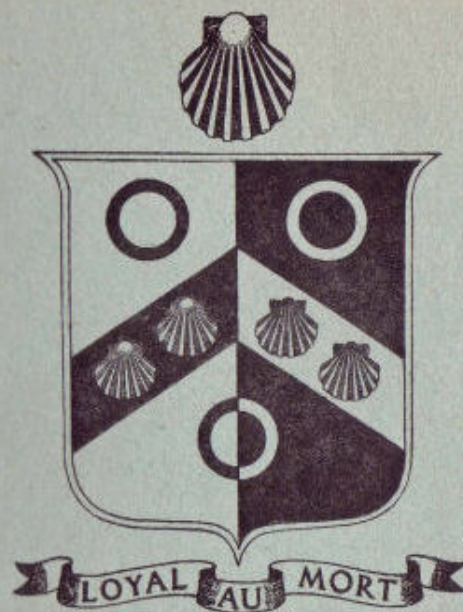


PROSPICE



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PROSPICE

14



The Magazine of
GREENFORD COUNTY
GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Magazine Committee

Editor : T. B. Maddern

Assistant Editors : Pamela Cattell, Heather Till

Production : R. G. Stevenson

Old Scholars' Representative: Mrs. C. J. Stockwell

Staff : Miss Strickley, Mr. Grieve
Mr. Lockhart

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EDITORIAL

Parents are often sceptical as to whether their children gain sufficient training from a grammar school education to justify the sacrifices which must be made in order to keep them at such an establishment.

The answer is, of course, that the training is sufficient, but whether or not the children take advantage of all the opportunities which such an education offers them is purely a matter for the individual pupil. Unfortunately many of them do not.

What does a grammar school education offer, if used to the full? Primarily the task of the grammar school is to provide the pupil with sufficient intellectual background to enable him or her to cope with a career which calls for a high standard of general intelligence, without being a specialised profession. However, in addition to this purely mundane aspect, the pupil should gain from the general life of the grammar school experience of social life and a sense of communal responsibility. Incorporated in this should be the ability to hold a position of authority, whilst appreciating the need to respect the rights of those over whom one exercises such authority. In addition the grammar school education should instil in the pupil the desire to combine his or her education after leaving school by individual work showing discriminating use of books covering the widest possible selection of subjects.

In short the grammar school should give to the pupil who takes full advantage of it, the satisfaction of both a full personal, and a happy social life.

STAFF

Headmaster : L. James, M.A., B.Sc.

Senior Mistress : Miss M. H. Drayton

Senior Master : Mr. F. Sheldrake

Mrs. M. A. Beatty	Mr. J. F. Bishop
Miss E. F. Brice	Mr. D. O. Crewe
Miss M. Bunting	Mr. E. F. Field
Miss J. W. Cartman	Mr. J. Grieve
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Miss E. Jones	Mr. J. H. Marlow
Miss B. Owen	Mr. J. Moran
Mrs. P. D. Price	Mr. E. E. L. Owens
Mlle. M. D. Rome	Mr. T. H. Robinson
Miss J. N. Smith	Mr. L. J. Rubin
Mrs. M. E. Stockwell	Mr. S. G. Spriggs
Miss M. Strickley	Mr. K. I. Stephenson
	Mr. C. W. Sutcliffe
	Mr. R. N. White

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head Girl—Sheila Blackwell Head Boy—J. E. Game

Prefects :

Pamela Cattell	Heather Till
Ann Colquhoun	H. Baddeley
Joy Corke	J. Digweed
Sheila Dixon	T. Maddern
Brenda Griffiths	P. Payne
Dilys Halden	D. Tozer
Elinor Jones	J. Tully
Dorothy McRoberts	R. Whitbread

Soccer Captain } J. E. Game
Basketball Captain

Hockey Captain—Dorothy McRoberts



SCHOOL NEWS

The end of the Christmas term saw the departure of Mr. E. E. L. Owens, who for over six years has been the Classics master, and who has in recent years also devoted much time and energy to the School Library. He leaves us to take up a post at William Ellis Grammar School and with him go our sincere good wishes for future success and well-being.

We welcome to the school Mr. Field, who at the beginning of the Christmas term replaced Mr. Gosden, and Mr. White, a former scholar of the school who is the successor of Mr. Smith. We also extend a very warm welcome to Mlle. Rome who is with us as the French Conversation assistant for the year.

Once again we have had a busy and interesting term: Members of the Upper VI paid a visit to the Houses of Parliament and toured them under the guidance of Mr. Barter, our local Member of Parliament; the First Forms made their annual trip round London; members of the Sixth Form have paid visits to various theatres, including a visit to Sadler's Wells Theatre by the "Vitalis Society" to see Gounod's "Faust", a visit to the Questor's Theatre to see "Hamlet", and others went to see a production of "Antigone" at Walpole Grammar School.

School Societies have continued to flourish and there have been meetings of the Chess Club, the Student Christian Movement and the Literary Society. The Choral Society continues to meet on Thursdays, under the direction of Mr. White, and is at the moment rehearsing Stanford's "Songs of the Sea" and Elgar's "The Black Knight" both of which it hopes to perform at a future concert.

Last year saw the departure to various Universities and Colleges of many of the Sixth Form. A list of them with the establishments at which they are continuing their studies is given below. They may be sure that we wish them all possible success for the future.

Auriol Brown—County of Stafford Training College.
Beryl Hall—Leicester University
Edna Howe—Southampton University
Valerie Nadal—Dorset House School of Occupational Therapy

Pamela Cattell—St. Katherine's College, Southport
 Janet Pye—Gypsy Hill Training College
 Barbara Stanbrook—Redland Training College, Bristol
 Felicity Young—Trinity College of Music
 Cook, M.—Worcester College, Oxford
 Dawes, C.—Bristol University
 Gilder, J.—Hull University
 King, D.—Westminster School of Medicine
 Pilbeam, M.—Bristol University Medical School
 Shields, A.—University of the South-West (Exeter)

We congratulate Dilys Halden (6U.) and Madeleine Cole (4A.) on reaching the semi-final of an inter-schools French verse-speaking competition, organised by the Modern Languages Association and in which 716 candidates from 83 schools took part.

On behalf of the school and the Staff on the magazine committee we would like to thank the retiring editor, T. B. Maddern, and his assistants Pamela Cattell, Heather Till, and R. G. Stephenson for the work they have done in preparing recent issues of the school magazine.

The Christmas parties held as usual at the end of the last term were a great success thanks to the staff who organised them and the prefects who gave such splendid and willing assistance in running them.

Owing to bad weather conditions a football match arranged between school and Old Scholars had to be cancelled on the last Saturday of the Christmas term.

CHRISTMAS SERVICE, 1955

At our Christmas Service, held on Tuesday, December the 20th in the school hall, Heather Till conducted the service and the address was given by the Rev. B. Icely, Rector of Northolt.

The service commenced with an invocation and then everyone stood to sing "O Come all ye faithful". Some verses from Isaiah II, prophesying about the coming of the Messiah were read by Pamela Hilton, and again those beautiful words of St. Luke's Gospel, about the adoration of the Shepherds were read by A. M. Flynn. The prayer was offered by the Headmaster, at the conclusion of "A little child this day is born" sung by the choir and the address followed the carol "Christians awake", the service concluding with another carol followed by the Benediction and the sung Amen.

JOAN BUCK



SPORTS NEWS

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

At the beginning of last season the school was able to enter three girls for the Middlesex trials. They did extremely well, Dorothy McRoberts gaining first place in Senior Discus, and Jean Bartlett fourth place in Junior Discus. Bernice Walker was unfortunate not to be placed in the presence of keener competition in the intermediate Discus event.

On sports day many school records were broken. The contest for the Robinson Cup was keener than it has been for some years, St. Patrick's gaining their victory over St. David's by an extremely narrow margin. Beryl Wolfe, who was successful in five events, was presented with the Collin's Achievement Cup, for gaining the most individual points.

The standard competition incited more girls than usual to gain their standards, and in so doing to help their respective houses. Never before have the final totals for each house exceeded two hundred standards. This year both St. George's and St. David's exceeded that total, St. George's winning the Shield from St. David's by eleven standards. I sincerely hope that this enthusiasm will again be in evidence next season.

This is the first year the school has sent a senior relay team to compete in open relay contests at other schools. In the two contests in which the school competed we gained a third and fourth place. The team consisted of the following girls:

Felicity Young, June Douglas, Olive Douglas and Dorothy McRoberts.

At the close of the season the school sent a team to Kingsbury Grammar School to compete in the "Girls Inter-Grammar School Sports". The team did their best in the face of stiff competition and managed to hold their own in the field events, but did not do so well in the track events. Twelve schools competed, we were placed seventh.

I should like to congratulate all House Captains on their hard work during the Athletics season. More girls gained all

their standards last year than ever before. I hope their efforts will be an example to those members of the school who did not give of their best.

Lastly I should like to thank all the members of the staff who spent time training the girls and enabling them to remain behind after school for practice.

DOROTHY McROBERTS

Athletics Captain

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Sports day, the main event of the season, was held on a cold and windy day. Any sprint records were ruled out from the start for there was virtually a gale assisting the runners. Nevertheless some records, five in number, were broken, the most notable performance coming from Hunter who added six inches to the intermediate boys' high jump record with a leap of 5ft. 5in. The poor weather did not affect the house competition which was very closely contested. The Robinson Cup, awarded to the house scoring most points on sports day, was not won until the final event, there being a great struggle between the eventual winners St. Andrew's and St. David's. The standard Shield, decided before Sports day, was also contested with much vigour as is shown by the fact that the first three houses, St. David's, St. George's and St. Andrew's were separated by only eight points.

Prior to Sports day the school was invited with Watford A.C. to be the guests of Southall A.C. in a triangular match. Out of the ten events contested the school was successful in three, one of which was the relay—the team of Game, Maddern, Ascroft and Taverner winning in 47.6 secs.

The Grammar school sports at Southall Municipal Sports Ground were a source of disappointment for only four people qualified for the finals at Chiswick, Game 220 yards, Maddern discus, Hunter high jump and Ascroft Javelin. However to offset this, one record was captured, Hunter winning the high jump with 5ft. 5ins., and for the first time for many years the school relay team managed to gain first place. The finals at Chiswick saw us with only three placed in the first six—Hunter first in the high jump, Game second in the 220 yards and Maddern sixth in the discus.

Two members of the school were successful in the Middlesex Schools championships (Game 220 yards and Maddern pole vault, with a new record of 10ft. 3ins.) Resulting from this both were fortunate enough to be chosen to represent Middlesex in the All-England Championships at Manchester, where Game obtained

third place in the 220 yards and Maddern fourth place in the pole vault.

HOCKEY 1955

Both the 1st and 2nd XIs are enjoying the most successful season we have had for some years. The results so far are as follows :—

	P	W	L	D	F	A
1st XI	12	9	1	2	55	12
2nd XI	11	8	2	1	40	9

Three of the schools we have beaten have considerably more girls from which to choose their teams.

This is the first season the teams have managed to combine a strong defence with aggressive goal scoring forwards.

We are very sorry to have to say good-bye to Jacqueline Stone who has been one of the top scorers of the second eleven. We wish her every success.

This year we have a 3rd year team and we are hoping before the end of the season to have a 2nd year team too. This is most encouraging as these teams should form the nucleus of the future 1st and 2nd elevens.

It is with much pleasure we have noticed that the condition of the pitches has improved considerably this season. This is due to the care and attention given them by our groundsman, and on behalf of the teams I should like to thank him.

We still have more matches to play and I am hoping our standard will remain high. The annual inter-school Hockey Tournaments due to take place in March and this year the teams should give a good account of themselves.

DOROTHY McROBERTS,

(Hockey Captain)

SOCCER

The Christmas Term was not a very successful one for the school teams, although they have all given their utmost throughout every game. Generally it has been superior physical strength rather than superior football which has beaten us. Compared with other schools our teams this year are very young, the 1st XI for example, containing only two members of the VI form. Many of the 1st XI games have been very closely contested, the school often losing by the odd goal.

Record:

	P	W	L	D	F	A
1st XI	10	1	6	3	19	32
2nd XI	7	0	6	1	9	37
U 14 XI	11	0	10	1	12	60

It is to be hoped that the results will be a little more pleasing next term.

T. B. MADDERN, 6U. (Hon. Sec.)

BASKETBALL

Senior

As may be interpreted from the results tabulated below, this year has been a moderately successful one.

Last season we moved, as it were, up the scale and began to play against a greater percentage of men's teams. This year that policy was continued. If we confined ourselves to playing school teams, I feel without doubt that our record would be better, but taking all things into consideration the step forward has been to our advantage. It has certainly prompted a keen fighting spirit in the face of adversity, and in the many closely fought games which we have played much enjoyment has been experienced.

Seven years have passed since basketball was introduced to the school and I would venture to suggest that the time is ripe for the first annual match with the Old Scholars' Association.

P	W	L	F	A
8	4	4	310 pts.	268 pts.

Junior

The Junior team has a record very similar to that of the senior team. Two games have been lost, one of them to Walpole County's second team (32—39), and two games have been won. Concerning the latter, Vincent School was beaten (36—32) after a very tense struggle, and the first half of the season was brought to an end by a fine victory over Preston Manor School by 68 pts. to 18.

Players

Senior

Game (capt.). Maddern, Stevenson, Bailey, Hunter, Lawson, Honour, Ascroft.

Junior

Bell (capt.), Burrows, Bartlett, Clarke, Dyas, Burgen.

J. E. GAME



SCHOOL SOCIETIES

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society has had two meetings this term. The first consisted of two debates; "Is Television having a detrimental effect on Society?" and "Is Toleration a virtue?" The second was an "Any Questions?" meeting, at which a panel of staff and sixth formers answered a variety of questions submitted by members of the fourth, fifth and sixth forms. Next term it is hoped to arrange a debate with the Old Scholars' Association.

Members of the fourth, fifth and sixth forms are invited to all meetings of the society. Suggestions for future debates will be welcomed by the secretary at any time.

We hope that next term an increasing number of people will interest themselves in the Society.

BRENDA GRIFFITHS, (Sec.)

S.C.M. DIARY

Wednesday 21st September—Open Meeting. Mr. Weighton, an ex-missionary teacher, gave an interesting talk on "Christian Youth in Formosa".

Tuesday, 11th October—First meeting of devotional group, led by Mr. Crewe, which is studying Olive Wyon's book "The School of Prayer".

Wednesday, 12th October—First meeting of group studying the book of Revelation, led by Miss Jones.

Tuesday, 25th October—Mr. Crewe's group, "The Bible and Prayer".

Wednesday, 2nd November—A small group went after school, to a Cinema in Ruislip to see the films "Souls in Conflict" and "The Wanderers Return".

Tuesdays, 8th November—Mr. Crewe's group, "The Bible and Prayer".

Wednesday, 9th November—First meeting of group which discusses general topics, led by Mr. Bishop.

Monday, 14th November Miss Jones' group. "The Seven Churches" Rev. 2 and 3.

Wednesday, 16th November—Open meeting. Mr. H. D. Mackay a missionary on furlough from Nigeria, spoke about Translation work and the difficulties of learning a language without a grammar-book. The meeting closed with refreshments.

Tuesday, 22nd November—Mr. Crewe's group. A digression occurred when there was a general discussion on the Genesis creation stories.

Wednesday, 23rd November—Mr. Bishop's group. "Religion in Schools".

Tuesday, 6th December—Mr. Crewe's group. "Prayer and the Spirit of Worship".

C. A. H. (Hon. Sec.) 6L.

VITALIS SOCIETY

The Vitalis Society continues to flourish as a sixth form philosophical and debating society, the primary aim still being to stimulate individual thought.

Mr. James continues as President of the Society, Miss Strickley and Mr. Gosden as Vice-Presidents and Miss Elinor Jones as Secretary. Mr. Tozer occupies the office of Chairman, and Miss Sheila Blackwell is the Treasurer of the Society.

The papers presented this term have covered a wide variety of subjects; University Education, White Man's influence in Africa, Witchcraft, Evolution, Wales, "Perfidious Albion" and the Conception of State. These papers have all been of great interest, and have promoted much vigorous discussion.

Socially there has been one important event during this term. On Friday, 2nd December, the Society attended a performance of "Faust" at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. It was a performance enjoyed by all, and set a precedent which it is to be hoped will become a tradition in the Society.

The Vitalis Society has undoubtedly much to offer to its members, for apart from all else, it provides an excellent opportunity for a liberal exchange of ideas and the development of the powers of reasoning.

ELINOR JONES (Hon. Sec.)

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club has continued its weekly meetings on Friday evenings this term. The numbers of the club were revived by the usual addition of first form members, and I am glad to say several people from higher up the school. Enthusiasm has waxed quite strong at most meetings in the "top of the league" competition. At present the positions are as follows:

Division 1—Bailey, Ledgerwood, Dunkin.

Division 2—Bartlett, Batson, Phillips.

Division 3—Binney, de Wavrin, Sullivan.

Unfortunately only one match could be arranged this term against another school. We played Bishopshalt over eight boards and lost 3—5. Nevertheless we have high hopes for next term's return match when games between junior members are to be played.

D. E. TOZER (Sec.)

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LITERARY SECTION

DAYBREAK

The breeze is fresh, the birds are singing,
Another day is new.
We see the flowers sparkle,
Like diamonds with the dew.

The icy frost has disappeared,
The veil of mist has cleared.
And now, with such a kindly face,
The smiling sun appears.

CAROL JAMES, 1B

GOING TO BED

Going to bed is a thing which nobody likes, at least no children. Mother always seems to think it is nice to go to bed early, but never does even if she gets the opportunity. The awkward thing is whenever you want to hear something on the wireless or television, you have to go to bed early and when there is nothing on, mother is in a good mood and decides to give you a late night for once. Just when you have convinced Mum that there is a good show on, and you have not heard one for ages, Dad interrupts and says that there is a better one on next week; so after a lot of persuasion they get you to bed and the show you were going to see next week you forget all about. I suppose, really, going to bed is good for you but it does seem annoying just when you are beginning to feel lively.

STEPHEN MILLER, 1B

MY DREAM COTTAGE

I wish a cottage small,
With roses growing on the wall,
And whitewash making it look bright,
My own home, in the sunlight.

With a little bright blue door,
And a carpet on the floor,
Flowers on the window sill,
And lace curtains, with a frill.

MADELAINE FRASER, 1B.



1st XI

D. McRoberts (Capt.); J. Garner Richards; J. Kerr; C. Douglas; S. Dixon;
E. Jones; B. Walker; B. Wolfe; M. Saw; J. McCarthy; J. Bartlett.



2nd XI

P. Durio; S. Hunt; B. Johnson; E. Critchfield; B. Robbins; J. Moore; J. Billing;
J. Stone; B. Griffiths (Capt.); P. O'Sullivan; J. Hinbest; P.D.F.



Party of local schoolchildren on terrace of the House of Commons
including members of Upper 6th



Christine Wilson, 4A.

STORMY SEAS

One wild, stormy night in the middle of December, when one could hardly stand for the fury of the wind, and the clouds raced across the sky hiding the full moon and the stars, I struggled down the narrow path which led to the sea, slipping on loose stones and rocks every few steps. This was the kind of night I loved; to see the tossing, heaving sea crashing on the sharp jagged rocks; flinging up the white spray against the walls of the white cliffs and then retreating, making way for the next huge wave which would repeat the same performance. Far out on this heaving mass of greys and greens I could see the white breakers rushing inland, dipping and rising as they came.

Then the rain came. It came in huge drops, slapping my face and stinging it so that I had to seek shelter beneath an overhanging rock.

After the first torrential downpour, the rain subsided a little, but the clouds still hung low, grey and forbidding. From somewhere in the heavens thunder crashed and rumbled, dying away into the far distance. Then a bright flash rent the heavens, lighting up the whole scene for a moment; the jagged rocks, wet and slimy, the towering cliffs, and the sea heaving and shining, sending up fine white spray. After the lightning the thunder came crashing down again. But this time it was farther away and did not sound so frightening.

Soon after this the storm abated and I left the shelter of the rock to make my way home. As I climbed the cliff path, I could see away to my left the sun rising above the water, casting a golden light on the still tossing sea, and as it grew runder and brighter I turned to my right to go home, still thinking of the wild, stormy seas behind me.

CAROL HORNE, 1M.

A MOUNTAIN AND RIVER SCENE

I gave a sigh of ecstasy, for it felt like walking on air to be standing on the summit of this mountain in Switzerland. There was a keen breeze and the air was very crisp. I gazed down at the few villages and chalets dotted about on the mountainside. They looked very picturesque with the glittering snow covering them and their bright green shutters looking out on the firs and pines which grew to the right.

Away to the left was an awe-inspiring scene. Jagged rocks were clawing their way to the sky. Rugged, craggy, rocks rose from the swiftly gushing river which was crashing its way down to the valley below. No Edelweiss, Alpine Roses or other beautiful Alpine flowers grew there.

In the swiftly fading light the sister peaks looked rather cold and forbidding as they gazed down at this small mountain. I could just distinguish the cable-railway carriages. They were returning from a trip to a distant mountain called Mount Clarikov. The carriages were swaying dangerously to and fro as they glided their way down to the station which was about one hundred and fifty feet below me. Johann, the village gardener, had planted a few pine and fir trees and many beautiful Alpine flowers including Edelweiss and Alpine roses and they must have looked very welcome to the weary passengers alighting from the cable-carriages. It was then I realised that I was getting hungry and as I gazed down at my aunt's chalet, where I was staying, it looked very welcome with the spiral of smoke rising from the little chimney and the bright light seeping through the green shutters, so welcome, in fact, that I was unable to resist the appeal and decided there and then to make my way home.

VALERIE PEARCE, 1M.

TWILIGHT

Slowly the sun descends in the west,
The weary farmer seeks a rest,
A golden haze glows in the sky,
Denoting that the night is nigh.

Rabbits return to their small burrows,
Far beneath the farmer's furrows,
Birds fly back to nests so cosy,
For night is near and they feel dozy.

And now there is silence, dark and still,
As the silver moon creeps o'er the hill,
And now there is silence, everything's dumb,
And all is dark for night has come.

B. COOPER, 1L.

WHEN SCHOOL IS OVER

When I arrive home from school, the first thing I do is to change my shoes and school uniform. Then I give my rabbit a run on the lawn. I let him loose but he cannot escape as Daddy has put boards along the bottom of the fence. His name is Tinker and he is a cross between a Rex and an English.

Mummy usually saves me something nice from the mid-day meal and I go and have that. Daddy comes home about 5.15 p.m. Margaret, the girl who lives next door, arrives home later than I, so when she is in her garden we exchange pieces of news of the day.

I sometimes play ball or cricket with Margaret and her young brother Douglas. But Daddy is usually home by then, so I have my tea, and afterwards there is homework to be done.

AUDREY FARRELL, 1L.

BETWEEN SCHOOL AND TEATIME

Between school and teatime I do not have much freedom because I usually go shopping and do my piano practice. The freedom I have is usually when changing my uniform. That is the time when I usually have a good read. If I am lucky, I manage to leave my practice until after tea, but, if it has to be done before, I take rather a long time changing so that I can read or do what I please in between. On my very unlucky days I have to change quickly because I am asked to lay the table.

SANDRA WILSON, 1L.

AFTER SCHOOL

When I come home from school I first change, and then do my homework, go down the garden and see how my plants are growing and feed my tortoises, and, if they are in the garden, I look for them. I then get out my bicycle and go for a ride or go up the village shops for messages. When I come back, I go out in the street with my friends. I often spend quite a lot of my time sowing seeds and doing gardening. After that I usually go over to the park with my friends for a game and when I come back, tea is ready.

DEREK DOUGLAS, 1L.

THE GIPSY

He wore an old coat with a few patches in it and a pair of ragged trousers with a few holes in them. Upon his dark, long, untidy hair was a battered old dusty hat. Dangling from his ears were two large earrings. His shoes were worn and dusty and his socks were a dull grey with holes at the toes.

His name was Pedro and he was a gipsy. He had narrow ears in which were two large gold earrings. His shoes were worn and dusty and he knew the country like the back of his hand and had news for everyone from far-off friends or relations. He lived in a caravan drawn by an old horse by the name of Dobbin. He and Dobbin had travelled many a mile, and told many a tale and adventure to his younger friends. Pedro was the favourite of the village and many people, when he returned from his travels, would give him old clothes and money for the news he gave them.

ANGELA P. GIMSON, 2M.

AUTUMN

Look, now the leaves are falling
Early in the Autumn time.
Hark, and hear the robins calling,
"Soon the sun will cease to shine".

Fewer months of sunshine coming,
Leaves are falling round and round.
Very soon will bees stop humming
And the snow fall on the ground.

Hastily the squirrel buries
All its nuts for winter store,
While the lazy dormouse queries
What the fuss and bother's for.

Soon the trees will look quite ghostly,
Shorn of all their bright green leaves,
Now the fields will be mostly
Clothed in bright and golden sheaves.

ANGELA GIMSON, 2M.

AN INTERESTING DAY IN MY LIFE

During my holiday at Buckden in West Yorkshire I spent a most interesting time. One day I went on a walking excursion, from Buckden over Burks Fell to Litton then on to Halton Gill and the Horse-Head Pass leading to Yockenthwaite and then back to Buckden, passing Hubberkolme on the way.

We left Buckden at 9.30 a.m. It was quite a big party as there were 41 people going on the excursion. The first part of the journey was the hardest. This was over Burks Fell, approximately 1,800 feet high. On the top there was a very heavy mist and continuous rain. Four parties were sent out to try and locate some posts and a gate; they did not find what they were looking for and it was then that we realised that we were lost. One member of the party who had a compass discovered that we were 90° off course. Hearing that, we changed our direction immediately. Eventually we came to a dried-up river bed in a valley; we knew that a river ran through Litton and, hoping this was the right one, we followed the valley. The sides of the valley were fairly steep and it was soon realised that the easiest way down the valley was to walk along the river bed. We soon reached Litton where we were to have a sandwich lunch; in Litton the sun was shining and there were no signs of any mist. We then found out that we were over three quarters of an hour late.

The next stage of the journey was a walk along the road to Halton Gill, on the way passing Pen-y-Ghent, 2231 feet high. At Halton Gill we branched off the road and followed the Horse-Head pass to Yockenthwaite. In Yockenthwaite we had tea in a cottage with cows outside the back door. After tea we followed the road back to Buckden passing through Hubberkolme with its eleventh century church. On the pews in the church were little carved mice which was the mark that the craftsmen left.

We arrived back at Buckden House at six o'clock, in time for a seven o'clock dinner. Due at eight o'clock was a grand concert in which some of the guests were taking part. The concert was very good and the whole day was very enjoyable indeed.

KEVIN J. TEGG, 2M

NOISE

The sound of the cranes
Lifting huge loads,
The low, croaky noise
From the large fat toads,
The bumpety bump
As the train passes over,
The soft munchy sound
Of the cow eating clover.

Yet, if no sound at all
Was spoken or heard,
Like the long harsh squawk
From the sleek blackbird,
This world would have lost
All its beauty and grace,
Because it's quite nice
To have noise round the place.

R. TWIGG, 2M

DREAMING

I looked out of the window in the class,
And watched the birds go fluttering past,
The busy bees that come and go,
The cars and buses down below,
In the distance tall green trees
With flowers dancing in the breeze.
Then all of a sudden I got a fright
A teacher's stern voice made me go white!
"The Accusative of Roma"! I thought fast,
Visions of outside flashed right past.
Ah! back to hydrogen—as if I cared,
Baked apples, how prawns breathe and Pi R squared!

JANET ROBERTS, 2M

A VISIT TO AN INTERESTING BUILDING

This Summer Holiday I went to Italy. The most interesting building I saw was the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The tower is eight storeys high and, when you look down from the top storey, it looks as if you are going to fall flat on your face.

There are no railings around it, so you can easily slip off. The tower was built between 1174 and 1350. The tower stood twenty years, then it started to sink on the south side. It is now known that it sinks one inch in twenty five years, and now it is sixteen feet six inches out of the perpendicular.

The tower is a very good look-out post because it is one hundred and seventy nine feet high and you can see for miles around. The walls are of different colours; they are thirteen feet thick and of marble. The tower was used for a belfry. To get to the top you climb three hundred steps. In the second world war the leaning tower narrowly missed damage from enemy action.

D. J. QUINN, 2M.

THE SEA

Lining the rocks, the writhing foam,
Bubbling, frothing, sinking, dying.
As far as the eye can see, the waves
Grey and green and blue and white,
Torpids, oily, raging, cruel,
Licking the green slime from the teeth
That jagged from the ocean bed
Raise their wicked deformed head;
Beating on the helpless sand,
Flinging spray into the air,
Cringing, dragging on the pebbles—
Inevitable sucking back—
Only to return with doubled force,
And creep back to their bed.

MADELEINE COLE, 4A.

A DAY OUT

I went to Southend for the day with my friend and her mother.

We had to meet the coach at a quarter past eight. When we reached the meeting place, we found that our coach was the only one starting out, but that there were a lot more, about eight in fact, all going to different destinations. At about half past eight our coach made its appearance; all the other coaches had by that time come and gone.

We soon left the city behind and came into the countryside. We stopped at a "halfway-house", which was three parts of the way to Southend.

We arrived at Southend at half past eleven and were informed that the coach left for home at half past six, so we went down to the beach where the first thing we saw was a boat about to go on a trip so we made a dash for it and just got on in time, so we thought. A mere three quarters of an hour later we started out to sea. We were very cold, and the sun was shining weakly on us.

There was also a very strong sea breeze.

When we arrived back from our sea trip we had lunch and then went straight for the amusements, three of which I remember very clearly. My favourite was definitely the Water Shute. In this you are taken up to the top by a car. You then queue up and climb into a boat which is held in position, on the top of a slide, by steel cables. Then you are cast off and hurtle down towards the water. Everything comes to meet you or so it seems, then splash! and you have hit the water. My friend and I were in the front and we were covered with spray.

Another amusement we went on was the Ghost train; there was nothing ghostly in it at all, at least, I didn't think so, my friend, however, had different ideas for she screamed the whole way through. I spent most of the time laughing at her.

The other "amusement" was called the "House of Fun" which I thought gave the wrong impression of itself, because I do not find it particularly funny to be left in the pitch dark in corridors about two feet wide.

When we reached the beach we found that the tide had gone out so we sat on the sand trying to sunburn.

We met the coach at half past six and set out for home, and we reached home about nine o'clock.

DIANE FOX, 4C.

MONDAY MORNING

In my opinion Monday morning is the worst morning in the whole week.

When I first wake up, my mind thinks about the happenings of the weekend—perhaps the film I saw on Friday or how work went on Saturday, the football results, why Wolves did not win. Sometimes my mind just dwells on the day before, on Sunday, for some people a quiet day, but not for my family. Sunday is the day when everyone comes to visit us. So I usually have a lot

to think about on Monday morning. While I manage to look backwards, I remain feeling fine, but sooner or later I remember that it is Monday morning. Then the fun starts.

First of all I think about homework, have I finished my history, did I finish that maths I began on Friday, did I look up that French word, did we have any R.K. homework? When finally I have sorted myself out, I think of all those lessons in front of me; usually this puts me back to sleep.

By this time it is 7.15, and the door opens and in comes my mother with a cup of tea and a cheery, "It's freezing this morning." At half past seven I drag myself along to the bathroom, have a wash, do my hair and go downstairs for breakfast. After breakfast the hunt begins, my satchel is always under the stairs, so that is all right. The big trouble is my beret. I usually hang it on a peg on the cupboard, but the slightest knock brings it down and my dog invariably takes it to some part of the house where, after feverish searches, I generally find it and, at 8.15, I leave the house to go to school.

I call for a friend on my way to school and we leave her house at 8.25 a.m..

We walk to the top of the road and usually manage to get on the 8.30 bus. When we arrive at school, we go to our respective form rooms where we are checked in.

Then there is a twenty minute assembly, followed by three forty minute lessons. After this is a quarter of an hour break when my friends and I discuss the weekend happenings, then back to school for two more lessons and then home for a hasty dinner.

Another Monday morning has gone.

ANON

MY FAVOURITE RIVER

To sit on the grass at the side of the river Thames, watching the boats go by, is my idea of a perfect Sunday afternoon.

The sun shines through the foliage of the tall poplars on the opposite bank, reflecting the rich green of the grass and the shining hulls of the boats in the muddy water. It makes a lovely setting for the snow white sails of the tiny yachts which tack up and down and heel over when a cheerful gust of wind takes them unawares.

Children run up and down the bank playing and shouting, their voices echoing across the river. They paddle and swim in the dark cold water, dodging the swans and waterfowl which

congregate near the bank hoping for tit-bits from generous picnickers.

Overhead, great airliners whine their way to and from London Airport, their engines making a sharp contrast to the sound of wild geese calling their mates as they fly together along the river towards their home.

From the top-most branches of the tall poplars, vertical streams of midges may be seen. Without the aid of binoculars they appear to be streams of grey smoke, showing up against a background of clear blue sky.

Directly across the river from where I sit, I can see a large boat which is the headquarters for a sailing club. Behind this dozens of yachts sway in the soft breeze and nearly overturn when the wind really blows hard. Members of the sailing club gather on the big boat to chatter and prepare to sail. We know many of them now and take an interest in their sailing tactics.

One day a new yacht was there and we saw it turn over many times. It was a very light skiff, with a board to slide from side to side as the boat heeled over. About four different people took it out that day and each one managed to turn it over, but, miraculously, without as much as getting a foot wet, each was able to right it and carry on sailing. It must have been too dangerous because it has not been seen since.

As the sun goes down it turns a deep red and makes round holes in the poplars and we go home in the drowsy dusk.

EILEEN WILLIAMSON, 6U.

Oh human personality, Oh fickle fleeting friend
Of changing gesture, voice and face
Not constant for a second, the whim of inward thoughts.

What commands this metamorphosis?
The cool, calm constant of the inward brain
Which casts upon the outward world
The shadows of façade and falsity?

If there be sincerity, where is it?
In the inward brain? Its time is full of trickery
Deceitful with each changing circumstance.
Has it time for truth?

Some time it comes to rest
And ceases to work deceit and false façade.
It comes to peace in silence and in solitude
And then perhaps there is an inward truth.

TYRIUS, 6U.

AN OUTING IN ITALY

Five years ago we spent our summer holiday in Italy. My father had become friendly with a family there during the war and they had invited us to go and see them. One day they said that they would show us something we had not seen before. We set out in the car with one of our Italian friends, Sandro, and his mother. He gave us directions as we travelled, but he had a complete disregard for distance which caused him to say happily, for hours: "Only five more minutes".

The road became narrower and more winding, until we finally arrived at a monastery building, which seemed to be on top of a hill. Sandro led us in and we found ourselves in what looked like a museum, with glass show cases round the wall. These were full of an odd assortment of objects, from buckled prams and bicycles to a white wedding dress. Sandro explained that these were relics of people who had had narrow escapes from death and who had given the objects as a thank offering for their deliverance. One, I remember, was a vest riddled with bullet holes and stained with patches of blood.

After we had looked around, we were taken into a church where there was a constant chanting although no one was to be seen, and we were told that it was monks who keep the singing up in relays so that it never ceases.

By this time it was getting late and we regretfully had to go on our way home after a visit that we will never forget.

JANET GIDLEY, 6U.

EN REJSE TIL DANMARK

On a recent visit to Denmark I made the trip by boat from Copenhagen on the island of Zealand to Aalborg on that of Jutland. The head of the family with which I was staying was one of the directors of the Danish Steamship Company and this trip was for him a combination of business and pleasure, since he had to inspect the vessel, which was called the "Jens Bangsen" and see that everything was running smoothly. Consequently his daughter and I had the run of the boat and we took full advantage of this privilege.

We were up on the bridge when the boat sailed at about 11.30 a.m.. It was inclined to be breezy and we soon went down to the dining saloon to have lunch. Of course we had the famous Danish "Smorrebrod" on open sandwiches; all the food was excellent. After the meal was over we went up on the bridge again, just in time to see the royal Kronborg Castle at Elsinore, the setting for Shakespeare's "Hamlet". It was a majestic building,

jutting out on a promontory, but the appearance was marred somewhat by the proximity of a lot of ugly cranes in a nearby shipyard. To starboard were the wooded shores of Sweden, from which in past centuries the Swedish cannon had battered the coast of Denmark in the wars between these two countries.

At about one o'clock we went to the cinema where a film-show lasting one and a half hours was about to commence. Half-way through the show, I became aware of a rolling sensation and I realised that other people had felt this too. One by one they staggered up the gangway, some of them looking rather pale. Suddenly there was a message flashed on the screen saying, in Danish, something to the effect that there would be a ten minute interval, in which anybody who wished could leave the cinema. About half the assembly got up and wandered out, with rather dazed, worried expressions. The rest of us settled down again to enjoy the remainder of the show. The rolling motion increased and when we went up on deck huge waves were washing the rails and nothing could be seen all round but a slight, hazy rain and a rough, grey sea.

We went down into our cabin and tried to play cards on the floor, but when we put a card down it slid from one end of the cabin to the other and we had to steady ourselves with one hand on the floor. It was now that I began to feel a little strange. Previously I had felt fine, but now the room seemed to move round me; I was unable to focus my eyes properly and the heat in the cabin seemed oppressive. I got out quickly and went on deck, where the windows were securely fastened. It was much better here. There was a breeze blowing right through, wonderful, salty, clean air, and I sat and watched the waves break against the windows.

We had tea on the boat and at about 8.30 p.m. we docked at Aalborg. It was rather cold and dark, so we did not spend much time on land. We walked through the town to the great bridge spanning the Limfjord and connecting Aalborg to Norresundby on the other side. We went back on board the "Jens Bangsen" at about 9.30 p.m. We were the only passengers on the boat as, of course, the others were not allowed on until later. We sat in the dining saloon and the waiter brought us some fruit for our supper. We talked for some time and then went in to bed, to lie awake until the boat sailed again at 11.30 p.m. I was not sure whether we were moving or not, so I sat up and looked out of the window and saw the lights of Aalborg slipping slowly by. I lay back and fell asleep, but woke two or three hours later and found that we were gently rocking again, but this time it was quite a pleasant feeling.

At 8 a.m. the following morning we arrived at Copenhagen and we travelled home from the capital by train, arriving at about 9 o'clock, to find breakfast ready on the table.

H.D.T., 6U.

LEAVERS—AUTUMN TERM, 1955

6U Cattell, Pamela	5C Newman, Kathleen.
Taverner, R.	Hains, W.
5X Dunkley, Christine	4A Abercrombie, A.
Finegold, Helen	Miles, K.
Moses, Elaine	4B Mitchell, Sylvia
Stone, Jacqueline	2S Thorn, Elaine
Venn, Valerie	1E Rockell, Carol
Hodey, A.	Timmis, B.
5A Stopps, E.	

We welcome to the school the following new pupils :—

Baylis, Doreen	Blois, Yvonne	Cooke, Roberta
Bone, Pauline	Brown, Pauline	Day, Kathleen
Bulfin, Kathleen	Coolbear, Marian	Fraser, Madelaine
D'Arcy, Jean	Elson, Carol	Groves, Barbara
Farrell, Audrey	Gouldsmith, Margaret	Harman, Margaret
Gray, Susan	Hammond, Deidre	Herring, Ann
Hardy, Valerie	Henderson, Sheila	James, Carol
Hepton, Diane	Horne, Carol	Logan, Julia
Hurst, Janice	James, Gillian	Merchant, Linda
Jewell, Christine	Lucas, Margaret	Rabbitt, Brenda
Mace, Mary	Pearce, Valerie	Sebley, Jennifer
Parlour, Edwina	Rushforth, Pauline	Stokes, Mira
Pope, Janet	Sills, Pamela	Tiernan, Pauline
Sands, Linda	Swinson, Evelyn	Wolfe, Dawn
Spink, Lorna	Walker, Valerie	Binney, J.
Taylor, Margaret	Alber, C.	Boom, R.
Wilson, Sandra	Birchall, M.	Clark, L.
Barber, R.	Brett, T.	Crompton, J.
Blain, G.	Cook, R.	De Wavrin, C.
Cannon, M.	Cunnington, R.	Emberton, J.
Cooper, B.	Dodd, M.	Foster, D.
Currell, G.	Etheridge, C.	Fuller, R.
Douglas, D.	Fowler, K.	Magnus, C.
Exley, P.	Herbert, K.	Miller, S.
Frame, A.	Mortimer, B.	Noyes, C.
Marshall, J.	O'Brien, L.	Partridge, J.
Moss, C.	Pearce, L.	Pearson, R.
Osborne, P.	Phillips, K.	Taylor, E.
Pearson, H.	Reed, G.	Turner, V.
Pitts, C.	Thorn, A.	Yoxall, W.
Reed, R.	Whitbread, M.	
Tully, D.	Baines, Celia	
Woodford, M.	Bell, Frances	
Baker, Lynda	Bowles, Linda	

We also welcome to the school the following pupils who are with us during the year 1955-56 before going on to a new grammar school :—

Bagust, B.	Butterworth, Wendy
Bank, D.	Cook, Marion
Bixley, M.	Cooper, Beryl
Crawford, M.	Flay, Pauline
Duxbury, G.	Foulds, Margaret
Gill, C.	Fox, Carol
Griffiths, G.	Freshney, Joyce
Huggon, J.	Garner, Jill
Oakley, D.	Haussauer, Suzanne
O'Sullivan, M.	Heritage, Elizabeth
Packer, N.	MacLachlan, Charlotte
Redding, T.	Rayner, Heather
Rimell, D.	Richardson, Kathleen
Thornburn, R.	Rose, Carole
Woodford, K.	Tilson, Jacqueline

Careers in the Coal Industry

Modern Coalmining is very largely a new industry. More accurately, it is an old and vital industry which is being reconstructed to serve the present and future needs of the nation. While other forms of energy will help, the main source of power in the foreseeable future will continue to be coal.

Technical Careers.—Many well-paid and absorbing jobs are available and the Coal Board are ready to train you for them, either through a University Scholarship or—if you prefer to earn and learn at the same time—by taking you into the industry straight from school and providing technical training without loss of pay.

University Scholarships.—Highly-trained mining engineers are urgently needed. The National Coal Board offer a hundred University Scholarships a year: most are in Mining Engineering, but some are available in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth about the same as State Scholarships and successful candidates receive them in full—parents' financial position makes no difference to the value of the awards.

Practical Training. When you have qualified—either through the University or through technical college while working—you are eligible for a two or three year course under the Coal Board's management training scheme. Each trainee has a course mapped out for him personally and a senior engineer gives him individual supervision. If you come in to the industry on the mining engineering side, you have a very good chance of becoming, between the ages of 25 and 30, a colliery undermanager at a salary between £975 and £1,300 a year—or even a colliery manager with a salary in the range of £1,050 to £1,800.

Other Careers.—There are also good careers in the Board's Scientific Department and in administrative posts. Young men and women of good educational standard (who have preferably spent some time in the sixth form or have attended a university) are also needed in such fields as marketing, finance and labour relations.

Full details can be obtained from any Divisional Headquarters of the Board or from the National Coal Board, Hobart House, London, S.W.1.

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