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# THE LOWESTOFTIAN



*EVACUATION NUMBER*

June 1940



1943 June

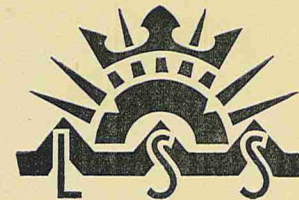
# THE LOWESTOFTIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE PAST  
AND PRESENT SCHOLARS OF  
THE LOWESTOFT SECONDARY  
SCHOOL

EVACUATION NUMBER

June 1940

June 1943



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## Foreword

AT the time when British troops were being evacuated from Dunkirk and this country was in danger of invasion, trains left Lowestoft for the Midlands carrying many hundreds of schoolchildren. They were, for the most part, in high spirits, an eager, expectant crowd, thinking of nothing but the thrills of the immediate future. After waving goodbye they settled down to an early lunch; but their parents who watched the trains bearing them away wondered: Would the children be well cared for? Would they be happy? Would they be safe? How long would it be before they came home again?

This issue of the Lowestoftian, prepared to commemorate the third anniversary of that great event in the history of the School, tries to give some glimpses of the life we have led at Worksop, to provide some record of our achievements here. These glimpses, this record, are mainly of the School as a community, but we must never forget, behind it all, those hundreds of foster-parents whose care has made the rest possible. They took the places of the real parents who anxiously asked themselves those questions on the station three years ago.

For a school building, there awaited us the Central School, ample accommodation for ordinary lessons—concerts and dances, too, later—and the Technical College with its laboratories and gymnasium for us to share. After a time, we were able to arrange an almost full programme in those buildings. Over the way from the Central School was a modern Public Library, an ancient Priory Church, a Swimming Bath. We have taken advantage of such circumstances, and must not overlook them when we long for home. Happiness has come, too, from the countryside around our adopted town. Black some of Worksop may be, cold and damp it may have seemed during that first winter, but which of us will not forever remember the greenwood all the way to Edwinstowe and further, the undulating country to the north, the moors only twenty miles to the west?

And, again, to go unrecorded in detail and depth, many friendships have sprung from our stay. From such a mixing of hundreds of lives, multiplying series of relationships must result, and that is perhaps the positive value of our evacuation that makes the pain of that first goodbye worth while.

\* \* \*

Like the cloud, we change but we do not die. Of 470 pupils, 327 came and 185 remain. But not the same individuals! The present third form have never seen our School at Lowestoft. Some who came are already in the Forces, and, of the Staff, Miss Holland, Miss Gent and Miss Smith have left to take up other appointments, Mr. Spalding and Mr. Emerson are in the Army, Mr. Sutton and Mr. Hopkin are in the R.A.F. Mr. Woosnam has retired after many years' service at the School. The future is still not clear, though not dark as when we came, and we can express only the hope that soon another issue of our Magazine may celebrate our first year at home again.

## Examination Results

### STATE SCHOLARSHIP 1940.

Molly Lodge.

### EAST SUFFOLK COUNTY MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS

1940. Anne Ibbotson  
John Lawrance  
Molly Lodge  
Harry Willis

1941. Margaret Currie  
Ivor Peck  
Lawrance Rowe  
Eldred Southam

1942. John Carey  
Arthur Quinton  
Peter Flowerday

### STATE SCIENCE BURSARIES

1941. Eldred Southam

1942. John Carey  
Arthur Quinton  
Peter Flowerday  
Michael Downer

CADETSHIP TO ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH, FOR ROYAL INDIAN NAVY (1940). J. Lawrance

1ST PLACE IN ARMY ENTRANCE EXAMINATION, (JUNE 1941).

I. Peck

CADETSHIP TO ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH (1942).

R. Barcham

EXHIBITION TO ST. HUGH'S COLLEGE, OXFORD (1941).

M. Lodge

MEDICAL BURSARY TO EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY (1941).

L. Rowe

LONDON INTER-COLLEGIATE SCHOLARSHIP TO BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON (1941). (Reid's Trustees Scholarship)

M. Currie

EXHIBITION TO WESTFIELD COLLEGE, LONDON (1943)

B. Miller



# LONDON HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

1940.

- \* Margaret Currie
- Anne Ibbotson (Special Credit in Oral French)
- Nina Saunders
- \* John Lawrence (Distinction in Chemistry)
- \* Molly Lodge (Distinction in Zoology)
- Lawrence Rowe
- Eldred Southam
- \* Harry Willis

1941.

- Mary Boulton
- \* Margaret Currie
- \* Peter Flowerday
- Anne Ibbotson (Distinctions in French, Oral French, German, and Oral German)
- Brenda Lane
- \* Ivor Peck (Distinctions in Physics and Pure Mathematics)
- \* Lawrence Rowe (Distinctions in Physics and Pure Mathematics)
- \* Anthony Scriven
- Stanley Skippen
- \* Eldred Southam (Distinctions in Geography and Physics)

1942.

- \* John Carey (Distinction in Geography)
- \* Arthur Quinton
- \* Peter Flowerday
- \* Michael Downer
- Annie Hall

\*—Also satisfied conditions for exemption from London Intermediate Examination.

## CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE (In Order of Merit)

1940.

### Girls—

- A. M. Outlaw (*M, Art*)
- A. G. H. Hall (*E.Lang, Oral F.*)
- J. D. Craske
- A. D. Timmins (*E. Lang.*)
- B. Cockerill
- M. A. Stray
- C. D. Maggs
- I. F. Hepworth
- E. E. M. Crowe
- M. H. Cooper

### Boys—

- G. B. Harrold (*E.Lit, g, m, Add. m, c, p.*)
- J. F. Carey (*E. Lang, m, Add. m, p.*)
- R. E. Webb (*Oral F, Ger, Oral Ger, m*)
- A. E. C. Gotts (*Oral f, m, p.*)
- A. R. Quinton (*m, p.*)
- P. Whitworth (*g, oral f.*)
- N. G. Doy (*m, Add. m*)
- R. J. Barcham (*E. Lang, g*)
- R. J. Larkins
- P. Robinson (*p.*)
- H. C. Woods (*E. Lang, Oral f.*)
- D. R. E. Mummery (*m.*)
- M. E. H. Downer (*c, p.*)
- A. B. Curtis (*E. Lang.*)
- A. J. Mouser (*p.*)
- C. R. S. Monk
- R. K. Currie
- P. E. Mullender
- K. J. Coleman (*m.*)
- W. L. Littlewood
- F. T. Smith

P. H. King  
D. H. Fake  
S. F. B. Moore  
W. L. Mobbs

1941.

### Girls—

- B. Miller (*E.Lang, E.Lit, h, f, Oral f.*)
- J. B. Watson
- M. Bason
- K. M. Youngman (*m.*)
- M. D. French
- J. K. Dalwood
- O. J. Youngman
- V. K. Prime (*E.Lit.*)
- R. D. A. Hook (*m.*)
- J. M. Richardson (*b.*)
- D. N. Thurston
- M. J. Harber
- M. Elliston
- J. B. Tilly
- D. J. Leeds
- P. Z. Tubby

### Boys—

- J. A. Rowe (*m, p.*)
- D. P. Scarle (*m, p.*)
- J. H. Ames (*p.*)
- P. Richards (*E.Lit, m.*)
- E. S. C. Dunsford (*m, p.*)
- F. P. Moss (*p.*)
- J. J. Watson (*m.*)
- F. W. Peck (*m.*)
- C. L. Kendall
- J. R. Blowers (*E. Lang.*)
- K. R. Miller
- J. C. Seabrook
- R. G. Gunn
- A. J. Knights (*h.*)
- M. Thurling
- M. S. Colby
- J. W. Drew (*E. Lang, E. Lit.*)
- B. S. Hitcham

1942.

### Girls—

- H. Bailey (*E. Lit, h.*)
- H. Noller (*g, m, b.*)
- D. Ladbrooke (*E. Lang, g, m, b.*)
- J. Moore (*E. Lit, h, b.*)
- S. Johnston (*f, Oral f, m.*)
- J. Saunders (*b.*)
- J. Larkman (*b.*)
- B. Bates
- M. Sustins (*E. Lang.*)
- B. Blowers
- A. Peek
- B. Farnsworth
- B. Highway
- O. Lamb

### Boys—

- R. Wright (*m, Add. m, p.*)
- J. Barnard (*h, Oral f.*)
- D. Catchpole (*h, p.*)
- D. Elsey (*g, m.*)
- E. Algar (*g, m.*)
- C. Robinson (*Oral f, c.*)
- J. Newton (*h, g.*)
- T. Roberts
- I. Sladden
- G. Carr (*p.*)
- R. Parker (*m.*)
- A. Barker
- W. Drake
- R. Capon
- J. Francis
- D. King
- G. Ewles
- P. Spelling
- A. Goodfellow
- P. Etchells

Italic letters indicate mark "very good":—*b*—Biology, *c*—Chemistry, *E.Lang*—English Language, *E.Lit.*—English Literature, *f*—French, *Oral f*—Oral French, *Ger*—German, *Oral Ger*—Oral German, *g*—Geography, *h*—History, *m*—Elementary Mathematics, *Add. m*—Additional Mathematics, *p*—Physics.



## Excursions

### Diary.

1940. 6th Aug. Charabanc trip to Monsal Dale. About 100 in three charabancs.

8th Aug. Charabanc trip to Castleton. Ditto  
9th Aug. Charabanc trip to Lincoln and Newark. Ditto  
13th Aug. Charabanc trip round Dukeries. Ditto  
15th Aug. Charabanc trip to Dovedale. Ditto

All the above were arranged at a total cost of 11/- per head.

5th Sept. Charabanc trip to York, to see Minster, Castle, Roman museum, walls and Guildhall.

1941. 17th April. Members of forms 4, 5 and 6 bicycled to Chesterfield and Holymoorside, walked on moors.

18th—19th April. 12 5th. Form girls cycled to Leam Hall

21st April. 12 5th. Form girls cycled to Peacock Inn, walked to Fox House.

23rd April. 12 5th. Form girls cycled to Holymoorside again.

The above took place during Easter Holidays, together with shorter rides and hikes to Roche Abbey, Ranby, Bolsover Castle, etc., and there was one charabanc trip into Sherwood Forest.

31st May  
to June 2nd. Visit to Hartington Hall Youth Hostel.

3rd June. The last charabanc trip to Derwent Reservoirs and Winn Hill. About 60 in two charabancs.

11th—13th 10 boys and girls bicycled to Leam Hall  
July Youth Hostel, visiting Castleton, The Winnats, Derwent, Buxton, Monsal Dale.

5th—6th. 6 girls bicycled to Hartington Hall via Matlock,  
Aug. returning via Youghreave and Bakewell.

12th Aug. Bicycle ride to Chesterfield and district.

12th—21st 4 boys and 4 girls went to Welsh Youth  
Aug. Hostels, visiting (or climbing) Caernarvon Castle, Snowdon, Llanberis, Beddgelert and Llyn Dinas, Portmadoc, Criccieth, Borth-y-Gest.

19th Aug. Rail excursion to Lincoln.

During these summer holidays, visits by bus and on foot

were made to Bolsover Castle, Newstead Abbey and Barlborough Hall.

Oct. 18th Cycle and train parties visited York, staying  
—19th. at Youth Hostel.

1942. Mar. 31— 5 girls and 2 boys bicycled to Derwent Youth  
Apl. 2nd. Hostel.

Apl. 8th— 10 boys and girls visited Derwent Youth  
10th. Hostel.

During these Easter holidays shorter rides and hikes were arranged for juniors to Steetley, Bolsover, etc.

June 12th 44 boys and girls bicycled or trained to  
—15th. Leam Hall and Derwent Youth Hostels.

July 10th 38 boys and girls bicycled or trained to Leam  
—13th Hall and Derwent Youth Hostels.

July 24th 40 boys and girls bicycled or trained to  
—27th Leam Hall and Derwent Youth Hostels.

Aug. 4th 2 girls and 3 boys went to Lake District  
—11th Youth Hostels, visiting High Cross Castle, Elderwater, Coniston and Malham.

Aug. 25th Party went by bus to Chesterfield and Holy-  
moorside.

Oct. 5th— Junior School excursions for blackberry and  
17th rose-hip picking.

1943. May 11th 20 senior boys and girls bicycled to Wymes-  
—16th. wold Youth Hostel, to Warwick Youth Hostel, to Stratford, saw three Shakespeare plays, and returned via Wymeswold.

May 29th. About 20 boys and girls bicycled to Barlborough Hall.

June 6th Sunday walks. 6.45 a.m. train to Sheffield,  
and 27th. tram to outskirts, ramble in Hathersage district.

### To Southwell. August 2nd, 1940.

SUNSHINE hung about us, twinkled on the cool water flowing over our feet. We were paddling opposite the Hart Hole at Ollerton, our first stop on the way to Southwell Minster, while the Sixth Form boys, either too dignified or too lazy, stood on the bank. Then the ten of us set off again, avoiding the main road and seemingly forever rounding corners. At Eakring we halted for a few moments, wondering at the pylon-like structures, till it was explained to us that oil had recently been discovered there. We arrived at Southwell about one o'clock, had our lunch in a field with cows as our



companions, went to the Saracen's Head, where Charles I had stayed and had surrendered to the Scots, to quench our thirst, and were joined by Mr. Brooks and Miss Holland who had come by car. Then at last we went into the Minster itself, pausing only to remark on the twin spires of the two western towers, and the beautiful wrought iron-work which binds the west door of oak. Once inside, none of us could help being impressed by the massive pillars and noble arches, the simplicity and strength of the Norman workmanship which seemed of itself to contribute to the atmosphere of worship pervading the whole. Our first sight of Southwell Minster is not one to be forgotten. After seeing the Chapter House, which was added in 1295, and is remarkable for its intricate stone carving, we made our way over to the Banqueting Hall, part of the Bishop's Palace. This had originally been a magnificent building of the fifteenth century, but had fallen into ruins and was at one time used as a farmhouse. We, however, feeling hungry, were more interested in windfall apples and greengages lying appetisingly on the ground than in the ruins of a mediaeval domestic house, just then. About five o'clock we began our journey back to Worksop, by the main road this time: we had all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and voted for another such cycle run as soon as it could be arranged.

M.K.C.

## Surprise View

**I**T is our first charabanc trip, August 1940; a hundred of us, in three 'buses, are on the way to Monsal Dale, and many of us seeing real hills for the first time.

The driver asks, through his little window, as we cross the moors beyond Chesterfield, "Would they like to get out for a time at Surprise View?" And so he draws up by the rocky side of the road. "Surprise View"—of the valley beyond, opening out so suddenly beneath as one rounds the acute corner: but to me the surprise view is, as I turn after only a minute's conversation, rather of little red-blazered figures already clustering and streaming like ants high on the craggy hillside. They have rushed, after this unexpected liberation, to tread upon the exciting, strange, exhilarating mountain, to reach the summit, to see afar, to climb and scramble as they have never been able to do in the flat, dreary marshlands of their home.

## Holymoorside

Memories of subsequent trips tend to merge into one another but the details of that first day remain crystal clear. The already gentle climb to Barlborough, still awaiting the real hills to come, and then the long pull out of Staveley (even the steel

works looked beautiful) and so on to Chesterfield with its twisted spire and pleasant market place. Shortly afterwards, very tired, very hungry, but very proud (we had really, I think, doubted our ability to get so far) we rode into Holymoorside, a pleasant little village later to become so familiar. What led us to the "Black Bull" I do not know, but as events turned out it proved to be the happiest choice we could have made. There we found a friendly atmosphere, true hospitality and . . . . lunch.

"A walk, you want," said Mr. Bradshaw, "well there's lots round here." "We want to get up on top," we said, "where the wind is strong, the air is good and the view worth looking at." "Cathole's the way for you," said he. And so we followed the narrow valley of Cathole until we finally emerged on top—Chesterfield behind and far below, and the valley of Derwent ahead. Well worth climbing to see. Back to the Inn for tea with feet in the hearth close to a cheerful fire. Conversation—much of it, with our hosts. "Could we bring a party of children?" They would be delighted. We could have a room, or picnic in the field, pots of tea or minerals, nothing would be too much trouble. And so it was arranged. Into the saddle once more, to notice, not for the first time, that muscles tired with walking take quite kindly to cycling. And so back along the road with wind and slope in our favour to reach home well content.

We have been to Holymoorside many times since that first day, with large parties, small parties, good parties and parties that got punctures and had weak brakes, but the welcome we received was always the same. The Black Bull became our headquarters. Much might be said of subsequent trips—how our parties gradually became "paddle conscious" and an outing without a paddle in a stream almost unthinkable, how we learnt to dam a brook, throw a dart, and sing "There are three things I must not do,"—but this is an account of beginnings only.

## Cycling, Easter 1941.

**O**F all the school activities arranged for the Easter holidays 1941, the three cycle trips into Derbyshire for members of the 4th, 5th and 6th Forms were perhaps the most enjoyable.

On Thursday, 17th April, we set out on the first of these trips. We reached our destination, Holymoorside, about 12 noon, and gathered in the parlour of an old-fashioned, low ceilinged inn to refresh ourselves with "pop." Before we left the inn B. had succeeded in breaking with his head every gas-mantle on the ceiling of the parlour. While lunching in a field, we were disturbed by a small boy who accused us of trespassing and demanded payment. In reply to assertions that we were doing no harm he continually repeated, "I know that"



to which R. and B. replied "Let me tell you it's all argy-bargy." We settled the argument by leaving the field for a long tramp over the moors after which we returned to the inn for tea before cycling home.

At 9.15 a.m. on Monday, 21st April, we started off on what proved to be our most strenuous trip. To reach our goal, the Peacock Inn, which was situated on the top of a hill, we had to push our bikes mile after mile up-hill along a narrow twisting road, being so fatigued when we finally reached the top that we collapsed on a heap of straw. Anti-climax was reached when we were forced to eat our lunch in a small dirty field obviously used by cows. We recovered sufficiently, however, to enjoy a long tramp over the moors and to paddle in a delightful stream full of huge, slippery rocks and cascades of rushing water. We arrived home at 8.15 p.m. after having cycled 48, and walked about 7, miles.

Our third cycle trip into Derbyshire took place on Wednesday, 23rd April, the last day of the holidays, our intended destination being Nelson's Monument. Unfortunately, owing to a crash in which several bikes were damaged, we were seriously delayed and decided to go to Holymoorside instead. It being a bitterly cold day we had lunch indoors, then went for a long walk paddling as usual in the streams. We returned to the inn for tea and to our delight the 4th were given a room on their own. We played dominoes, had a battle with hats, scarves and gloves, and then endeavoured to teach the boys the Palais Glide. We cycled home against a strong head wind and arrived in Worksop at 8 p.m. completely out of breath but with sufficient energy to bemoan the fact that school commenced the next day.

JOYCE MOORE.

## A Trip to York.

WHEN the school had settled down to work after the 1940 summer holidays, and the 'bus trips seemed a thing of the past, we were again disturbed at our labours by rumours of an expedition, this time to York. Plans were soon completed, and on September 5th, in the first year of evacuation, the ever-faithful omnibuses, like the dragons of old, went, belching fire and smoke, down into the green vale of York. The Cathedral City had withstood many hordes in its time, but against our army of red blazers even the flag of Constantine the Great would have availed nothing.

Our first attention was of course given to the Minster—standing rather self-consciously alone, like a single candle on a birthday cake. I received a confused impression of hideous gargoyles, coldly-carved Saints in shadowy niches, delicate tracery on the choirstalls—but all my dreams which I had woven

round their history were shattered as I heard the guide talk of the deathwatch beetle, and I seemed to hear, alone in a great silence, the deathwatch tapping through the still hours of the night, while the Saints gazed coldly on the empty Church.

It was pleasant to be beneath the trees in the Museum gardens, and listen to York whispering its sagas to us—tales of the bravery of Hereward the Wake, last of the English, and his fight against the haughty Norman invaders—stories of the burning of the city by the French monks, that the great Minster might be saved from the ravages of the Danes—romances of the old heroes, the Conqueror, Hereward, Waltheof—all woven into a rich tapestry that hung over York and its Minster like a glittering shield. What battles have been fought that the pure White Rose of York might remain unsullied! And always there were the stout walls, to guard the Citadel against all comers, were they Normans or English, Danes or Scots.

We walked along these same broad walls, and visited Clifford's Tower, where we dropped a farthing down the well "for luck" (what luck we never knew but we religiously performed the ceremony)—then on to the Castle Museum, where, with the confidence only found in the members of a Fourth Form, we unblushingly announced ourselves as a school party, and as such were graciously allowed to go in half price by the worthy lady at the turnstile. Our "school party" of four then trooped solemnly and sedately into the sacred precincts for the princely sum of three-halfpence, which was all the cash we had left to us. Whether the good woman expected to see a long procession of red blazers following us we shall never know, but once in the Museum our escapade was soon forgotten, though it left us with a smug hilarity which led us to praise anything and everything.

The Museum became, for us, a Prince among Museums, a masterpiece in the eyes of all museum enthusiasts. The real climax of our exploration, and the show piece of the museum, was a full scale reproduction of an Eighteenth Century Street, with overhanging houses, and shops quaintly gabled, and big pots of fresh crimson geraniums hanging in the doorways—even more picturesque than the city's own "Shambles." A model of a coach-and-four stood before us, and we longed to don the crinolines in the curious old shop windows, jump into the coach, and drive off in style, over the cobbles, down Quality Street, with the coachman's whip cracking, and his horn sounding over the town.

We found time was pressing, however, if we were to reach the 'buses, and, having visions of being left behind, we raced back along the walls like young whirlwinds. On the long road home, with sun rays falling across our faces, and apple trees shading the road, we sang uproariously as a relief to our feelings, for the day had been an eventful one, and, though we would not own it, we were quite tired out.

HELEN BAILEY



## Asthma at Derwent

ON the journey from Leam Hall to Derwent on Saturday we bought "sticky bread," as a member of our honourable staff calls it, at Ashopton.

The next day, a Sunday, I got up feeling pretty groggy, ate a frugal breakfast, consisting mainly of under-cooked potatoes à la Clarke, folded my blankets, and then, not feeling well enough to walk another five hundred miles, having had a tough hike the day before, I told Mr. — of my condition. Immediately my labours were all undone: my bed was made again and, with the removal of my shoes alone, I hit the feathers; this latter term is used very metaphorically. My very kind janitor, Mrs. Swale, the warden's wife, came to visit her charge. I came down at five o'clock and ate the first of about fifteen salads. These I was to consume before leaving, Mrs. Swale having put me on a diet, which she had very kindly made. That night I lay wheezing, much to the annoyance and distress of one of our beloved Sixth-formers below me, whose bed I had pinched, and who had, incidentally, just found some interesting species of fungus in his bed. The boys in the dorm expected me to peg out every minute. I had no refreshment on Monday except unsweetened tea, another item on my revised menu. I kept in bed all day and was left behind by the others who went back in the morning. By Tuesday dinner-time my sentiments were all for Ghandi. It was then that I finished my fast. Afterwards I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Swale although I slept in the dorms. On Wednesday I went for a walk and a car-ride with the warden and his wife. I went to bed at six-thirty. My diary for Thursday reads, "Walks in morning and evening. Cleaned out chickens and ducks"—a lively job I can assure you. On the Friday I walked to Bamford Station. Mrs. Swale came, with her dogs as far as Ashopton, and after travelling to, and crossing, Sheffield, the latter for a ha'penny, I arrived at Worksop and the school, immediately to receive most biting remarks regarding the result of my history paper.

The date outside the front door declares Derwent Hall to have been built in 1672. It was the home of the Duke of Norfolk before becoming a Youth Hostel in 1932. In June of that year the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, opened it as such. It was the biggest hostel in England, accommodating 172 hostellers, and was generally full at the week-ends, being in cycling range of Sheffield. The building has 55 rooms and a private chapel. 24 of the rooms were used for hostelling. It was closed, owing to the flooding of the valley, on Saturday, 19th September, 1942, after 10 years of good service.

Well, there you are. So ends the exile of an asthmatic.

NOBBY

## "Dams!"

DAMS! Some people who hear this word will at once conjure up visions of enormous structures of concrete and steel, holding back a terrific volume of water. It is not of these that I propose to write but of those which are both interesting and amusing to builders and onlookers alike. I refer to the dams which are built by pleasure-seekers on any convenient hill or moor side where there is a suitable stream or mountain rill. I am going to suppose that the builders are an excited group of about thirty schoolchildren accompanied by two equally excited schoolmasters.

This party, traversing a moor in the course of their travels, are beginning to tire a little, having travelled for some time, and spirits are depressed. Then a small cold sparkling rivulet, so common to English hillsides, is stumbled upon and lo! the whole scene changes.

A plentiful supply of building stones is available and the moss and grass, so necessary, are also abundant hereabouts. It is to be borne in mind that there is a right and a wrong way of constructing even these simple dams. The party, arranged by the eager masters, is split up into three, the "Materialists," the "Dammers" and the "Carriers." There is controversy now, as always, as to the best method of building and positioning the dam. Here it is not always the masters that win, though they usually try to have a good say in the business, but, notwithstanding, a settlement is reached. Now the work commences and soon everybody is in highest spirits while engaged in his task. The stones are carried to the spot decided upon and here they are keyed up and wedged under the direction of one of the masters, whose words of wisdom are occasionally heeded. Skylarking abounds, small "accidental" splashings being frequently accompanied by the earnest howls of protest, almost invariably from the master himself. Everybody, great and small, paddles, displaying his or her legs, which are usually the subject of endless jests and ribald remarks. All this is taken in good part and the work proceeds apace (as one wag remarks with reference to the legs, "honest labour bears a lovely face") until the actual block is made.

This is accomplished by the liberal use of sods, a quantity having been collected by the party selected for the job, and they are stuffed and fixed with small stones into the gaps and holes left by the arrangement of the larger stones. Soon an appreciable head of water will have collected and work has to be continued from the top of the dam itself, an exceedingly awkward operation, as too many workers are present, who are frequently knocked off, always into the pool or reservoir. Then, when it is nearly finished, all move from the dam, putting finishing touches as they leave. From their vantage point on the bank they survey



their mighty feat of engineering, for to them it is a thing of strength and beauty, not just a frail accumulation of stones and grass. To add the ceremonial touch, one is nominated to walk across the dam and keep his feet dry, and, without further ado, the dam is named after him or her.

Then to complete the job, and make the place safe against bank erosion, the dam's namesake must go to the middle and release prominent stones to run off the head of water. This leaves with a great force and surges away, but, though the dam is down, it is the most eminent subject of talk on the continued journey.

A. PEEK.

## Cae Ddaffyd Hostel.

WE were fortunate enough to catch a bus for most of our journey from Snowdon Range Hostel but had to tramp the last few miles, from the Pass of Aberglaslyn, when the sun came out for the first time that day. We left the main road and took a stony, grass-grown track which wound through shady woods and sweet-smelling hayfields, where the people called cheerful greetings to us as we passed. Soon we saw the ridge rising before us as we took the path through the trees along the side of the hill. The trees gave this part of the country a welcoming and friendly appearance which pleased us after the barren rockiness of Snowdon. Soon after passing a green triangle Y.H.A. sign we came upon the hostel. Most welcome sight!

It was a square grey house, unremarkable among other houses, but to us it meant cool shade, and rest and release from the packs that seemed far heavier than their bearers, and consequently it took on a beauty of its own against the trees which almost surrounded it. The warden, a jolly, talkative little man, who answered to the name of Peter, welcomed us, and was pleased to accept our assistance at table-laying and washing up in the evening. (By this cunning dodge we evaded doing a job in the morning, which is a great help when there is breakfast, lunch and tea to get before ten o'clock. It also enabled us to have five extra minutes in bed after Peter had roused the whole hostel with a stentorian yell of "Okeydoke lassies, okeydoke laddies!" from the staircase). From Cae Ddaffydd we had many tramps and at length departed in state and two taxis for Beddgelert.

JEAN WATSON

## Youth Hostelling to Stratford

THE trip to Stratford, May 11th to 16th, might be called the climax of all the trips which we have enjoyed since we first began to visit Youth Hostels two years ago. Seventeen pupils and three staff took part.

## 1. Diary.

Tuesday, May 11th. Cycled to Wymeswold via Lowdham 45 miles—J.M.'s bedtime stories.

Wednesday. To Warwick, 55 miles against S.W. gale—girls had 20 miles lift in Cadbury's van.

Thursday. To Stratford, 10 miles—visited Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Shakespeare's birthplace, New Place museum—lunch and high tea at British Restaurant, saw "Henry V" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Friday. Explored "Lord Leycester's House," etc., Warwick, to Leamington B.R. for lunch, to Stratford, where boys went swimming, girls along river—saw "A Winter's Tale" at Memorial Theatre.

Saturday. To Wymeswold via Rugby.

Sunday. To Worksop—midday boating at Gunthorpe Bridge—Wright went back for trousers 20 miles to Wymeswold—at night a comfortable bed, 9 p.m.

## 2. The Girls in the Cadbury's Van.

Sun scorched us, wind whipped us, and breathless were we,  
And we'd more than a mere touch of tan,  
When down in the valley we first caught a glimpse  
Of the chap in the Cadbury's van.

The girls were so tired they could hardly stand up,  
And the boys made a terrible fuss  
When the driver said, "Oi! Ladies first, if you please!"  
And they climbed in the Cadbury bus.

They couldn't sit down, the bikes wouldn't stand up,  
But they blessed that adorable man,  
And vowed that they'd toast him in cocoa that night,  
Those girls in the Cadbury's van.

Then what a commotion when Warwick was reached,  
When, like sardines just out of the can,  
The girls and the bikes tumbled out in a heap  
From the cramped little Cadbury's van.

## 3. First Morning in Warwick.

Three bunks creaked simultaneously—"Is it time yet?"  
Three pairs of legs swung over into the black void which  
(they hoped) would end on the floor. Then a terrific chatter  
for fifteen minutes punctuated by cries of—  
"SSH, you'll wake Miss M——y!"

At last, three dim figures on the stairs, groping in the dark  
for the door. After a short but vigorous tussle with bolts and



bars, they gave up the unequal struggle and returned to the dormitory, where a convenient window (unfortunately situated over a water-tub) gave on to the garden, and so on to the morning life of Warwick (i.e., one cat, two policemen and some baby ducks). Through the Churchyard, where Porridge, the black cat belonging to a tavern known as the "Porridge Pot," was found by us, and later rescued from our kidnapping clutches by an indignant lady grasping a stout Pekinese; on to the bridge spanning the peaceful Avon, with swans curled by the water's edge among tall reeds—a pink may tree and an old crumbling bridge with grass-grown, broken arches making a perfect frame for the view of Warwick Castle with the dawn fresh upon it. It seemed a faery palace, waiting to be explored, but the sudden advent of a bobby on a bike made us hesitate, though he turned out to be helpful and friendly as all the Warwickshire people were, and obligingly pointed out to us about a dozen baby ducklings swimming on the river; and so down an old-world street with purple wisteria clinging from house to house, clambering over walls, and cascading down doorways; then an unsuccessful attempt to climb the Castle walls (the Castle is closed to visitors), a brisk walk back through the awakening streets, and so to the Hostel and a very prosaic breakfast.

#### 4. After the Play.

A fitting climax to the plays was the cycle ride home to Warwick. The hedges on either side were laden with may-blossom, and the cool scented evening breeze rustling through the quiet, leafy lanes, afforded a soothing contrast to the heat and intensity of the theatre. As the sun set, it glimmered through the woods, flecking the leaves and glades with a pale red-gold. The almost intoxicating scent of the air, and the very greenness of the scene returned us to the world of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and had Titania, followed by all her fairies, danced out of the wood in front of us, we should not have felt the slightest surprise. We were soon reminded of the war and reality, however, by the twinkling lights of an aerodrome and the full, steady drone of planes, just commencing their night's work.

## Our War Work

### Work on the Land.

OUR help to farmers began with beet-singling for Mr. Baddeley in our spare time, and developed into a fortnight—previously deducted from the summer holidays—devoted to potato picking. At first, boys, volunteers, crawled

along or stooped over the rows of seedling beet, intent on finishing their task, mindful of the mounting shillings. But later, everyone from skylarking first-formers to young ladies of the sixth form (than whom there is none higher but the staff—who were also there) spread across the field. Some fuller impressions follow this summary:—From May 25th to July 25th, 1942, about 75 acres of beet were singled at Kilton Forest, Osberton, Fleece-thorpe and Scofton Farms, the pupils' earnings being £60. From October 5th to 17th, 1942, about 250 tons of potatoes were picked at Kilton Forest, Castle and Manton Farms, earnings being, of pupils £153, and of staff £5/5/0 which was sent to the Lord Lieutenant's Suffolk Prisoner-of-War Fund. The work goes on in 1943.

### Potato Picking at Castle Farm.

The lorry moves off, in it a wagon load of mischief—but this time on business bent to a potato-field; no one has missed the bus for that would mean a very long walk—too long with a day's work to follow. Though this is voluntary work it is regarded as a self-imposed task to help fill the national larder, and incidentally to learn that somebody has almost to break his back before the workers, the soldiers, as well as the schoolboys, can obtain a potato pie or nutty chips. At nine the spinner sets the pace, and into the bins the aprons of the boys pour their contents again and again; it soon becomes a scramble to collect the "spuds" and earn a rest before the next haulms are scattered to the winds. How the pickers envy the fellows in the cart collecting the overflowing tubs! How the time pulls! And how empty one gets! Potato, potato everywhere, nor ever one to eat—potatoes being neither apples nor plums. Lunch time arrives; the packages fly open; appetising sandwiches disappear: quart bottles of pop bubble themselves away and the sensible ones drop off for a snooze in the straw lying ready for the potato pie—now many yards longer than when the day began. The more foolish run, skip and jump, unaware of the three hours before them; they think of them later, and as the field turns browner, they look at the waxing sun wondering where it will be before they knock off and make for home with their bags (sometimes too big) full of the fruits of their labours, scramble for the best seats, cheer all those whom they pass, and feel glad that the next they hear of that tiring day will be the chink of the money they have won—a victory all their own. The lorry rattles to the gate; there they stand—not so full of frolic now—with earthy faces and darkened knees; soon they are up and away and the master can have a quiet chat with the foreman, who lashes down his pie, and lays his plan for the morrow.



## The Perfect Primer for Prospective Potato Pickers

### NECESSITIES.

- (a) Old clothes and a long strong sack and string.
- (b) Complete indifference to grit in eyes, nose, hair, ears and any other exposed parts of your person.
- (c) Ability to amuse yourself during the long periods of idleness. Singing duets while sitting on tubs or baskets is suggested. After much experience you may proceed to the skilled jobs—Increase in payment—two “roasters” per day—These, added to those you hide in a secret mound, tomb, or barrow (not the wheeled variety), will provide a substantial meal for a family of ten.

### SKILLED OCCUPATIONS

- I. Leading the Horse.—All queries referred to the undisputed authority of the staff.
- II Exhortation and Encouragement of the Workers. A long training in argument and debating is required. The founder of our Society has oftentimes proved her worth in this sphere. There are no extra wages; the pleasure of seeing others work is considered ample reward.
- III Staking Claims or Potato Prospecting.—Workers are always eager to reserve for themselves productive plots. A good supply of stakes and paper is necessary.

You may feel at the end of the day that this contact with nature is too close for comfort; if so, cheer yourself with that inspired remark: “There’s a war on.”

BETTY MILLER

## The Pig Club

The third form read a poem, “The Poor Man’s Pig.” “Please, sir,” they said, “Can we have a pig club?” And so, when one of their foster-parents, Mr. Simms, agreed to our using the pig-court at the back of his butcher’s shop, a pig club was formed in February 1941. The members were eighteen boys, with some of the staff as honorary members. They (the boys!) agreed to collect swill twice a week, the householders at that end of the town having been circularised and found willing to put it by. They also agreed to clean the sty and feed the pigs.

The members worked hard, no doubt, pushing their rickety carts along the streets, ladling out boiling swill, brushing out the mucky sty. But there were advantages. The school was not working full time then; the pigs were a bargain; the copper and other necessities were convenient; Mr. Simms was helpful.

Here is the summarised result:

26th February, 1941.—8 pigs bought for £13.

17th May, 1941.—1 injured pig killed and its meat divided amongst members.

26th June, 1941.—7 pigs sold for £45/12/3.

The profit, after payment for meal, fuel, rent and other minor expenses, was £15/3/1½, of which £6/10/6 was paid out to members, leaving £8/12/7½ in school funds, ready for further activities, which have not since proved possible.

## “Roaring Down the Street.”

One Sunday evening, after a picnic with my foster-parents, I was greeted by a chorus of grunts and snorts from our pigs which made me think that something was wrong. So I dashed up to the pig-court where I found, to my amazement, the door wrenched from its hinges and the pigs missing. But I realised that they were not far away since I could hear them grunting, so I started to look for them and my search was soon rewarded for I found all six pigs on a piece of waste land near by. Then I began driving them back to the pig-court. They seemed to resent this and bolted up the main road, some on one side and some on the other but I managed to head them off and drive them back into the big yard outside the court. After that I succeeded in driving all but one of the creatures into the court, the door of which I propped up with a huge log of wood until I could catch the remaining pig. It had by this time got well away again, but after a short time I cornered it against the neighbour’s back door and I was just about to dive upon it when that particular neighbour decided to open the door so that she might find out what all the noise was about. Well, this was just the opportunity the pig wanted, for it immediately dashed through the doorway with me hard on its tail, nearly knocking the lady down. On seeing the pig, the two other ladies in the room made a terrific dive on to the table where they stood clasped in each other’s arms screaming for all they were worth and I must admit I stopped my chase for a moment and laughed, very rudely, at the frightened ladies. Then I continued with my work, and cornered the tired and frightened pig and made a grab for its tail, by which I dragged it outside. After that, it went quietly to the pig court with the aid of a smack on its ear from me.

But the excitement was not yet over, for the pigs, which had broken out because of hunger (the boys who were detailed to feed had not turned up) still had to be fed. So I mixed them some food and was just about to pour the third bucketful into the trough when one very impolite pig butted me and I finished up sitting in the feeding trough amongst seven hungry swine.

J. WOODROW



## Raising Money

There have been many methods of doing this, from raffling a lemon to giving a concert. First mention must be made of the Bring and Buy Sales which have succeeded as follows:—

Nov. 1941, £3/1/7; April 1942, £5/16/10; Nov. 1942, £7/3/3; June 1943, £9/15/0. Then there have been competitions on Saturday mornings, tea dances, a 5th Form Cross-word puzzle, and concerts. The amounts below represent most of the money thus raised: some went also to buy a wireless set for an Old Boy's associates on a cruiser, noted elsewhere.

	£	s.	d.	
20th Dec. 1941	2	9	6	To Uncle Mac
17th Jan. 1942	3	16	6	To Aid to Russia Fund
24th Oct. 1942	5	5	0)	To the Lord Lieutenant's
18th Dec. 1942	1	10	0)	Suffolk Prisoner-of-War
4th Mar. 1943	10	15	0)	Fund
28th April 1943	2	14	6)	
12th Mar. 1943 to				Red Cross Penny-a-Week
25th June, 1943	20	5	3	Scheme.

## Saving Money

The School savings group did good work in the first nine months of the war, but inevitably declined when we came to Worksop, and its members were no longer able to make the weekly personal pathetic appeal to their parents for sixpence to buy a stamp.

But the group has continued to do useful work, as our contributions towards the special "Weeks" will show:—

War Weapons Week	£400
Warships Week	£609
Wings for Victory Week	£726

## The School Gardens

At the beginning of 1941 three plots were procured for the boys on the land near the Baulk playing fields which had just been opened as allotments. Each of the fourth forms took one over. On account of snow on the ground, digging was not commenced till March. The ground had already been ploughed over, thus making the work harder, as the grass had to be dug up and extracted. Money for the seeds and rent was borrowed from the school. The produce was sold wherever a willing

purchaser could be found, and was easily disposed of. The gardens were carried on in the next year by the same boys, now in the fifth form. The digging was easier, but cultivation did not seem to be quite such a success as the year before. This year the allotments have been divided into quarters, each plot being maintained by two boys from the fourth or fifth forms. In all, about two tons of potatoes must have been produced (i.e. 7cwt. per allotment per year). About 2cwt. of peas were grown on each allotment each year, making 12cwt. in all. Apart from these, many hundreds of cabbages, cauliflowers and brussels sprouts were grown, and also beans, onions, marrows, carrots, parsnips and beetroot. Although a "produce before profit" policy was followed, £16 or more was made as clear profit, which was later shared amongst the boys.

Meanwhile, six girls have cultivated a nearby plot, being responsible for their own arrangements. A note from Dorothy Steele reads: "Last year our garden was not too successful, but we have profited by our experiences and the help given us, so that we look like having a good supply of carrots, turnips, beetroot and lettuces during the next few months. Water is not very accessible and we are hoping that it will soon rain. There are three of us at present: any other members of Form V would be welcome."

## Flag Days

"Will you buy a flag (poppy, daisy or rose) please?" is our endless chant. Unfortunately an astonishing number of people go shopping on Saturday morning with "No money on me, luv," or "Sorry, duck, no change; I shall have one off you as I cum back." Some even say, "Our Minnie's just lost mine," while Minnie stands by, obviously quite oblivious of ever having had anything to lose. Others merely give a watery and embarrassed grin and sidle past, but the majority usually allow themselves to be waylaid, remarking with a good-natured sigh that they might as well be caught first as last. We are often confided in by customers who tell us anything about themselves from their bomb damage to their stomach troubles. Frequently we meet people from our own town who usually begin by saying "Oi cum from Lowstuf."—"So oi no(t)ice," we reply, in our best Suffolk accent, hoping to touch them for a flag. After a few more remarks—"It's toime this ow war was over so we could all go home; still, never mind as long as we jest keep joggin' along. What say yew?"—our fellow townsman leaves us with a "Cheerio, old dear" and we return to Worksop dialect. As we are stationed at every vantage point in the town, they are indeed skilful dodgers who can escape all of us. Men are on the whole more good-natured about buying flags than women, while it is those women with the heaviest shopping baskets and



poorest clothes who will put down their loads, smile, and buy a flag. We are able to collect anything between fifteen and thirty shillings after two hours' selling, and we certainly have an amusing, if tiring, afternoon.

JOYCE MOORE

## Getting Together

### Saturday Mornings

ON alternate weeks, we have spent Saturday mornings at school, and part of the time, originally devoted to singing in the Hall, has been spent for some two years now in the enjoyment of all kinds of items—solo singing, choruses, recitations, sketches, play-readings, competitions—which have made this one of our recognised institutions. It has been most successful in giving opportunity for the exercise and enjoyment of the most diverse talents, and very valuable as a happy fortnightly meeting where the whole school entertained itself. Out of the abilities discovered there, the two Christmas concerts given "as tonics to tired foster-parents" have sprung.

On Saturday mornings, too, a period has been set aside for Hobbies, and this also has been an opportunity for pleasant association. There have been chess, dramatics, debating, music, sketching, model-aeroplane building and country-dancing.

### Chess

Though we have not yet come across any budding Capablanca we have seen many boys playing a good game of chess: a more exciting game for both opponents because some of the moves made were certainly not infallible. Much interest has been promoted in this game of strategy and many boys (alas! no girls) have learned to enjoy one of the most fascinating games that young and old can play. A knock-out tournament was held during the Easter Term, the finalists being Brown, IV, and Wright, VI. After many hair-raising moves, during which Wright at one time had the game in his hand, Brown achieved a very successful counter-stroke and won with a well-distributed offensive. A request for a second competition has been answered by a record number of entries: the competition is now in full swing.

### Christmas Review, 1941.

The Programme announced this as "specially devised, written, composed and produced as a tonic for tired foster-

parents," and they came to the two performances in strength. The plot, such as it was, concerned Mrs. Slapemwell and her brood of troublesome foster-children, who reformed when Mr. Slapemwell, a schoolmaster, returned to bring discipline to the home. Sladden and Goodfellow acted the chief parts, the motherly solicitude of the one and the operatic vociferation of the other being highly entertaining. It was found possible to bring into the story various "turns" by the children, including the Don Cossack Choir, Miniature Cabaret, the Infant Prodigy (Monica Durrant in songs and dances) and a One Act Play "The Emperor's New Clothes," where Carey amused us all by having to appear in football shorts and suspenders. A visit to the house by Miss Prim, looking after her evacuees, had diverting reference to our own situation—and so had the whole performance.

### Christmas Concert, 1942.

Encouraged by the remarkable success attained by the Christmas Show of the previous year, it was decided by those interested to attempt something of a similar kind for the Christmas season in 1942. Accordingly, ideas and suggestions were collected, and rehearsals begun just before the end of October. The performance began with a play based on the story of "Good King Wenceslas" and presented by the Junior Dramatic Group. Alan Goodfellow then sang the celebrated "Rose of Tralee," after which various members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms presented a series of contrasts between 1842 and 1942, called "Then and Now," including a minuet and a modern dance by the girls. Plantation songs were sung then by the Fifth Form boys, complete with blackened faces and pyjama jackets. Part Two consisted entirely of a one-act play, presented by Helen Bailey, Mary Sustins and Joyce Moore. The third part of the programme was composed of: a telepathy act, given by Wright and Carr with the co-operation of the audience; two duets given by Peggy Tate and Dorothy de Caux; a display of wrestling, given by Harry Money and John Woodrow, a sketch "Income Tax Explained," presented by Alan Goodfellow, Peter Etchells and Douglas Coleby; another duet, "White Christmas," given by Harry Money and John Woodrow; a dance, "The Train," performed by Joyce Moore, Mary Sustins and Joan Saunders; and a presentation by the boys of Form V, assisted by Alan Goodfellow, Monica Durrant and Marcelle Gray, of "Hill Billy Songs." Rex Wilson was a most efficient compère. The performance was given at the Central School on the 14th and 15th of December, and at Wesley Hall on Thursday, the 10th of December, where it was greatly appreciated.

P. ETHELLES



## A Country Dance Display.

Permission was obtained from Mr. Middleton to hold the display in the garden of his house, Norfolk Cottage, Park Street. After several weeks, during which a practice was held nearly every day in the Stanley Street Mission, to whose funds the proceeds were to be devoted, the great day dawned fine and sunny and in the evening the performers and audience assembled at Norfolk Cottage. The Rev. W. Budd was the Master of Ceremonies and announced each item. There were about forty dancers, twelve of whom performed the more complicated evolutions of "Newcastle," "Running Set," and "Glasgow Highlanders." The "Running Set" comes from the Appalachian Mts. and there the chief dancer calls the name of each figure as it comes along in "high dulcet tones." The M.C. said that Miss Smith, who took on this office, came fully up to requirements. "Newcastle" and "Glasgow Highlanders" proved favourites, and were both "'cored." About halfway through, four members executed a Foursome Reel. Kilts were unobtainable but gym tunics were sufficiently effective.

Towards the end of the display patrons were invited to join in some of the dances and did so with a will. Stanley Street Mission benefited considerably by this effort.

MARGARET EWLES

## The School Guide Company

In the summer of 1940, the 9th and 10th Worksof Guide Companies were formed from girls in the school who had been Guides in Lowestoft. During the first summer, meetings were held and the first enrolments took place at Gateford Hall, Worksof, the enrolling ceremony being performed by the District Commissioner. Also during the summer a successful Country Dance Party was held by the Guides for other members of the school. During the winter the two companies met together during the Saturday morning Hobbies period, and took part in Church Parades at St. John's Church and Youth Services at the Priory Church. In the Spring and Summer of 1941 outdoor activities were possible and Lindrick Dale became a favourite spot for tracking, morse, cooking and campfire. Weekly meetings were held in the Central School Hall. The Guides were also busy digging for victory on a plot of ground at Gateford Hall and sold the produce to swell the Company funds. After Christmas, when several guides left school, the two companies amalgamated as the 9th Worksof Company. Weekly meetings were now held in the Priory Gatehouse and a party was given there to other Worksof Guides. As a camping holiday was not possible in the summer of 1942 an enjoyable Youth Hostel

week-end was held in Derbyshire. In the unfortunate absence of Miss Hinxman, the Guides carried on for the rest of the summer term under the capable leadership of Brenda Lane. during Miss Hinxman's absence and Miss Walker, Lieutenant. 1942 and her place has since been filled by Sheila Grint. In February 1943 the Company took part in an interesting County Rally at Retford where the County Commissioner released two carrier pigeons to take messages of goodwill to Lady Baden Powell for Thinking Day. On Empire Youth Sunday in May the Company participated in the Youth Service at the Priory Church and the march past at the Town Hall. This summer one or two visits to "our" vale of Lindrick have taken place. Several recruits have recently joined the Company and very happy meetings are held each week at the Priory Gatehouse. Several Guides are working keenly for their First Class.

## "Going to Guides"

Saturday night is here again, and off we trot for an evening's entertainment at the Priory Gatehouse, through the dark and silent churchyard, and up the crooked stone steps. Having pushed the desks and chairs back to the walls, we proceed with our fortnightly meeting. Our first item is inspection of the three Patrols, Forget-me-not, Lily-of-the-Valley and Bluebell, and the money for our funds is collected. After this the second class guides, in their patrol corners, perhaps teach the recruits their knots and laws. The Guides just enrolled go to the remaining corner of the room and practise morse and tracking. At the sound of the Captain's whistle the company marker and patrol leaders fall in, followed by their Patrols, for Company Drill. When we have had our fill of this, we squat down in a horseshoe formation for a lecture on First Aid, or about the Patron Saints of England. Any points needing discussion are voiced. Sometimes we decide on a ramble into the surrounding country, where we spend the day and cook our meals, and explore. A few of us have happy memories of sliding down slippery slopes, crossing the bridge and climbing the steps to a little shop, to buy lemonade, or to visit one of the little cottages to fill our water bottles, and then, with our water bottles under our arms, try to mount the slope back to the place where our camp fire blazes. We remember, too, some tedious moments when we try to light the camp fires with wet wood on damp ground. The scenery is so lovely around Lindrick that, whenever we can, we go there. At other times we discuss whether to go to important meetings in the town or elsewhere. As a contrast to this, our next item is to have a few games, testing out our speed in morse or what we know of First Aid, History, or General Knowledge. When exhausted, we sing songs around the imag-



inary camp fire. The final item of this enjoyable evening is "Taps," standing in horseshoe formation, and then, after rearranging the room, we once more use the crooked stone steps, and stumble through the churchyard, on our way back to our billets.

JOAN SAUNDERS

## House Activities

Nightingale House has a record of war service, since evacuation, of which its members may feel justly proud. The House is affiliated to the local W.V.S. The following articles have been made for the Nottingham "Comforts" Depot.

	Socks	Mittens	Sea-boot Stockings	Rugs	Gloves	Cap- Scarves
1940-1	10 prs.	14 prs.	3 prs.	7	—	5
1941-2	14	17	1	3	2	—
1942-3	10	13	1	2	4	—

Over £26 has also been raised by various efforts and distributed as follows: W.V.S. Wool Fund, £6/5/0; Lowestoft Air Raid Distress Fund, £9/11/10; Gift to Social Service Society, 10/-; Merchant Navy Comforts Fund, £9/15/9.

Cavell House has collected "comics" for a Children's Home, rubber for salvage, stamps for Queen Elizabeth's Hospital for Children, London, and farthings for war charities. It has also organised raffles for the Red Cross.

St. Margaret's continues to take an active part in school and outside it.

Used postage stamps are still collected as are silver paper, tinfoil and metal tubes, and the halfpenny-per-week fund for assistance to the Shaftesbury Homes has been revived. Members have given a successful concert on Saturday morning, and have knitted comforts for the troops with wool provided by the Carlton W.V.S. An enjoyable ramble to Blyth and the surrounding villages took place last year, and two House parties have been held, one on March 14th, 1942, and the second on February 13th, 1943. The first brought in 3/5 profit, and the second 9/3, which was sent to the Prisoner-of-War Fund.

## Tea Dances

These functions, held on the average twice each term, are much enjoyed by all concerned. Arranged originally for the holidays, they were small affairs for members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms who remained in Worksop. Soon, however, there was a demand for more and more. A bigger gramophone was hired, refreshments provided, a charge for admission made and

the Fourth Form invited. Later (for the sake of economy) piano and drums replaced the gramophone and with tighter rationing the refreshments disappeared (except on very special occasions).

The primary object has always been pure enjoyment but sometimes a special effort has been made and the proceeds devoted to some good cause.

## Girls' Games.

**D**URING our evacuation to Worksop, we have been able to carry on with organised games more or less regularly, though, as might be expected, not under such convenient circumstances as at home. Here in Worksop, we have the use of part of the Town cricket ground on certain days during the week, where we play hockey during the winter and rounders during the summer. Unfortunately there is no field attached to the Central School building, but there are two netball courts on the asphalt playground, and these we use occasionally during a physical training lesson when the weather is suitable.

Our hockey is not so flourishing as it was in pre-war days. This is not due to lack of keenness but rather to not having a field of our own on the spot. In Lowestoft we used to dash out of doors during break, the dinner interval, and in the evening when school was over, and put in a considerable amount of individual practice. Such conditions are naturally a great asset to any school keen on sport, and if some of us had not realised this fact before, we certainly do now.

We were very disappointed to find that arrangements could not be made for us to carry on with tennis as our summer game throughout the school. However, after two summer seasons, we are now more or less all agreed that rounders is an excellent substitute. This game was practically new to us when we launched out, but there are signs to show that we mastered the rules pretty quickly and by the end of last summer had attained quite a respectable standard. To return to tennis—we should like to take this opportunity of thanking two residents in Worksop for so kindly allowing the sixth form the use of their private courts. Their generous act has been greatly appreciated by the School authorities and by the boys and girls who have benefited from it.

Matches have formed a very small part of our games programme during evacuation. This has been partly due to the weather conditions during the first two winters, and partly due to difficulties of travelling. Apart from occasional practice-games with Worksop Ladies XI, we have played only four Hockey matches in all, a senior and junior against Retford High School, both of which we won, and two Senior against Yarmouth



High School (now at Retford), one game ending in a draw, and the other in a win for us. With regard to rounders, in the Summer term of 1941, our Senior and Junior teams were beaten by Staveley Grammar School, who, we understand, are old exponents of the game. Last summer we met again, and this time, though not coming out on top, we certainly acquitted ourselves far more creditably.

There is no doubt that we eagerly await the day of our return to Lowestoft when we hope to be able to play on our own field again. Until that time comes, we are doing our best to leave a good reputation behind us in this part of the world.

### Boys' Games.

OUR games activities have been much curtailed because of the lack of a ground. For the fourth Forms and under we have had the use of a public playing field the conditions of which may be described as agricultural rather than recreational. This has been responsible for some really remarkable and unexpected "breaks" for our bowlers at cricket, and as we use caps and coats to act as football goalposts, there have been great arguments whether certain shots have been "over the bar" or "outside the post." It has been possible to hire the Worksop Town (Football) ground for fifth form practice and some matches. We are much indebted to the Manton Colliery Games Committee and also to Mr. F. Stansfield of the C.W.S. Glassworks for the use of their grounds for senior matches and practice. Both of these grounds are first class and we are fortunate to be able to use them.

The performance of our team has fallen off as our numbers have declined. We have, however, beaten Yarmouth on some occasions. Matches have also been played against Brunts and Queen Elizabeth School at Mansfield, and Retford, Maltby and Staveley Grammar Schools. For the 1941-2 season we entered a football team in an under-16 league. It proved most successful, being unbeaten and winning most of its matches. There is no doubt that the team would have finished at the top of the league had not the rules been such as to allow some of our opponents to scratch their matches in April and early May. This year, with a fifth form of only 14 boys, our standard is rather low, but the team has played gamely and has won some matches.

It will therefore be seen that we are endeavouring (with some success) to carry on our games tradition, and we can console ourselves that our troubles here are small compared with what they might have been had we remained at Lowestoft.

## At Worksop

### Two Billets

#### I

UTTER gloom encircled us. We had to change our billet. If it had been our own fault, we should not have felt as we did, but our foster-mother was ill. We sadly prepared to move and on Saturday morning I clambered into the head-master's car with all the luggage and drove through the streets to "The Haven." I noted the name, smiled wistfully, clambered out of the car, and staggered with a case in one hand, a bag in the other and a parcel under my arm. What a commotion! I knocked on, and opened, the door, and was greeted by a living tornado who nearly bowled me over in order to make a fuss of me. It was not my new foster-mother; it was a sleek fox-terrier, later to be known as "Rex." After re-gathering my belongings I put them in the other room and sat quietly in a chair while I was given a character by the head-master. This, I noted, although I should have been seen and not hearing, was not such a bad one as I had thought. After the head-master had finished I had my dinner, or, at least, had started it, when, bang! the back door had opened and shut, and in came the young lady of the family. A short while after, another bang and a boy dirty with the filth of "t'wood" came in and was scolded by his mother for not wiping muddy shoes, not cleaned for at least a month, and later described as his "owd 'uns." When his mother remarked on his state of uncleanness he promptly replied "Well, it's Saturday," which I later found to be a celebration day over the whole of the road where I was living.

I went to bed pretty well contented with my new home.

E. CLOUGH

#### II

A dusty lane sloping gently to a tree-surrounded hollow; nestling in the hollow an old farmhouse built of brick,—large, airy rooms including a white-washed dairy into whose pleasant coolness it is a happy relief to flee on a summer's day. To the left of the lane lies the orchard, at the edge of the yard stand the barn and other out-buildings and all these are usually inhabited by cackling hens, chirping chicks and loudly-crowing cockerels. The garden is large, with a number of old fruit trees, and through it flows a small stream, which winds in and out across the neighbouring fields and finally joins the river Doe-lea. In all directions one can see fields which are constantly changing with the different seasons of the year; it is a pleasant change for the eyes to rest on fresh green fields after the drab town streets.

DOREEN PENDER



## Worksof Mortuary (once an Aquarium).

' MID silent walks, all shaded o'er with trees,  
And waving pampas-grass, there softly flows  
The water, swan-bedeck'd, brush'd by the breeze  
Whose sweetest breath stirs not the honey'd rose  
That, leaning from the banks, with blushes glows  
And drops its petals softly, hour by hour  
Into the smiling mirror, where there grows  
A waxed cup of dew—the lily flower;  
A temple hush'd lay screen'd within this tender bower.

A stately edifice, all carved of wood  
For which a thousand mighty forests died;  
And near the lofty roof, a tablet stood  
With script writ large thereon, in fullest pride  
Saying—" Aquarium "—and on each side  
A kipper rampant did support the scroll.  
The brazen portals' breadth lay gaping wide,  
And through a mist of incense, a rich bowl  
Could be discerned, where swam a pensive, solitary sole.

To what proud god was this fair temple rais'd  
That in the air its lofty turrets throws?  
Who sate enthroned there, while mortals prais'd  
And finny fishes in obedience froze?  
The sea-sung Neptune was the lord of these  
Who in their forced serfdom bowed the knee;  
Till suddenly the scaly host uprose—  
Shatter'd his idols—set the temple free  
And sent the sea lord with his idols back to sea.

Now lives no trace of all that once was there—  
The silver fish, the altars heaped with shells—  
Save for the legend on the scroll, still fair  
Though buffeted by winds of Fate. It tells  
Now of another master. There the bells  
Of Death toll through the night, while spectres pale,  
Guarding Death's altar, listen as it knells  
Cold phantoms dimly shrouded in the veil  
That Lethe brings to drown the soul's last anguish'd wail.

HELEN BAILEY

## Guests of the School.

ONE morning, just before the summer holidays of 1941, we received a letter from the Notts. Education Committee saying that, as Worksof Central was to be changed into a senior school, sixteen of the girls were to be

transferred to a secondary school. We had had a good time at the Central and were very sorry to leave it. We never doubted that we should be sent to Retford along with the boys but on the day that they started at the Grammar School we received notice that we were to start at this school on the following day. At first we were bitterly disappointed, being separated from the Central boys and expecting that the girls and boys here would resent our presence in the school. But this did not appear to be the case. On the first day the headmaster welcomed us and we became friendly with several of the girls. Since then we have continued to be friendly with everyone and have been treated almost as if we really belonged to the school and were not outsiders. In spite of the fact that our interests are often different from those of the other boys and girls, the past eighteen months have been happy ones. We are very grateful to the school for giving us this wonderful chance and hope that someday we shall be able to repay it.

EDITH KENT

## Visits to Works.

AS a result of our evacuation to an industrial district we have been able to pay a number of visits to works that would have been impossible in our home county. They include a blast furnace at Renishaw, a foundry at Worksof, an oil well, and the refractory works at Steetley, where the rotary kiln was one of the main attractions. At the C.W.S. glassworks we have seen bottles being made and tested and were interested to learn that four out of five milk bottles were rejected before they were passed out of the factory. The Manton coal mine and the Worksof brewery have also been visited and one member of the staff expressed a regret that these visits had not been made consecutively and on the same day.

We are especially indebted to Mr. Churchouse of the Shirley Aldred Wood Distillery for always being ready to allow our parties to see the plant and to conduct them round.

## Manton

WE were conducted over the mine by a deputy and were at first shown the shower baths on one side of a modern building and on the other side row upon row of compact lockers. Each miner has two lockers, so that after a bath he can leave the mine dressed for the race-course. In another large building we were provided with electric lamps and brass identification labels. Before descending the pit we were shown the massive wheel with its greased coils on which our lives were to depend.



Actually the "cage" is a sturdy steel box, about the width of an ordinary door and two or three times as long as it is broad. Into this box we filed, a steel door was clanged to, and we were ready to descend. While we were waiting for this event, our pale faces prompted the deputy to tell us about the man catch. This communication cord of mining automatically stops the cage when it exceeds a certain speed limit, thus preventing an accident to the driver from becoming a major disaster. During the explanation the cage began to move. We glanced anxiously at one another and I imagine we all felt the same, with oscillatory stomachs and bursting ears. At length the cage slowed down and we were at the pit bottom.

It is a fairly common assumption that the miner, once he is down the shaft, starts work on the coal without further delay. This is about two miles from the truth. The coal is not worked, for reasons of safety, near the coal shaft, and, as it is worked and evacuated, the "face" gets further and further back. Manton miners are fortunate in being carried some of the way to the coal face, as we were. Our conveyance consisted of two long seats mounted back to back, and hauled by a rope along rails. We rattled along at about fifteen miles per hour towards the coal face, our heads kept low, although we wore steel helmets. We stopped to see a reminder of less modern days, the now disused stables, which are being filled up with earth. After this halt we had but a brief ride, and then a walk along part of the main road, and a subsidiary road leading to the coal face. Lumps of shale, covered with grey stone dust, purposely put down to minimise the risk of explosion by a spark, made going difficult at first, but we finally made good progress, with springy steps, on a conveyor belt. Our visit was on a Sunday more than two years ago, and the Colliery was not working. There was not the incessant clang of tubs being coupled on the cables that haul them, nor the roar of the engines driving the conveyor belts. As I was conducted round the mine, I tried to visualize it as it would normally be—men and lads sweating away and working at lightning speed; conveyor belts, an endless torrent of coal, and, at the coal face, which appeared to us as a dark wall, about four feet high, backed by two lines of wooden props, I tried to imagine half-naked men shovelling away in a kneeling position, inhaling coal dust with every breath.

The air in the pit was somewhat hot, and had a hypnotic effect—I for one was glad to see daylight again, and breathe cool fresh invigorating air. As, on my ride, dirty and hungry, to my billet, I recalled what I had seen, I thought how little most people know of conditions in a mine—and I looked forward to the time when the underground gasification of coal might provide us with fuel, light and coloured frocks and we should not expect our fellow beings to work like slaves to get them for us.

J. AMES

## Reverie

In weather fine, 'neath summer sky,  
We've roamed these pleasant vales,  
But oh! for the swooping seagull's cry,  
And the drifter's crimson sails.

We've walked through banks of snow piled steep  
Far from the noise of ships—  
But give me a wind from the grey North deep,  
And its salt tang on my lips.

From Thoresby Hall to Welbeck's pile,  
To North, South, East and West,  
We've walked through glades full many a mile,  
But—how we've missed the "Nest"!

Though ducal state we much admire,  
And every woodland lea,  
We long to watch, at the "Cease Fire"  
Our drifters going to sea.

## Bird Watching.

I HAD been watching a Wood-Warbler shown to me by a companion and was about to leave the woods along Carlton Road when a small bird darted from among the dead leaves nearby. A glance showed it to be another Wood-Warbler and I eagerly set about searching for the nest which I assumed it had left. I soon discovered a bump among the leaves with a hole near the ground level—the Warbler's nursery. On peeping into the grass-lined interior, I was thrilled to see five brown spotted eggs—very warm and therefore probably due to be hatched in a few days. Later in the afternoon I was lucky enough to see a Redstart's nest. North Notts. is a moderately good district for bird watching and I have been lucky enough to see one or two of the more uncommon British birds including a group of Lesser Redpolls feeding high in some trees at Osberton. Several members of the Crow family are plentiful, notably Rooks, which seem to make a poor substitute for Gulls. Magpies are more plentiful than in Suffolk and the wary Jays are also numerous. The cousins of the Wood-Warblers, the Willow Warblers, abound in Kilton Wood and in summer their melancholy notes seem to come from every quarter of the wood. I have seen several of their nests which are very similar to that of the Wood-Warbler I saw. Shepherd's Avenue is proud of its freak Blackbird, which has a clean white plumage except for a few black feathers on its head, wings and tail, but is otherwise quite normal.

M. FENN



## The Abode of the Mighty.

### A Message to old Sixth Formers

**I**T is not fitting that ex-members of the Sixth Form should remain in ignorance of the lot of their successors.

The mighty, by hard Fate deprived of that earthly paradise, the South Study, endeavour to maintain the old traditions and have chosen Mr. P——n's woodwork room as their haven. Although not adorned with the luxurious divan, the homely and cheerful stove (slow combustion type), and the antique poker of South Study, it far surpasses all others in the school. It is carpeted with wood shavings, its hot pipe is a great solace in cold weather when it is clasped gratefully by numbed fingers, the grindstone cannot fail to impress the beholder: other furnishings include one chair, one small table, numerous wooden benches—very hard, a finely-executed miniature staircase, and a small, very small library, one half of which is a particular treasure: an ancient tome entitled "If the Gods Laugh" by that renowned authoress R—— a F——s, and a source of great moral and spiritual comfort in hours of weariness.

This then is the retreat of those whose accomplishments defy enumeration, whose versatility is such that they are equally at ease whether engaged in the menial (but highly skilled) task of de-topping milk bottles—a cruelly unappreciated service, or indulging in animated and fluent French conversation, and whose desire is to preserve the old spirit not only of South Study, but of the School.

### ONE OF THE MIGHTY

## Old Scholars in the Forces.

**W**E send our greetings to all old scholars serving in H.M. Forces, who number now so many that it is impossible to keep a nominal record; but the Staff endeavour to keep in touch with all those whose addresses are known, and will continue to do so. Some, when on leave, have called on us in our exile, and from what they say it can be gathered that very many—boys and girls—are playing their part in all corners of the world.

To one Old Boy we would make special reference: the account which follows of our contact with him may be regarded as an illustration of our interest in all of them.

We made our first contact at an Old Students' Meeting, when he was in the Merchant Navy. He regarded his job as devoid of thrills, but that was before the War.

We renewed our contact shortly after the outbreak of War after he had secured a commission in the Royal Navy and we had been evacuated. He wrote from H.M.S. Edinburgh asking for

books for men of his gun turret and just hinting that a portable wireless set would be a boon, to help while away hours of inactivity. That was a challenge which we accepted, and in a very short time staff and scholars had subscribed for, and bought, a suitable wireless set. We were able to include a second dry battery for use with the set and expressed ourselves as very pleased that we were thus able to increase the time the set could be used at sea.

The acknowledgement reached us, in due course, that the set was safely installed in the cruiser, and that we needn't have worried about dry batteries as the vessel generated electricity enough to supply a town the size of Southwold!

The most explicit instruction we gave with the set was that in view of the importance of our precious contribution to her equipment, the ship must on no account be lost.

Alas for our peace of mind, shattered by the news of the sinking of the Edinburgh! We could think of nothing more valuable on that gallant ship, apart from the men who manned her, than our wireless set. And what a relief to learn later that Lieut. Ralph Jenkins had been transferred from H.M.S. Edinburgh before that fateful return journey from a North Russian port where she had been on convoy duty, and that his transfer included the set, which so far as we know is still being used to bring news and entertainment, not to men of Lieut. Jenkins' gun turret, but to the men of the sloop he now has the honour to command.

## Visiting a Billet.

*Member of Staff (at back door).* Good morning! Does John Smith live here? . . . I am from the Secondary School.

*Foster-parent:* Yes, he lives here. Come in, if you can get.

*M. of S.* Thank you! I shall not keep you long. We like to call from time to time, just to see whether you have any difficulties (smiles)—Whether he is behaving himself and so on. Ha, ha!

*F. p.* Oh, he's a good boy. Sit down.

*M. of S.* Thank you. Now is there any little thing you would like to mention? There may be something that you do not like to come to school about——

*F. p.* Oh, he's a good boy. No, there's nothing that I can think of (hesitates).

*M. of S.* Is he settling down well? Does he help you?

*F. p.* Yes, he's a good boy . . . There's one thing—



*M. of S.* Yes?

*F. p.* Well, he's so quiet. He'll sit with a book and say nothing for so long. I do wish he'd play with my boys.

*M. of S.* Oh, you have some children? You know, these Suffolk children are often quieter than those who live in this part of the world. And he has his reading to do.

*F. p.* It's not that. When he came back after his holidays, he hardly spoke for a fortnight. I suppose he's homesick. I'm sure I do everything I can to make him happy, but it worries you so much when they don't seem to appreciate it —

*M. of S.* Oh, but I think they do, really. It is a wrench for them to leave home again. I'll have a word with him. I'm certain he feels grateful, you know, but children don't think to say so. He'll pick up as the term goes on. Have you seen his parents?

*F. p.* Yes, they came over last summer. His mother came to tea. She said how glad she was he was well looked after.

*M. of S.* I'm sure she is. But of course he gets a good deal of fuss when he goes home, and feels—he's bound to feel—the lack of it for a time. He really ought to consider your feelings though. I'll speak to him about it. (Rises) You're sure there's nothing else? Well, I must get on. I've to see two more foster-parents. (At door). We're very grateful to you, you know, for what you do . . . Good morning!

*F. p.* Good morning! Thank you.

## Holidays

June 1943

**W**E may now regard with less uneasiness the repeated visits which our scholars are paying and have paid to their parents most of whom live in and about the home town. That such occasions have not been marred by some untoward incident is a matter on which we can congratulate ourselves, whether staff, parents or scholars: to whom blame might have been imparted is a matter for facile conjecture but, in the absence of any official ruling on the advisability of these journeys (however laudable the natural instincts may have been) the staff were never easy in their minds as to what might have happened and tried, mostly without success, to give effect to the request, often repeated by the Ministry of Health, that children should stay where they were.

Whatever may have been our feelings about these holiday breaks, we can now feel that they play a part in the "evacuation

scheme" for, in the first place, they have permitted to the foster parents a well-earned rest, and, secondly, they have assured the parents how well the foster parents have acquitted themselves in their task, by no means an easy one, of fostering the children.

We are very grateful to the L.N.E.R. Worksop for their efforts, protracted, strenuous, and generally successful, in persuading the District Office to provide us with reserved through coaches, when they could have justifiably declined to be interested and have evaded such responsibility "in the National Interest." The fact that these special coaches were sometimes given long periods of rest in the sidings somewhere between Worksop and Lowestoft seemed to arouse merriment rather than serious attention on the part of all but the travellers themselves and their parents waiting at Lowestoft station. It is well to remember, at such times, that "it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive."

## Evacuation Song.

*When sung with local pronunciation, to the tune of "Solomon Levi" it does not sound miserable at all.*

1. We come from Lowestoft by the sea where the weather's  
always fine,  
It never rains, it's never cold and the sun will always shine;  
You never work, you play all day or lie upon the sand,  
And go to sleep or wiggle your toes and listen to the band.

### *Chorus:*

We've come to Worksop, Worksop tra la la;  
All stuck in Worksop, tra la la la la;  
They mash the tea and wash the pots when  
we come home from school,  
They say we're mardy when we cry, and  
mucky as a rule.

2. In summer time it wasn't so bad: we'd plenty to do besides,  
Trips in Sherwood Forest and beautiful charabanc rides,  
A daily dip in the swimming pool, a book beneath a tree,  
Only passing the days away and home in time for tea.  
*Chorus:* We've come to Worksop, etc.
3. But when it's winter the nights are long, and there is work to do,  
It's wet and cold and we're not so bold as the siren goes hoo  
hoo!  
We've lost our lovely Lowestoft tan, we're pale as a currant  
bun,  
We live and work in Worksop and we never have any fun!  
*Chorus:* We've come to Worksop, etc.