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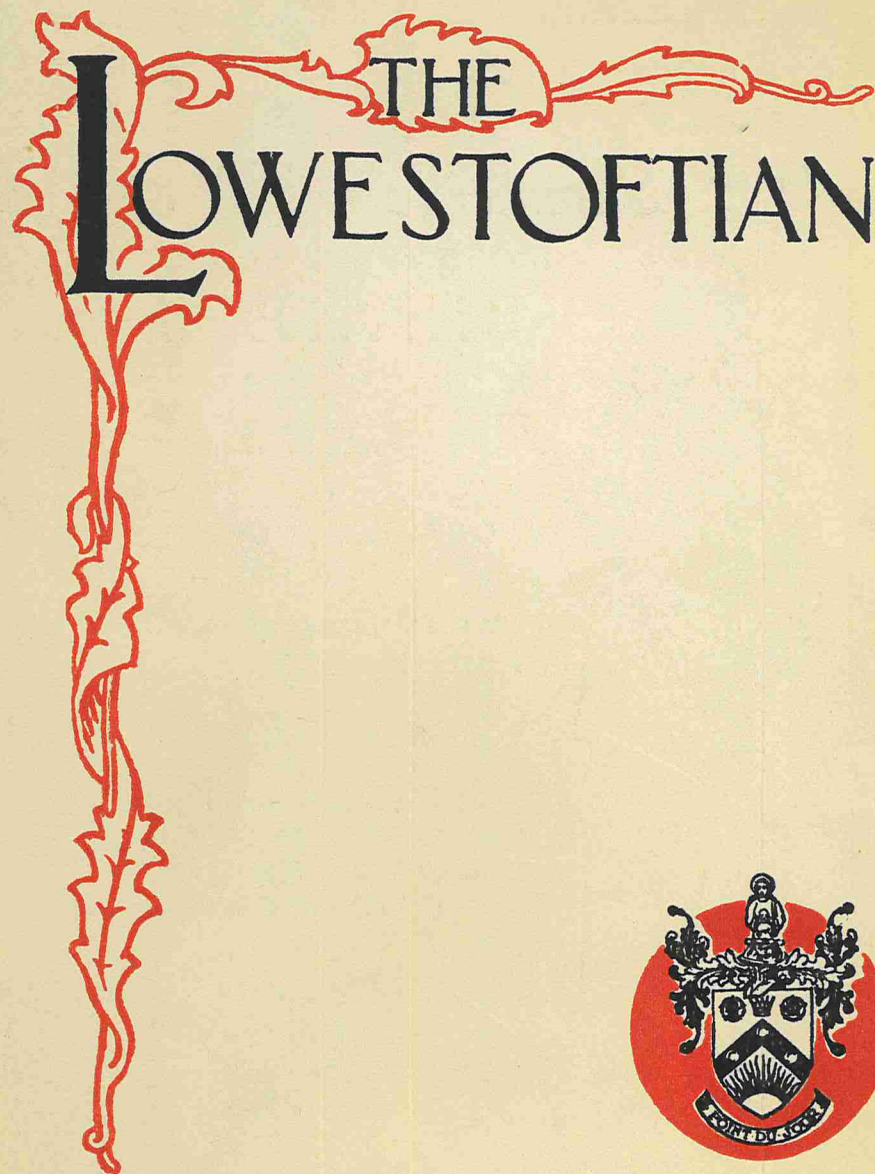
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SECONDARY SCHOOL

No. 35

Summer Term, 1935



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Head Boy
H. CLARK

Head Girl
MOLLIE PAYNE

Magazine Committee

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Any of the above will be pleased to
accept your contributions at an early date

SCHOOL TERMS

Autumn Term	Sept. 18 to Dec. 21 (p.m.)
Half Term	Oct. 29
Spring Term	Jan. 15 to April 17 (p.m.)
Half Term	March 4
Summer Term	May 8 to July 26 (p.m.)
Whitsun	June 10 and 11
Autumn Term, 1935	Tuesday, Sept. 17

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EDITORIAL

THE year 1935 will live long in the memory of most members of the School who participated in the great celebrations of the Silver Jubilee. Whether local festivities were arranged or not, it is perfectly true to say that all eyes and thoughts were turned towards London, where our King and Queen, amid a most lavish display of colour, received a wonderful ovation from the crowds that gathered to welcome them. Others less fortunate imagined the scenes from the descriptions received in their own homes, and in common with the world at large paid homage to their Sovereign.

It surely can never be forgotten that whatever we value highly in our national life has been won by the mutual influence of great men on our Kings and Queens, but when the history of the last twenty-five years comes to be fully written up it will be clear that that period will manifest the steady influence of our King and Queen, not only on our statesmen but on the whole people. It is a great thing to have a noble King, but greater is it to have a loyal King, one who shares in the weal and woe of his people. It is such a King whom we honour, for whether we have been in the shadow of a war or in the sunlight of prosperity we have known that the guiding influence has been the Throne.

* * * * *

The passage of time has brought to its fiftieth year the incorporation of Lowestoft—once a village near the Denes—a Borough. In July it is hoped to celebrate this historic occasion with fêtes and festivities, with trumpet and with drum. To our King we have by a Loyal Address presented our greetings on his Silver Jubilee, and now it is to the town that we turn our thoughts; a town to which, also, we owe allegiance, and from which, by courtesy of the Crown, we owe all the amenities of our local life, and it will be the privilege of the many to declare themselves worthy citizens or worthy citizens to be.

* * * * *

After the opening of the Summer Term by the Headmaster at a short Service commemorating the Silver Jubilee, we were honoured by an address from the Mayor, who presented Medals to all the Scholars as a memento of the two events previously mentioned.

* * * * *

April 13, 1910-1935.

Amid all these national and local festivities, we must not forget that our School is celebrating its 25th anniversary.

Nothing that we can add will enhance its reputation either in the County or the Town ; its duty towards its scholars has always been fulfilled, and many scholars have, through its means, risen to some of the best colleges and on to the higher professions. The majority must have benefited through their contact with the school life. But its work is not yet over, and there is nothing to fear in regard to its continual effort to maintain the tradition of its past.

* * * * *

We wish to congratulate John Evans (1915—1921) on winning his cap for Wales (Hockey, 1935).

* * * * *

We congratulate the groundsman on obtaining a Motor Mower and trust that its service may be long and useful.

* * * * *

Now that Spring has come we hope that we shall soon see the clock spring into life after its winter's sleep, for our tortoise woke up long ago.

* * * * *

We are hoping to receive many contributions for our next issue.

* * * * *

Although we are somewhat ahead of time we wish good luck to those who are about to take their examination in July, and we hope that the intervening festivities will not cause them to lose sight of the fact that they hold the honour of Lowestoft and the School in their hands.

Form Ib's Activities

(ALWAYS ON THE MOVE)

FORM Ib has had two incidents that are worth commemorating this term. They consist of (1) A Debate held on April 1st and (2) A play entitled *Mak and the Shepherds*.

* * * * *

THE DEBATE

The Debate was a great success, the subject being ' That Homework is not necessary for Secondary School Scholars.'

There were two boys for the motion, J. Mobbs and F.



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The Junior Dramatic Society Social

ON Saturday, February 23rd, through the kindness of Miss Fordham, four members of the sixth form attended the annual social of the Junior Dramatic Society. Arriving, as usual, a few minutes late, an amazing spectacle met my eyes: boys and girls, dressed as sailors, fishermen, mermaids, and scores of other characters, were romping round the gaily-decorated hall, screaming and shouting at the tops of their voices. I learned afterwards that one small boy, attired as a wealthy yacht-owner in white "ducks," absolutely refused to have his knees washed before leaving home, because he was going to wear trousers.

The first item was a team-race, the girls lining up on one side, and the boys on the other. The first boy in each team was provided with three books, to be used as stepping-stones by the girl opposite to him. An exciting race resulted in a win for Mr. Rimer's team by a narrow margin. A competition followed, devised by Miss Fordham, in the form of a story, containing the names of seaside towns. These were too subtle for everybody present and the winners are to be congratulated on solving nine of the sixteen towns.

During the intervals, the ice-cream stalls, ably managed by three prefects, were well patronized by everyone present. The next item was Mr. Rimer's band, conducted by Farman, who gave an excellent rendering of the "Yorkshire Symphony." When called upon to give an encore, it was discovered that the band could only play one tune, which they did again with great gusto. Then followed that old-fashioned but ever-popular entertainment—Punch and Judy. This was greatly enjoyed by everyone present, and the committee are to be congratulated on obtaining such a good show.

Then came the judging of the fancy dress competitions by members of the staff. Many of the costumes were very ingenious, and the results were as follows:

Groups—fishermen.

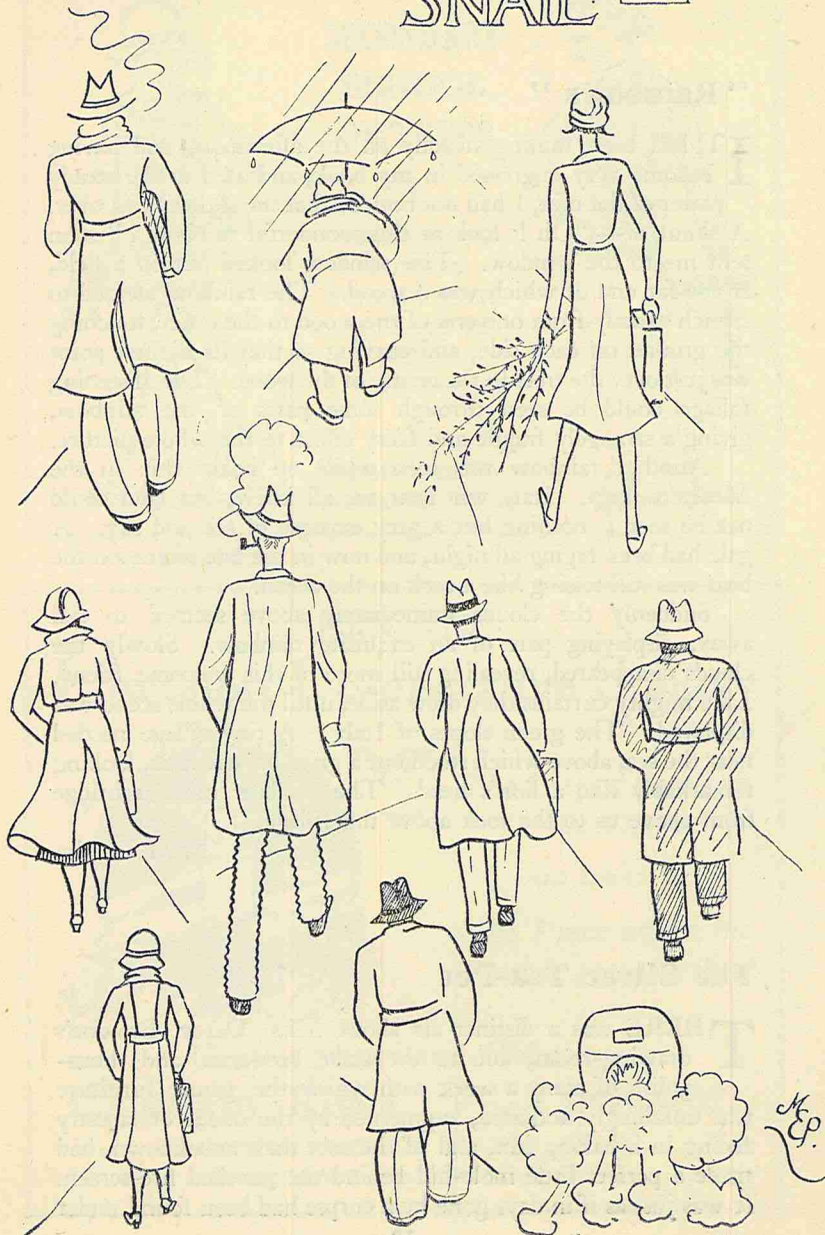
Comic Costume—Crawley (Nigger Minstrel).

Girl's Dress—a pretty little girl representing a paint-box.

Boy's Costume—Mobbs (boatman).

After supper, a concert was given by the "Junidrams," which was greatly enjoyed by all. The treasure hunt caused much amusement because the last clue read—"search Mr. Emerson"—Most of the Juniors obeyed this clue, with the result that Mr. Emerson nearly had a nervous breakdown. The social ended with "Auld Lang Syne," and everybody

"CREEPING LIKE SNAIL —"



present was sorry that it was time to finish. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Fordham for so kindly inviting us to the social.

BLOT.

“ Rainbows ”

IT had been raining steadily all the afternoon, and having become very engrossed in my book, and used to the steady patter of the rain, I had not noticed that the shower was over. A shout of—“ Oh ! look at this wonderful rainbow ! ” soon sent me to the window. This window looked out on a field, at the far end of which was a wood. The rainbow seemed to stretch exactly from one end of the wood to the other, touching the ground on each side, and curving so that its highest point was just over the trees in the centre of the wood. The glistening foliage could be seen through some parts of the rainbow, giving a strangely fragile and faery effect to the whole picture.

Another rainbow was seen while on board ship in the Mediterranean. Italy was near we all knew, but land could not be seen ; nothing but a grey expanse of sea and sky. A gale had been raging all night, and now in the late afternoon the boat was still tossing like a cork on the ocean.

Suddenly the clouds immediately above seemed to roll away, displaying part of an exquisite rainbow. Slowly the clouds disappeared, revealing still more of this welcome friend. Like mighty curtains they drew aside, until the whole scene was displayed. The green slopes of Italy ! A tiny village nestled near the sea, above which stood out a great brown rock, looking remarkably like a lion's head. The rainbow made a bridge from above us to the rock above the village.

B. M. G. Vg.

The Silver Tea-Pot

THERE was a distinct air about Miss Darcy Browne's drawing-room, due to the stale bees-wax and brass-polish of many a week with which the gaunt furniture was unfailingly anointed, augmented by the odour of tapestry fading in a baking sun, and of the soot that, unbeknown, had made a perfect little mole-hill behind the panelled fire-screen. It was just as if in days gone by a corpse had been found under

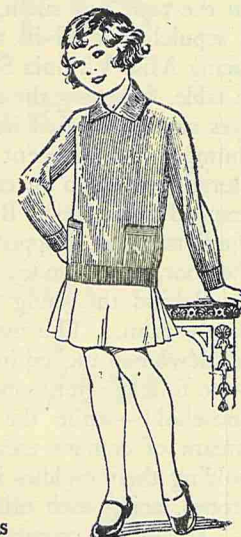
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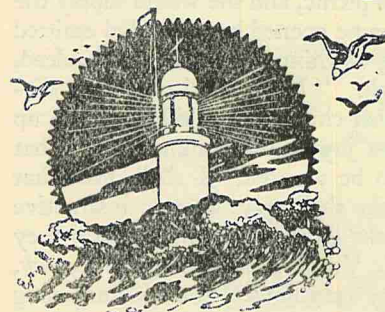
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the floor-boards of this respectable salon, and the musty smell had not quite petered out through the key-hole.

This sultry afternoon in July, when even the blue-bottle on the pane was silent, and the venetian blinds were retaining a sepulchral chill in the chamber, Miss Darcy Browne was facing Miss Virginia Sprigg, honoured guest, sitting statuesque at table, following the movement of the parlour-maid with her eyes as she emptied her tray with fluttering fingers. As she thumped the innocent silver tea-pot upon the beaded mat it literally spat upon the crisp lace cloth. "That will do Blitho!" snapped Miss Darcy Browne, whereupon the girl tripped over the Persian cat, dropped the tray, kicked it in her haste, slammed the door, and exploded downstairs to share her mirth with cook.

Behind the smug silver tea-pot Miss Browne reserved a stately calm. The usual conventions dispensed with the two gentlewomen tucked into the crumpets with surprising rapacity—no finicky afternoon teas in Miss Darcy Browne's epicurean household—while the steam arose from the tea-pot like a stream of demons escaping from Pandora's box, twirling and holding their middles in the profoundest mirth at the two old crones facing each other over their little feast.

When the crumpets had slipped away and the scones and honey were about to be tackled, the dames began to expand—to return to their beloved gossip. About that Sunday School question! But yesterday Miss Sprigg was talking to the "dear vicar" about the Jubilee celebrations, and one must not forget the beloved children in these happy times! Miss Sprigg suggested a little outing to that nice Epping Forest, where they could fly their kites and have a grand picnic, and she would supply the dough-nuts. Miss Darcy Browne opened her jaws and emitted something greatly resembling a whinny—which was, indeed, a gentlewoman's derisive laugh. "No! No! my dear Virginia. One must not forget that children should be brought up to be useful and intelligent—a joy to the community. That would but encourage them to be wastrels. I shall insist that my dear friend Professor Gabbe shall give them an instructive lecture with lantern slides in the church hall, with which they will be enraptured, I'm sure." Virginia, who in her large, lacy, white collar resembled a pasty cauliflower, showed surprising spirit. The pupils of her pale green eyes glowed like coals at the rude shattering of her benign scheme. The horny white hand, clutching a knife, twitched as if urged to run through "the old cat's" haughty breast. However, the "old cat" was not in the least concerned (she was mildly thinking how Virginia's nose always did flush when she drank her strong tea). With a choke Miss Sprigg recalled her self-possession and her

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duty as a guest, and gulped, "No, of course Agatha! we'll settle that with the Vicar," immediately swallowing so much that her neck resembled a boa-constrictor digesting a donkey. "And," continued Miss Browne, "they shall garland all the gravestones leading to the church door for the Celebrations; and I shall——" But at that critical moment Miss Virginia was about to plunge the spoon into the honey-pot, vainly endeavouring to compose herself after the struggles with that half-scone in her scraggy throat—the wench had left her breathless—totally unaware that a large wasp hung poised over the golden glory. With plausible presence of mind, Agatha Darcy Browne snatched up the tea-pot, and gave poor, wounded Virginia a violent sting upon the hand. In her agony she dropped the spoon, upset the honey-pot, and the wasp barged out with an enraged buzz. Confusion reigned. Agatha, lusty old war-horse she was, galloped to the door followed by gasping Virginia, wounded in body and in mind. Chairs clattered, the door slammed, plaster descended upon the remainder of the feast—and the interloper made a bee-line for the window.

A solitary sunbeam now peeped in through the venetian blinds, and the tea-pot, that had been deposited with a hearty thump, twinkled blandly as an even greater spurt of contorted, hilarious imps escaped into the world.

G. M. ROBERTS, Lower VI.

On Spring-Cleaning

WE lead an existence rather like that of the man who anchored on the back of a whale, thinking it was an island. Sooner or later he was bound to be disillusioned, when the foundations of his new home woke up. But ours is a far more subtle type of whale. On appearances it may be judged as quite condescending, since it guarantees only to wake up at certain regular intervals. The annoying point, wherein lies the real guile of the brute, is that so thoroughly does it duck us when it does want some fresh air, that we have only just settled down by the time for the next eruption. In the intervals it occasionally flicks its tail to keep the flies off, or polishes its finger-nails, but on the whole it is quite peaceful.

And the whole process is so active. We should not mind being gently tipped into the sea, but when the beast actually gets up and tries to keep us there, then we have reached the limit. If the hosts of housewives could get on with the job and

leave the rest of the world alone, by all means let them have their fun. But when the whole army, waving mops, brushes, and buckets, advances with determined step, what can the rest of the world do but quail and surrender with dignity. But that is one more grievance. How can we be smothered with dust and paste, armed with shovel and poker and still retain that customary dignity which is the mark of all our kind. No, if they could, like some primitive tribes, make a little fetish, easily composed out of the various implements of torture, and be content to worship it we should not mind. That would be a nice tidy kind of custom, like most simple people's, but to disturb the whole community and rejoice in doing it is more than we can stand. Truly they would rather forget to make the Christmas dinner than to celebrate spring-cleaning.

Oh yes, celebrate! The fiends actually enjoy it. Enjoy seeing us writhe under several layers of dust, whose customary abode is on the ceiling or the loftier regions of the cupboard, or stick ourselves quite firmly to the wall-paper instead of making sure the wall was in between. We cannot escape either; the snare is laid when we have been quietly sent out, so that when we return we are presented with a complete plan of campaign, guaranteed to last at least a fortnight, and to fill us with all types of germs from the innocent common or garden variety, which we are told continually surround us with their multitudes, to the more venomous Loch Ness type, in spite of using a reliable brand of evil-smelling floor polish. The next thing is the arrival of the sweep, which, thank heavens, has been arranged for eight-thirty and so we escape, with just a vision of all our most cherished rubbish being tossed out or securely and irretrievably covered with sheets. From now on all hope is gone. Our last moment of happy content by the fire having been duly enjoyed, we are wrenched away and forcibly made to realize what is happening.

They do not solicit our help. Oh no! Having more experience than we credit them with in normal times, they say, "Oh no, I can manage alone; you get on with your own work," but all the time the room is filled with invisible daggers, with goutts of paste, saying, "Come, let me seize thee." And so reluctantly we lay aside the beloved Horace and pass on to even stickier pursuits. Even then we do not do it properly. First we upset a pail of boiling water, then nearly knock down the steps, thereby violently perturbing Uncle Ebenezer, who is sitting at the top driving nails into the coloured enlargement of Aunt Sophia. Yes, it is quite a family affair, the gathering of the clans, in fact. All the in-laws and distant relations in the district are called in to admire the new sideboard, or bewail

the mistake of varnishing the desk a mahogany instead of a dark oak, because, "My dear, you know, it simply must match the new wall-paper that it took us so much trouble to get."

Then there is the upheaval of personal or even household belongings. A sudden glance at the clock informs me that in five minutes I should be able to get Henry Hall, but no, the fates are against me; the wireless has been put in the pantry, and in any case, "they certainly couldn't stand that row after all the work they've done to-day." My humble attempts at indignant support for the distant abused are lost in the remarks when someone drops a hammer on the aforesaid Uncle's toe.

And when the storm is over, and peace apparently reigns once more, what a world of inconvenience have we to endure. How can we hope to find anything in those scrupulously tidy drawers, or even dare to open them except someone stands over us to tell us where to put the things back. Long-hoarded treasures are cast out to the tender mercies of the dustmen. See how they hurl away the paper-hats from the Christmases of the past six years with fiendish glee in destruction, as if each little mark on them did not mean more to the humble hoarder than all the floor-polish in the world. Slowly, viewing the wreck of a tidy home around me, I plod up to a bedroom which all the paste, tin-tacks and polish in the world will not keep tidy, and then thank heaven that they cannot spring-clean my sleep.

NORA DARDRY.

Speed

THERE'S no more glorious sensation of speed than that provided when thrashing to windward on a squally day in a well-balanced sailing boat. When the lee sail's awash; the spray's sheeting over the weather bow; when you can feel the gentle pull of the helm and hear the wind whistling through the taut weather rigging; hear the creaking of the jaws, the groan of the spars, then do you experience the greatest thrill that speed can afford, whether on land, sea, or in the air.

But beating to windward is not all plain sailing: perhaps a big puff comes along and crack goes the weather lanyard; the mast bending like a bow nearly goes overboard. Down goes the helm to bring her up head to wind, and get her on the other tack. No, she's in irons and beginning to make sternway—she's paid off on the same tack as before, and in less than a minute the mast will snap like a cannon and go overboard,

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a pathetic wreck, unless—"Lower your mains'l," yells the helmsman. Down comes the mains'l, bellying out to leeward like a balloon, is finally fisted aboard and stowed. "Ahoy there!" yells the crew, "what about a tow?"

JAN.

Visit to His Majesty's Theatre, London, at the performance of King Henry IV

IT was a sleepy party which assembled outside the school on Saturday, April 13th, but the morning air and the prospect of a glorious day had worked wonders by eight o'clock, at which time we were seated in a large omnibus. The party included four cheerful members of the staff.

In a short while we were speeding over hill and dale through delightful scenery and beautiful sunshine. Steep hills and hump-backed bridges continued to evoke shrieks until we drew up outside the "Three Tuns," Petistree. There was a rush into this pleasant roadhouse for cooling beverage. Here we became aware of the driver's prowess at the piano and of Mr. Baker's equally astounding prowess—at darts.

After a stroll we were once more flying along over smooth roads—well within the thirty m.p.h. limit until, about one o'clock, we reached a large roadhouse outside Chelmsford, where we ate lunch and purchased tea. Workmen re-surfacing the roads impeded our route, and it was quite late when we glimpsed the Metropolis. The numerous beacons afforded us amusement as we slowly threaded our way through the heavy traffic. At length, when we were beginning to despair, the 'bus stopped.

Using the pedestrian crossings we dashed to the theatre, and were seated very soon after the commencement of the play. This was superb. George Robey marvellous. The jocular Falstaff, genial Prince Hal and his merry companions, and the music enthralled us. The council and battle scenes, the majesty and pomp of King Henry's court, and the final splendid array held us breathless.

Dazed with such splendour we filed out into the open air and strolled down Downing Street. Within a few minutes we had commenced the return journey. The first roadhouse was eagerly awaited. Here we had tea and stretched our cramped limbs. Re-embarking we struck up some jolly tunes and continued thus until, when night had long since fallen, we knocked

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up the owner of the 'Three Tuns,' who cordially provided us with refreshment.

A short while after, the 'bus contained so many 'sleeping beauties,' as we sped through deserted hamlets to the welcome town of Lowestoft. We reached here at about quarter to one, after a tiring but thoroughly enjoyable day.

PETER QUINTON Va, Trojan.

CRITICISMS OF PLAY HENRY IV, PART I

"Henry Hotspur was disappointing. None of his emotions were natural and he was too middle-aged and ugly. Prince Hal, although rather effeminate, was likeable because of his youthfulness. Robey made us feel very affectionate towards Falstaff, although the latter was such a cowardly rogue, and we were mightily relieved that he did not really die. We all enjoyed the play but were glad to breathe fresh air again."

B. C.

The play, which lasted 2½ hours, was superb, the acting, the scenery, the music; George Robey was the perfect Falstaff, but the other actors, even the minor characters, were in no way inferior to him. George Robey's closing speech was characteristic of him. It is pleasing that large appreciative audiences still exist for good old William Shakespeare.

P. C.

The part of Falstaff was very well acted, and in spite of the fact that he was a rogue, a drunkard, and a liar, one could not help liking him, and feeling sorry for him when he fell into the trap which had been set for him. The Prince too, although he had never done anything useful, was a very likeable person. On the other hand, one did not like Hotspur, who had a very strong character. This shows the wonderful power that Shakespeare has of making one like the person he wishes one to like. The other minor characters played their parts very well, and the result was an excellent performance which was heartily enjoyed by everyone.

J. R.

"Extract from the Journal of a Sea Voyage"

WHILE passing through the Bay of Biscay this morning, we headed straight into a sixty-miles-an-hour gale.

The ship shivered at the first impact, then, as if having shaken off her fear, plunged recklessly into the boiling waves. The decks were closed, by the Captain's orders. The lounges were crowded. Those who were lucky enough to obtain decent seats sat in them all through the morning, for fear of losing them to someone else. We watched the sea first appear at the windows on one side, and then at those on the other, reflecting a sickly green on our faces.

The lunch gong was greeted by a sigh of relief, accompanied by a rush for the dining-rooms. "What's this for?" was the repeatedly asked question of the stewards. This was a small balustrade running round the edges of the tables to prevent the plates from sliding off (an accident quite easily caused by the ever-changing level of the table-top). However, this did not prevent the table appointments from chasing each other about. In fact, one had to keep one's arms, or the unengaged part of one's arms, and one's eyes glued to the plate, to prevent it from offering itself to one's neighbour. This fickle behaviour, on top of the state of the weather, must have caused the nerves of my piece of lamb to be rather "jumpy," for it took a great leap into the water-jug, and coming into contact with the cold water immediately gave up the ghost, sinking silently to the bottom.

This accident brought forth a roar of laughter from the other occupants of the table, and, as one usually wrinkles up the eyes and throws back the head when roaring with laughter, the plates were momentarily released. They naturally bounded off, bringing forth more laughter with their antics. One rather frisky plate of soup (I must say it reminded me of Aunt Maria doing the polka) jumped right into its owner's lap. His laughter stopped; whiskers stretched; and his eyes bulged. Without another sound he rose and waddled out of the hall, napkin still under chin.

Poor Colonel! he never obliged us with his blustering company at meal-times again.

BERYL GROBS, Vg.

A Visit to Coventry

NOWHERE in England do the old and new jostle each other in more striking contrast than in this venerable city, which is as famous for the motor-cars and cycles it manufactures as for its quaint old buildings and the legendary and historical associations which cluster round it. The hum of factories to-day resounds in the streets through which good Lady Godiva took her famous ride—if tradition is true.

My main idea when I visited Coventry was not to see the sights of this quaint old town, but to find out how Standard motor cars are manufactured. The Standard factory is situated just outside the city, and is very difficult to locate. Having driven down a by-road as directed by a local inmate, instead of finding ourselves at the Standard Works, we arrived at the city's dumping-ground. Eventually we reached the Works, after driving about Coventry for over an hour. Our ears were immediately assailed by a constant din, which completely enveloped the whole works.

Having found the manager, we stated our business, and were immediately conducted round the factories. The main building is about two hundred yards square, and here the assembling is carried on. Stretching round the works is a chain, to which are fixed all the parts necessary for a car. This chain is constantly moving, and it is so timed that, whenever a part is needed by the workman, that part passes by him at the correct moment. If anything should happen to this timing, the work of all the men is thrown out of gear.

The motor industry is an excellent example of "division of labour" (as described by Victor Cohen, B.A., in last term's magazine), every man doing his bit to each car, as it passes by him. The frame of the car starts at one end of the shed, and it is gradually built up, until it is driven out, ready for testing, at the other end of the workshop. It is then subjected to very stringent tests, after which it is ready for the market.

I saw very little besides the motor factory at Coventry, but I learned one interesting fact. The familiar phrase, to "send to Coventry," takes us back to the English Civil War of the seventeenth century, when Coventry was used as a place of imprisonment for supporters of the king.

Returning home to Lowestoft, I decided that I would pay a longer visit to Coventry as soon as I could. I think that Coventry is one of the places every Englishman and every visitor should see, because of its delightful old buildings coupled with excellent examples of British Industry at its height.

BLOT.

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Lilies

A GOLDEN carpet spreads
Beneath the coppice trees—
The lilies lift their heads
To listen to the breeze.

To catch the sunbeams bright,
In cups of shining gold—
That for the bees' delight,
A store of honey hold.

M. WOODCOCK, Ia.

Things we should like to know :

1. How much tuck F——r consumes during a week?
2. When the school clock is going to cease to show twelve o'clock?
3. Why the sixth form boys are always looking for Mr. W——m?
4. Who looks at the art exhibits on the balcony?
5. How much C——e spends on brilliantine per week?
6. Who uses the soap in the cloak-room to write messages on the mirror?
7. Has the person who said the boys' sixth form-room was the untidiest in the school ever visited the girls' locker-room?
8. What happened to the boys' first eleven while returning home from Norwich?
9. Why so many boys in the sixth form are injured on Friday afternoons?
10. Did C——e enjoy his game of marbles with members of the Shell form?

BLOT.

Going to Bed on a Cold Night

THE wind was shrieking through the chimney tops, driving the snow-flakes into a powdery mist, and forcing the few pedestrians to shelter from its bitter sharpness in arched doorways.

It was bitterly cold, and I was crouching over a roaring fire, doing my best to keep warm.

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Dismally I watched the clock creep round to the half-past eight mark. Bedtime ! How I dreaded the thought of a cold bedroom. I cuddled closer to the fire, trying to escape the eagle eye of mother.

But no, to my ears mother's voice came calling " Bedtime ! "

I rose and walked towards the stairs. Then, as if seized by a sudden inspiration, I leapt up the stairs two at a time.

Swiftly undressing I ran to my bed. Flinging back the covers, I dived in, and then pulled them over my shivering body. Brrr ! it was cold, my teeth began to chatter, and so I pulled the covers closer, pressed my head back into the pillow, and went to sleep.

R. ALLEN, FORM Ib, Athenian.

A Japanese Garden

A GARDEN there was in fair Japan,
Sing hie, sing lo.
And over a bridge walked a sad young man,
Sing hie, sing lo in Japan.

A shrine there was in a wood so green,
Sing hie, sing lo.
Here he worshipped by others unseen,
Sing hie, sing lo in Japan.

He lived in a Pagoda rich and fine.
Sing hie, sing lo.
He hoped to have from the Gods a sign,
Sing hie, sing lo in Japan.

He had two wives dressed in silken frocks,
Sing hie, sing lo.
One had dark, the other fair locks,
Sing hie, sing lo in Japan.

The fair wife had had a baby small
Sing hie, sing lo.
The dark one, for one to the Gods did call
Sing hie, sing lo in Japan.

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A boat it sailed across the Lake
Sing hie, sing lo.
It bore a baby its place to take
Sing hie, sing lo in Japan.

The wife, she sang and danced in delight,
Sing hie, sing lo.
But her husband was drowned that very night
Sing hie, sing lo in Japan.

The garden began fading and ever dying,
Sing hie, sing lo.
The Lake remained only, the Lake ever lying
Sing hie, sing lo in Japan.

J. E. MINCHIN, IIg, Grace Darling House.

Historical Society Show of Films

ON the night of Friday, March 5th, a select gathering of members of the Historical Society met in the hall for a display of films, historical and otherwise. The films chosen were 'Wanderlust,' a picture of what Tanganyika with its abundant fauna looks like; 'St. Joan the Maid,' in two reels, a magnificent picture in every respect; 'New York'; 'Hearts of Oak,' a stirring picture of the attack on the Zeebrugge Mole; and a Charlie Chaplin farce to finish with. Altogether it was a fine show, voted by all one of the best shown in school.

The clearness of the pictures, even at the back of the hall, was due to the fine projector which was secured by Robert Wood, to whom we are greatly indebted, and to whom an invitation to come again at some future date was given. We sincerely hope he will do so.

Our thanks are extended to Mr. Robinson for the loan of the films, and to Mr. Rimer, who unknowingly lent the plug of his floodlighting gear. The same has been returned.

Again thanking Bob most heartily, we say, Here's to the next time.

F. E. PEGG, VI.

This Advertisement Page To Let

Who's Who at Prayers

WHEN in the morning we assemble,
She is the first one to be heard.
As in the hymn we start our tremble,
She warbles above us, like a bird.

When in the prayer we're apt to gabble,
Her voice comes sweeping, cold and slow,
Then all at once we stop our babble,
And follow with her, sweet and low.

When his dainty little fingers,
Across the big piano creep,
Then, all the pretty little singers,
Begin at once their morning sleep.

When the roar is loud behind us,
We wonder and we stare,
For all imagine the boundary 'bus—!
But no—'tis not from there.

They stand in a row behind us,
And reach the top notes well:
Nor do they make the slightest fuss,
When the basses boom and swell.

Vg, ensemble.

A Riddle

I AM a very wet substance, and I am a native of inland hills. I have a smooth, glossy surface which can be disturbed by small and big things alike. Huge buildings sometimes frown on me and cast dark shadows on me. I am always to be found in bed, though not an invalid. Also I am a great helper of trade in my country. I am very closely connected with banks, although I am not rich, yet I can afford to supply many other people with much needed refreshment.

I am a very slippery customer in winter; rich and poor are alike to me.

Now can you guess what I am?

FRED DRAKE, FORM Ib, Trojan House.

Cross-Country Races, 1935

SENIOR

THIS race was run on Tuesday, April 16th. In contrast to former years the entry was very small, only twelve competitors appearing at the starting-point. The weather for the preceding few days had been very showery, and so the course was heavy and muddy. However, a very good race resulted, and Neal, who had been successful in the Junior Race in the previous three years, finished first in the excellent time of 17 mins. 8 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs. He was closely followed by Southam, Lewis and Mullender. As the first three were members of the Trojan House, this House easily won the Trophy.

JUNIOR

This race was run on Wednesday, April 17th. The entry was a very good one, thirty-five boys turning out. Of these, only two fell out, the remainder finishing with only small intervals between them. Brown, IIIa, won in the very good time of 15 mins. 45 secs., and he was followed by Hall, IIa, Mullender and Davis. Although the Spartans had the 1st, 3rd, and 5th places, the Athenians packed better and were easily the winning House.

The Senior Cross-Country from the Rear

TUESDAY, April 16th, saw the Senior Cross-Country Race, and probably better than I did.

For the main part of the dozen or so runners, Mr. Neal's starting whistle was the culmination of several weeks of intensive training. The reader will immediately place me among that lesser part whose training was not so intensive, but if running across fields with a heavy satchel and a mouthful of toast to catch the 7.40 is not sufficient training for the most aspiring of cross-country runners, then I must reluctantly confess the reader to be correct, for here my training almost ended.

However, in spite of the absence of the usual parade of gym slips and chorus of feminine voices, all made a good start.

The course was strange to me but, needless to say, the vanguard's heels provided a fine indication of the route, although it did strain my eyes rather badly. We were all fairly close together for the first few hundred yards until we rushed, or

rather fell, down a steep concreted decline which brought us to the beach. Now my 7.40 a.m. dash to the bus does not carry me across a mile (or was it five miles ?) of stony, water-logged sand, and therefore, dreaded words ! I was unprepared.

Neal, Southam, Lewis, Mullender and Beamish drew steadily ahead while yours truly and the rest concentrated upon avoiding the waves and the stitch. Those receding heels were fast disappearing when I was startled by loud pants and a commotion in the shingle behind. A moment later Lang was running beside me. A few more hundred yards and we reached a steep clay-sided gully up which we evidently had to scramble, for at the top I saw the half-amused, half-mocking face of Mr. Trent. Those in front of me had obviously succeeded in negotiating this gully, for I saw no signs of anyone adhering to the sticky sides. I saw Lang vanish over the top, and then tackled it myself. Having nearly lost a shoe, which obstinately stuck in six inches of soft clay, and covered my hands and legs with black mud, I eventually clambered past Mr. Trent.

Raking the clay out of my eyes I strained them for a glimpse of Lang, and saw him crossing the railway track. Across more muddy fields and through still muddier lanes we ran until again we emerged upon the highroad. I was much the worse for wear. Wild but wonderful thoughts of a ride home in Mr. Trent's car assailed me. Then realizing he would more likely be ready to run me down than run me home, I chose the lesser of the two very distinct evils and plodded after Lang, who by now was two hundred yards ahead.

Once more I quitted that cherished highroad and plunged ankle deep into one of Suffolk's beautiful lanes. From this I came into more open country and could see a figure in the distance, which must have been Neal, followed by Southam, Lewis, Mullender, Beamish, Edwards and Lang, who was now still further ahead.

The ground here was unfit to be described in the *Low-estoftian*. There was a kind of maximum speed (or slowness if you like) upon exceeding which one's feet would slip backwards and kick one spitefully in the calves, or would slip in some other direction and momentarily place one in a most unstable equilibrium.

A sudden burst of cheering from afar off told me the race was won and also, more wonderful thought, there was not much further to run. Cheer after cheer resounded as Neal, Southam, Lewis and the others finished the course, yet those cheers seemed to get no nearer. Then sliding round one last corner I saw the end before me. It was all over ; no longer had I to drag one foot past the other, but I could indulge in glorious rest. I was

thinking that Neal might not have been so fortunate had I been possessed of a pair of skis over the last two miles of the course !

JELSIE, VI, Upper, Trojan.

Junior Dramatic Society

THE chief item on the Society's programme this term was the Social. After the great success of the Pirate Party last year, it was decided that this one should also be a fancy dress party. The hall was decorated to represent the seaside, and some guests came in summer dresses, others in carnival attire. All appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly ; there was a record attendance of about 130 members, and as we had 20 visitors with us, the balcony was often pressed into service to accommodate the overflow of the crowd of 150—the largest number ever present at a party in our hall.

The Summer Term is hardly the time for indoor activities, but next Autumn we shall be preparing for our big November production, and we hope that many new members will join the Society, not only to get amusement for themselves, but to give pleasure to others by taking active part in the plays. This summer many very active third formers will be moving on to the upper school, and we need enthusiastic support from all new entrants and those at present in the first and second forms.

P. AKERMAN (*Sec.*)

Girls' House Notes

ST. MARGARET'S HOUSE

House Mistresses :	MISS BATES
	MISS HINXMAN
House Captain :	MOLLIE PAYNE
House Secretary :	PEGGY GOSLING

THIS term has been a successful one, both socially and on the games' field. One well-attended club night was held, with the usual programme of games, dancing and competitions, for which, for the first time, small prizes were awarded.

Both first and second hockey elevens played well, and we succeeded in dead-heating with the Darlings for second place. Let us be top next time !

happen again. The Juniors, however, sent in fifteen entries, and the race was won in 15 mins. 45 secs. by Brown, who must be congratulated. Mullender, another Spartan, came third.

At the moment we are second House, but Sports Day will take place next term, and I urge all Spartans to train earnestly for the Sports, so that we may capture that elusive House Cup.

H. J. CLARK.

ROMAN HOUSE NOTES

As far as football is concerned, results this term, taken as a whole, are quite up to expectations. The standard of play, however, has been far from consistent, each team having won, drawn and lost a game.

In our first match against the Spartans we did well in drawing both matches. In the next our 1st XI was unexpectedly beaten by the Trojans, a failure only attributable to our own poor play. This defeat, however, was to a certain extent mitigated by the success of our 2nd XI and subsequently fully atoned for by our victory over the Athenians, a supposedly far stronger side.

The cross-country races were, from our point of view, unsatisfactory, owing to the small number of entrants, and as a result we now occupy, by a narrow margin, the fourth place in the House competition. It is to be hoped, however, that all those "short distance" runners will turn out in full strength on Sports Day and put an end to this state of affairs.

RESULTS

	P.	W.	D.	L	Pts.
1st XI	4	2	1	1	15
2nd XI	4	1	2	1	8

Total 23

G. R. LANG (Capt.)

ATHENIAN HOUSE NOTES

Unfortunately this term has not been very successful from our point of view. The football 1st XI was seriously depleted by the loss of Hoggett and Chipperfield at the start of the term, but nevertheless started off well by beating the Trojans 11—2. This filled us full of hope for the remaining matches. These hopes, however, were not realized, luck and other circumstances being against us, and we lost to the Spartans 4—3, and then to the Romans 5—3.

The 2nd XI did better than this, winning one match and

drawing the other two. Results : v. Trojans 1—1 ; v. Spartans 1—1 ; v. Romans 2—0.

The cross-country races were not very successful either for us. We gained second place in the junior race, thanks to Hall. Those who did enter I am sure did their best, but many who could have run did not, for reasons best known to themselves.

Next term will give us a chance to make up for the poor results of this term. Remember we have both the Sports Trophy and the House Cup to defend, and we can do it if we try.

A. G. CATCHPOLE (Capt.)

TROJAN HOUSE NOTES

This term the Trojan House has been more successful than has been the case for many years. The 1st XI easily defeated the Romans, and the excellent performance of Neal, Southam, and Lewis in the Senior Cross Country not only captured the Cross Country Trophy but gave us the even greater honour of being top House.

At the moment we owe this position to the efforts of a select few. The sports, however, will give every member of the House an opportunity to prove his worth. Remember, although the points are given to the winners, it is not so much whether you win as whether you run. Let it not be said we Trojans were sparing in our entries, that we left all to our best, but let us enter *en masse* and endeavour to maintain or increase the margin between ourselves and other Houses.

J. L. CASE (House Capt.)

Junior Choir

THE Junior Choir has been meeting on Wednesday nights in Room 18 all this term. We have been practising hard, and are looking forward to the Norwich Festival and also to Speech Day. We have received our certificate from Norwich for last year, and are hoping to gain even higher marks this year.

M. P.

Senior Choir

THIS term the Seniors have again been practising for the all-important Speech Day, which takes place some time at the beginning of the Summer Term. The songs chosen are the *Blue Bird*, *Slow, Slow Fresh Fount*, and *O Mistress Mine*. The last-named is without doubt the most

popular of the three, although some of the contraltos *have* broken down on occasions. The other two are more difficult, but even so we hope to render them somewhat melodiously next term.

The attendance generally has been pretty good in spite of the fluctuations in the numbers of basses during the first meetings.

We have now three tenors on the occasions when Mr. Baker kindly turns up (the others are most grateful for his support), about eight basses and rather more sopranos. The contraltos are the most numerous and are divided into two sections. We wish members of the IVth and Vth forms would turn up so that their voices can receive a little training. I am sure a great number of them can sing even if their voices have broken: the Senior Choir has never been so large as the Junior; why should it not be? "In song alone can man express real joy."

Our thanks go out to Miss Chudleigh and Mr. Rimer, who kindly allowed us to attend the very successful Junior Choir Social on payment of a reluctantly parted with sixpence, and also for giving their time to supervise our efforts. I am sure that they are just as grateful to us for giving them someone to supervise.

We send out best wishes to the Junior Choir.

TENOR, VI.

Hockey Notes, 1934-35

THE Hockey XIs have had a very successful season, the 1st XI being unbeaten, having won six matches and drawn one, scoring 46 goals to 12. The 2nd XI have won three matches and lost one, their total goal score being 9 for, and 7 against.

This term the 1st XI registered their first win by defeating the Technical School, Lowestoft. Flixton Ladies were also beaten on March 11th. The best match of the season was versus Lowestoft Queries at Normanston Park, which the school won by 9 goals to 2, a rather large margin, but the match was much more keenly fought than the score indicates. The combined play of the school forward line was a feature of this game.

For the fifth time in the last six years, the School won the Schools' County Tournament, which was played at Ipswich on Saturday, March 23rd. Although the weather was fine when play started in the morning, the afternoon was appallingly

wet. The School won each of the six games they had to play in their section, and came through with the rather remarkable goal record of 16 to 1. The winners of the other section, Leiston, met us in the final, and we defeated them by 3 goals to 0. This made our final goal score 19 goals to 1. Next season the School should aim at going one better by not having a goal scored against them.

The play throughout the season has been of a high order, being characterized by good combination rather than individual effort; and in this respect much is due to the careful coaching of Miss Walsh.

The team was strengthened in the last two matches by the inclusion of M. Bennett at Left Back. This enabled J. Crickmore to play at centre Half, where she did excellent work, and M. Prettyman at Right Half.

The 2nd XI played three matches this term, winning against Yarmouth High School and Leiston School 1st XI, but lost the return match with Leiston.

We are pleased to record that M. Walker has, during the Season, on two occasions played Goalkeeper for Suffolk County Junior XI in matches against Norfolk.

Red girdles have now been awarded to all members of the team.

1ST AND 2ND XI HOUSE MATCHES

This term, for the first time, 1st and 2nd XI House Matches were played. These proved a success, for there were many players in the 2nd XIs who showed promise. The Nightingales were top, drawing 2 matches and winning 1, in both XIs.

B. JAMES (*Captain*)

RESULTS 1ST XI

Sept. 29	v. The Queries	Home	Draw	3—3
Oct. 6	v. Yarmouth High School	Away	Win	11—2
Oct. 13	v. Gorleston Ladies	Away	Win	5—1
Nov. 3	v. Technical School	Home	Win	4—0
Feb. 2	v. Technical School	Home	Win	4—2
Mar. 11	v. Flixton Ladies	Home	Win	10—2
Mar. 16	v. The Queries	Away	Win	9—2
Mar. 23	Ipswich Tournament			
	v. Newmarket	Win	2—1	
	v. Stowmarket	Win	2—0	
	v. Ipswich	Win	2—0	
	v. Harwich	Win	4—0	
	v. East Bergholt	Win	6—0	
	v. Leiston	Win	3—0	

2nd XI

Nov. 24	v. N. Walsham M. School 1st	Away	Win	3—2
Feb. 9	v. Yarmouth High School 2nd XI	Home	Win	2—1
Mar. 9	v. Leiston Secondary School 1st XI	Home	Win	3—2
Mar. 16	v. Leiston 1st XI	Away	Loss	1—2

1st XI

E. Heasman J. Mackenzie B. James J. Roach D. Howe
D. Comer J. Crickmore M. Prettyman
M. Bennett K. Shillings
M. Walker

The Ipswich Tournament

AT 8.30 a.m. on March 23rd, the Hockey 1st XI, accompanied by all the vocal celebrities, left the school to compete in the Ipswich Tournament. As soon as we arrived we had to play a match, and although we had not had time to recover from the journey, we won comfortably. We played for only seven minutes each way, and as points were given for goals, it was necessary for the forwards to get as many goals as they could, and as quickly as they could. We won all our matches easily, and entered the final against Leiston. Unfortunately it began to rain during the morning, and by the time the final was played the field was like a pond, and the team were feeling uncomfortably damp. The match against Leiston was not very good, owing no doubt to the slippery nature of the ground. We beat Leiston by 3 goals to nil, thus winning the Tournament for the fifth time in six years.

J. E. R. Vg.

The Jubilee Hockey Match

ON Saturday, April 13th, the school hockey XI turned out in costumes of hockey girls of the nineteenth century. As each player emerged in their "not-so-modern" skirts, starched collars, old school ties, boaters etc., there were shouts of laughter. The game started after much amusement about the new positions taken by the "ancientes." As the game proceeded there was continuous laughter, especially when the left-wing lost a frill of her lingerie.

Half-time was a relief to the "ancientes;" pins were collected from all quarters to keep up the moral decency of the team. Some of the modern players were thwarted in their favourite trick of putting the ball between the legs of the opponents by the barrier of skirts.

Some of the spectators thought that it was intentional on the "ancientes'" part to shed their hats at the moment when a goal was going to be scored for the "moderns."

The "ancientes" although handicapped proved their superiority over the 2nd Hockey XI by winning by 3 goals to 2.
FROMAGE.

Football Notes

THIS term we have again been very successful, and with a very young team gained some notable victories.

This augurs very well for future 1st XIs, since the average age of this term's team is not sixteen years.

Our first match was against Beccles, whom we defeated far more easily than the score three—nil suggests. The forwards played very well, but their finishing was weak. King, making his debut in the School XI, played a very good game and scored an excellent goal. The following Saturday we entertained and defeated Yarmouth Grammar School by four goals to two. The game was ruined by the wind, which made good football impossible. Then we visited Leiston, who fielded a very depleted team, and we scored eleven goals without reply. Our scorers were Catchpole 4, Easter 4, Thompson 2, and King.

We then played the return with Leiston, and won by eight goals to four. Leiston played better football, and we were rather lucky to win. Having beaten the City of Norwich School earlier in the year, we set off to Norwich full of hopes, but unfortunately these did not materialize. The game was played in a snow-storm, and Norwich are to be congratulated on the way they adapted themselves to the wintry conditions. They eventually defeated us by three goals to one, and, although we had some bad luck, Norwich fully deserved their victory. Incidentally, this is the first time the City of Norwich School have defeated us on the soccer field.

Our last two matches of the season were against local sides, both of which we won. The first, against the Rover Scouts, was won by five goals to two. This was a very fast and vigorous game, and was contested in a very sporting manner. The last match of the season was against the Boys' Brigade, whom we defeated by three goals to one with a very depleted team. The feature of this game was Utting's brilliant goal, which was one of the best the writer has ever seen.

The 2nd XI have played five matches this term, all of which have been won. There are some very promising Juniors in the 2nd XI, about whom we shall hear more next season.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Headmaster for allowing us to visit Norwich on a Thursday afternoon. Also we should like to thank him for his support and encouragement at all matches.

So ends a very successful season, and by the look of this year's team, we need have no fears for the future football of the School.

1ST XI RESULTS

Feb. 9	Beccles	Home	Won	3—0
Feb. 16	Yarmouth	Home	Won	4—2
Feb. 23	Leiston	Away	Won	11—0
Mar. 23	Leiston	Home	Won	8—4
Apr. 4	C.N.S.	Away	Lost	1—3
Apr. 6	Rover Scouts	Home	Won	5—2
Apr. 13	Boys' Brigade	Away	Won	3—1

Scorers

Catchpole 11, Thompson 7, Viner, Easter and King 5 each, and Marston and Utting 1 each.

2nd XI RESULTS

Feb. 13	Duncan House	Away	Won	3—2
Feb. 16	Yarmouth G.S. 2nd XI	Away	Won	3—1
Feb. 23	Cadets	Home	Won	10—0
Mar. 9	Duncan House	Home	Won	2—1
Mar. 30	Boys' Brigade	Home	Won	13—1

Scorers

Utting 9, Beaumont and Oldman 8 each, Davis and Harrison 2 each, and Pullman and Murton 1 each.

THIS TERM

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1ST XI	7	6	0	1	35	12
2ND XI	5	5	0	0	31	5

WHOLE SEASON

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1ST XI	16	14	0	2	66	24
2ND XI	10	8	0	2	49	19

And now for King Cricket!

A. G. CATCHPOLE (Capt.)
P. T. LAWRENCE (Sec.)

Coaching

THIS term we have been lucky enough to obtain the services of some of the Norwich professionals for coaching purposes. Robinson, the City's popular half-back, came to school and instructed us in the noble art of football. We had a very interesting afternoon being coached in the finer points of the game, in exactly the same way as the Norwich professionals. Having been taught how to head, trap and shoot, we played a practice game. Robinson assisted one side, and gave some of those delightful passes about which forwards dream. It was very interesting to see the school's halves trying to emulate Robinson in throwing a ball. Since he has one of the best throws in England, it was not surprising that our boys could not beat him at throwing a football. His only sad remembrance of our school was the number of autograph-books he had to sign!

Later in the term Lochhead came twice to coach the Juniors, whom, he said, were very promising. It was a pity that the 1st XI could not take advantage of his wide experience in the game; but since examinations were on, this was not possible. Next term we hope it will be possible to obtain a professional cricket coach as in previous years. Next season it is hoped that we shall have a soccer coach who will come once a week.

BLOT.

School 1st XI Football Matches

SPRING TERM 1935

February 9th. School v. Sir John Leman's School, Beccles (Home).

A keen game resulted in a win for the School team by three goals to nil. Although team work was lacking the School played very satisfactorily. The newcomers to the team, viz. Bond, Smith and King, made very satisfactory débuts, King scoring a good goal.

Result: School 3 v. Sir John Leman's School 0.

Scorers: Thompson, Viner, King.

February 16th. School v. Yarmouth Grammar School (Home).

The game was played in a gale of wind which made good football difficult, but the School, adapting themselves to the

conditions and settling down more quickly than their opponents, won an enjoyable game by four goals to two.

Result : School 4 v. Yarmouth Grammar School 2.
Scorers : Catchpole, Thompson, Viner, King.

February 23rd. School v. Leiston Secondary School (Away).

Although fielding a depleted side, Leiston never gave up trying although they were completely outplayed. The score of eleven goals in our favour might have been added to had it not been for a good display by the Leiston goalkeeper. The Leiston goal was due to a pardonable lapse by the defence, and in the last minute Leiston made a truly great attempt to score again, but were foiled.

Result : School 11 v. Leiston Secondary School 1.
Scorers : Easter 4, Catchpole 4, Thompson 2, King 1.

March 23rd. School v. Leiston Secondary School (Home).

Playing the return match in the rain and wind which prevailed, the School defeated Leiston by eight goals to four. Owing to injuries the School fielded three reserves who justified their inclusion. A certain amount of feeling crept into the game but soon faded out. Viner made a welcome return to form by obtaining a hat-trick.

Result : School 8 v. Leiston Secondary School 4.
Scorers : Viner 3, Thompson 2, Easter 1, Catchpole 1, King 1.

March 25th. School v. Staff XI.

This match was played after school, and resulted in a School win. The Staff XI consisted of five masters, an Old Boy and five 2nd XI members. An enjoyable match took place, the masters thoroughly enjoying it.

Result : School 2 v. Staff XI 0.
Scorers : Thompson, Utting.

April 1st. School v. Staff XI.

The Staff XI consisted of six masters, three old boys and two 2nd XI members, and gave the School a hard game. Crossing over with no goals scored, the School were hard pressed but succeeded in keeping their goal intact. Unfortunately it began to rain shortly after half-time, and with the down-pour increasing, the game was abandoned.

April 4th. School v. City of Norwich School.

In this match, although defeated, the School played fairly well, but it was no disgrace to be defeated by a superior side. Norwich clearly demonstrated what continual coaching can

do in the way of effecting a machine moving side. At the interval Norwich led by two goals to nil against the wind, but during the second half, which was played in a blinding snow storm, the School played much better, but although scoring once they could not snatch a draw. The ground being covered in snow a quarter of an hour before the end made the going hard, and the ball resembled a snowball at the finish. However, we offer no excuse for our first defeat.

Result : School 1 v. City of Norwich School 3.
Scorer : Catchpole.

April 6th. School v. Rover Scouts.

An enjoyable game took place on a rain-sodden pitch, and although opposed to a heavier side, the School, although playing three reserves, who incidentally played very well, won by a score which undoubtedly flattered them. Kicking with the wind in the first half the score was two goals all at half-time, but in the second half the School increased their total to win by five goals to two. A feature of the game was the play of Thompson, a combined forward and half-back.

Result : School 5 v. Rover Scouts 2.
Scorers : Catchpole 2, Thompson, King, Viner.

April 13th. School v. Boys' Brigade Old Boys.

Played at Normanston Park on an ideal afternoon, this match resulted in a good win for the School. Although five regular first team members were absent, the reserves played so well that no weakness was felt. At half-time the School led by two goals to nil, but after the B. B. had scored early in the second half, the School scored again and won by three goals to one.

Result : School 3 v. B.B.O.B. 1.
Scorers : Utting, Catchpole 2.

The thing that would strike an invisible visitor on a visit to the School would be the astounding lack of enthusiasm as regards activities in the football line. Even members of the teams agree that certain of them do not play for the love of the game but merely because they are included in the team. The School at present has many young people who are keen to play football, and most of them are budding youngsters, but the School will never do as well as it ought while lack of enthusiasm is so evident in the teams. As regards enthusiasm for sports, the girls and the boys form a complete contrast.

SNIPS

We hope that in the near future some endeavour will be made to obtain a period or two, one afternoon per week for games. Other schools have their games' periods, so why shouldn't we?

* * * * *

It was clearly seen by those who represented the School XI against the City of Norwich School during the term that coaching and continuous practice can convert a team of individual members to a team working like a machine. Truly some coaching was given during the term, but even then it was too late. With practice and coaching the School should be able to live up to its former reputation without fail in the realm of football.

Coded Limericks

A SMALL prize awaits the first correct solution of these limericks. Your efforts should be handed to P. Mullender, Shell Form Captain.

1. {AOLYL HYL H MLD PUKPCPKBHSZ VM 'ZOLSS'
 {There are - - - -
 DOV HA WYLW HYL NPCLU AV FLSS,
 HUK AOL JHWAHPU ZHFZ, "ZPSLUJL,"
 HUK WLYOHWZ BZLZ CPVSLUJL,
 ZV AOLY YBU AV AOLPY WSHJLZ
 WLSS-TLSS
2. {FTQDQ MDQ EAYQ NDUSTF EOTAXMDE UZ 'ETQXX'
 {There are - - - -
 ITA XQMDZ FA PA QHQDKFTUZZ IQXX.
 UZ IADW MZP UZ BXMK
 FTQK ZQHQP EMK ZMK,
 MZP MDQ MXIMKE UZ XUZZ MF
 FTQ NQXX.
 'ETQXX RADYQDE'

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