

# The Burian



January, 1960

VOL. XXX., No. 1

KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL,  
BURY ST. EDMUND'S,  
SUFFOLK.

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HEADMASTER'S NOTES

THIS term we have so increased in numbers that we have 420 boys in the School — about four times the number that there were when I first knew the School. To know the individual boys (with the obvious exceptions) is a difficult task — let alone the parents (with the obvious exceptions!). That was not so thirty years ago, and I can still put names to most of the faces in the photographs of that time. The trouble today when mother asks me if I know her boy is that there's a fifty per cent chance she won't want me to.

A very pleasing feature of the size of the School is that the Boarding House is full. Indeed, applicants have had to be refused.

It is with a distinct feeling of innocent guilt that I mention that the Swimming Bath is now finished — apart from the crazy paving that introduces a few unnatural hazards to an otherwise pleasant pastime. But it is none the less true that we had more swimming in the first three weeks of this term than ever we had in a year before.

Hard tennis courts seem to be part of the West Suffolk plan for the second half of the building programme and so, in a continued spirit of optimism, I am venturing to suggest that the opening of the new Gym-Assembly Hall two years hence might well be marked by the gift of an Organ by the Endowment Governors. I repeat, that is what I am suggesting. Mr. Bridges has given me an idea of the style and the price, and we both know the place. That Hall, by the way, will have a first-class stage—a very good width and a very useful depth. More, there will be excellent accommodation behind.

Within three months we should have replaced our 16 mm Sound Projector for the latest model — and the tape recorder is still high on the list.

I cannot but express my admiration for all that Mr. Nobes is doing in the School for World Refugee Year and for all that the boys are doing in support. With five months to go we are past £125 and I look forward with confidence to a total of £200. Some parent may wish to give further support — some old Boy may like to add to our figure. We shall be very grateful.

## SCHOOL FOOTBALL

### 1st XI REVIEW

The School Football Eleven has had, on the whole, an unsuccessful season this year. Its record may be stated thus:—

Played 14, Won 5, Lost 7, Drawn 2.

Goals for—45. Goals against—35.

Results show that there was an improvement towards the end of the season. When we had completed the first half of our fixtures we had only one victory to our credit.

Before criticising the performances of the team, it must be pointed out that many of the players that had made the 1958 team a success had left, and only five players had played in last year's team.

Slowness was an unfortunate characteristic of the side, particularly slowness of thought. Some players were slow to adapt their play to the tactics required by the varying conditions of the pitches, the weather and the opposing teams. This was often accompanied by slowness to accept instructions on these matters. Much can be done to improve these faults in training, and although some valuable work was done on Wednesdays, it seemed on occasions that players had to be told to train rather than do it voluntarily for the good of the team.

This had its effects upon the field of play. The atrocious shooting could have been improved, and there could have been more co-ordination between forwards and defence, and between the parts of each.

However, there was much that deserves praise. Various individual performances of merit were made. Whiting, last year's captain, proved himself to be just as valuable as vice-captain. His energy and enthusiasm was boundless, even when he saw his fine efforts being wasted. Wolfenden used his remarkable gifts of ball control, speed and swerve to good purpose. Lines was outstanding both at centre forward and as goal-keeper.

Above all, there was a praiseworthy team spirit. If they were losing heavily, they never slackened their efforts. If they were winning easily, they played with modesty. There were many examples of fine sportsmanship, and never a sign of ill temper even under extreme provocation.

Our thanks must be extended to Mr. Smeltzer for managing the team, Mr. Dart for arranging the fixture list, Mr. Searle for his help in training, and to Mr. Wyard for preparing the pitch. J.H.H.

### FOOTBALL COLOURS

1st XI Full : Howlett (Cap.), Whiting and Wolfenden

Half : Lines, Tofts, Reed, Cole, Harper

2nd XI: Martin (Cap.), Gillingwater, Cawston, Miles, Gilbert, Lasky

## RESULTS

### MATCHES PLAYED DURING CHRISTMAS TERM

	1st XI	2nd XI	Under 14 XI	Under 13 XI
1st Oct.	(A) v D. M. Rush's XI Won 4-0	v Ixworth M.S. Won 6-2	Won 3-1	
3rd	v H.M.S. Ganges Lost 3-5	Lost 2-4		
8th	(A) v Newport G.S. Lost 0-5		(A) Won 3-2	
10th	(A) v Caius College (Cambridge) Lost 1-2	(A) v Silver Jubilee Drawn 3-3		Lost 1-2
17th	v Soham G.S. Drawn 3-3	(A) Lost 0-1	Lost 2-7	
24th	v Old Burians Lost 3-5	Drawn 2-2		v Cadogan House Won 8-0
29th	v Thetford G.S. Lost 1-2	(A) Lost 2-3	Won 3-2	v Nowton Court Won 4-3
4th Nov.	v Sudbury G.S. Won 7-2	Won 9-1		
7th	(A) v Newmarket G.S. Won 5-2		(A) Won 6-3	
14th	(A) v Soham G.S. Lost 0-4	Lost 0-5	(A) Lost 0-4	
19th	(A) v St. John's College (Cambridge) Won 4-1			(A) v Nowton Court Won 3-1
26th	(A) v Thetford G.S. Drawn 2-2	Won 5-0	(A) Lost 1-3	
28th		v Silver Jubilee Won 4-2		(A) Won 5-2
3rd Dec.	(A) v Sudbury G.S. Lost 1-2	(A) Won 5-2		(A) Cadogan House Won 2-0
5th	v Newmarket G.S. Won 11-0		Won 7-2	

### INTER HOUSE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

		Sen.	Jun.	Total
1st	Windsor	8	3	11
2nd	Tudor	4	5	9
2nd	Yorkist	8	1	9
4th	Lancastrian	4	3	7

Points are awarded as follows: 4 pts. for a Sen. Win, 2 pts. for a Sen. Draw, 2 pts. for a Jun. Win, 1 pt. for a Jun. Draw.

## 2nd XI REVIEW

This term the 2nd XI played eleven matches, winning five, drawing two and losing four.

All the members of the team played hard and the standard of play improved as the term advanced. Martin was outstanding in setting an example of hard work and determination.

The game at Thetford was unusual in that the School dominated the play for the greater part of the game, but were unable to score enough goals. Probably the most enjoyable game of the season was with the Old Burians, while the narrow defeat at Soham was the most creditable achievement. On the whole, a season of hard football, good at times, and played in the right spirit.

## UNDER 14 XI REVIEW

This has been a reasonably successful season. The defence were usually very strong under pressure and the wing-halves gave good service to the forwards. The forward line lacked cohesion in the early matches but improved considerably later on. Nevertheless many scoring chances were missed due to weak shooting.

The following boys played regularly : Cooke (Captain), Garrard, Levett, Walgrove D., Smith M., Seamark, Goult, Brown E., Lane and Andrews P. Ceurstemont, Napier, Ringer, Markham, Mills and Bairstow also played.

## UNDER 13 XI REVIEW

The results indicate a very successful season and if they suggest that the School team often had to fight hard against not unworthy opponents, that is also true. Indeed this year's team played with commendable team-spirit and one hesitates to bestow praise on any individual. P. C. Mills, however, it must be recorded, was an intelligent Captain who, though far from vociferous, set an excellent example by his heroic efforts at wing-half ; while if reference to R. J. Lambourne's twelve goals in his five matches at centre-forward should appear unjust to scheming inside-forwards, forceful wingers and resolute defenders, let it be added that Lambourne also **missed** his quota of goals.

Finally, a word in appreciation of those unlucky boys who acted loyally as reserves and furnished very useful opposition in practice games.

Team : V. M. Chaplin, P. F. Cooper, M. J. Goodson, P. J. Holmes, R. Lock, P. R. Miller, P. C. Mills and A. C. Seamark played in all six matches ; B. W. Douglas and R. J. Lambourne in five ; I. R. Napier and R. V. Rix in three ; and R. F. Howlett and H. Nichols in one.

## HOUSE NOTES

### LANCASTRIAN

This has been a rather unsuccessful term for the House. In the Inter-House Football Competition the Senior team managed to gain only one victory. The Junior team, however, were more successful and only lost one match. The results were as follows :

	SENIORS	JUNIORS
v Yorkists	Won 4-2	Draw 1-1
v Tudors	Lost 2-7	Lost 0-4
v Windsors	Lost 3-6	Won 2-1

An unofficial Cross Country race was run on the last Wednesday of term. It was greeted with little enthusiasm by members of the House and the House once again came last. Martin the first Lancastrian 'home' was ninth.

We congratulate Howlett on being 1st XI Football Captain and Martin on being 2nd XI Captain.

Finally we look forward to the Spring term where it is hoped that more success will be gained on the Hockey field under the captaincy of Howlett, and at Cross Country under the leadership of Crick.

B.J.

### TUDOR

This term the House has been quite successful. In the inter-House Football Competition we came joint second. The results are as follows :

	SENIORS	JUNIORS
v Windsors	Lost 1-4	Draw 2-2
v Lancastrians	Won 7-2	Won 4-0
v Yorkists	Lost 4-6	Won 1-0

The Junior results are particularly encouraging. We offer our congratulations to both teams. There has been a marked increase in the number who have watched these games. We must also congratulate D. S. Wolfenden for being awarded 1st XI Full Colours and to L. N. Harper for 1st XI Half Colours.

In an unofficial inter-House Cross Country the team came first ; let us hope this is a good omen ! Next term D. S. Wolfenden will be Hockey Captain and Cross Country Captain. He should be given the greatest support by all members of the House.

J.A.N.

## WINDSOR

This has been a successful term for the House. Victory was achieved in the Inter-House Football Competition by two clear points — much of the credit for this victory must go to the Senior team who won two of their three matches and played with great enthusiasm. The Junior team did not live up to expectations but did well only to lose one match.

RESULTS	SENIORS	JUNIORS
v Tudors	Won 4-1	Draw 1-1
v Yorkists	Lost 1-2	Won 4-3
v Lancastrians	Won 6-3	Lost 1-2

The unofficial Cross Country Race towards the end of term was not entered into with much spirit and the House had little success being placed third. Snell must be congratulated upon being the fourth runner to finish the race.

Congratulations must be extended to Lofts and Cole who were awarded First Eleven Half-Colours and to Cawston and Miles who were awarded Second Eleven Colours.

Finally, we must hope for success in both Hockey and Cross Country next term with increased enthusiasm from both the participants and the other members of the House whose support is so often lacking.

M.J.W.

## YORKIST

The House finished second equal in the Inter-House Football Championship, the scores being as follows:—

	SENIORS	JUNIORS
v Lancastrians	Lost 1-4	Lost 1-4
v Windsors	Won 2-1	Drawn 1-1
v Tudors	Won 6-4	Lost 0-1

Thanks are due to Lines, who captained the First XI. extremely well, and to all who represented the House in both teams.

Reed has been elected Hockey Captain, and Lines Cross-Country Captain for the coming term. It is hoped that all the members of the House will make the maximum possible effort in the Cross-Country Races next term. Furthermore, greater support for the Hockey Teams would be greatly appreciated. Even though many members of the House may not play for either of its teams, their support at house matches is of very great value.

Finally, congratulations to Lines and Reed on being awarded First Eleven Half-Colours, and also to Gillingwater and Lasky who have gained Second Eleven Colours.

M.L.W.

## CROSS - COUNTRY

On the last Wednesday afternoon of term, footballs and hockey sticks were put aside and thirty-one Senior boys ran in a race, J. F. Wolfenden, School Cross-Country Captain, winning easily from M. J. Whiting. (Teams of eight had been nominated by the House Captains, but the Tudor Captain was seemingly so confident of his teams superiority that he disdained a replacement for one of his number who fell sick). This race was designed to give Houses the opportunity of finding a small team untrammelled by those sluggish fellows who invariably in the omnibus Spring Team races outweigh the stalwarts who have won good positions and make the latter's efforts appear wasted. And of course, it gave the House Cross-Country Captains something to do.

Not every runner in the race was a fanatical enthusiast, but there was not one (or was there just one?) who did not give of his best, and all taking part are to be congratulated on the spirit in which they did so. What effect on the result the day boys' Christmas Dinner had, which immediately preceded the race, will never be known, but K. G. MacAndrew, who, we understand, ate heartily, finished third, while G. R. Snell ate nothing and was fourth.

The results were : 1st Tudor, 49 ; 2nd Yorkist, 80 ; 3rd Windsor, 82 ; 4th Lancastrian 89.

On Tuesdays throughout the term, in the Activity periods, a number of first-formers and one solitary third-former sampled the delights of one course or another, and seemed equally at home in the dust and a temperature of 80 or the mud and one of 40. Handicap races have helped to sustain interest, and have indeed revealed some stout hearts. A very small number of Seniors — to be considerably reinforced in January, we hope, in preparation for local competitions — have run regularly, and, as the results on December 9th suggested, profitably.

P.F.J.D.

## INTER FORM FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

This competition was inaugurated this term and has been most successful. It provided a series of matches for boys who were not good enough for the School teams, and promoted friendly rivalry between the forms of the Upper School.

The 5th forms finished at the head of the table after 4M had lead throughout the term.

The quality of football was surprisingly good and more than one boy graduated into a School team from these matches.

### FINAL TABLE

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Pts.	Average
5th	3	2	—	1	8	6	5	1.33
4M	3	1	1	1	4	8	3	.5
6th	3	1	2	—	9	7	2	1.28
4F	3	1	2	—	5	5	2	1.0

Champion Form—5th Form

D.W.S.

## MOUNTAINEERING AT KANDERSTEG

Fifty-seven boys in two parties went to Switzerland in August and lived at four thousand feet in the Bernese Oberland. Kandersteg is a noted winter sports centre, situated at the head of the main Kander Valley, where the Berne-Simplon Railway enters the nine-mile Lotschen Tunnel. It is an excellent centre for mountaineering, with magnificent climbs in all directions. To the south a cable-railway ascends two thousand feet and from the top a path rises steadily through the Alps to Gemmi Pass, where the views extend to the Matterhorn and the Italian border. To the North a funicular, running on rails but hauled by a cable, climbs a gradient of one in one-and-a-half to reach the summit of the Niesen, with views over Lake Thum and the Jungfrau. To the East is a chair lift, an alarmingly skeletal structure, which swung us in pairs high above the fir trees to the great cirque of Oeschinen. Thence the hardy members climbed another three thousand feet to the glaciers, while the foolhardy immersed their bodies in the glacier-fed lake.

Above Kandersteg the river Kander tumbles through a mighty gorge, above which is a rugged, secluded valley. At the head of this valley many of the younger boys distinguished themselves by climbing the steep path along the top of a lateral moraine to the source of the river where it emerges from the Kander glacier. On another day a party mainly of Sixth-Formers led by a Swiss Mountain Guide, climbed from the same valley to the Lotschen Pass at nine thousand feet. Where we crossed the Lotschen glacier we were tied together by rope to prevent losses down crevasses and the Guide picked his way with an ice-axe. The Guide gave us a splendid demonstration of mountaineering — made easy. He maintained a slow, rhythmical step over all types of country. On the steepest and most difficult parts of the climb he took shorter steps. He walked round obstructions, round the outsides of the steep hair-pin bends and always selected the less-steep, longer route in preference to the shorter and steeper. He arrived at the top of the pass, fresh and untired: behind him twelve others were less so. But as on the other climbs the physical effort was a small price to pay for the satisfaction in achieving the summit and the exhilaration of the unsurpassed mountain scenery.

## THEATRE

### “JULIUS CAESAR”

It is always a great pleasure to go to the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich, and this term we have been to see ‘Julius Caesar.’ It is interesting to note that at one time this theatre was unique in that it was the only theatre in this country modelled on the type used by Shakespeare. Since then there have been others erected, but we are extremely fortunate in having one so near. We offer our thanks to Mr. J. O. Bridges for the arrangements, which ran so smoothly.

This performance was irritating, since there were so many minor faults which could so easily have been avoided by the producer. This is the play of Julius Caesar yet he dies at the end of Act III with two more acts before the end. Why has the play been called ‘Julius Caesar’? The answer is that, although the main study is that of Brutus, the spirit of Caesar continues to persuade the atmosphere of the whole play although he is not present in person. When Caesar entered there was no impact upon the audience — in this play Shakespeare portrays Caesar as a man spoilt by power, a boastful Caesar :

... I am constant as the northern star  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

yet we were presented with a Caesar more episcopal than imperial. Never did we think of him as “The foremost man of all this world” or “The mightiest Julius. . . .”

True, his appearance was admirable, but he did not make use of inflexions in his voice, of scorn, of pride, of tenderness, of love. One might suppose, therefore, that the play would crumble, founded as it was on faulty foundations, but it did not. Brutus was the prop which held the play supported. This character joins with the conspirators because he considers it essential to the well-being of Rome, which he loved and for which he ultimately died, a character who was “The noblest Roman of them all,” and who presented a problem to Shakespeare. Granville-Barker claims that Shakespeare’s own artistic disposition is not sufficiently attuned to this tragedy of intellectual integrity, of principles too firmly held. One thought that, in this production, the actor had not made up his mind which side of the fence to jump. He was too pre-occupied with the inevitability of his own downfall. True, that is the essence of tragedy, but when it becomes too obvious then, I think, it detracts from the ultimate situation of apparent defeat—I say “apparent” since it is no defeat to the character itself, but a manifestation of final glory to the spectator.

Antony was too young in this production, and never got into the character from the outside and worked out, but rather worked in from the **outside** which manifests itself in superficiality in the final portrayal – he often ‘tickled’ the true Antony but nothing more. He probed but he never found the kernel of the nut. Octavius was portrayed with the correct temperament, but he was too old – he looked forty and should be nineteen. Portia and Calphurnia were adequate but Cassius was not lean enough and far too impulsive. He over-acted which is a fault, unforgiveable on the stage.

Make-up was flaunted and the final results were sadly inadequate. The set was by no means perfect but the best use of the red curtains for tragedy was made by draping them. However, we became annoyed and irritated by the continual drawing of them across, and three seconds later the drawing again to reveal exactly the same set. It is important to note that the theatre was not used essentially in the Shakespearian manner, and to some this was disappointing, but would ‘Julius Ceasar’ in Tudor costume be affective and convincing ?

B.R.H.

## CINEMA

During the term we have had an excellent selection of films, a selection which catered for most tastes. ‘**A Tale of Two Cities**’ was the first, a film which adhered surprisingly closely to the original story. Dirk Bogarde, an actor of whom one critic has written : “Every time I see him, his acting becomes better and better,” was admirable as Carton and he did not fight shy of his last words, despite their being rather hackneyed. The atmosphere of the conditions of the starving poor in France was telling and the scene in which a barrel of wine was accidentally broken open and the contents fought for by the peasantry was one not to be forgotten.

‘**Carve Her Name with Pride**’ followed, a story of the Resistance movement in France during the War. Paul Scofield and Virginia MacKenna starred and both their performances were touching and not to be easily forgotten. However, perhaps to alleviate the tension, we were presented with the typical Gestapo ‘Types,’ with long raincoats, trilby hats low over their brows, but this was contrasted with the horror and brutality of their methods.

‘**Orders to Kill**’ was a film with a very pronounced story. A man is chosen and trained to kill one who is suspected of betraying the Resistance Movement of which he is a member. After some deliberation the man is killed and this scene is the most hair-raising of the film with the best possible use of photography and lights,

expressions, and emotions. It so happens that the information that the man was a traitor was incorrect yet orders were to be obeyed despite personal feelings.

‘**Innocent Sinners**’ starred June Archer, Flora Robson and Christopher Hey. It dealt with a young girl with a mother of loose morals and the girl’s longing for a little garden. June Archer played the part beautifully, revealing a child’s conception of faith and religion. She knew in her heart of hearts that her mother did not love her and even had no interest in her well-being and the most heart-rending lines were to the people with whom she lived, “Have you been landed with me ?” David Kossoff and Flora Robson were their usual expert selves and the Executive Producer was Earl St. John and any film in his hands is bound to be a success.

‘**A Night to Remember**’ then followed. Several versions of this story have been made, but this was the latest treatment starring Kenneth Moore. Again ‘powerful’ was the *mot juste* in describing its effect. Themes of this kind are extremely difficult to make convincing but this film succeeded. It was a film of violent contrasts, of rich and poor, steerage and first-class passengers, panic and calm, horror and severity, devotion and egoism. The utter panic towards the end when all the lifeboats were put forth and the ship began to tilt was superbly portrayed and was even felt by us – the detached audience. On the other hand, the incredulity that the ship was in danger of sinking was equally well portrayed, together with the reaction of the different people intimately concerned in its fate – the Captain, the designer, the fathers who had said farewell to their loved ones whom they could never hope to see again. The film impressed upon those who saw it the terrible tragedy of such an occurrence.

The last two films were comedies, ‘**Carry on Sergeant**’, and ‘**Rockets Galore**.’ The former was slapstick but it was not so overdone as to make the film naive and worthless as entertainment – it was a film which made one say, “Well, that did me good !” It would not be unfair to say that it was a skit on the army and its recruits. ‘Rockets Galore’ was based upon the book by Compton MacKenzie, covering the placing of a rocket site on an island off the Western coast of Scotland and the attempts by the inhabitants to prevent it. This provided endless laughter with the sheep drives, the destroying of equipment and materials. There were surprise appearances from Richard Dimbleby and Lord Boothby as commentators on the appearance of ‘pink’ seagulls. It brought the term to a happy climax and we look forward to next term’s films which we hope will provide as many hours of pleasant enjoyment as this term’s selection. Our thanks are extended to the Headmaster.

B.R.H.

## MUSIC

### OSCAR YERBURGH (Piano)

Mr. Yerburgh gave us a most impressive recital, and showed himself to be a fine musician in every respect. The works that he played ranged from Scarlatti to Prokofiev, and he interpreted each item in a most original way. One felt, however that in Beethoven's "Variations on a Tyrolean Folk-Song," he was inclined to be somewhat harsh in the extremities of his dynamics. His performance of the Prokofiev Sonata was excellent technically and rhythmically, in short, the recital was most enjoyable and provided an excellent afternoon's listening.

### NIVEN MILLER (Baritone)

Accompanied on the piano by Nina Walker, Mr. Miller showed us that he could excel in every branch of song. He sang a number of Scottish Folk-Songs, in which the richness and variety of tone in his voice were apparent, and Arias by Handel and Rossini — the latter being the very popular solo from "The Barber of Seville." Undoubtedly one of the highlights of his recital was Schubert's "Erlkonig," which Mr. Miller sang in the original German of Goethe. Each song was described by the artist in a most informal and entertaining way. Undoubtedly Mr. Miller has far to go in his sphere.

M.L.W.

### CAROL SERVICE

The Carol Service was held on the penultimate day of term in the Cathedral which was almost three quarters full. We were pleased to see more parents present than usual. The collection was for the World Refugee Year Fund and it amounted to slightly over £26 — a splendid total and we extend our thanks to all those who contributed to it.

Seven of the nine lessons were read by boys, starting with a first former and ending with the Head Boy, M. L. West. The eighth lesson was read by the Headmaster and the last by the Archdeacon of Sudbury, the Very Reverend Hugh Norton, O.B.E., the Provost being unable to attend. The choir sang "O little One Sweet," Charles Stanford's "The Magnificat," in C, and "In dulci jubilo." Three soloists sang the Kings of Orient. Other soloists sang the first verse of "Once in Royal David's City," and the second verse of "O little One Sweet." Mr. Arnison sang the tenor Recitative from the "Christmas Oratorio" by Bach, and Challacombe sang the part of the Angel.

Mr. J. O. Bridges, to whom we extend our thanks for his help during rehearsals, was at the Organ, and the Head Boy played the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor by Bach, at the end of what had been a memorable service. We thank Mr. M. E. Arnison for all his hard work and patience in the preparation of this service. B.R.H.

## MUSIC CLUB

The activities this term have been mainly devoted to the rehearsing for the Carol Service and this did not prove to be in vain. We have, in addition, had some singing of secular work and listened to records. Next term is the one in which the choir has its rest from performance, and doubtless more time will be given to talks, debates and discussions. It would be more encouraging if our number swelled from the present three!

B.R.H.

## DISCUSSION GROUP

Early in the term the recent general election gave rise to considerable discussion, conducted fortunately, without the acerbity customary at such times. An interesting and first-hand account of the colour problem in the Southern States was given by Mr. W. Bathman of the U.S.A.

Three minute extempore speeches and a "brains trust" session afforded younger boys an opportunity to practise speaking before an audience — an audience prepared to be charitable. But three minutes, on occasion, seemed a very long time.

A majority decided, after debate, that the vote should be given to those aged eighteen. Gregory, Chaplin, Harrison and Field put forward their views with some clarity and force.

The following papers were read:—

Bryant :	British Farming
Gregory :	Narcotics
Le Seilleur :	China and Her Neighbours
Harrison :	Kruschev.

## C.C.F. NOTES

The strength of the Contingent continues to rise and now stands at 126, two and a half times the figure of 1954. This growth of numbers has increased the training and administrative difficulties, and a wet Tuesday is a dreadful prospect.

Mr. W. A. Ashenden has succeeded Mr. P. F. J. Dart as Contingent Officer. M. L. West is C.S.M. in place of K. G. Pallant.

The training this term has been concentrated on the Basic Certificate, although we have had four visits by a regular instructor to help the Army Proficiency Platoon. The Basic Certificate results were quite good, 44 of the 48 candidates passing what was, perhaps, a rather easy examination.



Camp was at Beckingham in Lincolnshire. 43 Cadets attended – our highest figure yet – and spent a busy, and, on the whole, enjoyable week. The training areas were satisfactory apart from one drawback – the presence of herds of curious cattle which took a keen interest in crawling cadets.

There was a certain amount of shooting, and on two evenings the Contingent did not return from the range until 10 p.m. During the small night exercise some cadets made use of a river to effect a concealed approach. One cadet encountered another – an “enemy” – but the latter remained so still that the first abandoned his investigations. He later reported:—

“Please, sir, I found something like a dead body”

“What do you think it was?”

“I dunno. Perhaps it was a body!”

The ‘body’ (Cadet Death) emerged later.

One feature of this camp was the tidiness of the Cadet Lines. They compared very favourably with other Contingents. This was the work of the N.C.O.’s with very little prompting from the Officers.

## SCIENCE CLUB

### SENIOR

During a very successful term membership has become so large that the club has divided into two groups. Radio-engineering and geology have attracted large numbers and the club was particularly indebted to Francis for an interesting talk and demonstration about the more portable specimens from his large East Anglian collection of fossils, many of which were found near the School. Brennan’s lecture on astronomy also proved attractive and was made the more interesting by his explanation of recent developments.

Baker’s talk about British Railways was well received and started off a surprisingly spirited discussion.

Additional talks covered the subjects of telescope making and the ‘December Sky’. It is felt that more members should be willing to prepare papers on subjects in which they are particularly interested.

### JUNIOR

This section is a new venture for many members and at the moment interests are of a different nature, but keen interest is shown in the practical side of chemistry.

## SCOUT NOTES

Once again the troop has been re-organised to a certain extent. Now there are two patrols led by Hastings and Cornish, a Senior Patrol, and two Rovers.

Summer camp was very successful; even the weather held good for most of the time. Several boys went on their First-Class hike of fifteen miles and three Seniors did their Venturer hike of over twenty miles. Night hikes, trips to places of interest, including tours of the Wye Valley and the surrounding countryside and the usual camp events all combined to provide a varied flavour to the camp. Much badge work was done, especially those badges suited to the area, for example mountaineer, and everyone returned home tired but satisfied.

This term an impressive list of badges has been gained by the Juniors and the Seniors. These are, 2 first-class, 1 athlete, 3 cooks, 2 designer, 2 first-aid, 1 linguist, 2 swimmer, 1 bookman, and 1 speaker by the Junior Troop; and by the Senior Patrol, 2 Venturer, 2 camp warden, 2 handyman, 2 hiker, 2 conservation, 2 mountaineer, and 1 master cook. Two boys have gained the Bushman’s Thong and continued to become Queen’s Scouts. These are the first Queen’s Scouts in this Troop and we are the only Troop in the Bury District with two Queen’s Scouts.

This has been a most successful term for the Troop and we may justly feel proud of our achievements; at last Scouting seems to be on its feet again in the School. P.L.G.

We congratulate Goodwin and Death on becoming Queen’s Scouts. This is an excellent achievement.

## CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club has missed the help and guidance of Mr. Brush and it was not reformed until a few weeks after the beginning of term. The Junior Section has been meeting under the supervision of Chappel and Marsh, of the Sixth, who have done much to help the many new boys who have been introduced to the game. Fish heads the ladder competition with Jones second and Morgan third.

The Senior Section has been meeting under Ryan. Brennan and White represented the School in the local Junior Championship Competition. Brennan was beaten in the second round and White has reached the semi-final.

A team of five – White, Brennan, Mallet, Salt II and Fish played a match against the Junior Section of the Bury St. Edmunds Chess Club. This was lost 1–4, White and Fish drawing their games. This is a new venture for the Club and it is hoped that match experience of this kind will help to raise the standard of play in the Club.

## AUTUMN

Autumn was flashing through the woods, a golden cap of leaves on his head, and a basket of rosy apples slung on his arm. Curled up in his brilliant green pocket was a tiny dormouse hibernating for the cold days.

Over the bare fields, and passing the leafless trees strode Autumn. Lifting his head he heard the twittering of the robin.

Vainly, Autumn thought how wonderful he was and looking round at his domain, he gazed at leaves on the ground and their beautiful colours red, yellow, orange, and brown. But sadly Autumn thought of the time when he would have to leave the throne and make room for his brother Winter. G. W. HOPWOOD, 1M

*When all the trees turn golden,  
And slowly shed their leaves,  
When Summer's spell is broken,  
'Tis only She who grieves.*

*When Nature changes garments  
And dons her Autumn gown,  
'Tis in these moving moments  
One dreads the dreary town.*

*When ploughed fields' furrows glisten  
And grace their golden shawl,  
'Tis then I love to listen,  
Enthralled by Nature's call.*

*For then the trees grow restless,  
The Winds begin to roam,  
My eyes show silent sadness;  
'Tis then I think of home.*

L. F. HARPER, 6 I

*The Autumn mist is rising,  
And the hills are growing grey,  
And the first dead leaves are murmuring,  
Along the twilight way;  
And the swallow and the ousel  
In the pale light of the dawn,  
Are a-flying in the footsteps  
Of the summer that we mourn.*

M. PETTIT, 3F

## WINTER

*Calm of winter darkness falls across the snow,  
Puffs of frozen crystals dancing to and fro  
Sparkle in the brightness of a lantern's gleam,  
They kiss the snow, then fade, as though in a dream.*

*Now, a wood-door opens – folds an arc of white,  
A black cat emerges, sniffing at the night.  
Through the swirling snowflakes, blows a gust of wind,  
Coats her fur with snow and makes her change her mind.*

*Spidery shadows crawl over the crisp ground,  
Cast by twigs protruding from a snowy mound.  
As the lantern passes, so the shadows pass,  
Leaving now no dark twigs, only tufts of grass.*

*The gate swings gently shut, boots crunch on the snow,  
Still the frozen crystals wander to and fro;  
Still they sparkle brightly in the lantern's gleam,  
As the sky grows lighter – dimmer grows the beam.*

T. T. BENGE, 6 I

*In front of my window I espy  
The sugar beet lorries rushing by,  
From roadside dump by frozen field,  
Where frost-nipped hands the machete wield.  
A change from this round, clayey clump  
Is the gleaming, crystal sugar lump.*

P. CEURSTEMONT, 3M

Snow on the roofs, snow on the paths, snow on the trees, snow everywhere. The sun shining on it makes it sparkle like a thousand diamonds.

Here and there are the arrow-like tracks of the birds hunting for food. This is a hard time for them. What a thrill it is to slide down on a sledge and to pant up the hill only to slide down again in the fluffy, soft, snow. The squirrel finds that all his summer's work is well worth while.

When night falls the moon gives the snow a bluish tint and the world lies silent under its white blanket. J. W. GRIMMER, 2M

## LEARNING TO DRIVE

"Good morning," said the youth, "I suppose you must be the examiner?"

"That's right. Well, shall we get started?"

They walked towards the car parked at the kerb. It was a large car, very shiny and very new! It was one of those American models with teeth. It crouched there like a panther waiting to spring.

"Rather a nice car," said the youth, and opened the door.

"It certainly is," replied the examiner, and got in beside him.

"I think first of all you should drive to the bottom of the road and then turn right."

The victim turned the ignition key and pressed a button. The radio immediately sprang into life blaring Rock'n Roll. He turned it off and turned another button. "Rather cold to drive with the hood down, isn't it?" said the examiner sarcastically.

Our friend tried a succession of knobs and buttons, which turned on the headlamps, started the windscreen wipers, produced cigarettes already lit and a fully equipped cocktail cabinet. At last he pressed the right button and the engine purred to life. Seeing the long-suffering look on the examiner's face, he said rather sheepishly, "It may turn out fine later, don't you think?"

The examiner made no reply and continued to make cypic entries on his form, as the youth desparately pushed the gear lever this way and that, hoping to find the right gear . . . . . any gear! . . . . Horrible grating noises came from underneath the floor boards. At last the car moved, shooting forward like a rocket, narrowly missing a young woman with a pram, and then jerked to a standstill after a few kangaroo hops. There was a strained silence while the examiner made a few more notes in that official little black book of his. He tried again, and this time the car started straight away.

All went well for a few minutes until he overshot a Halt Sign, screeched round the corner, mounted the pavement and bounced back on to the road.

"Handles well, doesn't she?" said the driver.

"Pull up over there, will you, and reverse into that side road," said the examiner, clutching his papers in one hand and hanging on to the radio knob with the other hand. When he had eventually found the reverse gear, the youth backed the car slowly and smoothly, knocking over a dustbin and putting a sharp end to a dog fight. The examiner looked meaningly at him. "I think you had better go home and try to learn to drive."

"The trouble is this car really," stammered the youth in a last desparate effort to redeem himself. "I normally drive a Morris van."

"Well why did you bring this car then?" snapped the examiner.

"But I didn't," said the youth.

"You didn't!" exclaimed the examiner, looking at him in horror.

"No," he said, "didn't you?"

B. WOOD, 3F

## MY GRANDFATHER IN CANADA

In March 1912 my Grandfather booked a passage aboard an unsinkable ship called the "Titanic," which was sailing for Canada. Owing to a delay through horse transport he missed the boat - which was fortunate for him. The "Titanic" hit an ice-berg and sank, and very few survivors were picked up.

Eventually he arrived in Canada to find a job and gain experience in farming. He hired himself out to a lady farmer who wanted a good foreman. His first job on her farm was to kill and skin a bullock for them to eat during the coming months. He had never killed a bullock in his life, and he found it an interesting experience.

He often told me of his many jobs, and adventures. One day, whilst he was ploughing, a brown bear smelt the horses which were pulling the plough. The bear was hungry and attacked the horses and my grandfather. He stood with his arms above his head and his back pressed tightly against a tree, and then, when the bear went to hug him, he stabbed it in the heart.

Doors of houses were never locked in Canada and it was usual for the owner to have enough food, water and shelter for any traveller who called on his way passing through.

The skunk was avoided by everyone, if it was upset or attacked by dogs or human beings it let off a pocket of vile smelling substance; no dog would face it then, and the smell would contaminate food, especially butter, for miles around, and the food would have to be destroyed.

R. C. SPALDING, 1M

## "DO IT YOURSELF"

This is the first in a new do-it-yourself series which will enable the handy-man to deal with some common domestic problems without relying on professional help. Everyone has his individual household worries, and I hope that in these articles the problem to your answers will be found.

The first trouble is one that everyone dreads, but has to face at some time or other in life – how to shift a cement mixer from the bedroom to the bathroom. No slipshod methods can be used here. In this age of mechanisation, such 'make-do' ways of doing the job as greasing the cement mixer with lard and easing it through the door with a shoehorn are quite unthinkable. Nowadays we go in for easier methods of working, and here are a few helpful hints to go with them.

First, try to decide whether you are the pushing or pulling type of person. Every cement mixer has wheels, so either should be reasonably effective. Then, and this is very important indeed, make sure you know the way to the bathroom ; if you are not quite sure, mark the carpet with white arrows at regular intervals, thus making your task just a little simpler. But before you start all this, do make sure that you really want it in the bathroom. This involves consideration not only of size and shape but of colour ; nothing can ruin a hot bath more, than having to stare at a purple cement mixer on a black and white floor combined with green curtains hanging against red walls. In such a case, always remember that it is easier to change the curtains than to paint the cement mixer.

Now to get down to the actual process of shifting the thing. For moderately easy lifting, throw half the cement under the bed and spoon the rest into the vases on the mantelpiece, but always remember to leave a little in the mixer to fill up any holes knocked in the wall on the journey. Also remember to have a good supply of sheets on the bed for, if the mixer becomes wedged in the doorway, you will then have a means of lowering yourself from the window so that you can push the thing back in and so start again.

Should you leave this arduous task too long, it is quite probable that the cement will set. In this case, don't despair. Make a rockery under your dressing table ; an excellent artistic effect can be obtained with trailing plants and rock flowers. No doubt there are some people who cannot use any of the methods so far mentioned, in which case I can only suggest that they get it out the same way as they put it in.

G. PHILLIPS, 5F

## GHOSTS' ANNIVERSARY

Looking back on my life I think the most extraordinary event I ever experienced was one that happened many years ago.

I was driving home from a party one night and I suddenly realised that I was lost. However, I kept on driving as I knew that I would soon reach a house where I could ask the way. I soon reached a large stately mansion.

It was raining heavily when I strode boldly up to the door. I lifted the old brass door knocker and knocked twice. The door was answered by a young woman who asked me to come in out of the rain. She showed me into a large room where a party was going on. I offered her a cigarette from my silver cigarette case. I was soon talking merrily to all the members and guests of the party. However, I had to go when the storm abated if I wanted to reach home by morning.

So I said goodbye and drove off in my car. After five minutes of driving I felt for my cigarette case and realised I had left it at the mansion and so I turned back again.

I soon reached the mansion but it was no longer the same stately house it had been. It was in ruins, it also looked as if it had been in ruins for many years, as grass and small trees and other green under-growth was growing on it. The rain, driven by the furious winds, lashed at my face from a dull overcast sky, as I ran back to my car with my cigarette case. I drove away as quickly as I could and was glad when the house, with all its mysteries, was behind me.

Soon I reached a village and went into an all-night coffee bar and asked the attendant about what had happened that night. She said, in a very low voice, that exactly ten years ago that very night, a bomb was dropped on the village but it missed and hit that house and killed many people, who were having a party at the time. She also told me of a local legend which said that every year the ghosts of the people killed hold an anniversary of that event by having a party in the house.

P. B. FAIRBAIRN, 2F

## A REFUGEE AT HOME

It seems that over twenty years ago a little Hungarian girl, a refugee from Budapest, arrived at Wombwell. There she was taken care of by a widow who brought up the child with motherly devotion. To her, Karolin Turnai was as her own daughter ; and after sending her to school she saw her go to work in a shop, and eventually become a happy wife.

There, one might think, the story ends. Karolin, once homeless, had at last a home of her own. But the war of September, 1939, brought danger and misery. Terror swept over Europe, and to England came a little refugee who found shelter under Karolin's kindly roof, just as Karolin had found shelter many years before.

A lovely thought it is that one to whom kindness was shown should herself be so ready to show kindness.

W. R. CUSHING, 2M

### CONJECTURE

*Why do we fear death ?  
Shall we miss the joys of life, the little things,  
The folded hang of curtains, the wintry scene, the stars,  
When we through the Portal go ?  
Shall we see the God seated on a Golden Throne . . . . .  
And recall the swaddled child grasping at Perfection in a stable bare ?  
Perhaps the light of piteous Devotion will dazzle our eyes  
With its gold, its vermilion and glare of fire.  
Do we fear the Hell of tridents of past ideas,  
Or the pain and anguish of deceiving hope ?  
Shall we remember the convulsive clutching at final purpose ?  
Shall we despise — oh, Heavens forbid — the ruthless ways of  
rank disease ?  
Wonder ! All passes to the brow of the Supreme . . . . .  
Love, struggle, despair ; all senses the power of the prayer.*

B. R. HAZEL, 6 3

### THEM THERE WINDAS

It wore ow mother Bloggs thut started ut, she're bin a sayin' that some a our little ow boys her bin throwin' stoons trew har windas. Well acorss we say that wornt, and she goen say it wore and so we towd har that our little ow boys wore at home that thare night a watchin' the tele. She say she dint think we had a tele, I soon towd har that ut warnt ony the idle rich that wore able tew hev a television, I wornt harf savage. Then the rumpus started, she say thut she may be rich but she wornt idle, what with all she hev ben doin' for that owd W.I., and the dramatics society we orter be thankful. I say that she hev probably made a mess on ut anyways. She then tarded purple with yalla blotches un say thut I ud here more of this, but howsomever I hent, yit. N. FARTHING, 4M

### SENTRY-GO

They're spinning yarns in the guard-house —  
India — China — things they've done ;  
Sniping along the Afgan Border,  
Sweatin' marches under the sun.  
Old Serjeant Jones — he was knifed while guardin',  
Same as I'm guardin' here tonight ;  
They found the knife atwixt his shoulders,  
An' him a-lying still and white.

There was Jim — my pal — that fought the Afridis  
Three to one an' held 'em there  
In the narrow pass where they crept and found him —  
A good 'un Jim in a tight affair.  
The rest of us came in time to save him . . . . .  
Queer how your thoughts roam in the night ;  
I reckon the dawn ain't far from breakin' ;  
Beautiful, somehow that first pale light.

Something queer about sentry-duty ;  
Maybe it's the stars that go marching by  
Over your beat as you treads an' watches  
Under the vast and wondrous sky ;  
Maybe its the queer sounds in the bushes,  
Where the night birds call an' the beasts slink by ;  
Somehow, I likes to be alone here with 'em,  
Yet I couldn't tell anyone just quite why.

T. J. HALL 5M

### THE HUMMING-BIRD HAWK-MOTH

My first meeting with this strange moth was in our garden. It was hovering over our bed of petunias. Mistaking it for a humble bee I took little notice of it. Later, however, I realized that it was a peculiar colour for a bee. The following day it visited us again, this time it attracted my attention.

The fore-wings were brown and had a large span. The hind wings were smaller with black edges. On the end of its body were black and white tufts.

I gained this information in pieces as this moth is so quick. As it hovered over the flowers the rapid movement of its wings caused a slight humming noise. The word Hawk is included in the title because it does not settle but hovers as a hawk does.

After making an attempt to catch it I knew how quick it really was. It took a long while, but at last I succeeded in catching it. As the museum did not want it I freed it. Since then I have not seen it as they are believed to migrate.

T. BOBY, 1M

### CATCHING A BUS.

Catching a bus is a highly specialized art ; that is, many people seem to make it so. There is, for instance, the mathematical genius who consults innumerable timetables, schedules and watches, and yet manages to be at the wrong place at the wrong time.

One method of catching a bus is that adopted by certain keen, athletically-minded, young men. This is to arrive at the bus-stop exactly five seconds after the bus has moved away. After tearing along the street, skilfully jumping a wandering dog and side-stepping a rather solid looking lamppost, these men then throw themselves, hands and feet outstretched, at a bouncing, jumping platform. If nothing else can be said for this method, it usually arouses envy in small boys and old men, anger in bus-conductors and blood to the faces of the young men.

A more specialized and rather more dignified way of catching a bus is that adopted by certain matronly women. They stand, feet apart, face impassive, with eyes staring straight at the unfortunate bus driver. By means of this hypnotic stare, they reduce the poor driver to a quivering, frightened, obedient jelly. So eager is he to please the hypnotists that he oftens incur, by the suddenness of his stop, the wrath of his passengers. This technique comes naturally to many women, unfortunately for many men.

Nearly always there is the hesitant, undecided little gentleman wearing glasses and a black bow tie who peers at the bus number and enquires "Is this the bus to C—— ?" On receiving a negative answer, he retreats, muttering pathetically to himself and shaking his head. For him and those like him it is really hard work to catch the correct bus.

Perhaps the most pleasant way of catching a bus is when there is plenty of time and money to spare and all one has to do is to climb on to a bus and ask for "One to as far as you go."

R. EDWARDS, 5M

### A JOURNEY TO AMMAN

Surely one of the most interesting journeys must be from Aquaba to Amman via Ma'an in Jordan. This journey runs through the heart of the Lawrence of Arabia country.

I was on holiday in Aquaba with my family. The house in which we stayed was given by Peake Pasha for use by the Royal Air Force personnel in Jordan. Peake Pasha was the Officer Commanding the Arab Legion before Glubb Pasha. Aquaba is as near to "Paradise" as it is possible to get if sunshine, swimming and underwater diving are to your liking. As usual, good things come to an end, and for the journey back to Amman my family decided to travel by road and rail. We journeyed to Ma'an in an Army Land Rover which, although built for rough country, was rocked and jumped about along this ancient track. The whole track to Ma'an was shadowed by very barren and jagged hills.

At Ma'an I had my first view of the railway built by the Turks. Lawrence of Arabia often tried to knock it out of action in the First World War. Ma'an was a typical native railway terminal. On the so-called platform there were many people, of them only a few could hope to board the train. There were whole families complete with their worldly goods which included cooking pots, poultry, animals and tents. When the train was due to start there was tremendous shouting and clattering. With goats, chickens and innumerable children there was fantastic congestion in the carriages ; this would cause quite a stir at Victoria station. The narrow gauge railway then set off into into absolutely barren desert. The train often stopped at alleged stations where there was no one in sight. At these stations Arabs would jump off and seem to walk into nowhere and beyond. When the train was moving the only living thing you were likely to see would be a distant camel and rider on the horizon of the never ending desert. At some points in the journey however the train would pass some very interesting places.

One of these historic places is called Petra, and is a city carved out of a rock by an early Arab tribe called the Habateans. The Habateans carved this city during the 5th century. The only access to the city is through a narrow gorge which four men could hold against an army. From this city the Habateans could plunder the caravan routes near by. When the caravans began to use the Red Sea route in about the 7th century the city became uninhabited. From then onwards Petra became a legend of mystery and wonder and then it became "lost" until 1812 when a European named Burckhardt found the elusive entrance.

This journey, although tiring, was so exciting and unusual that I think anyone would have loved it as much as I did.

D. BREMNER, 4F

AN OLD LAY PREACHER'S EMBARRASSING ENCOUNTER  
WITH PRUNES

There is an old man, who lives near me,  
Who likes to preach to a few,  
And this simple tale, which he told to me,  
I aim to pass on to you.

"One Sunday," he said, "some toime agew,  
Oi ware asked ta Rede ta preach ;  
An ul-day sarvice Oi had-a-dew  
— So lunch Oi had with Mr. Leach.

Arl went well untle dinner toime came ;  
We'd finished fusts — bread'n meat,  
Which wore arlraight, for, oi've eaten the same  
With spuds and juicy red beet.

But then they had'a bring on the sweet  
A blinkin' bowl of stewed prunes.  
Me heart allast sunk down to me feet  
As they laddled 'em owt with spoones.

Thar they rested, tharteen on me plate  
Awl covered a custard — jist noice ;  
Oi could'nt protest, it were now to late,  
I'd gorn an lorst tongue and voice.

Thouse prunes I never knew howta eat,  
For, when ya got the stoone left,  
Then, howd'ya git rid of it neat,  
Quick, without any fuss — deft ?

D'ya spit it owt on ya spoone — loike ?  
Or jist use finger and thumb ?  
What dew ya dew — for the love of moike ?  
For that day I felt roight "rum".

All on 'em waited for me to begin,  
Oi couldn't set thar an' stare  
At me plate without eatin' a thin'  
So oi tried eatin' my share.

Oi ate them prunes one arter t'other ;  
— The tharteen stoones whare ware they ?  
In me mouth, till they'd gone na father,  
— Al'gither thats ware they lay.

When they collected me empty plate  
They look'd at me some queer,  
But, oi doin't moin'd tellin' ya' mate  
I feeled the queerest theer.

Oi had a git rid o' they danged stoones  
Cos my owld mouth 'gin to toire,  
Sew as I did tawlk in pleasant toons  
Oi spat them pips in the foire.

Tharteen toimes in an hour'n half oi spat,  
Tharteen toims them peered at me,  
Tharteen toims oi wriggled whare oi sat  
And prayed that prunes worn't fa' tea !"

J. F. M. REED, 62

HIAWATHA, MID-CENTURY VERSION

Then the little Hiawatha  
Put his shoes with rubber soles on  
And his fluorescent stockings;  
Donned his denim, drainpipe trousers  
And his shoulder-padded jacket;  
Then he tied his boot-lace tie on—  
And he combed his Tony Curtis,  
Long and greasy Tony Curtis;  
Then with bike-chain and with razor  
Sallied forth to wreck the Palais,  
Wreck the brightly-lighted Palais:  
Break the chairs and smash the windows,  
Hurl the ashtrays at the bandstand;  
Next, midst weeping and confusion,  
Rob the pay-box, make his exit,  
Make a hasty, side-door exit.  
But he reckoned without lawmen,  
For, while creeping down the alley,  
Down the dark and gloomy alley,  
He was seen by two policemen,  
Large and helmeted policemen,  
Armed with truncheons, whistles, handcuffs.  
So they siezed poor Hiawatha,  
Seized him by his kneck and elbows,  
Dragged him to the Black Maria—  
Thus departed Hiawatha.

N. A. RYAN, 63

LE TOUR DE FRANCE

Dans les différents pays d'Europe on pratique les différents sports. Ici en Angleterre, par exemple, on joue au football et au cricket. Mais en France, le sport favori de la plupart des gens est le cyclisme, dont il y a, chaque année, quelques courses très importantes. La plus célèbre course est le Tour de France, dans laquelle plus de cent cyclistes de tous les pays de l'Europe prennent part. Naturellement il y a beaucoup de publicité, et beaucoup de fabricants profitent des occasions que leur donne le Tour d'annoncer leurs produits.

La course elle-même a cinq mille kilomètres de long, et consiste à une vingtaine d'étapes. Chaque étape, d'une ville à une autre, a deux cent cinquante kilomètres de long. En outre les concurrents, il y a aussi des mécaniciens, des journalistes, des photographes, des suivants et des policiers à motocyclette qui y prennent part. Toute la caravane publicitaire précède les cyclistes, et a souvent dix minutes d'avance.

Quoique la course change chaque an, elle est toujours très dangereuse et très fatigante ; aussi est-il évident que les cyclistes ont tous besoin des jours de repos qu'ils ont tous les quatre ou cinq jours. Quelquefois ils tombent par terre et se blessent ou même se tuent par suite d'un accident. Ils escaladent les sommets dans les Alpes ou les Pyrénées, quel que soit le temps. S'il gèle ou fait du vent, il faut continuer en frissonnant : s'il pleut il faut continuer couvert de boue : si le soleil darde ses rayons il faut continuer quoique l'on soit empêché de respirer et de voir à cause des vastes nuages de poussière.

Lorsque les camions munis de hauts-parleurs arrivent dans une ville ou bieu un village, tout le monde se rend à la route à toutes jambes, pendant que les fabricants exigent les passants d'acheter leurs produits. Souvent les usines et les écoles se ferment, pour que les ouvriers et les écoliers puissent assister au spectacle pour encourager leurs favoris. Ensuite, quand les cyclistes arrivent, ils ressemblent à une boule mouvante. Parmi les maillots multicolores, on peut voir le maillot jaune qui appartient au premier cycliste dans le classement général.

Pendant le Tour de France bien des Français ne s'intéressent guère à autre chose. Ils écoutent sans cesse les derniers résultats sur la radio et en lisent les nouvelles dans les journaux. En somme, le Tour ressemble aux "Test Matches" et au "Boat Race" en Angleterre. C'est un des plus grands événements de l'année.

M. L. WEST, 63

### THE OLD BOOKSHOP

It was a murky November day when I found it hidden in one of those streets that is there one day and gone the next. I found it as I turned the corner by the soot-grimed brewery, long disused. It was partly hidden by a large pillar, and only a creaked sign, long peeled and aged, betrayed the presence of a Bookshop. I pushed the door, which creaked open with a strong protest, and found myself standing before a small counter, on which dozed a wizened, bespectacled man who appeared as old as the shop itself.

Before me stretched bookshelves, hazy with cobwebs ; bookshelves billed with large books, small books, massive tomes, square books, oblong books, red books, blue books all stretched away before me, thousands of books.

I wiped the dust from a grimy piece of cardboard, inviting me to look round.

I strolled amongst those books, encyclopaedias, dictionaries, novels, heavy volumes and pocket editions. Over the whole a musty, strange air prevailed, an air of mystery and of the past. Every book had a history, every page had known a past, glorious or strange. Each book, covered with dust, was a treasure. Each scrap of paper, pressed flower, epitaph, a history. I would have browsed all day in that strange old shop had not an old clock chimed, and, as if time had begun again, I walked out into the street.

R. A. EDWARDS, 3F

### SCHOOL NOTES

This term has seen the addition to our curriculum of Spanish and Civics. Both of these subjects have proved very interesting and valuable to those who have embarked upon them. It is undoubtedly an excellent plan to include alternative subjects on the timetable.

Many boys profited from the opportunity of being able to use the swimming pool earlier in the term, as the remnants of an excellent summer lasted well into October. Although this was a somewhat brief introduction, it was very welcome indeed.

Congratulations are due to Mr. Arnison and the choir upon another excellent Carol Service in the Cathedral. We were most delighted to see more parents than usual at the service, and hope that they will continue to give their most valuable support to the links between the School and the Cathedral. We must thank the Borough Council for allowing the choir to sing in the term end in the Corn Exchange. About £25 were collected for the Refugee Fund in this way.

Plans are already in hand for the Dramatic Society's next Production. It is rumoured that we shall be staging two one-act plays, as well as Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta "Trial by Jury."

### VALETE

#### Form VI

Davies, R. J.  
Doyle, P.  
Fulker, K. W.  
McAllister, I.

#### Form V

Brown, R. M.  
Coe, J. A.  
Gregory, I. O.  
Ould, I. D.  
Pettit, J. N.  
Rutterford, C.

#### Form IV

Barnett, D. C.  
Count, D. J.

#### Form III

Evans, D. A.

#### Form II

Jones, K. C.  
Nichols, H. J.

#### Form I

Rashbrooke, R.





*Standing*—Dewing Flegg Fitch Perkins Gooch  
*Sitting*—Kidson Bent Rev. George Statham, M.A. Quick  
*In front*—\*King Cobbold

\* Later Vicar of Leicester and brother of King, Bishop of Madagascar.

### Old Boys' Notes

D. G. Thurlow was married at Christmas. We offer him and his bride our very best wishes.

Once again we have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Gooch from Adelaide, S. Australia.

C. R. Sitford is now at the Royal Veterinary College, N. Crowe, at a London Art School, and C. E. I. Bailey, I. McAllister and K. E. Pallant have recently entered the University.

Kenneth Rush continues to do well at Hockey and once again we hope to see him on the wing for the East of England next term.

P. G. J. T. Parkhouse has returned to Durham University for two more years to enable him to take his M.Sc. He is being assisted by the Department for Industrial and Scientific Research, his research to be in Nuclear Physics.

We understand that P. J. Farthing, having taken his Degree at Cambridge, has joined the R.A.F.

C. Smith has completed his National Service and hopes to enter Loughborough Training College.

### Very Old Boys' Notes

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE SCHOOL STATUTES OF 1583

Articles concluded and fullye agreed upon by the govners of the possessions revenues and goods of the free gramer schole of Kinge Edwarde the sixt in Bury St. Edmund in the Countie of Suff with the advise and consent of the right reverend father in god and Lorde Edmund Lord Bishop of Norwiche the XIIth day of Marche in the XXVIth yere of the reigne of our Sovreigne Ladie Elizabeth by the grace of god Qne of England, France and Irlande defend of the feith, etc. And in the yere of our Lorde god 1583.

First the govners of the saide schole or the more parte of them for the tyme beinge shall assemble them selves together at the house comonlye called the gylde hall in Burye aforesaide yerely the thursday next after the feast of the Epiphanie and at all other tymes when the comptrollers of the saide schole for the tyme being shall think it convenient for the good govment of the saide schole or for any other thinge concerning the saide schole.

(N.B. **Two** Comptrollers to be appointed)

Item the saide Comptrollers shall not expell ne chose any Scholemaster or Huysner of their owne authoritie but by the advise and assent of the Governors or the greater parte of them.

Item evrye of the saide governors being within the towne having knowledg of the saide assemblies and absenting himself willingly without very great cause shall forfeit to the use of the schole twelve pence of lawfull mony for evrye defalte.

Item evrye pson refusinge to pay such small some of mony by him forfeicted in manner aforesaide shall upon such refusal or denyall of payement forfeit his rome in the honest felowship of govners and therewith forfeict also all rights interest and demands

hat he had and enjoyed by reason of the said felowship and forth-  
with also to be utterly expelled out of the same as a person un-  
worthie the societie of honest men for his stubbernes and wilful  
disobedience to reasonable and honest orders.

Item the Scholemaster shall be payed for his wagies by the  
whole yere twentie poundes.

Item the Huysher shall have and receive for his wagies by the  
wholl yere ten poundes.

First the Scholemaster and Huysher shall be men without  
such disease as is infective or which shall be a let to the due execucon  
of their office and shall be also men approved by the testimony  
of credible psones to be of honest and godly conversacon well  
learned in the latyne tongue and greke tongue, and also unmaryed  
if suche may be gotten.

The Huysher.....in all things  
and at all times he shall use such myldeness of countenance and  
such gentlenes of speche that he may inflame the dead hedded  
dullard (if any such shall be) to study and lerning.

### YOURS, TRULY

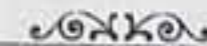
Some of you may have noticed that this "Burian" is different  
from preceding issues; the paper on which it is printed is of a  
different texture, the lines of type are longer, the football results  
appear together on one page, there are many original contributions,  
there has been some experiment with layout.

What criticisms have you to make, what suggestions to offer?  
Could you have written a poem better than Scrimson's? Is your  
prose style more lucid, your imagination more fecund than Lergy's?

This is *your* magazine—and it is a magazine, not only a  
chronicle. Let me know what you think, let me see what you write.

I hope this issue gives you some enjoyment. Only you can  
make the next "Burian" more enjoyable.

C.P.N.



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