

THE LOWESTOFTIAN

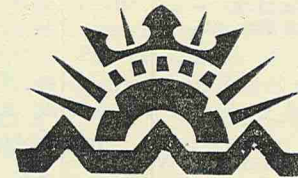


July, 1951

THE LOWESTOFTIAN

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

July, 1951



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LOWESTOFT

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Looking Back.

IN response to our appeal last year for copies of past issues of "The Lowestoftian," we have now collected, thanks to Mrs. Gee, Miss Fordham and Mr. Perrédès, all except Nos. 4 (Vol. I), 3 (1923), 12 (1927), 16, 17 (1928), 20 to 24, 26, 29, 35, 37, 39. It was partly owing to wartime confusion that so many were lost. We shall be glad to recover all, so that they may be preserved.

We recorded in 1950 the fiftieth year of the School's history and the thirty-seventh of this magazine. We also gave the facts about the old Grammar School in the Town, which may now have added interest to some, since Yarmouth Grammar School celebrates its Quatercentenary this year. "The Times" of 4th May recalls the foundation of the school at Great Yarmouth in 1551, its closing in 1757, its re-establishment in 1863. Compare the foundation of Annot's School in Lowestoft in 1570, its closing in 1883 and the beginning of the Secondary School only seventeen years later.

In this year of the Festival, it may be suitable to look into those past issues of our magazine and to recall some features. There are below an account of a visit to the Wembley Exhibition, a reference to the leading place we had, thanks to Mr. Trent, in the pioneering days of wireless, and a glimpse of the earliest days of the Secondary School, when one master seems to have taught the few pupils everything. The usual features of school magazines recur, and our tradition of school visits is well established in accounts of trips to continental countries and of camps in our own. But what has impressed us is that personalities stand out. Richard Mallett first writes when, as a fifth-former, he has been to camp, and continues to make fun—of youths' hats, of silent films, of Lowestoft—in words and sketches. He was editor (yes, the magazine was run by pupils for several years) in 1927. We take great pride in this. A recent letter to us runs: "I'm afraid I have no news of any other Old Lowestoftian—when somebody writes to say he was at school with me, it always turns out that he was at school with Dennis Mallett the artist—and there is nothing particular to tell you about myself. I continue to be Film Critic and Book-Review Editor of *Punch* and write other stuff occasionally." He has another book coming out: *Literary Upshots*, a book

of parodies, burlesques and other literary pieces. Then there was J. H. Bayfield, who, about, as he thought, to leave school from the fifth form, writes to tell off pupils, parents, himself (everybody but the Staff) for lack of esprit de corps; he stayed on to edit and write large parts of the magazine. Many others left memorials of their school-days here. Let "A Character from the Past," by one Old Boy of another, stand for them all, and let us constantly watch and wait for such to emerge from amongst us to colour our greyer shades.

Yes, the magazine has been worth looking into—not such faint praise for an account of what many often complain of as monotonous, school affairs. We must continue to record the routine achievements briefly, to expatiate on the extraordinary and to encourage individuality to express itself. So write, everybody who enjoys it, and give us plenty of copy. And please supply the missing numbers of the magazine so that they may be bound complete in the Memorial Library and you may look at them too.

The Staff.

WE have welcomed this year Miss G. E. Churley, who was appointed to succeed Miss Joels as Senior Mistress, Miss Booth, Miss Hunter, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Link and Mr. Lamb. Miss Booth leaves this term to get married and we offer her our best wishes.

Old Lowestoftians often ask for news of Mr. Woosnam. He is now living at 15, Well Street, Bury St. Edmunds, and has changed little since he ceased teaching in this School at the time of our evacuation, eleven years ago, when, it will be recalled, he remained in Lowestoft, being needed as A.R.P. Gas Officer. He retains a deep interest in the School, where he taught for more than thirty years, and tells us that he welcomes a revival of interest in the re-naming of schools, seeing in it "an opportunity to change our present name to 'Annot's Grammar School' and thus to establish a link with the distant past of 1570."

We record with great sorrow the death of Mr. Richard Youngs, whom we welcomed only last year. He had been ill for some time, though he struggled on in his genial way; he went into hospital just before Christmas and died at Halesworth in his parents' home on 1st April. He left Bungay Grammar School as recently as 1944 for Durham University, where he took his degree and gained distinction in several games; then to the Army and soon to us. He had a zest for books and sport and people, and he liked teaching. He and his wife, with their pleasant manner and easy hospitality, made many

friends, and some of us in that short time had come to feel a deep affection for him. What a valuable member the School has lost, for he was fitted to live fully and help others to do the same.

In Memoriam

R.Y.

Tene sinam, mecum reputans tua tristia fata,
linquere sic tacito limina nostra pede,
ut non qualiacunque cadant haec carmina maesto
pectore vulsa feram dona suprema rogo?
dure ministerium! sed durius ante perire
quam tenuis vitae flos tibi carptus erit.
horrida iam primum per terras arma quiescunt,
artēs dimissa caede fovere iuvat.
nos Musam memini pariter revocasse priorem
quae neglecta diu se revenire neget.
at rediit tandem: doctrinae cessimus aulis:
convenimus rursus: doctus uterque docet.
quae socias eadem dirimis, sors invida, amicos
ducere qui cupiunt tempora more suo.
namque mihi restat, quod nollem, munus acerbum,
luctu depressa dicere voce vale.

School Officers, 1950-1951.

HEAD BOY: M. White.

HEAD GIRL: Mona Beckett.

PREFECTS: Sheila Carver, Jean Dale, Josephine Gooda, Mary Lovegrove, Dorothy Moss, Pat Tompkins, B. W. Chapman, J. Ansdell, J. Baldry, J. Bleby, T. Byatt, L. Calcutt, D. Edmonds.

HOUSE CAPTAINS: *Cavell*—Mary Lovegrove; *Grace Darling*—Sheila Carver; *Nightingale*—Mona Beckett; *St. Margaret's*—Dorothy Moss; *Athenian*—D. Waterman; *Roman*—J. Bleby; *Spartan*—B. W. Chapman; *Trojan*—J. Baldry.

SOCIETY SECRETARIES: *Senior Dramatic Society*—Dorothy Moss; *Junior Dramatic Society*—Mary Smith; *Stamp Club*—J. Campbell; *Nature Club*—Stephanie Peck; *Chess Club*—K. Beckett.

GAMES CAPTAINS AND SECRETARIES: *Cricket*—B. W. Chapman and J. Baldry; *Football*—B. W. Chapman and J. Baldry; *Hockey*—Mona Beckett.

School Record.

The Houses.

THERE have been several housenights, as is the custom. In addition *Cavell* held a raffle, sold calendars at Christmas, ran a bookstall and threw a party for the boys at the Children's Home, (the first three to make the fourth possible, we judge.) "Since last July when we went up the river we have had quite a busy year," reports *Grace Darling*. They had a Christmas Party complete with Cake, Tree and Santa Claus to which boys from the Home were invited and they sent flowers to Pilgrim House, London. *Nightingale* ran three Fruit and Flower and one Sweet Stall, raising £4 18s. 9d., for their funds, and sent flowers to an old folks' home. *St. Margaret's* explain a shortage of funds by the loss of the school safe. They have therefore held raffles at their housenights, but they were also able to send away £6 2s. 6d. owing to the postage system by which they sell Christmas Seals, and hope to raise more money at a film-show this month.

The Senior Dramatic Society.

WE have paid three visits to theatres, at Norwich and Yarmouth, during the session, but our main activity has been a full-scale production in the School Hall of Sheridan's "The Rivals." This involved a good deal of effort for those engaged in the actual rehearsals—most Saturday mornings and Wednesdays "after school" for two terms—and, when preparation for staging could no longer be delayed, during a fortnight's intensive activity, nearly fifty—Staff and pupils—were engaged: acting, prompting, scene-making, scene-shifting, painting, furniture-repairing, constructing a complete new lighting set, making-up, wardrobe-managing.

The school hall offers very little to those who would attempt productions in the style suitable to a full theatre stage but virtue can be made of necessity, artistically satisfying use of the limitations themselves. "The Rivals" had to suffer from lack of space—though we were proud of our indications of the many indoor scenes by screens, curtains and the varied furniture which we are fortunate to possess. We owed much to the scenery painted by Christopher Bayliss—now using his talents more ambitiously at Cambridge. We deliberately chose to keep up speed, and did so, even if we lost some clarity by this. Anything but an audience's boredom, which we have experienced elsewhere. Of course, if you can achieve both clarity and speed— They usually have both in the West End.

Some of the players had no stage experience and great credit is due to them. They learnt much, and everybody can benefit in speech and bearing from taking part in a play. But we are proudest of the smooth working of so big a team.

The Junior Dramatic Society.

ALTHOUGH no public performance was given, the society has had a busy year.

Throughout the winter, meetings have been held at which the members have taken part in play-readings, original sketches and short plays, while some rehearsed a longer play.

Our thanks are due to Christine Rivett, a former member of the Society, who offered to help at rehearsals. It is nice to see our old friends coming back in this way. M. White and J. Baldry have also been staunch, always ready to help where lighting was concerned.

In the Spring Term we concentrated on making the fancy dress social a success. The costume subject was "The Supernatural," and this brought forth many strange disguises—mermaids, skeleton-ghosts, goblins, "men from Mars" and a host of others. A shadow play was performed in which a dragon, an ogre and a rather tantalizing string of sausages figured largely.

M.S.

The Stamp Club.

THIS year there has been a distinct increase of numbers; although most members seem to be keener on buying stamps than learning about them—perhaps that will come later. We have averaged about 25 each Friday afternoon, mostly from the first and second forms. An exhibition was held in the Hall on March 15th. About 140 exhibits were entered, the standard of which was remarkably high. We hope to make this an annual affair.

The Nature Club.

THE Club began in the Autumn Term with 26 members, meeting every Wednesday. Talks were given on various subjects, including birds, butterflies and fishing, and the bird-song records and biology library have been in frequent use. More recently, walks have been arranged for the study of animal and plant life.

Attendance has decreased considerably during the year, but the regular members still show great interest and enthusiasm. S.P.

The Chess Club.

THE Club has been meeting regularly on Mondays throughout the winter, the average attendance being 20 members, a large majority of these being from the junior school. Several members gave up their time in teaching these the rudiments of the game.

On 30th October, Yarmouth Technical School invited us to play away. The School won 5-1; winners: Beckett, Bleby, Overy, Campbell, Wells. We had another away match on November 13th, with Yarmouth Grammar School. The School lost, 5-1, our only winner being Overy who won in 20 minutes. At home to Yarmouth Technical School on Nov. 20th, we won 2½-1½. Overy and Campbell won, Wells drew and Beckett lost. Twenty members of the club entered for the knock-out tournament. The final was between Overy and Warden.

I hope we shall be well supported next season, as we are looking forward to a series of matches with other schools.

K.A.B.

Hockey, 1950-51.

SEVERAL matches were cancelled owing to bad weather and only four out of eight matches played were won.

The 2nd XI did well to win all their matches. Both teams were entered for the County Tournament at Ipswich, but this was cancelled owing to the pitches being flooded.

1st XI results.

Oct. 7th.	Home	v. Sir John Leman School	1-3	Loss
Oct. 14th.	Away	v. Civil Service	1-1	Draw
Nov. 4th.	Away	v. Gorleston Ladies	5-0	Win
Nov. 11th.	Home	v. Yarmouth High School	—	
Dec. 9th.	Away	v. Leiston Grammar School	—	
Dec. 26th.	Home	v. Old Girls	6-8	Loss
Feb. 3rd.	Home	v. Civil Service	3-0	Win
Feb. 10th.	Away	v. Yarmouth High School	9-0	Win
Feb. 24th.	Home	v. Leiston Grammar School	1-2	Loss
Mar. 26th.	Home	v. Old Girls	4-1	Win

Under 15 XI results.

Nov. 11th.	Home	v. Yarmouth High School	—	
Nov. 25th.	Away	v. Harris Secondary School	6-3	Win
Dec. 9th.	Away	v. Leiston Grammar School	—	
Feb. 10th.	Away	v. Yarmouth High School	8-0	Win
Feb. 29th.	Home	v. Leiston Grammar School	8-0	Win



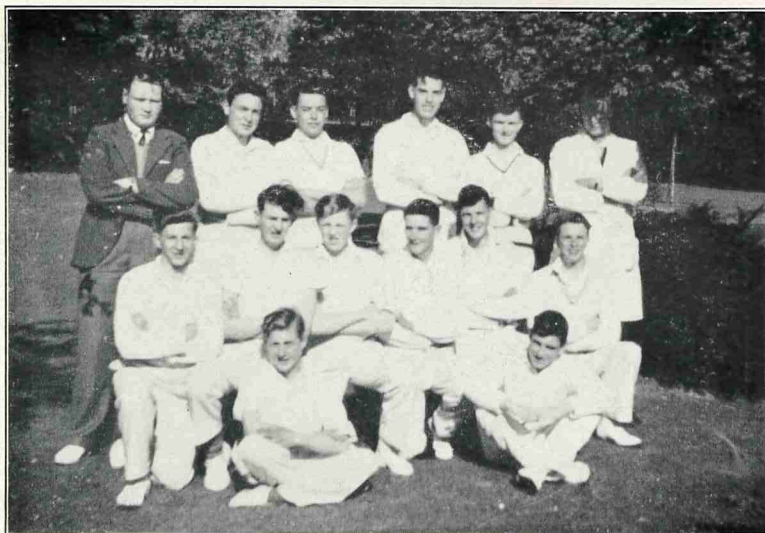
SCHOOL 1ST XI, 1950-51.

[J. Bleby.



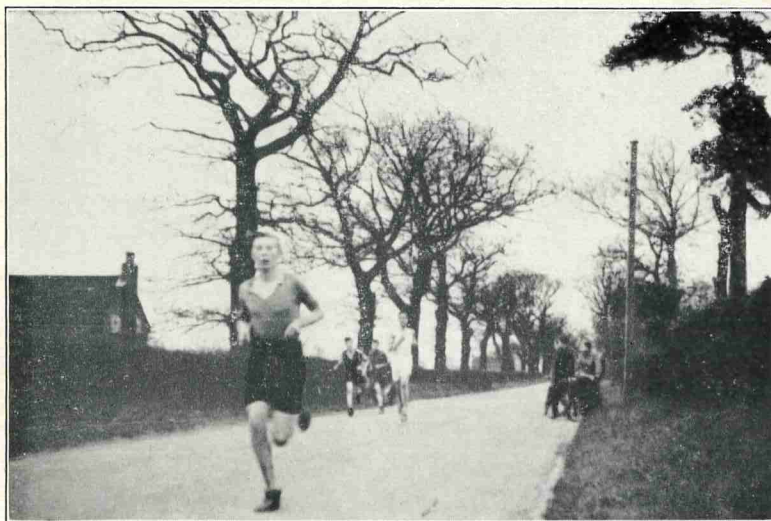
SCHOOL 1ST XI, 1950-51.

[M. White.



SCHOOL 1ST XI, 1951.

[M. White.



CROSS-COUNTY, MARCH, 1951.

[J. Bleby.

School 1st XI: Josephine Crack, Maureen Holland, Sheila Carver, Sybil Hume, Jean Dale, (Vice-capt.) Pamela Delf, Joy Barley, Pat Castleton, Pat Tompkins, Sheila Edmonds, Mona Beckett (Capt.).

School Hockey Colours awarded to S. Carver, J. Crack, J. Dale, P. Tompkins.

The following girls were chosen to play for Suffolk County Junior 2nd XI: J. Dale, S. Edmonds, P. Tompkins (Vice-capt.) and M. Holland (reserve). The one match played against Norfolk was won by Suffolk, 9-0.

Football, 1950-51.

1st XI team :

Wylie
Waterman Ansdell
Chapman (Capt.) Hook Baldry
Wells Parker Hayman Burwood Clover

Colours Holders : Chapman, Hayman, Baldry.

Full Colours awarded to Hook, Clover, Waterman, Wylie.

Half Colours awarded to Wells, Ansdell.

Results.

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals	
				For	Agst.
15	7	4	4	32	26

2nd XI results.

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals	
				For	Agst.
3	2	1	0	13	6

Junior XI results.

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals	
				For	Agst.
8	2	0	6	13	20

In the Suffolk Schools Cup the Junior XI, after receiving a bye in the 1st round, were defeated 3-2 at Beccles by Beccles County Modern School, in the 2nd round.

Other Football XI's from the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Forms played a total of eight games against the corresponding teams from Duncan Hall, Roman Hill, and Alderman Woodrow, winning 6 and drawing 2.

1st XI.

Sept. 30th.	Home	Sir John Leman	Win	2—1
Oct. 7th.	Away	Bungay Grammar	Win	3—0
Oct. 14th.	Away	City of Norwich	Loss	2—7
Oct. 21st.	Home	Yarmouth Grammar	Draw	2—2
Nov. 4th.	Away	Leiston Grammar	Draw	1—1
Nov. 18th.	Away	Sir John Leman	Win	2—1
Nov. 25th.	Home	Bungay Grammar	Win	3—2
Dec. 2nd.	Home	City of Norwich	Draw	2—2
Dec. 9th.	Away	Yarmouth Grammar	Loss	1—2
Dec. 26th.	Home	Old Lowestoftians	Loss	0—2
Jan. 20th.	Home	Sir John Leman	Draw	0—0
Feb. 24th.	Away	Yarmouth Grammar	Loss	1—2
Mar. 3rd.	Home	Yarmouth Grammar	Win	3—2
Mar. 10th.	Home	Leiston Grammar	Win	4—0
Mar. 26th.	Home	Old Lowestoftians A	Win	6—2

Cricket.

Results for 1950.

		Runs		
		F.	A.	
May 6th.	A. v. Bungay G. S.	135-4	54-8	Draw
May 13th.	A. v. Beccles G. S.	75	15	Win
May 20th.	H. v. Yarmouth G. S.	41	55-9	Loss
May 27th.	A. v. Leiston G. S.	66-6	27-9	Draw
June 1st.	A. v. Town "A"	88-5	68	Win
June 3rd.	H. v. Kirkley "A"	116-8	83-6	Draw
June 10th.	H. v. City of Norwich 1st XI	74	32	Win
June 15th.	H. v. Lowestoft Police	48	30	Win
June 17th.	H. v. Finbow's XI	105-6	144-4	Draw
June 22nd.	H. v. N. A. L. G. O.	44-4	75-7	Draw
June 24th.	H. v. Old Boys	85-8	64-9	Draw
July 1st.	A. v. Kirkley "A"	78-8	156	Draw
July 6th.	A. v. Lowestoft Police	104-3	59	Win
July 8th.	A. v. City of Norwich 1st XI	56	57-5	Loss
July 15th.	A. v. Yarmouth G. S.	41-2	37	Win
July 20th.	A. v. Town "A"	21	116-3	Loss
July 25th.	H. v. Leiston G. S.	106-4	20	Win
July 27th.	A. v. Beccles G. S.	64-5	59	Win
July 29th.	H. v. Town "A"	133-7	127	Win

19 Played; 9 Won; 7 Drawn; 3 Lost.

Capt., J. L. M. Shelton; Vice-Capt., R. A. M. Hayman;
Secretary, J. O. Baldry; Umpire, B. R. Chapman.

Colours Holders: Baldry, Chapman, Hayman, Rout, Shelton.

Full Colours awarded to Soanes.

Half Colours awarded to Holman, Wylie.

Team from: Shelton, Hayman, Baldry, Chapman, Soanes,
Beckett, Clover, Burrell, Hardingham, Holman, Wylie
Wells, Kent, Long.

Batting Averages.

	Innings	Not Outs	Runs	Highest Score	Average
Soanes	14	3	263	96	23.9
Hayman	14	0	220	59	15.7
Shelton	17	0	218	32	12.8
Baldry	18	2	199	50 n.o.	12.4
Chapman	15	2	151	37 n.o.	11.6

Bowling Averages:

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Burrell	17.5	2	61	13	4.7
Chapman	42.3	11	91	14	6.5
Baldry	197	50	457	61	7.5
Clover	53.3	17	143	16	8.9
Hardingham	97	32	202	22	9.2
Beckett	56.5	19	127	13	9.9

Catches: Chapman 10, Baldry 8, Hayman 8, Burrell 7.

1st XI, 1951.

v. BUNGAY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, May 5th, at Bungay.

After a bad start, Chapman and Hayman came together and put on 33 runs. Hayman went on to make 73 not out. After tea, Bungay soon lost some wickets, and it only remained to see whether our bowlers could get them all. This they did with only five minutes to spare, Baldry taking 5 for 29, Clover 4 for 24.

Result: Won by 54 runs. School, 115 for 5; Bungay, 61.

v. Town "A" at home.

The School won the toss and started badly again, but Hayman and Baldry added 52 runs. Baldry was bowled for 25 and Hayman for 32 soon after. Quick runs were added by Wylie, 34, and Beckett, 20, and the Town, in going for a win, were all out for 66. Baldry took 6 for 19, Clover 3 for 26.

Result: Won by 63 runs. School, 129 for 4; Town, 66.

v. City of Norwich School, at Norwich.

Norwich scored only 45 in the first 90 minutes, but then took the upper hand, scoring 127 for 7. The School's batting collapsed, Hayman making 10 out of 28.

Result: Lost by 99 runs. Norwich 127 for 7; School, 28.

v. Kirkley "A" at home.

Kirkley scored 34 before tea on a day unsuitable for cricket owing to mist. The School made 19 for 1 before rain stopped play. Baldry took 4 for 17, Beckett 4 for 15.

OUTINGS.

Diary.

1950. July 14th. Forms V, VI to Colchester: Roman-British Exhibition.
 July 16-22nd. 59 to Pennines and Industrial North.
 Nov. 22nd. Science VI to Ipswich: Cliff Quay Generating Station and Fisons Fertilizer Factory.
 Dec. 13th. 35 to Norwich: Maddermarket Theatre production of "Merchant of Venice," and Exhibition of Modern Art at Castle.
1951. Jan. 24th. Senior School to Beccles: French film "Monsieur Vincent."
 Mar. 7th. Form II to Norwich: Castle and Cathedral.
 Mar. 28th. Science VI to Scunthorpe: Appleby-Frodingham Steelworks.
 April 26th. 32 to Norwich: Young Vic production of "Merchant of Venice," Theatre Royal.
 May 4th. 36 to Yarmouth: Grammar School's production of "Macbeth."
 May 11th. Form III to Castle Acre.
 May 22nd. Form IIA to St. Olaves: Priory ruins.
 June 6th. About 180 to Sparrow's Nest Theatre, Lowestoft: Benjamin Britten's "Let's Make an Opera."
 July 18th. Most of School to London: South Bank Exhibition.

Colchester.

THE exhibition which we went to see in June last year was held to commemorate Colchester's two thousand years' existence as a town. It was held in the Castle, a building much battered by siege and by an attempt at demolition in the 17th century. Many of the more famous relics of the Roman occupation were there, such as the Arles medallion showing Constantine entering London, and pieces of silver from the Mildenhall and Taprain Law Hoards. Perhaps, however, the less valuable exhibits were more interesting, such as the reconstructed pottery-kiln, and one gained a much clearer impression of Roman life from the ordinary collections which

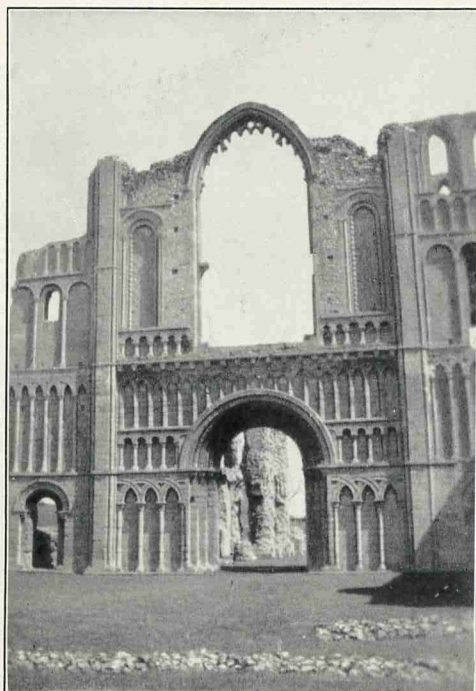


CHOSEN FOR "LET'S MAKE AN OPERA."

[Ford Jenkins.]



AT ASTLEY GREEN COLLIERY, JULY, 1951.



[A. Bear.



AT CASTLE ACRE, MAY, 1951.

[A. Bear.

filled the rest of the museum. We were shown the vaults and the old prison. The vaults, part of the foundations of the Roman temple of Claudius, which occupied the site of the Castle, are said to form the oldest building in England. The prison, which was used until the 19th century, consisted of two extremely small rooms in a turret, where thirty or forty prisoners at a time were confined. There are various grisly relics of those who were hanged, but it appears that the Army stole the better specimens during the war.

J.C.

At a Steelworks.

THE Works occupies a square mile, which made us realise (the Science Sixth had travelled to Scunthorpe during the Easter Holidays) that we should see nothing of the town and not all of the actual object of our trip. But we did see the most interesting parts.

At the rolling mill, we were amazed at the dexterity with which huge white ingots of steel were guided through the rollers; mangling the laundry is the best comparison I can give. These rollers squeezed rectangular blocks of steel into thin sheets or into long girders—and all were operated by the pulling of a small handle. The actual manipulation was impressive and fascinating. Controlled by an operator in a high glass cabin, tremendous girders of sizzling hot steel glided by, apparently of their own volition, changed direction and switched into new positions for the next operation in a most uncanny way.

The Works provided an excellent tea, too, but we were weary and jaded after our exciting visit and five hours' journey home.

J.R.T.

Castle Acre Priory.

THE village of Castle Acre stands on the River Nar, in the midst of pretty, wooded country. The gate leading to the ruins of the Priory and Castle stands at the end of the narrow street. We lunched, sitting on one of the beautiful lawns which surround the Priory, and then went off exploring on our own until the guide came. He was extremely interesting, witty, and unlike most guides, audible. Castle Acre Priory belonged to the order of Cluny; it was founded in 1090 by William de Warenne, who owned the manor, and it took a hundred and thirty years to build. The building was started

by Ulmar, but, as there were several waits during the building period, the Priory has many different kinds of architecture. There is an example of this in the West Front of the Church where the wall was built up in six arcades, only four of which remain, each having a different pattern. The Priory has been altered and rebuilt right up to the 18th century. In the Church the remains of the triforium and clerestory were pointed out to us. Next to the North Transept, which was the Chapel of Our Lady, are the ruins of the Sacristy, where the two ovens can be seen, in which, it is believed, the unleavened bread was baked by the Sacrist. We were shown where the "Quire" had been extended in the early 14th century, and also the remains of the Nave, Altar and Rood-screen, which divided the monks' church from the layfolk's church. Special attention was given to the Infirmary Chapel stone, used in the rites of the dying, which is almost unique. Another point of interest was the rere-dorter and the laundry, where the monks' ingenious and practical methods of sanitation and drainage were explained to us. The building was made over a swift-running stream, which had been diverted from the river, the dirty water being taken away underground. The large kitchen was built over the water too, but the water was only used for cooking purposes. Next to the kitchen was a fish tank, where the fish, which the monks ate every Friday, were put to be cleaned. The last place we visited was the Prior's lodging which was built over the cellar. We climbed up the spiral staircase into the Prior's solar, which he used for entertaining rich guests. In the 16th century a Tudor fireplace was installed, and also a wooden roof with painted roses on it. Leading out of the solar was the Prior's private chapel, in which the remains of beautiful wall paintings can be seen. In this room one of the windows has some of the earliest hand-painted glass in it. Then we went into the two small guest-chambers.

MARGARET EMSDEN.

Let's Make An Opera !

DURING the past few weeks, Eileen Grice, Reginald Blowers, Derek Mitchell, Richard Tovell and I from our school and John Banks and Sally Kiddell from other Lowestoft Schools have had the honour of being allowed to take part in Benjamin Britten's "Let's Make an Opera." After the auditions, when we were picked, we left on April 12th and went to the matron's house at Edgeware. The next day we started voice-production and elocution lessons under Mr. Laloux, an Italian. The next week we met the English Opera Group, and Basil Coleman, the producer, for the first time and started rehearsals with them, near Swiss Cottage. These

continued for three weeks, at the end of which there was a rehearsal with the orchestra at the B.B.C. Music and Arts Society (where people in B.B.C. programmes rehearse) at Leicester Square. The following day, a dress-rehearsal in the morning, and in the afternoon criticisms of our acting and singing. On May 5th, we took part in the first matinee at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

The Opera was a success with an audience who laughed in the right places : but they little knew of the hitches backstage. John Banks, the boy who takes the part of "Johnny," forgot his boots in an outdoor scene, and walked on in buckled slippers. Once, in the last scene, I was jammed in between a door in the scenery, its backing of flats and "Tom" the coachman, who had just come off-stage. He is padded to make him appear fat, and I was vainly trying to push past as it was my cue. Needless to say, these slips were on the first night !

F. ADAMSON.

The Pennine Trip : I. Diary

Sunday, 16th July.

AT about 7.45 the two coaches which were to take fifty-nine of us met on the Royal Plain and, amidst drizzling rain, we set off. By the time we reached Dereham, however, at about 10, the sun was beginning to shine through and arriving at King's Lynn we had a second breakfast, and were just able to catch a glimpse of the town as the rain had completely cleared up. After an hour's journey we pulled up for dinner just outside Peterborough at a lovely spot by the river. By the time we stopped just outside Derby to have tea on the banks of the Derwent, the high-land had really begun. Travelling through Matlock, we reached our first hostel, Overton Hall, at about 5.30.

This was the first time many of us had ever been inside a hostel. After we had unpacked our cases and made our beds, finding that we had a short time before supper, a party of us decided to climb one of the hills nearby.

After supper, although the rain was now falling heavily, several of us ventured out, some to explore the surrounding countryside and others to examine the rocks.

Monday.

Rising early in the morning, many of us went for a walk before breakfast along the small winding lane beside the hostel. When breakfast and all the morning chores were finished, we set out for Matlock where we spent the morning looking about the town, whilst a few of the more energetic climbed High Tor. In the afternoon we travelled to the caves at Castleton ; we visited first the Speedwell Cavern where, after climbing down more than a hundred steps, we were taken in a small boat along

a tunnel about half a mile long. Climbing up Winnats Pass, we at length reached the Blue John Mine down which we were also conducted, and then went on to Buxton and to Sherbourne Lodge, our Youth Hostel for the next two nights.

Tuesday.

Our journey in the morning took us to a hat factory at Stockport, where we watched all the stages in the manufacture of men's hats from rabbits' fur. On leaving the factory we were each given a miniature hat as a souvenir. The afternoon was spent at a diesel engine factory where we were shown the works of these fascinating machines. In the evening most of us made our way either to Buxton where we wandered round the Gardens, or up to the hills, returning at 10 p.m. to the hostel.

Wednesday.

When we had finished our jobs, we set out for Buxton, where we had the morning to ourselves and, after a slight mishap with the coach, went on to Manchester. After dinner in the canteen at Moseley Common Coal Mine, the party split up, each lot to visit a different colliery and go underground whilst one or two of us remained above in the coaches. When, at last, all had washed and tidied themselves after their underground visit, the two coaches set out for Nelson. On the outskirts of Nelson, however, we parted ways, the boys to go to Jerusalem Farm at Colne and the girls to the Whitehough Youth Hostel at Barley, where we were to spend the next two nights.

Thursday.

In the morning we travelled to Nelson, where we were able to spend about an hour in the town before being shown, at the Malvern Mill, all the stages in the weaving of cloth. In the afternoon, it was decided upon to go to the home of the Brontës at Harworth. We were able to visit the Church and Parsonage of the Brontë family and to look around the village. Returning again to Whitehough Hostel, most of us spent the evening exploring the village of Barley.

Friday.

Early in the morning we set off by coach for Ingleton where, at about 10 o'clock we started the 2,373 foot climb across boggy, marshy country over great blocks of limestone and round huge boulders, until eventually we reached the top of Ingleborough, almost exhausted. After we had eaten our dinner and rested for a while on the summit where it was quite chilly, we started on our downward climb. Following the ridge northwards, we descended very gradually and when at last we reached the foot of the cliff, we then had over a mile to walk back to the coaches.

When we were at last all together, the girls' coach set off on the long journey to our last hostel at Burley Woodhead near Leeds, but owing to a misadventure the boys did not arrive until a few hours later.

Saturday.

As soon as all the jobs were finished and the packing done, we left Burley Woodhead and set on our long journey home. Our first stop was at Lincoln where we had dinner in a school canteen, and were afterwards taken all over Lincoln Cathedral. Kings Lynn, where we had supper, was our last stop on the way home where we arrived at about 10.30. The return journey had been long and tiring and, although in high spirits we were all glad to be back after a very enjoyable but exhausting week.

BRIDGET ARMAN.

II. Girls down a Mine

The girls drove to Astley Green Colliery and were taken into the manager's office where we signed the visitors' book. When we had changed into our old clothes we were taken into a building where we received belts, helmets and lamps. Then we went across to the cage, and walked in when our lamps had been tested. When we were told not to scream we began to wonder what to expect. We soon knew! We felt as if we had been going up and down at 100 m.p.h. and everyone's ears felt funny. We went through several pairs of doors used for regulating the air before we came to the 3-ft. shaft which led to the coal face. After making quite sure that everybody wished to go, our guide began to lead us down the 70-yards-long tunnel. When we were able to stand upright again we were pleased to find a miner with some toffees to refresh us. Then we followed the conveyor belt up to a higher level where we saw the pumps. Then into the cage again, and the engine house—where our guide discovered that Mrs. Blair was not Peter Gunn's mother.

MURIEL EWLES.

III. Boys down a Mine

While we waited to go down, at Moseley Common Colliery, we had time to look round. Over the door of the first-aid room, where we had changed our clothes and tried to pick out of a large wooden trunk helmets and belts to fit, was a diagram showing the position of each mine in the casualty list. Our mine was sixth. Opposite was the power-house which

generated all the electricity used in the pit. To the right we could see coal coming up from the pit-bottom and travelling in trucks along railway-lines. The shifts had just changed, and streams of miners came from the shafts, some black as night. The miners to go down hurried past, some testing their lamps, some talking. We noticed their pale faces and how bent most were through years of working at the coal-face.

At last we hurried behind our guides to the lamp-room, where we were each given an electric lamp and soon were finding out how they worked. Then to the cage, the miners commenting on our clean shirts. The first four filed in; the operator lowered their section of the cage out of sight until the next was level with the roadway. It was not possible to stand up and we had to squat on the floor. We started; we went down faster and faster; our eardrums felt blocked up. Then we felt an awful sensation: we felt we were going upwards. (Decrease in acceleration). When we got out, the sight astonished us. Electric lights lit up the passage like day. Empty trucks were waiting to be pulled to the conveyor-belts. Miners were sitting on piles of pit props. Steel girders, railway lines and other materials were lying neatly. We were standing in a side passage, between two sets of rails. Two low iron girders fixed into either wall of the passage supported a large drum which was pivoted in the centre and round which passed a thick steel cable. This was fixed to the front truck loaded with coal at the conveyor-belt. When the cable moved it drew the trucks along to and from the shaft. As we went along the passage we saw recesses along the sides—for miners to step into as trucks go past. We were in the dark now, but soon saw lights and came to a large machine called a "shuffler" which receives coal from the conveyor-belt moving at 200 ft. per minute and slows it down so that the miners can handle it. There is a series of sloping shelves, each lower than the one before, which move backwards and forwards. The coal comes out of a shoot into a truck waiting beneath. We now set off down a side passage, alongside the conveyor, an endless rubber belt costing £2 a yard, half an inch thick, sloping to the centre, running over small rollers. The passage dipped, in some places 1 in 5. It was covered with lime to keep down the dust, and the air was cool and fresh. Our guide pulled an overhead wire six times, the belt stopped and he told us to climb over into another passage. We opened a large steel door and found ourselves in a chamber with another door, beyond which the direction of the air changed. Now, as we approached the coal-face, the floor got rougher and the walls looked like piles of slate supported here and there by pillars. At the face, a few men were clearing "dirt." The height was only 4 ft. 6 ins. and we had to crouch while Mr. Chadwick talked about the coal-cutting machine. It went up to the coal-face, here 150 yards long, and removed a section of coal

2 ft. 6 ins. high and about 2 ft. wide. Then miners blasted the coal from above this with powder, it was taken away on the belt, and the "dirt" was stacked in piles 7 yards wide leaving a lane between into which the roof fell when the props were removed.

Afterwards, we made our way via numerous passages, through doors, under tarpaulins and beside lines of trucks to the engine-room where the truck-cables were wound, along the main tunnel for half a mile and thus to the shaft-bottom. Soon we were zooming to the top, soon enjoying daylight again—and hot showers and cups of tea.

L. CALCUTT

IV. Too Long on Ingleborough.

I feel sure this account will speak also for the other boys in the party. On Friday, July 21st, 1950, I was a member of the school party which climbed Ingleborough, 2,373 ft. We started climbing at about 11.30 a.m. from Fell End and after a pleasant climb we reached the summit at about 1 p.m. The summit was, of course, under cloud, so that nobody could admire the view; thus we sat huddled up and ate our Youth Hostel sandwiches. About 1.30 p.m., Mr. Gilliat explained to us that we were going to descend by the opposite side to that by which we ascended, and he emphasised most carefully that, as there was cloud about, we were to keep together in parties as there were pot-holes and he did not want any accidents. I descended with three others and I think that we were the first down. During the first part of the descent there had been a lot of cloud about and consequently it was easy to lose one's bearings. On arriving at Ribbleshead where the coaches were waiting, we visited a handy public house which was about the only building there and consumed quantities of minerals and potato crisps. About 3.30 p.m., everybody except one boy whose name I shall not mention had arrived at the coaches and meanwhile the price of pop had risen from 6d. to 9d. It appeared that the boy had last been seen disappearing into the cloud near the summit, saying that he was "okay" as he was using a pocket compass. Eventually, as there was no further sign of him, Mr. Gilliat phoned through to Ingleton and got in touch with the mountain rescue people who immediately set off from Ingleton for the summit while we (all the boys) were to ascend from Ribbleshead. The rendezvous was to be Simon Fell, which was a form of plateau 300 ft. below the summit. The girls were then sent off for Burleywood Head, our next youth hostel, while the boys, who all volunteered in army fashion, were divided into groups, each group ascending by different routes, all eventually meeting at Simon Fell.

We set off about 5.30. I had the route along Fell Close and it was arranged that if the missing boy was found, 3 long blasts should be given on a whistle. Most of us reached Simon Fell about 8.30 p.m., where the rescue party from Ingleton was waiting for us. As each party arrived they all reported they had seen nothing and to complicate matters, one of the rescue party had also got lost. As there was now only about another hour and a half of daylight, it was decided we should split up into five parties, each party having one of the rescue party as a guide, and we were to descend by various routes down the East side so that the dangerous potholes, e.g., Gaping Gill, could be searched on the way to the 'bus which was at Selside. There were five of us in our party and our guide set off at a terrific pace in his big hobnailed boots with us stumbling after him in thin, and by now absolutely soaked, shoes and plimsols. At 9.30 our feet had just about dropped off, and our guide was still striding on about a quarter of a mile ahead of us. I called after him and pleaded with him to slow up, as one of us was feeling sick and ill. His reply was that we just had to keep going, as it was now nearly dark and he would then completely lose his bearings. After a further quarter of an hour we still did not appear to be in sight of Selside; so I asked the guide if he knew where he was. To our absolute amazement and horror he informed us that he was also lost, and we were now completely on our own, having separated from the other parties on Simon Fell.

It was now almost dark and a short while later we came to the top of an overhanging cliff and looking down, could see some lights about one mile away. At approximately 10.45, a bedraggled, exhausted party arrived at a grey stone farmhouse and knocked on the door. Eventually a face appeared at one of the windows and asked what we wanted. After our explaining that we were lost, the face called out, "Just wait a minute while I put me britches on." Another three anxious minutes elapsed before the door opened and we beheld the farmer in his breeches and shirt-sleeves. He informed us that we were at Grummack which was about twelve miles from Selside. Then in broad Yorkshire he told us he would get the motor out and drive us there. After putting some petrol in an antiquated-looking vehicle he drove us to Selside, where the 'bus was waiting for us. During the drive, we had been wondering what we should do if the 'bus was not there and we counted up how much money we had between us. The farmer would not accept any money from us, but I shall always be grateful to him. How kind he was.

The time was now 11.30 and to our anger we were told that the "missing" boy had hitch-hiked to Burley Wood Head and was of course by this time in bed! We eventually reached the Hostel at about 1.30 a.m., having to make our way in the dark, only to find that we had been locked out. So

there was nothing for it but to spend the night in the coaches. At 7.30 a.m., after an uncomfortable night we were released into the Hostel and if we had not had strict orders from Mr. Gilliat I feel sure I should have been a member of a lynching party.

J. BLEBY.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

LONDON HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, 1950.

Brian J. Baxter—Eng. (Pass), French (Pass), oral Fr. (Pass), Music (Good).
 Cynthia M. Bramham—Eng. (Pass), French (Subs), Hist. (Pass).
 Naomi A. Stray—Eng. (Pass), French (Pass), oral Fr. (Pass), Music (Good).
 John A. Boothroyd—Physics (Good), Chem. (Pass), Pure Maths. (Sub).
 Bryan R. Chapman—Physics (Good), Chem. (Good), Pure Maths. (Dist.), Sub. Appld. Maths. (Pass).
 David T. Edmonds—Physics (Good), Chem. (Good), Pure Maths. (Pass), Sub. Appld. Maths. (Pass).
 Martin White,—Physics (Dist.) Chem. (Sub), Pure Maths (Good), Sub. Appld. Maths. (Pass).

COUNTY MAJOR SCHOLARSHIP.

B. R. Chapman.

COUNTY MINOR SCHOLARSHIP.

N. Stray.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, 1950 (*Order of Merit*).

Girls :

Hume, S. P., (Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Fr., Or. Fr., M., P., Bio.)
 Sharman, J. P., (Fr. Or. Fr., M., P., Bio.)
 Castleton, P. J., (Hist., Bio.)
 Hoggett, M. R., (Fr., Or. Fr., M., Bio.)
 Gordon, J., (Hist., Bio., M.)
 Smith, C. M., (Fr.)
 Andrews, S., (Eng. Lit.)
 Lines, M. J., (Bio.)
 Norton, R. A., (Bio.)
 Cock, L. E., (Bio.)
 Jordan, M., (M., Bio.)
 Gosling, L. P.
 Claringbould, P. M.
 Thurston, S. A. M.
 Holland, M. U.
 Spindler, B. F.
 Lines, D. A., (Fr., Or. Fr.)
 Thurston, N. A., (Bio.)
 Catchpole, P. M.
 Edmonds, S. L.
 Runacres, J. M.
 Quantrill, J. K. A.
 Howes, S. E.

Innes, P.
 Guymer, B. I.
 Coleman, B. A., (Or. Fr.)
 Currie, E.
 Randlesome, J. R.
 Barnard, J. A.
 Patterson, M. J.

Boys :

Canham, M. H., (Eng. Lang., Lat., Fr., Or. Fr., P., C.)
 Bezant, K. W., (Geog., Fr., Or. Fr., M., P., C.)
 Paine, A. C., (Eng. Lang., Fr., M., P., C.)
 Overy, J., (M., C.)
 Heath, S. G., (Hist., Geog.)
 Dawson, J. B., (M., P.)
 Rushmore, R., (M., Geog.)
 Burt, P. L., (M., C.)
 Soanes, B. P., (M.)
 Croft, W. J., (Hist., Geog.)
 Beckett, K. A., (Geog.)
 Waller, G. A., (M.)
 Tansley, A. C.
 Woolston, R. T.
 Hayman, R. A. M., (M.)
 Swatman, R.
 Hall, J.
 Black, J. C.
 [Hardingham, T. A., (M.)
 Toplis, J. R., (M.)
 Smith, G. J.
 Riches, J. D.
 Briggs, T. R. G.
 Smith, R. J.
 Warner, J. A.]

(Letters in brackets indicate "Very Good.")

Items from the Record.

FINALISTS for the War Memorial Reading Prize, 1951, are Stephanie Peck, K. Beckett, J. Campbell and M. Soanes. Last year the prize was not awarded owing to the low standard of reading presented. Entrants should realise that the books set and announced must be prepared for reading.

Rover gave an account in "The Journal" of Aug. 4th, 1950, of the Ness Point Repertory Company, a publishing company, a marionette theatre and a lending library—"all the work of three thirteen-year-old Grammar Schoolboys"—James Kirkham, John Carter, Keith Durrant. The stage, equipped with everything necessary, they had themselves built in a spare room at Kirkham's home. They had a small cinema projector too, and that week were putting on a Charlie Chaplin

film "The Cure," a Brumas film, a conjuring turn by Mr. Homer (Carter) and a one-act play by Raymond Eggan (Kirkham). *Rover* was told that the audiences, of school friends and guests at the house, paid a little for admission, and the profit, if any, went to charity. They sold ice-cream—made and "invented" by the company. This hobby had grown out of a model theatre owned by Kirkham at the age of seven, and his ambition was to have a larger stage and a cine-camera so that they could play full-scale drama and produce their own films.

Cross-Country, 19th March, 1951.

SENIOR.

1.—Burt (VI L). 2.—Edwards (VI U). 3.—Waterman (VI U).

JUNIOR.

1.—Bean (II B). 2.—Reeve (I B). 3.—Brooks (III C).

SENIOR HOUSE POSITIONS.

1.—Spartans. 2.—Trojans. 3.—Athenians. 4.—Romans.

JUNIOR HOUSE POSITIONS.

1.—Spartans. 2.—Trojans. 3.—Athenians. 4.—Romans.

A wing is being built, which will add two rooms to the School on the south-west corner, and it is hoped that next term we shall be using the new Domestic Science and Art Rooms thus provided. (Perhaps it is a compliment to the workmen that we have received no verses celebrating their speed, such as were written in such quantity while the new classrooms on the north side were so slowly rising). We expect too, that the Old Lowestoftians Memorial Library will be ready for use next term. The furniture has been received, and, when the big task of installing and cataloguing our books is completed, senior pupils will have a pleasant and useful place to work in.

On 30th May, two of us gave "outstanding performances" at the Caxton Sports Ground, Beccles, in the competition between the Lowestoft and Beccles areas. This was to decide the team for the Suffolk County School Sports at Leiston. Pat Castleton won the Long Jump for girls over 15 with a distance of 16 ft. 3 ins., and P. Burt did the 440 yards for boys

over 15 in 57 secs. The School also supplied three (Burt, Capps, Prior) of the winning Relay Team, Cook tied for first place in the High Jump, Capps and Prior were first and second in the 100 yards, Burt first in the 220 and Clover first in the Hurdles.

The following were selected to represent N.E. Suffolk in the County Sports, 23rd June :

GIRLS.

15-17.

100 Yards, Pamela Delf (Reserve).

High Jump, Ann Beckett.

Long Jump, Pat Castleton, Diana Thurston (Reserve).

Relay, Ann Beckett, Pat Castleton.

Boys.

Under 15.

High Jump, Learner.

100 Yards, Jenner.

440 Yards, Long.

Shot, Warden.

Relay, Jenner.

17-19.

High Jump, Waterman

220 Yards, Sizer.

Shot, Overy.

Relay, Sizer.

15-17.

Long Jump, Wells (Reserve).

100 Yards, Capps, Prior.

440 Yards, Burt.

880 Yards, Cook.

One Mile, Read (Reserve).

Hurdles, Beckett, Clover

(Reserve).

Relay, Burt, Capps, Prior.

Shot, Dann or Woolner.

Discus, Durrant.

The winner of the School Chess Championship was J. Overy.

At the meeting of the Ipswich Amateur Sports Association on Saturday, 16th June, P. Burt was first in the 440 yards championship for youths. Time, 54.4 secs.

Sports Day, 21st June, 1951.

Results.

Girls 100 yds., under 12 yrs. 6 mths.

Girls 100 yds., open

Boys 100 yds., open

Boys 100 yds., under 12 yrs. 6 mths.

E. Rushmer

A. Beckett

Burt

Milsom

Girls 100 yds., 12.6 mths.-13.5 mths.

Boys 110 yds. Hurdles, over 14.11 mths.

Boys 440 yds., 13 yrs.-14.11 mths.

Boys 100 yds., 15 yrs.-15.11 mths.

Girls 150 yds., over 15 yrs.

Boys Long Jump, over 14.11 mths.

Boys 100 yds., 12.6 mths.-13.5 mths.

Boys 100 yds., 13.6 mths.-14.11 mths.

Girls 100 yds., 13.6 mths.-14.11 mths.

Girls 100 yds., over 15 yrs.

Boys 440 yds., over 14.11 mths.

Girls High Jump, over 15 yrs.

Boys High Jump, over 14.11 mths.

Boys Putting the Shot, over 14.11 mths.

Boys 880 yds., over 14.11 mths.

Boys 220 yds., 12.6 mths.-13.5 mths.

Boys 220 yds., 13.6 mths.-14.11 mths.

Boys 220 yds., over 14.11 mths.

Girls 80 yds. Hurdles, over 15 yrs.

Boys 80 yds. Hurdles, 13 yrs.-14.11 mths.

Boys 1 mile, over 14.11 mths.

Girls 150 yds., under 13.6 mths.

Girls 150 yds., 13.6 mths.-14.11 mths.

Boys 150 yds., under 12.6 mths.

Girls Long Jump, over 15 yrs.

Boys Discus, over 14.11 mths.

Boys 330 yds., under 12.11 mths.

Boys 880 yds., 13 yrs.-14.11 mths.

Boys Javelin, over 14.11 mths.

Girls 4 x 110 yds. House Relay, juniors

Girls 4 x 110 yds. House Relay, seniors

Boys 4 x 110 yds. House Relay, juniors

Boys 4 x 110 yds. House Relay, seniors

EVENTS DECIDED BEFORE SPORTS DAY.

Girls High Jump, under 13.6 mths.

Girls High Jump, 13.6 mths.-14.11 mths.

Girls Long Jump, under 13.6 mths.

Girls Long Jump, 13.6 mths.-14.11 mths.

Boys High Jump, under 13 yrs.

Boys High Jump, 13 yrs.-14.11 mths.

Boys Long Jump, under 13 yrs.

Boys Long Jump, 13 yrs.-14.11 mths.

Victrix Ludorum : A. Beckett.

Victor Ludorum : Waterman.

House Trophies : { *Nightingale.*
Spartan.

J. Thurston

Waterman

Long

Capps

A. Beckett

Cook

Long

Lewis

J. Knights

J. English

Burt

D. Thurston

Waterman

Waterman

Burt

Long

Lewis

Burt

M. Beckett

Moore

Waterman

E. Rushmer

J. Knights

Milsom

M. Beckett,

P. Castleton

Waterman

Potterton

Learner

Overy

Darling

Nightingale

Trojan

Spartan

D. Wood

P. Woolston

J. Thurston

D. Utting

Tovell,

Bonaker

Moore

Beamish

Saunders

At the Suffolk County School Sports Meeting held at Leiston on 23rd June the following successes were gained by pupils of the School :

Under 15 : 4th, *440 Yards*, Long ; 1st, *Putting the Shot*, Warden (32 ft. 8 ins.).

15 to 17 years : 1st, *Long Jump*, Pat Castleton (15 ft. 2 ins.) ; 1st, *440 Yards*, Burt (53.2 secs—Record) ; 3rd, *Discus*, Durrant ; 4th, *110 Yards Hurdles*, Beckett.

The School now holds the following County Records : *100 Yards*, 15-17, Jean Mackenzie, 11.6 secs., 1937 ; *Long Jump*, Under 15, Pat Castleton, 15 ft. 7½ ins., 1950 ; *High Jump*, 15-17, Norah Thurston, 4 ft. 7 ins., 1949 ; and *440 Yards*, 15-17, P. Burt, 53.2 secs., 1951.



Prose and Verse.

Cadger Brown.

THE way to Pheasant Wood is down a small grassy lobe bordered on one side by an overgrown hawthorn thicket honeycombed by rabbits and on the other by a hedge and a field sloping up to the sky. Once you are inside the wood there is no definite path, though at the bottom there is a small ditch which forms some sort of a track through the trees, brambles, and hazel saplings. The wood itself is on a steep bracken-covered hill and is composed mainly of holly, oak and coniferous trees.

Although I had often seen Cadger Brown around the village and knew his reputation, as did every gamekeeper for miles around, I had never actually seen him at work. Sometimes, at dusk, I would see him going down a shadowy lane with that long slouching stride of his which looks so easy-going and slow but in reality carries him faster and farther than the quicker step of the townsman, and once I had even followed him but a bend of the lane hid him for a moment and when I looked again he had disappeared.

It was on one of those rare days in January which we occasionally get with a clear sky and a keen fresh wind blowing. I clambered through the tangled bracken and rhododendrons to the top of the hill. Before me the wooded hill fell sharply to the level ground below. Over the top of the tossing bare branches I could see the flat marshes spreading before me like a map, crisscrossed with dykes, blue under the sky, and only broken here and there by a delapidated wooden gate patched with boughs with the bark still on them, and kept shut by a chain and nail. The marsh is drained by a pumping station, "the old mill," as everyone calls it, a collection of brick and corrugated-iron buildings, much frequented by swallows in summer. Beyond the mill the river wandered, doubling and squirming like a snake underfoot, making it impossible to sail before the wind for more than a quarter of an hour at a time, and often, very often, much less than that.

The marsh over the river was much wilder with dense patches of reeds and larger areas of floodwater burnished gold and dazzling blue. It was here the ducks would come, lighting with a sudden flurry of wings to dabble, dive or stand on the mud, preening and dozing, while the moorhens clucked and

scattered over the water, half flying, to sink again in their normal position. There were clumps of sun-bleached grass where the alert hare crouched ready to skim over the meadows with the speed of a cloud shadow, taking dykes in his stride. There were small reed-walled pools, haunted by mallard and teal, remote from the world and undisturbed but for the pike's sudden swirl and the leaping roach or the bream rolling on the surface in the June sun. In the very distance a long line of smokey-looking woods lay looking mysterious and only half real. In these woods were many pheasants, the proud and aristocratic cocks brilliant-hued, whose flashing colours rivalled an oriental tapestry; yet at the faintest cracking of a twig they would crouch down and merge into the undergrowth and become almost invisible.

Meanwhile the gusts of wind had grown stronger and dark menacing clouds gradually obscured the sun. Hesitant at first, but with increasing confidence, the rain began to patter down and with a vivid flash of lightning and a deafening roll of thunder it teemed down hissing on the clashing boughs and twigs driven almost horizontal by the vicious east wind. Turning up my coat collar and turning my head away from the numbing rain, I stumbled over to the other side of the wood and sheltered in the lee of a thick twisted old yew tree. It was while sitting here half hidden by the drooping branches that I saw Cadger Brown mooching along an overgrown hedgerow, .410 under arm and dog scurrying to and fro, nose to the ground, sniffing the subtle winds that eddied round the brambles and hawthorn.

Suddenly, with a startled crow, a cock-pheasant whirled up from under the dog's nose and made for the open marsh where dense reed beds offered shelter from the weather and unbroken peace. With one swift movement Cadger cocked the hammers, swept the gun into position, followed the bird round and squeezed the trigger; at the sharp bang the pheasant tumbled over a couple of times and thumped to the ground leaving a few downy feathers floating in the air. Cadger took the bird from his dog, ground the cartridge-case into the soil and strode off as fast as he could with the bird snug inside his coat.

JACK COLBY, IV A.

School.

Off to school at half-past eight,
Meet your girl-friends at the gate.
First comes Maths, then comes French,
Eat your dinner on a bench.
Find your socks are odd, and then
Off to lessons you go again.

GILLIAN HEUGH, I A.

The House Dog and the Wolf.

A hungry wolf one moonlight night
A dog did chance to meet.
"You're fat; I'm thin," he said to him.
"What do you find to eat?"

"My master feeds me well," he said,
"Because I guard his door.
And you could be well-fed like me
And not starve any more."

The hungry wolf went with the dog,
A better home to find.
A warm roof and a dish of food
Was all he had in mind.

But when the wolf the marks of chains
Had seen, "I won't be tied!
My freedom means much more to me
Than dainty food," he cried.

MARGARET WHITLAM, II D.

Further Notes on Suffolk Brasses.

A CHURCH very rich in brass is Sotterley, about eight miles away in the Wainford district. The beautiful church is in the middle of the private estate and facing the Hall. The brasses, which are in the paving of the chancel, are 15th and 16th century and very well preserved in spite of a very leaky roof. The best is the effigy of the wife of Sir Thomas Playters, a 15th century Knight, and shows her in an elaborate coif and butterfly headdress with a low-cut flowing gown and beautiful girdle. Her husband is completely encased in plate armour, except for helmet, and he rests his feet, ironically enough for his warlike appearance, on a grassy mound covered with primroses. Another fine costume brass, dated 1578, is to Thomasine Playters and shows her in a beautiful quilted gown with over-skirt, ruff, slashed sleeves and Paris cap with veil. Beside her is the tiny effigy of her daughter who is a perfect model of her mother in costume and posture.

Another fine armorial brass is to Thomas Playters who died 1572. He is dressed in plate and mail armour with his head resting on his helmet. There are several other good brasses to the Playters family.

Not far from Sotterley is Ellough church which possesses only two brasses, but both of them are very beautiful. The lovelier is a small effigy, only thirteen inches long, of a nun

dressed in long flowing robes with Tudor veiled headdress and an exquisitely-engraved hanging purse and rosary. It is dated about 1520 and commemorates some forgotten nun who died just before the dissolution of the monasteries. The whole figure is very well engraved with remarkable detail of dress and features. The position of her hands is most unusual, as also is the expression on her face, for instead of being at prayer she looks as if she had been surprised, with her lips pursed to express her emotions.

Yoxford church is also very rich in brasses, but is a little further afield. A gruesome but interesting brass, to Thomasine Tending who died in 1485, shows a shrivelled corpse tied up in a shroud and surrounded by her seven daughters, five of them also shrouded. The brass to John de Norwich is uninteresting, but that to his wife Maud is attractive. She wears a long flowing gown and sitting at her feet is a dog with bells on his collar, playing with her skirts. The last brass I shall mention is the inscription attached to the effigy of "Anthony Cooke who deceased upon Ester Monday Anno Dme 1613." The effigy is uninteresting, but here are the first lines of the punning epitaph:

At the due sacrifice of the paschall lambe
April had eacghte wepte in showers. Then came
Lean hungry death who never pittie tooke.
And cawse ye ffeaste was ended slew this Cooke.

M. WILLIAMS, VB.

A Rainy Day.

When I woke up one Monday morn,
I looked outside, to see
The raindrops falling on the lawn.
It did dishearten me.

I donned my clothes, my coat and hat,
My rubber boots as well.
Then went to face the wintry blast,
And ran to school pell mell.

It rained all day without a break,
But we bore it cheerfully.
No games it meant for us to-day;
Nothing but rain to see.

It rained all morn and afternoon,
(As I have said before).
I caught the 'bus, it was a boon,
When I went home at four.

At six the pouring rain has ceased;
The sun is shining bright.
But what's the use of it just now?
It cannot shine all night.

B. PARNELL, II D.

Lowestoft as a Seaside Resort in 1854.

LOWESTOFT in 1951 is far from being an ideal popular seaside resort. It is far too refined for that and consequently leaves moneymaking to such vulgar places as Yarmouth. But in 1854 it was held in much higher esteem by the genteel and refined minds of that early Victorian time.

From the 1855 edition of White's "Suffolk Directory," we learn that it was "a handsome and rapidly improving market town, bathing-place and seaport pleasantly situated upon an eminence rising from the German ocean." A "handsome new town or suburb called South Lowestoft" had recently been built, "comprising the extensive and well-conducted Royal Hotel, the Esplanade, Marine Parade, Marine Terrace, Tanning Street, Denmark Road, London Road, etc." where there were "many large and elegant houses for the accommodation of visitors during the bathing season. The picturesqueness of the town had recently been enhanced by the conversion "by modern improvements" of the declivity leading down from the High Street to the old town which was formerly barren sand, to beautiful hanging gardens, which were richly planted with trees and shrubs and interspersed with alcoves and summer-houses. As the fish-curing of the port was done in the old part of the town at the foot of these gardens, visitors gained "total exemption from the disagreeable effluvia rising from the fish during curing." In addition because of "the absence of all damps and noxious vapours arising from low marshes" Lowestoft air is recorded as being "highly salubrious, as is evident by the general longevity of its inhabitants."

For amusements one could repair to the beach where there were "about 20 bathing-machines and every other convenience for the numerous visitors who resort here in summer." Or one could take a "delightful walk or drive in the adjacent country" or on the dunes which also afforded many botanical specimens. Then of course there was the fresh-water portion of Lake Lothing known as Oulton Broad. This was "abounding with all the common species of the finny tribe and in summer several regattas or water frolics and boat races were held upon it."

Of course, Lowestoft in some ways has changed very little, as can be seen from this account, but what does emphasise the difference between those times and these is White's account of Lowestoft regatta. This ends with: "These prizes are raised by the subscription of the tradesmen and the gentry

of the town, who liberally contribute to all improvements and amusements that may tend to the comfort and pleasure of the thousands of visitors who throng here in summer; and that may maintain Lowestoft in the high position to which it has risen as a fashionable watering-place."

M. CANHAM.

Ballade.

The teachers in the staff-room sit,
In comfort marking homework there,
And pipes and cigarettes are lit
As each reclines in soft armchair.
But one from this himself must tear—
The pupils stand in dreary line
To enter the domain of Care.
For this the whistle blows at nine.

Into the hall they file and stand,
Whispering the scandal of the town.
Until, with hymn-book in his hand,
The Head, with magisterial frown,
Ascends the platform, looking down
On those who every day repine.
A hymn will conversation drown—
For this the whistle blows at nine.

To classroom cold they wend their way
And so begin the daily toil,
Which is, unvarying, every day,
Attempts at discipline to foil,
And every teacher's pleasure spoil.
This is their aim. They think it fine
To cause the blood of staff to boil.
For this the whistle blows at nine.

L'envoi :

Dear sir, when I am 'neath the soil,
Remember what hard life was mine,
To swink and swot 'mid such turmoil;—
For this the whistle blew at nine!

STEPHANIE PECK.

Wireless.

From "*The Lowestoftian*," 1922.

ONE aspect of the school activities which deserves special mention, is the excellent wireless installation in the Physics Laboratory admirably controlled by Mr. Trent. The apparatus is Mr. Trent's private property, but he is most generous in his invitations to listen in, and members of the

staff have spent many pleasant hours listening to the wireless concerts from various centres both in England and on the Continent. Through its agency, the weather report for the day is received each morning and posted for the benefit of the townspeople in the Belle Vue Park. In this respect, at least, Lowestoft can claim to be abreast of the times, and through Mr. Trent the school shares in the credit that such an achievement undoubtedly deserves. Among the boys also, there are several wireless enthusiasts who possess either crystal or valve sets, and are thus able to take advantage of the excellent system of broad-casting news which has recently been established. It is not known whether they have yet reached the stage of communicating with one another in regard to homework, but that may be a future development.

A View of Wembley.

From "*The Lowestoftian*," 1924.

TO describe Wembley is beyond the capacity of a normal individual, so instead of vain babblings concerning the wonders of compound condensing, double-reduction, geared turbine-locomotives, structural models of phenyltrimethylammonium compound, wonders of nature or manufacture from every portion of our wonderful little planet, and such things that abound within the precincts of that marvellous exhibition, a few impressions may interest those who have not yet Wembled. "Have not Wembled"—yes, that is true, for you really must before October.

Wembley, from a distance, is a disappointingly small space of bare concrete walls, but on approaching, a revision of opinions take place, until by the time the turnstiles are reached, all is tense excitement and keen expectation.

Once inside the grounds, the universal question of the arriving thousands is, "Where shall we start?" the answer usually being provided by diving into the nearest pavilion, there to pause and gasp at the overpowering profusion of wonderful exhibits. It is morning and everyone is keen. "Have you seen—," "Who would ever have thought—," "I never knew—," "By gad, look here—," "Moi gawdmuther!—," these are the exclamations of all sorts and conditions of humanity, people large and small, young and old, brown and yellow, smart and shabby. Half an hour later—it seems like half a minute—we have inspected one bay and realize that there are about fifty more bays in that aisle, six aisles, and this is one of the smaller pavilions! At that stage I refer you to Mr. Neal to calculate the time to see all round.

Spurred on by this experience we move along at a greater pace, crowds permitting, stopping only occasionally to see the tens of thousands of outstanding features, until the inner man

demands attention and we hie ourselves to a feeding place of some description.

Refreshed, we again set out with valiant steps to, and once more attack the pavilions, the great displays of Australia and Canada, the fascinating beauty of the ever-glorious Taj Mahal, containing an almost infinite assortment of the marvels of India and the East, the crowded bazaar, the exultant, throbbing machinery and stately masses of steel in engineering.

But the human frame is frail, so miners tear themselves from the coal-mine, R.A.F. boys from the aeroplanes, engineers from the engine they see every day, and reluctantly plod slowly away, covered in dust, but yet defiant in the dogged British fashion.

Amusement?—Go thou and do likewise.

ELLAR.

Early History.

From "The Lowestoftian," 1922.

THE year 1921 saw the coming of age of the Lowestoft Secondary School, but possibly a great many of the present as well as former scholars are unaware of this interesting fact. On January 15th, 1900, the Technical School building, Clapham Road, was opened as a Secondary School, but now vastly different, at any rate, so far as numbers are concerned, from the School of to-day.

The pupils at the beginning of the first term consisted of two girls and seven boys, but before the term was ended a third girl was enrolled. The headmaster, the late Mr. F. Woodcock, B.A., B.Sc., whose memory we older scholars hold in great esteem, was for some time the only member of the staff. The original students have reason for gratitude to-day because of his very effective and painstaking work. Acting the part of father to his little family, we did not hesitate to approach him in our frequent times of trouble.

Year by year the school increased in numbers which necessitated additional staff; Mr. F. Williamson, Miss J. J. Clarke, and the late Mr. J. Longden being among the earliest teachers.

The land on which now stands the Public Library served as the school playing field. Of necessity a small portion was allocated to the girl students where they planted quaint species of herbaceous plants, etc. It will therefore be readily understood that the football ground was not of regulation measurements. Nevertheless, every spare moment was spent in indulgence in our pet pastime. Consequent upon our great zest for football, the windows of the adjoining house suffered considerably, and our ball was often confiscated by the irate occupant. This, however, only added to our determination to continue our favourite game.

We had no facilities for cricket, but enjoyed away matches with neighbouring clubs, with usually satisfactory results.

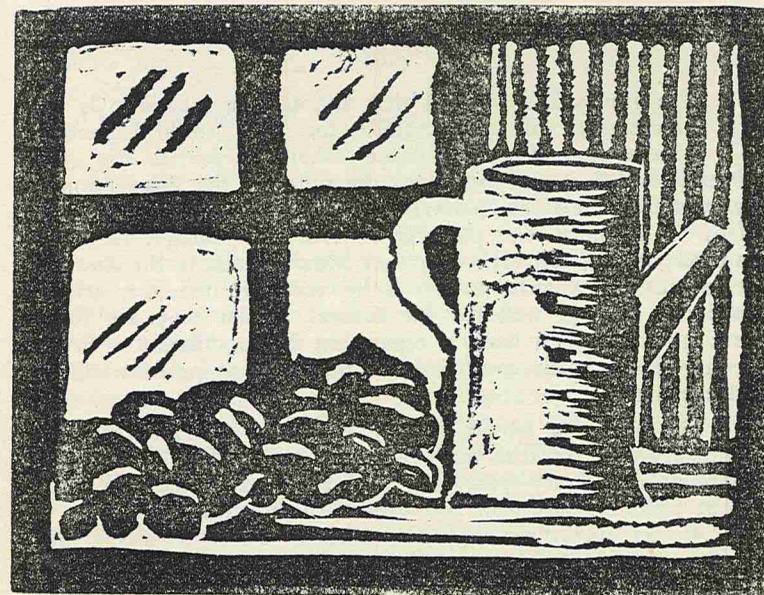
The "Detention Book" was unheard of in those early days—punishment consisted of "walking the corridor." However, at a later date the detention book was introduced and soon developed the handy habit of disappearing.

When a certain teacher appeared to deliver his weekly lesson, it happened that an organ grinder took up his stand outside at precisely the same time. Consequently the lesson was enlivened by the strains of music. Naturally a coincidence, that this should happen with the same teacher week after week; but it was the firm belief of the Master that there had been some collusion between the musician and the pupils.

Space does not permit the telling of more details of early school life. One remembers many teachers from whom great benefit was derived, among them being Miss Hogge, Miss Thomas, Mr. Duckworth, Mr. Dowsell, Mr. Halliday, Mr. Bryant and the present Principal Mr. J. E. B. McAllen.

It is very pleasing to note the efforts of the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Associations to bring together in happy unity the scholars of the various stages of the school's existence. May they meet with the success their efforts merit.

ONE OF THE FIRST.



LINO-CUT by Eric Delf, IB.

Old Lowestoftians

Officers, 1951-1952.

President : Mr. W. R. B. Brooks ; *Vice-Presidents* : Miss E. A. Joels, Mr. H. C. Trent, Mr. F. Gilliat, Mr. Stanley A. Stevens ; *Chairman* : Mr. K. K. Beckett.

Hon. Secretaries : Mrs. K. Peck, 2 John Street, Lowestoft, Mr. L. Stray, "Addington," Elm Tree Road, Lowestoft ; *Hon. Treasurer* : Mr. George Peck, 2 John Street, Lowestoft.

Committee : Miss G. Walsh, Mr. H. L. Baker, Mr. F. Wilkinson ; Mrs. J. Cornish, Misses R. Bedford, J. Tillett, B. Woolston ; Messrs. R. Larkins, S. Nobbs, D. Wharton, R. Watson.

Club Secretaries : Badminton—Mrs. J. Cornish, Mr. D. G. Wharton ; Tennis—Mr. L. A. Stray ; Football—Mr. R. Larkins.

The Chairman's Remarks.

IT is gratifying to report that although membership is not increasing with the rapidity that one would expect in these days of uneasy peace (when old friends are good friends and best not forgotten) the pulse of the Association is very steady, and the general apathy of to-day is but slightly felt. It is more than pleasing to note that younger members are responding actively ; that they show interest in the Association's administrative life as fully as they take part in the recreational activities augurs well for the future. When they are brave enough to try their hand at organising the functions it is firmly believed that such weak links as there are at present will be strengthened.

These notes would not be complete without recording annually the fact that the attendance at the A.G.M. was disappointing. Every year this has to be reported. Without your opinions how can you expect the Committee elected to serve you according to your wishes ? Those members that were present were very ready to express their ideas and make suggestions—a very healthy sign ; would that their number was doubled or even trebled.

You will be pleased to hear that the War Memorial undertaken by you is now in the course of completion, and we expect to report the opening of the new School Library before the end of this year. The furniture for this Reading Room-cum-Library has now been placed on order with a London Firm. It is a great pleasure to tell you that the School Governors have agreed to meet the cost of the 22 chairs (£49) which are part of the light oak furniture intended. The Committee have expressed your thanks to them for their unexpected gift, which has been of great financial assistance to the Fund. (Viz., amount subscribed £400, less £361—cost of furniture (inclusive of 22 chairs) — £39 plus cost of chairs recovered, £49 = £88 towards carpeting and fittings).

On the social side, dances held during the period have been organised by the sports sections of the Association : these have not always been supported with the enthusiasm and number one would expect from Old Students, and though enjoyable evenings have been spent, the finance side of these undertakings has not encouraged the organisers to hold others. The Christmas Social, however, met with the annual success and suggestions from you to improve it still further will be welcomed by the Entertainments Committee. It was on that evening that the Old Students made a presentation to Miss Joels as a mark of appreciation for the great assistance she has given the Association.

The Badminton and Tennis Clubs, like the Football Club, are now firmly established. The Badminton Club finished the 1950/51 season as runners up in the Division 2 of Lowestoft and District League, and the Tennis Club has been able to arrange outside matches despite the limited playing space. The Football Club has not met with the same playing success as previously although the team spirit has been even more pronounced in the face of adversity.

This year the Stevens Shield was retained by the School football team, while the Old Students regained the hockey shield. The annual cricket match of Old Students' Day in June was a great fight and ended appropriately enough in a draw. The Old Girls' Cricket Team, however, more than mastered the School's playing strength, and came out comfortable winners.

The financial position of the Association cannot be considered satisfactory. Although we continue to hold our own by cutting expenses, restricting outlay and borrowing from reserves, it would be far more satisfactory if subscriptions were paid by all registered members in order that wider steps could be taken when arranging Socials, Old Students' Days, etc. Our thanks are due to the School Sports Fund for their half-share in the expenses (£5 15s.) arising on Old Students' Day in June. Not depreciating this fine gesture by the School, it is felt that the

Association should be in the position to meet its own expenses. To encourage past defaulters it was proposed and passed at the A.G.M. that overdue subscriptions should be waived and such members are invited to re-subscribe as from the current year. Take this opportunity—you will not regret it.

Your sincere thanks are given to Mr. Brooks and his Staff for the never-ending help that they give you. Show your appreciation more fully by responding to their co-operation.

K. K. BECKETT.

NOTE: The War Memorial Library furnishings have now been received, and approved by the Committee, who are making the suggestion that Old Scholars may like to present books to the Library.

Badminton Club.

FIRST of all we would like to express our thanks to all the old members for their regular attendance and especially to those who have turned out in the team, sometimes at short notice.

We can look back over the past season with some degree of satisfaction, knowing that we have narrowed our financial gap.

The team entered the newly-formed Lowestoft and District League and finished runners-up to the C.W.S. in Division B. Next year we hope to do even better, but we would like to feel that we had more adequate reserves, especially in ladies, and so we once again extend a welcome to anyone who feels even slightly curious about badminton.

Badminton, like most games, requires quite an amount of practice. One of the reasons which puts people off is that it is not quite so easy to hit a shuttle as a tennis ball, and another, the person leaving school to play tennis and cricket has spent time at those games and is consequently not starting from scratch.

When we re-commence next September we hope to see all old members and some new ones, and if there are sufficient numbers interested, we are prepared to set special nights aside for coaching.

RESULTS OF LEAGUE MATCHES.

Pavilion B	Away	Won	9.7.
Co-op.	Home	Lost	7.9.
Wrentham	Home	Won	12.4.
Civil Service	Away	Won	2.14.
Pavilion B	Home	Lost	7.9.
Co-op.	Away	Lost	9.7.
Wrentham	Away	Draw	8.8.
Civil Service	Home	Won	11.5.

J.C., D.G.W.

Football Club.

THE past season had not long been under way before most of us realised that we were unlikely to emulate the performance of the 1949/50 season. With the loss of at least three key players trouble soon began to stare us in the face, but although the departure of these players was a big handicap, it was not the main factor contributing to the downward trend, for we gained the services of Jim Hammond (a grand club man) and were able to bring in one or two of last year's reserves. You may wonder, then, what was the primary reason for the decline. I would say that without doubt it has been the cumulative effect of too much of the administrative work falling on the players. Add to this the constant strain (again mainly on the players) of attaining the financial target of at least £200 per season, and it becomes easier to see why enthusiasm has waned. Had it not been for the existence in the club of something more than the desire to play football, viz., our common interest in the School, it is more than probable that the Old Boys' team would have been a thing of the past some while ago.

As a result of our difficulties we have regrettably, but inevitably, been forced to withdraw from the East Anglian League. We must now pin our hopes on the proposed reformation of the Lowestoft Rosary League. Whilst participation in this competition will considerably reduce our travelling expenses, it will not, so far as one can see, affect the administration. I would therefore urge those who follow the club's fortune to consider whether more tangible assistance, in the form of match attendance and if possible committee work, can be given, so that the faithful few can take a well-earned rest.

This rather abject picture of the first team's activities is in marked contrast to the reserves' care-free season. Playing results have been disappointing, more so perhaps because of a very promising start to the season. Unbeaten for several weeks, we had visions of progress to the senior Lowestoft and District League. The bid for promotion was not sustained, but this did not prevent the players from finding enjoyment in their matches. On occasions this enjoyment rankled somewhat with the committee, for some reserves preferred playing in the second eleven to assisting the first team. One cannot run a club on those lines!

In conclusion, as this is the writer's swan song, may I hope that next season will see the club pulling out of the doldrums and regaining the high spots. There is much to be done to achieve that object, but with willing assistance from everyone who wants the Old Boys' team to continue in its former lustre, it can be done.

A.G.B.

Committee, May, 1951: F. Wharton (*Chairman*), R. Larkins (*Hon. Sec.*), J. Woolston (*Hon. Treas.*), D. Meadows (*Asst. Sec.*), H. Miller (*Capt. 1st. XI*), J. Wilton (*Capt., 2nd XI*) K. Beckett, J. Hammond, J. Newton, G. Savidge, A. Smith.

Tennis Club.

AT the beginning of the 1950 season the fortunes of the Tennis Club were at a low ebb. A number of members, including our former secretary, Ken Nicholls, were unable to rejoin. Only six members remained. We were unable to have the use of our usual court, and funds were low.

Fortunately we discovered a derelict court at the Grand Hotel and the owner, Mr. H. C. Barrett, kindly agreed to give us the use of it for the season. We cleared away ten years' accumulation of weeds, undergrowth and debris, patched up the court so far as possible, and marked it out. We bought a net and posts, and fixed netting around the court.

The membership increased satisfactorily and we had an enjoyable season, although our usual friendly matches all had to be cancelled, on account either of inclement weather or of manpower shortages. Club tournaments were arranged for Whit-Monday and August Bank Holiday, and were well supported. Two river trips were organised and in the autumn a dance was held at the Hotel Victoria jointly with the Badminton Club.

We start 1951 with a rapidly growing membership, more funds in hand, and a considerably improved court, and we look forward to a really successful season. At the time of writing there is still room for a few new members, and this year junior members are to be allowed to play at "off-peak" hours for an annual subscription of 5/-. Old Lowestoftians returning to the town for holidays will be welcome at the court, and may join the Club for short periods on reduced terms.

L.A.S.

News of Old Students.

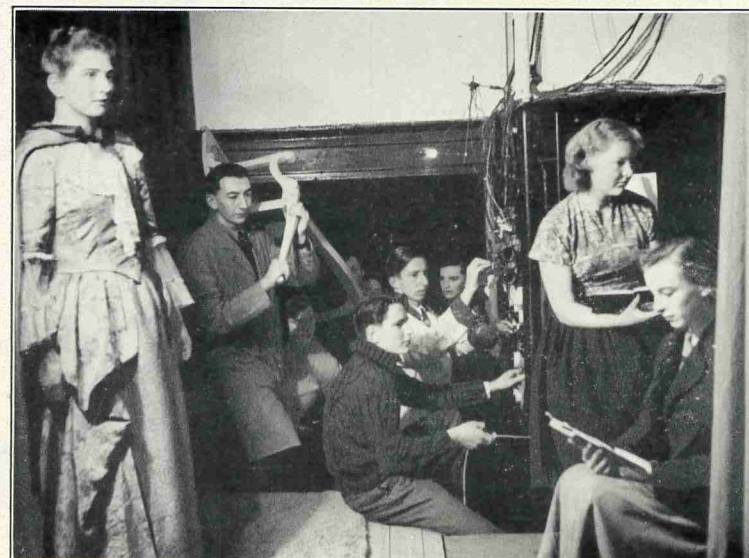
Eileen Lyell (known as "Bubbles"), now a G.I. bride living in Pennsylvania is home for a holiday.

John and Betty Lawrance have moved to Livingstone. They and Peter Lawrance (now in India) will be home on leave this year.



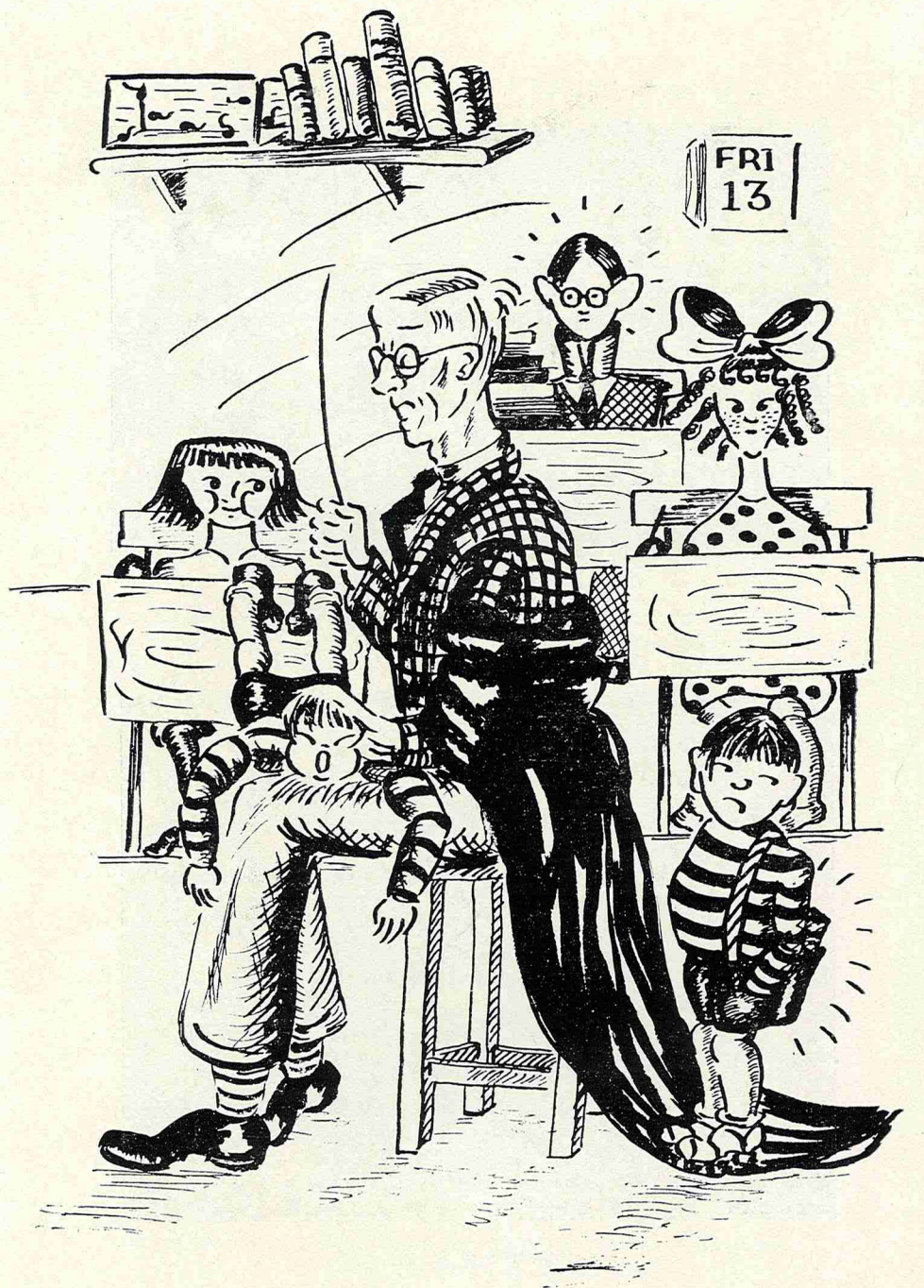
"THE RIVALS," MARCH, 1951.

[Ford Jenkins.]



BEHIND THE SCENES

[Ford Jenkins.]



THE TEACHER STRIKES.

[Lily Gosling.]

From "The Journal": "The Rev. S. Maurice Watts, B.D., an old boy of Lowestoft Grammar School, has been appointed Moderator-elect of the Free Church Federal Council, to hold office in 1952-53. This is the highest office the Free Churches can bestow.

Only two years ago Mr. Watts served a term as chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

He came to Lowestoft with his family in 1899 and spent six years at Church Road School under Mr. F. J. Ratcliffe. He then spent five years at the Grammar School under Mr. McAllen. After matriculating he was for five years at Hackney College, London, where he took his degree.

His mother, who will be 94 next month, lived until six months ago at Beccles Road, Carlton Colville. Now she is living at Rothwell House, Loddon.

Since 1942 Mr. Watts has been the senior minister at the Union Church, Mill Hill, London, and it was from there that many Lowestoft people heard him conduct the service which was broadcast in the Home Service of the B.B.C. on Whit-Sunday evening.

Daphne Butcher writes from Narbonne: "I should have liked to write 'a letter from Nottingham University' but yours has only just reached me. I am sitting at a quarter past six in the morning in an almost-deserted, garlic-smelling railway buffet waiting for a connection to Barcelona when I should be in Grenoble about more serious pursuits . . . I paid to join the Licence course there but the lectures were quite useless and so I bought a ticket to Madrid and here I am . . . to improve my Spanish in Spain . . . I am very glad I did break the traces, as it is a wonderful morning and I feel fully justified. I shall salve my conscience by taking a job in Paris on the way back . . ."

Terence Murphy writes from Akaba: "I should have gone to Tripoli but ended up in Egypt where I have visited at week-ends Cairo, Port Said, Suez, Tagazig and Ishmalia. I taught French for two evenings a week. Since January I have been in Akaba, Jordan, with the Arab Legion . . . There are only four real towns in Jordan, Ma'au, Amman, Petra and the Old City of Jerusalem, and I have spent a few days in each. It's usually 100° - 120° in the shade already, but I'm used to it, reading in the mornings, playing tennis and swimming in the afternoons and swotting for October [Oxford] at nights . . . I went in for the high-jump and came second with 5 ft. 4 ins. I've put on a lot of weight just where I sit down, and it's difficult to lift it over the bar."

P. G. Wright, at Trinity College, Cambridge, has been elected to a College Exhibition and awarded the Percy Pemberton Prize "for the freshman who has most distinguished himself in his studies during his first year of residence."

From the Navy: The Ship and I.

THE ship is an old county-class cruiser converted for the training of cadets. Through this ship pass some 80% of the officers of the Royal Navy. They are tutored by specially selected officers from all branches of the service and it is here they encounter for the first time the routine and mode of life of a sea-going ship.

A normal day begins at six in the morning when the decks are scrubbed and boats go away for instructional pulling. The ship is divided into four "divisions" as they are known, each one having its own part of the ship to keep up and its own boats to maintain. There is a high standard reached owing to the intense rivalry that exists between them.

After breakfast, each part goes to instructional classes in seamanship, navigation, gunnery, etc., except those that are "working ship," which happens to every class one day out of three. This is just general work about your own part of the ship in the way of maintaining it and all its gear. In these periods, cadets perform at one time or another every task that exists aboard a modern warship; from cleaning out a mess-deck to being officer of the watch. Some of the work, such as that of a radar plotter, is very interesting while some is merely boring; however, one soon learns to make the most of the sugar which covers almost every pill and generally speaking, everyone has a fairly good time.

Perhaps the most interesting experiences occur when the ship visits foreign parts—she spends over half her time in harbour. Everyone has leave in the evenings to go ashore in some of the cosmopolitan places the cruiser calls at, an experience not to be missed. There is a great deal of truth in the cartoons one sees of the poor unfortunate visitor plagued by a host of importuning natives, although it is not quite as bad as they would make it out to be. One can buy almost anything from a packet of pipe-cleaners to the most expensive makes of camera at prices which would make the average tax-burdened Englishman gasp. In fact I heard one officer say that he found it cheaper to take a third class return to Gibraltar and buy his uniforms there than to buy them in England.

This, then, is a rather incomplete account of life aboard this ship. It is irksome at times but provides a mass of new sensations the value of which can only be realised when one looks back on it and is perhaps the most important part of a naval officer's career.

DONALD A. ROSS,

Gibraltar, May, 1951.

From the Army: Higgory Swei.

HIGGORY SWEI was lean and brown and as wrinkled as a bulldog's nose. He had completed the span of 37 years in the land of buksheesh and galibeers, and yet had met with no unusual event, no momentous occasion to break the dull monotony that almost characterizes the general existence of the Western Oriental Gentleman. Like most of the fellaheen, he slept all day in the employ of the British army, had three wives, washed himself every Ramadan and had at his command an English vocabulary that sufficed for the begging of his daily cigarette ration.

It was in his 38th year, while working as gardener to our mess (a mess, let it be known, that, had no garden) that this Higgory Swei found an interest, an aim that transformed his fellaheen existence into a LIFE, and the usual disinterested expression of his face into a constant smile. Happy am I that am able to pride myself on being responsible for this gleam of happiness that came to brighten Higgory's days. Yes, it was I whom the R.S.M. commissioned to go down to Fayid Nurseries and purchase for the mess the creeping-vine plants that were to be the abiding light of Higgory's life.

Think not lightly of these vines, for their import is great to this day, and though Higgory received them with but mild interest, the creepers once planted and their rate of growth made manifest, an effect was produced as startling as it was sudden. I was strolling in to breakfast but two days after their arrival, and there was Higgory, awake, already up and watering his vines, with something nearing a smile adorning his leathery visage. Somewhat taken aback, I waited expectantly for his habitual—"Buksheesh sigarat shaweesh" (Give me a fag, serge), but this request was not forthcoming. Instead, he asked—"Bustan kwois,"—and when I assured him that the garden was indeed looking well, he beamed with childish happiness and tipped his can once again. As time went on, his interest waxed daily, until an obsession like to that of Cornelius de Witt for La Tulipe Noire took hold of him. He did indeed treat his vinegarden as an only child—the fact that he already had 13 off-spring notwithstanding—and under his paternal

care the vines grew until they formed a trellised roof for the complete mess-terrace. Never had Higgory Swei known such happiness. He thought that with this he had gained his "natural end" but a further event came to fulfil his joy. It was decided to bedeck the vine-covered terrace with coloured fairy-lights, special green flex being used to harmonize with the creepers. These lights added the finishing touches to Higgory's creation, and he bowed down and thanked Allah for allowing him such ecstasy.

But Nature can at times be harsh, and so it happened that one night, while a mess-dance was in progress, rough winds came, and as they will shake the darling buds of May, so they wrought havoc with Higgory Swei's Eden. Poor Higgory. His anguish when he beheld the ruination cannot be imagined. "On m'a volé," cries Harpagon, but Higgory uttered no sound as the bottom was knocked out of his world. He turned sadly away and entered the mess to clear away the glasses left from the previous evening. Having swallowed the dregs of every glass he could find, Higgory reappeared, revitalized, and, strong with this new courage, commenced the arduous task of restoring some semblance of order to his beloved vine-garden. He raised up each tendril tenderly and replaced it with loving care. "Jamais petit oiseau ne s'occupait plus doucement du duvet de son nid," as Anatole France would have said.

As the roof slowly regained its former perfection, a smile gradually took the place of the dejected expression, and there came from the mouth of Higgory phrases that have no doubt been pronounced by many an Egyptian mother who has just saved her first-born from near-death. We were sitting drinking coffee, making occasional remarks as soldiers are wont, when Higgory, shaking a few last, sad, green vines, suddenly gave vent to a terrible cry, leapt high into the air and landed, a pitiful, inert figure, upon the terrace.

And there, swinging delicately in the slight breeze and bearing an uncanny resemblance to a creeper, was a length of the green flex that only a week before had helped to create a happiness that had raised him above his fellows.

T. E. MURPHY,
Akaba.

From Oxford.

PRECIOUS time may well be saved if I offer you a synopsis of my thesis: the Old Lowestoftians at Oxford remain the same; Oxford is eternal.

To deny the first would be to fly in the face of scientific fact. We are three: Leslie Grint, John Rodhouse, myself.

L.A.G. is sometimes to be seen in the parks, thinking. I am often to be seen in town, buying crumpets or busily engaged upon my soul's wellbeing. J.S.R. is not to be seen anywhere.

Again, to deny the second proposition would be to fly in the face of a belief of which the world prefers not to be disabused. For the world—and the sightseers are on us already—Oxford is a town unique in an enervating atmosphere of youth, accomplishment, savoir faire and consequent happiness, the nearest approach on this earth to the land of "Women's Own" romances.

And indeed that, for me, is an incalculable advantage. The letter-writer from Nottingham may well be able to drag in a reference to his University's druggist patrons; Manchester's scribe will ever improve upon a music-hall joke known universally and universally acceptable; the lately-hirsute intellectual at lately-honoured city in the fens may have some few aspects of life in that obscure university which will appeal to a select circle. For the rest they may well be hard put to it to produce a letter of suitable length.

But, for that one of the three at Oxford upon whom the lot falls, all is clear: he has merely to mention the High, the existence of Schools, the imminence of Schools, ruggah and/or rah-ing, the quaintness of Queen's Lane, May morning, the green beauty of the Parks in spring sunshine, the undergraduates (and this nonchalantly) whom he has punted in Eights Week, Eights Week, at least two eccentric dons, and Keble architecture.

So much for the typical material of the open letter from a typical undergraduate. Assume, however, that your correspondent is among that army of men who are not overweeningly confident of getting a degree without work, that army which to the "Picture Post" reader is non-typical; he will be one who in more carefree days in Lowestoft was schooled not only to list his facts, but to combine them into an ordered whole. He might write thus:

"L.A.G. is sometimes to be seen thinking in the green beauty of the Parks in spring sunshine. I am often, for the acquisition of physical or spiritual sustenance, to be seen leaving Keble, a college remarkable for its architecture. But, like many another, J. S. Rodhouse has no time for rugger or rowing; I suspect that his appreciation of the quaintness of Queen's Lane is not all that it was; I doubt if he turned out on May morning; he probably doesn't punt nowadays; may not realise that Eights Week is upon him; no longer does he regale us with eccentric-don-stories. He is not to be seen. Instead, his white bow-tie bought, his mortar board brushed, J.S.R. is preparing for that last fatal walk down the High to an all too imminent Schools."

O si sic nemo.

N. CLARKE,
Keble College.

From Cambridge.

ONE of the most noticeable features of this city is our traffic system, or rather lack thereof. No nonsense about "safety first" here. The only rule is "Beat the other man to it," a very necessary process in view of the fact that his bike is probably the more brakeless of a pair he purchased for half-a-crown at the police station. On a certain corner at one o'clock each afternoon cyclists returning from lectures riding at full speed about five abreast mingle with pedestrians trying to cross the road. Nobody gets hurt, and there are no traffic jams. The American Air Force helps to keep things moving, since their vehicles never fail to exceed the speed limit.

Indeed, many of the values accepted in other places are here rejected. Waste is essential. Nobody saves the iodine residues so carefully preserved by Mr. F. (who then fails to recover the iodine). We just chuck it down the sink.

Of course not everyone divides his time between the respective barbarities of the Cavendish and the Union. Nearly everything is open to the undergrad, and so long as he is in by midnight the authorities do not greatly care how he occupies himself.

And so if any of you ever have the chance to come to a university, come to Cambridge. Mr. S. will advise you to go to the other place. I wouldn't do that if I were you, as the policeman said when he caught someone (not the writer) unscrewing the top of a Belisha beacon on Guy Fawkes' Night.

P. G. WRIGHT,
Trinity College.

A Character from the Past.

I SUPPOSE it is the difficulty of getting schooldays into the correct perspective that leads to a habit amongst old students of expressing a firm conviction that "people at school nowadays are not a patch on what they were in my time." I have heard this sort of remark very often and must confess that frequently I have felt the same way about my own schooldays and the people who were there with me at the time.

At the risk of boring readers of this article who cannot be expected to be interested in a period of the school's history dating back some eighteen years I am selecting a certain character with whom I was closely associated as a schoolboy, and again in later years, as an example of my particular theory of why my school period had a certain vintage which I fondly imagine has not since been repeated. Only a few readers will recognise my "character," but I have no doubt some of the staff will remember him, and after all if we really want to find out if our school-chums were as famous as we have always thought they were it is the staff alone who could tell us the awful truth.

If I succeed in provoking just one reader of this magazine to submit a description of the best-loved character of his or her schooldays, in opposition, if you like, to my particular hero, then I will be very well satisfied, and will look forward to reading about him or her in the next issue.

I will refer to my character as M. He was rather below the average age of the form but in many ways as mature as pupils two or three years older. The first remarkable thing we noticed about him was that long after everybody else in the school had muffled into winter scarves and overcoats he continued to appear in all weathers in an open-necked cricket shirt. He did not make his mark at football or cricket but was outstanding at P.T. I remember him walking round the Hall on his hands and his variety of handsprings excited constant admiration.

His versatility seemed endless. As an artist he left the rest of us well behind, some of his sketches and paintings of bird-life in particular being of a very high standard. He wrote many essays and poems which held considerable promise for the future. I expect his poem that was published in "The Listener" will be well remembered by his associates at the time. Other snatches of his writings found their way into this magazine, and copies printed in 1933 and 1934 containing examples of his work are now among my most valued possessions. He was quite an actor, too. I recall him playing leading parts in two Shakespeare plays and again the part of "Brother Wolf" on the occasion of the annual Speech Days. When that pantomime of well-cherished memories, "The Shoe," was performed in the school hall at the end of the Christmas term, 1933, the whole audience applauded his efforts in the portrayal of the many-sided principal character, "The Old Woman." I suspect that his love for acting denied him the Old Students' Memorial reading prize, for although, on one occasion, as fellow-students we thought he had won easily, it is not difficult now to understand that the adjudicator considered he had over-dramatised a reading that called for simplicity alone.

As a self-trained singer he set himself the very best standards. Just before the War, without any previous experience of competitive singing, he won first prize in the tenor group at the annual Norwich Music Festival. One of his renderings at this Festival was an aria by Puccini which he sang in Italian. So far as I know he had no guidance for this work other than listening over and over again to a very ancient record made by Caruso.

I considered myself rather smart at languages at School. In fact this was an aspect of our studies where I felt I could approach M's. capabilities. It was most disappointing to me on leaving school to find very few opportunities of practising my foreign languages, and studying accountancy was a poor substitute. M. was likewise disappointed and as I lost touch with him for a year or two I presumed that his interest in languages

had been put into cold storage like my own. He amazed me when circumstances brought us together again by describing his attendance at a Polyglot club, and he could now converse in Spanish as well as in French and German that we had learned at school. Later, believe it or not, he tackled Russian!

I recall how one of those strange coincidences of the War brought us together on the West Coast of Africa. Freetown transit camp in 1943 seemed to me a shocking place to be stranded in for a month whilst awaiting a convoy to the U.K. and you can imagine my pleasure at discovering shortly after my arrival that M. was stationed in a nearby unit. Naturally we took advantage of every opportunity of getting together to exchange reminiscences. Like many other service-men I had made little progress in learning the African languages and after $2\frac{1}{2}$ years with colonial troops I still had mastered only a few everyday expressions. One day while we were strolling back together from the beach a young lady approached us offering bananas and oranges for sale. Imagine my surprise at hearing M. begin to argue furiously about the price, all in the local Timni tongue. One has to be a master of inflexion to speak these essentially tonal languages. M. had been in the colony only a matter of months, but already it seemed he was quite capable of bringing his argument to a logical and victorious conclusion, for the dusky maiden was duly impressed, and we made our purchases at the fairest possible price.

M. became a newspaper reporter after leaving school. It was not difficult to recognise articles and reports written by him. The same originality of ideas that typified his school essays could be traced in his professional work. At times he produced a most refreshing brand of humour. After I had arrived home on leave in 1943 and left M. in Sierra Leone with over a year to serve, as I thought, a change in the composition of his unit allowed his return much earlier. He wrote to me immediately he reached England, and I well remember the opening words of his letter—quite typical of his style of humour—"Semper aliquid novi ex Africa—the latest is me!" I fancy Caesar himself would have smiled.

We met again quite recently on a family visit to his home in Norfolk where he is editor of a local newspaper. His battered trilby and large pipe had a strange familiarity. He had recently written a play called "Study in Bronze" which was performed successfully by a Norfolk group of amateur players. As we left him I wondered if he had fulfilled the high promise of his schooldays, and whether he had made the maximum use of his varied talents. I think he has. He is quite happy in his present situation but one day I expect he will yield to the urge of exploring some foreign country and it will be a long period of years before I see him again.

In the meantime I hope that he never reads this article!

S.J.N.