

**HARLOW COLLEGE
MAGAZINE**

Summer, 1957

Isaac.

GHANA INDEPENDENCE.

On the 4th of March 1957 at 7 p.m., Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent accompanied by His Excellency the Governor arrived from the Christiansborg Castle point where the Christiansborg Road divides at the eastern end of the Ghana Monument Gardens. She alighted and was received with the Governor by Dr. Kwame Nkrumah the Prime Minister. She then took her place on the dais sitting with the Governor. The National Anthem was then played. Lights shone on the dais and the people of Ghana rejoiced. Her Royal Highness then rose and made an encouraging speech to the people to help them on their way when their Independence was declared.

She was then invited by the Governor to unveil the Ghana Monument: this she did under the shouting of excited Ghanese people.

After this, a Firework Display took place which featured the latest developments of pyrotechnic art, including various set pieces.

After the Display the floodlights were trained on Her Royal Highness who slowly descended the monument to the Christiansborg Road. Her Royal Highness, the Governor, and the Prime Minister then departed, and the street lighting was turned off.

THE END.

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TEST YOURSELF.

- (1) The clock shows that it is ten to three. What time would it be if the hour hand and minute hand were reversed.
- (2) A man earns £10 a week, and his living expenses are £7 a week. Without using pencil and paper, tell how many weeks it will take him to save £36.
- (3) Newton is to gravitation as Einstein is to _____
- (4) Which number is incorrect in this series? 60, 52, 45, 39, 35.
- (5) A man travelling west turns left, then right, then left, and then left again. In what direction is he now facing?
- (6) You have a bucket of water weighing ten pounds. If you put in a three pound fish, which is then supported by the water, what does the whole thing weigh?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 10.

Keeler 1.THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING SPACE-SHIPS.

The President of the World Government was worried, as he had every reason to be, for no less than eight space-ships had disappeared since the beginning of the year 2056, eight months before. One or two space-ships might disappear in a year, but not eight in as many months, and each one of them of the latest design and piloted by some of the world's best pilots.

The President examined the chart which showed where radio contact had been lost with each ship. They had lost contact with each ship in a relatively small area (about 50,000,000 cubic miles) between Neptune and Pluto, and each had been coming home from Sephus laden with a valuable cargo of Konex, the toughest metal known to man. Sephus was a planet revolving around the dark star Tinus, which was only discovered in 1983. Tinus was less than 100,000,000,000 miles from the sun, and space-ships could reach there in six months.

Suddenly deciding himself, the President walked over to his desk and pressed a buzzer. "Send Peter Richardson up at once," he said.

When Richardson entered he motioned him to take a seats. "Look, Richardson," he said, "I want you to investigate this disappearance of these space-ships between Neptune and Pluto. You can take the latest space-destroyer if you want to, and any crew you care to choose. The next ship from Tinus will be passing Pluto in less than two weeks, and it must get through at all costs." "Very good, sir! I'll trail her all the way from Pluto to Neptune. That's where the others disappeared."

Nearly two weeks had passed since the interview with the President. Richardson, with all his old crew, was in the space-destroyer "Costello", one of the fastest and most heavily armed ships that Earth possessed. Richardson was waiting for the "Jeboa", a huge cargo-liner, which was due to pass him in a few minutes. As soon as it had passed, the Costello's powerful motors hummed, and two minutes later she was streaking through space in the wake of the other ship. The Costello could travel considerably faster than the Jeboa, and Richardson knew that he could soon catch the Jeboa up if she ran into any trouble. But soon he had to increase speed to keep pace with the Jeboa, and soon, although he was travelling flat out, the Jeboa began to draw away from him. He tried to call her up on the radio, but could get

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING SPACE-SHIPS (continued)

no reply. Then the Costello too began to increase speed. Richardson tried to call up Earth, but the little spark no longer spanned the gap between the two terminals. The radio was dead! With her increased speed the Costello now began to overhaul the Jeboa, and when he was level with her, Richardson reduced his speed to match hers. The two ships were gradually veering off course, and soon Richardson realized that they were heading for Titon, Neptune's larger moon. Suddenly a voice came over the radio. "Calling Jeboa! When you come in sight of Titon, you are to make a stern landing on the Gypsus Plateau. The magnetic force will by this time have been turned off. If any attempt to escape is made, the magnetic force will be turned on again, and you will crash onto the Gypsus Plateau." The radio then went dead again. It caused Richardson much relief, however, for evidently the speaker did not know that two ships were caught in the magnetic force. He shouted to his crew: "Stand by! I'm cutting the main jets and firing the reactor jets." He did so, and the Jeboa seemed to shoot ahead. The reactor jets were not nearly powerful enough to stop the Costello, but they slowed her down a lot.

Some time later there was a sudden jolt, as the magnetic force was cut out, and Richardson immediately cut the reactor jets. He turned on the televiewer and watched the Jeboa land. As soon as it was down, some people dressed in ordinary space-suits of the standard design used on Earth, who had been hiding behind some small boulders, surrounded the ship. The crew of the Jeboa climbed out of the ship, dressed in their space-suits, and were led away by some of the other men. The rest started to unload the ship but soon they disappeared. Richardson switched on the radio, but it had gone dead again. Then he realized that the magnetic force had been switched on again. Soon the voice came over the radio, and it gave them the same instructions as it had given the Jeboa.

Soon the Costello had landed, and the voice came over the radio, telling the men to put on their space-suits and go outside. They did so, and the men who came to meet them, who Richardson saw to his surprise were Earthmen, took them into a cave and through an airlock. They were then told to take their suits off, and leave them with lots of other suits. They were then taken to the captain of the first cargo-ship to disappear. "What's the meaning of all this?", demanded Richardson. "You would call it mutiny," sneered the Captain. "I hate this world government. I always have done. So do my crew. On my last trip from Tinus, I carried, among the few passengers, a very clever hypnotist, and one of the best scientists the Earth possesses, or rather, possessed.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING SPACE-SHIPS (continued)

"It was quite simple. I and my crew forced the hypnotist to hypnotise the other passengers and the scientist, so that they would work for us. The scientist produced the magnetic force on which he had been working for several years, and everyone knows how to stop wireless messages. Then we captured all the ships bound for Earth carrying Konex, and the hypnotist hypnotised all the men on board. The captain of the Jeboa told us that you were following him."

"And now I suppose you're going to hypnotice us," growled Richardson.

"You are quite right, my friend, I am! Take these men away, Mike."

Richardson and his crew were taken to a door marked A. Simmond. "You're Coming in first," snarled the guard to Richardson, digging a disintegrator pistol into his back to emphasize the point. The two men entered the room, and Richardson was told to sit down facing Simmond, the hypnotist

"Right! Get working Simmond," growled the guard.

The man stared into Richardson's face, speaking softly. About a minute later, Richardson slumped forward.

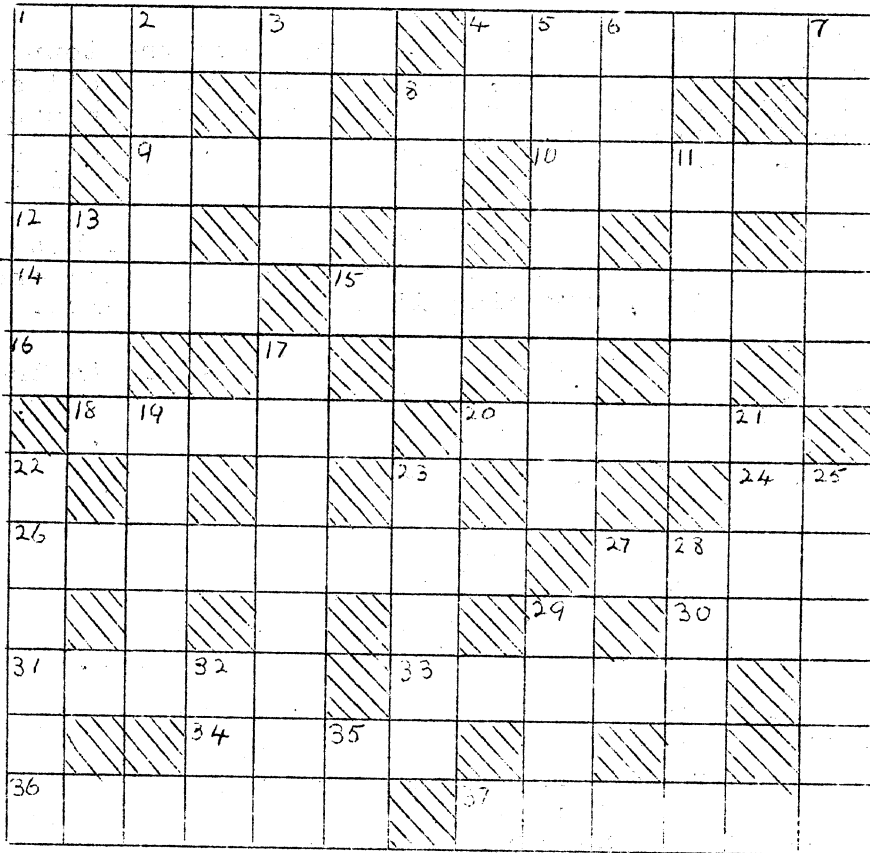
"Is he out?" said the guards. The other nodded. The guard tapped Richardson on the head with the butt of his pistol. "Wake up", he said. The next second a fist crashed into his face. Richardson picked up his gun. "Just as well I'm immune to hypnotism," he murmured. "Come on!"

Outside the guard surrendered without a word.

Richardson walked quickly towards the leader's room, and flung open the door. "Reach!" he snapped, but the other reached for his gub.

Richardson's gun blazed, and his adversary crumpled to the ground.

After everyone had been brought back to their senses; the space-destroyer and the nine cargo-liners laden with the precious Konex, began the journey Earthwards, leaving the crew of the first cargo-liner to be picked by police patrol vessels.

FRENCH CROSSWORD.ACROSS.

- (1) Cinder
 (4) (My) own-
 (8) Dumb
 (9) (I) aimed at
 (10) Metal
 (12) Meadow
 (14) Tower
 (15) A few
 (16) Had
 (18) A burst
 (20) To shout
 (24) Yew
 (26) Bad (fem.)
 (27) Bitter
 (30) Donkey
 (31) Dear One
 (33) Lewis
 (34) Aired
 (36) Letter
 (37) Actor

DOWN

- (1) (I) count
 (2) Nephew
 (3) Pink
 (4) Been able
 (5) (He) will fill
 (6) (I) take off
 (7) Church
 (8) Better
 (11) A Sow
 (13) Wheel
 (17) Banana tree
 (19) (He) chats
 (21) Nothing
 (22) Amicable
 (23) Isolated
 (25) To quiver
 (28) A mass
 (29) Turk
 (32) Rat
 (35) Again (prefix)

APACHE BILL.

When the thieves had got well away from the town they had just robbed, called Lawton, they double back well away from the town and went to their hideout which was in the opposite direction from which they had ridden. This was to trick the pursuers who were trailing them from a distance.

When the fugitives reached their hideout the boss, who had stayed behind, put the loot in a big sack and then put this in a small pit, covering it with a large rock.

After this they all sat round a small table in the hideout, a cave. The Boss's name was Yellow Bill McKaw, so called because his courage had once been doubted. The reason he was there was that he was the sheriff and had to be in town to avoid suspicion.

During the meeting their plans were laid and the six men were all pleased to hear that it was to attack a gold shipment in the pass between Death Hills and Tombstone Mountain, near which was a camp of dangerous Apaches.

When the day arrived the men were in their positions and after an hour's wait the coach was sighted. As it drew up at their road block a volley of lead poured down on the victims. The gang clambered down and were about to open the door when an arrow landed by the door handle. They looked around to see Apache Bill thundering down the Tombstone Mt. with his mounted warriors firing arrows all the way. At the bottom he found five of the gang dead and the others about to disappear in a cloud of dust. Apache Bill mounted his horse, flashed off in pursuit, and after ten minutes he had drawn level. He downed the criminal and hit him so hard that he gave in at once. Bill, after getting the information required, took him back to town, and "unmasked" the sheriff's plot. Therefore in due course a new sheriff was appointed.

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Tail Piece.

Fat Lady to Shop Assistant. No! No! This dress won't do!

It does absolutely nothing for me.

Shop Assistant to Fat Lady: Yes, But on the other hand, Madame doesn't do anything for the dress either!

HAIGH.HORSE RACING.

The proper name for a horse is an equine quadruped. They are descended from a minute specimen, of about four inches in height, which lived thousands of years ago. There are roughly about a hundred different breeds.

The finest specimen is the thoroughbred, which is a highly strung and tempermental animal. All thoroughbreds trace in their male line to three horses. The Bryerly Turk, The Darley Arabian, and the Goldolphine Barb. These were originally Arabs, but the modern horses leave them far behind as far as speed is concerned.

One of the most famous horses, Eclipse, brought about the saying "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere", because he always outdistanced his rivals. Actually one well-known horse broke its heart when it could not keep up with Eclipse.

The thoroughbred was introduced into this country in the eighteenth century. At this time races were run in heats, but jockeys usually walked their mounts for the first three miles.

In 1897 an American jockey, one Tod Sloan, came to England and he literally revolutionised race riding. He sat close up on a horse, and held the reins about an inch from the bit, as opposed to the old style of sitting up straight with long reins. Sloan galloped his horse from start to finish, and his rivals could never catch him.

In recent years quite a number of the "Classic" races have been won by the French. This probably lies in the fact that English breeders sacrifice stamina for speed.

The best flat racer of recent years has been Ribot, an Italian horse, who was undefeated in sixteen major races. His joint owners have received many tempting offers, including an open cheque, for any figure they cared to name, but have refused to part with him. Ribot is at stud, and his fees stand at 1,200 guineas.

Steeplechases have been run over enclosed courses only in the last hundred years, but are very popular. Many cast-offs from the flat become good hurdlers or chasers. A well-known chaser was Golden Miller, who won the Cheltenham Gold Cup five times in the nineteen thirties, as well as the Grand National. He was retired to a farm at Elsenham in Essex, but was unfortunately put down a few months ago.

THE RISE OF SKIFFLE MUSIC.

Since Lonnie Donnegan made the Rock Island Line (Decca), many so-called skiffle groups have arisen. At a guess I should say skiffle is more popular than Rock'n'Roll.

A skiffle group should consist of 3-5 players. For 3, a guitar, a base, and a washboard. In the 4 and 5 groups the extra one or two extras would be guitars.

Many skiffle groups have made their name since Lonnie Donnegan's Rock Island Line. Some are The Vipers, Bob Cort's, the Solo Skiffle Group, and Chas McDevitt.

Songs have come in great abundance. Songs such as, John Henry, Bring a Little Water Sylvie, Alabamy Bound, Don't you Rock me Daddy-O, Stewball, and many more.

Lonnie Donnegan has now made a long-player (33 $\frac{1}{2}$ rpm) on Nixa and costs not more than 30/- Ordinary 78 rpm records range from 5/7 to 6/-.

Perhaps the best skiffle "hit" was "Don't you Rock me Daddy-O" followed closely by "The Rock Island Line".

Lonnie Donnegan is soon going to America, just as Bill Haley (Brunswick) came here with his Comets and Rock'n'Rolls. This must show and press Skiffle's popularity, not only in Britain, but the States as well.

Many boys, in clubs and schools have formed groups, just as five boys have here at Harlow College.

I personally think Skiffle is the best group music and that's why its popularity has put Rock'n'Roll second in importance.

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SKI-ING. WINTER'S WONDERSPORT.

For breathtaking and effortless speed there is no sensation to equal that of ski-ing. It is perhaps the nearest man has ever got to simulating the flight of a bird, apart from the glider and the aeroplane. There can be no more exhilarating experience than zooming down a slope of virgin, crystalline snow with the spray whooshing behind you like the wake of a speed boat. Ski-ing is no pedestrian pastime for before you realise it you are skimming along at 40 miles an hour with every nerve and muscle in you straining to keep your body upright. Gravity sometimes wins, but this need not worry you - snow acts as a cushion.

It may seem strange, but the first thing a beginner should learn as he makes his first hesitant runs on the nursery slopes, is how to fall, for the correct technique of losing one's balance ensures against fractures and serious injuries.

SKI-ING - WINTER'S WONDERSPORT
(continued?)

1. Don't resist gravity once its got you.
2. Fall with skis together and parallel, and feet down the slope.

After we have done our bending and balancing exercises we start by learning the 'snow plough'. This is used to keep your speed in check and is achieved by turning the points of your skis inwards to form almost a V. Naturally, the further you turn the points in, the slower you go.

The next movement practised will be the 'snow-plough' and turn to left and right combined. Once you have mastered that you graduate to more difficult slopes and more ambitious turns and twists.

Don't think that skiing is a rich man's pastime. Many school parties go to the Continent every year from this country, and do it very reasonably; the various Travel Agencies run cheap ski-ing holidays.

Finally, there is no lack of excellent facilities for this sport in Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Norway and Sweden, but for reasonable cost, breathtaking grandeur of scenery, pleasant and congenial company, and good wholesome food, Norway is hard to beat.

Scotland too, has its own Ski-ing Association. The sport is catching on rapidly up there, and there are several Norwegian instructors employed by the Association.


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SUCCESS STORY.

In the days before he was crowned with fame
Reginal Blogsted signed his name:

Reginald Blogstead.

But he's famous now, you can be quite sure
for look at Reggie's signature:



KEY-WORDS.

You've often heard people say "It's on the tip of my tongue", or "You know what I mean". Well, here's your chance to find whether you really do know what you are talking about yourself. Tick below the word or phrase (a, b or c) that you think is nearest in meaning to the key word. 4 points for each correct answer (20 points very good, 16 good, 12 average).

Turn to Page 12 for the answers and see how many you got.

- (1) magnanimous (a) generous (b) exercising magnetic power (c) boastful.
- (2) countermand (a) to demand something rudely (b) to contradict something perviouslyly said, (c) to attack.
- (3) refectory (a) describes someone who is undisciplined (b) a place where goods are re-made (c) a room or hall where people eat together.
- (4) circumspect (a) cautious (b) the distance round the outside of a circle (c) to examine carefully.
- (5) apprehensive describes: (a) someone who learns quickly (b) someone with an ape-like appearance, (c) somebody who is worried about something.

* * * *

ANSWERS TO 'TEST YOURSELF'.

1. About 10 minutes to 3.
2. Twelve weeks.
3. Relativity.
4. 35 (34 should follow 39)
5. East.
6. Thirteen pounds.

RACING ON THE CLIFFS.

By G. Hamilton.

John Smart loved racing on rough country. One day he was invited by his Uncle, who was a real racing car driver, to race on a small track he had of his own. They both had a race together and his Uncle won. Then John asked if he would race with him down by the cliffs as he lived by the sea. They chose a windey road by some steep cliffs. The course was 12 miles long.

A friend started the race off and John's uncle got a good start and was about 20 yards ahead of John when he put on a terrific spurt and skimmed along at 70 m.p.h.

John put his foot down on the accelerator and went round a corner and he saw his Uncle slowing down. He just went round the corner when he heard a crash. John jammed the brake on and got out. He went round the corner and saw his Uncle unconscious in his car. It had crashed into a boulder. He got his Uncle in his car and turned round and drove back.

John took his uncle to Hospital and he was out cold for three days. He had a deep cut in his head and had broken six ribs. When he awoke he had an operation on his head.

John wondered how the boulder came down. An idea struck him and he went straight to his Uncle's desk and rummaged through all his old letters until he came to one which read -

"You beat me in the race for the Goodwin Cup. I will get my revenge soon."

"Signed JOE BAILEY"

John read the address and wrote it down in his diary. He got out his racing car and drove to the Dove Hotel. Meanwhile John went to his Uncle and told him what had happened and John's Uncle rang up the Police and Joe was arrested.

When John's Uncle was well again he gave John £20. for saving his life.

* * *

AN ADVENTURE IN 2000 A.D.KNIGHT R.B.

Soon after I heard that I, or a man who called himself Red Hunter was to captain the first rocket to the moon, I found myself speeding along Avalanche Rd. on my motor-bike. I said a man who called himself Red Hunter, for he is in fact a Russian enemy agent who is planning to sabotage the rocket if he can get to pilot it. Actually I had proof of this in my wallet in a written document I had been after for a long time, and which I managed to get in a desperate fight with him. If I could show this to the Air Chief Red would be arrested immediately, but if I did not get to the control centre before him it would be too late.

When I had passed through the gates of the ground I went to the chief and showed him the papers. He said, "It was a good try, Steve, but I'm afraid he's already in the rocket. It fires off two minutes from now." "I still might be able to unplug the outside booster-jet battery if I hurry", I cried. "It's worth a try", replied the chief.

In next to no time I was speeding across the airport on my motor-bike towards the launching site. I hopped off my motor-bike, jumped over the area fence, and started running for the rocket ship. A police guard came out to stop me, thinking I must be a madman, but I belted him round the head with the nozzle of a fueling hose.

Suddenly a microphone boomed out "10 seconds to go, 9 - 8 - 7". I was a few yards from the battery, then I remembered the microphone " - 3 - 2 - ". I made one last despairing leap and ripped the wires from the battery " - 1 - - ZERO - FIRE!" boomed the microphone, but nothing happened. The rocket stood as still as it had ever been, and I knew I had saved a would-be tragedy for Britain. I could explain everything to the police.

But at that moment several policemen were bearing down on me. One of them coshed me over the head with a rubber truncheon, and I blacked out.

* * * *

ANSWERS TO KEY WORDS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| (1) <u>magnanimous</u> | (a) generous. |
| (2) <u>countermand</u> | (b) to contradict something already said. |
| (3) <u>refectory</u> | (c) a room or hall where people eat. |
| (4) <u>circumspect</u> | (a) cautious. |
| (5) <u>apprehensive</u> | describes (c) somebody who is worried about something. |