

THE
BUCHAN SCHOOL



MAGAZINE

1953

A Good Beginning——

Children are as particular about their School Clothes and Sports Wear as grown-ups, that is why discerning parents send their kiddies wear to Clucas'.

And later on as young lady or housewife, this GOOD BEGINNING ensures that their laundry work and personal garments are always fresh and clean.

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TROMODE - ISLE OF MAN

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Always at Your Service!

EDITORIAL

* *

FOUR years have elapsed since the appearance of our last School Magazine, but in future we hope to publish it every year.

We should like to thank those who have taken up our advertising space and we wish them "good business" in return.

We must also express our gratitude to all those who have submitted contributions or helped in any way in the production of this Magazine. It has been no easy task to select, from the large number of offerings, those which limited space allows us to print. We have placed aside some contributions for which we could find no room; these will appear in our next issue.

To those whose work has not been chosen we would say "Don't be discouraged, but try again!"

In this Magazine, you will find a representative selection of the original work submitted by the whole School. We must therefore beg our readers to cast an indulgent eye over the latter part of our little book.

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This year the School has been honoured with two visits by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and Lady Dundas. They attended our Speech Day, when Lady Dundas graciously presented the prizes and addressed the School. She told us about the conditions under which the country people live in Pakistan; about the status of women there, and of the work which is being done to spread modern ideas of nursing and hygiene. Everyone found her talk extremely interesting, and we should be grateful if another opportunity could be found for her to speak to us of her experiences in Pakistan.

We should like to take this opportunity to welcome their Excellencies to the Isle of Man, and wish them every happiness during their stay here.

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We should welcome more news of our Old Girls, and invite information about as many of them as possible for our next issue. The Secretary of the Old Girls' Association is now Miss Margaret Caine, Trevear, Devonshire Road, Douglas.

Please write to her with your news, and may we hope to be able to announce a further increase in membership in our next number? The annual subscription is five shillings.

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There have been several changes in staff this year. We had to say good-bye to Miss Cannon in July, 1952; to Miss Fawcett in December, 1952; to Miss Broadhurst and Miss Baber at Easter. Mrs. Mitchell left us at half-term, and Miss Rastrick will leave at the end of term.

At Westhill, too, there have been changes. Mrs. Duggan, the senior Matron, left us to go to her son in Hong Kong, while Miss Corlett, after many years' faithful service to the boarders, left us to be married. We shall miss her very much, and wish to express our good wishes for her happiness. We hope she will come to see us one day.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head Girl : E. Gallagher.

Head Boarder : E. Gallagher.

Head Boarder at Westhill : A. Hinchcliff.

Prefects : E. Gallagher, N. Kelly, B. Lorimer, H. Adnams, K. Cooil, J. Sayle.

Sub-Prefects : M. Cooil, E. Harper, K. Hunter.

House-Captains : Godred—E. Gallagher.

Magnus—J. Sayle.

Olaf—N. Kelly.

Vice House-Captains : Godred—D. Callin,

Magnus—J. Cowin.

Olaf—H. Adnams.

Games : Captain of Hockey—N. Kelly.

Captain of Tennis and Swimming—J. Cowin.

Captain of Netball—S. George.

Captain of Rounders—V. Corkhill.

Games Secretary—J. Sayle.

Literary and Debating Society : Chairman—J. Sayle.

Secretary—E. Long.

Tramp Club : Treasurer—E. Gallagher.

Secretary—J. Sayle.

Representatives—S. George, A. Ducker.

Charities : Secretary—B. Lorimer.

Library : Chief Librarian—H. Adnams.

Photography, Arts and Crafts Club : President—S. Butterworth.

Magazine : Co-Editors—H. Adnams, K. Hunter.

Art Editors—N. Kelly, J. Cowin.

Advertisements—E. Long.

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SPEECH DAY, 1952

IN the Autumn Term of 1952, when Speech Day was held, we were honoured with a visit from His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and Lady Dundas. This was their first official appearance on the Island.

The Chairman, Mr. T. H. Cowin, introduced Miss Hatch to parents and friends, as this was her first Speech Day. After the Headmistress's Report, Lady Dundas presented the prizes and addressed the school. Her speech was extremely interesting and most unusual. She spoke of the advantages of English women over the women of Pakistan and reminded the school of their good fortune in being able to have a good education.

After the Governors and Staff had left the platform, the concert began.

It was opened by the Orchestra led by Miss Rydings. They played three short pieces by Handel. The Junior Choir, conducted by Miss Avery, then sang two songs—"Old Winter" and "I have twelve oxen."

Two piano solos came next—"Summer Rain," played by Pauline Ken-
nough, and "Frolic," by Marilyn Wright.

The Senior Choir, conducted by Mrs. Van Smit, sang two madrigals—"Sing We and Chant it" and "Of All the Birds that I do know."

Pat Price then gave a piano solo, the Gavotte from French Suite in G, by Bach. Ann Mills played "Puck" by Thiman.

The concert ended with two dances, the "Balloon Dance" by A. Jones and G. Watson, and "Tarantelle" by A. Pycraft, M. Kelly, S. George, and P. Kewley.

After the concert, the parents and friends were invited to tea by the Headmistress and Governors in the School Hall.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

London University General Certificate of Education

Advanced Subjects

- J. Spurr—Chemistry, Physics.
(Entrance to Middlesex Hospital Medical School)

Northern Universities' General Certificate of Education

- H. Adnams—English Language, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, General Science.
E. Campbell—English Language, English Literature, Scripture.
K. Cooil—English Language, History, Scripture, Latin, French.
M. Cooil—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Scripture, Art, French.
J. Cowin—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Scripture, Art, Latin, French, General Science.
A. Garner—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Scripture.
E. Harper—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Scripture, Art, French.
K. Hunter—English Language, History, Scripture, Latin, French, General Science.
M. Keggin—History, Geography.
J. Kelly—English Language, Latin, French.
B. Long—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Scripture.
P. Roberts—English Language, English Literature, History, Scripture, French.
J. Sayle—English Language, English Literature, History, Scripture, Art, Latin, French, Mathematics, General Science.
C. Shirley—English Language, English Literature, History, Music, French, Mathematics, General Science.
B. Skillicorn—English Literature, Geography, Scripture, Art, French, General Science.
S. Snaith—English Language, English Literature, History, Scripture, French, General Science.
W. Trueman—English Language, History.
M. Watterson—English Language, English Literature, History, French.
M. Woodend—English Language, English Literature, Domestic Science.
S. Corkill—English Language, Art.
E. Gallagher—English Language, Scripture, Latin, French, German, Mathematics.

Music Examination Results since June 1952.

PIANO—

- E. Gallagher—Grade VII Pass.
H. Adnams—Grade V Pass.
P. Price—Grade V Pass with Merit.
C. Easterbrook—Grade IV Pass.
A. Mills—Grade IV Pass with Merit.
H. Raineri—Grade IV Pass.
M. Wright—Grade III Pass with Merit.
E. Clague—Grade II Pass with Merit.
N. Brown—Grade II Pass.
P. Kennaugh—Grade I Pass with Merit.

VIOLIN—

- S. George—Grade I Pass.

THEORY—

- P. Buxton—Grade V Pass.
N. Moore—Grade V Pass.
P. Price—Grade V Pass.

Salvete!

September 1952—A. Galitzine, T. Hawton, F. Gore, A. Jones, V. Kelly, M. Gallagher, R. Hudson, A. Kermode, M. Riley, P. Shimmin, F. Singer, M. Prew.

January 1953—F. Donotti, I. Woodall, D. Gardner, R. Gardner, J. Woodall, R. Liversidge, E. Turner, S. Riggall, J. Wright, C. Wright, S. Ellis, S. Taffen.

April, 1953—M. Alder, J. Clague, J. Siddell, D. Brown, S. Duncan, J. Price, P. A. Forster, R. Manning, B. Colling.

Valete!

E. Campbell, C. Shirley, M. Almond, A. Bowman, E. Gilmour, E. Radcliffe, P. Kavanagh, P. Roberts, P. Buxton, J. Barnes, J. Wheeler.

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THE SCHOOL CONFIRMATION, 1952

THE Confirmation Service was held at St. Mary's Church on Friday, May 22nd, before a congregation of parents, and friends of the school. The ten candidates had decorated the church with greenery and flowers.

The Lord Bishop gave a very moving address in which he made an impressive comparison between the Coronation and Confirmation Services.

Afterwards, the parents of the candidates were entertained to tea at Westhill. E.L. (L.VI.)

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HOCKEY REPORT

THERE was a marked improvement in the results of our Hockey Matches, this season (1952-3) compared with those of last season (1951-2).

This season the 1st XI won 5 matches and lost 4 matches. This result means that we beat every team on the Island quite soundly, except Castle Rushen, to whom we lost.

The positional play in the team has improved greatly, the forwards showed more co-ordination this season than for many seasons past, the halves were reliable on the whole and the defence quite sound.

N. Kelly, A. Mills, J. Cowin and B. Black were awarded their first eleven colours. Ann Mills being top goal scorer.

The second XI won one match and lost 2 matches. It is only fair to state that the team suffered a broken thumb and several twisted ankles, which was unfortunate, because the regular team had developed a splendid co-ordination.

I sincerely hope that the keen attitude which has developed towards school hockey of late years, will continue to flourish. N.A.K.

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NETBALL

THE Netball Season, the Autumn Term of 1952, and the Spring Term of 1953, was, in spite of the small number of fixtures, fairly successful. The Under 14 Team, under the captaincy of Sally George, won two of its matches, drew one and lost one. They beat Ramsey Grammar School by 9 goals to 8; Douglas High School by 6 goals to 5; drew with Douglas, in a return match, 14 goals all; and lost to Castle Rushen by 10 goals to 4.

The shooting was exceptionally good as the scores indicate, Sally George and Pat Cross were very strong in defence, above all the Team were extremely enthusiastic and practices were always well attended.

1st VII—S. George (Capt.), P. Cross, D. Burnell, M. Casement, P. Kewley (Vice-Capt.), Y. Christian, D. Woods. J.C. (L.VI.)

TENNIS

SO far this term the Tennis VI has played only one match. This was against Castle Rushen, at home, on May 16th. Buchan were victorious by 7 sets to 2, and 53 games to 30. This is the first time that Buchan Tennis Team has been successful against Castle Rushen and we hope that this is a good omen for the matches which are to come, against Douglas High School, Ramsey Grammar School and the Old Girls.

There are two newcomers to the 1st VI, Jennifer Sayle and Ann Mills, who replaced Jennifer Spurr and Enid Campbell, when they left school last year.

1st VI—J. Curtis, B. Black (Vice-Capt.) (1st Couple) ; J. Cowin (Capt.) M. Coolil (2nd Couple) ; J. Sayle, A. Mills (3rd Couple). Reserves A. Jones and H. Raineri. J.C. (L.VI.)

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SWIMMING

SWIMMING, last Summer Term, was unfortunately stopped, owing to an epidemic, before we could hold either life-saving exams, or the Swimming Sports.

So far this year there has been no sign of measles, or mumps—and we are hoping this happy state of affairs will continue!

The Life-Saving hobby this year is very enthusiastic, and girls are working for exams ranging from Silver to Intermediate. Three girls are taking Instructors' exams.

The Swimming sports have been arranged for Monday, July 13th. The last Swimming sports were held in 1950, and Barbara Cowin the holder of the Cup has now gained a Cambridge Swimming Blue. J.C. (L.VI.)

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RIDING

DURING the year riding lessons have continued at Miss Leadbeater's new Equitation School at Cronk Froy near Mount Murray, where she has more room and better grazing for her horses.

The latest addition to the riding stables is Michael. He is a brown thoroughbred standing about fifteen hands high, Miss Leadbeater was asked to train him about a year ago because his owner found him unmanageable. Since then she has turned him into a really good show jumper and he carried off one first and one third at his first gymkhana.

Old pupils will be upset to hear of the death of Barry who was thirty-five years old but a great favourite in his retirement.

Just over a month ago, Miss Leadbeater bought six new jumps and four new hurdles which are now installed in the main field. They appear to be very formidable with parallel bars, four-barred gates and deceptively solid-looking walls.

Small enthusiasts who have been added to our ranks this term are Elizabeth Watkin and Christine Carter, two of our under-sevens.

A.P. (U.V.)

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HOUSE MATCHES

THE House Matches were played during the Spring Term. Olaf were again supreme, and gained 20 points in the Hockey Competitions—they beat Magnus by 6 goals to 2, and Godred by 5 goals to 3. Magnus and Godred drew 1 all.

Godred gained 20 points in the Netball matches. They beat Magnus by 12 goals to 8, and they beat Olaf by 8 goals to 7. Magnus gained 10 points by beating Olaf by 9 goals to 7.

Therefore Godred gained 25 points, Olaf 20 and Magnus 15 from the Hockey and Netball House matches. J.C. (L.VI.)

GODRED HOUSE

AT the beginning of the Autumn Term we welcomed Miss Avery as House Mistress in place of Miss Cannon. We began the year well by gaining the House Cup and repeated this the following term. The standard of work was good on the whole, most points being gained by the Juniors.

All house teams, captained by Dorothy Callin, played well and the results were a great improvement on former years. Barbara Black gained her hockey colours for steady play in the first eleven.

In the Music Competition, Godred choir gained first place and this helped us to draw with Magnus in the final results.

Let us not forget the coming events and year cup, which we have never yet held: Up Godred, long live Miss Avery, and keep the yellow banner flying!

E. GALLAGHER.

☆ ☆

MAGNUS HOUSE

PPOINTS for work have been moderately good, most of them being gained by the Juniors. Unfortunately, our position has gone down steadily, and last term we were bottom.

Congratulations to Jennifer Cowin, who captained our teams very well, and who gained her Hockey colours. We won one Netball, drew one Hockey, but lost the other two matches.

We tied with Godred for first place in the Music Competitions and much hard work was put into them, especially by Molly Woodend, our conductor.

Best wishes to Miss Curphey and "Keep on keeping on, Magnus!"

JENNIFER SAYLE.

☆ ☆

OLAF HOUSE

AT the beginning of the school year we welcomed Mrs. Watkin as our House Mistress, instead of Miss Baber.

We began the year badly by losing the House Cup, possibly because some members thought it would be easily won.

The House as a whole has not risen to this crisis as it has formerly done, but seems to have settled in a rut. Consequently we failed to distinguish ourselves in the first or second terms and prospects for the third term look dim.

However, we have retained the honour of never having been beaten in a house hockey match, but lost both our netball matches, by very narrow margins.

N. Kelly, A. Mills and E. Campbell all gained first eleven Colours, A. Mills being top goal scorer for the school.

In the Music Competition we were leading until our choir failed to gain any points, after a valiant effort, and we only gained third place in the final result.

We can but hope for better luck in the Swimming and Athletic Sports, so, "Effort, Olaf!" and keep the red flag flying high!

N. KELLY.

FORM NOTES

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KINDERGARTEN.

AS there have been so many of us this year, we have lots of news for the magazine. This is what we have been doing:—

Alexandra has been doing sums, writing and painting.

Sue painted the Queen and Prince Charles.

Peter painted a battleship with fireworks and made battleships with plasticine.

Everyone made cut-out patterns and stuck them on the wall.

The K.G. have a percussion band with Miss Carter, Desmond and Paul have drums. Others take turns with castanets, tambourines, cymbals. Tunes we play are "Rock-a-bye Baby," "Polly put the Kettle on," Baa, baa, Black Sheep." We play in threes; one group plays Polly and the other plays Sukey.

We sing too, with Mrs. Crellin. We like to sing "Teddy Bears," "The Big Red Drum," and "Jack in the Box."

Elizabeth Turner has music lessons.

Eleven of us go swimming on Wednesday afternoons. We have lessons and Sandra can now **really** swim. Alex and Suzanne can nearly swim. Five of us can float on a big tyre tube now.

On Fridays we have Nature walks. We go to the Park sometimes, but most often to Hango Hill and the shore. We see Jelly Fish and Crabs.

Christine and Elizabeth Watkin go riding at Santon with Miss Leadbeater. Christine rides Pixie and Elizabeth rides Quiz, who is very little and white. They can mount and know how to sit afid how to hold the reins. They can almost rise to the trot. Sometimes they ride in the ring but often on the road. They have to trot fast to keep up with Michael, the big horse who "looks after them."

A STORY

ONCE upon a time there were two little boys. They had a tricycle between them. They liked it.

PETER W. BAKER (aged 6 years).

MY DOG

MY dog goes to the farm sometimes. I feed him and he goes for walks. He comes with us in the car and he catches rabbits on the hills, and he gets in bushes and sits on the window seat, and he runs up trees.

CORNELIA QUAYLE (aged 6 years).

A STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl and a boy. The girl's name is Susan and the boy's name is Tom. They are very happy. They live in the country and they are very happy there; they play all the day in the garden.

One day their mother said: "I want you to have a picnic." So they went for a picnic. "Mind you come back for tea." "Yes, Mother," they said. So they went off to the wood. "Goodbye," they said.

SUSANNE TUFFEN (aged 5).

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II FORM.

WE had a Post Office this year, with our own stamps and money, and we all wrote letters to one another. We had a special postman, and someone behind the counter.

At Christmas we had a Christmas play, in which little children crowded round to see Jesus in His Mother's arms. They sang:

" We are little children,
Coming from our play,
To see the baby Jesus,
Sleeping in the hay."

In the Summer Term we gave a mime, "The Sleeping Beauty." There were six good spirits and an evil one, a prince and a princess, a king, a queen, a nurse, musicians and cooks.

This term we are all going to the baths, and nine of us can swim (if only one stroke!)

Two of us presented the bouquets on Speech Day, to Lady Dundas and Miss Hatch, and one of us presented a bouquet to Lady Dundas when she first visited Castletown.

We have just learnt a new song called "Two Little Kittens."

* *

LOWER III.

WE are lower III
With a form of nine bad girls,
Some have straight brown plaits,
And some have sweet fair curls.

Some have glasses on their noses
And freckles on their faces.
Some are as sweet as red, red roses,
But some are very bad cases!

We are not always very bad—
We're sometimes very good;
We sometimes get an Excellent,
And do all that we should.

FORM III. REMOVE

OUR Form is III Remove. From the windows, you can see a field with a horse and foal in it. Our form mistress is Miss Brown, she takes us for Arithmetic and English. We have a spacious form room with nineteen desks in it. There are eight girls in III Remove. We have a big fireplace in which, in winter, we have a coke fire. In our form room there is a bell. We have three pictures and a map of England and Wales and a picture map of British trawling. Our room's ceiling is painted white the walls are cream and green. Our form room has two electric lights. The Mistress's desk is raised on a platform where the bell is. Our form room is divided, L.III sit one-side and III Remove on the other side. Our Form Captain is Vivienne Brew and our Vice-Captain is Susan Pycraft. We play a few practical jokes, sometimes on the mistresses and sometimes on Lower III. There are three windows that send in a lot of light. Most of us like Swimming, P.T., English and Arithmetic. We have made Art folders to keep our Art in, and they are very useful. We have a wastepaper basket and most things aimed at it seem to miss the mark, especially pencil shavings. We have a thermometer and three doors.

UPPER III.

OUR Form room stands at the top of the best stairs. Our Form Captain is Marilyn Wright who does her duty well. We were sorry to say goodbye to two of our Form Mistresses, Miss Fawcett and Miss Broadhurst.

Miss Fawcett left us at the end of the Autumn Term, 1952 and Miss Broadhurst left us last term. We are very pleased to have Mrs. O'Hanlon as our new Form Mistress.

We have had the "House Beautiful," two terms running now and the Art picture one term.



LOWER IV.

WE lower fourths in the middle school
Are known for our good conduct,
We hardly ever break a rule,
For Heaven we're surely booked.
There are fifteen lower fourths in all
Each one aims to do well.
We run at every prefect's call,
Or when we hear the bell!
We're proud to own one sporting girl
Who Rounders Colours won.
We now do hope to win some more
And not be left with one.
We also did a play this term
In which to our delight,
The lines which we had had to learn
Eventually came right.
We have our games and pleasures too,
When holidays arrive,
Exams and troubles all are past,
But still we always strive!

The first prize, in the Junior Section, of a Coronation Essay competition organised by the Castletown Branch of the Women's Institute was won by Jennifer Watkin. (L.IV.).

UPPER IV.

THIS year we were very sorry to say goodbye to our old form-mistress, Miss Fawcett, but we are very glad to welcome Miss Rastrick, who is leaving us at the end of this year. We are very sorry that she is going, and we wish her the best of luck.

Yvonne Christian is going camping this summer with the Nurse Cadets of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, in Essex. One of our girls who left at the beginning of this year, Emily Radcliffe, saved her father from being killed by a bull. We are very proud of her.

In the music competition, Sally George and Pamela Kewley came 2nd in one of the classes. They were playing a violin duet. We have a few other people who play instruments, out of the twelve girls in the form three are violinists, one a 'cellist and five are pianists.

In games, most of the form are in the rounders team, with Voirrey Corkhill as rounders captain. Sally George and Voirrey Corkhill are the third couple in their house tennis team, and both of them are in the Second XI hockey team.

Pamela Kewley won 3rd prize in a competition organised by the Manx Beekeepers' Association, for a poem, and Geraldine Hampton won 1st prize for writing a small play for a Punch and Judy show, in a school competition.

We also collected pictures of the six Queens of England, and cut out and coloured the Coronation Regalia. It was put up in the hall for the school to see, just before half-term.

LOWER V.

AUTUMN

WE ascended to the exalted position of "Lower Fifthites" last autumn, with Kathleen Grandage as our Form Captain. In the first week we had to decide if we wished to study German or Geography, and Latin or Needlework.

Those of us who decided to plunge into German joined the Austrian hobby, and had a very interesting time with Miss Falkensammer.

To help us on our weary way in French, some of us now take an external French exam two or three times a term!

This term we welcome Mrs. Mitchell, the new games mistress, as our form mistress.

On the last three days of the Autumn term, our numbers were greatly reduced owing to a 130 m.p.h. gale and thick snow, which prevented the day girls from reaching school.

SPRING

After a hilarious holiday, in which we all held and attended far too many parties, school seemed a haven of peace—at first!

After taking up the major part of a history lesson with politics and current affairs, we arranged to hold a “current affairs discussion” every Monday at dinner time, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Curphey for these interesting discussions, including the heated argument concerning Christopher Craig and Derek Bentley. We also rejoice to find that Miss Curphey is of the opinion that the younger generation is neither spineless nor “spoonfed,” contrary to Mr. Gilbert Harding’s convictions.

Our form was this term ensnared into library duties. Some of us take it in turns to “be on duty,” together with Upper IV. Two of us catalogued the large number of books given very kindly by Deemster and Mrs. Johnson.

At the end of term we were all filled with dismay on hearing our exam. results. We are sorry to report most of them were atrocious. No doubt we have other assets!

Two members of the form have gained several prizes in outside art contests, and one girl broadcast with the Manx Girls’ Choir.

To Jennifer Curtis fell the unhappy lot of form captain. Under her leadership we gained one lonely picture—but it was the “Excellents” picture.

SUMMER

As a form we now make it known that we can ALL swim—some forty lengths, and others forty strokes.

Sir Ambrose and Lady Dundas visited the school a few weeks ago. When they entered our form room there were only four of us in it. As we were struck dumb with shyness they must have a rather strange impression of form Lower V.

This term we think we broke a record. For one set geometry theorem, we gained 14 Returns!

A large proportion of our number took part in the inter-house music competition, and later, the dancing display.

None of us, we are sorry to report, watched the Coronation in London, except our new form-mistress, Mrs. Watkin, whom we welcome, after Mrs. Mitchell’s departure shortly before half-term. However, most of us watched it on T.V.: the reception was excellent.

On Friday, May 22nd, some of the boarders were confirmed at St. Mary’s Church, Castletown, by the Lord Bishop.

Our new form captain is Anne Saunders, under whom we are continually renewing our promises to reform, with little result. However, with School Cert. looming large on the horizon, next year, we might make an all-out effort, and try to “grow-up.”

Owing to their being our responsibility, the silver cups have hardly appeared this year.

In the line of our studies, we find ourselves seemingly years behind in maths., and a mere year behind in Latin.

Our tennis, rounders and net-ball are not what they ought to be, and it is advisable to take out a life policy before venturing to play hockey with us, as we have recently suffered an influx of broken bones and large bruises.

However, I think we deserve the honour of holding the record of being the only form to be worst in the school at **almost** everything!

UPPER V.

WHEN we moved into the Fifth form,

Dr. Rose became our master.

Him we welcomed with all pleasure,

Good intentions to be worthy.

But, alas, we are untidy!

This has caused him to be angry:

Horrid noise above the staffroom

Also causes his discomfort.

We have had some dreadful warnings

Of some future great misfortune.

If we do not work much harder,
 G.C.E. will be our ruin.
 Making up for misdemeanours
 We are hardly ever absent.
 Thus the "Fighting Temeraire,"
 Not so famous for its beauty,
 In the form-room has resided
 Since the starting of the annum.
 In one way we are divided—
 Half of us must stew at Latin,
 While the rest try out their cooking
 In Domestic Science kitchens.
 Just as some are conjugating
 "Amo, -are, -avi, -atum,"
 Come the smells, so hunger-making.
 But, alas, the finished product
 Is not good as the aroma!
 All this year we have been longing
 For that happy, lazy fortnight,
 When our Great Exams are over
 And we suffer no more lessons.
 Let us hope results are pleasing
 To our parents—anxious-waiting!

SIXTH FORM

IN September last, twelve of us joined the three members of the Upper Sixth and Miss Curphey in their exalted position. After being initiated into the workings of files, and after recovering from the surprising discovery that Miss Curphey is human after all, we settled down, and now feel as if we have lived on Mount Olympus for years. C. Shirley and E. Campbell left at Christmas, and during the Spring Term there were two more changes—P. Roberts left and Franca Donotti descended upon us from Italy. She now has a command of the English language which, if not always grammatically correct, is certainly fluent and picturesque. However, when asked her opinion of England, she still sighs and replies, "Molte patate!"

We find that the Sixth Form leads a very gay life. At the beginning of the year we formed a Literary and Debating Society, which has organised two outings this term. We spent a very enjoyable evening watching some of the one-act plays in the Music and Drama Festival, and also saw the first of the full-length plays a week later. In November, together with some members of the Upper Fifth, we attended a Religious Conference held at the Douglas High School for Girls. We had a very interesting afternoon, and some of the points raised in the various groups provided topics for animated discussion afterwards. In February we visited the Coronation Exhibition held at the Palace, Douglas, where interest seemed to centre chiefly around the Robot, although several people were found peering into the Cocktail Bar. In March, 1952, through the kindness of some members of staff, we went to our first Country Dance party, held at Peel. This visit was such a success that everybody wanted to repeat it, so we were pleased to be able to attend two more parties, one in December held in Douglas, the second in March, at Ramsey. We are hoping to go to another of these parties in the future.

Altogether we find the Sixth Form a very pleasant place to be in. There is, however, one drawback. Contrary to our expectations, we are required to work occasionally.

HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION

THIS is the first time that we have attempted a Music Festival of our own, and we are most grateful to Miss Baldwin (Lecturer in Music at Alnwick Training College) for coming all the way from Northumberland to adjudicate.

The general standard was quite good for a first attempt, especially in the instrumental class, and competition in some events was very close. It was encouraging that there was such keenness to enter for all classes, but many would-be competitors will now have realised that practice must begin much earlier than they had thought necessary.

RESULTS

- 1.—Instrumental class: 1st **MAGNUS**: J. Sayle, J. Cowin, A. Hinchcliff (violins), R. Casement ('cello), E. Clague (piano) who played a movement from a piece by Pleyel.
- 2.—Piano duets (over 14): 1st **OLAF**: K. Cooil and S. Swindlehurst who played "Morning" from Greig's "Peer Gynt" suite.
- 3.—Round singing: 1st **OLAF**: N. Moore, A. Pycraft, S. Swindlehurst, K. Cooil who sang "Thou poor bird."
- 4.—Piano duets (under 14): **MAGNUS** and **GODRED** tied for 1st place: L. Carter and E. Clague played "The March of the Tin Soldiers" by Leon Jessel.
M. Wright and N. Brown played "By the Lily Pond" by Mari Paldi.
- 5.—Choirs:—1st **GODRED** (conducted by B. Lorimer and accompanied by M. Kelly). Set pieces: "The Shepherd" (Walford Davis) and "The Happy Farmer" (Traditional).

Final results:—Godred: 17 points
Magnus: 17 points
Olaf: 13 points

* *

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Society, which was formed in September, and has met in the Vith Form Room every Tuesday, has proved very popular.

Our Secretary, Miss Enid Campbell, left at Christmas, and Miss Betty Long has very ably taken her place.

A number of play readings have been held, including "The Doll's House," and "Androcles and the Lion," and we have had several lively debates.

The Society also went to the Gaiety Theatre one evening during the Guild Plays, and saw the Legion Players' delightful presentation of "The Fish," by Yves Cabriol, the Student Players' "A" in "The Proposal," by Anton Tchekov, the Northern Arcadians in Barrie's "Shall we join the ladies?" and "The Doctor from Dunmore," acted by St. Mary's Concert Party. This dialect play, although the simplest, was the most striking performance of the evening.

We went to the first of the plays presented in the Isle of Man Drama Festival, of full-length plays, and saw the Phoenix Theatre Group (Dublin) in "Juno and the Paycock." These visits to the theatre were appreciated the more because opportunities of seeing a stage play in the Island are so limited.

Miss Kathleen Cooil read a paper on Mendelssohn, with musical illustrations from his "Midsummer Night's Dream" suite. This was a very interesting lecture and everyone enjoyed it immensely.

We are now looking forward to Miss Molly Woodend's paper on the history of Embroidery.

J.S. (LVI).

TRAMP CLUB

LAST September the Committee decided that the regulations were too easy, and a new set were drawn up.

The original badge rules were unaltered (walk 15 miles; climb Snaefell, Cronk-ny-Irree Laa, North and South Barrule), but 2nd and 1st Class badges have now been introduced. For 2nd Class you have to climb another eight hills, and walk 20 miles; if, after that, you have any strength left, you can go on to conquer all the hills over 1,000 feet, and then you are a supreme being, having gained your 1st class!

Congratulations to Emily Gallagher and Barbara Black, who were for a while our only 2nd class tramps, and who are now surveying the last of the hills for their 1st Class badge. Several people have gained badges during the year, including six more 2nd Class.

Since September, there have been tramps up South and North Barrule, Cronk-ny-Irree-Laa, Carn Gargoil, Thullagh Ouyrt, Beinn-ny-Phott, Garraghan, Slieu Whuaullian, Snaefell, Slieu Treoaghane, Slieu Thagglet, Injebreck Hill, Sartfell, The Creg, and Colden. The last tramp turned out more strenuous than stated on the notice-board, as our intrepid leaders took us up an extra hill! However, no oxygen was needed!

During the Spring Term, we held a Fair and a Beetle Drive, in aid of the funds. Both were successful, and we raised approximately £4.

We regretfully bade farewell to Miss Baber, a member of the Committee and a very keen tramp. We welcome Miss M. T. Brown in her place.

J.S. (LVI).

* *

LIBRARY NOTES

THE main event to record about the library this year has been Deemster and

Mrs. Johnson's generous gift of a great number of books. As many of these are history books, they were used in conjunction with the reference books we already possessed, to form a separate history library. This enabled us to re-organise the other sections. In the process we moved all the fiction into cupboards which can be locked, much to the chagrin of those senior boarders who were in the habit of borrowing a book unofficially at the weekends, and who now find themselves left with the choice of Theology or Natural Science.

We are also very grateful to those Old Girls and others who have so kindly presented books. We should particularly like to thank Mr. A. Curphey who has given to the library the new edition of the "Universal Encyclopaedia."

A Junior Library has been founded with the aid of gifts from many of the staff, and is most efficiently run by the forms concerned in it.

Owing to the forgetful natures of many of our patrons, the library fund has now reached reasonable proportions, and we intend to buy some new books for the beginning of next term.

* *

H.A. (LVI).

HOBBIES

HOBBIES during this last year have varied. Last Autumn Term Miss Hatch directed the drama hobby, and its members gave an entertaining performance of "Fat King Melon," at the end of term. A note on the production can be found elsewhere in the Magazine.

Miss Rastrick took Needlework, and Mrs. Mitchell the games hobby. One of the most interesting, however, was the Austrian hobby, taken by Miss Falkensammer. In this hobby Austrian customs were discussed, particular interest centering on Austrian cooking, with practical results!

In the Spring Term, Miss Rastrick again took the needlework, and Mrs. Mitchell the games hobby. A Country Dancing hobby was started by Miss Hatch. It proved very popular, and the following term a country dancing display was given.

Miss Curphey and Miss Rastrick are in charge of the games hobby during the Summer Term. The life-saving hobby is also popular, and its members are working hard to take their tests at the end of term.

All the hobbies are well-organised and enjoyable, and we wish to thank the Headmistress and members of the staff, whose willing co-operation makes them possible.

M.C. (L.VI).

* *

THE PUPPET SHOW—AUTUMN TERM, 1952

TOWARDS the end of term, L.IV presented a glove puppet version of "Punch and Judy," written by Geraldine Hampton. Form Lower VI contributed an original production of Cinderella, written by Kathleen Hunter and Jennifer Cowin. Both plays were well received by the juveniles, who were invited to sit on the Needlework Room floor. The colourful lighting and the attractive scenery, which, including a pumpkin coach, was painted by the artistic members of the VIth, were much praised by the audiences.

Much ingenuity and many safety pins came into play in the setting up of the theatre, which was kindly lent by Mrs. Watkin, who also coached L.IV in the manipulation of the puppets.

These plays were so much enjoyed that four performances had to be given. We hope that there will be another production in the Puppet Theatre this Christmas.

* *

H.A. Lower VI.

ART

THE School has had a certain amount of success in external Art competition: this year.

Last term several girls entered for the open "Isle of Man Bee Keepers' Art Competitions." The subject for the over-sixteen age group was "A vase of flowers a bee would like." Norma Kelly was first in this, and Jennifer Cowin second. Marcia Brew was first in the under sixteen age group, with her design for a "Bee Keeper's Calendar." The Society provided lovely books as prizes.

Sylvia Butterworth and Marcia Brew later sent in some work to the Prestwich Agricultural Show's Art Competition. Sylvia obtained both 1st and 2nd prizes with her two abstracts "Blossoms" and "Fantasia," while Marcia came third with another abstract composition.

J.C. (L.VI).

* *

CURRENT AFFAIRS

RECENTLY, Miss Curphey has been kind enough to take "Current Affairs" meetings on Mondays. These have been very varied and extremely interesting. Many people attended, other than members of the Lower Fifth, at whose request the meetings were first held. Our history lessons were gradually being turned from the subject of "The Early Monarchy," to such topics as are now of interest to the world, and consequently to school-girls to-day. Therefore Miss Curphey decided that "Current Affairs" was the only solution!

The meetings have brought to light many budding politicians, who would cheerfully oppose any member of Parliament on any topic!! But chiefly it has been an interesting discussion group, ranging in subject from guerrilla warfare to the activities of King Farouk!

—But we wish we could still persuade Miss Curphey to use our history lessons for thus improving our minds rather than dinner time!

H.R. (L.V.).

* *

THE JUMBLE SALE

LAST SPRING TERM

WHEN Miss Baber suggested that we should hold a Jumble Sale in aid of the Music Fund, she was greeted with enthusiasm and eager offers to collect jumble. Tea chests were placed outside the Assembly Hall for weeks before, and these were gradually filled with a varied selection of articles from rag dolls to alarm clocks.

The definite date of the sale was fixed for February 26th, at 6 o'clock. We all had a strong feeling of foreboding, and were sure that nobody would turn up, and consequently we should each be saddled with a pile of jumble destined for the bonfire. However, these fears proved quite unfounded, and, even while we were preparing the stalls, a queue began to form. At the appointed time the Hall doors were opened and a crowd of determined-looking women with out-size shopping bags, began to stream in. The hour that followed was hectic, to say the least of it, and, rather reminiscent of the notorious January sales in a big store.

After all was over we put away the trestles, now quite cleared of jumble, and felt very satisfied with the emptiness of the Hall.

Our efforts produced £23 8s. 0d. for the Music Fund, and we felt very gratified. However, we must remember that such success was not only due to our own efforts, but also to the help of members of staff, especially Miss Baber, who made the Jumble Sale possible.

E.M.H. (L.VI).

* *

LISTENING IN

AT the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1952, a radiogram was installed in school for the purpose of listening to school programmes, and, during the year, many Forms have had great enjoyment from it.

Every Monday afternoon at 2.50, the Sixth Form listen to the Orchestral Concert for schools. This programme has been very interesting and very helpful to those who study music.

Junior Forms have listened to Junior English programmes and Senior Forms have listened to poetry readings.

This year, Miss Avery is preparing three girls for the music examination in the General Certificate of Education. They have found the radiogram very helpful. The orchestral works which they are studying are the Scherzo and Nocturne from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and the Polovtsienne Dances from the Prince Igor opera, by Borodin. With the help of the radiogram they have been able to hear the full effects of these pieces.

I am sure that in the future many more girls will value the opportunities which the radiogram will give them.

K.C. (L.VI).

* *

THE MANX MUSIC FESTIVAL

FIVE girls from the Buchan School had the honour of playing in Miss Ryding's Junior Orchestra: Jennifer Sayle, Jennifer Cowin, Rhennie Casement, Kathleen Hunter and Sally George. Their performance in the afternoon qualified them to play in the Children's Concert.

Some girls entered for solo classes, and we congratulate Kathleen Cooil on winning the Contralto Solo, and Patricia Shimmin on winning the Piano Solo (11 to 14).

K.C. (L.VI).

* *

OUR QUEEN

INSIDE the Abbey she'll walk in state,

For the Second of June's an important date:
The people will kneel and there they will pray,
For Elizabeth will be made Queen that day,
Then as a Queen she'll ride back once more,
Right to the front of the Palace door:
Now she's the Queen we love most dear,
And to our hearts she's very near.

M. RILEY (U.III).

A GREAT NATIONAL OCCASION

THE last Coronation, that of George VI, took place sixteen years ago. in 1937; the previous one in 1910, twenty-seven years before that. But Queen Victoria's reign lasted 64 years—a lifetime for a good many people. Therefore, because it is a rare occurrence, a Coronation should be something to be seen and remembered.

The recent Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II was impressed on many people's minds because of the beauty and serenity of our young Queen. She wore a dress of slipper satin, with short sleeves, a "sweetheart" neckline, and a full skirt. The dress was embroidered with many precious stones, which were worked into the emblems of Scotland, England, Wales and Ireland. The traditional robes were worn both inside the Abbey and in the coach. The Imperial State Crown was worn after the service, because of the weight of St. Edward's Crown.

The service was very impressive, especially at the moment of crowning, and afterwards, when everyone paid homage to the Queen.

There were people in Westminster Abbey who had travelled from every part of the British Commonwealth. One of the most prominent was Queen Salote, of the Tonga Islands, who is 6ft. 3ins. tall. She wore a traditional dress of native tapa cloth, made from hibiscus bark.

Prime Ministers from many countries were at the Abbey, too, but the most outstanding figure was our own Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, not long ago Knighted by the Queen for his great services to his country.

Although it was raining when the procession left the Abbey, it was full of colour, with the mounted band, the gold-laced livery of postillions and the footmen, the uniforms of the Forces and those who represented the three Services from other countries. There were also many foreign representatives in national costume.

The crowds were very enthusiastic; some people had waited for about forty hours to catch a glimpse of the coach. One old lady of seventy-three arrived on the edge of the route completely equipped with food, drink and blankets, and she said that she would not move until she had seen the Queen. The loudest cheers came from the 33,000 school children who had places reserved for them on the Victoria Embankment. Policemen could not hold back the mass of people who had thronged to the Palace gates at night. Later in the evening, the Queen broadcast a short, but impressive speech thanking her people for their wonderful welcome, which had cheered and uplifted her throughout the day.

In other parts of the country the Coronation was celebrated by everybody with great joy. There were mugs and medals for the children, and sometimes carnivals, teas and sports, fancy dress parades and many other festivities. Old and young enjoyed themselves immensely.

E. H. Roberts (L.V.)

* *

THE CORONATION FILM

ON June 11th, the boarders, accompanied by seven members of staff went to Douglas to see the full-length Coronation Film—"A Queen is Crowned." It was produced in Technicolor by the J. Arthur Rank Organization, and the narration was by Sir Laurence Olivier.

The film opened with some beautiful scenes of the British Isles, including the castles of Balmoral in Scotland and Caernarvon in Wales, Windsor Castle, and St. James' Palace.

These scenes were followed by the reading of the proclamation of our Queen in Wales, Scotland and London.

Next came the firing of a twenty-one gun salute at the Tower, on Coronation Day, which was followed by the appearance of the golden state coach, carrying Queen Elizabeth and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. After seeing part of the procession, we saw the arrival of the Queen Mother with Princess Margaret, and of some of the Prime Ministers, at Westminster Abbey.

The Abbey was crowded with people who had the privilege of being present at this service, which was not only historic and full of pageantry, but also very solemn and moving.

The service began with the Recognition, and as Queen Elizabeth turned to each side of the Abbey, and, at her people's acclamation of her, dropped a little curtsy, she seemed to be very much alone, although in the midst of her loyal subjects.

After the Anointing and Crowning, there was another moving moment, when her husband, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, moved forward to pay his homage to her. Kneeling before her, his hands in hers, he spoke quietly but audibly, promising to become her most willing servant.

Shortly after the Communion, the great service was over, and the Queen retired to King Edward's Chapel.

Then the long procession wound its way through London, with the Queen and her Consort in the golden coach. The Queen still wearing the Crown and carrying the Sceptre and the Orb, was smiling radiantly as wave after wave of cheering swept through the crowd at her approach.

When she arrived at the Palace, she went out on to the balcony with her husband, her two children, and other members of the Royal Family, to watch the "fly-past" of the R.A.F. jet planes. Seeing their beloved Queen again, the crowd surged forward towards the Palace gates. As Queen Elizabeth II turned to go inside, a picture of the Imperial State Crown was shown on the screen.

Pictures of the symbolic figures on the Victoria Memorial were shown, and with them more scenes of the British Isles.

Then came the Trooping of the Colour (in 1952) with the Queen taking part, and as Sir Laurence Olivier cried "God Save Queen Elizabeth, Long Live Queen Elizabeth, May The Queen Live For Ever," I felt like cheering and clapping.

I am very glad that we went to see the film, and I shall always remember the colour and pageantry of it.

K.G. (L.V).

* *

BOY, GIRL AND MAGIC RING

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl and boy. They lived in a little cottage and near-by there lived a few other boys who used to tease the girl. The girl's name was Fenella and the boy's name was Joe. They had no mother and father because they had been killed in the war. They had to buy their own food and clothes.

One day, however, Joe saw a ring. He rubbed it and a funny little man came out. "What do you wish, sir?" he said.

"I wish to have a mother and father."

"Your wish shall be granted."

The next morning the boy went right round the house. The girl said "What are you doing?"

The boy explained all that had happened. "Can I come with you?" said Fenella. "Yes," said Joe, and they both went into a room and saw mother, father and a dog. They all lived together happily ever after.

ROSALIND GARDNER, aged 8.

* *

PEN-FRIENDS'

I HAVE the names of boys and girls of various ages, living in Malaya, India, China, France, Austria, Ireland, Italy, Northern Rhodesia, Kingdom of Jordan, Australia, South and East Africa, Sahara Desert, Algeria, America, Egypt, and New Zealand. They would all like to find pen-friends in Great Britain.

If anyone would like a penfriend, please apply to me for name and address.

Kathleen Grandage (Lower V).

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TRAVEL

* *

MY HOLIDAY IN ITALIAN SWITZERLAND

WHEN we arrived in Lugano, after a hot, sticky journey among the snow-covered mountains and down through the St. Gotthard tunnel, the first things that struck me were the sunshine and the "Italian look."

For Lugano is really "Italian" even though it is in Switzerland. The streets are quite wide and over the pavements are stone arcades. Under these are gay shops and stalls.

It would take a whole book to describe all the shops, so I can only mention a few. First and foremost there was the American Nylon Shop. Every imaginable nylon garment was there—gloves, night gowns, blouses, and, of course, stockings! Every type of seam, heel and texture could be seen there. What a sight!

One street was really old. It was cobbled and exceptionally steep. At the sides instead of pavements there were steps. Needless to say no vehicles ever tried to go up or down this street!

Some of the shops here had the appearance of real treasure caves. It was quite easy to imagine oneself in the East. One could easily imagine Ali Baba going into a cave like this. Boxes were filled with silk scarves of every hue, flung together in all their glory! The shopkeepers squatted at the entrances and waited for customers.

The remainder of the shops were more modern and sold brooches, post-cards, and small fancy goods.

At the very top of the street there was a sort of alcove where about fifty paintings were spread out for sale. It was strange to see their local views besides superb paintings of the sea (Lugano is many, many miles from the sea).

For Easter there were most fantastic Easter eggs in the shops; and not only eggs, but also cuckoo clocks, enormous ducks, houses, owls, fish, sandals and gondolas all made out of thin chocolate and elaborately made up.

One day we walked to the little lakeside village of Gandria, which is the last village on the Swiss side of the lake. We walked and walked and with every step we wondered how many more.

When at last we arrived there, we found that there were no streets but just steps and tunnels under the houses. The houses were built right out on the lake. All the little alleys lead to the lake and in the few open spaces, there were stalls where the natives sold post-cards and paintings which made Gandria look a charming place. Perhaps it was—but only when seen from a distance!

On the way back, we met a small party of English tourists one of whom said, in an aggrieved voice. "You're supposed to be able to walk there in twenty minutes—it took over an hour in reality."

It would be wrong to write about Switzerland without mentioning the scenery, which was magnificent. The rugged grandeur of the mountains was so totally different from our hills that at first it was hard to believe they were real. They towered over the lake that seemed like a silvery blue patch of mercury shimmering in the brilliant sunshine. Over the lake little boats skimmed and now and again speed-boats shot backwards and forwards over the cool waters.

This peaceful scene will remain in my mind as a lasting memory of a lovely holiday.

ANNE TURNBULL (L.V.)

A TRIP FROM EAST AFRICA TO SOUTHAMPTON BY FLYING-BOAT

WE left the hotel about five o'clock in the morning and were taken down to the river at Mombasa in our Land Rover. My father drove us down and one of the native drivers took the car back. As we had had our luggage weighed the night before, we were then taken to the 'plane in a boat. My parents and I

went downstairs as the sea-plane was a double-decker. When all the passengers were in, the 'plane took off.

My parents and I sat on the port side of the 'plane. We flew northwards over the Kenya mountains, and about six hours later we arrived at Cairo. During the flight, my brother had been very air-sick as the trip had been bumpy. When we left the sea-plane, we were taken to an old hut. The climate here is extremely humid—everything you touch sticks to you! After having a cold drink we went back to the plane and took off again.

The next place we landed at was still in Egypt, and as it was now evening, we were taken to a hotel for supper while the 'plane was refuelled. After supper, we went for a walk along the street. My only impression of the walk was of a drunken native who shouted at us in a foreign tongue. We were glad to leave.

After the 'plane had taken off again, we all settled down and slept well through the night. The next stop was in Sicily. It was again very hot. We all went straight to the hotel, where we stayed the rest of the day. After having cold showers, we felt much better and were able to eat a delicious lunch. After this my father and I went out into the streets and found them very interesting.

While we were out, we heard that the 'plane had engine trouble and could not leave at the scheduled time. We took off at last at 11.30 p.m. and after travelling 100 miles, we were forced to return to Sicily, as Southampton was fogbound. We flew to Southampton the next day.

From the air, the French houses and churches, and the cars, looked like 'Dinky' models. At last we arrived at Southampton, feeling very tired, but excited.

D. BURNELL. (L.IV.)

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

LAST year, with my family, I went to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre to see the Christmas production of "Toad of Toad Hall." The theatre itself was very large and looked very awe-inspiring from the outside. There was a Christmas tree at the entrance and a huge figure of Toad just inside. Many cars were drawn up outside, and we went upstairs to the large cafe overlooking the Avon. We had a very picturesque view from the immense bay window in which we were sitting. After lunch, we went downstairs to see the matinee performance. Inside the vast theatre there were crowds of people, all excited and gay, waiting impatiently for the play to start.

The play was very good, and well acted. The scenery and lighting were wonderful and really made you feel as if you were in the actual places represented. Toad was magnificent in a shiny green suit, which looked as if it was glistening with water. His eyes were enormous in the top of his head—of course it was his play. . . . Outside, we had to wait ten minutes in a traffic jam. When our way was clear at last, we went to see Shakespeare's home. It was hard to believe that such a great and famous man had lived in this small and ordinary house. The next-door houses, similar to it, were still inhabited. Upstairs and downstairs were old relics that had been used by Shakespeare. Also there were many interesting scrolls signed by him. In one corner there was his favourite chair, and in another his desk.

After a while we decided, reluctantly, that we must leave. We were happy to have seen his house and to have seen a play acted in the theatre erected in memory of him, although it was not one of the plays he wrote.

SALLY GEORGE (U.IV.).

HOLIDAY IN SPAIN

DURING the Easter holidays I went to Spain, and I should like to tell you a little about this lovely land.

Northern Spain is very beautiful. The country is hilly, with many pretty glens. The road which goes from San Sebastian to Toledo is very picturesque. It winds its way round the coast, and, in some places has to go inland, for there is no way of making a road round the cliffs.

The houses are rather like Swiss chalets, with their gently sloping roofs and gay shutters. The villages have very pretty names, such as Zumaga, and Deva, which is pronounced "Deba." A few miles inland from San Sebastian is Azpeitia, where there is a big factory in which china, furniture, buckets and garden-swings are made.

Only the very rich have tractors or any kind of machinery. The poorer people use oxen to draw their waggons and trucks. In the big cities, of course, this is not so. Cars and trams abound.

Spanish people eat much the same things as the French for breakfast—a little crusty roll, some butter and some jam. Wine is drunk at nearly every meal, but coffee is drunk at breakfast.

The Spanish people are dark skinned, with black hair. The men wear berets on their heads, and the women wear brightly coloured clothes. Spain is a very gay country, and the people are fond of dancing.

M. WRIGHT (U.II).

MALAYAN HOLIDAY

LAST Summer I spent two months' holiday on a small island about two miles from Singapore. It is about the size of the Calf of Man, and the only buildings are those connected with the oil installation, which is the second largest in the world.

There are many uninhabited islands nearby, where there are wild boar, snakes, and in the salt swamps crocodiles.

We made two trips in small open boats to five or six of these islands. We set out at about eight o'clock in the morning with some of the natives whom we know. The second boat was not as fast as ours, so we tied the two boats together side by side, and had both outboard motors on at full speed. The spray came up between the two boats and we all got soaked through, but it kept us cool.

The first island we came to was a very small one (Pulo Hantu), with a white sandy shore on one side with a clump of bushes and coconut palms in the middle.

We stayed on this island for about two hours and bathed, but the water was not very deep. The current was too strong to swim against, but lovely to swim with. Some of the native boys offered to show my brother and me round the island; they said that we would not need shoes as it was sand all the way round, but they forgot to tell me that there were also pointed rocks sticking out of it and little spikes where the salt mangroves had been cut down. I did not like to embarrass them, so I pretended that I did not notice the spikes.

Just before we were going to leave, we noticed a black cloud on the horizon coming towards us, so we waited for the squall to pass over. It got very cold for about half an hour, and the wind was very strong. The warmest place was in the sea on the leeward side of the boats.

When it stopped raining and the sun came out again, we set off to see an old man and his family, who live alone on one of the larger jungle islands, which they cultivate for their own use.

At the next island, Samakow, a man who had worked with my father prepared a Malay meal, which is known as Ma-mi, made of macaroni and mushrooms, with bamboo shoots and all the other bits and pieces Chinese like. When we had eaten that, we were all ready to go home. We just managed to arrive before the sun-set at six o'clock.

M. THOMPSON (U.V).

NOTES ON NEW ZEALAND

WE sailed to New Zealand on May 6th, 1949, on Q.S.M.V. "Dominion Monarch," via the Canary Isles, Capetown, Perth, Melbourne and Sydney. We landed at Wellington and went to Auckland by train overnight. Auckland has a beautiful harbour, and many regattas take place there.

The prettiest New Zealand tree is the pohutokawa, which has a spiky, red flower which blooms at Christmas. Of course, Christmas is in summer there, and most flowers are in bloom then.

The suburbs of Auckland are very beautiful. In the country districts, seventy per cent. of the population are Maoris, and dark-skinned.

In Rotorua there is an old Maori village called Whakarewa. There, the old carved totem poles may be seen, usually with a grinning "tiki" at the top. Tikis are charms believed to ward off evil. Their tongues usually protrude, for luck! The old Maori huts are made of carved pillars painted red, white, and black, supporting a grass roof. The floors are of trodden earth. There are the famous pools of pastel-coloured boiling mud, which seethe and bubble because the earth's crust is so thin, and great "geysers," spouts of boiling water which spray up at regular intervals, hundreds of feet high. There were formerly some beautiful natural pink and white terraces of rock, until the sudden explosion of "Frying Pan Flat" about 1932 buried them under a flow of lava.

Although New Zealand is sub-tropical, there is a range of extinct volcanoes down the centre, many of which are snow-capped—Mts. Cook, Ngauruhoe, Rangitoto and others.

The forest land is known as "bush." This is very dense and contains many tree-ferns and lianes or supple-jacks—plants which hang like long ropes from tree to tree. There is a great kauri tree which has a bole about two hundred feet in circumference. The only flower to be seen in the bush is the clematis, a cream-coloured bloom about one and a half inches in diameter.

There are few indigenous birds, the kiwi, moa (now extinct), the bell-bird, with a beautiful bell-like voice, and the tuis and mynaks. Tuis are greeny-black with a white feather under the chin. Hence their name, which is Maori for "parson-bird."

J. WATKIN (L.IV.).

A TRIP FROM AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND

WE left Sydney by the "Oronsay" on July 4th last. The voyage south along the Australian coast was uneventful. Only a few passengers were sick, and I am glad to say I was not among them.

On Sunday, 6th, we arrived at Port Melbourne, which is a little distance from the capital, but we took trips to the city by electric train. We liked Melbourne very much, especially the St. Kilda Road, which is said to be one of the most beautiful highways in the world. In Melbourne we took on board a cargo of frozen meat, tinned fruit and a large quantity of wool. We left Melbourne on the following Tuesday.

On Wednesday, July 9th, we arrived at Port Adelaide. Adelaide is situated at the foot of the Blue Mountains. Here we took more cargo on board and set off across the Australian Bight for Perth. This was the worst part of the voyage. At night, all the things in the cabins rolled about, and next to us there was a pantry in which crockery kept falling and breaking. We had three days of bad weather in which we could not do anything. It was too rough for deck games; and even if we sat still we felt sick!

Perth is the last of the Australian ports and here we took on board the last Australian mail. We knew some people in Perth, who showed us around the town in their car.

We left Perth on the same day. The weather became gradually warmer as we travelled north and the members of the crew wore white uniforms. Five days out from Perth we crossed the Equator, where it was almost too hot to move. Everyone stayed in the shade of the awnings of the deck, and light summer clothes were worn by all the passengers. This part of the voyage was very dull for me, although there were dances, treasure hunts and concerts nightly.

Early on Saturday, 19th July, after travelling 3,120 miles without a stop, we entered the harbour of Colombo. As we stepped ashore, we saw little bazaars, old-fashioned carts drawn by bullocks, and dark-skinned natives pulling rickshaws.

We had lunch at one of the main hotels, then we went by car to Mount Lavina. On the way we visited the Buddhist Temple, where we had to remove our hats and shoes before entering. Then we saw a snake-charmer

and stopped the car. We saw him grow a Mango plant in seven minutes and bring a big cobra out of a small basket.

Mount Lavina has a wonderful hotel and beach. Many of the passengers had brought their swim-suits. We had tea and looked around the shops in the hotel itself. At five o'clock, we made our way back to the ship. Late that night the "Oronsay" left Colombo and made for the Gulf of Aden, where we arrived on the 24th July.

We only had about four hours in Aden, which we spent haggling for bargains with the Arabs. It was 110 degrees in the shade there and we were glad to get on board ship again, where it was cool.

We were three days in passing through the Red Sea, which was very hot. We arrived at the Suez Canal at the end of July and saw the Pyramids in the distance. All the British troops lined each side of the canal and cheered us. They said they wished they were coming home with us.

We arrived at Port Said at 9 o'clock. That night King Farouk abdicated and there was great rejoicing in the streets. We went to Simon Artz and bought souvenirs, then returned to the ship, which sailed at midnight.

When we left Port Said we sailed into the Mediterranean Sea. Our next port of call was Naples. We went to Pompeii by car and saw the old Roman buildings that have been excavated. We saw the Sinaii Volcano. Then we went round Naples, and I liked its modern buildings and picturesque streets.

We left Naples at 3 o'clock and set off for Marseilles, where we arrived at 2 o'clock the next day. We went to see the town by coach and saw Notre Dame de la Garde, the church at the entrance of the bay.

After that, we went to Gibraltar, where we arrived on July 30th. We went by car under the huge Rock of Gibraltar. There is a highway which the troops use.

We left Gibraltar and started out for the last part of the voyage—the Bay of Biscay. The ship rolled and tossed and seemed to me to be the worst part of the journey. On August 5th, we arrived at Southampton. When we had been through the Customs, we went to London by special boat train. We were home at last!

F. SINGER, (L.IV.)

SIDELIGHTS ON OCCUPIED AUSTRIA

I HAD the good fortune to spend my Easter holidays in Vienna this year.

To get there, I had to enter the Russian zone from the British zone. It is surprising how melodramatic the Russians can be even over a routine job like examining a passport!

The weather was wonderful, and the scenery was all that could be wished for—towering mountains with green pines silhouetted against the sky and dazzling snow. So far the journey had been pleasant and uneventful.

Suddenly the train stopped—the automatic doors slid apart, and all conversation ceased. An uncomfortable chill crept over the whole train, although the day was warm.

A soldier got in, his features were Mongolian, with slanting eyes and high cheek bones.

He wore a fur cap and a greyish-khaki uniform with maroon lapels.

He held out his hand for my "Grey Card" and passport. He compared them and handed them back. Nobody spoke!

When he had gone, the train moved on, and I saw, sitting at a table on the grass by the track, four Russian soldiers playing cards.

When I arrived in Vienna, I had to fill in more forms similar to my "Grey Card," because the Russians love forms of all shapes and colours! These had to be taken to the Police station the following day: I was sent all over the building before I was finally told where to go.

One day, as I was coming out of a cinema, I was nearly swept up in a Communist Demonstration. There were old people, young men and women, and even small children carrying torches and chanting slogans.

The first Bezirls (district) is the only place in the whole of Austria that it is possible to see "Four in a Jeep," a Russian, Briton, Frenchman and an American.

I only saw Russian women in the streets, and they were always in groups. Their hair was badly arranged and the clothes were shabby. I only saw one who was well-dressed, and she was with an officer. The American and French women all looked prosperous.

One day, I wanted to go to the Rax, a mountain beauty spot, for a day. This is outside Vienna, and because of this, I had to apply for another "Grey Card." I was told at the British Embassy that it was very unlikely that it would be granted, as the Russians "did not consider 'tourist' a good enough reason to want to climb a mountain." I was lucky, for in three days' time my "Grey Card arrived.

I travelled back home by a different route, but the formalities were the same. When I reached Britain, the very freedom of movement, and the cheerfulness and volubility of the ordinary people seemed novel. There is no air of suspicion here and no one is afraid of being overheard.

I had enjoyed my new experience, but all the same I was glad to be home.

E. LONG (L.VI.).

NIGERIA

NIGERIA is a country of odd customs, full of "ju-ju" superstitions and ceremonial rites, with its people in many ways like children, often crafty, but at times incredibly gullible. The greatest ambition of an African is to own a large umbrella and to carry this around whatever the weather. It is a mark of undeniable distinction. Umbrellas are also part of the ceremonial dress of the chiefs—or so I am told. This odd mixture of traditional dress and European clothes is to be seen any day, in any street.

It was among these people that I spent three weeks at the end of last year and it is hardly surprising that I had some amusing experiences. For some odd reason, white girls are far more attractive to many of the Nigerians, than their own "belles" so it was not unusual to be hailed by one as "my wife," whilst walking along a street. One day, as I waited for a friend in the shade of one of the large stores, a Housaman came up to me and said "Good afternoon, will you marry me?" I'm afraid I don't know what I replied!

A large part of my time in Lagos was spent on the beach, where I hardly missed an afternoon's swimming and sunbathing. It seems odd to have been doing this in the middle of the English winter. The sea was really more suitable for surf-bathing, than swimming, because of the enormous waves, but we managed to enjoy ourselves, though ten minutes or so of the buffeting was usually enough. The best time to go swimming was at night, about ten o'clock. The sea was warmer, then, than the land, and sparkled with little phosphorescent bodies. We used to take a picnic meal down to the beach on the nights when the moon was full. It's surprising how hungry moonlight bathing can make one, an earthly fact out of keeping with the highly romantic surroundings!

Occasionally we went to Tarkwa Bay to swim, but this was a day's outing. We could have gone oftener, I suppose, only we confined these expeditions to such occasions when friends took us in their yacht, as some of the family disliked canoes—they were too near the water.

Perhaps the most exciting part of life in Nigeria, to one who wasn't used to it, was the social life. Christmas made it even more so. On the evening of Christmas Day, we ate our festive fare in the open, surrounded by standard lamps and fairy lights. On New Year's Eve we saw the New Year in dancing, once again in the open air. Everyone seemed determined to give me the best holiday I'd ever had. It was in a very sad, and somewhat rebellious frame of mind that I flew to Accra, and thence home, on January 9th. I left the delightful heat to return to the country I had last seen covered with snow. I was welcomed by the light drizzle which has made our English climate notorious.

B. LORIMER, Upper VI.

TRAVEL NOTES

(continued)

FORM I. and II.

WHEN I went to Tunbridge Wells, I saw some lovely swans on a river, at Goudhurst. When we had finished our investigations we went on to Brighton to the shore and funfair.

JENNIFER SIDDELL (aged 8.)

* *

ONCE upon a time I went to Chester. I went into Chester Cathedral. It was beautiful and it had rich glass.

MAUREEN KERR.

* *

WHEN I went to Madeira, I saw bananas grow by the side of the hotel.

MARIANNE GRIFFITHS (8 years)

* *

IN Switzerland the snow is very deep and you have to wear high rubber boots up to your knees and very warm clothes. The mountains are very high and there are a lot of fir trees. There are places where you can skate and go skiing. We used to sledge often. I went to Cyprus, where it was very hot and we had to live in tents. Sometimes there were great storms, with rain and wind, and the ground was flooded. We did not see many roads.

JILLIAN RIGGALL (8 years).

* *

IN Malaya there are a lot of rubber trees. There isn't such beautiful sunshine as here, because it is so hot and heavy.

ROSALIND MANNING.

* *

IN Malaya there are bandits.

PENELOPE ANN FORRESTER.

* *

I WENT to Aden when I was about three. Whenever the wind blows, all the sand flies up in the air. I learnt to swim there.

SALLY BURKE.

* *

MY HOLIDAY IN BIRKENHEAD

WHEN I went to Birkenhead for my holiday. I went for a lovely walk through the woods at Bidstan Hill. I went to New Brighton and had great fun on the Helter-Skelter. I climbed to the top and then slid very fast to the bottom on a mat. We went to Chester Zoo and fed the animals and had a ride on the elephant.

CHRISTINE CARTER (aged 6)

* *

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND

I HAVE just had my first experience of going abroad, in a visit to England. I do not know whether I can say to England, because it seems that the Isle of Man and the Mainland are two different countries. Anyway, I think the impressions of life and habits are exactly the same whether here or in England.

Perhaps you will think that I am making a comparison between Italy and your country, but that would be impossible, because they have different beauties and defects, and anyway, as a good Italian, I would always love Italy more than any other country. Maybe it is because I am a foreigner I pay so much attention to little things I notice, and therefore I request your forgiveness if I tread on your toes.

I have realised with wonder the vitamin qualities of potatoes, because they are always on every table, even outside the School. This is an upsetting thing, but you must get used to it if you value your life, for otherwise you starve. Sincerely my dear people, may I give you some advice? Diminish a little this quantity of potatoes if you wish foreign people to enjoy your food better. This is a thing which has rather spoiled my stay here, even though in the Bible there is a saying: "Man cannot live by bread alone."

Of your personal qualities I really admire your self-control very much. You must know that in Italy everybody attributes this quality to you, and I think that secretly they envy you it. I have been here almost six months, and can say, now, that although I do not know English character very well, I have learnt quite a lot about you. For Italians it is very difficult to understand the English character at once, because we are so very different. You will have heard of us that we are impulsive, full of life, sentimental. All this is true, but I will not say that you are absolutely cold and indifferent; the only difference is that you do not show your feelings, while we have in our eyes what we feel in the heart.

No one can judge which character is the best, because we are biased by patriotism. Anyway, it does not matter, because as I told you before, I do not want to criticise, but just to say what I have noticed in my stay here.

Lastly, let me tell you my admiration for your wonderful Queen. Another thing that makes my mouth water is your marvellous chocolate and your sweets! When I am in Italy I will miss your language, because I like it very much. I hope some of you will come to Italy so that I may have the chance to show you my country, and that I may meet English people and not forget all I have learnt here.

The last thing I wish to say to you is this: Love your England, but come to see my Italy!

FRANCA DONOTTI.

TASMANIA

I WOULD like to tell you something about Tasmania, where I lived for three years. Tasmania is very famous for its apple orchards. They are spread out along the coast right round Tasmania. Another thing which Tasmania has very often in the summer are bush fires. These can wipe out a whole forest. The trees in Tasmania are mostly wattle and gum trees, though there have been some British trees planted. In Spring, the wattle trees are a mass of blazing yellow. There are several kinds of gum tree, for example, blue leaf, eucalyptus.

Often when driving down the coast or anywhere else in Tasmania, in the evening, one sees kangaroos and wallabies hopping about.

The houses in Tasmania are mostly built of wood, as brick is very hard to obtain.

Christmas Day in Tasmania is very different from a British Christmas Day. Instead of sitting by roaring fires or playing in the snow, most probably Tasmanians will be swimming about in a bright blue sea under a bright blue sky. On Christmas Day, most families in Tasmania will be having picnics on the beach.

The typical Tasmanian fish is the crayfish, which is sold to the mainland in large quantities.

There are many small mining towns. Many of the towns are named after British towns, particularly names such as Launceston, Davenport, Perth. The people of Tasmania are very generous-hearted. In Hobart (the capital of Tasmania) most of the buildings were built by British convicts.

I hope I have shown you something of what Tasmania is like to-day.

IRENE WOODALL (U.III).

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

ON August 27th, 1952, six of us, J. Kelly, K. Cooil, M. Woodend, N. Brown, A. Ducker and M. Kelly, set off from Ronaldsway Airport with Miss Hatch. We flew to Renfrew Airport and after further journeys by car to Glasgow, and train to Edinburgh, we arrived at Princes Street Station where we were met by Miss Baber, who had arrived the day before.

That evening we were to go to a concert in the Usher Hall to hear some Chamber music. Among other things, we heard "The Trout" by Schubert, which was delightful.

On Thursday evening, we went to the New City Ballet, at the Empire Theatre. First, they danced "Caracole," to music by Mozart. Then came "Tyl Ulenspiegel." Hugh Laing, who danced the title part, was extremely good. The second part of the programme started with the spectacular "Firebird," danced by Maria Tellchief. To conclude, the company gave a very unusual interpretation of "The Pied Piper." There was no scenery, and the dancers wore practice tights and shirts and a piper from the orchestra was the Pied Piper.

We went to a concert in the Usher Hall again on Friday, to hear the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Rafael Kubelik. Annie Woud sang Mengelberg's "Magnificat."

One of the particular highlights of the week, for us, was the concert on Saturday. This was given by the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, conducted by Walter Sueskind. The oboe soloist was Adèle Karp, a former member of the Orchestra. Part of the concert was repeated for a film.

On Sunday afternoon, the three seniors went to a German lieder recital, "Die Winterreise," with Miss Hatch. The rest of us went to a concert by the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Edward Beinum, with Miss Baber. We all met in town for tea and then attended Evensong.

Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" was sung in German by the Hamburg State Opera. Our last evening in Edinburgh was spent watching the Military Tattoo, given by the Scottish regiments. It was presented by searchlight with the floodlit ramparts of the Castle as a background.

As well as attending musical performances, we went to Dunfermline Abbey on the opposite side of the Firth of Forth to Edinburgh. We went there in a train, then walked to the Abbey. It was mostly in ruins, but there was a Church built in the grounds of the Abbey. It was very big and had beautiful carvings. The windows were stained and many of them had pictures of saints on them. We took a bus back to Inverkeithing, and then boarded a ferry which took us across the Firth of Forth. We enjoyed this outing very much, as there was much of historical interest to see.

We also went to Edinburgh Castle. After buying some white heather from a woman at the entrance, we walked round the battlements and looked at the very old cannons. We even saw a graveyard for the garrison soldiers' dogs. Next, we went down into a room, which had a very large fireplace and a number of pictures. Passing through this room, and up some stairs to a small turret, we went into another room where there were the war memorials, with carvings on the walls, of soldiers going to war. We also saw the Scottish Crown Jewels, before we returned to the hostel.

M. KELLY. (U.IV.).

* *

GOOD-BYE, SWALLOW

GOOD-BYE, Swallow.

I'm sad to see you go.

But you'll come back in April

And nest again, I know.

Fly across the mountains,

Fly across the sea,

Have a very happy play-time,

And then come back to me.

ROSALIND MANNING, aged 8.

DRAMA NOTES

"Fat King Melon" (A. P. Herbert) presented in the Christmas Term by the Boarders.

THIS play is an airy piece of nonsense, tossed off (if its author is to be believed) to please his children at a birthday party; but its impromptu style is deceptive. It demands pace and liveliness, but also a kind of neatness and restraint which are quite difficult to achieve in anything so uproarious.

Our cast, from the beginning, produced plenty of energy and life, and in the end acquired some of the essential neatness as well. For instance, a last-minute effort transformed the "triangular duel" scene from a rather pedestrian effort (at the dress rehearsal) into a piece of real comic acting "on the night."

All the principal actors worked very hard, and showed good team-work. Annabel Jones, as Fairy Mumbo, produced the required quality of venomous sweetness, and is to be congratulated on acquiring the difficult art of staring unmoved, for a long moment, at King Melon's protruding tongue. Peta Buxton as King Melon had plenty of vigour and showed the flexibility of voice and gesture which the part demands. Heather Raineri as the Princess, curbed a tendency to over-act, just in time, and is particularly to be congratulated on her rendering of the Sad Song about Love. (Again a triumph of self-control. To stare straight at an audience and sing sheer nonsense with an air of conviction is not easy). Ann Mills always gave a flying start to her one scene, and controlled her horse, her pistol and her antagonists with some skill.

The "small-part players" all worked hard and cheerfully. (Bridget Cullen was particularly successful as the Third Troop) and some miracles of rapid scene-shifting and costume-changing took place. Ready hands set up and dismantled a harbour, "stuffed" a Princess, and transformed "Richard" into a rough sailor and back again.

In short, the key-notes of the production were energy and cheerfulness; and at least all the principal actors have now acquired the art of falling down dead when shot by pistol, bow and arrow, or blunderbuss.

"The Mad Hatter's Teaparty" (Lewis Carroll) presented in the Summer Term by the Junior Drama Hobby.

THIS performance was chiefly notable for a very good "Alice," who looked the part, and for a truly magnificent tea-pot, into which the March Hare and the Mad Hatter made a spirited attempt to insert the Dormouse. The staging of the play was very attractive, and the players acted with gusto—but rather too much speed at times. Give your audience time to breathe!

Scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," presented in the Summer Term by Form L.IV.

L.IV is to be congratulated on this production. It is not easy to find a cast of these dimensions from one form, especially when casualties develop at such an alarming rate. First of all "Thisbe" was incapacitated and had to be replaced at short notice, and then the "Lion" was struck down with laryngitis (could it be the roaring that did it?) Then the sun refused to co-operate, and the sylvan scenes which had "set" themselves graciously at Westhill, with no effort at all, had to be erected with much labour in a crowded hall—an enterprise which reflects much credit on the stage-management.

The production was chiefly notable for good team-work, excellent costume, and a good understanding of the comic possibilities of the scenes chosen. The actors obviously entered into the absurdities of the "Mechanicals," and put over their arguments and clamour and heroics with enthusiasm. The "serious" players—particularly Oberon—made a brave attempt to convey the beauty of the verse without sounding stilted or "sing-song." But how everybody did hurry! Next time, try and give your audience a more

restful time. Let them sit back in their chairs and take in what you have to tell them, with plenty of time to spare. Remember — they don't know the play by heart!

* *

NATURE NOTES

ONE Sunday morning, when I was walking along by the river, I heard a noise, and, rounding the bend in the path, I saw some boys throwing stones at a bird's nest in some bushes close by. The screeching noise I had heard was made by the poor mother bird (a wren) flying around her nest trying to protect her young. I immediately scolded the boys, and told them never to do anything like it again. Then I went over to the nest to see if the small birds were safe, and as I did so, something fell by my feet. I looked down and I saw that it was the mother bird. After that, there was no alternative but to take the nestlings home with me.

As I was going to my uncle's farm that day, I remembered that there was a wren's nest with eggs in it there, and I thought it a good idea to put the young birds into the nest.

A few weeks later I went to look at them again. I received a great surprise, for six small birds flew out. The two eggs which were in the nest must have hatched out soon after I had put the small birds into it.

M. WOOD (U.IV)

THE boarders at Westhill are lucky in having such lovely grounds to play in. The garden is always kept tidy and colourful, and Eddie's flowers are always nice to look at.

Also at Westhill there are woods which are full of birds, of all kinds, thrushes, sparrows, wrens, blackbirds, bluetits and tree-creepers. As well as those, there is the Rookery down the cinder-path. The wood-pigeons come every year. Early in the morning, you may hear the pigeons cooing in the woods.

This year there is a visitor which was not here last year: it is a magpie, which has nested up at the top of a large oak tree at the back of Westhill. The nest is made of sticks and mud, and domed. At the side is an entrance hole, which contained one piece of silver paper and five bluish green, speckled brown eggs.

But some of the nests are damaged by curious little boys who wish to collect eggs. If all little boys were made to join the "Society for Wild Life Preservation" a lot more birds would nest at Westhill.

V. CORKILL (Up. IV)

* *

MY SCHOOL

HURRY! Hurry! don't be late,
It's very nearly half-past eight,
Over the hedge, across the stile,
It's only another half a mile.

Geography, history books as well,
Ah! dear me, there goes first bell.
I'll be there in a little while,
Ah! now I can see my teacher's smile.

And when we get there, oh! what fun,
Another busy day's begun.
English, arithmetic, Scripture, French,
We write and study as we sit on a bench.

V. KELLY (III. R.)

POCKETS

THE most unlikely thing to find in a pocket is a pocket handkerchief. Pockets are usually decorative or cumbersome, and only occasionally useful.

The most interesting pockets to explore are those of a boy aged about ten years. A very varied collection of objects can invariably be found there. For instance, one may find a pen-knife, a catapult, a length of string, some "conkers," a few melted toffees, some documents explaining the position of buried treasure in the back garden, and why the man over the road is an ex-convict; a comic or two, a pair of handcuffs, some pellets, and an ancient toy pistol. A similar collection may be found in his other pockets.

A schoolgirl's pockets contain a very different selection to a schoolboy's. Often to be found, are a case containing several photographs, a tattered collection of letters (tied with a blue ribbon), a comb, an empty purse, about four handkerchiefs smothered with lipstick which she has had to remove hastily before going home, and inevitably, a diary.

A housewife often finds a large pocket on her pinafore very useful for collecting various belongings on her daily round of the house. My mother usually finishes with half a dozen handkerchiefs, at least, from my brother's rooms, smothered in oil. She also has a large collection of buttons, ribbons, pens, pencils, empty tubes of toothpaste, and the elusive scraps of toffee-paper, which the carpet-sweeper ignores.

Of course, no one would dare to put even a tiny lace handkerchief in the pocket of a Dior or Balmain model, however enormous and exaggerated its pocket may be!

My father's pockets act as a help to make us realise how much money he has, and how very poor we are. He stands and rattles his money in a most aggravating manner.

The pockets of small children are usually rather distasteful to regard, owing to a slowly spreading trickle of melted toffee or boiled sweet, which, after washing becomes perfectly stiff.

Perhaps the most annoying pockets of all are those on pyjamas. They catch the crumbs from the biscuits which are furtively eaten in bed. Then, inevitably, Mother wants to know where the chocolate biscuits have gone, and all because of that aggravating pocket, she finds out.

In fact, I have come to the conclusion that the only pocket to be used properly is that of the kangaroo. And even that has been known to hold a bottle of Guinness!

P. PRICE (L.V)

* *

A THUNDER-STORM

IT was a still day, and the air was heavy, and not a leaf rustled. Soon without a warning, came a distant rumble of thunder, a mass of clouds and a blinding flash of lightning, and the rain! Oh how awful it all was! we took cover, and there we listened to the lowing of cattle and watched them scatter with fear to the nearest tree. Soon a cree-eek was heard and a tree fell. The cow sheltering under it ran to its nearest friend. Then across the Heavens came peace, and all was wet and still.

D. GARDNER (III Remove)

* *

A NAUGHTY GIRL

A NAUGHTY Girl once lived in a far-off place.
She was so nice but wouldn't wash her face.
Her father scolded, her mother cried
While Grandpa laughed when Nanna tried.
When bath night came that naughty child
She screamed and cried and went quite wild.

RHENNEE QUAYLE, (III Remove)

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THE BIG CATCH

THE boat pushed off from the jetty in the early morning mist, which eddied and whirled in fantastic shapes around it. I was embarking on a lone fishing expedition and the mist showed every sign of clearing. As the shore receded, the sun broke through and, by the time the fishing grounds were reached, was shining brilliantly on a calm sea.

Lines were cast, and fishing proved slow at first, only a few small codling being caught in the first hour or so. It was very pleasant, however, drowsing in the warm sun, and being rocked up and down by the slight motion of the boat, and I was almost asleep when I felt a terrific tug on the line which I held in my hand. So great was the strength of whatever fish I had hooked, that I could barely restrain the line from slipping through my fingers, and after struggling for a few minutes, I decided that the only thing to do was to sap some of the strength from the fish by "playing" it, that is, by letting the fish have its own way, but keeping the line taut all the time.

After twenty minutes or so of intense excitement, I found that I was beginning to make some headway, and that I was gradually getting more and more line into the boat. Eventually, after a struggle which must have lasted over half an hour, the fish broke surface, and I saw that I had hooked a huge skate, which must have measured at least three feet across and five feet from tip to tail. I realised that I had not the strength to haul this huge fish aboard, so I made the line fast to the boat, and started to make my way slowly homewards, towing the monster behind.

After a hard pull I managed to reach the jetty, and with the help of many willing hands, was able to get my catch ashore, well satisfied with my morning's work, and being congratulated on all sides for having caught the biggest fish of the year, which was found to weight fifty-three and a half pounds.

G. SWALES (LV.)

* *

"THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT"

BRIDGET is a Boarder
She is in our form
I used to sleep next to her
In the Big Green Dorm.

One night we heard a crash
And thought that she was dead
Until she said "Oh Dash!
I've fallen through the bed."

We rushed to her amazed
Then, said "Ho! Ho! He! He!
You're looking rather dazed,"
And she said "Poor me!"

The Matron came upstairs
And then she turned and said
"Have you been playing dares
And dared to break the bed?"

Poor Bridget squeaked "Oh! No"
"The bed I'll gladly mend,"
So here this tale of woe
Must now come to an end.

R. HUDSON, (Up.III)

CAPTAIN BILLY BONES

THERE was a Captain called Billy Bones,
His hands were ragged and scarred with stones.
His black nails were broken with rope hauling too.
His soiled coat was a dirty blue,
His pigtail too was a tarry black,
And his dirty face the soap did lack,
The sabre-cut across one cheek,
Made him look an awful freak,
And now that ends my story of—
Captain Billy Bones.

MERYL CLAGUE (U.III)

* *

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

COLD mornings and getting up never go together from my point of view. Some cold days, one doesn't mind getting up at all. On the other hand there are days when one does mind.

Monday morning! A dull day, with puffy grey skies. The wind howls mournfully round the house and a few drops of rain are scattered on the windowpane. Your feet feel frozen to the hot water bottle, though it was boiling the night before. You slowly draw away your feet and try to restore warmth to them. Your Mother comes in and gives you a hearty push. You groan inwardly, why can't people leave you alone? Impossible! Slowly you pull the clothes around you, but the thought that you must get up is throbbing in your brain. You tell yourself you must get up, even if it kills you (which is not very likely.) Slowly the big toe of the right foot peeps out from the side of the bedclothes. Then, one mighty bound and you find yourself standing on the carpet, shivering from head to toe. Cautiously you reach for your slippers, and with fumbling fingers slip them on. You wend your way to the bathroom where the black and white tiles meet you in grim greeting. You wash in hot water and feel a little better. You dress and feel better still. By the time you have had your breakfast you feel quite warm. It isn't so bad after all, you may say—in fact, I do not mind at all.

Getting up on cold mornings is not my idea of Paradise, but it is not so bad when you get used to it!

K. COLLISTER (Up.IV)

* *

A DRIVE THROUGH THE MERSEY TUNNEL

WE set off in the car for the Mersey Tunnel about 11 a.m. When we got to the entrance we bought a ticket for the car and driver and for each passenger at a kiosk. No time must be wasted doing this, or there would very soon be a long queue of cars and lorries behind, for there seems to be an endless stream of vehicles going through the tunnel all day. Having bought your tickets, you must then make up your mind quickly whether you want to go on the fast track or the slow one, for the tunnel is divided into four tracks, a fast one and a slow to Liverpool and the same to Birkenhead. It is a marvellous sight when you enter the tunnel, it is brightly lit and everything is bright and shining. The tunnel is a complete circle divided across the centre by roadways, the walls of the upper part are steel plates covered with asbestos and the lower half houses the air conditioning plant. This is a wonderful system of drawing the foul air out and pumping fresh air in, and the air is always fresh and sweet.

We decided on the fast lane, but were unlucky to get behind a big twelve-wheeled lorry which was in the slow lane, but the truck was so wide that its wheels overlapped on to the fast lane and so slowed down both lanes.

About threequarters of the way through, we came to a branch line which led to the docks. This road is only opened at peak traffic periods. It takes between 10 and 15 minutes to get through the tunnel, which represents one of the finest engineering feats in the world.

PAT CROSS (L.IV.)

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A FIRESIDE PANTOMIME

Characters.—Old kettle. New teapot. Complaining tongs. Kind clock. Cheeky matchbox. A mantelpiece. A hearthrug. Mrs Higgins.

(Scene.—A cosy kitchen. The teapot is new and does not know any of the "Fireside Folk," as they call themselves. It is snowing outside, but it is warm inside.)

Teapot (nervously)—Is it very nice here? I mean is the old lady kind, and does she clean you well?

Tongs (spitefully)—No, she's horrible. I haven't been cleaned since a month last Saturday. She bangs me down on the hearth, and when she has finished, she throws me down instead of putting me down carefully. Nasty old woman!

Kettle—That's not true! She cleans you twice a week and never bangs you down. Mrs. Higgins is a very nice lady, teapot.

Matchbox—Yes. Don't you believe tongs—he's always grumbling. Just the other day he—

Tongs—I never! I don't know why I bother speaking to you when I used to live in a Duke's castle (proudly). When I was there I used to be polished every day, and—

Mantelpiece (obviously bored)—Oh we've heard all that! (Turning to teapot) Anyhow, I think you will like this place. We're all very glad to have you, except for **him** (looking at tongs), as the last teapot was a nasty old fellow.

Teapot (shyly)—Thank you very much. I am sure I will be happy here.

Hearthrug—I hope so too. Don't you, clock?

Clock—Yes. Tongs, won't you be friends with teapot?

Tongs—No! Why should I? I wouldn't be friends with **him** if you paid me. Just a dirty brown teapot!

Kettle (quietly)—Don't speak so loudly! Everyone can hear quite well. (To teapot) What was your other home like?

Teapot—Well, I lived in a shop before, and—

Tongs—Bah! Shops! Smelly old things!

Teapot (angrily)—They're not! It was a very nice shop. Beautifully clean, too.

Kettle—Tell us about your friends in the shop.

Teapot—My best friend was a frying-pan called Charlie. There were kettles as well (to kettle), but none as nice as you. There were some pictures, snooty fellows, and various other things.

Tongs—But I suppose there were no tongs, as they only stock those in big stores.

Teapot (really angry)—They didn't stock tongs because they were said to be useless.

Tongs—Rubbish! I am very useful. I am very good at—

Matchbox—Grumbling!

Hearthrug—Complaining!

Mantelpiece—And shouting!

Tongs (speechless with rage)—I - I - I - I am nothing of the sort.

Clock—I will be happy when you go.

All (except **Clock** and **Tongs**)—So will we!

Tongs—Yes. I will be glad when you all go to the dustbin, and I shall be left in peace.

Mrs. Higgins (outside)—I think I will throw those tongs away, as they are of no use.

Clock—I think it is the other way round, tongs.

(Mrs. Higgins comes in and picks up tongs and goes out.)

Kettle (sadly)—To the dustbin, I suppose. Well, it's his own fault.

The End.

M. WRIGHT (U.III.)

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY

ONE day I felt as if I wanted an adventure. I thought, and at last planned to buy a donkey and travel round the country. So I bought a tent and other camping gear, provisions, and a little donkey whom I christened Rags. One fine day I packed everything on Rags, and we set out.

Half of the journey passed uneventfully, and I was beginning to feel bored, when suddenly we had a great number of adventures all together. One night I woke up to hear a lot of shuffling and stamping. I crawled to the opening of the tent and looked out. What I saw was most alarming! A couple of gypsies were stealing Rags! I was very angry, and dressed quickly and quietly. Then I followed the thieves to a gypsy camp. There they tied Rags to a fence, and disappeared into a caravan. When everything was quiet, I crept up and set Rags free. My, those knots were tight! Unluckily, Rags brayed a welcome to me, so the gypsies came running out. I untied the last two knots, hauled myself on to Rags' back, and we ran off. The gypsies gave chase and threw stones, but that only made Rags go faster. At last we dodged them, and made our way back to our own camp.

On the way, I got off Rags, and went to investigate what I thought was a hedgehog. Instead, I fell into a bog. I thought it was just a patch of mud, but then I found myself sinking. I yelled, and Rags came to see what was the matter. I managed to grab his halter, and when he found himself sinking, he backed away, pulling me with him. I was thankful when we reached firm ground again: Dear little Rags, he had saved my life.

We got back to camp, and the next day we set off for home again. We reached it uneventfully.

Rags now lives in the orchard, and makes himself fat on apples. He will shake hands if you offer him a carrot, and he pulls my grandmother about in a bath chair!

GERALDINE HAMPTON (Up.IV.).

* *

BRIDGES

IN the Isle of Man there are many unusual bridges. There is the Swing Bridge at Douglas, and there is also one in Castletown. It is called this because if a ship with a tall mast wants to enter the harbour the bridge swings to one side and lets the ship through. In Castletown, there is a bridge called the Apostles' Bridge. It is so-called because holding it out of the water are twelve stone columns representing the twelve Apostles.

On the way from Douglas to Castletown there is a bridge called the Fairy Bridge. It is called this because the old people believe that the fairies live there, and, when you go past, you should raise your hat and say, "Good-day, fairies." There is no water running under it, but the bridge is only two little stone walls on each side of the road.

S. PYCRAFT (III. Remove)

* *

L.IV. LATIN

LINGUA Latina learned is
Teacher makes us laborare.

Verb at the end is always put.

It makes you lacrimare.

Five declensions get you down,

The primus est non malus.

Sed when of the lesson finis venit,

Nos conclamamus, "Bonus!"

N. SHIEL (L.IV.)

A LETTER IN RHYME

OH my dear Mummy,
I hope you are well,
To-day we went fishing,
T'was then that I fell.
We caught three trout,
A mackerel, a plaice.
When I caught my fish
I got hit in the face.
I went for a walk
With Mary and John.
'Twas then that we found
He'd got Jim's trousers on,
For Jim is a boy
Who sleeps in our tent,
But now I do think
It is time that I went.
I do like camping,
I wish I could stay,
I'm sorry, dear Mummy,
That's all for to-day.
Give my love to Mary,
And Michael and Tom,
But now I got Jim
To stick my stamp on.
My very best love
To you: everyone.
I think my writing
Is rather fancy.
Best wishes from
Your daughter, Nancy.

N. BROWN (L.IV.)

* *

FOOTWEAR

I NEVER realised until I came to boarding school what a big part was played by boots, shoes and sandals in one's life. The number needed gave my mother and me the first shock; two pairs of indoor shoes, two pairs of outdoor shoes, one pair of Sunday shoes, gym shoes, hockey boots, Wellington boots and dancing shoes, not to mention bedroom slippers! These were all put down on the clothing list in nasty black letters, and there was not one sympathetic remark for the poor parents who had to dole out the money.

Many a time I envied the savages with hardened bare feet, who were not made to change their shoes about twelve times a day, and were not given punishments for forgetting to change.

To myself and my friends there always seemed to be a fascination in taking off our shoes when we were allowed to play on the Saturday walk. I remember one occasion when we took off our sandals to paddle across a swift river, using only a very unsafe rope overhead for support. We carried our sandals over somehow, but on the way back we forgot to bring them. I went back to the other side and started to throw them over. Two fell in the river and were carried off down-stream. After a wild scramble down the river during which we got soaked, we finally retrieved them.

Shoes are the most annoying objects. In the summer we must either take them with us down to the water's edge, leave them there while we bathe, and come out to find that the tide has taken them out to sea, or else leave them with the clothes and make a painful journey over the flint-edged stones, cursing the moment we set out.

Much advice is given to hikers about the type of shoes they should wear. I have been on several tramps, but the types of shoes I have worn

have made no difference to my feet. Whether I wear sandals, leather or crepe-soled shoes or boots, I always arrive home in the same condition. with aching feet, blisters and very little sock left on my foot.

I have never yet seen a woman looking completely at ease in very high-heeled shoes. I myself find them most uncomfortable. It is a mystery to me why women will go through agony and have to show it just to make themselves look ridiculous. It is not natural for any human to have high heels. In my opinion the women of the East, with their flat sandals, look far more graceful.

I remember reading a story about a group of people, two men and two girls, who went into the most expensive shoe-shop in London and demanded one Wellington boot. On being asked the size, they said they were afraid they didn't know, as it was for their Uncle Ebenezer, who had had one leg shot off in India. The shopman, very anxious to oblige, asked which leg was to be fitted. This was followed by a long discussion on the part of the customers, who finally left the harassed shopman, saying they would go home and look!

I think that buying shoes is the most nerve-wrecking experience. Why must the shop girl turn the whole shop upside down and bring out every kind of shoe possible, when she has been told exactly what type is wanted? I always feel that I must buy some before going out, though such a feeling is ridiculous. Maybe that is part of the trade! Possibly there are psychologists behind the scenes who have studied people's feelings and know that it will take some pluck for someone to walk out without buying, after the whole shop has been turned upside down.

As I think over the subject of footwear I always come to the same conclusion, that simplicity is best in that as in all things.

A. JONES (Upper V.)

* *

SAMOYEDS

SAMOYEDS are Russian dogs. In Russia they are used for pulling sledges, rounding up the reindeer and guarding the herds. The samoyeds are generally found at the head of the Yenisei.

I have a samoyed called Tula Tu. Tula's grandmother was born on a boat coming over from Russia in 1936; her name was Snowflake Gleam. Gleam used to come to stay with us when her mistress went away. When Gleam had a litter of puppies I was given one, called Tula Minsk, a very good-natured dog. I used to go to a weekly boarding school, and when I arrived home one Friday night, Mummy told me to go and look in a kennel that we had, and there, in the straw, were three tiny puppies looking like small balls of fluff. About five weeks later, a man came into the yard and carelessly let Tula Minsk and her puppies out. They all went up to the top of the garden. When Mummy had seen what the man wanted, she went to get the puppies in, but they were not at the top of the garden. Mummy immediately ran down the road and she found that Tula Minsk and one of the puppies had been run over by a car. Tula Tu and her brother were running away down the road. We kept Tula Tu, and her brother. Rusk, was sold to my cousin in Hayes, Middlesex.

Samoyeds are very good dogs to keep as pets, because they have such gentle natures. They are quite often mistaken for chows, but the chows are more thick-set than samoyeds. Samoyeds can be white, white-and-biscuit, or cream in colour. Their fur is quite long with a ruff standing up round the neck. When they are first born they are like little balls of fluff with pink mouths, noses and feet. This long fur has to be carefully groomed, but it looks so pretty afterwards that it is worth all the time and trouble spent on it.

But although they are so handsome, they are not only ornamental dogs. Samoyeds are loyal and brave as any of the less attractive looking breeds. They will always be my choice.

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ISLE OF MAN

THE CAPTAIN'S MISHAP

THE Captain went up on the cliff,
To spy for treasure trove,
When all of a sudden, he saw someone move.
Down in a little cove.

Down he rushed,
But alas and alack!
Half way down,
He fell flat on his back!

And that is the end of the captain so bold,
For now he's in Heaven.
But he still can't find—
Gold!

L. CARTER (Upper III)

* *

ABOARD H.M.S. "EAGLE"

WHILST on holiday last Summer in Devonshire, I had the good fortune to visit H.M. Aircraft Carrier "Eagle," which, at that time, was in harbour at Plymouth.

Although I had visited a submarine before, I was really far more excited at the prospect of going aboard the biggest "Carrier" in the world.

Our party was in the ship for over an hour, during which time we were shown all over it by the padre, who was very kind, and patiently explained everything to us and answered all our questions. We were amazed by the complicated automatic catapult-gear, and by the size of the huge electric lifts, which could carry quite a number of aircraft down to the hangars below. We rode on one from the flight deck to the lower hangar, and it was quite a long ride!

The most impressive thing about this ship is the size of everything. Each hangar is as large as the biggest ballroom you can think of, and twice we managed to get lost in the inside passages and had to be rescued by Royal Marines.

We did not see half the things we should like to have looked at, but it was all so wonderful that I hope I may be able to visit the ship again.

ARBORY QUAYLE (U.III.).

* *

A DAY IN THE HOLIDAYS

A SPECIAL day in the holidays, which stands out in my memory was the day my friend and I went on a cycling picnic.

We set off at about eleven o'clock, and cycled along past the Quarter Bridge and out towards Union Mills. We stopped there and bought some pop and sweets, at a little village store. We then journeyed on towards St. John's. Rosemary asked if we could stop there and eat our lunch. So we got off our bikes and found a field with a lovely little stream running through it. We sat down on the bank and ate our lunch, watching the silvery coloured water run merrily down to the sea. There was a lovely Willow tree which hung gracefully over the stream, and the birds were singing happily to each other. We then decided to journey on. The trees were just beginning to turn green, and the summer birds were returning. We went past an inn where there was a lovely, friendly black spaniel, so we stopped and stroked him. When we eventually got to Peel we visited my Aunt. We stayed there for a little while and then started home. We stopped once or twice on the way, to pick primroses and violets.

We were rather tired when we arrived home, but we had enjoyed ourselves.

J. BARNES (Upper III)

DO YOU KNOW ?

- 1.—With what did the Ancient Britons paint themselves ?
- 2.—Who was the Hammer of the Scots ?
- 3.—Which English King died when he was 16 ?
- 4.—Who claimed to be Queen of England, France and Scotland at the same time ?
- 5.—“Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
“Onward!” the sailors cry :
Carry the lad that’s born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.”
Who was “the lad” ?
- 6.—Can you name the husbands of any of the following English Queens ?
Mary I. ; Elizabeth I. ; Anne ; Victoria.
- 7.—Why are Kippers always sold in pairs ?
- 8.—Which of these words are misspelt ?
meritricious, saxaphone, stilitte, corollary, chrysanthemum, crypte?
- 9.—When you have only one match and you have to light a gas light, a gas fire, and a gas cooker, which would you light first ?
- 10.—What are the functions of Trinity House ? From whom did it receive its charter ?
- 11.—Which 8 of the United States of America have names beginning with the letter M ?
- 12.—What is a dodecagon ? What common object is dodecagonal in shape ?
- 13.—Which is the highest monument in Paris ?
- 14.—What is the French equivalent for the English M.P. ?
- 15.—What is the “Père Lachaise” in Paris ?
- 16.—Who went to look for a “heffalump” ?
- 17.—How many of the following were there ?
musketeers, steps, nights, feathers, little nigger boys, days of Xmas, years before the mast, red herrings, years after, just men.
- 18.—Is the cuckoo-spit, cuckoo spit ?
- 19.—Why is the dandelion so called ?
- 20.—Where do flies go in the winter time ?
- 21.—When is a blackbird **not** a black bird ?
- 22.—From which of Shakespeare’s plays have the following quotations been taken ?
(a) Dost think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?
(b) A soldier ? —and afeared ?
(c) O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day.
(d) Hark, hark the lark, At Heav’n’s gate sings, . . .
(e) the infant “mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.”
- 23.—What character in a novel by Sir Walter Scott, hid in a cave at Garwick and what was the book called ?
- 24.—Who was always waiting for something to turn up ?

Turn to page 56 for the answers.

* *

CAROL SERVICE

THE Carol Service was held in the last week of the Christmas Term, in a hall transformed by chrysanthemums and greenery, and with seating so arranged as to reduce movement during the service to a minimum. A good number of parents and friends joined us.

We are most grateful to the Lord Bishop, who conducted the service for us, and we are very glad that he and Mrs. Taylor found time in their busy lives to spend that afternoon and evening with us.

The carols included “Our brother is born” (Farjeon) and “In dulci jubilo” (arr. Holst), as well as more familiar ones, and the nine lessons were read by representatives of each form.

PROLOGUE

(With apologies to Chaucer)

WHEN Aprille with his shoures sweete
Hath passed and we again do mete
Within the walls of auncient Buchan Schole—
Return to worke and not to playe ye foole,
A census of the staffe we thinke to take
And from this same my storie I do make.
A noble mistress, Batchelore of Artes
Of London methinks, or rounde about those partes,
Y-cleped Curphey was she and welle rote
On Engeland from Landes Ende to John O'Groat.
Ye Historie and Latin, bothe she knewe
But for hir dresse, she were a Roman too.
Always she wered clothes verrey smarte,
Wilde she was, but full of tendre herte.
From Yorkshire ther dide cum a blonde girle
A comely wench, with herys that dide curle,
Daintie she was, ful symple, neat and coy—
Many a schole-girle herte filled she with joy,
She was a scholar, learned in Phisik
In alle this worlde ne was ther noon hir lik
To speke of Phisik and Biology
For she was grounded in Astronomie.
From this same shires-ende ther came too
A maid from Rotherham and swiche 'tis true
Of musick verrey greate was hir lore,
Debussie, Beethoven and many more.
Miss Carter was hir name and I do trowe
She had more herys than anyone I knowe.
Of this same sorte have two more
Within ye auncient building been before,
Fair were their names, van Smit and Avery
Sweeter they sang than alle the companye.
A Sergeant of the Lawe, war and wys,
Brown she was called—of medium syze,
Wel coude she run and welle vault—
Thatte she could not fly was not hir fault.
Eyen hadde she of slate-grey
Full parfaite she was in every waye.
Another of this same name ther was,
Two names she hadde, and this because
The stupide childer of ye auncient schole,
Could see no difference in them as a rule.
Fulle wel she soong the service dyvyne
Ofte she dide at Westhill, and each tyme,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
Mathematic she taught ful fetishily.
A good Wyf was ther of bisyde the Croft,
Twelve childer hadde she, and verrey oft
She thought of woman livinge in a shoe
And ofte wondered what to do.
But sikerly she was of greet desport
And full plesaunt and amyable of port;
For now to speaken of hir conscience—
She was most charitable and moste piteous.
Hir husbonde, a shipman, when from his maste down,
The hote somer hadde made his hewe al brown.
Handy he was and wys to undertake,
With many a tempest hadde his shippe been shake.
He knewe alle the havnes as they were,

From Gootland to the Cape of Fynystere.
 Two ladies patient now I comprehende,
 Their time with new-fledg'd younge they do spende.
 And for to telle you of a ladye so,
 She was the best-dressed person I do knowe,
 Darke was hir heyr and striking for to looke.
 I dare to guess she were a useful cooke.
 I knowe no more, but telle you this I can,
 I hear from folke her name was O'Hanlan.
 And one lone Manne was in this companye,
 Bright was his eye as is the dayeseye.
 Of his complexioun, he was ordinaire
 Well-loved he was, here, there and everywhere.
 Neat were his clothes, and always in his button-hole
 There were a flower. He was a happy soul.
 And now my tale I bringe to an ende,
 There were five more, who on thir way did wende.
 Wyf Watson, Crellin, Rydings, Newman alle,
 And eke Falkensammer answered to the calle—
 Of summer, and som day I mote telle,
 Of how our Hoste and Heade dide guide us welle :
 At future date to live less sheltered lives,
 Be kindlie women, daughters, mothers, wives.

B. LORIMER (Up.VI.)

* *

UNE AVENTURE

UN E nuit, Jeanne couchait chez sa grand'mère. Sa grand'mère était très, très vieille.

Jeanne s'est couchée à huit heures. Elle dormait paisiblement. Soudain, elle a entendu un bruit de pas sur l'escalier. Elle a sauté à bas du lit, et elle s'est approchée de la porte sur la pointe des pieds. Elle a ouvert la porte doucement, et elle a vu un homme qui entrait dans la chambre de son grand-père. Son grand-père n'était pas dans sa chambre—il passait la nuit chez son ami. Mais dans sa chambre, il avait beaucoup d'argent.

Jeanne a suivi le voleur—il ne l'a pas vue dans la chambre il y avait une grande armoire. Le voleur est entré dans l'armoire et Jeanne l'a fermée à def ! Quelle **belle** surprise pour le voleur ! Mais il n'a pas aimé sa surprise—il a poussé un cri d'horreur.

Le lendemain matin, Jeanne et sa grand'mère ont appelé la police. Le voleur n'aimait pas la police ! Un grand gendarme l'a mené en prison. Le grand-père et la grand'mère de Jeanne étaient très fiers. Jeanne était contente.

G. HAMPTON (Up. IV.)

* *

SEASONS

SPRING is the season of little white lambs,
 When the year grows old some grow into rams.

Summer's the time we go down to the sea,
 Put on our swimsuits and run in with glee.

Autumn's two colours are both red and gold
 The nicest sight you'll ever behold.

Winter brings Christmas so happy and gay,
 We open our presents and shout hip-hooray.

And so these four seasons as you will agree,
 Make the year pleasant for both you and me.

M. RILEY (Up.III.)

THE WAY TO RIDE A HORSE

THERE are two ends to every horse—the rear end and the front end. This is all you have to know in order to ride a horse. Proceed to your mount. (N.B.—If that docile-looking beast is standing near a patch of mud, my advice is move him, as there is technique needed to mount a horse, and you never know where you will end up!)

Some people sit facing the head of the horse and use the ears as a steering-wheel, then there are some who prefer their back to the engine and like to see where they have been. These people use the tail as a brake. You may also use the ears of the horse for shouting directions down, but whether he will take any notice is doubtful.

Now, mount your beast (whom you would do well to expect to be an Arab stallion in disguise and just waiting for you to mount before proceeding to jump that five-barred gate you see in the distance).

Always keep the rear end of yourself away from the horse's mouth, because generally they think you need encouragement in order to mount, and proceed to encourage you by taking a large munch out of your anatomy (fool that you were to trust him!)

Before using the horse's tail as a ladder to mount, ask his permission, because he is well equipped, if he objects, with two very hard hooves against the unwary beginner.

Now! we are ready: First—mount.

Approach boldly. **Never** let your mount see you are afraid of him. (he'll find out soon enough himself). Place your left foot in the stirrup and swing your right one over. When this happens, the horse usually sees a tasty bit of clover and strolls unconcerned over to it, leaving you hanging like a circus performer by one arm and one leg.

My advice is—wait 'till he stops. Then!!! With an almighty heave you should have gained the saddle. Please do not be too energetic and swing your leg too far or you might find yourself in the same position as you were before, only on the other side of your beast. Or maybe you would prefer a "leg-up." But this method usually results in being speedily hoisted up one side, and executing a wonderful swallow dive over the other side, to end up under your highly amused mount, who, with a saintly look, proceeds calmly to stand on you. But—we finally mount. Now shout "Go" at your beast and give a lusty kick. But of course he won't go, **not** until you shout "Whoa" where-upon he will trot briskly down the road.

Remember these points:—

1. Hold your hands as if you were praying (he may have a conscience).
2. Keep the toes pointed down, you have not so far to fall.
3. Do not restrict your horse's movements by gripping or balancing.
4. Let yourself slump. Horses love feeling as if they are carrying a potato sack around with them.

We will trot on briskly. Of course you wanted to turn left, but your horse wants to turn right, so don't offend him.

Then, when you are truly lost, you (unwary beginner) stop to open a gate. The horse watches you dismount then decides he's tired and dashes for home. My advice is—LET HIM.

E. McHARRIE (L.V.)

* *

RIDDLE-ME-RE RIDDLE-ME-RE

RIDDLE-Me-Re, Riddle-Me-Re.

My first you may know is found in three.
My second's in high but not in cry.
My third is in a Gooseberry pie.
My fourth is in eyes and also in nose.
My fifth is in finger but not in toes.
My whole is one of our desperate foes.
In the jungle you'll find him
Everyone knows.

Answer—Tiger.

N. BROWN (L. IV)

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MIRANDA'S MUSICAL BOX

MIRANDA was a little girl who lived with her old father and an evil step-mother, who had married him after Miranda's own mother had died. They lived in a little white cottage on the edge of a wood. This stepmother was very pretty, but cruel and hard, and she liked to live in comfort. But the family were poor, so the father had to work hard. Every day, when he went out to the town nearby, with Angelica, the grey donkey, and Bob, the old collie dog, to sell the wood he had cut, the stepmother would give Miranda only a scrap of bread and cheese, and say: "Go, out of my house! Into the forest with you!"

The poor little thing would run out into the forest; but she wasn't lonely, for before her mother died, she had given Miranda a little Musical Box, and as the child lay on the green moss, looking up into a tree at the sunlight, she would say: "Play, Musical Box! Play to me, please." And the Musical Box would play. All at once, there would be a fluttering and cracking of twigs, and all the little animals of the woodland would peep from behind ferns, saying to each other: "Look; It's our little friend! Come on, chaps!" and, with a leaping, flurrying and a scurrying, all the little animals would gather round Miranda,

They would leap to her shoulders and sit on her head and hands. Tony, the fluffy, bright-eyed, red squirrel was the leader. When he saw Miranda was hungry and tired, he and the birds brought her nuts; the badger brought her honey; the rabbits brought her blackberries and wild strawberries on a leaf, the birds would sing her to sleep.

One day her stepmother, who was really a bad fairy, said, with a cruel smile: "Your dear Papa will not return from work to-day, Miranda. He is dead—or soon will be, for your dear auntie, my sister, has caught him, and will soon have you too! For she wants that magic Musical Box which calls all the animals to you. Grr—Aahh!" and she leapt at poor Miranda, to catch her. Miranda fled out of the window with the box in her pocket.

As she lay under the tree in the wood and called upon the box to play, it played no tune, and as she looked, she saw a hole in its side, so that it could not play. Miranda cried, because she loved the box so much. At the sound of her weeping, three evil, wicked animals came through the wood. The first was a great, spotted snake who hissed "Sssshzz!" The next, a great grey wolf with a wicked, cruel, yellow gleam in his savage eyes as he looked at the child. The last was a handsome, fierce golden eagle. They all cried: "Look! there is the child with the magic box. Let us carry her to her stepmother's sister, our mistress the witch." So they picked her up and carried her to the witch's house.

Inside, she heard her father's cries. She was locked in the next room and they went away. Soon, the wicked, ugly, old witch crept in. "Ahha!" she cried, and began to dance a frightening sort of reeling dance. "Horror!" cried she to her evil servant. "Horror, get ready a pot to cook the Musical Box and my niece—Ahha!"

Soon, the pot was so hot that the paint on the outside of the box was falling off. Some fell over the hole in the Musical Box, and it began to play at once. In trooped all the woodland folk and some fairies, who set about the witch and "Horror." Miranda rushed outside, climbed through the window of the room where her father was, and quickly set him free. Together they ran home, but when they got there they found their poor cottage had vanished. In its place stood a beautiful big house with a park and gardens. When they went in they found that the cruel stepmother had gone too, and in her place was a good fairy who was always kind to Miranda. So, now Miranda will never be lonely again. But even now, sometimes, in the evening twilight, she steals out to the woods, and lies beneath her tree. Then Tony and the animals of the forest, who saved her life, will come to sit on her shoulders and hands and head and listen to her sweet voice.

J. WATKIN (L.IV.)

A CROWDED TEA SHOP

DO you not think that to sit and stare at people in a tea-shop is a most amusing occupation? I enjoy it very much, except when the people in question stare back!

I can just imagine myself now, sitting in a corner of a busy tea-shop. At about four o'clock, the room is nearly empty, but at half past the hour, people flow in.

The first to come in are a crowd of about ten country women, wearing either brown or navy-blue coats, round faces shining with benevolence, and string-bags bursting with cauliflowers, saucepans, tea-pots and all the thousand-and-one things which they come to town once a week to buy. They go to a waitress, say a few words, and cross the room to push two tables together. Then they all gather round and gossip, an art in which they excel, continuing for several hours, without exhausting the source.

The next to arrive are the "teenagers," with their brightly-coloured clothes, and hair cut either in a fringe, or gathered up in a "pony-tail." They trail in, eating sweets, and discussing their spots, their parents, their puppy-fat, and, of course, their boy-friends. They drape themselves on chairs, and devour cream buns and iced-drinks. The ten country women turn round and immediately start to discuss the younger generation in loud, critical voices.

Soon after the girls, arrive the boys. The girls turn around and giggle and stare, but the boys take no notice whatsoever. They sit down, and, looking extremely serious, discuss motor-bikes, machines and bicycles. Soon they are all pulling out pencils, and making detailed sketches on the table-cloth, to be furtively hidden by a tea-plate as soon as a waitress looks their way.

While watching this collection, I have not noticed the two dear old ladies in the corner who chat away, perfectly content, and pour endless cups of tea for one another. They smile graciously at every-one who enters, and discuss the operations they have undergone. They are having a little peep at the other customers too, and they look at one another with dewy eyes, as they see the young couple in the corner holding hands under the table and talking in low voices.

Their husbands, the dear old men, are sitting gravely upright at the other end of the table, discussing the terrible state of the world to-day.

A student is crouched over thick books at one tiny table, completely oblivious of the world, and absent-mindedly sprinkling sugar on his chips.

The centre of attraction for everyone is, of course, the two beautiful young ladies who saunter in with cynical looks disfiguring their perfectly-moulded faces. Sophisticated clichés drop from their mouths with every other sentence. They drape furs all over the carpet to show their disdain, and broadcast in loud and bored voices that, "of course, darling, that dinky little café which Lady Cholmondely simply **worships**, is absolutely **packed**. I mean, we couldn't possibly . . ."

At about half-past five the tide ebbs, the teenagers going to see "Gregory Peck's latest," the dear old ladies going to the Women's Institute, and the two sophisticated ladies going to honour the theatre with their "O-so-beautiful" persons.

P. PRICE (L.V.)

* *

MANHUNT

INTO the night comes the beat of a hoof.

The groan of a man in pain;
The shot of a gun,
The bell of a hound
And all is quiet again.

Then all at once there's a horrible scream!
A light is flashed up on the hill;
The crash of a volley;
A thunder of hooves
And all is quiet and still.

PAMELA KEWLEY (Up.IV.)

THE SNOWMAN

SNOWMEN live in a land where it is always cold and snowy. All the snowmen who have been made on earth and have either melted away or had stones thrown at them, end up in this land, where they stay for ever.

One day a boy and girl named William and Joan, woke up and found it had been snowing. "Hurray," cried William, "We'll build a snowman and call him Archibald." They both ate their breakfast and then hurried out into the garden.

After the snowman was made, Joan stuck a pipe in his mouth and tied a scarf round his neck. They were contemplating whether to throw stones at Archie or not, when their mother called them in for dinner. After dinner, neither William nor Joan could play with the snowman and so Archie thought he would take a little walk.

He went down the garden path, down the road and on to a grass common, where other snowmen were gathered. They had called a conference, though Archie did not know this, to say that snowmen were being ill-treated, and that while they were on earth, they were not going to be stoned. So, they wanted a plan.

Suddenly Archie had a plan. "I know," he said, "I will go into all the children's beds, and, as I will melt a little, they will wake up. When they do, I will tell them not to ill-treat us. If they do, we will come into their beds again." All the snowmen thought this a "Good Idea."

So that night Archie went to Joan's house and told her not to ill-treat the snowmen she made. She promised that she would not, and so Archie made his rounds.

The next morning Archie was treated kindly by Joan, and was given some hot cocoa by her. But alas, when he had drunk it, he started to melt!

Archie went up to the Land of the Snowmen, and, as the other snowmen had heard of his good plan, and how he had carried it out, they made him king, because the old king had done something wrong and had been turned out into the snow which covered the land.

So that is how Archie became King of the Snowmen. I think he deserves it don't you?

M. KELLY (Up.IV.)

* *

UPPER IV.—BY UPPER IV.

THE Upper IV, a form so gay,

With smiles on their faces all through the day.
They listen in lessons and never call out,
We are the best form without any doubt.

All that is in it—twelve good girls,
Some with straight hair, some with curls;
Maron's a rider and Katie can pout,
But we are the best form without any doubt.

Gerry's a doctor, produces her bones,
We all screw our noses and come out with groans.
Margaret's a poet and how she does spout!
Oh, we are the best form without any doubt.

Bad-tempered, playful, yet happy and gay,
Thin, fat and skinny, we were made that way;
And even in rounders we're sometimes caught out.
But we are the best form without any doubt.

Pamela's form-captain and Sally is vice.
They're both very strict, but both very nice.
Some may not think so, but we'll always shout:
"We are the BEST form without any doubt."

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CLAIR DE LUNE

THE snow had long ceased falling, and the clouds had suddenly parted to show the stars gleaming. A half-moon was surrounded by the jagged edges of the black clouds.

The moonbeams made a wide, yellow path on the sea, along which marched armies of ripples. The rest of the sea lay in inky blackness.

On the land, the stark outlines of the trees were softened by the delicate white tracery of snow on their branches. The trees on the shore stood like sentinels guarding the island from the armies of the ripples. From where I was standing on top of a hill, the fields rolled effortlessly away.

They were, for the most part, a sparkling white, but in the distance the colours ranged from deep violet hue to a wonderful midnight blue. The only variations in these colours were the black prints in the snow in front of me. The sheep had panicked when I first walked into the field. A faint rosy tint on the clouds in the west reminded me that day had only just departed. The few houses in the village below were clustered together, as if for added warmth, and the lighted windows were gleaming merrily.

In the distance, someone called out, as if for a dog. An answering, joyful bark confirmed this thought. The frightened sheep, huddled in the corner of the field, bleated pitifully. Behind me, the gentle low of a bullock startled me, then the scamper of rats accompanied by ear-piercing squeaks.

Then all was silent for a few minutes, and I turned round to regard the majestic, silver hills behind me, through the bars of a field gate.

There was a flap of wings, and a seagull cried, to be instantaneously imitated. The echo was obviously not lost in thought like myself.

The chimes of a clock in a nearby house startled me, it was six-o'clock.

Surprised, I continued on my way home, as the jagged edges of the clouds once more interlocked, hiding the moon, and the snow silently began to fall again

P. PRICE (L.V)

* *

BUSY BEES

ONE morning, bright and early,
When the birds began to wake,
I climbed up to my window
And gazed across the lake.

A man with a lovely garden
Was letting out his bees,
And I watched them as they buzzed
Around the flowers and the trees.

They were collecting honey
To put into a comb,
And I thought how busy bees could be
When they were left alone.

They'd hover in and out the trees,
And sometimes stop to see
If there was any nectar worth
Collecting for our tea.

But bees can be ferocious
If you try to steal their honey,
So if you want some go to town,
And buy some with your money.

P. KEWLEY (Upper IV)

(Awarded a prize in the I.O.M. Beekeepers' Competition)

THE TRAMP CLUB

(With apologies to Longfellow)

HERE in Manxland dwells a people,
Foolish people, really crazy;
Not for them the hours of leisure
Spent with book and bag of apples.
But the sterner joys of conflict,
Conflict with the towering mountains.
See them then one sunny morning
Rise from bed at hour unearthly,
Clothe them in outlandish garments,
Woolly socks and shoes with spikes on,
And set out like hardened veterans.
First they board an ancient vehicle
Loaded with the day's provisions
And progress along the highways
Scaring all the normal people
With their shrieks and dreadful war-cries
Whooping, wailing, screaming, shouting.
On they journey, ever onward,
Till at last they reach a mountain.
Here—if all is bleak and misty—
Out they tumble and start upwards.
Most of them are weak and helpless
On they stagger, always upwards
Following the All-Powerful Leader
Who alone of all the people
Knows the paths which they must follow,
Knows the difference—very hard, this—
Twix Slieau Maggle and Slieau Whallian
Garraghan, The Creg, and Sartfell,
Cronk-ny-Irrey-Lhaa and Baldwin.
Eventually they reach the summit
Marked by howling wind and flagpole,
But no peace is for the wicked
Fearful Leader hounds them onward.
Rest they cannot, may not, dare not,
Still the greatest lies before them.
All the livelong day they travel
Sucking clear-gums, eating biscuits
Now it rains but still they halt not
On they go through bogs and ditches
Over walls and barbed wire fences
Chivied onward by The Mighty.
Once they stop for lettuce sandwich
Piece of cake and sat-on rissole
Sitting on wet grass means sickness
So they stumble blindly onwards.
Suddenly appears the chara
Come to bear them home in comfort.
War-cries now are somewhat feebler
Aching feet are more important.
Surely these are super-human—
As they limp towards their fellows
Trying to forget their blisters
They have strength to twist their faces
Into scornful, scornful smiles
And to murmur that it has been
‘Such a lovely tramp!’

K. HUNTER (L.VI)

THE EDINBURGH ZOO

I THINK that the nicest day in Edinburgh was the one when we went to the zoo and then in the evening to the Opera.

In the morning we caught a tram which took us halfway to the zoo. While we were changing trams we went and bought some sweets, also some fruit and biscuits for our picnic lunch.

When we arrived at the zoo we watched some seals for quarter of an hour. They were very interesting to watch because they kept diving under the water. There was a baby seal who was feeding from its mother and occasionally the mother would flap the baby with one of her flippers.

We saw some monkeys too, and they seemed to show off in front of us. There were many other animals, and one very interesting animal was a baby kangaroo, who was in its mother's pouch and kept popping out its head.

After a while it began to rain so we ran into a shelter where we had our lunch. In the shelter there were some very cheeky little sparrows who came to us to be fed.

After lunch we wandered round until about four-o'clock when we went to watch the lions being fed. We were going to go and watch the "Chimps' Tea Party," but the keeper said that it would be too cold for them to come out. The lions ate as if they had never been fed before. They were given huge pieces of meat through a trap door in the front of the cage on a long spear. When they had eaten all their meat they stalked up and down the cage snarling and wanting more. When we had seen the lions we made our way home.

N. BROWN (L.IV)

* *

BILINGUAL LOVE LETTER

DARLING, je vous aime beaucoup
Je ne sais pas what to do
Morning, noon et dans le soir
Toujours je pense à toi et moi.

Quand I am in clair de lune
J'espère que you will be here soon
Aussi when in le soleil
I hope that vous viendrez my way.

Tout le monde says that je suis fou
Well probablement that is too true
Mais, toujours, Oh! si tenderly
Je penserai à you and me.

P. PRICE (L.V)

* *

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

ONCE there lived three little kittens. One was called Snowball, another Chicken, because he was gingery yellow, and the other Tinker.

One day, Tinker got lost. Snowball and Chicken were worried and they went to look for him. They went past the circus. "Look! Tinker must have gone to the circus and we thought he was lost. Come on, Chicken!" They went into the big circus tent and there was Tinker.

"Oh Tinker, we thought you were lost. Shall we watch the circus?" "Yes," said Tinker, and they sat down to watch.

They saw the acrobats, clowns, elephants, sea-lions, and horses doing their tricks. At the end they clapped harder than anyone else. Then Tinker, Snowball and Chicken all went home together, tired but happy.

SALLY BURKE, 7 years

OLD GIRLS' PAGE

- Enid Campbell** is nursing in Lancaster, but in October she hopes to start her training at the Liverpool Royal Infirmary.
- Muriel Watterson** is working at Kermode's in Port St. Mary.
- Patricia Allen** (nee Christian) has two children and is now living in East Africa.
- Kathleen Barr** Selbourne Drive, Douglas, is nursing in Noble's Hospital.
- Jean Bisset** 'Santa Rosa,' Little Switzerland Douglas, is employed at Ronaldsway Airport.
- Sylvia Burrows** 'White House,' Kirk Michael, is now Mrs. Corkill.
- Olive Caine** is now Mrs. Kelly.
- Margaret Caine** 'Trevear,' Devonshire Road, Douglas, is doing Secretarial work in the family business.
- Maisie Cowell** Bowling Green Road, Castletown, is teaching at Rushen Central School.
- Barbara Cowin** 'Windy Rig,' The Point, Port St. Mary, is in her second year at Cambridge, where she is studying History, and has gained her 'Blue' for Swimming. She recently announced her engagement.
- Sheila Craine** 'Seaview Terrace,' Governors Road, Onchan, is living at home.
- Audrey Creer**, 17, Westminster Terrace, Douglas, is doing secretarial work in the family business.
- Joan Downward** Devonshire Road, Douglas, is now at home, after spending three years in Spain teaching English.
- Beryl Duggan** (nee Thompson) is now in Hong Kong.
- Nona Eaton** is helping to run the family business in Castletown.
- Barbara Galliver** has finished her training in Hotel Management, and is now in Blackpool.
- Jean Gordon** Castletown, is a shorthand-typist in Government Office.
- Avril Graham** 64, Bucks Road, Douglas, now runs her own hairdressing business.
- Armored Gresswell** Rushen Vicarage, Port St. Mary, is employed at Ronaldsway Airport.
- Aileen Hampton** is now Dr. Parry Jones, and has a small son.
- Sheila Hodson** 'Cotleigh,' Selbourne Road, Douglas, is employed at Ronaldsway Airport.
- Eileen Holmes** 7, Malew Steet Castletown is now married.
- Nina Jones** Douglas Road Castletown, is training as a model in Liverpool.
- Gillian Keig** is studying Hotel Management in Glasgow.
- Phyllis Kennaugh** Red Gap Farm, Castletown, is teaching at Rushen School.
- Helen Kinvig** Crossack House, Ballasalla, is secretary to Mr. Howard Simcocks Athol Street, Douglas.
- Vivienne Kirton** is living at home.
- Heather Miller** is now married.
- Roseleen O'Neill** is nursing at St. Bartholomews Hospital, London, and has recently announced her engagement.
- Mary Quayle** 'Ben Vane,' First Avenue, Douglas, is helping in the family business.
- Margaret Reid** 'Riversdale,' Glen Roy, Laxey, is working in Brearey's, Douglas.

Elizabeth Ritchie 'Kilbride,' Little Switzerland, Douglas, is studying Hotel Management in Glasgow.

Mavis Roberts 'Fairholme,' Bay View Road, Port Erin, is a shorthand-typist at Ronaldsway Airport. She is engaged to be married.

Irene Shimmin 'Ayot,' Devonshire Road, Douglas, was married last year, and is now Mrs. Sheard.

Elizabeth Skillicorn Summerhill Road, Onchan, is hoping to take up nursing.

Muriel Skinner 'Glenluce,' First Avenue, Glencrutchery Road, is doing secretarial work for her father.

Jennifer Spurr College Green, Castletown, is studying medicine.

Mary Watterson (nee Brown) has one small daughter.

Brenda Watterson is a shorthand-typist in Government Office.

Joan Winning Sandringham Drive, Onchan, is now Mrs. Quirk.

Olive Cringle The Friary, Arbory, is completing a course at the Royal Academy of Music, and has been offered an engagement with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.

Sheila Pulkinhorn is now an Air Hostess.

Thelma Skillicorn is to train as a nurse in a London hospital.

* *

INDISCRETIONS !

THE actors had to bare much.

We thank God for our past sins.

He is mentally defected by Prospero's magic.

Then we get chanced and go to dinner.

The Jew sparkled in big drops.

A kind—but heavily-built man.

The Pope . . . sitting in the Vatican in Moscow !

The population was particularly dense in that place.

The Duke of Edinburgh's mother was there, the Mother Superior.

Rhodesia was called after Paul Robeson.

. a discussion group, ranging in subject matter from Gorilla Warfare to King Farouk.

Charles levied attacks called "Ship Money."

Grimes is in Grimes Fairy Tales.

King of Israel who was a musician was Alfred the Great.

A foal and his money are soon parted.

Borne Vita is very nice.

There was a big bonfire on Hows Drake.

God-fishing is the main product of the people.

But we are not the only people who do this:—

The third assailant who attempted to escape, was overpowered by the passers-by.

The Times June 20th 1953.

Thank you for your precious correspondence.

Letter from Lanes. County Council, June, 1953.

At Cronk ny Mona commentator David Lay passes through McAlpine.

Motor Cycling, June 18th, 1953.

Arthur Wheeler hurls his Guzzi past Kate's Cottage.

Motor Cycling, June 18th, 1953.

You will need your passport to cross the boarder.

Letter from Thos. Cook and Son, Travel Agents, June, 1953

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 42

- 1.—Woad.
- 2.—Edward I.
- 3.—Edward III.
- 4.—Mary, Queen of Scots.
- 5.—Prince Charles Edward Stuart; or Bonnie Prince Charlie; or the Young Pretender.
- 6.—Philip II. of Spain; None; Prince George of Denmark; Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg.
- 7.—When being cured, two slit herrings are put with their insides together to protect them from damage. They remain in pairs to be sold.
- 8.—Meretricious, saxophone, stillette, corollary, crypt.
- 9.—The match.
- 10.—It controls the administration of the lighthouse and pilot services. Its charter was granted by Henry VIII.
- 11.—Montana, Massachusetts, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri.
- 12.—A regular 12-sided geometrical figure. A three-penny bit.
- 13.—Eiffel Tower.
- 14.—Député.
- 15.—Cemetery.
- 16.—Pooh and Piglet.
- 17.—3, 39, 1,001, 4, 10, 12, 2, 5, 20, 4.
- 18.—It is the juice made by a small insect which is left under leaves or on plant stalks.
- 19.—“Dent-de-lion”—teeth of a lion—because the edge of the leaf is indented.
- 20.—In the Christmas pudding.
- 21.—When it is a female blackbird, when it is brown.
- 22.—(a) Twelfth Night; (b) Macbeth; (c) Henry V (iv.) (iii.); (d) Cymbeline; (e) As you like it.
- 23.—Dirk Hatteraick in “Guy Mannering.”
- 24.—Mr. Micawber.

* *

“COURAGEOUS FAITH”

THE shore, the sand, the rolling sea—
 I love the sea!
 The sky above, the sea below—
 True life for me!

The cliffs, the rocks, the growing flow'rs—
 They bloom so free!
 The gulls call loud, the air's salt tang—
 O glorious sea!

No sound but waves to break the air,
 No noisy town!
 The breeze all cobwebs blows away,
 No fretful frown;

And when at last my journey's o'er
 And death is near,
 First Shore of Death, then Land of Life,
 No need for tear.

A sea to cross, a dark cold sea,
 But still a sea.
 I'll think of sand and sea and sky—
 And have no fear.

K. GRANDAGE (L.V.),

THE NICEST SHOP IN TOWN

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(ISLE OF MAN) LIMITED

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