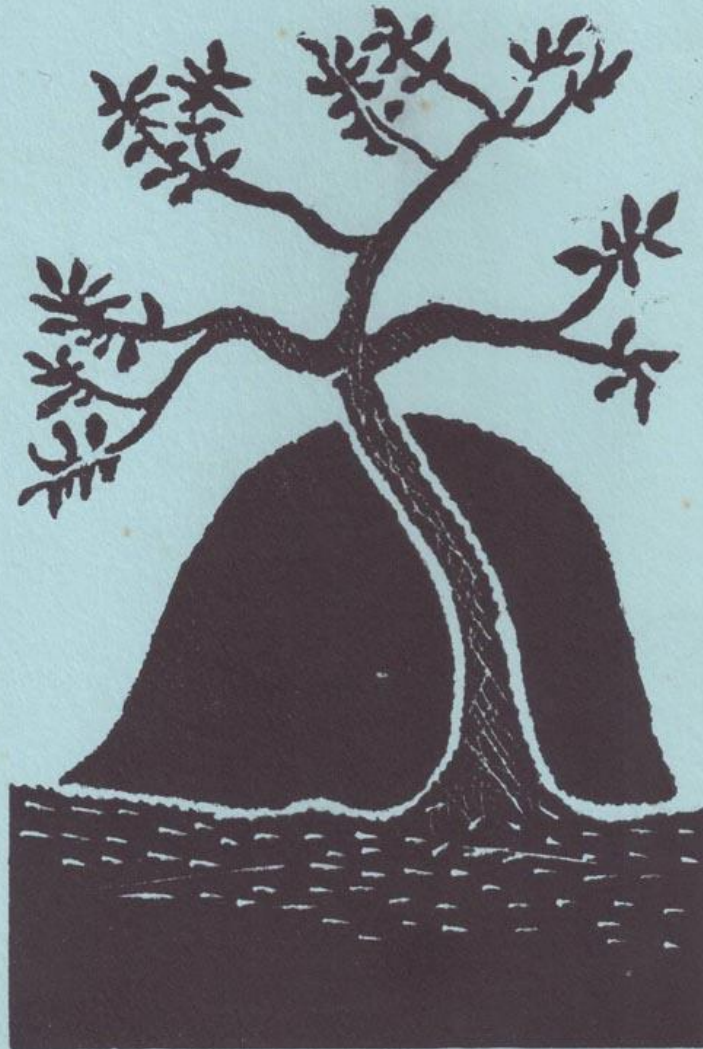


THE
HARLOW COLLEGE



MAGAZINE

Spring Term

WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE.

Last term witnessed the start of a new school magazine, and this term the second number appears with a far greater variety of articles. The response for the first number was good. This term it has been better still. In fact the quality and quantity of articles submitted has been such that it is impossible to include them all in this issue, and some must be held over until the summer.

This is indeed an encouraging beginning and moreover shows that there is plenty of writing talent in the school. Yet we are sure that there is much that has not yet revealed itself, particularly amongst the Juniors. So don't be shy! Put pen to paper and write! This is your magazine, written by you and published for your entertainment and amusement. Let us know what you think of it. Let us have your suggestions and criticisms, so that next term's number may be better still, with something of interest to each one of you.

THE EDITORS.

.

I WORK AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD.

My name is John Medway, I am a cop in an East side New York precinct. This story is the story of a cold-blooded murderer. It all began one spring morning at Police H.Q.

The Sarge came in and said "It's a murder down 52nd Street, a man shoved out of a window! We took the patrol car and went down. The body was of a young man in his twenties, 6 ft. tall, dark hair, address King's Way Avenue, about five miles out of town.

"No-body come out of the house yet?" I asked. "No Sir".

"All right then. Form a chain round the back."

"Look Sir, up there!"

"Holy Smoke, there's a man up on that ledge, on the 15th storey. Load guns!"

"What? All right, Sir, have it your own way",

"Hey, you up there!" I hailed him through the loud speaker. "Come on down, you're trapped."

"O.K. So he won't move. Aim at the top of the window, you guys." Crack! Crack! A cop crumpled onto the sidewalk. Flame once again spat from the 15th storey window, and one of the public flopped down with a bullet in his thigh.

"Right, you fellas, pick him off!"

Another shot rang out from a doorway and the small figure high up on the window-ledge spun round, then fell to the street below.

So there ends another story from our crime book. Just another incident in the life of a New York City policeman.

SELVEY, R.B.

= = = = =

CURRENT AFFAIRS...

THE ALGERIAN QUESTION.

Algeria is a country in North Africa under French Dominion, bounded on the West by Morocco, the East by Tunisia, and the South by French West Africa, and the North by the Mediterranean.

Algeria is not a colony in the normal sense. It has not complete autonomy, but is is not entirely assimilated to France.

The Governor General of Algeria is appointed by the Minister of the Interior, and is assisted by a council Algeria is represented in the Parliament by three deputies each for the Departments of Oran and Constantine, and four for Algiers.

Algeria was taken by France in 1830, and up to a year ago has been fairly docile - that is, compared with its neighbours, Morocco and Tunisia - but, seeing numbers of other colonies being given their independence, particularly Morocco, the town-dwelling and educated Arabs became dis-satisfied, and this fired the natives - always ready for trouble - into rebellion. The Arabs will now stop at nothing to get independence, but in addition to this there is the point of view of the European population to be considered. The French colonists, who own half the land, declare that they will fight any attempt of the government to give independence to Algeria, and some of them even indulge in counter outrages against the rebels.

+ + + + +

SPRAY.

Freedom begging from the water's face
 Poised as the wings of the eagle-bird. The spray
 Out the sockets of a free wild boat
 Stretched full like the sinewed skeins of silver
 silk at play
 Threads escaping - flashing - on the run
 Amid glass beads tossing in the sun's gold ray
 The world around - a bowl of pale green Jade
 Spilt many splendoured colours on the water's face.

P.F. HAIGH.

THE STREAM.

bead-blinking
 sun-spotted mirth
 in among the rock-pools;
 quietly candanced
 tramping-down the lea
 haunt of kingfisher,
 rock-flitting, branch dodging
 in olive-green-with-yellow sunlight.
 in the flecked water
 a treacle turbulence
 of ink with spaniel brown,
 where the trout lies
 bank-shrouded,
 feeling the throbbing sheen
 of fresh-sprung water.
 the crag moons frowning
 in the pool black,
 in the quiet ashen death
 of the pool,
 ringed out from river-rowdiness
 by recumbent boulders
 motley-lichened,
 foam-flecked,
 brindled olive-brown.

--oOo--

THE WEATHER COCK.

In every sort of weather,
 No matter what shape or kind
 I sit upon my steeple high
 And watch the people passing by.
 When they are near me they look up and say,
 "I think it is going to be windy today!"
 I gaze upon the Milky Way
 "Oh King of all the Heavens", I say,
 "What is tomorrow's weather, pray"
 "Dear Cock, I have bad news for you
 When Dawn appears the snow will too."
 And sure enough when comes the Dawn,
 The snow lies thickly on the lawn.
 Folks cough and groan and wonder why
 The Snow keeps falling from the sky.

BELLINGHAM. V.R.

CRICKET.

The bowler's hand comes flying up,
 The batsman smacks his wicket,
 He goes, unruffled, from the nets,
 That, dear Sir, is cricket.

The next man stands there, tense and grim.
 (He's rather short and stout,)
 He whacks the ball with all his might,
 And knocks the square-leg out.

When you are lying in the grass,
 A story-book with you,
 The ball comes flying through the air,
 And knocks you for a two!

P.

THE WRECK OF THE "LADY JAY"

Andy Johnson twiddled with the knobs on the face of the radio, and waited for the weather report. He was bored and fed-up, for there had been nothing to do all day. The "Old Man", as Captain Michaelson was invariably called by his subordinates, had been in an exceptionally bad mood, and had complained all day about the lack of initiative amongst Radio Officers.

Andy nearly fell off his seat when the report came over the air. "Here is a warning to all shipping in the China Sea. A typhoon of unusual force is heading for Amoy. All shipping are advised...."

Andy listened carefully. They were slap in the path of the oncoming typhoon. They would have not time to make for port.

He quickly made his way to the Captain's cabin, and noticed a general commotion amongst the hands. "It's a typhoon, Sir, coming this way", said a grizzled old veteran. Andy said, "I know, it's going to be some typhoon, too. I heard it on the radio."

The Captain was not looking too pleased. He was worried, and even more worried when some passengers arrived demanding to know what was going to be done. "I am afraid," said the Captain, "that we are in no position to do anything."

The passengers looked aghast. "What?", said one, a fat red-faced man, "Nothing? But..."

"Gentlemen", the Captain said, "I appeal to your responsibilities as gentlemen to keep a cool head. Please go and tell all passengers that they are wanted to the first class deck." Turn-

ing to Andy, he said, "They're a darned lot of fools. Why don't they realise that I've been sailing the China Seas since I was a snottie!" Andy grinned.

• • • • •

The frightened passengers were assembled on deck, looking like a bunch of sheep. The captain had gathered his officers on the bridge, and they stood behind him whilst he delivered his speech.

"I have gathered you here to tell you that soon we will be battling against a very powerful typhoon. I am sure that you will keep your heads, and help us, but it is essential to say that anyone who panics is liable to upset the ship. Remember that. The boats are ready, and if an emergency arises, women and children will leave the ship first. That is all."

The passengers left the deck and went to their cabins. Andy went down to radio-room and signalled to the mainland giving the ship's position. Finding nothing else to do, he read a magazine waiting for the typhoon to hit them.

• • • • •

The typhoon hit them very soon, a furious howling terror, inter-mingled with clouds of spray and furious rain. Andy hurried to the decks, looking to see where he could find the captain. Michaelson said, "Signal Distress. QUICK!"

Andy lost no time in signalling. An answer came. "Stand by. We'll send a ship to help you."

About three minutes later there was a frightening crash. The ship rocked, Andy fell on to the floor, and all was confusion.....

Andy picked himself up and hurried on deck, where burly sailors were keeping the frightened passengers back. All through the ship the cry "It's a collision!" was predominant. Andy saw a vague shape, slowly sinking down into the sea, and realised that it was a junk. But worse was to follow. A man hurried up to the captain and said that there was a large hole in the ship's bottom. This soon became obvious. Water was everywhere.

Some of the survivors of the junk were picked up. Five in all, Andy saw.

The lifeboats were launched after a lot of rioting amongst the passengers. Eventually the women and children were sorted out, and three boats left. The men passengers followed, excepting those who chose to stay.

When the boats had left, the furious wind driving them

THE WRECK OF THE 'LADY JAY' (contd:)

across the waves, the ship was curiously silent. She was slowly sinking, and the radio-cabin was full of water, only the decks still absolutely clear.

Suddenly a cry of "A ship! a ship!" was heard. Sure enough there was a ship—a coastguard cutter, she appeared to be. One and all on the "Lady Jay" gave a tremendous shout of relief....

• • • • •

Safely on board the cutter, Andy watched the "Lady Jay" disappear, floating down to the serene ocean bed, her last resting place. Vaguely, he heard the skipper say to Captain Michaelson that their finding was an accident, although their signal had been picked up. Silently, Andy pushed through the abating typhoon to get a cup of coffee.

=====

J.V. PLUMRIDGE.

VOYAGE TO VENUS.

Keeler.

Preparations on the ship for Venus were going apace. Mr. Derek Evans, the captain, had recently arrived on the moon. Take-off was timed for four days hence. The space-ship was nearly ready. Already she was in position her nose pointing to where Venus would be in a month's time. It was one of the first ships to be powered by atomic energy, and the fuel was not going to be put in until the last minute, to minimise the danger. This ship was the fastest thing known to man and could reach its full speed of 50,000 miles per hour in 10 seconds.

Four days later the scene was exactly the same except for an air of tension and excitement.

Only half an hour before take-off the blocks of Uranium 235 were fed into the motors. After giving a last minute speech Derek Evans climbed aboard.

Then the loudspeaker announced "X minus 15 minutes". Five minutes passed. With a whirr the motors started up. There could be no stopping the ship now. Gradually the power was being built up. In ten minutes there would be sufficient power to fire the rockets. The minutes ticked past, "X minus 1 minute", "X minus 30 seconds", "X minus 20 seconds", "X minus 10 - 9 - 8 - 7 - 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1 - ZERO." Derek flung a switch, and flames and smoke belched from the exhausts. He was flung back by the pressure as the ship accelerated quickly. For ten seconds the crew were in agony and then Derek, not without some effort, flicked the switch back. The ship was immediately embraced in a deathly silence...

VOYAGE TO VENUS (continued)

"Well, how does it feel to be off?" said Derek at last.

"Fine, thank you sir," chorussed the crew.

Derek soon found that his chief difficulty on the voyage was to keep the men from becoming bored. The only things they had were some books and magazines to read.

However, at last the long weeks rolled by, and Venus turned from a pin-prick to a globe, and from a globe to a huge ball, filling the sky. It was covered in enormous clouds, so thick that no part of the surface could be seen.

As the rocket plunged through the clouds, it seemed as though it had fallen into a tremendous cloudburst. The ship was thrown violently from side to side, but at last it penetrated the clouds and entered an atmosphere of weak, diffused light, for of course no sunlight could penetrate the thick clouds. The air seemed to be filled with roars, barks and a medley of animal sounds, as Derek turned the ship over for a stern landing. The land seemed to be one huge marsh, abounding with trees, but at last Derek picked out a hard "island" of rock to land on. Gently he coaxed the ship down, till, with a slight bump, they touched down. After taking a sample of the air outside, Derek announced that although it was extremely dense, and heavily-laden with carbon dioxide, it was fit to breathe for short periods of time.

As the main door of the airlock swung open, every man could definitely smell the carbon dioxide. Equipped with heavy boots they climbed slowly down the ladder. The animal noises were now very evident, and as the men reached the edge of the "island" they saw that Venus was in her Mezoic Age, the age of the great lizards, and the terrible Dinosaurs. Earth had passed this stage over 50,000,000 years ago.

They climbed down into the sticky mud, where they had great difficulty in walking. They saw many giant lizards, the **Brontosaurus**, the **Tyrannosaurus**, the **Mosasaurus**, the **Zeuglodon**, the **Antrodemus**, the **Prelycosaur**, the **Iguanadon**, the relatively small **Oligokyphus**, and the flying **Pterodactyl**, and **Archaeopteryss**.

"They're slightly larger than our lizards at home", murmured one man as a **Brontosaurus** came exceptionally close. Suddenly it saw them, and its long neck craned down to have a closer look at them. One man seized up a piece of wood and hit it on the nose. It gave a snort that nearly blew them over and then lumbered away.

It was then that one man first spotted an ape-man. It chattered curiously and then disappeared. A few minutes later they were

surrounded by ape-men. One advanced cautiously towards them. The man with the club raised it. Derek struck it from his hand, but it was too late. The damage had been done. The ape-men advanced threateningly. One of the Earthmen raised a camera. There was a vivid flash. To Derek's surprise the ape-men chattered in a frightened way and then fled.

Having collected many specimens, Derek decided that it was high time they left. Venus's parting greeting was a tremendous storm and the men were glad to get out of it.

Switching over to automatic control, Derek flung himself down on his bunk.

THE END.

" CRUSADES."

Smith II

The First Crusade.

From all parts of Europe thousands upon thousands hurried at the summons of the Pope to engage in the Holy war. 'the most distant and savage countries' says William of Malmesbury, 'were inspired with this ardent passion. The Welshman left his hunting, The Scotchman his fellowship with vermin, the Dane his drinking party, the Norwegian his raw fish.'

It is said that in the Spring of 1096, not less than 6,000,000 souls were in motion towards Palestine. This, however, must be a huge exaggeration. What we do know positively is that previous to the setting out of the great hosts of European chivalry, four armies - if disorderly multitudes deserve that name - amounting in all to 275,000 persons, had departed for Palestine. The first consisted of 20,000 on foot, and was commanded by a Burgundian gentleman, Walter the penniless. It marched through Hungary, but was cut to pieces by the Bulgarian natives. Only a few, among whom was Walter himself, escaping to Constantinople.

The second consisting of 40,000 men, women and children, was led by Peter the hermit. It followed the same route as its predecessor, and reached Constantinople greatly reduced in numbers. Here the two united and crossed the Bosphorus, and were utterly defeated at Nicaea by the Turks. A third expedition of a similar kind, composed of 15,000 Germans led by a Priest named Gottschalk was dispersed with terrible slaughter in Hungary; which also proved the grave of the fourth, a hoard consisting of about 200,000 wretches from France, England, Flanders and Lorraine who had swept along through Germany committing horrible ravages, especially against the Jews who they murdered without mercy.

Now, however, the real Crusaders made their appearance; the gentry, the yeomanry and the serfs of feudal Europe, under chiefs of the first rank and renown. (In this, the most successful of the

"CRUSADES" (contd:-)

Crusades, neither the Emperor nor the army of the Kings of the West participated; and this circumstance was doubtless due to its more fortunate termination). Six armies appeared in the field, marching separately and at considerable intervals of time. Their respective leaders were:- Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine; Hugh the Great, Count of Vermandois and the brother of Phillippe, King of France; Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, the son of William the Conqueror; Count Robert of Flanders; Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, son of the famous Guiscard, under whom was Tancred and lastly, Count Raymond of Toulouse.

The place of rendezvous was Constantinople. The Greek Emperor Alexius, afraid that so magnificent a host - there were in all not less than 600,000 men, exclusive of women and Priests - might be induced to conquer lands for themselves, cajoled all the leaders excepting Tancred and Count Raymond, into solemnly acknowledging themselves his liegemen as long as they remained in his territory.

After some time spent in feasting, the Crusaders crossed into Asia Minor accompanied by the unfortunate Peter the Hermit. Here their first step was the siege and capture of Nicaea, the capital of Sultan Soliman, 24th June, 1097. This monarch was also defeated by Bohemond, Tancred and Godfrey at Dorylaeum. Baldwin, brother of Godfrey, now crossed into Mesopotamia, where he obtained the principality of Edessa. After some time, the Crusaders reached Syria, and laid siege to Antioch. For seven months the city held out, and the ranks of the besiegers were fearfully thinned by famine and disease. Many, even brave warriors lost heart and began to desert. Melancholy to relate among the deserters was the poor enthusiast who had inspired the enterprise. Peter was actually several miles on his way home when he was overtaken by the soldiers of Tancred and brought back to undergo a public reprimand. At length on the third of June 1098, Antioch was taken and the inhabitants were massacred by the infuriated Crusaders, who in their turn were besieged by an army of 200,000 Mohammedans sent by the Persian Sultan. Once more famine and pestilences did their deadly work. Multitudes also deserted and escaping over the walls carried the news of the sad condition of the Christians back to Europe. But again victory crowned the efforts of the besieged. On the 28th of June 1098, the Mohammedans were utterly routed and the way to Jerusalem opened. It was a bright and sunny day (1099) that 40,000 Crusaders got their first glimpse of Jerusalem. On July 15th, after a siege of rather more than five weeks, the grand object of the expedition was realised. Jerusalem was delivered from the hands of the infidel. Eight days after the city's capture, Godfrey de Bouillon was elected King. His Kingdom, at first comprising of little more than the mere City of Jerusalem, was gradually extended until it included the whole of Palestine. A language which resembled Norman French was established, and a code of feudal laws drawn up. The best part of Asia Minor was restored to the Greek Empire while Bohemond became Prince of Antioch. For nearly 50 years the three Latin principals or kingdoms of the East - Edessa, Antioch and

Jerusalem - not only maintained themselves from the attacks of the Mohammedans of Egypt and Syria, but greatly increased in size, power and wealth. At Jerusalem were founded the two famous orders of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John and the Knights Templars.

CROSSWORD

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 1 | A | | 2 | | 3 | | 4 | /// | 5 | E | S | 6 | A | Y | 7 | E |
| | P | /// | | /// | | /// | | /// | | /// | | /// | R | /// | | T |
| 8 | R | A | S | E | R | /// | 9 | | | | | | B | | | E |
| | E | /// | | /// | | /// | | /// | | /// | | /// | R | /// | /// | |
| 10 | S | | | | | | | | 11 | | | E | | | 8d | R |
| | /// | /// | | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | | U |
| 12 | | | | 13 | | 14 | | | | 15 | | | | | | E |
| | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// |
| 17 | N | 18 | D | E | S | /// | 19 | | 20 | | | | | | | 21 |
| | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | O |
| 22 | | | | | | | | 23 | V | O | L | E | R | | | |
| | /// | /// | | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | /// | S |
| 24 | | | | | | | 25 | E | S | S | E | N | C | E | | |

ACROSS

1. Blind (7)
8. To Shave
9. Friendly
5. Tying
11. Laughter
14. Again
12. Century
24. He may be 13 down
17. The Indies.
22. French Girl's Name to do with Xmas.
25. Petrol.
19. Rampart
23. Flight.
25. Petrol.

DOWN.

1. After
2. Next
3. Guard
4. Trill
5. The Sailor.
6. Tree
7. Summer
8. Street
13. French Explorer in the Room?
18. A Date (Fruit)
16. Prayer.
15. Oration.
20. Dumb People.
21. Torso.

"LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN....."

WILLIAMSON IV.

Nelson. (1758-1803)

Horatio Nelson was born on September 29th 1758. He was the son of the Rector of Burnham Thorpe. His father's small income impelled him to leave home at an early age, and enter the Navy as a Captain's Servant. His Uncle was the captain and he thought Nelson too frail to become a sailor, and he set out to discourage him. He ordered Nelson aloft saying at the same time, "Are you afraid?" Nelson replied, "Yes, but I shall still go aloft."

Nelson's rise to fame began during the war with the French Republic, in which he was placed in command of the 64 gun Frigate "Agamemnon". During one of the famous battles of this period, "Battle of Calvi", he lost his right eye, and in the assault of "Santa Cruz" he lost his right arm.

For his heroism in the period 1793-1796 he was made a Rear-Admiral and was given a knighthood and the Order of the Bath plus a pension.

Now came Nelson's great chance. He was assigned to hunt out, and destroy the French Fleet which Napoleon had formed to invade Egypt, and ravage Britain's commerce at its weakest point. Nelson brought the French to bay and the forthcoming "Battle of the Nile" endeared Nelson to the people of Britain.

In 1801, three years later, Nelson won a notable victory over the Danes at Copenhagen. Nelson's Superior, Sir Hyde Parker, imperilled success by sending a recall signal; which Nelson ignored, and continued the Battle.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

In 1803 Nelson was called from retirement to defend Britain from the Napoleonic Invasion and he was put in sole command. For months he lay off Toulon waiting for the French, and when they did slip out, he chased them to the West Indies and back, bringing them to bay in the Bay of Trafalgar. Nelson went into Battle wearing full regalia, and it was this that brought about his death. A musket ball from the French ship "Republic", passed through his spine, and he passed away at about half past four on October 21st 1805. Before going into battle he had sent this signal, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

Nelson's personal life: When a young officer stationed in the West Indies, he married a Mrs Nisbet (a Widow) but the marriage was very unhappy. In 1798 he fell in love with Lady Hamilton (wife of the British Ambassador) whom he met in Naples.

On his death Lady Nelson was given a pension of £2,000 per annum. His brother was made Earl Nelson of Trafalgar, with a pension of £5,000 per year.

Lady Hamilton died in Paris in 1815 in poverty-stricken circumstances.

Sir Roger John Brownlow Keyes.

Keyes was born in 1872. He joined the Navy in 1885. He was a naval attache, who represented the navy in foreign countries, for some time. Before the First World War he had commanded submarines. He served his service on the North Sea and in operations against the Dardanelles. In 1917 he was made commander of the Dover Patrol. In 1918 he took part in raiding Zeebrugge and Ostend. Also in 1918 he was knighted. When the war ended the same year he was made a baron and given £10,000.

In 1919 he was chosen to be commander of the Battle Cruiser Squadron of the Atlantic fleet. He was made deputy-chief of the Naval staff in 1921, and in 1925, he became commander-in chief in the Mediterranean. Between the years of 1929 and 1931 he was commander in chief at Portsmouth. At last, in 1930 he was made Admiral of the Fleet.

THE WEATHER.Cheshire.

The weather has been very cold this term. The lowest temperature in January was 25° F. on the fifth, and the lowest temperature in February was 12° F. on the second. The minimum temperature was below freezing point for 21 days. The highest temperature during the term was 60° F. on March 2nd. The highest temperature in January was 52° F. on the 26th and 27th, and the highest temperature in February was 56° F. on the 29th.

The rainfall in January was 3.275 inches compared with 1.835 inches last year, and the rainfall in February was 0.41 inches compared with 1.535 inches last year. Altogether rain fell on 28 days.

=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=o=

H. FINDLAY.

Hugh Findlay is an old Harlovian of whom the School can be justly proud, for he is considered one of the finest Badminton players in the country. Last year he and his partner achieved the enviable goal of being the only Englishmen to reach the semi-finals of the all-England championships.

This year his record is a brilliant one. He has won no less than seven singles championships and four doubles, and has brought home two cups from the Dutch Championships.

Also this season he was awarded his International Colours, and has already played for England against Scotland and Ireland.

Finally, we wish him the best of luck in the All-England Championships on March 17th.

+ + + + + + +

"Fix bayonets," came the order for the second time that day, and the drums played the slow advance, as the men left the road, and marched, strung out in line, across the shot-scarred fields.

It was at that moment, that bullets and cannon balls began to fall around them, The man on the other side of Francois to his friend, sank down upon his kness, and rolled over onto his side with a low moan.

Then the trumpets blew the charge, and the whole line leapt and surged forward, towards a line of white puffs, and a group of ruined buildings.

As Francois ran, he felt something pluck at his sleeve, which fell away in tatters, mercifully leaving his arm unscathed. At the same time, the men in front of him, threw up his arms, and fell backwards, knocking Francois over. When he looked up again, Francois saw that the only men running forward were a young Grenadier Officer, and two bombers, and they were running towards the British six-pounder, which had killed the man in front of Francois, and which was now holding up the advance. Even as Francois watched, several puffs of smoke rose from the red-coats clustered round the gun. All three fell, but the young officer, who, Francois could now see, was no more than a boy, rose and ran on.

Again white puffs blossomed out. The officer staggered, but resumed his running.

Once again came the musket shots. This time the boy, who was no more than ten yards from his objective, stopped, fell onto his hands and knees, rose to his feet again and hurled the grenade.

Immediately there was a deafening explosion, as the gun went up with its ammunition, and a cloud of dirty brown smoke obliterated everything.

"Onward! Onward!" was now the cry of the men who, shamed by the example of the boy's suicidal effort, now sprang at the throats of the British and Germans. Francois stopped a moment to squint along the barrel of his musket. He saw at the other end, an incredibly small figure in red, with a white crossbelt. When the gun pointed at the centre of the crossbelt, he pulled his trigger. The recoil hit into his shoulder, and the figure disappeared.

He then found himself among a group of men, running towards a building that seemed almost intact. From the window of the building protruded the barrels of muskets which emitted smoke and flames.

Several men went down under the Germans' fire, before they reached the window, but when they did reach it, they battered it in with musket butts, and, killing every German in sight, they scrambled through the window and rushed across the room. "We've done it, lads," said the lieutenant in charge of the small group

WATERLOO (contd from Page 13)

of men in the room. "We've driven the British Guards and the King's German Legion out of La Haye Saint." At that time Francois did not realise what La Haye Saint was, or its importance in the battle; all he knew was that he was proud of what he and the Corps had achieved, and that he felt extremely weary, so that he lay on the floor among the German dead, and fell asleep.

The next thing he became aware of was that the noise of gunfire was terrific. Men were running here and there, and his old friend was helping him to his feet. "Quickly", said the veteran, "Outside, and run for your life." "What's happening?" stammered the bewildered Francois, as they ran into the daylight. "The Imperial Guard has been thrown back", came the reply. "They say that the Prussians have driven in our right flank; anyway we're beaten, and the Prussian cavalry is coming up, Look!" It was true. Groups of green-clad horsemen were riding back and forth striking at small, scurrying figures in blue coats. Here and there, small bands of French were fighting to the last, but these were all that was left of the magnificent army that had marched to its positions the evening before. "Oh no, it cannot be that we are beaten," cried Francois. "It can be, and it is," said the veteran, who looked ten years older.

"Then, at any rate, let us join some of those brave fellows who are selling their lives dearly," pleaded Francois. "No!" was the reply, "That can do no good; let us escape before they get here."

And so we will leave them, remnants of a defeated army, hurrying away in the failing light, still clutching their muskets, from the scene of the conflict that would change the course of history.

.....

ART.ALBERT DÜRER,

A very few of us are different from the rest of humanity. The difference I am talking about us neither difference between richness and poverty, nor ugliness and beauty, but a difference in wisdom and ability. Aristotle, in his ethics, defines wisdom as "A combination of science and reason or intelligence, being in fact, the the highest form of that knowledge whose objects are of transcendent value." In the case of Albert Durer, the greatest painter as well as engraver, of Germany, we can define it as excellence in art.

Durer was born in 1471 in Nuremberg, where the people are very proud of their German race; consequently he was pure and realistic in his works. He received his primary and secondary education in his native town and by that time he was using nails for his early engravings and was very successful. (After having

ALBERT DURER. (contd:)

incurred opposition from his father at first, and having persuaded him). he was apprenticed to a famous engraver, Michel Walgemuht. He rapidly improved in this branch of art and his famous engravings can be seen in Breme Museum, in Germany. He then paid visits to some other cities of Germany and then went to Holland and from there to Italy. This country (Italy) left a great impression on Durer, and as he stayed in Venice, he became fond of variety of colour used in paintings there. In 1797 he returned to his native town and married a very jealous and avaricious girl, whose jealousy and avarice had a considerable bearing on his early death. This great man died in 1825.

Durer was incomparably great in his "peintures" - iron works. He was a great designer, but not so successful in his colours. Azure was his main colour and he used it in nearly all his paintings as his main colour. His great imagination and his designs made him a great artist and from the 16th century up to the present date he has been remembered with great respect by everyone who is interested in art, and I am sure, will not be forgotten for many centuries yet to come.

M. HEPER. VB.

SOME RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST.

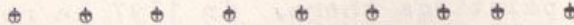
One development in recent years that has been beneficial to mankind is the cemented carbide. This is the hardest of all metals made by man. Carbides slice through iron and steel like a knife through cheese. In British and American factories alone the production of iron and steel has shot up by about 95% because of Carbides. Carbide tools and machines outlast any of the toughest high-speed steel tools by as much as 100 to 1. Carbides are chemical unions of carbon with one or more metals like tungsten, chromium or titanium. Titanium has brought many benefits. It is the hardest metal on earth and absolutely heat resistant. Experimental jet turbine blades and engines made from this metal have survived heat tests at temperatures well over 2,000° F.

Aspirin is a relatively old drug, but the mystery of how it works is not yet solved. It is used for the purpose of relieving pain, and one of its mysteries lies in its ability to reduce fever without affecting the normal body temperature. Today there are several brands of aspirin on the market and more than twenty proprietary preparations containing phenacetin, caffeine and quinine sulphate. Many people become addicted to its use. This extraordinary drug is quite harmless, although people try to commit suicide by taking a large quantity, but the effect is usually just nausea, dizziness, ringing in the ears, deafness and unconsciousness. Death is relatively unlikely because the bitter salicylic acid causes such nausea and vomiting that the body gets rid of the aspirin before it can prove fatal.

SOME RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST (continued)

Finally, the new atomic electric power station will soon be making a great contribution to civilised life. These stations are designed to boost the flow of electricity over the national grid of the British Isles. There are several to be built in Great Britain, one of which is to be situated in Essex.

P. DUTNALL. VB.

THE ST. MICHAEL'S INCIDENT

Fisher V.R.

One evening at seven o'clock in the middle of December 1950, a man by the name of Detective Jack Johnson was walking along a path in Cornwall near St. Michael's Mount.

The moon was half shadowed by a cloud, the path was wet from the rain, and he could hear the sea a little way off. As he walked he got a queer feeling, which made him feel afraid. He was looking ahead when there appeared a man walking towards him.

Johnson stood stock still as if he was rooted to the ground. The man approached and Johnson stared at the white clothing which the man wore; the man walked past, and Johnson was suddenly filled with fear. He ran on towards an old causeway which was used over to St. Michael's Mount. At high tide the water rose over the causeway and it was impossible to walk across. Nearly a year ago a man had been swept away and drowned. Three years ago exactly, a party of eight were swept away, two were saved. It would soon be high tide, and Johnson raced along the causeway; he had forgotten about the oncoming tide. At the lowest part on the causeway the waves were sweeping across. Johnson, seeing this just in time, stopped short. In desperation to get across he waded into the water. The water swirled around his legs as he staggered to stand up. Then a large wave came up and hit him, sending him sprawling into the water. Luckily he managed to catch onto a post before the current swept him away. As soon as he continued another wave smothered him. Every minute the tide rose as he struggled to get across. He lived in a large white house not more than two hundred yards away.

After getting across he ran to his house, soaking. His mother was waiting for him. He quickly had a bath and changed into clean clothes. He then had a large meal and afterwards sat down in a chair and read a book by a roaring log fire.

The next day he went and reported all he saw to Detective-Inspector Wilson. After half an hour he told Johnson that this man had murdered two people in the last month.

That evening Johnson was again walking along the path; this time he had with him a dog called "Judy" - a trained Alsatian.

The moon was full. Then he saw the 'wanted' man walking toward him. Judy growled, Johnson released his hold on the dog's collar. Judy raced forward towards the man. The man took out his gun and fired at the dog. He missed and fired again, wounding the dog. Judy, however, jumped at the man and got hold of his arm, which still held the gun. Johnson raced up and forced the man to the Police Station, as he had a warrant for his arrest.

When the day for trial came, the man, who had been identified as Thomas Wheeler, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, with five years labour.

A month later detective Jack Johnson was promoted to Detective-Sergeant Jack Johnson.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

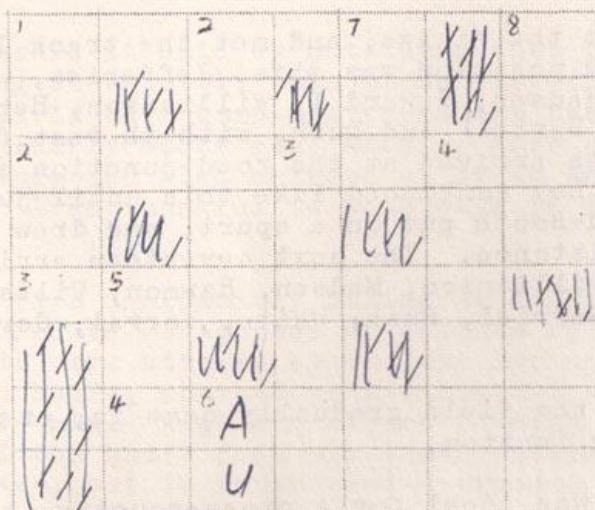
MY TRAINING EXPERIENCES.

An hotel is as complex an organisation as any other business. Whatever one may think to the contrary, a lot of special knowledge is needed by the person who is to manage a hotel successfully. Besides the usual common sense, tact and conversational ability - all very important for him to possess - a hotel manager must know how to cook, how much food and drink to order, what a waiter must do, what to pay his staff, and what every member of this staff does in each of the various departments - and be able to do it all himself.

It is for the purpose of obtaining this knowledge that many students attend hotel managerial courses at different technical colleges all over the country. There is, however, another way of obtaining the necessary knowledge: that way is to become a trainee manager in a large hotel. In many respects this is better than the college course, since the hotel course affords a general but detailed training, practical experience, and an average beginner's wage while learning; whereas the college course tends to emphasise too much on cooking (according to many students) and not enough on administration, and offers only limited practical experience actually working in a hotel.

As a trainee manager in a hotel with over 200 rooms and suites I shall have the opportunity to learn all there is to know about each department as I work in it. Although still a beginner (I am now working in my second department - the Kitchen), I claim to have led an interesting life - with occasions of excitement. (Unlike, I think, the female college students, who, whilst gaining experience at our hotel come and humble us high-hatted kitcheners by telling us to put the apple in the flan in a circle instead of straight across - but of course we soon straighten them out, and eventually they add to the pleasure of work!)

Already I have "lifted" food (into the food lift), been in the soup with a Greek (but not yet in the Urn!), grilled with a

ACROSS.

1. River in France.
2. Country (8)
3. To Raise
4. City in S. France.
5. To Sweat.

DOWN.

1. Sacred.
2. Army.
3. Spanish Dance.
4. Kept.
5. Lakes
6. A Le
7. English
8. Without