

CHAILEY HERITAGE CRAFT SCHOOL

THE
CHALLENGE



SUMMER

1957

THE BOYS' WARD

Editor and Typist: Fredrick Dodson.

A word about the Editor...

Most of ~~the~~ typing and editing of this magazine was done by Freddy Dodson. In tackling this heavy task Freddy has shown us that determination and guts win through. Freddy is severely handicapped by cerebral palsy and comes from Holland. In 1954 he left Rotterdam to go to the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, leaving in September of that year to come to Chailey Heritage.

Thanks Freddy.

John Smith.

EDITORIAL.

Hullo Readers,

As for as we know this is the first magazine ever to be published by the Boys' ward.

We have called it the Challenge because among other things we challenge anyone to publish a better one. We think it is impossible.

On reading through the contents you will find some hidden talent, also one or two errors. We are offering a small prize to the one finding the most.

During the Summer Term we have had some distinguished visitors on the Ward. The daughter of the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Godfrey Winn and one of Her Majesty's Inspectors.

On Whit-Monday the Ward was made merry by the visit of several Old Scholars.

Early in July Mr. Knott, the Chaplain, left us to go to Seadford. We wish him and Mrs. Knott much happiness. At the end of term we shall be saying goodbye to Jim Smith, Bruce Kerridge, and Fred Dodson who are bound for the Lord Mayor Treloar Training College at Alton. Congratulations to Richard Olsen and 'Billy 'Burt on gaining the Ward Progress Prizes. We are sorry to learn Sister Lupson is in Haywards Heath Hospital and hope she will have a speedy recovery. In closing may we wish all our readers a happy and restful summer holiday.

Yours very sincerely,
F.D.

A MESSAGE FROM THE HEADMASTER.

"Well done, Boys' Ward!" One of the great pleasures of a headmaster's life is that, though he must now and again reprimand his pupils; from time to time he is able to say "Well done!" I have been looking forward to saying this to the Boys' Ward for some time, because I've seen there the great keenness to do good work that has been developing under the guidance of Mr. Southgate, Mr. Howarth, Mr. Noble, and Miss Adams, with all the help that is also given by Mr. Blundell, Mr. Diagre, Mrs. Shaw and many others.

You have chosen a good name for your magazine, because without a challenge there can be no progress. All the great civilizations of the world have been born because their peoples have had to face a challenge - maybe the challenge of poor soil, flooding rivers, stimulating climate, but always, first, a challenge. The challenge has brought about a response: and if this response has been inadequate, the civilization has perished. Your challenge is an obvious one - you are faced with the challenge of a physical handicap. So the medical and nursing and teaching staffs are always watching to see what your response will be and helping you to make it an adequate one. Your magazine is an indication that you are on the right road, that your response will enable you to overcome the challenge of ill health. And that is why I am happy again to say "Well done, Boys' Ward!"

J. Broadhurst.

Headmaster.

Up In The Air.

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- (1) Who was the first man to fly the English Channel?
- (2) In what year did Alcock & Brown cross the Atlantic?
- (3) Who first flew the heavier than air machine?
- (4) Who was the first man to fly round the world?
- (5) Who was the first woman to fly round the world?
- (6) Give the names of two British bombers used in the Second World War?
- (7) What aircraft did the Battle of Britain make famous?
- (8) Who invented the jet engine?
- (9) The "Dam busters" were lead by... ?
- (10) That famous fighter pilot lost both his legs?

Answers: (1) Guy Gibson, (2) 1919, (3) Wilbur Wright, (4) Wiley Post, (5) Amy Johnson, (6) Lancaster & Spitfire, (7) Frank Whittle, (8) Louis Blériot, (9) Douglas Bader.

W. BURT.

Under My Bonnet.

Farmer: "My pig swallowed a shilling."

Nan: "Make it swallow a pound and it will be a guinea pig."

Bill: What's the time?

Jack: I don't know but it isn't 5 o'clock yet.

Bill: How do you know?

Jack: Well, I'm supposed to be home by 5 o'clock and I'm not there yet.

During the war, a signal was sent which read, "Send reinforcements I'm going to a dance." After passing through several relay posts the message arrived at G.H.Q., it read, "Send three and fourpence, I'm going to a dance."

By David Bonnett.

My Journey To Lourdes.

I had one week at home for my Easter holidays. Then one Wednesday afternoon I went up to Victoria Station, London, to catch the boat train to Lourdes. There were a large number of children from other schools. We were a bad lot so we could tell who was going. When all our group met at Victoria we went to a cafe for high tea. After tea we went to Westminster Cathedral for Benediction.

After that we went back to the station to get on the train. There was a white train and a blue train. We went on the white train. We were to leave ten minutes before the blue train. We said good-bye to our parents, and off we went. We went all the way through Kent until we came to Folkestone harbour.

It took us about half-an-hour to cross the Channel. Then at last we came to Calais. It took us all the following day to get to Lourdes.

The French food is very nice indeed, and we had a very happy time in France.

By Stephen Briegel.

Scouting on the Ward.

This year marks the Golden Jubilee year of the Scout Movement, which grew from a camp organized by Baden-Powell on Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour, 1907.

But what about scouting in a hospital? Here, in Chailey, we have a troop on the Boys' Ward, organised by Mr. Southgate, and a very happy troop it is. We have two patrols, Foxes and Tigers. We have a lot of games, such as passing a ball up and down the line, also we have competitions in which we have to see if we can guess how many beads are on a string, or how different noises are made, which is great fun. So, on the whole, we have a jolly good time, but we have to work hard to earn our badges.

Some people may think it very awkward to have scouting in bed but that doesn't stop us enjoying ourselves.

By Richard Olsen.

The Telephonist.

One day a friend of mine, who is a telephonist, once had a terrible experience. The Managing Director put through a call to a shipping agent to book a passage to Canada. At the same time a girl friend of one of the office boys telephoned to make a date. The horrible thing about it was that my friend had managed to get the lines crossed.

Managing Director: "Could you fix me a berth on S.S Canteloupe, sailing from Southampton on the twentysixth of May?"

Girl Friend: "Birth! What on earth are you talking about? We're not even engaged yet, let alone married with children."

Managing Director: "What's that? Married? Children? Oh yes, my wife and children will be coming with me."

Girl Friend: "So there's been someone else all the time! Married too! You need not try to see me again."

The remarks of the Managing Director were only a little less wounding to my friend than the office boys' fists. As my friend said, "The main thing about a telephonist's job is to put the plugs in the right holes."

By Anthony Sailes.

Snails Progress.

There was a snail called Alfred the Great. Now see if you can work this puzzle out:

There was a well which had twenty steps in it, and if Alfred climbed three steps each day and fell back two steps each night.

How many days, long, would it take Alfred to get to the top?

By Maurice Collyer

(answer on Page 7.)

By Maurice Collyer.

My Budgie.

I love my budgie.

Her colour is pure yellow with bright red eyes, which, when she sees something she likes, nearly jump out of her head with delight. When I let her out of her cage she sits on the mantelpiece, looks at herself in the mirror, and chirps at herself as if it is another bird. Her food is seed, egg, and a little bit of potatoes.

When I wake up in the morning, my mother lets her out and she flies straight upstairs, sits on my pillow and screeches in my ear until I get out of bed. She says all kinds of things, such as "pretty Betty, ugly Barry, good morning, good night, Humpty Dumpty, pussy cat, and watch-or-cock."

Now you can see what a funny little thing she is.

By Barry Walborn.

Italics

Although Italic writing may strike one as new it is quite an old writing. If one compares Italic to Round Hand, one will be amazed at the startling difference, both in neatness and clarity, another difference is when Round Hand is written quickly it becomes scrawley and hard to read, but Italic at faster speeds alters little in neatness and clarity. If you would like to take Italic up, the best thing to do is to get a good book on it. There is a Puffin book which cost only half-a-crown. Then you need a pen, mine is a "Platinum Quickchange" with an Italic nib. You will be amazed at the difference in your writing.

By Ian Sowerby.

Scouting In Bed.

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I was a Wolf Cub for three months when I joined the Scouts, after which I was old enough to join the Boy Scouts. Upon arriving at Chailey I joined the Boys' Ward where the scoutmaster was Mr. Southgate. He helped me through my Tenderfoot and First Aid tests. Then after I had been in the Scouts for eight months my leg got much better so I went up St. George's.

The troop there was the Second Chailey comprising five patrols Mitchells, Grenfells, Foxes, Hounds, and Tigers; I was in the Tigers. Up there in the winter time we scouted down in the Liberty while in the summer time we scouted up in the windmill.

We were able to go so scouting on Sunday afternoons when, during the hottest weather this term, I caught pneumonia, which brought me back to the Boys' Ward again. During this stay on the ward I passed my compass, Map, Knots and Lashings tests and I have found that there is nothing like being in bed to help a fellow along in his scouting.

By Albert Winter.

Answer To Snails Progress.

It took Alfred 17 days to get to the top of the well.

He climbed three steps every day and slipped back two steps each night, therefore he gained one step each day. On the 17th day there were only three steps left to go so he didn't slip back.

The Slaying Of The Minotaur.

Icarus was a brilliant engineer who was very proud, being a king's favourite. He lived in one of the Aegean Islands about four thousand years ago. Unfortunately for him his skill was in his family and his cousin began to find favour with the king. This made Icarus very jealous whereupon he killed his cousin and was banished to Crete. There he worked for King Minos and built the labyrinth to house the Minotaur, a monster with the body of a man, the head of a bull and teeth like a lion's. For his trouble he was locked in the labyrinth, from which he escaped by flying out, using feathers and wax to make wings.

Now just after the King Minos conquered Athens and forced the inhabitants to pay a yearly tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to be used by King Minos as a sacrifice to the Minotaur.

At length Theseus, son of Aegaeus, King of Athens, came to Athens to see his father and was greeted as a hero should be. After he had been there for some time he noticed that everyone had become sorrowful. No one would tell him the reason for this. A few days later he saw a ship with black sails and again he asked what it meant. This time he was told about the annual sacrifices and that this was the ship which had been sent to collect them. Theseus at once said he would go and nothing that they could do would persuade him otherwise. Before he went he promised King Aegaeus to hoist a white sail when he returned if he had been successful in killing the Minotaur. He was taken aboard the ship which set sail for Crete. On arrival they were locked up to await the day of sacrifice. While he was waiting Theseus saw and fell in love with the dark and beautiful princess Ariadne, who fell in love with him.

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The day before he was due to be led into the labarinth she came to visit him and gave him a sword and a reel of thread to trail behind him so he could find his way out if he killed the Minotaur. The next day Theseus was led with the rest into the labarinth but first he tied the end of the thread to a bar laying it out as he went along.

They had wandered some time along the gloomy passages when a roar reached their ears. Then they heard a running of feet and a foul stench assailed their nostrils and suddenly the Minotaur came into view. It was a terrible monster with its bull's head and its human body. It charged, its horns swinging from side to side, like curved needles enlarged to a hundred times their normal size. Theseus, who was in the lead, side-stopped as he drew his sword. The Minotaur, with a bellow of rage, swung round and again charged. Theseus' sword flashed like lightning and buried its point into the monster's breast. Bellowing with pain and rage and dripping with blood, it charged again. This time there was no mistake and with its bull-like face twisted in agony and surprise the monster fell with the sword embedded to the hilt in its brain. Using the thread they reached the entrance to find the guard drugged by the princess Ariadne, who was waiting for Theseus. Together they went to the harbour and with the help of the seven youths and sailed for Athens.

The return voyage was not quite what they expected and it was many months before their homeland was sighted. What with the adventure and Ariadne, who had consented to be his wife, he had forgotten his promise to King Aegaeus and made his return under black sails. As chance would have it the king was walking on the cliffs that day and upon seeing the black sails he had a stroke and fell headlong into the sea and was drowned. At this there was much sorrow but as soon as the people's grief had died down Theseus married Ariadne and tried to settle down, but he was soon off and had many more adventures.

By Bruce Kerridge.

LOURDES.

It was a typical, English, April afternoon when we assembled with the hundreds of other pilgrims for the annual pilgrimage to Lourdes. As soon as we were assembled we trooped to the Empire Restaurant for high tea straight after high tea we received Benediction.

After Benediction we gathered on Victoria station, and at 7 o'clock we said farewell to our friends and set off for Folkestone where we arrived at about 11 o'clock. We boarded the "Côte D'Azure" and, after a very calm crossing we landed at Calais where we were inspected by French customs officers. We left Calais at 1 o'clock and headed for Valenton where we were to pick up some dining cars for the long journey to the Pyrenees. We slept on the train from leaving Calais until just before reaching Valenton. At 5 o'clock next morning the dining cars were attached to our train and soon afterwards breakfast was served. The rest of the journey was a sightseers dream. After Valenton the next place of interest was Orleans where Joan of Ark laid siege to this great city-- Joan was later to become known as The Maiden of Orleans. From Orleans to Tours, then on to Poitiers and Angoulême, after which comes the tedious ride over flat, plateau country lasting about two hours. Bordeaux! This large and state-ly harbour handles most of France's imports from southern countries. Bordeaux was the scene of the "Cockleshell Heroes" who played so much havoc amongst the German shipping then in harbour. From ~~deauville~~ we had rather a tiring run to Dax which is the last main stopping point in France before the Spanish border. From Dax we went on to Bayonne, Pau and finally Lourdes, the town in which Our Lady appeared to Bernadette Soubirous.

The Hotel Royal at which we were staying exactly faced the entrance to the Grotto (the Grotto being the place where Our Lady appeared to St. Bernadette). It is at the place where the apparition took place that the baths are. In these baths which is fed by an underground stream that appeared just after the apparition the sick are bathed and miraculous cures have been witnessed. Although the waters of the baths are never changed and the sick are constantly bathed in

Aeroplane Crash.

There was once an aeroplane travelling across the jungle, when suddenly it had engine trouble. The plane swooped down towards the jungle, down, down it went until it crashed. No people were killed but nine were injured.

Now the nine people were better they had to help the others get food because they could only get it from the jungle. After they had been in the jungle six months some friendly natives came through and saw the aeroplane and they came towards it. They asked the people to come to their village where they had a good meal. One of the natives went to a nearby town and told the inhabitants.

Some of the people got a ship for them, and they went happily back to England.

David Bush.

How I Got An Electric Shock.

One day a boy told me to put some wire into an electric socket. I did not want to do it because I didn't know what would happen. Somehow they persuaded me to do it and there was a little spark. Then they told me to do it in a different socket. So I did. The funny thing about it was that this one had more power than the other. Unfortunately I burnt both my hands and had to go to bed, but when they asked me who told me to do it I would not tell. I was in bed about a month but that still didn't stop me mucking about.

By William Goble.

ROLL CALL. 1956--1957.

Peter Adsett---Sussex	Allen McArdle-Devon.
Colin Baker-----Sussex.*	Christopher O'Flynn-Essex
Michael Baldock-Sussex.**	Richard Olsen-Somerset.
Peter Barrett---Essex.	David Page---Bucks*
Terence Boot--Cambridges hire	Michael Payne-Sussex*
David Bonnett-London.E.	Michael Russel-Norfolk*
Stephen Briegel-london. S.E.	Kieth Robinson-Surrey
William Burt-London.S.E.	Anthony Sables-Kent.
David Bush---Bucks.	Peter Sedgewick-Surrey.
Maurice Cole-Surrey.	Robert Short-Sussex**
Colin Conway Bucks.	James Smith-Kent**
William Chessell-I.O.W.	John Smith-Beds.
Fredrick Dodson-Cornwall	Rex Stephens-Hants**
William Goble-Wiltshire.	David Sutton-Sussex**
Vincent Humphrey-Sussex.	Brian Thomson-Hants*
Raymond Jones-Staffs.*	Barry Walborn-Kent.
Emrys Jones-Wales.	John Watson-Yorks*
Niel Jupp---Sussex*	Albert Winter-London.S.W.*
Bruce Kerridge-Sussex.	Michael Whitman-London.S.E.*
Anthony Meredith-Birming ham.	*-At St. Georges.
Daniel Macara-Scotland.	**=Left Chailey School.

LOUIS BLERIOT.

Louis Bleriot ranks as one of France's top aviators and possibly the most famous. In those early days of flying the proprietor of the Daily Mail put up a prize of several thousand pounds for the first person to fly the English Channel. Amongst the people going to attempt it were Bleriot and a man named Latham.

Latham had bad luck from the start; on his first attempt his engine seized, and his plane fell into the sea, but that was not all, when a ship came to collect him, an eager sailor jumped on to a wing and went right through. When again he was ready for the attempt it was too late, the prize had been won.

Bleriot had been building plane after plane unsuccessfully. He obtained money for his projects from a factory that he owned, pioneering motor car headlights for night driving, but at last, when he had a suitable plane, he found the weather to be unsuitable.

One morning Bleriot was awakened by his mechanic with news of good weather. Dressing quickly, he got into his plane; his mechanic gave the prop a few turns, and the engine sprang to life. Before taking off, Bleriot casually turned to his mechanic and shouted, "Which way is Dover?" Somewhat shaken the mechanic yelled back, "That way!"

About half-way across his engine became overheated; the plane glided down towards the sea. Just as Bleriot thought he was finished he flew into a cooling rain storm. His engine burst into life and he was saved. There were no other serious mishaps and he landed safely near Dover Castle.

When Lord Northcliffe heard the news, his famous words were,

"Britain is no longer an island."
by Ian Sowerby.

TEDDY BOY

Not all Teddy Boys are bad, by bad I mean that not all of them go around with cut-throat razors and looking for trouble.

One day last year in July, a lad was walking along Brighton front when he heard a cry for help. Without thinking of his own safety he ran down to the sea and dived in.

From where I was standing on the Palace Pier I could see a little boy struggling in the water. Rushing for the lifebelt I threw it to him but he missed it. There was I, standing like a coward, wondering whether to jump and thinking of the great danger.

At any rate there was a lad in the water trying to reach the little boy, but he was only using one arm, the other seemed to drag limply in the roaring waves.

Even with only one arm he was still a good swimmer. But he was having a bad time getting to the boy. I

Threw the lifebelt again, but it was no good. I looked again where the lad had been but he wasn't there. Had he gone under himself? No, he came up again battling to reach the drowning boy. At last the brave lad reached the little chap, but by this time he was exhausted. How could he get back to safety with his precious burden? Luck was with them however, as a boat which was close by came alongside, and hoisting them both out of the water started back for the shore, where an ambulance was waiting.

The next day I went to the hospital where they had been taken, to see whether they were well. Finding the ward into which they had been put, I went up to this brave boy who had saved another boy's life and nearly lost his own. I found out that his name was John Martin and that he was a Teddy Boy of fifteen years old. But there was one thing I was curious about and that was his one-armed swimming. So I asked him. His reply was, "I've got a gammy arm,"

M. Baldock

A Break In Tradition.

About a year ago a motion was put forward regarding stamps; whether Britain should use pictorial stamps was debated. In over a hundred years Britain has issued two-hundred odd stamps, and only six have been pictorials, and then they were rather dull, and only appear on the higher values of the set. Would it be a bad break in tradition if all our stamps were pictorials in photogravure, in which the stamps look like photographs. It would be much better if our stamps looked nicer than those of our colonies.

By Ian Sowerby.

Finally.....

Mr. Southgate and Mr. Howorth, who have had the pleasure of watching the development of this magazine, would like to congratulate the Boys' Ward on a very good terms work.

To those who are leaving the ward, warm wishes for future happiness and success are extended and may all have a wonderful holiday.

signed

Mr Southgate &
Mr Howorth.