begins to rise,
 Noisily the cockerel cries:
 'Wake up, wake up, you sleepy head,
 Get up and clean your house and bed'.
 So up I got, and the house I swept,
 I fed the animals which I kept.
 I made the beds and the carpets beat,
 So all the dust flew down the street.
 'Make the coffee', mother cried,
 'After the dishes you have dried'.
 I didn't know which way to turn,
 But this is the only way to learn.
 I washed the sheets and cleaned the floor,
 I wiped the marks from off the door.
 'There's still the steps', my mother said,
 'Then make a cake, and scones, and bread'.
 And so more dishes in the sink,
 The washing's dry by now, I think.
 An hour's ironing, the cake are done,
 Why did I think that this was fun!
 When upon my bed I lay,
 I thought of all I did that day.
 And thanked the Lord when morning came,
 I would not have to do the same.
 So off to school I went with glee,
 The work would not be done by me.
 But from now on, I'd lend a hand,
 My mother's life was NOT so grand.

J. Merrifield 3C

VISITING MODERN STORYBOOK LAND

This story tells us how fairy-tales would be if the authors made the stories up today. My name is Christie, and I will show you Modern Storybook Land.

Here we are in the Castle of Sleeping Beauty. Ah, it's so nice and warm in here, now that there is central heating. Let's hunt for Sleeping Beauty. No need to walk up any stairs, the King and Queen are able to afford an elevator. All aboard? Good, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10. 10th floor, last floor in the Castle. Here is the room Sleeping Beauty must be in. There she is, and there's the sewing machine, (Singer's no less!) that pricked her finger. And now we will go to the house of the Seven Dwarfs.

My, what a lovely house, installed T.V. and everything. Snow White is in a lovely polished oak wood casket, with a clear plastic cover. B-r-r-r-oom! What was that noise? Why it's the prince in a speedy TR4 sports car coming to take Snow White away with him. He is kissing her, and she has awoken. Now they are both doing a little happy dance. The prince has got out his record-player, and played A Ticket to Ride by The Beatles. The Shake is a popular dance of the day.

Did I hear you say you want to go into the woods to visit Hansel and Gretel at the Witch's cottage?. All right we'll go, here we are, and Hansel and Gretel are just entering the witch's garden. They are both eating fudge from the window. The fudge was bought at the N.A.A.F.I. (N for quality!)

Of course you know that this story was just make-believe, but I wonder how all the fairy-tales would be *if* the authors made the stories up today.

Christie Dohmen 1B

?? QUESTIONS ??

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
 A key for the lock of his hair?
 Can his eyes be called an Academy
 Because there are pupils there?
 What jewels are there in the crown of his head?
 Who crosses the bridge of his nose?
 Can he use, when repairing the bridge of his nose,
 The nails at the end of his toes?
 Can he ever fall on the slip of his tongue?
 Does he play on the drums of his ears?
 And how does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
 To answer all this would take years.

Sarah Poole 4C

THE SEA

The day had been hot and airless and the sea hardly seemed to move. The waves made little noise as they lapped the shore. Soon heavy storm clouds had gathered over the still waves. As the sky darkened the sea gradually took on a menacing look and suddenly lightning flashed and

thunder rolled. The sea seemed to come alive all at once. Great waves rolled in tempestuously, crashing against the rocks flinging white spray high into the air. The roar of the sea was deafening and again and again the breakers rolled up the beach. As each wave retreated it dragged with it pebbles and sand, and left a pattern of foam and surf in its wake.

Barbara Laws 3C

The sea to me is a wide expanse of rolling, tossing water, crested here and there by a crystal-clear white spume. It is a foreground of rolling breakers roaring and crashing on a golden beach. The horizon is smudged by a light sea-mist and broken in one or two places by the smoke issuing from distant vessels.

Mark Hammond 3C

The Sea, the swishing, swirling and rushing of the Sea,
Oh how I long to be
Close and near to the sea.

Its wild rough ways,
Its vast empty bays,
Yawn at me as I stare
Smelling the sweet sea air.

When I am old and wrinkled and grey,
Walking downwards to the bay,
I will remember and I will say,
How I love the sea!

And as the sun sets on the bay
Spreading its last warm rays of light,
The sea will be swishing
All through the night.

P. Jackman 3C

SEAGULLS

Overhead I heard the cries
Of the mournful, plaintive seagulls,
Gliding gracefully above the constant white breakers
Surging like horses on the water,
Wheeling and whirling
In their restless flight,
In their never ending search for food.

When a storm draws nigh,
And the breakers roll and crash
Against the rocks,
Into land the seagulls fly,
Sheltered from the rowdiness of the sea.
When all is calm
And night is past,
Out once more they glide, continuing their search.

Judith Ingamells 3A



Illustration Michael Davies 6A

NIGHTMARE

"Well," I thought with a lurch of my heart, "you're lost." I really didn't know where I was, except that I was walking with faltering steps down a narrow lane. On both sides were trees and hedgerows, their leaves rustling ominously.

"What was that?" my agitated mind almost screamed. "Surely it was a footstep.... No.... Only the leaves," I consoled myself, but the terrifying thought was there. It came again, my heart leapt to my mouth, and in blind panic I was running and running, not knowing where, barely seeing anything but hazy hedges and weird trees, with clawlike arms and fingers straining to reach me.

Then all of a sudden I was under the faintly luminous stars, running and stumbling over the bumps of some moorland crag. Mist swirled around me. Cold and clammy, like the touch of the dead. The ground seemed to open, and I was falling, twisting, and turning, towards some devilish fate.

Then I woke on the floor, hurt and bruised. Collecting my thoughts, I cringed there on the floor, relaxed, laughed and muttered, "Damn those cheese and onion sandwiches," for I had only fallen out of bed, and had been dreaming.

P. Shave 6 Beta.

A NIGHT SCENE

The old oak showed up in the winter moonlight, looking like an aged man. It stood as it had for six hundred years in the centre of a woodland glade, which had grown much smaller as the years had gone by. The oak was the "landmark" of the wood. The cold north wind which blew across the glade sent the fallen leaves scurrying before it, and the limbs of the oak creaked in protest as the wind blew through them. The moon and stars gleamed frostily in the indigo sky.

A dog fox trotted into view and moved away towards a farm on the other side of the wood. Somewhere an owl hooted eerily in the trees. A stag, one antler left on his noble head, crossed the glade stopping for his mate and fawn to join him, then they moved off. The undergrowth on the other side of the glade moved as if touched by unseen hands and then two lights of green appeared. It was the dog fox. In his jaws was a chicken, limp and dead. The fox crossed the glade towards his lair, an overhanging bank where his cubs tumbled and played round their mother.

Back in the glade all was quiet except for the creaking of the old oak's limbs and the dry rustle of the fallen leaves. And as the cold fingers of dawn crept above the trees, the owl ceased his cry and the stars were extinguished one by one like candles on a Christmas tree.

Marilyn Reading 5C

THE CIRCUS

When I was walking out one day,
I met a circus on its way,

And as I watched this grand array, "Hey you there boy, join in the fun,
A man turned round and then did say, Don't just stand there looking glum,
Just jump in the caravan behind,
And do what you make up your mind.

You can feed the mare,
Or stroke the bear,
Or anything that you would care."
And then the boy did say with awe,

"I cannot stay not one bit more,
But I will come, Oh don't you fear,
To see the circus once a year,
And then I'll laugh, and clap, and cheer,

To see the clown with pretended fear,
And thank-you so much for the chat,
But now I must be getting back."
And as I watched it down the lane,
I vowed I'd see it once again.

Sheila Broadbent 1B

WOODSMOKE FROM A LOG FIRE

Creeping like an amoeba the smoke, bright blue in hue shot with grey, comes forth from the belly of the fire, seething and foaming from between the logs and is wafted above by the cool spring air. Snaking, dancing, whirling and gyrating, it rises slowly, then quicker, leaving as it disappears into the velvet sky, its tantalising bitter sweet smell pervading the air.

P. Shave 6 Beta.

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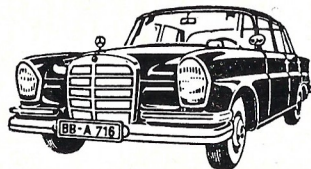
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