

THE QUINTINIAN

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SCHOOL NOTES

We all regretted very much the non-appearance of the *Quintinian* at the end of the Christmas Term, but the difficulties of the situation at that time made it impossible to publish a number worthy of the tradition of the magazine. This, therefore, is the first issue we have published since our return to London.

Before the flying bombs started, the majority of the parents had expressed a desire for boys to return, and, in fact, steps had been taken to meet their wishes when the conditions of enemy bombardment made it appear undesirable to move. However, as you will all remember, there was a lull in the bombing of London just before the commencement of the September Term and, consequently, most parents decided to keep their sons in London with them. This sudden step presented many problems: the classrooms which we formerly occupied in the Polytechnic were being used by other departments. With the exception of one room on the 3rd floor, classrooms were made available on that floor, and of course we still had, accommodation at St. Katharine's House in Albany

Street. But this was not enough! Further accommodation which had been earmarked for our use, was now wanted by the original owners. Luckily, at very short notice, I was able to get rooms in the L.C.C. Institute for Distributive Trades in Charing Cross Road, through the good offices of the L.C.C. and the very valued co-operation of the Principal, Mr. Williams.

This is the first opportunity I have had since our return to thank Mr. Gibbs, the Head Master of the Minehead County School, for his unfailing understanding of all the problems which confronted us both in evacuation. He has heard my grateful thanks on more than one occasion in Minehead, and we hope, when our own position clarifies, to do something worthy of the episode now closed.

To the Governors of the County School, too, I should like to offer my thanks for the way in which they so generously offered their premises and dealt with the added problems which increased numbers brought forth.

To those people in Minehead who were so helpful in billeting and caring for the boys, my thanks join those of all parents.

Some 50 or 60 boys remained in Minehead, where Mr. Checkley was able to carry on with the help of Mr. Andrews, Mr. Byrne, Mr. R. T. Newman and Mr. G. Sambrook. At Christmas, the reduction in the number of boys in Minehead made it imperative for more Staff to be recalled to London. Now, the small number of boys left behind are receiving as adequate instruction as Mr. Checkley, with Mr. Andrews, Mr. Byrne and Mrs. R. T. Newman, are able to provide. At Mid-Term, the senior boys were transferred to the Minehead County School.

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In London, instruction goes well and it looks as though the examination results are not going to suffer! We are, I feel sure, all very much indebted to the way the masters are cheerfully carrying on in spite of the difficult conditions. In many cases, masters have to teach for part of the day at Charing Cross Road and the rest of the day either at St. Katharine's House in Albany Street or at the Polytechnic! The masters in the Polytechnic miss their old "Room 80", but as a temporary measure the Harriers' Room is acting as a Staff Room (or at least a meeting room) by day.

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We have not yet been able to start all those societies which flourished so well in Minehead, due to our scattered condition.

The Boxing Club meets on Wednesdays after school; the Scouts on Thursdays, and both Cadet Corps on Fridays. An attempt has been made to keep the Music Club going in the lunch time – no easy matter because of the difficulty of interfering with other students in the building.

Football is played at Chiswick on Saturday mornings and Basket Ball has made a welcome return. No doubt a record of the performances of the members of both these clubs will be found elsewhere in this magazine. So far it has not been possible to fit in the most successful Dramatic Society, but we still have hopes!

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Since our return from Minehead we have been glad to welcome Mr. E. Edwards to the Staff of the School. Mr. Edwards replaces Dr. Haskey, who commenced his new appointment after the summer holidays. Mr. Edwards has had a long experience in the teaching of Mathematics of all grades, in Wales.

A very recent arrival to the School who is also warmly welcomed is Mr. E. J. Catling, who is to take Mr. Andrews's place on the Mathematics Staff.

To both these gentlemen I know you would wish me to express a very warm welcome in the pages of *The Quintinian* – as we did on the platform in the Hall.

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All masters and Old Boys were very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Kerridge last term, and we extend to Mr. Kerridge our heartfelt sympathy.

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From what I have said above, it is obvious that once more we have a break in the continuity by the retirement of Mr. Andrews. Although he has retired officially as from February 15th, I am glad to be able to say that he is continuing to help us in Minehead, to the obvious satisfaction and pleasure of the boys there. His

teaching of Mathematics, together with one or two revised subjects (due to evacuation conditions) is very much to the fore and appreciated by all there.

Mr. Andrews, as many know, has been on the Staff of this School for the past 28 years and has been Senior House Master of Andrews-Hough House since its inception. A large number of Old Boys will share with us the regret at his leaving. We hope to have him with us at the end of the Summer Term to say good-bye from the School and to wish him a long and enjoyable retirement.

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One of the pleasures of our return to London, and I feel sure that many of the Staff will agree with me, is the very great number of visits we have from Old Boys, most of them from the Services. I have turned up the book in which (when I can get them to do so!) all Old Boys record their visits and I find that about 70 have been to see me since last October, and nearly all have had many interesting tales to relate. Some arrived wearing decorations. In one case, there was quite a considerable array of ribbons – D.S.O.'s and Bars, and things of that kind – but, knowing the possessor, I don't think he would like to be picked out as anything special, on that account.

It is very curious! The first caller after our return to London was Bardega, who happened, also, to be the first boy of the School to win the D.F.M. Since then he has blossomed out, and no doubt is well on the way to winning D.F.C.'s!

The last caller on my list was the School Captain in 1938, H. F. T. Smith; he came to see me this morning, accompanied by Mrs. Smith. He was married some time ago and spent his honeymoon in the Dunster region – quite near our evacuation centre!

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Between those two names there are representatives of every year of leavers of my time as Head Master. Some were able to tell me a considerable amount about what happened in the School before I joined it! Further details (necessarily very much abridged) are to be found in the Old Boys' Section of this magazine.

Many of these, and indeed all old boys, will be very sorry to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Lindsay ("Polly") who was so well known and liked.

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The hopes which I expressed in the previous issue that the School would be housed in its own building have not yet been fulfilled, but there is still a strong hope in the minds of those interested in the School that this can be carried out soon. The senior boys would still have the use of the advanced laboratories of the Polytechnic. In our own building we could carry out those activities which were started automatically in Minehead, and we could also provide a meeting place for Old Boys.

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The new Education Act, in our case, has not made things, shall we say, "easier", in some respects. With the abolition of fees will arise complications with regard to the acceptance of those students living outside the Administrative County of London. In the past we have had many excellent boys from the Middlesex and other Out County areas, and it will be a matter of regret that the number we can take will, it is thought, be reduced.

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In the early days of our return a large amount of my time was taken up in interviewing parents and boys, and I cannot remember having to reject so many applications for the School, which is now as full as its accommodation will allow. At the moment we have over 500 boys, and until the accommodation is increased there will be continued difficulty in this respect.

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During the term, the 100th Anniversary of the birth of our Founder, Quintin Hogg, has been celebrated. As you will, of course, know, he founded the School, using by day, for school purposes, the premises which he acquired for his special evening educational activities. He took a personal interest in the School and knew most of the boys who were then the only occupiers of the premises by day.

Another anniversary which occurred during the term was the first anniversary of the death of Sir Kynaston Studd. Following his leader, Quintin Hogg, he took a personal interest in the School and always found time to

visit us in Minehead at least once a year. He knew of our hopes and aspirations and did much to help us with encouragement in all forms. Possibly, since his death, we have realised more fully the help he gave us.

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Of the Old Boys, unfortunately, there are more serious casualties to report. Our sincere condolences go to the families concerned.

We offer congratulations to S. Faithfull and G. R. Whittard on the award of D.F.C. and to Capt. A. B. Waters, R.E., on the award of G.M. and M.B.E. for his work on bomb disposal.

* * *

Our last term in Minehead in the Summer yielded most gratifying results in Examinations. In a full entry we had 85% of the boys in the Pass List of both General School Certificate and of Higher School Certificate. There was also the very welcome news that R. Oggier gained a State Scholarship in Economics subjects, and B. R. Worsnop a Surrey Major Scholarship.

B. L. W.

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HOUSE NOTES

ANDREWS-HOUGH

House Captain: K. HARFIELD

My first duty in these notes is to express the deep regret of the whole House at the departure of Mr. Andrews from our School life. He decided on retiring at the end of the last School year after a long, and we trust happy, association with the Poly., and in particular with the ever-changing Andrews-Hough House. I think the heartfelt thanks of all our members, both past and present and even to come, are most deservedly due to him for his constant and expert guidance over a long period of years, particularly during the difficult war years spent in evacuation at Minehead. His absence will be deeply felt, but it is hoped that the Andrews-Hough House will always do justice to the standards and expectancies set by him.

The return of the greater part of the School to London is common knowledge by now. Since then we have only had one general meeting as compared with one every week at Minehead. At this meeting all House officials were elected.

So far, only junior and senior football competitions have been staged, the former already being concluded. The juniors opened in fine style, with a win over Broodbank-Stevenson, but it was only this which saved them being awarded the "wooden spoon". It is feared that their later performances were due to the absence of players on various occasions.

We look forward with expectancy to the summer sports, particularly the athletic sports. Our performance in last year's meeting was an epic, long to be remembered in this and other Houses. We hope to be able to keep, and even improve on, this showing, but to do so, our members are urged to begin training as soon as possible. It is hoped, too, that new talent will reveal itself among our new boys.

Our congratulations are due to K. Harfield, our Captain, and Gould, Bedford and Chesterton, on being appointed School prefects.

C. F. O'NEILL

I see O'Neill has not mentioned his election as House Secretary; in addition to this he has, since election as House Football Captain, the somewhat onerous duties of organising the teams for our junior matches. This is made more difficult by the School's being in three widely separated buildings. He is also Cricket and Basketball Captain and Athletics Captain for the third year.

The whole House thanks you, C.F.

K. HARFIELD, House Captain

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BROODBANK-STEVENSON

House Captain: M. ROSEN

Since the last House notes, many of us have returned from Minehead and have settled down once again in London. On our return we were all very happy to see Mr. Broodbank again

There have not yet been many House activities since the summer. In football we have not fared too badly. The Junior XI has not shown too great enthusiasm, but the Senior team has been very keen and won their first match, against Andrews-Hough, by the fine margin of 5 goals to 1. Keeping up the tradition of the House, we have, once again, a representative in the First XI – Snow, who has been doing fine work.

A call will soon be made for entrants for the boxing competition. We hope the response will be more inspiring than last year. Boys should also be reminded that the School Sports take place early next term, and should start doing some serious training. Apart from those whose work in athletics has been seen, we have some promising juniors, and we hope to have good results. In cricket, too, our hopes are bright.

In conclusion, we would like to take this opportunity of wishing the very best of luck to all those who are taking University examinations next term.

E. STONE, House Secretary

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HESTER-LOWE

House Captain: G. HAMPEL

We must commence by welcoming the newcomers to our house. Despite the infrequency of house meetings and the consequent difficulty of communication, they have settled down quickly and many have already shown their mettle in the two House football Elevens. At the time of writing, the latter have been to the forefront in inter-house activities. Our Junior XI has done very well and attendance has been, on the whole, very good. We have also been well represented in the School junior XI. Unfortunately, we cannot say the same about the Senior XI, but we may draw consolation from the fact that we will retain our First XI almost intact next year, which speaks well for the future.

We were very sorry to lose J. R. Morris at the end of last term. He was always to the fore in House affairs, and it was mainly due to his enthusiastic efforts that we won the Boxing Trophy last year. His good work will surely be missed.

Mention of the above Trophy reminds me that the Boxing Competition is due very soon now. Let us hope we repeat our success of last year! All members are also reminded of the proximity of the Inter-House Sports.

Congratulations to R. Hancock and M. Ansbacher on their appointment as School sub-prefects.

Finally, we send our best wishes to Mr. Checkley and the few members of the House still in Minehead and wish them a safe and speedy return to London.

B. E. SAMUELS, House Secretary

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KERRIDGE-SWAN

House Captain: H. CALDER

Owing to our return to London, the Christmas term house activities were inevitably curtailed, but our two senior members were promoted to coveted school offices. Not only did Calder, our newly elected house captain, become School captain and School basketball captain, but he was also elected vice football Captain to Bawden, in both the School and the house First Elevens. The last-named was also voted to be the house boxing captain. I rather think that this is a unique situation which calls for our heartiest congratulations and our full support to both.

The junior football team deserves a pat on the back for their good work in remaining unbeaten in the inter-house football, and in finishing just ahead of Lambert-Newman. Their success was due in no small measure to the competency of their captain, Metz.

Weather conditions have unfortunately only permitted one senior football match to be played, against Hester-Lowe. We now have another School First XI player, in Freedman, and won the game comfortably. However, a great improvement is necessary if we wish to repeat the success of our juniors. With the greater facilities now offered, basketball has once again come into its own, and besides Calder, the house has three other members of the School First Team. However, it was the good team spirit which enabled us to carry off the inter-house basketball competition at half-term.

The annual house boxing is now drawing near and promises to be keenly contested. This year we hope to retrieve the trophy from Hester-Lowe, but this cannot be done unless the senior members can secure the enthusiastic backing of the younger boys.

T. CHAPMAN, House Secretary

Modesty no doubt prevents Chapman from mentioning his own name in these notes, but I feel sure the House wishes to congratulate him on his appointment as Secretary and as a member of both First XI football and basketball teams.

H..C.

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LAMBERT-NEWMAN

Captain: S. V. WHITESON

To commence these notes I would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the House, to congratulate Whiteson on his appointment last term as House Captain, and I am sure that the House will give him their loyal support at all times. Congratulations also to Whiteson, Lubert and Farmer on their appointment as School sub-prefects, and to Sinzheimer on his appointment as a House prefect.

We are able to welcome a number of new boys to the House and we wish them every success through their future years in the House and the School. Unfortunately, we have had very few House meetings since our return to London, owing to the splitting up of the School into three parts, but it is hoped that meetings will be more frequent in future.

The main House activity this term has been the inter-House football, in which the junior Eleven has especially distinguished itself. Throughout the season they have played with great keenness and have not lost a game. They are also to be commended for the fact that they have put a full team on the field in every match they have played. The Senior Eleven has so far had one match, a well-contested game with Russell-Matthews, resulting in a draw. The House is also well represented in the School First Eleven by Sinzheimer, Lubert and Whiteson. In conclusion I would like to remind the House that the athletic sports will probably be held next term and those boys who intend to enter should soon be thinking of training for them.

E. G. ANSELL, House Secretary

Congratulations to Ansell on being made House Secretary, and a School sub-prefect.

S.V.W.

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RUSSELL-MATTHEWS

House Captain: T. S. WINKWORTH

First we must congratulate Winkworth and Leski on being appointed Captain and Vice-Captain of the House. We must also welcome some forty new members since the last issue of this magazine.

Our senior football team played an excellent match with Lambert-Newman House which resulted in a draw 0-0. The junior team, which has been most enthusiastic, has won 2 and lost 2. Reding tells me that very few seniors attend the School Boxing Club meetings, and he would like to see more there. It is now time to start training in readiness for the sports, should they be held. Don't leave training until the date of the sports is announced, but start now. In basketball, at half-term, our team reached the finals, but unfortunately lost to Kerridge-Swan House.

Finally, I would like to wish the best of luck to those members of the House who are taking University exams next term.

B. R. WORSNOP, House Secretary

On behalf of the House I should like to say how fortunate we are in keeping Worsnop as House Secretary for another year. Congratulations to Worsnop on his appointment to School Captain and to Reding as School Boxing Secretary.

T.S.W.

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MINEHEAD

During the Christmas holidays the parents of some thirty boys decided to keep their sons in London, and Mr. Sambrook and the Rev. R. T. Newman rejoined the School there. The gap in the Teaching Staff at Minehead was partly filled by Mrs. Newman whom we were very glad to welcome. Her help on the Science side is extremely valuable and we hope she is as happy with us as we are to have her here.

We had just settled down to a new time-table and routine when the town and district disappeared under the snow. Our heating, and war-time footwear did not stand the test very well. However, for some days we had very pleasant winter sports, and fortunately the thaw lasted little more than a day and night.

Dr. Worsnop came down to see us a little before half-term and was successful in arranging for our remaining Sixth Form boys to work in the County School. Our feeling of loss has been eased by the knowledge that they now have full facilities in the way of teaching and laboratory accommodation.

The loss of all our Sixth Form boys has meant additional responsibility for the boys in U5, particularly for Barrett, who now acts as senior boy. We are grateful to him and his colleagues for the way they are shouldering burdens they would not normally have had to bear so soon.

We are all glad and relieved to know that Mr. Andrews, who had made up his mind to retire, has volunteered (!) to remain with us a little longer, and so there will be another opportunity – for a more competent pen – to say how much we are indebted to him.

We all hope that by the time the next *Quintinian* is published the climax of the war may have brought the anti-climax of Minehead to an end, and we shall all be back with you again.

H.C.

We are very pleased to include the following article from Surgeon Lieut. F. A. Henley, an Old Boy who left School in 1934. It was written for the Admiralty, who have granted permission for it to be published in *The Quintinian* – Ed.

ON BEING TORPEDOED

It was a calm night as we sailed from a North African port. Darkness had not fallen completely as the white-bricked monastery in the midst of craggy mountains slowly faded away in the purple haze. As we gathered speed, steering a course due west in company with one other cruiser and two destroyers, those mountains soon became a pointed silhouette against the glowing embers of the past day's warmth. The ship's company were at "Dusk Action Stations" awaiting attacks from enemy aircraft. The Captain spoke through a microphone and his words were echoed throughout the ship. "To-night we are going at full speed to meet the enemy. We do not expect to encounter him until well after mid-night. Hot cocoa and sandwiches will be ready at 2300, and at 2315 Action Stations will be sounded. Every man must be on the alert. When our task is completed we shall return to our base, but we do not expect to reach it until well after dawn, in the region of 1000. We shall therefore be travelling in enemy waters and close to the enemy coast in broad daylight. Whatever may happen, it is up to everyone of you to keep your ship afloat. I know you will not fail me even at the cost of your own life. We must get this ship back to port to-morrow. Good luck!"

"Secure" had been sounded and we were well on our way steering a course now due east. The vibration of the ship was a certain indication of our speed; the ship, as it were, straining at the leash to get at those Italian ships. I played darts in the wardroom, then went to my cabin to put away photographs and other loose articles from the top of my writing table into a drawer for safe keeping, and so leave nothing to be thrown on the deck, or to be smashed by a broadside from our own main armament. At 2250 I slipped into the galley for some sandwiches and cocoa – brewed as only Jack knows how! By 2315 I was on X-Gun deck ready for action, complete with tin hat, anti-flash gear and leather ear-protectors. As I looked aft, the dim silhouette of the two following destroyers was visible against the declining moon. Shortly after moon-down we reached our target area, but, alas, no action was destined for us that night and we turned back to the bitter disappointment of all. This was particularly so after the success of our previous effort, when seven enemy ships were sunk in a fifty-minute night action.

Discontentedly one chatted of this and that as the ships ploughed their way through the 'narrows', and at 0230 a message came over the loud-speakers stating that no hammocks were to be slung, but that men off watch could sleep at their 'action sleeping billet'. About 0430, feeling a little weary, I went below to my cabin, which was my official action sleeping billet. Soon I was sound asleep on my bunk, fully dressed except for reefer and life-jacket.

At 0600 I was awakened by a 'pipe' – "Dawn action stations will be sounded in fifteen minutes' time", and with that I stretched out a weary hand and switched on my table lamp.

... I woke up again some time later, and thought to myself "I switched my lamp on a few moments ago". With that I put out my left hand again but no lamp! In a moment of thought I somehow sensed that something was wrong. No voices. No movement. No stirring people, and that strange sound of churning waters growing louder and louder. I leapt off my bunk, only to land on my splintered writing desk, which had become unhinged from the bulkhead and was now lying on its side against my bunk. I stumbled over this into a mass of wrecked furniture, books, book-cases and clothes which lay on the deck, and eventually found my life-jacket and reefer, which were soaking wet, as the deck was slowly flooding. Nevertheless I put them on, and flung back the curtain to find that the door had already left the cabin. In the dim light I could see it lying in the cabin flat, splintered, and, looking upwards, the dark blue sky of a Mediterranean dawn greeted me through what was once the Quarterdeck. This patch of blueness was bounded by the splintered ends of planks of wood, and the twisted bulkhead which separated the cabin and after-cabin flats.

There was no one about in the cabin flat so I made my way forward along the starboard side. Through the water-tight door, I was hailed by a Warrant Officer with "What cheer, doc! We've been looking for you. Warrant Electrical Engineer S—— is in the ship's office, and doesn't look too good." He looked very shocked as he stood only in his vest and pants. The last he remembered was bending down to pull on a sock. He was then found wandering on what was left of the Quarterdeck. His cabin, along with eight other cabins in the after-cabin flat, was no longer part of the ship. They were now just flotsam and jetsam. The manner in which he was blown, from his cabin on to the Quarterdeck, whilst all the wreckage of the afterpart of the ship disintegrated around him, and the ship going at high speed at the time of the explosion, will for ever remain a mystery.

After giving the W.O. and others medical attention, I went aft and climbed down over the splintered end of the Quarterdeck into the wreckage of the first cabin in the after cabin-flat. There was no trace of life. Just a photograph here and there floating off into the churned waters; odd socks, a writing pad, a hair-brush case, and other articles of personal possession followed into the white foam, as the ship pitched and tossed. Pasted on the twisted bulkhead were a few 'pin-up' girls, only yesterday the cause of much merriment, now the symbol of tragedy. Dawn was now well under way, as I climbed back and telephoned round the ship to ascertain whether all the officers from the after-cabins were at their stations. Only one was missing.

As the sun came up, damage control parties worked feverishly to save the ship from sinking. The Captain announced that the ship had been torpedoed twice – once forward, once aft – and was the only ship of her class to be 'fished' at all and still remain afloat.

By this time I was on X-Gun deck, having cocoa with the other officers, when a marine came smartly to attention, saluted, and said: "When do you propose to stitch my head, sir?" I was a little astounded at this, and replied "Who are you? Have I seen you before?" to which he retorted "Yes, sir, you put this strapping on my head and said that you would stitch it later." With that, I went with him and did the necessary. But it was then, and only then, that I realised that I had been knocked out when the torpedoes hit us, for right up to this very day I have no recollection of ever having seen that marine in the Sick Bay previously.

I asked several others what the ship felt like at the time of impact of the two torpedoes, and they just looked vacant, and thought I had 'gone round the bend', but as the day wore on, the lump on my forehead and the abrasions on my face, which were now apparent, were ample testimony to my tale of ignorance.

For two days and two nights we remained at Action Stations while the ship limped along at a very reduced speed and the two destroyers formed an anti-U-boat screen. We even fired our guns once more in anger, before staggering into port, every man almost in tears from sheer exhaustion. Other ships' companies lined their decks in the drizzling rain as we entered harbour and made fast to the jetty. Having no anchors we could not anchor in the lake as on former occasions.

And so we come to the end of one small episode at sea, as experienced by a land-lover. As the official communication would have put it: "Damage was sustained by one of His Majesty's ships, but all returned safely to harbour".

HARVEST CAMP

It was in the August holidays of last year that about thirty of us, mainly from the upper half of the School, spent three weeks "somewhere in Wiltshire" helping the farmers gather in their crops. Some of us came straight from Minehead and others from London. I, with Sacha, Tony Rolls, the Hancocks, "Sammie", Ken and Sampson

travelled from London to camp, at Broadchalke, Wiltshire, on Sunday, August 13th, on a train journey that I am sure we shall always remember. How we got on the train without Monty arriving, and how we finally reached our destination, is quite another story!

When we reached Mr. Lucas's farm, after a stiff two miles uphill drive from Broadchalke, we found that our home for the next three weeks was situated, in nearly all senses of the phrase, "on top of the world". According to persistent rumour, if it was going to rain, then the distant Isle of Wight came into view, but somehow, after a time, we came to mistrust this weather forecast.

We were housed in two barns, in the smaller one of which "Jackson", Dick the Grouser, Norman (or better known as "Young Tinny"), Geoff, "Dy", "Robbo", Gerald, Herbert, Tony M., and I slept. Our loft was accessible from the dining "hall" via a wooden ladder leading to a rostrum-like platform which was on a level with our sleeping quarters. A nightly, constant, and most affectionate visitor was a creature known to one and all as "Jack's bat". The said animal was wont to perform a nocturnal power-dive onto Jackson just before he extinguished the lantern, another quite difficult operation. Dodging the lantern was an unconscious, nightly sport that we all indulged in, for, try as hard as we could, one of us at least was sure to bang his head against it accidentally as it swung from one of the beams over our beds – no small amusement thus being derived from it by the more fortunate onlookers.

Quite soon we were all allotted to different farms for work, some being fortunate enough to remain on the home farm. Gerald and I had a three-mile trip by bicycle to our place of work, the only real drawback being that we had to walk nearly all the way up the hill in the evening. On the following Friday, Gerald was recalled home in answer to a sudden, urgent telegram from Minehead. On the previous day, Tony (Manners) arrived, and taking Gerald's place, was with me for the rest of camp.

Our work in the fields was of a varied nature, and included aisling (known locally as "hyling"), rick-making, loading, unloading, threshing (quite the most objectionable job of all), stooking, etc., and even transferring a herd of obdurate cattle from one field to another, some distance off, on one wet, Saturday morning! We worked on an average 8 hours a day under a sky that was not always blue. However, we did have about a week of that glorious weather associated with pre-war, genuine summers! A more deeply tanned skin testified to this fact.

In the evenings we all returned to an always enjoyable hot supper, and after finishing it, we sipped our coffee or tea and read, played cards, argued, listened to Mike and Sada's records on the gramophone, sat round the stove, or engaged in those interminable sing-songs in which everybody joins, especially at camp. At about 10.30 p.m. we retired to sleep, but somehow or other, quite often, we resumed our singing which sometimes threatened to last far into the night and to keep the surrounding countryside awake for miles. However, complete exhaustion or a polite, but firm, request from others for silence usually terminated the evening's entertainment.

Most of us visited Salisbury during our stay, and we were all agreed that it was quite an attractive little cathedral city. The famous cathedral was built in the 13th century, by the clergy of Old Sarum, from a local grey stone, and on a Croix de Lorraine ground-plan. Its magnificent spire, forty feet higher than that of St. Paul's, towers majestically above the city and neighbouring country. In all, a sight well worth seeing.

There is still much left for which there is no more space to relate fully – of Messrs. Chevrollier and Newman's adventures with their tent in braving the elements, of the notorious sandwiches of mysterious ingredients. In conclusion, however, I am sure all will join with me in a hearty vote of thanks to those of the staff, whose enjoyable company we had during camp – Miss Collinson, Messrs. Sambrook, Parsons, Newman, Chevrollier, Coates and Beresford. And also a very big thank you to those two charming girls, Ann and Jean, our cooks, who never failed to prepare a tasty satisfying meal for us all to come back to in the evening; who made sure we didn't forget to take anything with us in the mornings; and who, despite all the work they had to do, managed to look quite serene at the end of a long day!

L. LESKI (U6A)

DUNSTER CAMP (1944)

During the Summer vacation, four cadets, C.Q.M.S. Samuels and A/Sgts. Aubery, Gaylor and Thorogood were attached to the P.S.I. staff at the Somerset County Cadet Camp. Our numbers were originally five, but unfortunately A/Sgt. Rapley received his calling-up papers on the first day of camp.

The camp lasted three weeks, and as it was held at Dunster Beach we knew the ground very well. Major Geary was in charge of training, which accounts for its very high standard, and our old friend C.S.M. Loxton was

also at the camp. He was in charge of discipline, and this was of a very high order. Indeed, we were all most favourably impressed with the bearing and efficiency of the Somerset cadet and the general organisation of the camp as a whole. The training was divided into three parts – preliminary, intermediate and advanced. The preliminary training consisted of preparation for Cert. A, Part I, the intermediate for Part II, and in addition there was the very interesting advanced course which included lectures on 2-inch mortar, P.I.A.T., etc.

During the camp we were inspected by several distinguished visitors, including the Marquis of Bath, the Lord Lieutenant of Somerset, and the G.O.C. Southern Command. At the above inspections there were several very creditable demonstrations, including one of guard-mounting, which we afterwards twice repeated in Minehead and which was very warmly received by the holiday crowds.

We made many friends at camp, in particular Huish's Grammar School C.C. and Taunton School J.T.C. The latter gave us a very touching farewell on the morning of their departure by throwing three thunderflashes and a smoke-canister into our hut whilst we still slept!

We also kept up the Corps' tradition by making very good friends with the cooks. We were consequently very well fed (as, indeed, were all the cadets).

Captain Smith visited the camp several times, and I believe I am right in saying that he was invited to bring the whole corps along to the next camp. I heartily recommend every cadet to take advantage of this offer.

At the end of three weeks in this extremely well-organised camp which trained, to the best of my knowledge, about 2,000 cadets, we left on the last day and were mentioned in the camp report as having done "valuable work in both an instructional and administrative capacity."

B. E. SAMUELS

6th CADET BN. KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS

Mainly due to lack of Q.M. Stores and the unsettled condition of the School as a whole, cadet activities over the last two terms have been seriously curtailed. We are at last beginning to straighten ourselves out and hope to be back to normal very soon, although the corps will have to "tick-over" until we settle down in the new School building.

At the time of writing, the new N.C.O.'s are as follows: Cpl. Reding becomes C.Q.M.S.; Cpl Harfield, K., is promoted to Sergeant; L/Cpl. Bailey to Corporal; Cdt. Calder, Freedman, Norman and Leski to L/Cpl. In addition we still have several very promising cadets who are in possession of Cert. A., and who, because of the present size of the corps, are not yet N.C.O.'s.

Due to the uncertainty of the School's position, there was no Summer Camp last year, but 4 N.C.O.'s were attached to the Somerset County Cadet Camp as instructors and received very pleasing reports from the Camp Commandant, Cdt. Peissel also attended a technical course with similar results.

Lastly we have good news of many of our ex-cadets and several have visited the School, including ex-N.C.O.'s Gregory, Cocks, H. C. Morris, Watson, Langrish and Rapley. We also have good news of the progress in other cadet corps of ex-cadets not yet in H.M. Forces.

B. E. SAMUELS

A.T.C.

This is the first opportunity of putting on record the athletic successes of Flight 622 achieved during the Summer of 1944. These successes were in large measure due to the inspiration of Mr. Checkley's leadership and to the expert coaching so generously given by Mr. Beadon.

At Bridgewater the unit was runner-up for the Somerset County Athletic Championship, winning both Junior and Senior Relays. In addition, Oggier won both High and Long jumps; Sinzheimer won the 440 Yards for under 17's, and O'Neill the 100 Yards and 220 Yards for under 17's, thus qualifying to represent Somerset in the S.W. Command Athletic Championships.

The activities of the unit have perforce been restricted since our return to Regent Street, but our return has made it possible for Mr. Robinson to resume his services to the unit. Our best thanks are due to him.

F. L. B.

SCOUTS

When we came back from Minehead our Troop was the first School "activity" to get going. We held meetings throughout the first term mainly for the juniors from the 3rd and 4th Forms.

However, at the beginning of the Spring Term it was thought by all concerned to be a good thing to amalgamate the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Alcombe troops. We have therefore been running as one Troop, with three Sea Patrols, one Land, and one Air Patrol ever since.

Our Senior Sea Scout Patrol had its first meeting on February 17th on board R.S.S. *Discovery* (originally built for Captain Scott's expedition to the Antarctic). After some boat work for an hour we enjoyed a film of one of the "Gang Shows" with some thirty other Scouts from another Troop. We have arranged to continue these meetings for some time.

* * *

We still have room in the Troop for another Senior Patrol (over 14) of Sea Scouts if a sufficient number present themselves, and also for a few other Scouts.

B.R.W. & A.A.P.

BOXING CLUB

Owing to the difficult conditions confronting all School activities in this first year in London, the Boxing Club did not start until late this Easter term.

Members of the Third and Fourth Forms who had been in St. Katherine's and had no chance before of school boxing, are numerous, and their skill on the whole is good. Senior members are in the minority, but a few old stagers of Minehead days keep the Sixth Form represented.

All boys I know would like to thank Mr. Newman for giving up his free time on Wednesday evenings and so making the meetings of the club possible.

I would like to thank Bawden for his help in restarting the Club.

D. REDING, Secretary

MUSIC SOCIETY NOTES

At mid-term in November we commenced, with success, a series lunch-time concerts of popular music in the Fyvie Hall. The attendance was particularly good among the younger members of the School, and it was, and is, rather unfortunate that these concerts have to be confined to the Regent Street branch owing to travelling difficulties. The gramophone still functions with fair success despite its journey to and from Minehead, and this term the concerts are held in the noisy atmosphere of Room 32 above Regent Street.

The number of programmes has had to be cut down fairly severely, owing to the fact that the stock of records belonging to the School have all been played. If, however, boys will bring in their own records we will gladly play them in order to sooth and help digest the School dinner!!

E. FARMER

FOOTBALL 1944-45

Since returning from Minehead, difficulties have been experienced in re-starting football. First, we could not play so much football on Saturday mornings, and secondly, several of our old school opponents are not back from evacuation, and others had full fixture lists.

The season opened with a game against the Poly. Students XI., which was drawn 4-4. This was followed by an easy victory over the Poly. Royal Naval Unit by 8-0.

On November 11th we met Latymer Upper School with little success. The First XI. lost 0-4, Second XI. 1-3, Third XI. 1-3, but the Juniors retrieved the day by a narrow win 2-1.

Against a Poly. "A" XI. on November 25th we drew 3-3, and on the same day the Second XI. beat the Students Second XI. 5-2. We had a very pleasant game indeed against the Second XI. of Borough Road Training College and won 5-1.

On December 9th we again played against school Elevens, our opponents being St. Clements Danes, but the best we could do was a draw by the First XI. 3-3. The Second, Third and Junior Elevens all lost. This term we have had two wins against a R.N. Unit XI. and against the Poly. Third XI. The Navy put out a much stronger side, but at half-time it looked like a walk-over as we were leading 5-0. R.N. rearranged their team, played with much greater determination, and drew up to 5-4. By that time, however, they had shot their bolt and we finally won by 6-4.

The score against the Poly Third XI. was 8-2 in our favour. In this game, Calder did the "hat trick", Sinzheimer having performed the same feat against St. Clements Danes.

Another Junior House Football Competition has come to an end, but it has been played with indifferent success, for, too often, teams have turned up short, poor games resulting. Kerridge-Swan were worthy winners, and then came, in order, Lambert-Newman, Hester-Lowe, Russell-Matthews, Andrews-Hough and Broodbank-Stevenson.

J.B.L.

BASKETBALL

After five years in Minehead, the School has returned to Regent Street and with it has come the resumption of basketball.

As the Gym is available Tuesday and Wednesday lunch-times, it has been possible to start four teams. The progress in all of these has been very marked of late, and it is with enthusiasm that we look forward to playing other schools.

An inter-House competition was held at half-term, and after some exciting preliminary games Kerridge-Swan beat Russell-Matthews 18-2 in the final, after what proved a very energetic game.

I should like to express on behalf of all players how very much we appreciate Mr. Beadon's invaluable assistance during the trials and at the competition.

H. CALDER

* * *

YOUNG QUINTINIANS

AUTUMN

*I love the shades of Autumn,
The red and golden scene,
The heather on the hill-top,
The valley still quite green.*

*I love the fruits of Autumn
From pear and apple tree,
Blackberries from the bushes
Are plentiful and free.*

*I love the games of Autumn
That Summer kept away,
The football season opens
And that's the game to play.*

D. UTTING (3A)

THE INSPECTION OF THE DOODLEBUG SITES

One day, Himmler went to inspect the Doodlebug Sites in Holland. As he was passing by a row of Doodlebugs he noticed one exceptionally big one, so he went up to the commanding officer and asked why was this Doodlebug bigger than all the rest. So the commanding officer said he wanted Herr Himmler to choose the best school in England and he would direct it there. Well, he naturally chose the Polytechnic Secondary School.

This Doodlebug was now nearing the town of London. As a matter of fact, this was the only Doodlebug which got through the terrific barrage. In the distance a Spitfire could be seen coming behind the fat monstrous thing of a Doodlebug. The pilot in the plane was a highly-decorated young man of the R.A.F., who was, of course, an old Poly. boy.

It was very funny that the pilot was not pounding away with all his guns at this Doodlebug, but instead was trying to hit a special place which he finally got, and then the Doodlebug turned round and headed back the way it came.

Himmler was just getting into his car when he said: "Well, that will finish the Poly. We'll be hearing something very soon."

And he did, because at that moment the Doodlebug crashed right on top of his head and that was the end of Himmler and the Doodlebug.

M. J. MARSH (3B)

THE SEA

*The sea's a very dangerous thing,
To everyone a foe.
It hides the monsters in its depths,
And to the ships spells woe.*

*Swish, swash, the water laps
Upon a South Sea shore.
Crash, crash our English waves
How they seem to roar!*

*The sea sometimes is gentle
As if it didn't know
Of raging seas and mighty waves,
And fierce winds that blow.*

*Swish, swash the water laps
Upon a South Sea shore.
Crash, crash our English waves,
How they seem to roar!*

D. REYNOLDS (3A)

MY TORTOISE

Some of you may think that tortoises are slow, uninteresting reptiles, but anybody who has a tortoise knows how very interesting a tortoise can be. Tortoises are not often seen in the London area.

As most of you probably know, tortoises usually live to be about a hundred years old.

All tortoises hibernate, therefore you have to put the creature in a box of straw about the end of September. In April you will hear them scratching round the box. Then you should let them out into the garden.

Some people do not give tortoises water, but to keep the reptile healthy it should be allowed to drink. If you have a pond in the garden, that should be sufficient, providing the water is near the brink.

Feeding does not matter very much and need not be regular. If you have some vegetation in the garden, the tortoise will not hesitate to eat. If you want it to eat something specially, hold the eatable just in front of its mouth and let the tortoise bite at it. They do not chew, but just bite and swallow.

Now most of you may think a tortoise thinks of nobody but itself, but that is not the case.

My tortoise is as faithful as any dog. It is very large and about seventy years old. Its name is George, and it follows us around wherever we go. It often tries to get into the house and it also has a terrible habit of biting our shoes, especially black ones. It often scares the cat out of its life. Our dog barks at the tortoise, but George just sticks his nose in the air and does not take any notice at all.

Usually the female tortoise is smaller than the male. If your tortoise's shell looks a bit knocked about, you can always polish it up with an old rag and a bit of floor polish.

I hope that in the summer you will all try and get a tortoise.

J. PLEASS (3C)

THE BUTTERFLY

*When I was in the country once
I looked up to the sky,
And there I saw the prettiest thing
It was a butterfly!*

*I walked across the common,
As on and on it flew,
With colours shining, bright and gay,
'Mid flowers of every line.*

*It danced about along the hedge,
As happy as could be,
And then flew off towards the sun,
Beyond a blossomed tree.*

*What a lovely thing it seemed;
So cheerful gay and bright,
Soaring up into the sky,
Till it was out of sight.*

G. BATES (3C)

ETHER WAYS LIMITED

Jim is standing by the spacious forward window of a space ship approaching Mars, and thinking over his prospects. His father's company, Ether Ways Limited, which would eventually be his, was in financial difficulties, as the secret metal, xxx4, was very costly. After this voyage, Ether Ways would be gone; sold up!

* * *

Nearly the whole of the convoy was visible and it was an impressive spectacle as the blue-green sheen of their streamlined bodies showed up against the star-spangled night sky. The rocket propulsion at half power was beginning to burn red, and was soon to be cut off altogether, and the gyroscopic gravity brakes brought into action, as they entered the thin atmosphere of Mars. When they got out of the ship it was backed into a departure quay for the brief period taken for the passengers to refresh themselves in the floodlit skyscrapers that surrounded the plannerdrome. In an hour or so they were off again on their long journey to Jupiter's ninth moon.

* * *

"In another few minutes we shall be in a maze of minor planets. It is tricky flying in these parts, so I had better turn the rocket to half-power", said his uncle to Jim. In the next period they were passing the orbits of the minor planets that strew space between Mars and Jupiter. Peter realised how necessary it was to have a skilful navigator among the "shoals" of space. Sometimes tiny ones struck the ship causing a shower of sparks. As Jim's uncle pointed to a little globe that had swung into view, he said: "He is the last one we shall see this side of Jupiter. I think we are behind or we would have seen him an hour ago. I'll have a look at the 29 meter." "What is that, then?" said Jim, pointing to a dot beyond it. "Why! it's another planet; it's not on the chart." As they came nearer they could see a greenish mantle. "That green is not vegetation, but I can't place it." They circled round it and chose a landing place. Several men prepared to leave the ship through the air-locks with the help of the searchlights. It came to rest and the men got out. Jim begged a place also. Their space suits were something like divers' suits. It was rather eerie as the searchlights cast deep shadows. It was in one of these shadows that Jim tripped over a rock and the next minute he found himself floating down into a deep crevice. He tried to jump out

again when he reached the bottom, but his head hit something hard and everything went black. The sun was shining straight down the fissure when he woke up revealing a bright blue glare.

When he was properly awake he realised what it was. A mere crack in a massive block of xxx4. He crawled to the end of the tunnel, and went back to the ship.

* * *

A month later a mining expedition set out on a successful tour. Now "Ether Ways" is a flourishing concern, with Jim as a partner.

A. OSBORNE (3C)

A TONGUE TWISTER

I saw three brave maids, by three broad beds, braiding broad braids. I said "Bravo" to the three brave maids, by three broad beds, braiding broad braids. "Braid broad braids, brave maids."

RIDDLES

Why is the letter G like the sun?

(a) Because it is the centre of light.

When is a sailor not a sailor?

(a) When he is a-float.

Why do you let ticket collectors clip holes in your ticket?

(a) To let you go through.

When is a tank not a tank?

(a) When it's scrap iron.

Why does a donkey like thistles?

(a) Because he's an ass.

What jam do schoolboys not eat?

(a) A door jamb.

Why should you not sleep in trains?

(a) Because trains run over sleepers.

T. HAYWARD (3C)

CONSCIENCE

"Murderer! Murderer! Murderer! ..." With that thought hammering in his brain he drove the car at a reckless pace down country lanes and along the white highway. He was thinking of the robbery he had committed that afternoon. "After all, it wasn't my fault if that fool of a clerk would reach for the telephone. I had to shoot him in self-defence", he consoled himself. "You'll be caught", came that insistent voice, "you'll be hung". He turned deathly pale at the thought, and failed to see the bend ahead with the lamp-standard on the corner, until it was too late.

There was a grinding crash, mud-guards were ripped off and the bonnet was torn open, a smashing of glass, and there he lay with a dagger-like piece of glass driven through his heart.

A paragraph in the evening newspapers said:

BANK ROBBERY

This afternoon a masked bandit entered the National Bank at —. A cashier tried to reach for the telephone, but a bullet grazed his shoulder, causing him to faint...

D. RACKHAM (4B)

THE DESERTED HOUSE

Whilst I was walking down a country road in Sussex I came to a dilapidated dwelling. All the windows were smashed and the door was blowing to and fro in the wind. This aroused my curiosity, and I walked up the weed-strewn path and looked in the doorway. I found a large hall with rooms leading off it. I went in the first door and experienced a strange feeling I could not explain. In the corner I saw a large stain – too thin for paint and too dark for ink. I wondered what it could be, and left that room thoroughly mystified.

As I came out of the big iron gates an old man hobbled up to me. "Be you the young gentleman that's staying in the village?", he wheezed. "Yes", I replied, "what do you want?". "I wouldn't go near that house if I were you", he said, in a cracked voice. "A foul murder was done there forty years ago. One of the guests had her throat cut. No one ever found out who did it. But they say it's haunted." With these words the old man hobbled away. That explained the dark stain: it was blood!

* * *

As my holiday was nearly over I decided to revisit the "Deserted House". Once again I stood in the oak-panelled room, tapping the walls for hidden springs. Then I felt a thud, and all went black.

I found myself in a large banqueting hall surrounded by guests, one of whom was a delightful fair-haired girl of about seventeen. wearing a beautiful necklace. It sparkled and flashed in the candlelight but the main attraction was a ruby the size of a pigeon's egg. Suddenly, to my amazement, who should appear at the head of the table as butler, but the little old man who had warned me, looking quite young and smart in his livery. He kept staring at the ruby, which seemed to fascinate him.

Slowly the scene faded and I began to regain consciousness in the dusty room. I got up and found that a heavy beam had fallen on me. With a terrible throbbing in my head, I stumbled to the front door, where the fresh air revived me. I felt I was being watched, and some instinct made me turn to the left, where I came face to face with the little old man.

"Have you found anything to satisfy your curiosity?", he chuckled hideously. I evaded his question, Then he took out his watch and there on the chain was the ruby I had seen on the necklace. "So that is why you murdered her", I blurted out. He looked aghast, and glaring at the ruby he started running over the fields.

Whilst he was running across a particularly green patch of grass he sank up to his knees in a black evil-smelling quagmire. His violent struggling only made things worse, for slowly the bog was drawing him down. Much as I hated this man, I wanted to save him, but I was powerless. His stick had already disappeared, and he was too far away to be pulled back to firm ground. At last it reached his neck, and from his incoherent broken sentences I gathered he was admitting the foul crime of forty years ago. His screams rent the air until his head sank beneath the slime.

Now I alone knew the secret of the Deserted House.

K. PRICE (4A)

SCHOOL MORNINGS

*Wrapt in slumber most profound,
Anon I hear that dreadful sound.
"Get up, you boys, it's time to rise,"
It's Mum. We rub and blink our eyes.*

*Stifling a long and drawn-out yawn,
I curse this cold and wintry morn,
But rise and dress without a song
To Mother's chorus "Don't be long".*

*A hasty splash beneath the tap,
I give my hair a comb and pat,
Then down to breakfast. "O, how nice"
The bacon slides down in a trice.*

*Now coat, books, pass and bus fare.
Late! We make a bee line for the gate,
Shouting "Good-bye Mum" and off we run.
A schoolboy's day is well begun.*

*The trolley clanks and sways. "Next stop"
And then into the train we pop,
Out comes a book; now for those lines,
The wheels beat time to Shakespeare's rhymes.*

*Hello, we're there, doors open, clash!
To escalator's top we dash.
Out on the street and to our school.
For to be early is our rule.*

D. GRIFFITHS (L5A)

"JET" PROPULSION

It was a lovely day, so I thought I would go to the flying field and try out a new model aeroplane incorporating a new form of jet propulsion. Full of enthusiasm, I looked forward to an afternoon during which I would become the envy of all my club friends.

On arriving at the field I was greeted by the boys and soon became the centre of an awed throng, the members of which plied me with many questions. I proceeded to rig up my model and its launching site. All went well. The great moment had arrived, and I was about to establish myself as a fine fellow.

With a chattering roar and what seemed to be an enormous spurt of flame which made short work of a few odds and ends which I had left lying about, my plane shot off its launching site and was airborne. Contrary to my expectations, it did not immediately gain great height, but skimmed over the length of the field, just clearing the fences which form the south boundary. It started to climb, but too late to clear the familiar greenhouse in the far corner of the allotments adjoining the field. With complete indifference it smashed its way through several panes of glass at the side and out again through the sloping roof. With a sickening feeling I watched it climb bravely. As if it knew of the disgrace it had brought upon me, it soared higher and higher into the cloudless blue sky until it faded from my sight, whereupon I returned home a sadder and wiser aeromodeller.

D. CAPELLARO (L5A)

CHOIRS AND CHOIRBOYS

Choirs are far from being a new idea in this country. Ever since the Norman Conquest to the present day, choirs have been in existence not only in Churches but as village and concert choirs. They really began when the monks used to group together, just before the Sanctuary in their Abbeys, which has now come to be known as the Quire, and chant the Psalms and Canticles. But it was not quite like what we hear in our Churches to-day and it was called 'Gregorian' chanting because it was first introduced by Pope Gregory the First. Later on, people began to realise what a great difference singing made to the services, especially when the services were in English instead of Latin. By the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries choirs had begun to sing what we now call Four-part Harmony: that is, the Treble, Alto, Tenor and Bass sing a different tune from one another at the same time, using the same words. Of course, the notes are in harmony with one another. Some men who helped to develop this system of singing were Purcell, John Blow, Pelham Humphrey and many others.

But the greatest period in the history of English Church Music was to come when Bach, Handel, Wesley and Haydn began to compose music for choirs. Even to this day there are regular performances of their music in Cathedrals and Churches.

The modern boy seems inclined to think that being a choirboy and singing good music is a "sissy's" occupation. But it is far from that. Singing is a good, healthy exercise and gives boys some idea of good music and an interest in the Church and its services.

Nowadays there is a movement known as "The School of English Church Music" under the direction of Sir Sydney Nicholson, and he arranges what are known as choirboys' courses, where choirboys from all over the country meet and have a holiday and sing in the nearby Church or Cathedral. This gives them a chance to become good leaders in their own choirs. Only choirs that are "affiliated" to the movement can send their boys to these courses.

Choir practices may seem hard and dreary to boys who have just joined a choir, but with a little perseverance and trouble they soon find that it is well worth the time and labour. Music is an art, singing is an art,

and it is up to the boys of to-day and the future to take an interest in these arts, and so keep the Church choirs and concert choirs always to perfection.

W. RAMSDEN (L5A)

POSER

When Mr. Jameson died he had eight possible heirs. Only Mr. Peeble the lawyer knew that there was only one heir, and a trustee, or who they were.

Mr. Peeble, who delighted in asking posers, set the following facts out, and asked his partner, Mr. Haig, to find out from them who would be the heir and who the trustee.

The possible heirs were:- Jane, Tom, Judith, Alex, Ursula, Will, Tony, and Betty.

- (1) Jane, Judith and the heir were three of Mr. Jameson's children.
- (2) Ursula, Tony, and the trustee were champion chess players.
- (3) Betty, Jane, and the trustee were good friends.
- (4) Ursula, Tom, and the heir were great favourites of Mr. Jameson, but Alex, and the heir disliked Mr. Peeble.
- (5) Will, Betty and the heir had been to a party the night before Mr. Jameson's sudden death.
- (6) Tom and Alex, when children, played with the trustee.

For Solution, see Last Page.

J. SHAMROCK (L5A).

THE EAGLE

*It swooped and it soared high up in the sky,
With the ease and the grace that's well known;
To rest in a shaggy nest high up above,
A nest full of feathers and bone.*

*Up there in its mountain crag towering aloft,
Where its young ones lie feeble and weak;
By night and by day he stands there on guard,
Gazing down from his tall stately peak.*

*His glittering eyes fall on objects below,
And down he will swoop with great wings:
To pounce on them, kill them, and bear them aloft,
Where the eaglets devour all he brings.*

M. STOCK (L5C)

A VISIT TO A CANNOCK COAL MINE

A few months ago I was invited to go down a coal mine. It was one Sunday at nine o'clock in the morning sharp that we set off on bicycles.

When we arrived, Mr. Fairbanks (our guide) went to the lamp house to get lamps for us while we went to the engine room to see an engineer testing the cable which is used for hauling the cage up the shaft. It was a very large room, but highly polished; the pistons are driven by compressed steam and the cable is six inches wide by one-and-a-half inches thick.

Mr. Fairbanks returned complete with our lamps and miners' helmets; then we went straight to the pit shaft. At the top a strong Irishman was controlling the cage.

After boarding, the cage seemed to shoot away from beneath us, and when half-way down the shaft it seemed as though we were coming up again. After about twenty seconds we were jolted by the cage hitting its rests.

All was light down there for the first hundred yards, but gradually it got dark and a light appeared at each hundred yard interval.

After walking for a minute or two we arrived at the signing-on office, and I took off my old Polytechnic blazer. The walls were made of coal, but were white-washed, which was a change for the miners after an eight-hour shift of seeing nothing but coal and pit-props. On the walls were two crudely-made hangers and two or three walking sticks; on the table was a book for miners' names and for entering down the condition of ventilation (which is often inspected).

After stripping to as little clothing as possible we started on our journey for the coal face. The tiring journey was about three to four miles. We saw a light. Mr. Fairbanks said: "Sh!" and gave a whistle, which echoed and re-echoed. Then we resumed our journey. We had no more interruptions, but Mr. Fairbanks was always, answering our continuous stream of questions. I asked why weren't all the pit-props that were cracked and falling in seen to. He replied that the reason for them falling in, in the first place, was because the wood isn't what it used to be. The props before the war were received from Norway and had had one year's seasoning, but the props they get nowadays were from the woods that they were working underneath at the moment.

After replying to all our questions we finally arrived at a machine called a conveyor. It was a long rubberised belt which ran on steel rollers, and as the coal was cut, picked, or blasted from the face of the seam, the miners put it on the conveyor, and where the belt went under, to return to the miners, a truck was waiting which caught all the coal that dropped. We saw the cutter which cuts a ledge, of approximately four feet, six inches, under the seam; then an explosive is put in the ledge and the firemen fire, and "bang" goes the seam.

We each got hold of a pick and knocked out a piece of coal, for luck. We went further along the face and came to a tunnel that was only two feet high and saw where a miner had been killed the previous week.

After seeing everything possible at the face we returned to the pit bottom to visit the pit ponies. Mr. Fairbanks gave some a few sweets, but "Darkie", the one who made Mr. Fairbanks have false teeth, just kicked his feet in the air and went on eating.

Some years before, a miner had taken a cat down the mine as the miner's mascot. Well, one day it had kittens, and all were taken to miners' homes except one, who fed on the large pit rats and also milk, tea, or other scraps that the miners liked to give him.

We went up to the top again, and I for one was glad to see daylight, after knowing that several million tons of earth were over my head.

After that we rode home, but on my way I discovered a pit pony's horse-shoe in my pocket, and at the shaft previously I had found a piece of rock-dirt, of which there are big piles outside the pit.

When I got home I had a good hot bath and was I glad to have an hour or two's rest afterwards?

* * *

Recently I have heard that Mr. Fairbanks, while crawling along a ninety-yard tunnel, only fifteen inches high, discovered that the acid from his lamp battery (that lights the lamp on his head, and is strapped to his waist) was escaping, and before he could do much, it had soaked to his hip. He is now in hospital, recovering from burns.

I. K. JOHNSTON (L5A)

HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS

The half-term holidays lasted from Friday to the following Wednesday, but little did I enjoy them. Health is very considerate towards me for most of the year, but as soon as the holidays come around, his fiendish brain works feverishly to find some new illness with which to imprison me in my bedroom. Last summer holidays, I had a severe attack of Urticaria, or Nettle-rash; and believe it or believe it not, my head expanded to twice its normal size; during the half-term holidays I suffered from... Well, I'll leave you to see for yourself.

With Matriculation facing me in June, I had been working harder than usual, and when half-term came I was more than thankful. After leaving school on the Friday morning, I felt hundreds of little men banging me on the head with tiny sledge-hammers. By the time I reached home my head was ready to split open; only will power

kept it in one piece. In the afternoon I stayed at home. In despair I turned to Shakespeare, but that made it worse; I 'played' the piano four or five times; turned the wireless on and off, on and off; went to bed twice; read the newspaper innumerable times but still my poor head throbbed and pains shot from one ear to the other and back again. In the evening, provided with oranges, lemon-water, hot milk, aspirins, and all the drugs imaginable, I went to bed. To sleep? Oh, No! I wasn't to be let off so easily!

The bed became a furnace, as hot as Hell itself! I tossed and I turned, changed positions about every ten minutes until, as the clock struck two, the mattress was almost on top of me, and the sheets underneath. My whole body was perspiring, and my pyjamas clung to me like a damp rag. My feet stuck to the crumpled blankets and my head was glued to the merciless pillow. How many times I turned it over! The bed echoed my groans, I was sure I would never sleep again, but somehow morning came – my eyes pained as the sun peeped through my window.

I crawled out of bed, looked in the Mirror, half expecting to find a multi-coloured wreck there, and crawled back to bed again. The noise of happy children passed by my window. Though still perspiring, my headache had disappeared, and to replace it my eyes continually filled with water and my nose became sore with the countless blowings and rubbings. The words in the newspaper swam round and round, intermingling with each other, bringing no sense to my feverish brain. In the afternoon, I managed to stagger up West to see "Macbeth", but I quickly returned to the quietness of my room by teatime, though meals had no meaning to me then. By seven o'clock I was in bed, but far from sleep.

So, the hours slowly dragged by – I thought Shakespeare's "Time and the hour runs through the roughest day" very apt in my case – till Tuesday night. "Ah well!", I thought, "at least I won't have to go to school this week". I was mistaken. The pains and groans of Tuesday night vanished by the following morning.

Seated in school that day, I sadly listened to everyone recount his pleasant week-end. How sorry I felt for myself! I hope I have better luck these Easter holidays.

S. SOLOMONS (U5A)

A TEACHER'S ELEGY
(with apologies to Thomas Gray)

*The school bell rings to end another day,
The weary boys come scurrying from their rooms,
The master leaves the boys and wends his way
Towards his home which in the distance looms.*

*He longs for peace and calm and well-cooked meals,
Such as his wife can only cook for him.
But as he walks towards his home he feels
His body lack its customary vim.*

*He greets his wife and lingers in the hall
And tries to rest his body and his mind.
But as he closed his eyes, he hears a call
To come and help cut off the bacon rind.*

*When he had done what he was asked to do,
He settled down once more, but what a hope!
Ah, something dropped and he was roused anew,
For all it was, it was a cake of ... soap.*

*His wife was furious and well nigh in tears,
The supper burnt and everywhere the smell
Of ruined rissoles, while her husband's fears
Were suddenly confirmed with savage yell.*

*He went to bed as weary as could be
And dreamt about a juicy piece of lamb.
But this remained a lofty reverie*

THE MAGAZINE ARTICLE

"Your homework for to-night will be a magazine article". There, is hardly a person in the School who, when he hears these words, does not think that he has some brilliant idea and is bound to get his article published. You who are new to the School may think that this is quite a pleasant task. Yet I am sure that about three hours later that night you will not be so sure of yourself. You will probably deceive yourself by pretending you wish to help your mother, who is banging away with the flat-iron on the other end of the table, or your little brother, who is doing a jig-saw on your atlas, when what you want is to evade your task. Finally, when you are ready for bed you will probably have written a very short poem in what you hope is unrhymed iambic pentameters. Undoubtedly, when the next morning comes you will invent some excuse and stay away from School, which is just what I intend to do.

W. HARRIS (U5C)

THE RETURN

At last the time that many have looked forward to has arrived; we are back home to stay. No longer shall we come down the hill to the red-bricked school, or see the green hills, the chestnut woods, or the red sandstone quarry where many students in khaki spent joyous Saturday mornings. No longer shall we have to wait patiently for the buses that carried us to the town where stood the most popular of all the buildings, the cinema, where the majority of the students passed away Monday night and Saturday afternoon. No longer shall we see the gracious "Emma Louise" set out on her journey over the expanse of sea that separated us from Wales, which on a clear day we could see quite clearly.

Now we hear the roar of traffic, the bustling of busy people, and, instead of small brick houses, we see towering giants of stone that possess a majesty that cannot pass unnoticed; no longer the patient wait for the buses or for the cinema to open, but, instead, we are back to the life and town we know, and the people whom we understand. But let us not forget those who chose to give up the chance to return to busy civilisation, but to remain in the pleasant solitude of a small seaside town where, during the summer, a pleasant breeze of sea air sweeps across the marshes and the yellow building on the sea front stands basking in the sunlight.

G. COLVERD (U5C).

SUCH IS PATRIOTISM!

During the Christmas holidays, several members of the VI Science were on parcels delivery at the Post Office. The most vivid recollection, apart from the splendid time we all had, was the lorry we had to use.

For two years this so-called lorry had lain in the open, waiting to be removed to the wreckers. Then a good-hearted official of the Ministry of War Transport appeared one day and pronounced it road-worthy.

Two days later the driver, a handsome cross-eyed lad of seventeen, was returning home in a thick fog when, suddenly, a pillar-box loomed up ahead. Too late! CRASH!!

The result of this encounter was that during its use as a mail carrier, the driver had the permanent job of pouring water into the radiator quicker than it could run out. To make matters a little worse, the radiator cap had long since ceased to exist, so that when this four-wheeled contraption commenced to trundle down the street, belching forth volumes of steam, many of the local inhabitants had cause to gaze in awe. Remarks concerning Stevenson's "Rocket" and Hitler's Secret Weapon were heard on several occasions.

During the course of these hectic days the rest of the lorry slowly disintegrated. While rolling merrily along one day, the accelerator fell off, so that instead of stopping at the bottom of the hill as intended, we came peacefully to rest, in a rather nervous condition, at the top.

The next major mishap, excepting the front number-plate and driving-mirror, which just disappeared, was when the hand-brake 'gave up the ghost'. This led to a calamity, for a very observant Civil Servant, in a familiar black uniform, happened to pass by whilst in the execution of his duty. He noticed that the wheels were turned into the kerb, and asked the driver to run them straight, to see whether the lorry would roll down the incline. However, when the wheels were straightened, two auxiliary postmen were hanging on to the tail-board for grim life, but all in vain, it still proceeded to roll down the hill.

So we continued. Part of the engine was tied up with string, then the choke had to be held by a pair of pincers in one hand while driving with the other, until one day C—p—n decided to propel this ancient marvel by himself.

The result was amazing. The lorry lurched suddenly forward, swerved violently across the road, then stopped dead at the green traffic lights, much to everyone's great relief!

Our time, like the lorry's, came to an end, and we spent the rest of the holiday in schoolboy's luxury, with the money we had earned. Next year, if conditions permit, we shall choose a job without an "automobile".

T. S. WINKWORTH (U6 Sc.)

SOLILOQUY OF A SUICIDE

Behind Herrick's repository in the Pool, flagged steps, worn and covered with slime, lead down on to a disused wharf. They are treacherous steps beneath which the black insidious waters of the Thames swirl and surge. Stygian darkness and yellow choking fog seeping from the river blotted out all but the faintest outline of this dismal scene.

Indifferent to the nature of his passage and looking neither to the right nor to the left, the figure slowly descended to the wharf. Providence, with grim irony, wove a protective circle around the suicide as he miraculously avoided the rotting planks and came to a halt at the slippery edge. Little wavelets lapped across his broken shoes as he stared with apathy into the black depths. Only the bitter reflection of his humility and despair came to him. How well he had begun with visions of a life where unrest and disorder would be unknown. And where had his sincerity brought him?

Do suicides always watch their past floating before their eyes? He certainly saw his; the downward procession of events which never ceased to torment his soul. Oxford; how far away that seemed! His professors had prophesied a great career for him. Those trustful, foolish soothsayers, how wrong he had proved them! A brilliant student whom misfortune had chosen to realise the evil of the world, the social disease known as "compromise" which fostered optimism among the masses and maintained reaction in the saddle. A whole world could be hoodwinked, but he alone would voice his protests. At debates and election platforms, then at open air meetings, and finally, to the depraved, in reeking taverns. His was a small voice in a large world and the "devil you know" argument had dragged him down to the degenerated outcasts of society. And now he had reached the limit of his endurance.

The limit – his ears sounded with Wagner's tempestuous music of the Valkyries' fiery gallop, their war-cry, and the raging of the storm-wind. Now!

A. FENTON (U6Sc.)

HOPCOTT COMBE

*When the mist forms, finger by finger,
Through the shadowy wooded vales,
And over the hill-tops yonder,
The clouds seem to gather and linger,
And, at last, when the twilight fails,
Then, I love to walk, and wander.*

*While the dew is pearling the heather
And the dusk is deepening the shade,
And the blackbird cajoles the night-owl,
Passing, wraith-like, on silent feather,
Over the quietening, sleepy glade,
Then may I rest in the earth's green bowl.*

*I love to watch as the twilight grows,
And the world sinks slowly into rest,
And footfalls farther and farther fade,
And seem in the distance to doze.*

*And we are alone, clasped breast to breast,
Beneath the evening's starry shade.*

* * *

THE FALCON

*Shooting like a meteor across the clouds,
Stooping, silently, fiercely,
Catching the headless pigeon, as it falls,
The feathers whirl away;
Just a few softly wander earthwards
Where a wren may build her nest.
The falcon turns for the cliffs
And circles, and watches.
But her young call, and she dare not wait.
The eggs in the belfry grow cold,
And her mate waits for her, lonely,
Do the men in the yellow painted dinghy
Wonder why the seas should still wait
When help is coming,
And the sweethearts at home cry.
For the buff envelope says "Missing."
Yet the falcon's young called; nor dared she wait.*

K. HARFIELD (U6 Arts)

REST

The sun was dipping over the hills and the orange glow mingled with the purple of the heather, giving a misty hue which no artist could match. The sky was azure, and a wayward cloud was scurrying across the heavens, as if ashamed to be seen on such a night. The grass was quivering like a shimmering sheet of water and the reeds swayed gently in the breeze. In the hills, a clear fast-running stream leapt and bounded along its rocky course until, the valley reached, the onrush ceased, and then, like a thread, the stream wound its way amid the pastures and the meadows green. The woods which clustered around the foot of the hills afforded rest from the heat and turmoil of the day, and it was here that the bereaved traveller directed his steps.

Why had Fate inflicted on him this cruel and overwhelming blow, taking away his last precious gift? He dropped down beneath a weeping willow which cast its shadow over the rushing stream and under its protective shade, the speckled trout darted and hovered among the deep recesses. A swarm of little flies, wheeling and skimming over the water, droned their evensong. A moor hen rummaged among the reeds; and a butterfly, in uncertain flight, flitted daintily along its ever-changing course. Here at last was perfect peace, There was no strife, only rest; no chaos, only order; no turmoil, only tranquillity. The traveller was overcome by this peace and serenity and a marvellous feeling of rest possessed him. His only desire was to retain this moment which, lost, would be irretrievable. He felt incapable of continuing the incessant struggle against the adversity of life. It was now that he decided to end this struggle. The stream ran on, the clear bubbling, shining waters dashed and leapt along, now held back by a broken bough, only to race on again, even faster, when a way was found.

Suddenly the streaming waters clouded for a moment, and dark red streaks stained the torrent, but the waters soon carried away the red, and, swirling and bubbling, they glistened in the last rays of light, as clear and unstained as ever.

A weary traveller has ended his journey and his strife. But perhaps he has entered upon a harder, longer road, and his soul, instead of being carried with the waters to eternity, may take much longer in finding that peace which he sought.

...And the sun disappeared beyond the hills.

R. P. CHESTERTON (U6 Arts)

AUNT KATY'S KORNER

Well, boys! What did I tell you? Here we are back in Dear Old London, except for a small rearguard under Mr. Checkley, left behind to tidy up – collecting slightly-worn Poly. boys from the hospital, dismantling secret Poly. defences, gun emplacements, embrasures, redoubts, hedgehogs, etc., round the Dene, Lodge, Glen Lyn and 'Opcott 'Otel, burning diplomatic Polytechnic papers, bidding very fond and moving farewells to the County School girls and mistresses, and saying good-bye to the boys and masters, giving presentation Poly. pots to those many friends whose forbearance of our manifold iniquities over a period of five years stood us in such stead; arranging a return visit for us in 25 years' time, and inviting all the nice people to come and see us when we are really settled down.

Truly they have a lot to do, and we only hope when they raise their Poly. caps for the last time to the stationmaster, the superintendent of the Police, and the managers of the Regal Cinema that all will feel that here was a job well done.

Awee! Gie mi luv to they bonnie hills, ye bunnies, fir trees, and ye wild moors besprent with heather, bracken, and prickly bushes. (Have you ever tried sitting down suddenly on they moors during a spell of wort swiping?) Say this quickly, three times:

*Watch the worts a-rip'ning
Where the rabbits' noses wuffle.*

But now we're back, so we'll bury the past, live in the present, and look towards the future. Here goes! May we have the diatonic chord of A major from Mr. Hough and his organ, with all the swelling diapasons he's got?

Spring time, as seen from the Piccadilly Line between Oxford Circus and
Tottenham Court Road ever so early on a March morning.

*Now spring is on the way, tum tum.
The bosky chimneys belch.
The sun has gone astray, ting ling.
And thro' the mud we squelch.*

*Daffs in Leicester Square, Hey derry.
Snowdrops for the Yanks.
Houses loll and star, O Cherie
At static water tanks.*

*Ventilated churches, Ah me!
Gape unto the skies.
My bus it starts and lurches, Chug Chug!
As the rocket flies.*

The above may be sung three times a day after meals, with water.

Thank you! And while Mr. Hough is exhausting the captive wind from his organ tubes we'll take a look at the future. Here are a few typical School notices:

No boy below Form 5A may drive to school in his own jeep, bulldozer or doodle-bug without the Headmaster's permission.

The system of dropping from fast moving gliders in Regent Street before the conductor gives the signal must cease. Already two boys have landed unlawfully in the lingerie department of Liberty's, owing to the wind suddenly backing one point from W.S.W.

Boys are strongly urged not to hitch-hike in the week-ends further afield than the Urals, the northern fringe of the Sahara, or the Atlantic fringe of N. America – unless they are bivouacking with the cadets.

The return match with Tobolsk Grammar School is postponed owing to ice on the Ob.

Congratulations to Mr. Peter Piffle, an Old Boy (11 47-51) upon his appointment as chief lecturer in Solar Navigation at the University of Mszczonow (the Polish Mszczonow), on the Bug (the Polish Bug). We understand he replaces the celebrated explorer of the ethereal deeps – Caradoc Patrick McCohen, who fell out of a

compartment window some four thousand miles short of the Jupiter terminus of the Grand Trunk Venus-Luna Line.

We regret to announce that Mr. Dribble, until last week a member of the Poly Staff, is missing, believed run over. While perfecting his experiments in transmigrionics in 309 Regent Street, he vanished. Some time later, a large spider was seen navigating the revolving doors from which it stumbled down the marble stairs (in a manner strangely reminiscent of Mr. Dribble) and was run over by a pram. If this was really Mr. Dribble, his experiments have at last been crowned with success. Dribble Valete!"

Well, good-bye, boys! Work hard, Play hard, Eat hard crusts.

Ton amie, toujours hard up.

KATE

* * *

OLD QUINTINIANS

Addresses of all these boys are available from the Headmaster.

The date of leaving School is in brackets *after* name. The second date in brackets is the one on which he last called at School.

ARTHUR, G. E. (9 '39). In R.A.F. in a G.S.U. (2 '45)

BAILEY, J. W. (4 '38). R.A.F. Cpl. Coxswain. R.N. could not place him, so joined R.A.F. But again not allowed to fly, and is in Air Sea Rescue Service. Was due overseas when he called (11 '44). Now reached India. Letter received dated 2 '45.

BARBIERI, A. (7 '43). Transferred from R.A.F. to Army. Recommended for Commission.

BARDEGA, B. (4 '38). Flt./Lt. R.A.F., D.F.M. As cheerful as ever in a mature way! (10 '44)

BARNETT, D. J. (7 '43). R.N. Wireless Telegraphist. (2 '45)

BARRY, B. ('24) Sgt. R.A.F. Training Instructor.

BAWDEN, R. A. (7 '43). R.C.S. in training in England. Commission in view.

BERRILL, D. A. (12 '38). R.N., F.A.A. (Lt.-Com.). Has had many interesting commands since the *Bismarck* adventures with well-known 'carriers'. (1 '45)

BONE, J. H. M. (12 '39). Is now stockbroker. (2 '45)

BURTON, E. (7 '42). With Army in Mauritius.

BRUNKER, W. ('25). Min. Aircraft Production.

CHANTER, L. J. (7 '31). S/Ldr. R.A.F. Regiment, India. Anxious to get in touch with Old Boys of his years.

COCKMAN, G. J. (4 '43). R.A.F. after completing 6 months' course at Downing (Camb.). Trained in wireless. Is now awaiting navigation course. Has had two courses at Cranwell. (2 '45)

COCKS, A. T. (12 '43). Was in Army as O.R. and now on way to India for Commission in Indian Army. (12 '44)

DEL ROSSO, M. (7 '39). R.A.F. (W.O.). Just back from Middle East. (1 '45)

DELVES, J. ('43). In Holland.

DEYTRIKH, A. (7 '39). R.A.F. (Flt./Lt.). Has been trained in England. Due for a trip for the East. (1 '45)

DIGHT, L. (7 '40). Lt. Army, East Africa.

DOS SANTOS, P. (7 '37). P/O Instructor R.A.F., N. Ireland.

DUNFORD, F. G. (7 '43). Continuing Engineering Cadet Course at Boro' Road Polytechnic. Due for final in July. (12 '44)

ELVERY, R. H. (12 '40). At Road Research Laboratory on Concrete. Takes Finals in Engineering next June. Hopes to train then as a teacher. (12 '44)

ELSEY, G. H. ('31). Sub-Lt. R.N.V.R. in Radar.

EMMETT, P. A. (12 '42). At De Havillands. Started in their school in November 1943. (1 '45)

EVANS, G. H. (12 '40). R.A.F. W.O. Now staff pilot. Back in England after his adventure in Middle East over several years. (12 '44)

EVANS, V. D. (4 '37). R.A.F. Has had experience in Malta, Egypt, etc. At home in Wellingtons and Lancasters. 50 operations over Germany. Twice mentioned in dispatches. (2 '45)

FAITHFULL, S. T. (12 '41). F/O. R.A.F. Has been awarded D.F.C. Has done 50 ops. and seemed still about the same when he called. (12 '44)

FREEDMAN, A. S. (12 '40). Lt. R.A., C/o, B.L.A., sums his activities at the moment.

FREEDMAN, L. K. (7 '44). At Polytechnic Engineering Department as Engineering Cadet. (12 '44)

FREEDMAN, Y. (7 '43). Now has what he has wanted for some time – a place in R.A.F. "Belgium" (11 '44)

FRIEDMANN, O. G. (7 '44). Army Training Regiment, Scotland. (1 '45)

FOWLER, J. C. (7 '41). R.A.F. since September 1942. Was in Canada. Has since helped in training in England. Due now for ops. (1 '45)

GODDARD, G. (12 '42). Was in National Screen Service, but when he called was up for interview for Fleet Air Arm. (11 '44)

GOLDSTEIN, A. (7 '42). Royal Engineers. In hospital with tonsillitis.

GREENBERG, M. (7 '44). At U.C.L. on medical course. (12 '44)

GREGORY, S. (7 '44). R.N. Has four months at Plymouth area. Now up for reclassification. Enjoys life. (1 '45)

GREEN, W. ('40). Anglo-Persian Oil, Baring Island, Persian Gulf.

GREY, P. (7 '40). R.E.M.E. Staff Sgt. (3 '45)

GOLD, K. (7 '44). Family moved to Leicester. He is still at school in that town. (12 '44). Loughborough College.

GOODHIND, K. I. (7 '36). S/Lt. R.N.V.R.

HARRIS, R. J. (7 '43). Left in the 5's. Is in a draughtsman's office. (12 '44)

HENLEY, F. A. (7 '34). Surg-Lieut. R.N.V.R.. Has been with F.A.A. Now rejoined his ship.

HERBERT, N. M. (12 '37). Invalided out of R.A.F.

HOWELLS, D. E. (12 '38). Is pursuing his medical studies. Has passed first part of finals in Conjoint Examination. (2 '45)

HUTTER, D. (7 '35). Surgeon-Lieut.

IRVINE, D. (7 '41). Still in Esso European Laboratory. (1 '45)

IRVINE, I. ('41). Navigator R.A.F. in India.

JACOBS, I. ('43). OCTU in India, where he has met Bill BUCKLEDEE.

JACKSON, J. H. ('42). Sub-Lt. R.N.V.R., back from S.E.A.C. for training on new planes. (3 '45)

JEFFERY, R. W. (7 '43). On the last stage of his work at King's College. (11 '44 and 2 '45)

JONES, C. L. ('44). At Reading University.

JOYCE, E. H. H. (7 '39). Captain, India Command.

JOYCE, J. A. (10 '44). Left School before completing Higher School – called up and in Grenadier Guards.

KITCHING, D. (7 '40). Signaller, R.A. In hospital in France, B.L.A. Hopes to be in England shortly.

KNIGHTS, G. (7 '44). R.A.C. Have heard several times. Doing well in sports and enjoying the life. (5 '45).

LAKE, G. F. (7 '44). At Imperial College. Just taken his Biology Subsidiary. Called twice this term. Enjoying his University work. (2 '45).

LANGRISH, D. (3 '44). Doing well in the Army. Possibly going to Indian Army.

LEWIS, B. ('40). R.E.M.E. Radar work.

LISS, S. ('36). U.S.A. Merchant Navy.

LITTLE, E. (7 '37). F/O. Rear Gunner. Has been on 70 operations over Germany and Middle East.

LITTLER ('37). Road Research Station.

LYNES, A. (7 '39). R.A.F., N. Ireland. Mechanic.

McCOLVIN, M. R. (7 '43). After leaving his temporary job at St. Katharine's he joined R.C.S. In O.T.C. for India, (11 '44). Just had an interesting letter, giving an account of the trip to India and his palatial quarters in that country.

McVEY, W. R. (7 '44). At Polytechnic School of Engineering on Cadet course. (12 '44)

MANNERS, P. (7 '41). Had a good time in America and Canada. Just returned after 3 months in K.E.I. (1 '45)

MARDER, C. (7 '35). Sergeant in Army. Married.

MARDER, K. (7 '38). R.C.S. in India. Also married.

MARLOW, Tony (A3). Sergt. B.L.A.

MARSHALL, P. (7 '43). R.N. Just up for Commission. (1 '45)

MAUND, B. A. J. ('42). Rear Gunner Sgt. Wounded on R.A.F. raid; now convalescent.

MAUND, G. B. (7 '44). Working in Radio in G.E.C. (1 '45)

METZ, L. (7 '41). F/O. Back from Canada. Married in autumn.

MILLER, H. (7 '43). Completing his course at St. Catharine's, Cambridge. (12 '44)

MILLSON, A. W. (12 '38). R.A.F. Wing Commander. Has had interesting jobs and some medical troubles. There is a suggestion of interesting events in the near future (in politics). (10 '44)

MITCHELL-LANMAN, R. (7 '38). R.A.F. On Airfield construction work. (1 '45)

MORECOMBE, D. W. (5 '42). Has left School of Architecture and is (6 ft. 4 ins.) a member of the Irish Guards. Had intensive training.

MORELL, H. A. (7 '39). Sergeant, R.A.F., with a squadron of Transport Command.

MORRIS, H. C. (7 '44). In Coldstream Guards. (1 '45)

MURRAY, P. ('42). P/O. R.A.F.

NAAR, A. M. (4 '35). Captain in the U.S. Army. Expert on transport. Married. Daughter aged 3. Would like to hear from his vintage of Old Boys.

NABARRO, C. (7 '40). R.A.F. Had training in Canada and U.S.A. Shot up in France, March 1944. Escaped from Switzerland and, after many "interesting" times, regained this country. (10 '44)

NEWMAN, N. H. (7 '44). At University College doing his 2nd M.B. (12 '44)

NEWSON, R. (7 '29). Commission, R.N.

NUTTON, L. V. (7 '39). R.A.F., after leaving Northampton Corporation. Was in U.S.A. for training. Has been an instructor since his return. Due for ops. (1 '45)

OGGIER, R. E. F. (7 '44). Now at Cambridge (School of Economics). Sharing a room with M. LESSER and SKLAROFF, and has met FISH, MILLER and VIR.

PAGE, P. A. (3 '40). Left Civil Service after one year deferred service. Went to Canada and U.S.A. Trained. Coastal Command. Flt./Sgt. Pilot. (12 '44)

PALACE, R. ('42). Sgt. R.A.F. Airfield Control.

PARKES, J. (7 '34). R.A.F.

PATTEN, E. ('43). R.A.F. Training in S. Africa.

PHILLIPS, R. (7 '39). Merchant Navy – Royal Mail Line. Since heard from another visitor that he is due for decoration.

PLUMB, P. (7 '40). Pilot with commission in F.A.A. Trained in Canada and Florida. Now Squadron Staff Officer – last wrote from somewhere in Indian Ocean.

PORTENOY, N. ('35). Lt.-Pilot in U.S.A. Transport Command.

RAPLEY, J. (7 '44). R.A.C. at same camp as George KNIGHTS. (11 '44)

RAPLEY, L. N. (7 '41). John tells me he is still in the R.A.F. (A.C.2) and is on his way to Burma or India.

REES, P. T. (9 '39). R.A.F. Sgt. Engineer. Ops. include Denmark. Has also met flying bombs. (11 '44)

RECKIN, G. W. ('38). Sgt. War Office H.Q.

ROBERTSON, A. E. (11 '42). Lieutenant S.A.S. Has obviously had an interesting career in France, etc., but, like all S.A.S. men, had not much information to give! (3 '45)

ROSEN, H. (7 '37). B.A. Hons. 1941. Staff of Harrow Weald School. Joined U.S. Army February 1945.

SAVILLE, R. (7 '42). In a letter to Dr. Worsnop dated December 1944 says:

"Whilst I was a Weather Observer in England with the Eighth Air Force, I had taken two selective examinations to go to a Forecasters' School and was fortunate enough to be chosen. I left England in December and arrived in the States the beginning of 1944. Owing to bad weather at sea we had arrived too late to go to school, so that after a three week furlough, I was sent to an airfield near Detroit as an observer. All this time I had continued to communicate with Pete Manners; I thought he was in Canada. However, when I finally got a letter from him he was just the other side of Detroit. After a lot of phoning, we finally managed to meet a few times. Soon Pete was sent down to Florida and shortly afterwards I went to Forecasters' School at Chanutte Field, about one hundred miles south of Chicago.

"I had never thought that an Army school would be hard, but that school was the hardest thing I had ever come across. The course lasted twenty-two weeks and was equivalent to at least a year of college. Owing to the excellent schooling I had received at the Poly., and I am sincere in saying that, the physics, geography, mathematics, and even part of the meteorology courses were comparatively easy. Our time-table was pretty rugged; it started at 4.30 a.m., with school from 6 a.m. to noon; after lunch we would have an hour's studyhall. This was followed by one hour of callisthenics, and at 5 p.m. we had to stand Retreat. After supper we were free – free to study. We had to have an exam. a week in each subject. This was our time-table six days a week; never had I appreciated Sunday so much. Well, everything comes to an end, and in September we graduated and the local General gave us our diplomas; we were now Army Weather Forecasters.

Probably, so that I couldn't do too much damage, I was tucked away in the south-east corner of [censored]. This place is a testing ground for all kinds of guns and rockets, and also bombs – that's where I come in. We have a small airport here and about seventy Air Corps men run it. My job is to provide forecasts for this area and to 'clear' planes that are flying to other fields. The work is very interesting, but never again will I sneer at the weather forecasts we used to have on the radio; now I can see how easy it is to miss a forecast. With guns firing most of the day and night, I feel as though I am back in London during the blitz. We are pretty much isolated out here; the nearest town is about the size of Minehead, and is ten miles from our barracks."

SHEPPERD, C. F. ('39). Pilot R.A.F. (3 '45)

SHERMAN, R. ('24). Sq./Ldr. R.A.F. 10 years in India.

SHUTTLEWORTH, J. (7 '41). Naval schoolmaster. Still keen on Sea scouts near his station. (12 '44)

SMITH, E. W. S. (7 '43). Now training for R.A.F. in Canada. (1 '45)

SMITH, G. G. (7 '44). K.R.R.C. Met him at King's Cross! (2 '45)

SMITH, H. F. T. (7 '38). Now married. In Civil Service on secret war work. (2 '45)

SMITH, L. (7 '41). Serg. R.A.F. B.L.A. in Belgium.

STANLEY, R. (7 '44). Cambridge. Short term R.A.F. course.

STERCKX, R. (7 '38). Cpl. Wireless R.A.F. S.E.A.C.

STEVENS, L. C. (7 '43), Army Training Reg. in Midlands. (3 '45)

STOCKER, B. S. (7 '42). Has left St. Catharine's College and is now directed to a post as analytical chemist. (2 '45).

STOKES, F. (7 '39). M.T. Driver, R.A.F.
 SCHWARTZ, H. (7 '37). In the Army A.A.
 TAYLOR, A. W. (7 '44). At University College, Leatherhead. On 2nd M.B. Course. (12 '44)
 TIMBERLAKE, C. E. (7 '39). Sub-Lt. Navy. Was in combined ops. L.C.T. Hospital September 1944. (11 '44)
 TIMMS, J. (7 '39). In the Marines.
 TINWORTH, E. W. ('43). Sub-Lt. R N.V.R. In D-day Ops.
 TOM, R H. (7 '43). Six months' University course, Engineering. Liverpool.
 TOURET, R. (7 '42). With an aircraft firm after obtaining B.Sc. (Eng.) 2nd Class Hons.
 TURK, H. W. ('19). Lt. R.A.S.C.
 TURNER, D. J. (12 '40). R.A.F. (F/O) Nearly one year in Canada. Navigator. (11 '44)
 WARREN, B. (7 '41). Lieut. F.A.A.
 WARREN, G. (3 '42). Lieut. R.A., S.E.A.C.
 WATERS, A. B. ('24). Capt. R.E. Bomb Disposal. Awarded G.M. and M.B E.
 WATSON, M. S. (7 '44). R.A.C. and liking it (since Jan. 1944) (11 '44). Now in Glider Pilot Regt. (3 '45)
 WEINSTEIN, E. J. ('36) Sgt.-Gunner R.A.F. Lost eye over Germany. Now invalided out and in U.S.A.
 WELLS, J. C. (7 '44). In training battalion in Derbyshire. (11 '44)
 WHITTARD, G. R. (7 '37). S/Ldr. R.A.F., Aden Command. Would very much like to meet, or write to, other Poly. chaps in that part of the world. Awarded D.F.C.
 WOODAGE, A. (7 '43). Despatch rider in Holland with B.L.A.
 WOODAGE, C. (7 '43). O.C.T.U. in India.
 WOOTTON, D. J. (10 '37). B.Sc., D.I.C. Since doing Post-graduate work at Imperial College has been appointed as Scientific Officer in A3 Air Ministry. (11 '44)
 WORSWICK, B. ('22). Educational Adviser to Morgan Crucible Co., Wandsworth.

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Solution to Poser
 Tony was the heir and Judith the trustee.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of more Old Quintinians:-

C. COHEN ('42). Killed while serving in the Army. No other details are yet available.

N. G. LADBROOK ('40). Pilot Officer, killed while flying in a Catalina early in November.

K. LEGGE ('32). Flying Officer, was killed in a Mosquito raid on Berlin on the night of February 6th. His was the only plane not to return.

D. D. JONES ('43). Pilot Officer in the Fleet Air Arm, was killed while on flying operations in the late summer.

W. RANDOLPH ('34). Flying Officer, Navigator Observer. Was reported missing from air operations over the Bay of Biscay in June, 1943.

C. WESTWOOD ('42). Flying Officer, was posted missing after a raid on Dortmund last May, and his grave was found at Eindhoven when our troops occupied the town.