

# The Burian



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

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HEADMASTER'S NOTES

WE are sorry that we are losing Mr. R. S. Walls this term— with a full teaching programme he has still found time to do yeoman service with the Cadet Corps and with Games in the Junior School.

The School has learnt with regret of the death of Mr. J. S. M. Sampson, for some forty years Clerk of the Endowment Governors—one who gave unfailing support to the many requests made on behalf of the School, and in particular the Swimming Pool. The last time I met him was at the Carol Service, a Service which gave him a considerable amount of pleasure.

In September, the staff will be further increased in number, giving us a total of twenty-one.

Mr. Donald Bain, the well-known Barrister, will be our guest of honour on Speech Day, Saturday, June 10th. Let us hope that for that function a year hence we shall have the new Assembly Hall in use.

The Revd. R. G. Ball, Rector of Livermere, will give the address on Founder's Day, Thursday, June 29th.

My thanks are due to all who contribute so generously of their time to games coaching and to athletics. And in congratulating the boys in their success I need hardly remind them of what they owe their coaches.

My thanks are also due to the School Prefects—we depend upon their whole-hearted co-operation, but our greatest satisfaction comes on seeing the ready and efficient acceptance of responsibility.



## SCHOOL HOCKEY

### 1st XI REVIEW

The School Hockey has had an unsuccessful season, its record being thus:—

Played 8, Won 1, Drawn 1, Lost 6.

Goals for—9, Goals against—18.

The team has remained unchanged throughout the term and consequently as the season proceeded the hockey tended to improve and the members played more as a team.

The standard of hockey has varied considerably. The season opened with a hard fought match against Framlingham, but little good hockey was seen until the matches against Bury Y.M.C.A. and Culford. For the first time we played Culford 1st XI and it proved to be a keenly contested game, with both sides playing fast and skilful hockey, the School being unlucky to lose. In the games against Northgate and the Old Burians the opposite can be said, for the hockey lacked construction, skill and speed.

One of the reasons for the lack of success was the absence of finishing power in the forward line, which meant good approach work was often wasted. Also the defence often tended to be unreliable under pressure, this leading to unnecessary goals.

The team played with enthusiasm and good spirit, even when losing. It was pleasing to see Bengé settling down in his new position at inside-left, after playing in defence for several seasons, and using his stickwork, he proved to be the main schemer of the forward line. Lines also played tirelessly and Fuller, in defence, used his hitting to the best advantage. Radley played intelligently and Bartlett and Lacey showed great improvement as the season passed.

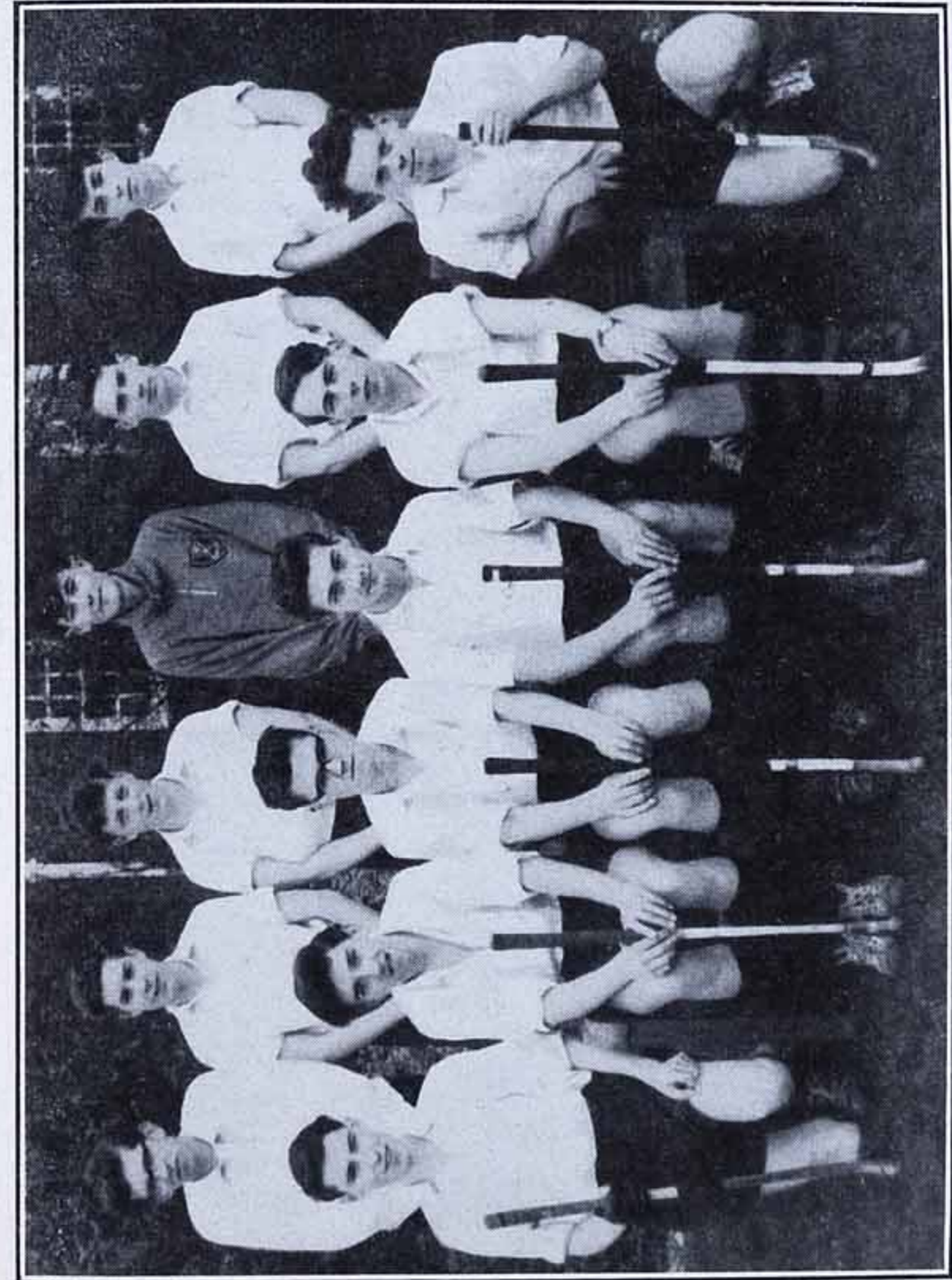
For our enjoyable season we must extend special thanks to all who have coached and umpired school games, to Mr. Dart for the excellent fixture list, and to Mr. Wyard for keeping the pitch in first-class order.

A.T.M.

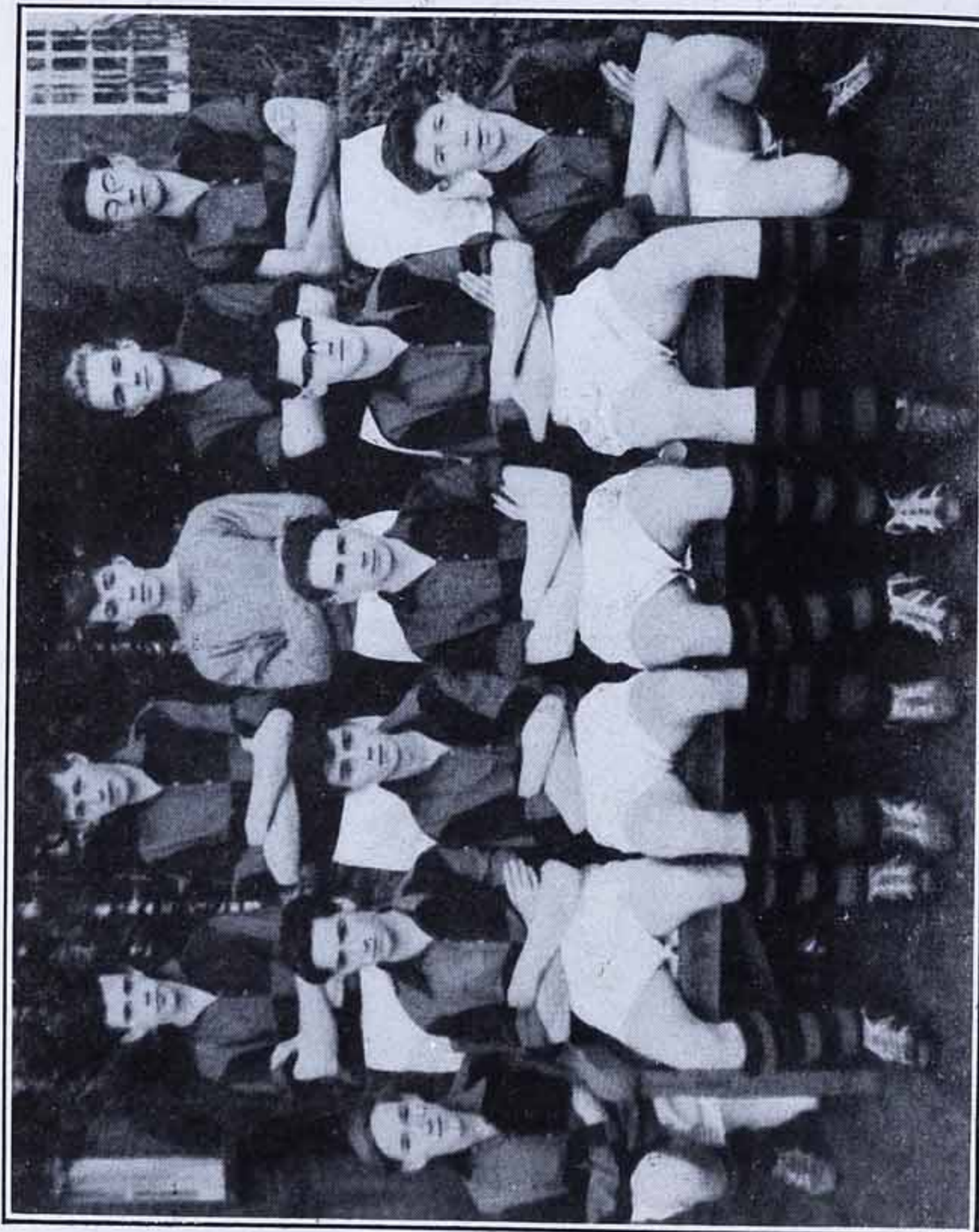
### 1st XI. HOCKEY (Left to Right)

Back Row—Bartlett, Lacey, Hayward, Bremner, Lines, Edwards.

Front Row—Radley, Bengé, Miles, Wheeler, Fuller, Lewis.







## RESULTS

### MATCHES PLAYED DURING SPRING TERM

	1st XI	2nd XI	Under 15 XI	Under 14 XI
21st Jan.			v. Perse Sch. Won 4-0 (H)	v. Perse Sch. Won 6-1 (H)
4th Feb.	v. Framlingham Col. 2nd XI Draw 2-2 (H)	v. Framlingham Col. 3rd XI Lost 4-6 (A)	v. Framlingham College Won 1-2 (A)	v. Framlingham Col. Draw 1-1 (H)
9th	v. St. John's Col. Cambridge Lost 2-0 (A)			
11th	v. H.M.S. Ganges Won 0-4 (A)		v. Perse Sch. Won 2-1 (A)	v. Perse Sch. Won 2-3 (A)
18th	v. Northgate G.S. Lost 3-1 (A)	v. Northgate G.S. Won 3-0 (H)	v. Northgate G.S. Won 4-0 (H)	
23rd	v. Bury Y.M.C.A. Lost 2-3 (H)		v. Silver Jubilee Won 0-4 (A)	
2nd Mar.	v. Perse Sch. Lost 0-5 (H)	v. Perse Sch. Lost 1-7 (H)	v. Woodbridge School Won 0-5 (A)	v. Woodbridge Sch. Won 0-3 (A)
4th		v. Sudbury G.S. 1st XI Lost 4-0 (A)	v. Sudbury G.S. Won 0-8 (A)	
11th	v. Culford School Lost 1-0 (A)	v. Culford School Lost 6-0 (A)	v. Culford School Won 1-2 (A)	v. Culford School Lost 0-1 (H)
18th	v. Old Burians Lost 0-2 (H)	v. Old Burians Won 3-2 (H)		

The 3rd XI have played two games:  
v. Northgate G.S., lost 4-1 (A); v. Culford School, lost 0-4 (H)

## INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP

Points are awarded as follows:—

4 points for a Senior Win; 2 points for a Senior Draw;  
2 points for a Junior Win; 1 point for a Junior Draw.

			Senior	Junior	Total
1st	Yorkist	...	12	—	12
2nd	Windsor	...	8	2	10
3rd	Lancastrian	...	4	4	8
4th	Tudor	...	—	6	6

1st XI. FOOTBALL (Left to Right)

Back Row—Cockerton, McAndrew, Edwards, Carr, Snell.

Front Row—Gilbert, Cole, Harper, Lines, Miles, Cooke.

### *2nd XI REVIEW*

This season proved to be disappointing, and to say the least, dismal. Out of five games played, one was won, and four lost. In no two consecutive games did the same side appear, as on several occasions players graduated to the 1st XI to replace 'flu victims and cross-country runners. Consequently several members of the 3rd XI had to be called upon.

The main fault, it seemed, was the lack of cohesion between defence and attack. Too often the ball was hit down the middle, in the hope that someone would be able to score, and even when this did not happen there was comparatively little understanding between the forwards. The defence was far from happy when under pressure, and frequently the ball was presented to opposing forwards. The most exciting game was against Framlingham College; when 0-3 down, the team fought back to take the lead, Edwards scoring a hat-trick, only to see Framlingham score three more, while the best all-round performance was probably against Culford School, despite what the score may suggest.

With regard to individual play, there was, in some cases, considerable ability. Cornish proved himself an invaluable centre-half, while Rice at left-half was good at intercepting passes. At full-back both Cutt and Cockerton were reasonably sound, if somewhat erratic in their hitting. The strong kicking of Corke in goal was noticeable, if not always successful, and on two occasions his position was creditably filled by Corbishley. Fairbairn who came into the side after the first game, and Sandells, both improved as more games were played. The speed of Harper was largely wasted because of the persistent hard hitting through the middle, while Bailey seemed to spend more time defending than attacking. Ainger on the left-wing was probably hampered by the frequent change at inside-forward, and it was not often that the forward line as a whole mounted a really effective attack.

On March 18th a Representative XI, consisting of 2nd XI, Under 15 XI and Under 14 XI players, played a team of Old Burians; this was won by the School team 3-2. At times the defence seemed shaky, while the forwards lost some of their punch because of lack of passes to the wings. But considering the fact that the players had never played as a team before, they thoroughly deserved their victory in what was a most enjoyable game.

T.J.S.

### *3rd XI REVIEW*

The 3rd XI has played two matches, which both proved enjoyable, even if they did result in defeat. In these games against Northgate (1-4) and Culford (0-4), the forwards failed to take their chances and the defence failed under pressure. Knight, the captain, played well in defence, as did Carlo and Kirkwood, and Mr. Gorman must be thanked for his support.

M.C.C.

### *UNDER 15 XI REVIEW*

The Under 15 Hockey team won all eight matches, including away matches with Perse, Framlingham, Culford and Woodbridge. The defence conceded only four goals throughout the season, largely due to excellent positional play and covering, so that our defence usually appeared greatly to outnumber the opposing forwards.

The wing-halves, M. Smith and McKenzie or Barrs, closely marked their wingers. The full-backs, Korn and Ceurstemont, swivelled splendidly, while Self was a tower of strength at centre-half, so that the route to our circle was almost always effectively barred. When a defensive slip allowed an opposing forward to penetrate so far, he was usually met at the edge of the circle by M. Pettit, who kicked and hit hard and intelligently.

The forwards scored at least twice in every match and at least four times in more than half of their games. M. Cooke and Bairstow positioned well in mid-field to receive passes from the defenders and they gave fine support to two fast wingers in B. Bridges and Hurst. E. Brown at centre-forward had a most successful season, scoring about twenty goals. He co-operated well with the other forwards in approach work and in the circle he shot often, hard and true.

The whole team played each game in an excellent spirit. The team-work was outstanding, sportsmanship of a high order and the only complaint one heard throughout the season was about a March heat-wave sapping energy.

Junior Hockey Colours were awarded to M. Cooke (captain), Self, E. Brown, B. Bridges, M. Pettit and Korn.

### *UNDER 14 XI REVIEW*

The Under 14's have acquitted themselves thoroughly well and the team has played with the zest and sporting spirit expected of them. Napier as captain set a fine example here and he, with Lock, has played in every game in this and last season. Mills, too, has been a tower of strength and these three have well deserved the Junior Colours tie. Of the others Blackmore, Revett, Manning, P. R. Miller, A. R. Miller, Douglas, Middleditch, M. S. Smith, J. Oliver and Hadley, all have had their moments of glory.

There have been other triers on Tuesday afternoons who provided opposition in practice games and Miles, Hayward, Bengé and Lacey must be thanked for very useful coaching work. It is most encouraging to see 1st XI players volunteering help in this way.

## HOUSE NOTES

### YORKIST

This term the House finished at the top of the Inter-House Hockey Championship Table. The results were as follows:—

	SENIOR	JUNIOR
v. Windsors	Won 4-2	Lost 1-5
v. Tudors	Won 2-1	Lost 0-8
v. Lancastrians	Won 1-0	Lost 0-4

Under the excellent captaincy of Radley the Senior team won all their matches, while the Juniors were unfortunately handicapped by injury and absence and were unable to maintain a regular team. The standard on the whole was good, except against the weaker Tudor House and had the forwards taken the chances they created for themselves we would have won far more easily.

Nevertheless, it was a fine performance on the part of everyone concerned. In all, five members of the House have represented the School 1st XI. Congratulations to P. J. Radley on being awarded 1st XI Half Colours and M. F. Pettit and M. J. Cooke on being given Junior Colours.

Once again the results of the Cross Country races were disappointing with a seeming lack of enthusiasm and effort. As expected the Seniors finished a very poor fourth in their race, but in both the Under 13 and Under 15 races we were placed second. In the latter Ceurstemont was the individual winner and apart from receiving Cross Country Colours he has gained further honour in representing Suffolk in the England championships at Peterborough.

T. Balls is also to be congratulated on gaining Junior Cross Country Colours.

At Chess, the House, ably captained by Spence, put up a creditable performance in finishing equal second to the Lancastrians despite losing two matches.

Results:	v. Lancastrians	Lost 1-4
	v. Tudors	Lost 2-3
	v. Windsors	Won 3-2

I would remind all members of the House that we need another hundred standard points before we equal the other Houses in Athletics. This means that every member of the House must do his best to gain as many standards as possible before Sports Day. Please give Hayward and the few other members of the House more support in their efforts to put us back at the top. P.F.L.

### LANCASTRIAN

The term has been one of moderate success for the House, and has shown both strength and weakness. The first part of the term was devoted mainly to cross country, and the House did very well

to finish second. The best performance was by the Under 13 members, who won their race convincingly, packing five runners—Austin 1st, Fairley 2nd, Colwell 4th, Walton 6th, and Pettit 10th—in the first ten. This is a most encouraging sign for the future, and all deserve congratulations, particularly Austin who won the race in his first year. The Under 15 race was a great disappointment for us, the team finishing last. The only bright feature was Napier's second place. The Seniors entered their race without Bartlett, our main hope, and the House finished 3rd. However, the result was so close that one wonders what difference Bartlett might have made both to the result of this race and the overall position.

The House finished 3rd in the Inter-House Hockey competition, and the results were as follows:—

	SENIOR	JUNIOR
v. Tudors	Won 4-3	Lost 1-4
v. Windsors	Lost 1-5	Won 4-2
v. Yorkists	Lost 0-1	Won 4-0

On several occasions the teams were weakened by absence and in the last game the Seniors missed Lewis, who had captained the team most ably in the earlier games. The Juniors won their last two games convincingly but were well beaten by the strong Tudor side. Congratulations to T. T. Bengé and R. J. Fuller on being awarded 1st XI Full Colours, to B. F. Bridges (Under 15) and I. R. Napier (captain) and R. Lock (Under 14) on being awarded Junior Colours.

Our greatest success was gained in the Inter-House Chess Tournament, in which the House gained first place and won by the wide margin of 7 points. The team was captained with enthusiasm and ability by White who won all his games, as did Death and the three juniors, Wood, Wootton and Morgan.

Next term D. F. Death will be House (and School) Swimming Captain and R. J. Fuller will be Athletics Captain. I hope that everyone in the House will give their full support to both of them.

D.J.D.

### WINDSOR

The House has met with moderate success this term. In the Hockey Competition the House was placed second, the results being as follows:—

	SENIORS	JUNIORS
v. Yorkists	Lost 2-4	Won 5-1
v. Lancastrians	Won 5-1	Lost 2-4
v. Tudors	Won 6-1	Lost 0-5

The Senior team, after playing an unspirited game against Yorkists, played good hockey against Lancastrians and Tudors, beating them convincingly, although neither team was at full



strength. The forwards deserve mention for scoring 13 goals, with the defence playing soundly. The Juniors, ably captained by Korn, managed to win only one match.

We congratulate C. R. Lacey on being awarded 1st XI Hockey Half-Colours, and R. J. Self, E. A. Brown and S. Korn on being awarded Junior Colours.

In the Cross Country the Juniors were disappointing, the House being placed 4th and 3rd respectively in the Under 13 and Under 15 races, Cracknell, Brown and Miller deserving mention for coming 5th, 6th and 7th respectively in the latter race. In the Senior race however, the House won very convincingly, congratulations being given to those concerned, Carr, Wheeler and Sankey deserving mention as they came 3rd, 4th and 7th respectively.

We offer our congratulations to M. R. Wheeler on being awarded Cross Country Full Colours, and also for representing Suffolk in the All-England Cross Country. R. G. Carr and R. J. Self on being awarded Half-Colours, and R. Cracknell and A. W. Miller on gaining Junior Colours.

At the moment we are third in the Athletics Competition and it is hoped that every member of the House will do his best to improve our position.

We also look forward to success in both Cricket and Swimming next term.

In the six-a-side Hockey Tournament on the last day of term, the House team, after beating Lancastrians and Yorkists, defeated the Masters in the final. Congratulations to the team—Dodkin, Lacey, Miles, Wheeler, Carlo, Brown.

A.T.M.

## TUDOR

This term cross country has been the best of our activities, so it must be dealt with first. Our victory in the unofficial race, run at the end of the Michaelmas term was a good guide to the results of the School races in the Spring Term. Yet again the Tudor House is Cross Country Champion; well done those who helped to achieve this position. In the Senior race L. Harper (School Cross Country Captain) came first and K. G. McAndrew came second.

Congratulations to K. G. McAndrew on being awarded full School Cross Country Colours and also County Colours; he was privileged to represent Suffolk in the All-England Cross Country run at Peterborough this term, where he was second man home for his team.

Congratulations also go to D. Fuller and B. Gaught on obtaining Half Colours for cross country.

An election was held to find captains for next term's sports. The results are below:—

Athletics	L. F. Harper
Swimming	K. G. McAndrew
Cricket	C. J. Knight

In the Inter-House Chess competition we came joint second; many thanks to those who took part.

Finally, Hockey. The results were as follows:—

	SENIOR	JUNIOR
v. Lancastrians	Lost 3-4	Won 4-1
v. Yorkists	Lost 1-2	Won 8-0
v. Windsors	Lost 1-6	Won 5-0

Despite the results of the Senior matches (ignoring the last game when seven of the original team were unable to play) this picture is most encouraging. I know the Juniors feel that we have let them down, but have they compared our team with the others? We had no first eleven players out in the field and only two or three second eleven players, yet we only lost by one goal in each case!

Let's have some more of this fine team spirit in next term's activities.

C.J.K.

## CROSS COUNTRY

At last Cross Country is beginning to establish itself as one of the major school sports and take the position that it owns among them. There has been a marked increase in enthusiasm and this can be attributed largely to the new scheme of timing practice runs, as a result of which boys have put far more into their training. This scheme introduced into the runs a flavour of competition and a desire to better one's time, and the runs were carried out more frequently and with greater numbers of athletes taking part than in previous years.

Owing to this more intensive training and the keenness that it precipitated, the boys ran much better in the various events during the term. Individualism almost vanished and the School teams often ran as teams, packing wonderfully in several races. This is what one expects from a good cross country team and, indeed, it was a wonderful sight to see our boys come streaming in so close to one another at Ixworth, in our first Triangular Match and in the Suffolk A.A.A. Championships at Holbrook. The "Boys' 'A' Team" on the last-named occasion cannot be sufficiently praised for their most commendable efforts, coming 4th out of a field of 15 teams.

At Ixworth, many of the 32 boys competing excelled themselves, the School Intermediate (X) Team (Under 17) coming 1st and the School Juniors (Under 15) 3rd. It was also very noticeable how near the School were to coming both 1st and 2nd in the Intermediate

Event, as there were only 7 points between the second and fourth teams. Once more all the boys concerned are deserving of praise, but perhaps special mention should be given to T. Austin, aged 11, and also to McAndrew, Wheeler, Ceurstemont, G. P. G. Bartlett, Carr and Gaught, who qualified at Ixworth to run at Beyton for West Suffolk and then were chosen to represent Suffolk at Peterborough.

The introduction of cross country colours probably helped in a small way to encourage the boys. It gave them that necessary something to aim for and perhaps prevented their keenness from lagging.

On the whole, it has been an extremely pleasing season and the School can think of future cross country events with a mixed feeling of expectation and hope, especially when thinking of the Juniors. Of the Junior teams that ran at Ixworth, eleven will be able to run again next year, and some of the boys will be able to compete in the Suffolk A.A.A. Championship for another two years and one boy for three.

L.F.H.

### RESULTS

#### West Suffolk Inter-School Championships

Tuesday, February 7th (at Ixworth)

INTERMEDIATE RACE: 5 teams: School 1st and 4th.

JUNIOR RACE: 17 teams: School 3rd and 9th.

#### Triangular Match

Wednesday, February 22nd (at Home)

SENIOR RACE: 1st School, 2nd Soham G.S., 3rd Thetford G.S.

UNDER 15 RACE: 1st School, 2nd Thetford G.S., 3rd Soham G.S.

#### Suffolk County A.A.A. Championships

Saturday, March 4th (at Holbrook)

BOYS' RACE: 15 teams: School 4th and 10th.

YOUTHS' RACE: 6 teams: School 4th.

#### Inter-House Races

SENIOR: 1st L. F. Harper (Cross Country Captain), 2nd K. G. McAndrew, 3rd R. G. Carr.

UNDER 15: 1st P. Ceurstemont, 2nd I. Napier, 3rd M. J. Hurst.

UNDER 13: 1st Austin, 2nd Fairley, 3rd Sargent.

Colours were awarded to:

FULL: P. Ceurstemont, K. G. McAndrew, M. R. Wheeler.

HALF: D. Bidwell, R. G. Carr, D. J. Downing, D. Fuller, B. J. Gaught, R. M. Self.

JUNIOR: T. Balls, R. Cracknell, M. J. Hurst, A. W. Miller, R. Mulley.

(PROXIME ACCESSERVNT: I. Sankey, J. Pearmain, I. Napier.)

## ATHLETICS

### SPORTS DAY

This year the School Sports were graced with a remarkably warm summer's day which, in combination with the quickly-moving programme, added to the enjoyment of both spectator and athlete alike. Our sincerest thanks must be extended to the masters for their faultless organisation and the efficiency with which they ran the whole Sports, and, indeed, to Mr. Wyard for the preparation of the track and jumping pits.

The Challenge Bowl was won by Tudor House, rather convincingly from Windsors who came second; Lancastrian House came third and Yorkist fourth.

It seemed a day for breaking records and that is exactly what it turned out to be as seven new records were created, the most outstanding performance of the day being that of J. A. H. Knight who entered five under 15 events, won all five and set up five new records. J. A. Webb won the under 13 Triple Jump with a record distance of 29 ft. 2 ins. and L. F. Harper won the School Triple Jump with a new record of 38 ft. 2½ ins.

The School Championship was a tie, L. F. Harper and K. G. McAndrew sharing the honour; the under 15 Champion was J. A. H. Knight and the under 13 Champion J. A. Webb.

On the whole it was a very pleasant and extremely successful Sports Day with a flattering number of spectators in attendance, and we can express a hope that all future Sports Days will be as enjoyable and pleasant as this one has proved.

L. F. H.

### INDIVIDUAL WINNERS

#### SCHOOL

880 yards	Snell	(W)	2 mins. 20.6 secs.
High Jump	McAndrew	(T)	5 ft. 0¾ ins.
Javelin	Bartlett	(L)	125 ft. 7 ins.
220 yards	Lines	(Y)	24.3 secs.
100 yards	Hayward	(Y)	10.5 secs.
Triple Jump	Harper	(T)	38 ft. 2½ ins. (new record)
Shot	Brennan	(W)	44 ft. 4 ins.
Mile	Wheeler	(W)	5 mins. 5.5 secs.

Pole Vault	Radley	(Y)	8 ft. 4¼ ins.
440 yards	Fuller	(L)	58.3 secs.
Discus	Carlo	(W)	130 ft. 0½ ins.
Long Jump	Lines	(Y)	18 ft. 7 ins.
Relay	Yorkist House		49.2 secs.

#### Under 15

Mile	Arnold	(L)	5 mins. 49.1 secs.
Javelin	Pettit	(Y)	81 ft. 11½ ins.
Triple Jump	Knight	(T)	36 ft. 3½ ins. (new record)
100 yards	Knight	(T)	10.9 secs. (new record)
Discus	Pettit	(Y)	99 ft. 6¼ ins.
880 yards	Napier	(L)	2 mins. 26.6 secs.
Shot	Knight	(T)	34 ft. 5½ ins. (new record)
Long Jump	Knight	(T)	17 ft. 3 ins. (new record)
220 yards	Knight	(T)	24.5 secs. (new record)
High Jump	Walgrove	(T)	4 ft. 9 ins.
Relay	Tudor House		52.8 secs.

#### Under 13

Long Jump	Barrett	(L)	13 ft. 1 in.
880 yards	Howlett	(L)	2 mins. 47.5 secs.
100 yards	Barrett	(L)	12.6 secs.
High Jump	Ison	(T)	4 ft. 1 in.
440 yards	Spalding	(L)	69.8 secs.
Triple Jump	Webb	(W)	29 ft. 2 ins. (new record)
220 yards	Brighton	(L)	28.4 secs.
Relay	Lancastrian House		59.3 secs.

## SCHOOL NOTES

We were very sorry to hear of the death of the Clerk to the Endowment Governors, Mr. S. J. M. Sampson, M.C., T.D., LL.M. The Headmaster represented the School at his funeral.

The weather this term has upset School activities, particularly hockey; there being matches cancelled on four different occasions. These weather upsets were, however, nicely balanced when on one pleasant Saturday the School fielded no fewer than five teams; a very fine achievement. The weather whatever its disposition was always accompanied by a lack of spectators. This lack was most noticeable on Old Boys' Day when support should be at its best. Let us see an improvement on this for the cricket season.

The fine weather at the end of the term encouraged some of the boys of arctic origin to brave the cold of the swimming pool. The temperature, I think, was 52°F.

Mr. Alderton arranged a very full and interesting trip to London for members of the Lower School. A few members of the Upper Sixth joined these Juniors to gain some scientific knowledge at the Science Museum and the London Planetarium.

Mr. Dart must be most sincerely thanked for his untiring efforts with the cross country teams. His efforts were rewarded by the choice of three of our boys to run in the All England Junior Cross Country Championships at Peterborough.

On the day before the term ended a very large part of the School went to see a film of the opera "Don Giovanni". We are grateful to Mr. Arnison for organising the visit and to the manager of the Odeon for his co-operation.

It has been announced that there will be no Cadet Camp this year for the School contingent. The contingent O.C. and N.C.O.'s will attempt to make up for this next term and in subsequent terms.

At the end of this term we are losing Major and Mr. Walls. As I have indicated the loss here is two-fold. In Mr. Walls we lose a very good French master; but only those who have been to C.C. camp can appreciate his qualities to the full. We wish him great success in his new post.

The Headmaster's Burian prizes for contributions in the January issue were awarded to Hayward (6.2), Moss (4M) and Spalding (2F).

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

More people have participated in the debates this term, and several new speakers have been heard. The standard of debate has, on the whole, been good, and constructive comment and criticism has been given from the floor.

The following motions were debated:—

1. This house deplores racial segregation—(carried).
2. This house regrets the present lack of public interest in professional football—(carried).
3. This house deplores the present sordid trend in literature and television programmes—(defeated).
4. The police should be armed—(carried).
5. A decimal coinage is desirable—(defeated).
6. The navy is out of date—(defeated).

On one occasion a Brains Trust was held, when Baker, Goodwin, McAllister, and Wearn dealt with questions covering a wide range of topics.

On another afternoon short speeches were given by selected boys on given subjects as a change from debates.

Finally, our thanks are due to Mr. Rayner, who has patiently supervised the Society for the past two terms.

D.A.B.

## CHESS

The most important event was the Inter-House Chess Competition which resulted in an overwhelming victory for Lancastrian House.

Lancastrian	Tudor	Yorkist	Windsor
13	6	6	5

With a few exceptions the standard of play amongst the Seniors was rather disappointing. Although the Young Lancastrians remained undefeated, the Juniors of all Houses played some extremely promising chess.

Both Senior and Junior Chess Clubs were very well supported, each having over thirty members.

In the Junior Club the high standard of play became even higher during the term. The competition was very keen, especially in the knock-out tournament, in the final of which Holmes lost to Wood. In the ladder competition Morgan retained first place, Henny came second and Corbishley third.

The Senior Club has had the benefit of Mr. Tapson's help this term. The standard of chess has improved upon that of last term. White won the knock-out tournament and Wiseman was runner-up. Cole was first in the ladder competition and Hatcher came second.

H.D.W.

## MUSIC

On the afternoon of Friday, 10th February, an enjoyable recital was given in the School Hall.

Gabor Reeves and Dorothy White, whom we had expected to perform, were indisposed, and we were fortunate in having such talented artistes as J. D. Todd, the Australian pianist, and Percy Kelly, the horn player, to take their place at such short notice.

The audience was to be commended for listening so patiently and courteously to an introductory talk on the development and mechanism of the German Horn. I was left wondering whether all horn players were, in consequence of their job, as "long-winded" as Mr. Kelly.

The recital began with a movement from one of Beethoven's Horn Sonatas.

This was followed by the Romanza and Rondo (i.e. the 2nd and last movements) from Mozart's 3rd Horn Concerto—which is generally regarded as one of the finest works written for that instrument. Both works were performed magnificently.

Mr. Todd then took over and delighted us all with a superb rendering of Debussy's "Submerged Cathedral".

Manuel de Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance", Chopin's "Waltz in A flat" and Thomas Bunhill's "Cornucopia" comprised the remainder of the recital.

The second recital of the term was given by pianist Alan Rowlands.

His playing throughout was too heavy for my taste, though what he lacked in delicacy he more than made up for in technical brilliance. Rapid passages were executed with a precision and clarity that one rarely hears.

The highlight of the programme was the very fast and tuneful 'Impromptu in E flat major' by Schubert, with the same composer's 'G flat major Impromptu' vying for the honour.

Other works included Bach's 'Toccatto in D major,' Mozart's 'Sonata in F major' (K.533/494), the 'Scherzo in E' and the 'Ballade in A flat major by Chopin.'

M.E.A.

## PARTY TIME

(Just a smack at Cummings)

*at party  
time when the atmosphere  
is thick  
the tousle headed  
pianist  
beats out  
a cool improvisation  
on a theme  
and billyandjane  
drag themselves  
from the sofa  
to sway  
in the firelight  
the wine flows softly  
and the paper-hatted pianist  
knocks out  
his teeth-gritting discords  
the whole world  
is crammed  
into two  
small  
rooms  
dense with cigarettes  
and richieandjill  
retire  
from the floor  
to the floor  
and Nick  
sits  
happy and flushed  
in a corner  
and the ivy crowned Pianist  
beats out his rhythm  
cool  
and  
long*

J. R. HAYWARD, 6.3

## BURIAN CONTRIBUTION

"Write", the master said, "a Burian Contribution".

"I understand perfectly", I say to myself. "On Tuesday night I shall write a Burian Contribution".

Tuesday night: ideas flood to my head. I shall write a Latin piece. The paper awaits me:

"In schola Buriensis sunt multi pueri".

With tremendous pride I survey my achievement. But . . . . a frown crosses my face. Is it possible that 'schola' means scholar? A piece of screwed-up paper is trampled underfoot.

I apply myself with renewed vigour. French flows from my pen:

"La plume rouge de ma tante est dans les jardins de l'abbaye avec mononcle."

Excellent. A superb piece of French. I write my name on the top of the paper and sigh. Brains aren't everything, but they certainly help.

Doubts assail me. Is it enough? Looks a bit bare, but I could always shade the rest of the paper in. The paper describes a beautiful arc in the air—in the form of a screwed-up ball.

A poem. An obvious choice. I can feel an idea coming:

"I must go down to the . . . ."

But it sounds familiar. I have definitely heard it before. That's no good. Must write something. Now hysterical thoughts assail me. I know no French, no Latin, no poems. A failure! I cup head in hands, an expression of supreme woe crosses my face.

"Write", the master said, "a Burian Contribution".

R. EDWARDS, 4F

## ADVERTISER'S PARADISE

*It's unabridged, unbreakable,  
Uncrushable, unshakeable;  
It's washable, non-split, non-drip;  
Collapsible, non-stop, non-slip.  
It's noiseless, odourless and safe;  
It doesn't chip, chap or chafe.  
It's unalloyed, unstainable—  
As yet it's unobtainable.*

C. FRANCIS, 3M

### THE BATTLE

It was a bright sunny morning in Autumn when the scene was set; the two hills overlooked a valley floor covered in soft green grass with a few trees here and there. In a long silvered line on the brow of each hill silent and expectant the combatants were arranged.

The knights and their horses were as one, with flowing plumes, reflecting armour and richly embroidered clothing.

A bugle was heard; its long voluble note was the signal. Each file advanced down the slope slowly, keeping battle line. Then with the order, lances were lowered, and the pennants danced in the breeze like a noose before the hanging: the pace quickened and the distance became less and less. Suddenly the walls of metal met, and the silence was broken by death cries, shouts of victory and the grating of swords and shields. Horses wounded and dying filled the air with incredible whining noises. They had known no hate or warlike sensations, but they lay there mortally wounded, because of the folly of mankind.

The fight is over. The victors carry away their spoils and their dead, and leave; the vanquished have either fled or lie there on the once green valley floor, their blood having dyed the grass a scarlet hue. There lies the youth, the lord, the old man and the serf, victims of the strife of humanity and ceaseless lust for power and glory.

M. MCKENZIE, 4F

### SUN SET

The valiant army of the Sun sinks low beneath the bloody battlements of clouds. The last few shafts of light fly over the darkening walls. The pallid Moon in her cold splendour creeps over the opposite horizon, ready to march in with her army of darkness, victorious over vanquished light. Slowly she advances, slowly the blood-red sun, wounded, retreats until he is gone, and it is Night.

S. A. WHEELER, 4F

### THE TRAMP

My clothes are in shreds, my feet almost bare,  
As I wander from place to place,  
Alone with my thoughts, and as free as the air;  
With the wind and the sun on my face.

Some men crave power and others wealth,  
But give me the wide open spaces,  
As long as I have contentment and health  
You can keep all your airs and your graces.

J. COLWELL, 1F

### MORTAL COMBAT

It was a hot and sultry afternoon, the soldiers crept through the trees towards the enemy. Nearer and nearer to the enemy they came. Then, suddenly a shot rang out. One of the soldiers gave a cry and clutched his shoulder. Ignoring him, the soldiers crept ever nearer, then they charged the enemy. The enemy was defeated. They surrendered, hoping for mercy. Their hopes were not to be fulfilled. They were lined up in front of a small line of soldiers armed with guns. They were to be shot! The commander barked out his orders: "Squad, raise guns, take aim". The enemy gave up hope, then a female voice broke the silence; "Come on home you boys. Untie yourselves and come along, it's tea-time".

S. A. WHEELER, 4F

### THE PLOUGHMAN'S TEAM

Slowly the ploughman walks,  
Behind his straining team.  
Absorbed in the beauty of his work,  
And the beauty of the scene.

The team in rhythm walk  
Nodding their heads in talk.  
Of days gone by, when they as colts  
Unbroken pranced in fields.

But as the ploughman looks  
Upon his chestnut team,  
His thoughts are of the future,  
When tractors will be seen.

T. CLOUGH, 3M

### THE FANATICS

It was almost 24.00 hours (local time), and a bright yellow Caribbean moon was beaming down on the semi-tropical vegetation lining the scraggy, winding, foothill track. Crouching half-hidden in the undergrowth by the trackside were two rifle-clutching figures. One was of a tall, bony, angular appearance; the other was short, fat and oily and of a generally wart-hoggish stature. Both sported large bushy black beards, bandoliers, bushjackets and other generally accepted impedimenta of dyed-in-the-wool revolutionaries. The small one reclined against a portable radio transmitter.

"Corporal Manuel", he hissed as he eyed the track furtively, "there is still no sign of the Government supply truck". He paused to knock some humus from the barrel of his carbine.

The other snorted. "That fact is self-evident Private Miguel. Presumably the Government troops (puppets of corruption and bureaucracy that they are) have changed their route or are behind schedule in a most unmilitary manner."

"What is it that we shall be doing, Manuel?"

"I am at present applying my mind most earnestly to that very problem, Miguel, my friend, for here is an opportunity for me to make use of my extensive academic training, gained during two full years of study at the mission school at Puerto Fernondez. For, as our illustrious Leader says, was not Wellington won on the baseball pitch at Eden?"

"This is indeed true, Manuel."

"In this case, however, the solution to our problem is simple, Miguel. We shall merely use this wonderful brand-new inter-communications apparatus here (commandeered at great risk from the Gringo Navy by our comrades in the Supply Corps), to call up our headquarters. So, radio-operator Miguel, be about your duty".

Miguel's skilled hands unzipped the navy-blue canvas carryingbag and pulled out the telescopic aerial. Then he stopped and gazed pensively at the radio. "Manuel", he began, "if you wish, this wonderful machine will receive Radio San Juan and Radio Miami loud and clear, but I fear I have not yet ascertained its use as an intercommunications instrument".

Manuel gazed reproachfully at his subordinate. "Then I think it was an oversight on your part to omit to remind yourself not to bring this brand-new but otherwise useless machine".

"But, oh, Manuel, to be captured with such a fine-looking instrument would be a great honour. The enemy would be amazed at our Army's opulence. Think of the prestige of the New Democratic Infantry Commando Elite Corps, Manuel".

Manuel nodded in agreement, but his mind was on higher things. "If we do not return to camp soon, there will be no supper left, and thus the enemy will have won a tactical victory", he said, "so what to do?"

"The decision is yours, Manuel, for are you not a full Corporal, and bearer of Aluminium Cross and Crimson Star of the Order of Supreme Hero?"

"Ah, the responsibilities of rank", sighed the highly decorated one. He thought for a while and then addressed his troops: "On due consideration of the extreme (and quite unnecessary) hardships ensuing our remaining, I feel a strategic withdrawal is the only solution."

With that he rose, turned and stamped off through the undergrowth. Miguel came running behind, humping the precious radio. "Let us hope the soup is not cold", he thought anxiously.

L. GATHERCOLE, 6.2

### THE HUNT IS ON

Deep in the wood where the foxes lurk  
The vixen watches her mate;  
Their bright eyes pierce the gloomy murk,  
As the dog fox lies in wait.

Far away on the brow of a hill,  
He hears the hounds go by,  
Although he knows there's been no kill,  
He'll never forget that cry.

PETTIT, 1F

### SOUR BARGAIN

There I was, in Central Park, New York, starin' down at the cool, clear water. Loosening my tie, I prepared for the big jump. Before doing this, I chanced to look around me, and see a little fellar doing the same thing. Well, I guess this sort of thing creates a bond between two chaps, so I went up to him and asked him why he was heading for the lake. "Property troubles" the little man replies. "Same here", I said and without more ado poured out the story of my troubles, ending with the collapse of the Fuerenbacher loan.

He gave me a look as if I'd been talking about a leaky roof. "Why, friend, you've got nothin' on me", and he proceeded to tell his tale.

"One of my ancestors was an Iroquois Chief, by the name of Running Dog. He owned a big chunk of land on the coast, as well as some off-shore islands. Well, one day some Dutch trappers came to Running Dog and asked him if they could set up a tradin' station on his land, with furs 'n pelts. After being offered two hundred bucks, a barrel of drink and some bacey, Runnin' Dog agreed, mainly on account of the drink I guess. Well, the business went off fine, the Dutch trappers put log cabins on the mainland and the island (Big Rock Island) off the coast. One day, the leader of the trappers, Peter Van Heuson, came up to Running Dog, and said: 'Look here R.D. another 30 families have arrived, can I buy that no-good little rock-garden of an Island of yours? I'll give you two hundred bucks, a barrel of drink and some smoke-weed'. Run-

ning Dog nearly fell flat; he wasn't interested in the money, but he sure wanted the "fire-water". Being a wily ol' cuss, he boosted the price up to two barrels of drink, and Van Heuson took over the island."

"Well", I said, "what've you got to worry about, there doesn't seem much wrong with that, he might have got a bit of a sour bargain but he didn't come off so bad".

"Sour bargain!" shrieked the little man, "my stoopid ancestor sells Manhattan Island for two hundred bucks, some drink and smoke-weeds, and you call it a sour bargain!" There was a splash as he hit the water.

I turned and slowly walked home; my suicide on account of \$8,000 would be something of an anti-climax after that.

D. BAILEY, 5F

### THE STORM

The air is close and the wind is dead,  
The pines stand motionless upon the hill.  
The dark clouds gather at the valley head  
And every blade of grass is still.  
The stream is hushed; birds cease their song to make—  
The earth is waiting for the storm to break.

It comes! The lightning rends the skies in two;  
The thunder rumbles and leaves a gap  
Where drop by drop, then with a loud tatoo,  
The raindrops, like dead fingers, tap  
On the dark world, and on the hill too high  
The earth gives way before the angry sky.

The storm whips the heavens like a flail,  
The clouds are driven by the shrieking gale.  
The feathered grasses, they are moaning,  
And high above, the pines are groaning.  
The wild wind strokes them with his hand of mail,  
Each creature cowers from the lashing hail.

After the rain the whisp-tailed mists arise,  
The black storm clouds sail quickly from the skies  
From which the silver sun first shyly peeps,  
Then pours. The magic artist, with a sweep  
Now paints the land in yellow, blue and green,  
The breezes smell of freshness—all's serene.

B. W. HARMDAN, 5F

### THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN

Half a mile, half a mile,  
Half a mile onward,  
All through the mud and mire  
Strove the odd hundred.  
"Forward you merry lot,  
Right through the wretched plot."  
Into the mud and mire  
Strove the odd hundred.

Mud to the right of them,  
Mud to the left of them,  
Mud in front of them,  
Squelched as they stumbled;  
Splashed at the front and back,  
Boldly they strove, though black,  
Into th' obnoxious bog,  
Fell the odd hundred.

When can their honour fade?  
What a brave try.  
All the School wondered.  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's not to make reply,  
Their's but to run or lie;  
Into the mud and mire,  
Strove the odd hundred.

P. MILLS, 4F

### SANDSTORM

The still sand roams, ravages then rushes  
Headlong into the desert air,  
And a golden blanket, like a thousand thrushes,  
Goes spiralling up to its highest stair.

Huge golden waves skim o'er the sandy sea,  
A swirling, binding, biting mass  
That drowns and buries cruelly, mercilessly,  
Knowing its own death will soon come to pass.

As swift and sudden as it has started,  
We hear the whispering, whistling sighs;  
Wearisome in a corner, all strength departed,  
One last sandy breeze dances, drops and dies.

L. J. HARPER, 6.2



### THE OLD ARMCHAIR

In one corner of the parlour of my Grandmother's house stood a lonesome armchair. This chair was the only one that children were not allowed to sit on. It had no special feature about it, being a Victorian, walnut chair which was wide, with an upholstered splat and arms.

I have often wondered about the people whose hands had rested on those very arms. One of them I imagine was an old lady, in a black silk dress with ample skirts that rustled as she moved in a sedate, slow fashion. She must have sat with her mittened hands resting on a large, frothy white apron; her hair crowned by a white lace cap with flowing streamers that fluttered in a breeze. As she sat there, looking fierce enough to shatter Gibraltar, her thoughts must have flown back to the days of her husband.

He, too, might possibly have sat in the chair thinking of his youth, with his white hair glistening in the sunlight. As he sat smoking his pipe leisurely with his frock coat enveloping him and the chair, he dreamed about his son at war.

Ah! His jovial son, the one who made the sorrowful house smile and ring with merry laughter as he collapsed into the chair which responded with a discordant groan. His mother was angry at the way he treated her chair but was delighted when he was there to sit in it.

She must have felt a heavy blow when she sat down to read of her son's death. The chair must have been a comfort to her then and after the old man had passed away. She must have been very friendly with the chair, because of their life together.

R. FLATT, 3F

### THE TUG O' WORM

Early in the morning  
Well before it's time,  
The handsome thrush comes looking  
For a meal on which to dine.

He hops around a little,  
Puts his head close to the ground,  
Waiting for his breakfast,  
And waiting for a sound.

And sure enough he hears it,  
Prepares for an attack,  
Alas, the worm comes peeping out  
A juicy one at that.

The struggle is fantastic  
For it's bloodshed and it's strife,  
One fighting for his breakfast,  
The other for his life.

There came a sudden rending,  
The worm broke clean in two,  
The thrush had half his breakfast,  
And half a worm withdrew.

P. CEURSTEMONT, 4M

### THE BEAUTY OF FLIGHT

Doesn't the sight of a hawk, swooping, diving, wheeling, gracefully without effort defying the law of gravity, or the glider rising swiftly and then banking, copying the hawk in every way, thrill and cast you spellbound into wonder and amazement?

Ever since the first flight there has been a surge in man's heart to soar into the expanses of emptiness, free from all the disturbances of earth, and have nothing to think or worry about.

The first flight of the aeroplane was fifty years ago. Spectators gasped in disbelief when they saw the first man to move fifty to seventy feet without touching the ground. Today the aeroplane is taken for granted until once off the ground and in the air, the beauty of flight is found.

Now when people look up and stare at the wheeling hawk they don't seem to realise that the supersonic fighter flying at 1,500 miles an hour was derived from the structure and movement of that hawk or some other bird.

P. GOOCH, 2F

### THE SLAVE IN A SWAMP

In dark fens of the dismal swamp  
The hunted negro lay;  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;  
Great scars deformed his face;  
His forehead bore the brand of shame  
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
From the morning of his birth;  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain  
And struck him to the earth.

P. WEBB, 2F

## THE ART OF PUNTING

Last summer, my family and I being at loss for something to do, decided to try our hands at punting, a sport in which we had never before indulged.

On arriving at the boat shed situated on a river at a little village named Hemingsford Gray, we hired a punt for two hours and chose our punting pole. Then began the complicated operation of climbing aboard, a task which was not made any easier by the presence of our dog. Eventually we were all safely aboard and set off on a very erratic course down the river, my father punting, and my brother and myself using the paddles provided.

As we floated gently down-stream, we caught sight of a pair of swans just ahead of us. The dog also noticed them and began to show a great deal of interest in the birds. When we drew level with them she tried to jump out of the punt, and it was only with great difficulty that we managed to control her. The swans, on our approach, had assumed a defiant attitude, but now, from the amount of noise they made it was quite obvious they strongly objected to our presence and so to avoid further trouble we manoeuvred carefully away from them.

Unfortunately our evasive tactics had put us on a course straight for the bank and unless we did some quick thinking there would obviously be a catastrophe. I paddled frantically on one side of the punt to correct its aim, while my father used the pole as a rudder. The punt swung round just grazing the bank and headed off in the direction of the opposite bank, but after what we unanimously decided was some very skilful manipulation of paddle and pole we regained an almost normal course.

After this incident life continued uneventfully for some time though worse was to come.

Unwittingly we had let the boat drift into mid-stream and as the river comprised many meanders we were extremely vulnerable to attack from large craft coming round corners at us. With this fact in mind we sought to bring the punt back to the proximity of the bank. The instant we had achieved this a large motor-boat swept round the corner just ahead trailing a large wake. The boat passed us and a second later the wake struck us. All we could do was cling to the sides of the punt and hope for the best.

Soon the tidal wave subsided and feeling shaken we steered the punt back to the shed having experienced a hectic though most enjoyable introduction to punting.

A. D. FAIRBAIRN, 4F

## THE STIMULORFORTIES, THE POMMIFASTS AND THE SCORABOLES

The stimulorfories were dedronkillating in the sun, because it was a dedronkillating sort of day. The pommifasts and the scaraboles were trying very hard to carmitelate, but were finding it impossible, because the weather was too stobmatic.

All was calmful on the fopday afternoon, until the dreaded skiggerny appeared on the horizon. Its horridating teeth glintened in the stimful sun. It stinpelled to a standstill, and ronked at the stimulorfories, the pommifasts and the scaraboles (who, incidently, were mitterbolfed with fearidity). The skiggerny ronked for about LIXty minutes, and then ronked again; (this time for VICty MIV minutes). The stimulorfories, pommifasts, and scoraboles, not being very brave, immediately tozumped. This was unexpected, and so surprised the enormifous skiggerny (who was rather a coward) that it ran away with it's wibfer between it's shirlgs! (Wasn't that lucky!) The skiggerny went into hibernation, so the stimulorfories, pommifasts, and scaraboles spent the rest of the day in absolutifying denoprustiousness.

C. O. HAMEL-COOKE, 3F

## A TUBE STATION

People rushed around the entrance to the station. The piercing yell from the paper-boy and the clanking of ticket machines seemed to fit into place.

I stepped on to the escalator and began to wonder about the mechanism of this "moving stairs" that served as a connection between the street outside and the busy platform below. My thoughts were disturbed by a little man, clad in fawn coat and trilby hat, rushing past me. I didn't see why he was running at first but ridiculous as I thought he was, he caught the train and I didn't. All that was left of the train when I arrived on the scene was the familiar hum as it disappeared into the tunnel.

I stood by a waste paper basket and glanced up at the indicator board.

'Next Train—Hammersmith', it read.

It was no good for me, so I sauntered along the platform past cigarette, chocolate and weighing machines. A little old lady was attempting to sweep the platform. I walked past her and was confronted with the platform's end. The red light to my left flicked off and a green one took its place. I wheeled around just in time to see the train rattle into the station.

"Stand back please, will ya' duck?" said a little cockney girl  
"Let 'em off first please".

The people seemed like miners at the end of a shift as they changed places inside the carriage.

"Mind the doors!" commanded the cockney girl as they thudded shut. The ticking of the engines ceased and with a jerk the long line of red carriages disappeared into the tunnel.

I waited, glancing occasionally at the board. 'First Train—Harrow On The Hill'.

I took a quick look at my watch. Time was running out, but as I became more impatient it seemed only to prolong the anxiety of waiting. I heard the distant hum, saw the light, and felt a gush of wind as the driver began to break in order to stop before the end of the platform. The little cockney girl started her routine again.

The doors opened and the passengers made for the way-out sign above the exit. I mingled with the crowd and after a little pushing I managed to get inside the coach.

"Next stop Baker Street," shouted the woman as she stood by the open door. "Mind the doors . . . . Right".

Those standing, planted their feet firmly on the floor waiting for the jerk. It wasn't sudden and the hands slowly left hold of the rails and handles. The station where I had been standing a few minutes ago, disappeared giving way to the black tunnel. I cleared my ears and opened the daily paper.

D. GILBERT, 4F

### MY IDEAL JOB

My Ideal Job when I leave school,  
Would not be like that of many a fool,  
To sit behind a desk all day,  
And waste my too-short life away.

To meet the world is what I'll do,  
And I hope this dream will come true.  
To see the oceans, rough or calm,  
And to gaze at the sun beneath a palm.

To go to Iceland, white and cold,  
To visit a desert with sand of gold,  
All of these things I hope to do,  
And many more beside them, too.

M. G. TURNER, 3F

### THE WINDMILL

Past the heath and up the hill  
Stands the old and battered mill,  
Its stone no more does grind the corn,  
Its sails are derelict and torn;  
The miller's house is tumbling down,  
To see such shame it makes me frown.  
The grass grows wild about its base,  
I dare not see the miller's face!  
The place is over-run by rats,  
And needs at least a dozen cats;  
The National Trust is in despair,  
To see the building old and rare  
Fall brick by brick on to the ground.  
" 'Tis shame," the people cry around;  
So where the miller's stone did grind  
A mass of bricks is what we'll find.

A. BUCKLE, 1F

### THE KILLER

One could not help but feel sorry for the prisoner in the death cell who was about to pay the penalty for the atrocious crime he had committed against society.

The man sat perfectly erect in an old wooden chair his fair hair laid in unruly curls over his forehead. He tried not to appear afraid of his forthcoming ordeal but his eyes bore that strange look of fear and his hands gripped an old Bible so tightly that his knuckles were white.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the echoing sound of the Governor's footsteps along the passage, then silence, until the grating of the key in the lock. The heavy door swung open to admit the Governor.

"It is time," he said in a sombre voice.

The Killer rose from the chair and carefully placed the Bible on the table before him. He stood before the Governor, and looking him straight in the face, all signs of fear having vanished, said: "I am ready." The Governor laid a re-assuring hand on his shoulder then stepped aside for the prisoner to precede him through the door. In the empty cell, the only sound was that of footsteps growing fainter in the distance.

C. P. SQUIRREL, 4F

## NEWS OF OLD BOYS

J. F. M. Reed, who has been teaching at Beyton School, has been accepted for admission to University College, London, next October.

J. M. Grout, having commenced work in Industry, hopes to go to a University in October.

B. G. Whistlecraft has applied to join the Police in South Africa.

C. D. Dennis hopes to become a Steward in the Merchant Navy.

D. Salt will enter Churchill College, Cambridge, next October.

J. L. Wearn has accepted a pre-registration post at Freedom Fields Hospital, Plymouth.

D. G. Davey has been awarded an Upper Second Honours Diploma of Technology in Electrical Engineering at the Birmingham College of Advanced Technology and commenced work in the Applied Electronics Laboratories of G.E.C. in Portsmouth.

F. B. Gow has left Turkey and is teaching in Normanville, South Australia.

R. J. Baker, whom we congratulate on his engagement last December, is farming his own farm at Woolpit.

C. Moore is doing his National Service in Singapore. Congratulations to him and his wife on the birth of their daughter, Angela Jane.

Those interested in joining the Old Burians, or receiving a "Burian," should contact the Society Secretary, Russell Abbott, 23 Tennyson Road, Bury St. Edmunds

  
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