

1962 MAGAZINE

Keyse



School

SUTTON COLDFIELD



EDITORIAL.



I must be brief and not so long winded as usual, for that is one of the two means we are adopting, this time, to reduce the expense of the Magazine. You will notice the omission of pictures in this issue, blocks to reproduce which being notoriously costly. We must, somehow, reduce cost to a maximum 5/- (3/6d. if possible) per copy, and I have considered and turned down as undesirable the principle of advertisements as a source of revenue. It is not fair to approach say, the Wyndley Café or our School Outfitter (both have helped in the past), for you know of them in the ordinary way, without the necessity of their advertising. Nor can I bring myself to approach Firms less well known to School personnel, begging that they use the medium of this magazine to introduce themselves to you. If any such Firms were to approach me, that would be another matter, and we would be only too glad to co-operate, circulation being 250 families.

By the way, the one advertisement that did appear in the last issue had no monetary significance so far as magazine revenue is concerned. The block was a loan to me, at my request, to illustrate a joke, which the then Printer was asked to add as a caption, joke and picture to stress the point of:

Boy: Daddy, will you help me with my Arithmetic homework?

Father: No, son, I don't think it would be right if I did!

If, at this late stage, you can bring both picture and joke together, please do so. I apologise for the mistake, the serious aspect of which may have led you into thinking that the Magazine Fund received financial backing in addition to your kind contributions. This was not so.

Even though the School now possesses an electric duplicator, you, my readers, will probably endorse my own view, that for us to publish anything other than in print would be cheap and

nasty, unworthy of the School, so we decided against that way of economising. The duplicator will earn its keep producing School A/cs., which are nasty anyway! I do sincerely thank you all for having bought the 1961 Mag. for 7/6d.

Editor.



Half-Term Holiday for Christmas Term, 1962 and Provisional Calendar for 1963.

I have realised that it was a mistake to work through the long Easter Term, recently completed, without a break, so that, although I intensely dislike giving short measure over 1962, for the sake of the children's health there will, in fact, be a half-term break, the normal working days Friday, 2nd, Monday 5th and Tuesday 6th November being added to that week-end. This, you will understand, when it is realised that it refers to a term of 14 weeks' duration. Similarly, in the course of the two Winter terms in 1963, there will be half-term breaks, which I shall try to arrange to coincide both with those of Brook House School and the Grammar Schools. Actual dates will have to be sent to you later.

1963.

EASTER TERM: Wednesday, 9th January to Wednesday, 3rd April.

SUMMER TERM: Wednesday, 24th April to FRIDAY, 19th July (4.30 p.m.).

Whitsun Holiday: Friday, May 31st (4.30 p.m.) School recommencing Monday, June 17th.

CHRISTMAS TERM: Wednesday, 4th September to FRIDAY, 13th December. (1964: Term commences 8th January.)

Commencing the Christmas Term a week earlier than usual will obviate the customary September coaching week.

FORM 1a. TEACHER GIVES THEM BEANS!

David Hewitt's Mummy was about to write a note to his teacher. "Let me see, it's Mrs. H-e-i-n-z, isn't it?"

"No," replied David, "our Mrs. Hynes has nothing to do with baked beans." (She is, nevertheless, exceedingly interesting, with her 57 varieties. Editor.)

Which reminds me, that I have not yet had opportunity officially to extend a welcome to Mrs. Hynes. My little editorial note (above) sums up my appreciation of this exceedingly enthusiastic, conscientious and able teacher, who really loves her job. I gratefully acknowledge the tremendous asset Mrs. Hynes is to Keyse School.

Of course, I have a good word for masters, too. (two?) Naturally! The strain of taking games was telling on me, so I have been on the lookout for an active young man, and have found him in Mr. C. N. Leitch, an ex-Public School boy and experienced Prep. School master. Mr. Leitch's boyhood school, Epsom College, adjoining the Surrey town where the young Woodroffes went to school, the two schools playing each other at Rugger and Cricket.

We welcome Mr. Leitch to Keyse School.

We shall now be able to resume P.T. and all sorts of important activities.

In writing of Mr. Leitch, the reason for my withholding the name of the school of my boyhood will become apparent from the following:

Motorist, speeding along a Surrey lane: "Leatherhead?"
Local inhabitant, to whom the query was addressed: "Fish Faice!"



To the author of the following, which appeared a few months ago in the 'Sutton News', we are, naturally, grateful, and cannot help but be a little proud and encouraged to have aroused such appreciative comment.

If this should reach his eye, may we say a second "Thank you, sir".

Courtesy from Schoolboys.

"On Monday, when driving up Somerville Road, Sutton Coldfield, I experienced something which gave me great pleasure and hope for the future.

Arriving at the crossing which leads from Wyndley Pool and continues up the hill to Wyndley Lane, I was held up, as was the traffic coming in the opposite direction, by a schoolmaster with about 30 boys, dressed in blue raincoats and blue caps, who had apparently been to the café for their lunch, and were returning to their school, the name of which, unfortunately, I did not ascertain.

The traffic coming in the other direction naturally stopped their cars, and the boys, two abreast, marched smartly across the road, and, when arriving half way across, each turned his head in the direction of the waiting traffic and raised his cap. Such respect and good manners today are, unfortunately, rare, and I had the pleasure of speaking to the master in charge, congratulating him on the behaviour of his boys, and saying what a delight it was to me to see boys being educated in such a manner, and I was convinced that such an upbringing at an early age would bear fruit and produce good men and gentlemen for the future. I only regret I did not ascertain the name of the school."

12, Barker Road, Sutton Coldfield.

G. F. Cope.

Lest, however, the caps become too small, and the heads (including the Head) too large, there is some justice in printing the following, which was NOT directed at us, but if the cap fits, wear it!

(A "matchbox joke" . . . but more than a match, and far from a joke for Mother):

Little boy, on way to birthday party to mother: "I'll thank Mrs. Smith for the party as soon as I get there. Last year she locked herself in her room before I left."

England's Glory matchbox 44447.

--- **BRINGING AND COLLECTING CHILDREN BY CAR.** ---

Parents, whose attention has been drawn to this, have been considerate in parking neatly on the nearside of the road and (2) resisting the temptation to pull up when level with the School's front gate, thus bringing to a halt the cars following them up the hill. Thank you for your help in this matter. Those whose children joined the School subsequent to this arrangement and agreement will, I know, appreciate its necessity and courteously co-operate in every possible way with all parties concerned (N.B. neighbouring residents).

If in serious difficulties for parking-space, please make use of the School-drive (right up to the front-door) as/when not occupied by other vehicles, though please **BEWARE CHILDREN** and avoid blocking each other's egress. Turning space is not good, so please **REVERSE** into drive.

--- **Shakespeare in the Garden.** ---

Although this is rather stale news, a number of parents having enjoyed the performances last Summer, the venture was, in my opinion, such an outstanding achievement that it cannot go without mention in this issue. In the excerpts taken from 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Macbeth', for the Producer, Mrs. Clasper, and such young boys so well to have captured the spirit of Shakespeare was really most remarkable. Well done, indeed, Producer, and eleven-year-olds! Thank you, mothers for the very effective costumes.

--- **CHOCOLATE SALES INTEGRITY.** ---

N.B. The boy in this story was only joking and did **NOT** act on his views.

Setting: The chocolate machine was out of order, and, pending repairs, a supply of chocolate, together with a cash-box, was made available for self-service.

Boy to Headmaster: I thought the chocolate was "for free", sir.

Headmaster: Didn't the cashbox convey anything to you?

Boy: I tried that, sir, and the lid opened easily, so I thought that was "for free", too!

6

STAFF (Farewells and Welcomes).



We have been fortunate, during the past three years, in enjoying an uninterrupted teaching period by the best Staff it has, so far, been my lot to assemble.

In my early days here, I benefited from 'inheriting' members of Staff who had worked under Mr. Keyse. Then, as numbers increased, more Staff had to be added.

The combination of the two, during the past three years, prompted my opening remark, to the effect that "we have never had it so good." Parents, I know, realise this.

Now, my domestic problem (I'll get some brickbats for this, but it is perfectly good English, and has nothing to do with the kitchen) rears its ugly head.

Three members of Staff are, at present, putting in their last term at Keyse.

Mrs. E. M. Jobson has served the School faithfully for 19 years, and is going into well-earned retirement. Mrs. Jobson belongs to 'the old order' to which I referred, and there is so much that is good in the old order, in which I am a great believer.

Mrs. J. K. Mott kindly undertook, for a period of three years, to be responsible for a most important section of the School's work, and has been tremendously conscientious in fulfilling her promise. Sad to say, the three years have very nearly expired (and so, I think, shall I, faced with all this!)

7

Mrs. Bernard Miles came to us with a wealth of experience, and has for some years, been most usefully occupied in preparing boys for Mrs. Mott. It has been a grand partnership, that of our 'Two M's'. Much as Mrs. Miles loves School work, circumstances are such that her place is now in the home.

To these three ladies I express both my sincere personal thanks and the appreciation of parents (so often conveyed to me).

It was, of course, with a deep sense of loss that, many months ago, I set about the task of replacing these key(se) colleagues. They will not mind my saying that good though they were, I have every intention of ensuring that they are replaced by no less good personnel.

The very last thing I must do is to throw up my hands in horror, bewailing "The good old days are over". No! Instead, if partings there must be, then I intend to use the opportunity to balance staff with more masters (Prep. School masters), for the nature and character of the School is now more nearly than formerly that of a Preparatory School, which, where boys are concerned, presupposes **masters**.

I have added three lady teachers, Miss Hartley (who taught for nine years at Chetwynd House School under its former Headmaster, Mr. Boyland), Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Fewtrell.

I am also "after" one more master, who, if available, will be added at once (September), it being wiser to overstaff than to miss the opportunity. Of this gentleman, more anon.



A TWO-EDGED COMPLIMENT.

Scene: Football field. Headmaster **trying** to play, but showing signs of wear and tear.

Boy: You must have been a good footballer when you were young, sir.

Part of the work of writing this magazine was done in Mr. Leitch's flat, each of us hammering away at typewriters.

Looking out of the window, I saw some frumps arriving, and remarked to Mr. Leitch, "There are some rather funny specimens approaching. I hope that they are only visitors, and not residents."

Mr. Leitch: Where? Let me see; I hope you don't mean my relations.

A boy's definition of "intelligence": Wear extra pants Tuesdays and Fridays. H.M. teaches Form VI.

Jonathan Gilbert, who appeared in the last issue, was referring to the senior school to which he hopes(!) to go: "You know, sir, it's jolly expensive, they've put the fees up before I even get there, up by £61 a year, and just for lessons!"



THE LOSS OF PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS.

After a game of football, Coles Lane Football ground was padlocked, as usual. The unusual factor will become apparent.

After walking some considerable distance, I remarked to the boys, "I hope that you have left nothing behind?"

"Yes, sir," piped up one little boy, "we have left Piercey behind."

OTHER PEOPLE'S WIT.

(The Headmaster, at this point, ceases to be facetious.)

It was the wit (or wits) of certain boys that enabled (1) Nicholas James to win for himself a place at Cheltenham, and (2) we are equally proud that four of our boys were allocated to the Bishop Vesey's "A" stream, one being an extremely young boy.

From a North Dorset Church Magazine:

- "The TV SET is my shepherd; my spiritual growth shall want.
- "It maketh me to sit down and do nothing for His Name's sake, because it requireth all my spare time.
- "It keepeth me from doing my duty as a Christian because it presenteth so many good things that I MUST see.
- "It restoreth my knowledge of the things of the world, and easily keepeth me from the study of God's Word.
- "It leadeth me in the paths of failing to attend the evening worship services, and doing nothing for the Kingdom of God.
- "Yes, though I live to be a hundred, I shall keep on viewing my TV as long as it will work, for it is my closest companion.
- "Its sounds and its pictures they comfort me.
- "It presenteth entertainment before me, and keepeth me from doing important things with my family.
- "It can easily (if I am not careful . . . and that would involve effort and thought) fill my head with ideas which are opposed to those of Christ.
- "Surely no good thing will come to my life, because my TV offereth me no time to do the Will of God; thus will I dwell in the house of the Devil for ever."



A COMPOSITION ON "LICQUORICE ALLSORTS."

By Peter Friend (aged 8).



Did Charlie Thompson trip or was he pushed? We all do not quite know. But the result of it caused the origin of the Licquorice Allsorts.

In the year 1899, Charlie Thompson packed his case with all kinds of licquorice sweets. He had eleven kinds of sweets. As he walked into the shop which had to be stored with sweets, he suddenly tripped up and went tumbling down. The top of the case came bursting open, and the licquorice sweets were scattered. Redfaced, he scraped them up into a pile with his foot. Then, the customer said, "Send me some of those sweets just as they are." So, Licquorice Allsorts were born.

One customer ordered five tons! Charlie's employer was very surprised at the strange request, but he sent them all mixed up, just like they are to-day. George Bassett and Co. are the largest Licquorice Allsorts manufacturers in the world.



On Mrs. Jobson's sending to Messrs. George Bassett and Co. one or two of these compositions, the Firm kindly sent the boys a large parcel (about 7lbs., I think) of Licquorice Allsorts, which were much appreciated . . . though not scrambled for on the floor!
—Editor.





Maxwell Barnett wrote this when at Keyse School (7 or 8 years of age). Lack of space did not allow of its inclusion in the Magazine of that year—Editor.



THE TIT FAMILY.

Of the many kinds of birds in this country; the ones I like best are the tits. There are several members of the tit family. They are the great tit, the blue tit, the coal tit and the long-tailed tit, and they are common in our gardens and hedgerows. Another of these birds is the marsh tit, which lives in marshy places where it likes to play among the reeds.

The tits build their nests of moss, grass, wool and feathers in a hole in a tree, in a wall and even on the ground. Some tits have built their nests in a letter box and in a street lamp.

Long-tailed tits make their nests of moss, wool and spiders webs, all bound together and lined with feathers. Their nest is different from all the others, because it has a roof and a little hole near the top, so that the bird can get in and out.

The female tits lay their eggs in April and May, and the number varies from 5 to 9, but the long-tailed tit may lay up to 15. It must be very snug and warm at night in its nest when the eggs have hatched, because the chicks and their parents are all snuggling together.

For their food, tits eat insects and seeds. The gardener likes the blue tit because he eats the nasty greenfly and other pests.

Maxwell Barnett.



It is customary (indeed, one grows sick of it) for children to be set, as a subject for composition, "My Home" or "My House".

To ring the changes, Peter Jacoby of Form VI, after learning French for only six weeks, gives us (please see below) a little French composition on the same subject:

A la Maison.

Notre maison a deux étages, le rez-de-chaussée et le premier étage. Au rez-de-chaussée il y a deux grandes salles, le salon et la salle à manger. Il y a encore une cuisine. Sur le premier étage il y a des chambres à coucher et la salle de bain. Nous avons un jardin derriere la maison. Nous cultivons des fleurs dans le jardin.



INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION.

Mr. C. N. Leitch has undertaken to organise this additional incentive to keenness, there being two Houses at present: Warwick House, captained by P. J. Belman; Stafford House, captained by W. G. Barker. Points are awarded for 1st, 2nd and 3rd positions in fortnightly order, and for any position showing improvement on previous order, Games, P.T., etc., also affording points. The Houses are competing for a silver Cup "For Merit", the gift, some years ago, of Andrew Cullum Kenyon.

13

The vicar of a country parish, strolling down the village street, visiting his parishioners, came upon "Jarge", leaning over the gate leading into his exceptionally pretty garden.

Vicar: Well, George, you and the Lord have made a wonderful job of that garden.

Jarge: You should've seen it, zur, when the Lord 'ad it all to 'isself!

Based upon the above, the VIth Form was asked to form a word picture of "Jarge" as a character. Below, is printed John Kenyon's idea of "Jarge".

He is an old-peace-loving man with white hair. He is about 80, and retired from his job, so that he could cultivate his garden. He wore blue jeans and braces, as well as a dirty chequered shirt, with the sleeves rolled up. Jarge was about 5ft. 6ins. tall. He had old worn shoes on, and a bit of string for laces. Jarge liked to have a drink on Sunday, after Church, with the local vicar, and he still wore his jeans and braces, even with his best jacket. He also always wore his dirty brown beret, which had lost its knob. Jarge lived in a little west country village, and spoke broad west country language.



THE WORD GAME.

See how many words you can form from the letters contained in:—

(i) MONUMENT,
(Editor has the answer-book!)

(ii) OMINOUSLY.

Average for (ii) is 23 words in 25 minutes. (Two slow for 11 plus.)

(Your teacher will check results; the Editor has had enough for the time being.)

14

SCHOOL NOTES.

Alastair Wallace scored no less than 18 tries during his first term at King Edward's . . . which we consider no mean achievement and fully up to Prep. School tradition (i.e., boys going on to their Public Schools from having, daily, been coached in games).

Our ex-School Captain is certainly no blue stocking, in spite of the fact that we found him to be an outstandingly good worker, coming top of the School. Well done, Wallace! Mens (something) in corpore sano!

Quite equally fine was Steven Jordan's selection to play for Bromsgrove Colts when only in his second term.

It would seem that the Games policy of Keyse School is just coming to fruition, and is most certainly vindicated in thus giving boys this flying start in their senior Schools.

Well done, indeed, Jordan, both in work and games.

Next (and somewhat incongruously, though loosely connected with Sport), we must report on Barker's having kept goal in company with a Labrador dog, which latter stopped some of the shots that it hindered Barker from stopping. This was indeed a firm attachment between boy and dog, literally so, for the dog, not content with confining its activities to Soccer, seized Barker firmly round the hips, tackling him in rugby style, and indeed nearly 'de-bagging' the poor boy!

Joking apart, there definitely was a strong affinity between boy and dog, the latter being very strongly drawn towards Barker in one of the closest 'human being-doggie' friendships I have ever witnessed. Some people exercise this attraction more than others. It will almost certainly form part of Barker's make-up throughout his life.

Andrew Bass to Mrs. Jobson: "Don't you ever smile?"

15

HOME TRUTHS (Not made up).

The “noughty” boy.

Head: How’s this, W——, nought, nought, nought, nought, in each of the four Arithmetic Tests? How many shall I give you for that?

Boy (W——): Nought, sir!

Down the Garden Path.

Here is an old “chestnut” dating back to last Summer. It was the occasion of our Shakespearean Garden Party! High fallutin’, that term, isn’t it? . . . as was the Headmaster’s effort to impress parents with his extensive grounds, woodland glades, etc. For that purpose (also to avert collisions), parents were directed a long way down the garden path. However, the laugh was with the parents, and against the Headmaster, when at the end of her long hike, Mrs. —— remarked acidly (rather than sweetly), “I ought to have brought my climbing boots with me”, a reference to the rough nature of the garden path. I wonder whether the lady remembers? Thus do parents, indirectly, write for the Magazine.

Lost! A small boy’s partner!

At certain times, boys line up with one another as ‘partners’ (in crocodile).

Infant Teacher: Where’s your partner, So-and-So? (for he is a ‘so-and-so’!) Found, a few minutes later, searching under his desk and chair, the nameless one was asked, “What are you looking for?” and replied, “My partner”! (But he’ll get through the “11 plus” . . . we hope!)

This made my day!

A tiny little fellow, Mark Malcolm Anderson, 4 years of age, newly joined, greeted me so politely when I called at his home:

"How do-you-do, sir?"

Thereupon, we shook hands like two courteous old gentlemen, and I, later, came away from the house envying this delightful little boy his sang-froid, I having, nervously, forgotten to shake hands with one of his parents, in saying "good-bye".

Nigel Campbell, another newcomer, surprised me with his old man's wisdom. In front of all his classmates, he asserted, "I like this school, sir, because it has discipline".

After that, I must tell a story against myself. I was saying to the VIth Form, "It's an extraordinary thing that you think nothing of me, when your fathers think me just the cat's whiskers (or just what the doctor ordered). The instant reply came, "Our fathers are a safe distance from here, sir!"



A ONE MINUTE SERMON.

Young people who, very rightly, like and admire Stirling Moss as your hero, please think over very carefully that which follows.

In company with other famous people, drawn from various walks of life, Stirling Moss was, a year or so ago, asked to give his views on Heaven. Unlike the other contributors to that article in a weekly magazine, the concern of this ace driver was as to whether he would fit the conditions of Heaven. There's humility for you . . . when all the others had less worthy ideas, the second best, in my opinion, the longing to meet again one's loved ones.

And, if you want another hero of Christianity, I am prepared to share with you DAVID SHEPPARD.

OTHER CRICKETERS (of Keyse School).

The following three boys are outstanding, and deserve mention:

Philip Cox: An excellent bowler possessing two characteristics seldom found in a young boy (or, for that matter, any boy and most men), consistently good length and stamina. I am amazed at the tireless way in which he carries on the good work. Bowling (even bad bowling) is, for boys (and again this applies to men) an extremely difficult art. Before leaving Cox, I must praise his beautifully correct style of batsmanship. Not only is his style that of a professional, he also hits the ball quite reasonably hard (off drives, etc.) for a youngster and scores freely. Usually, one finds one or the other of these qualities, a defensive batsman of good style or a village blacksmith type of run-getter (?sometimes). Not so, with Cox.

Timothy Vann: I cannot, for the life of me, decide whether to class Vann as an even better bowler than Cox. Both have beautiful actions, Vann the greater speed, though not quite as consistent a length as has Cox. Of one thing there is no doubt, Timothy Vann will be a really great bowler. Like Cox, he shows promise with the bat, but I think that he must envy Philip his eye and judgment (timing). (Cox, of course, has two eyes.)

David Yeomans: Young David Yeomans is a most decided asset to our 1st Game (and 1st XI, if we produce one!). With the bat, he is a prolific scorer of good style. It really is a joy to see so young a boy hit the ball as hard as does Yeomans. I also thank my lucky stars that, in David, we have another good bowler, making three!

It is indeed good to think that we shall have these three boys for the 1963 season. It augurs well for matches—of which, this year, I see little prospect, apart perhaps, from a Fathers (or Mothers!) match . . . PARENTS, PLEASE CONTACT ME.

18

"Bill" Barker, under his father's tuition, is coming along very nicely, and should go a long way. I hope that he will, later, invite me to watch him play for England.

There are several other boys of merit. I refer, in particular, to **Robin Wood's** promising batsmanship (not his wicket-keeping, which is certainly less vile than all the other so-called "wicked-keepers" I have seen. It is an awful waste of money to have bought the gloves and pads with which they disguise themselves)

(That last sentence is typical of my acid tongue, which is one of the things with which I lash the boys.)

I must, in fairness, add that there are, undoubtedly, other boys with good cricket in them. They and their parents (and I know how much this means to both) must, please, forgive my forgetfulness (for that's what it is, rather than lack of talent on the boys' parts). A tremendously large number of boys play on each occasion. This, because I am so anxious that as many as possible should benefit from the excellent wickets prepared by Mr. Alec Harvey at the Sutton Coldfield C.C. Ground at Rectory Park.

Nor does the large number of boys playing necessarily mean that the bulk of them get no coaching, though, to be honest, it is often precious little. One does one's best, and we are indeed most fortunate to have the help of three "father first-class cricketers", Messrs. Griffiths, Vann and Barker (order of precedence is based on their Attendance Register!) and my assistant master, Mr. Leitch. To the three parents concerned, I tender my most sincere thanks. It seems hard that I take the fees, and they do the work. The truth of the matter is that, with the best will in the world, I have been unable to find suitable professional help to take into my employ. Without my selfless amateurs, I should indeed be sunk. (They thoroughly deserve to have their own separate entrance and exit in Lord's pavilion!) I will go further, and state, as my opinion, that their really ultimate destination may well be Lord's Pavilion . . . for their kindness to little children.



THINGS NEARER HOME.

For once—of my own volition, and not under threat of being smitten by the rolling-pin—I would like to express my gratitude to my wife for all that she does, e.g., providing us with a lovely garden (for I don't do a stroke therein, pretending that I am too busy elsewhere), getting out the Reports and A/cs. for me each term, answering the telephone when I am not available, and carrying the meals up our two staircases from the ground-floor to the second floor (and they are usually cooked, too!). I hope that it will not seem fulsome for me to say a public "Thank you" for these things and all else.

Thank you, too, to Miss Robinson, who, for years, and so very happily, has done the 'rough' for us. So very often tributes are paid Miss Robinson by ladies and gentlemen visiting the School to explore with a view to sending their sons here.

CONGRATULATIONS TO SUCCESSFUL EXAMINEES.

King Edward's School:

Scholarship: P. J. Belman (Reserved County place). 1st Part: P. Baldwin, A. Bell, P. Cox, P. Churchill, A. Cliff, T. Lynn.

Solihull School:

D. L. Brown, W. Francis, P. J. Stokes.

Bedford Modern School:

P. N. Baldwin, A. M. Bell.

Bishop Vesey's School:

P. N. Baldwin, A. M. Bell, P. J. Belman, P. Churchill, A. Clarke, J. Kenyon, D. G. H. Myers, P. J. Stokes.

John Willmott Grammar School:

P. S. Dunn, J. Wallace.

We are particularly pleased when, as has happened this year and last, some weaker candidates to reach Form VI have, in fact, passed.

In addition, Timothy Lynn, Jonathan Gilbert and Stephen Streather have been included among candidates to sit the second Entrance Test (2nd Part) for Bedford Modern School, to be held at the end of May.



ERGON THE ELEPHANT.



By P. Hill (5).

Ergon was a little elephant. He lived with his mother and the other elephants in the herd. He had small eyes and large ears. The leader of the herd is called the Bull Elephant. Ergon liked to eat wild fruits and green shoots. He liked to play in the water and to squirt the water over his body.

(I wish that we could show you the children's crayoned pictures of Ergon the Elephant.—Ed.)

By Mark Griffiths (Kindergarten), at the age of 4.

Ergon was a little elephant. He lived with mother and the other elephant in the herd. He had small eyes, and large ears. The leader of the herd is called the Bull Elephant. Ergon liked to eat wild fruits and green shoots. He liked to play in the water.

(It is a pity that we cannot reproduce these nippers' handwriting, a big achievement for such tiny children.—Editor.)

LEARNING TO FLY.

By John Hingley, 5.6.

Daedalus, an artist and builder of ancient Crete, did not spend all his time painting; he was always pondering on how to fly. He would look out of the window and watch the birds.

One day, Minos the king of Crete sent a message to tell Daedalus to come and decorate a banquet hall in time for a wedding. Daedalus promised to do this. Three days later Daedalus discovered how to fly. He flew to such a height that his house looked like a dot.

The king, who thought the hall had been decorated, went to see it. When he found that not one thing was done, he sent his soldiers to throw Daedalus into the labyrinth. A friend of

21

Daedalus sent a message telling him of the soldiers' approach. Daedalus made another pair of wings for his son Icarus, and they flew away together.

Icarus, who was inquisitive, flew closer to the sun, but the tremendous heat melted the wax securing the wings. Icarus fell like a stone to his death.



THE CIRCUS.

By Kindergarten Form

By J. Lynn.

We went to the Circus on Friday afternoon. We saw some cowboys and Polar Bears. We had tea at school. We saw some Elephants, and also saw some clowns.

By M. Harwood.

We went to the Circus. We saw some cowboys and some Polar Bears. We saw some funny clowns. We saw lots of horses and some Indians. We saw some Elephants. The Elephants did lots of tricks.

By M. Thornton.

On Friday afternoon we all went to Billy Smart's Circus. We had our tea at school and then set out. We had good seats and could see everything. The clowns were very funny.

Additional Examination Successes

E. P. Johnson to Solihull School

T. S. Lynn to Bedford Modern School

Jonathan Gilbert to Bedford Modern School

Stephen Streather to Bedford Modern School



SLEEPING IN A TENT.



A Reproduction by P. Belman (Form VI) of a part of "Three Men in a Boat" by Jerome K. Jerome.

"Sleeping in a tent", as Harris said, "has complications". For instance, when pitching a tent, or trying to, one man has his end nicely under control, when the other gives a sudden sharp tug, and the whole tent comes down. Also, the rain has soaked you to the skin. So you are wet, the other man is wet, and the tent is misbehaving.

At last, after you have finished swearing at the other man, and he has finished swearing at you, you manage to erect the tent and crawl in. The three of you, yourself, the man who helped you pitch the tent, and the third man, who was baling the boat, sit down to tea. The dog also sits down to his dog biscuits.

After tea, which was 75% rainwater, you go to bed. You suddenly awake and wonder what the cold, clammy substance is that is touching your face. You find it is the wet tent, which has fallen down. You struggle until you are out, and face someone whom you think has pulled out the pegs. Preparing to do battle, you discover that he is one of the occupants of the tent. "Oh, it's you!" you both utter.

Muffled groans are coming from the bowels of the tent, and George emerges. When you are back in bed, you are cold and miserable. So everyone agrees to sleep in a tent only when it is fine.

The Same . . . by P. G. Cox.

We had just landed and were unpacking our provisions before it grew too dark to see.

We reckoned it would take just about ten minutes to put the canvas covering over the boat, but how we underestimated it!

The first thing we did was to get out the metal hoops, which we fitted into the side of the boat. We had a tremendous struggle to fit them in. We kicked them, jumped on them, and, at last, they were in the holes. After they were fixed in, we found that they were in the wrong holes. After a lot of heaving and tugging we finally had them out.

We had put the hoops in now, and it was only a matter of putting on the canvas covering. The best thing to do with it was for George to hand the canvas down to Harris.

George did his part all right, but when it came to Harris, he got into a most hopeless tangle. George came down to help him, but, trying to get Harris out, he found himself entangled with him. I was waiting for the canvas to come down to me, when I heard some rather smothered strong language. This went on for some time, until George popped his head out of the canvas, and shouted some emphatic instructions to me to come and help them both. It wasn't too early, either, because Harris was very black in the face.

After that mishap, we finally covered the boat and settled down to sleep.

And, if you please, a Third Time! . . . by William Martin.

The three of us landed on a muddy field, where we started to pitch the tent, which was a tedious job, as we soon found out.

I had my side up, when Harris mucked it up, so I jerked his side of pegs out of the ground, and he threw the hammer at me and swore.

I went to tell him what I thought, and he was coming to tell me what he thought, so we were following each other round, when the tent fell down and we stood swearing at each other on either side of the ruins. Bill chose that moment to throw mud at us.

Later, we tried to put the canvas up, which we thought would take just ten minutes, but it took a whole hour, because the frames were in the wrong sockets, and had hinges which nipped us; as soon as one had been put in and fixed, the other nipping us in an inconvenient manner.

CRICKET STOP PRESS.

The sample of W. L. Martin's work reminds me that he, too, greatly strengthens our bowling at cricket, and is something of a batsman. (I shall get a black look if I don't say so (!), and certainly this boy deserves a word of praise, being a credit to his school.)

Anderson, also, bowls a pretty ball, and works hard at the game, as at everything else.

Additional Note to my Cricket Acknowledgements.

On Cricket afternoons, VIth Form boys are good at helping the younger brethren, for which I am most grateful—as also to all the boys who willingly assist in the collection and carrying of cricket gear. Thank you very much for your help.

Sutton Coldfield Carnival Arts & Crafts Exhibition

The Headmaster takes great pride in conveying heartiest congratulations to Mrs Greaves and the members of her form (Vb), in that, of 14 water-colour paintings submitted by these boys, 10 were accepted and 'hung' in the Town Hall, *John Helliwell* being awarded *1st Prize for his age-group*.

My cup of joy is full in being able to connect this artistic talent with the fact that Gilbert and Streather (above) are members of Vb., pointing academic talent, too.

This is a wonderful balance for Mrs. Greaves to have achieved.

The paintings submitted by ALL our boys I thought quite first-class, and form Vb. has indeed done amazingly well in this truly brilliant vindication of my educational experiment in bringing the form into being.

Headmaster

Examination News

John Willmott Grammar School

Timothy Lynn

John Watkins