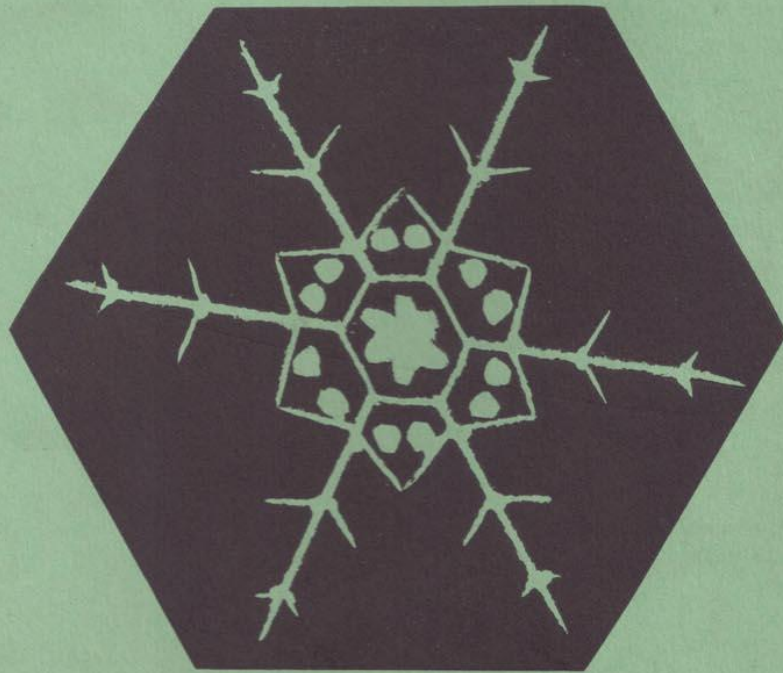


THE  
HARLOW COLLEGE



MAGAZINE

THE TALISMAN.

One day in Asia riding across the desert was an English Crusader. He was heading towards the cool shade of an oasis. Suddenly he saw the trees move and a Turkish Knight charge out into the open. The English soldier knew that no man met a friend in the desert. Charging into battle, the Englishman knocked the Saracen off his horse, but the Turk stood up and fired arrows at his opponent. One of these hit him and he fell to the ground. The Turk ran towards the motionless Knight, but without warning the Englishman jumped up and continued the fight. When they had both had enough the Crusader said, "There is peace for the moment between our two nations, because King Richard is ill. Let there be peace between us also". The Turk agreed and so they remounted their horses and rode to the camp of the Turkish leader, Saladin.

When they arrived there, Saladin said to the Crusader, "What illness has King Richard got?". "Asiatic fever", was the reply. "Then I will send a doctor with you to your camp".

When the men reached the English encampment, they found King Richard lying ill in his bed. A guard entered his tent and said, "Your Majesty, there is an English Knight outside who says he has brought a man who can cure you." "Send him in", came the feeble reply. "Do you think I ought?" asked the Guard. "That is a command, not a request", said Richard with a little more force.

The guard marched out of the tent and a few seconds later the knight entered with the Turkish hakim.

"So you are the doctor", whispered Richard.

"Yes", replied the Turk; then he took out of his pocket a Talisman and asked for a goblet of water. He opened the Talisman with a knife, and inside was a piece of golden cloth. He picked it up and dropped it into the goblet of water and it started to change colour.

"Drink this", said the Turk. The King drank the mixture and immediately fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke he was very much better. The doctor was sitting by his bedside when suddenly there was a great noise from outside, and an English soldier rushed into the tent.

"It is Leopold of Austria", said the knight. "He is drunk and is pulling down the English flag."

"The drunken fool", shouted the King. "I will stop him." "I will put my flag up again. Is there anyone who dare oppose me?"

"Yes, I Earl Wallenrode of Hungary", came the reply.

THE TALISMAN (continued)

Richard jumped forward, picked up the Earl and threw him into the crowd of Austrian soldiers. Then Richard turned to the knight who had brought them the doctor and said "Guard this flag with your life."

The next evening he was guarding the flag when an Austrian soldier came and said to him. "You are wanted by the King". The knight hurried off. When he reached the King's tent the King was not there. "I have been tricked", he said to himself, and then he heard his dog bark. He ran back to the flag to find his dog nearly dead. The flag had been stolen. Just then the Turkish doctor appeared and the knight called for his help. "Richard will kill me if he finds out", he said sorrowfully.

"I can save your dog", replied the hakim, "But I may not be able to save you. I will try, 'though".

The next day when Richard heard about the theft, he said, "You fool, I shall kill you with my own sword. Guard, bring it here". The guard hurried off and returned with the sword. "Right", said the King, "Bend down you dog". The knight bent down. Richard was about to kill the knight when someone shouted "Stop". The Turkish doctor came forward and said, "I saved you, Richard. Now in return let me take this knight to be my slave." "You can take him", shouted Richard, and walked away.

Several months later a slave accompanied by a dog were sent as a gift from Saladin to Melik Sah (Turkish for King Richard). One day a Turkish dancer was resting after having danced before Richard. The new slave was cleaning Melik Sah's shield. He could see the reflection in the shield of the dancer lying on the floor. Suddenly he saw the dancer creeping forward. Then he leapt at King Richard with a knife; he was on the point of killing the king when the slave also jumped up and put his arm in the way of the knife, which went right through the arm. King Richard, who had recovered his senses, picked up a stool and smashed it down on the Turk's head. Then Richard shouted to the guards, "You lazy fools, this man is worth fifty of you louts. Bandage him up." The guards went away and bandaged up the slave's arm.

The King remembered about the stolen flag and a few days later he said to the slave, "The dog you have with you is the dog of Sir Kenneth, and you must be Sir Kenneth, Welcome back! To think if I had killed you I would not be alive myself!" "Yes, I am your knight" replied Sir Kenneth. "That dog knows who stole the flag", went on the King. "If he sees him again, he will jump on the person who wounded him". "That which you say is true" answered the knight, "And so tomorrow we will have a march past of the Crusaders. My dog will spring on the thief and we can catch him." "A very good idea", said the King.

And so the next day the march past was held and Leopold of Austria was found to be the thief. Then Sir Kenneth said, "I will challenge him to a duel and punish him!" King Richard named the place and Saladin, who had come to see him, named the time. It was to be that same night in the English camp.

THE TALISMAN (continued)

The evening came and the joust was about to start. The King threw down his gage (glove) and the two men charged out on their horses with lances in the air. Sir Kenneth's lance struck Leopold and dismounted him. His armour was so heavy that he could not get up again. The Englishman got off his horse, picked up his battle-mace and smashed Leopold's helmet, then he smashed down on Leopold's head until he was dead.

After the battle Saladin and King Richard had a feast and the King said to Saladin, "Your doctor saved my life. I do not wish to fight my friends. I shall call off the Crusade. Let there now be peace between our two nations."

W. MILLER.

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PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN SCHOOLS.

Many boys, (I am one of them) say that Physical Education is all right for those who like it. I don't like it, and, like many others I am not averse to a good grumble on the subject. However, I know that it has its uses.

Its first use is to stop boys being fat and lazy. Well, I don't want to be fat, but I would like to be a little lazy. And, from what some masters say, I am succeeding in that.

The second use is one with which I heartily agree; namely to keep boys healthy. I like the feeling of a healthy physical existence, but I seldom manage to keep it. However, many boys manage to, and I think they are jolly lucky chaps.

Another thing; it keeps you strong. I am not very strong - I only wish I were. Oh, the delight of the remarks of people admiring my manly frame! But I'm not likely to experience that delight.

Now the Physical Education I have been talking about, includes Football and Cricket. Gymnastics, or 'Physical Jerks' as they are commonly called, suit me fine. I'm not pretending I can do them - I can't - But as some Baron or another said, "It is not winning that counts; it is taking part". I have often made use of this saying; it is the most useful one I know. And it is indirectly concerned with Gymnastics, because the baron was the re-founder of the Olympic Games.

I can't think of any more uses for Gymnastics. Mis-uses? There are really none, except those which exist in boys' imaginations.

J.V. PLUMRIDGE.

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THERE ARE MORE THINGS.....

The night was dark and eerie, only a few stars glimmering through the blanket of cloud which covered the sky. The vague outline of the moon could be seen when the cloud thinned. The moon was full, but there were no silver rays lighting up the landscape. The trees stood out as vague shadows, waving gently in the slight breeze.

All this added to the general feeling of eeriness which pervaded all. As I walked along the stony path I felt a queer inner sense of the supernatural. When an owl hooted, I felt my heart jump within me.

As I reached the churchyard, I paused to meditate on the beauty of the night, looking at the silent gravestones and reflecting on the time when I also, should lie beneath one.

A voice, soft and queer interrupted my reverie. "Good evening" Looking at the speaker, I saw with amazement that he was dressed in clothes in fashion a hundred years ago. I replied, "Good evening, Lovely night." As I spoke, I looked at his eyes. They were a cold, dull, lifeless grey...

He spoke again, "Aye, 'tis a lovely night, even though the moon shines not, and clouds cover the sky. A night like this fell many years ago. A young man stood by this very graveyard. He, also, meditated on the beauty of the night."

The speaker's voice fascinated me. I listened, entranced.

"He was never seen again. The mystery was never solved."

At this moment the moon - the glowing full moon - appeared. I turned to speak to my companion, then stopped. He had vanished.

J.V. PLUMRIDGE.

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(A visit to Switzerland was arranged last term and was to be paid in mid-July. An account of this visit is given below.)

SWISS VISIT.

On a warm July afternoon we left Victoria Station, London, for Montreux, a small beautiful town situated at the northern end of Lake Geneva, in south-west Switzerland, with a group of eighteen boys headed by Miss Johnson, one of the most popular personalities in our College, Miss Haige who used to be the Art Mistress, Miss Rush and Mr. Pearse. It took us well over two hours to get to Folkestone, our first destination on the way to Switzerland. Then we sailed across the British Channel to Boulogne, a small port on

on the French side of the Channel, reciving strong and cold winds from the bow. As the shadows were getting long we left Boulogne for the next destination, Basle. We passed through France in the dark so we did not see much of the French countryside. The next morning we came to Basle, the northern gate of Switzerland. After having had our breakfasts at this station we took the last step for the end of the journey.

I had travelled through many other countrysides, but the scenery in Switzerland, for magnificence, for variety of form and colour, effaced all my previous impressions.

The huge mountains, large valleys, fast-running streams, and chalets are mixed together, creating such a natural beauty that you can hardly see in any other place in such a way.

Montreux welcomed us with its rain. After having had our dinner at our reserved hotel, we were free until 9 p.m., which gave us time to explore the town. The following nights we were free until 10 p.m. This was because on the first night we were all very tired after a long journey of about 22 hours.

Montreux was situated in such a place where the slopes of the mountains come down very steeply and the town rises in steps. We spent most of the time in this town, although we paid visits to Vevey, Geneva, and to Evian, the last one is a French town on the other side of the lake. We also went up to the mountains by electric train and we bathed in the lake.

Montreux is also famous for its old, historic castle - as Frenchmen call it, "Chateau de Chillon". This castle owes it world-wide notoriety to the great English poet, Lord Byron's (1788-1824) poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon". In his poem, Byron gives us the story of three brothers who were kept prisoner for a long time in the castle. The eldest brother is supposed to be telling what happened.

So had come the end of this happy holiday. I was really sorry to leave this unique country and her friendly people.

There is an old Turkish proverb which says, "Not the one who lives longer, but the one who travels much knows more."

M. HEPER. VB

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BADMINTON TOURNAMENT.

(Boys v Staff)

I personally think the Staff played very well considering they don't have half the practise the boys do. If the Staff played as much as the boys, it would be a very even 'fight', but as I have said before, it would have been more exciting with more practise from the Staff.

We could perhaps have another tournament and see how the Staff play then. I realise it is inconvenient for the Staff to practise together, because of duties etc., but with a "push" I think they could make it.

J. MADSON.  
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PRISON OF NO RETURN.

Selvey.

In a German prison a young man shot a German officer while doing P.T. Jim, one of the young man's friends saw it all happen when the lesson had almost ended. He pushed an officer back, grabbed his gun and shot blindly at the officer. When they got him under control they took him to a cell so he could be alone. Some time later a German officer called him out. He was taken out to the shooting wall and blindfolded. About four minutes later guns barked and the man fell to the ground dead. A German officer walked to a big open cell and said to a bunch of Englishmen who were in it, "It pays for you to behave, gentlemen". A man at the back spat on the floor and said "Why don't you dry up!". When it came to dinner time the same man said "Let's try and get out of this dump again."

During dinner the man had fantastic ideas in his head. When it came to the evening he suggested his plans to his friends. They all agreed to this idea which was to dig a tunnel right under the barbed wire. Some time later they began this task and soon they were well on their way, but suddenly a guard came strolling into the sleeping quarters, so they camouflaged the tunnel as quickly as possible.

Some months later their tunnel was almost finished, and the day of success was near. At last, one day the first man poked his head out of the ground, but to their distress it was dinner time. They had to go to dinner or their absence would be discovered too soon. After dinner they went to the tunnel and to their horror it was blocked up. The leader shouted out, "Who on earth did this to us?". Everyone in the group grew pale and one man made a dart towards the entrance of the tunnel, and said, "Mackenzie, didn't like the idea of escape." They all turned towards the tall Mackenzie, and said "Is this true?". Mackenzie went paler and said, "I blocked the tunnel". The chief shouted, "You traitor! Grab him, men!" The others immediately followed his order. The chief strolled up to Mackenzie, pulled out a knife and whispered, "Walk towards the cell as though nothing is happening." The traitor did so, and soon they were in the cell. They called the guard over to the cell and all of a sudden the chief hit the guard on the head. After this the chief killed the traitor. The leader of the prisoners said "FOLLOW me men!" Four minutes later they managed to grab some guns from the guards. They darted towards the ammunition house, shot the guard, took some guns, and rushed towards the barbed-wire fence. By this time the guards were all over the place, and to cut a long story short, there was a terrible battle. More than three quarters of the prisoners were killed. The rest were taken back to the cells where they learned that the chief was killed in the fight. From that day onwards all the men called that prison "The Prison on NO return".

THE END.

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HARLOW COLLEGE v NEWPORT GRAMMAR.

AWAY. Harlow 0 Newport 10.

The ground was muddie and slippery and the weather was shocking. In the first half we had the wind and the rain behind us. We also had the benefit of a slight hill. In the first half Harlow's defence - Reeves, Dutnall, Seward, Darton, Warnell and Gabriel did well to keep the score low. It was only 3 nil at half time. Jefferies was a tricky right winger and put some good centres across. Heper and Fordham also played well, while Haselra made many good constructive passes.

In the second half, however, Newport really got on top, scoring 8 goals.

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HARLOW COLLEGE v NEWPORT GRAMMAR.

HOME. Harlow 0 Newport 9

The first half was fairly even and Harlow were playing the best they have played this season. Seward and Dutnall keeping their two fast wingers under control. Darton playing well in the half line. In the second half Newport again got on top and put the score up to 9. Our forwards played quite well. Reeves had an excellent game in goal.

L.	<u>TEAM</u>	R.
	Reeves	
Dutnall		Seward
	Ellis	
Darton		Warrel.
Fordham	Haselra	Heper
	Watts	Jefferies.

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October 12th. Under 15 v Friend's School, Saffron Walden.

In the early minutes of the game, Bellingham, the School Centre forward, scored a good goal for Harlow, but the visitors soon replied with two goals. In the home team, Williamson worked hard and Minahan linked up well with the forward, of whom Bellingham and Daniel II were fast and resourceful. About half way through the first half, our opponents' inside right scored his side's third goal with a fast ground shot, and seven minutes from half time, the same player, from a corner, fired a first-time shot into the roof of the net, giving Armstrong no chance. A fifth goal came three minutes from half time when their inside left ran through and hit a left foot shot low into the corner of the net. The visitors' advantage in both height and weight had now begun to tell, and their passing was more accurate. Early in the second half a sixth goal was added again through the inside right and after 15 minutes the centre forward made it 7 - 1. Armstrong in goal was playing splendidly and showed good anticipation and positioning. After 25 minutes, cutting in from the right wing, the tall I.R. scored twice in two minutes with well placed shots from a narrow angle. A minute later the c.f. scored a tenth goal, and in the closing minutes of the game the i.l. shot hard through a crowd of defenders while Armstrong was unsighted.



FINCH, THE BOBSLEDGE PARTY HERO.

One snowy afternoon in Canada, a bobsledge party started off on a race over the Alps. The prize was £500 so the competitors were tense with excitement.

The starter's pistol went off and away they went on the 299 mile course. It was a very tricky course, as they had to go near the "Grizzly Bear Glacier", which was a very slippery piece of land.

One of the competitors was Bob Braden, a young trapper and his lead dog was 'Finch' and it had won a great number of races. There was another racer called Alec Brown who was a bit older than Bob and a better racer.

The two trappers went into the lead straight away with Alec slightly in front. They had been racing for about half an hour when they came in sight of "Grizzly Bear Glacier". Now they had to be careful here because one slip would mean instant death!

Bob looked round to see no other competitor in sight so they were well in the lead. Alec managed to cross the glacier, but Bob skidded. He did not go into the glacier but forced the sledge over to the other side which led down a steep bank.

He went down and down until he could make out a few snow-covered houses which seemed deserted. He urged Finch on until he could make out a man standing in one of the doorways. The man was calling for help. Some people had been cut off by the snow and were starving.

It was lucky for them that Alec had a couple of loaves and some hot cocoa with him. He untied Finch and said to him very gently, "Go back to the town and fetch help." He must have understood because he went straight off in the direction of the town.

It must have been a matter of six hours before he came back with about twenty men with a load of supplies. They managed to get the people to safety and it was due to Finch that they were still alive. When they got back to town he was cheered by one and all and for ever after was called a hero.

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FILMS

When moving films were first introduced they were not like anything we have today. They were very short and badly photographed. They were also very jerky and occasional writing would appear on the screen to tell one what was happening, because of course there were no sound tracks in those days. The first Western film ever made was "The Great Train Robbery", and it started a long line of Westerns which carry right through to the

FILMS (continued from Page 9)

present day. Some of the best of these lately have been "Shane" "High Noon", and "Hondo". Tom Mix was one of the well-know cowboys in the old days and also S.W. Hart. Nowadays we have Gene Autry, William Boyd, (Better know as Hoppalong Cassidy), and Roy Rogers.

Apart from the Westerns there are thrillers, mostly made by the American studios, which are far bigger and more extravagant than the British Studios. Although the British Studio is not as big as the American they still produce some good films, notably "Genevieve", "Doctor in the House", and "The Colditz Story". Other interesting subjects in the motion picture medium, are Biblical and Historical pictures, which are usually magnificent coloured spectacles, and now in the wonder of cinemascope and stereoscopic sound. One of the most famous in the early days was "Ben Hur", which was said to have one of the most thrilling chariot races of all films of that kind. The next big biblical film was "The Ten Commandments", starring Charlton Heston as Moses, and a big supporting cast. Nowadays one of the most popular subjects is the musicals. They are in my eyes, about the best form of entertainment offered by the cinema. "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" was one of the best musicals in 1954. Another good film that has been going the rounds lately is called "Blackboard Jungle" starring Glenn Ford, Louis Calhern, and Anne Francis.

Finally, one of the best films in the last two or three months has been "Battle Cry", which incidentally, is one of the few "X" Certificate films that have got away with an "A" certificate.

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A VISIT TO PARIS.

During the Easter holidays a party of Fifth formers are to spend a week in that most fabulous of cities, Paris. A week, let it be said, is all too short a space of time to view all the marvels that abound there. The great boulevards and the quieter and more intimate squares alike take a deal of exploration. Indeed, one needs at least a week to become acclimatised to the very special atmosphere of Paris. There is nothing quite like it in the rest of the world. The boys will certainly see the more impressive and stately land marks of this great metropolis: the Eiffel Tower which rises over a thousand feet and gives from its summit a view of unparalleled scope of the surrounding countryside, the Pantheon, where Napoleon and his generals lie in sombre state, the Arc de Triomphe which dominates the impressive sweep of the Champ Elysees. They will also see some of the quieter and more truly French corners of the City, and the people at their daily round. Although the time be short, it is hoped that the boys will gain some insight into the customs and civilisation of our neighbours across the channel, and at the same time have a really enjoyable holiday.

During the war many brave deeds were done, by heroic men who valued their country more than their lives, who fought for freedom and justice for which men have been fighting since the world began. Many of these brave deeds have been made known, but there are many deeds of equal heroism, which alas! are only recorded in the lingering memory of those who performed them and survived.

Such a story I will relate to you. An example of heroism which has been forgotten in the annals of war.

Major Benson sat in a jeep in a ruined house at Monte Casino. An orderly came rushing up. "Sergeant Mackenzie wants to see you, Sir. Says its urgent." "Send him in" the Major ordered.

The orderly went out and Sergeant Mackenzie came in. He was a tall powerfully built man who was renowned for his quick thinking. He saluted the Major and thrust a piece of paper under his nose. "I found this among a pile of books, sir." The Major looked at it and saw that it was a map of the sewers of Monte Casino.

"Well?" The Major gave an enquiring look.

Sergeant Mackenzie leant forward over the map. "I have a plan to destroy the enemy Headquarters, sir. If you look at the map you will see that the roads above the sewers are named. We are here," and he put his finger on the map. "The German H.Q. is here." He moved his finger across the map. "If we could get through the sewers to the German H.Q. we could destroy it.

The Major sat silent for a minute and then looked up and grasped Mackenzie's shoulder. "You're right! It's a fine idea, but...". He looked questioningly at the sergeant, "who would undertake such a mission? And how many men would you need?". "Four, sir, not counting myself. I could taken Collins, Robertson, Johnson and Browning, sir. They're a tough bunch and would be just right for a job like this."

That night five figures crept down a small ladder into the sewers of Monte Casino. Sergeant Mackenzie shone his torch. "Are we all here?" he whispered. He got four whispered echoes of "Yes!" "Right, I'll lead the way. Keep close behind me."

They walked at a brisk pace down the long shafts of the Sewer. There was a sort of half-light which sometimes merged into an icy cold darkness. All was silent except for an occasional rustling made by a rat or mouse.

Eventually they came to a halt at the foot of some small rungs set in the wall, one above the other.

FIVE MEN'S WAR. (continued from Page 11)

The sergeant swiftly ran up them and slowly pushed back the grating at the top. The others followed. When they were all at the top he spoke to them. "The German H.Q.'s over there and probably crawling with guards, so follow me at the double and we may evade them.

They followed him hiding behind bushes and small hummocks in the ground, until eventually they arrived at a window on the ground floor of a large building. The sergeant forced the catch, opened it, and climbed in. The others followed suit.

He shone his torch round the room and the light finally rested upon a desk. He strode over to it. He rummaged through some papers and whistled. "This is it, boys!" he said. "Johnson pick the locks on these drawers, and cram as many of the papers as you can into your pockets. Pack all those explosives I gave you into the fireplace. Browning, help me to lay the fuse."

Five minutes later all was ready. The sergeant told the others to get out of the window, then he lit the fuse and got out himself. Then they raced away as fast as they could to the grating, keeping low as they did so. There was a terrific roar, and the ground trembled. They looked back at the building and saw that it was a raging inferno.

A voice shouted out to them "Who goes there?" in German, and there was the sound of heavy feet.

"Quick! down the ladder", rasped the Sergeant, "and keep running". The others did so, while the sergeant stopped round a bend, as he heard the German draw closer. There was a shot, followed by a startled grunt, a splash, and then silence.

The sergeant caught the others up, and they reached the British lines without further incident.

WATERLOO.

Francois marched with his comrades of the 1st Corps along the muddy roads of Belgium towards the sound of gunfire in the east.

It was his first experience of battle, for the Corps had, due to a mistake, not taken part in the battle of Ligny or the battle of Quatre Bras.

He was near the head of the column and he could easily make out the figure of General D'Erlon, who was talking to one of his Brigadiers.

After a time, they came to where a battery of six pounders was shelling the enemy. As they marched past, one of the toiling gunners shouted to them. "We're softening it up ready for you," he said. "What does he mean by that?" asked Francois of the man marching beside him. "He means that we'll probably have to attack the enemy line," replied the veteran, "and that's the very devil of a job, especially since we'll have to charge the British Guards." "But how do you know we'll be attacking the Guards?", queried Francois. "Why, because the British always hold their centre with their Guards, and those guns were shelling the centre." "Oh," said Francois, wondering if he would ever be as experienced as the old soldier.

At that moment, the sergeant of Francois' company shouted "HALT!", and the officers of the Corps dismounted, singled out their men and led them to their positions in the line. Francois himself was near the centre of Corps which was drawn up in a long line, facing across a stretch of green, scattered with orange-coated corpses, which dissolved into a shroud of white smoke.

"This is it", whispered the old soldier, who was still beside him. "Fix bayonets," came the order, and he could see the flash of sunlight on steel all along the line, and here the rattle of the barrels of muskets thrust into bayonet sockets. Then the colours of the regiments were uncased, and the officers shouted "Charge!" The golden eagle rose up ahead and the whole line swept forward.

Francois ran into the smoke, gripping his musket, and when he ran out of it the other side he found that a line of men in red coats were running to meet them. These men stopped and fired, and Francois became aware that men were falling near him. He ran on, with white smoke eddying around him, until he found his

WATERLOO (continued)

way barred by a fierce-looking soldier who was wearing a red coat, Francois levelled his bayonet, and ran at the man, who reversed his musket and hit him in the chest. Francois caught a momentary glimpse of the musket's gleaming butt-plate, before all the breath was knocked out of him, and he sprawled on the ground. The British soldier stood over him, and was preparing to strike with his bayonet, when he staggered and fell, as Francois' veteran comrade drove a bayonet into his side. Francois stumbled to his feet, and tried to thank the man who saved his life, but at that moment, a shout in English was heard, "Scotland for ever". "Mon Dieu!", ejaculated the veteran, "I have heard that before! It is the cry of the Scots Greys. Quick! Pick up your musket, for you are sure to need it."

Francois bent to retrieve his weapon, and as he straightened, the curtain of smoke was swept aside, and a solid mass of red-coated cavalry burst onto them. He had just time to fire his musket in a horse's face, then he was struck, and hurled once more to the earth. All that followed was a blurred flurry of flashing sabres, the whirling hooves of horses, and the shouting and screaming of both men and horses.

Something cut across his head, but he sprang up to find an English cavalryman preparing to take a second swing at him with a sabre. Francois hurriedly ducked, and the top of his bearskin was shorn away. Then, catching the Englishman off balance, he caught his leg and pulled him off his horse. The man's boot caught in his stirrup, however, and he was dragged off, screaming, by the maddened beast.

Francois then heard a new cry, in good French. "Into them, into them! Long live the Emperor!" And, as the smoke suddenly cleared, he saw the French hussars, driving before them the fleeing remnants of the British cavalry, over ground carpeted with dead and wounded.

He picked up a musket from the ground, and, perceiving that the Corps was reforming, found himself a place in the ranks. All the men about him, and they were but few, were tattered and begrimed with powder, for they had all been within an inch of death at the hands of the English cavalry.

While they stood and waited, some orderlies came past bearing stretchers, upon which lay terrible, living wrecks that once were men. So horrible was this spectacle, that Francois, after one glance, had to close his eyes, and grip his musket hard.

( WATERLOO (continued) )

When this procession had passed, they were fallen out, and they sat by the road watching streams of cavalry galloping by, heading for the sound of firing, which had increased in intensity.

For about half an hour they sat there, after which time another group of several thousand horsemen rushed by, some of them in shining breastplates and helmets.

"There must be something going on somewhere," said a soldier near to Francois, "they were Kellerman's cuirassiers, and some of the Guard."

While Francois was ruminating on this information, he felt someone touch him on the shoulder, and, looking up, he was overjoyed to find that it was his old comrade, whom he had thought to be dead. "I thought you'd been killed," he said, then he noticed a bandage round the man's head. "You're wounded," he exclaimed. "You don't say so!" said the veteran, smiling. "No! It's only a scratch, although it might easily have finished me. I don't mean by that that there still isn't time, though," he added, ruefully. "What do you mean by that?" asked Francois, puzzled. "Why, we are going in there again," replied the veteran. "At least, that's what I heard at the hospital camp...." He broke off, for along the road, the cavalry were returning. There were not many of them now, and they all looked dead tired, despite the fact that they had only been gone for about an hour. In fact they were beaten, they had failed, and now they were dragging themselves away, tattered, wounded, and subjected.

After this long, melancholy procession had dragged itself by, the sergeants began to bestir the men of Francois' column. The sergeant-major of Francois' company went among the men, prodding the sleeping one with his half-pike, and falling them all into line. "You," he said, addressing Francois, "Before you fall in, remove your bearskin, or whatever it was, for you will look better bareheaded, than wearing that thing." Obediently Francois did as he was told, and fell in beside his friend.

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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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