

CHAILEY HERITAGE CRAFT SCHOOL

THE
CHALLENGE



SUMMER

1958

THE BOYS' WARD

EDITORIAL.

Hullo Readers!

Welcome to another edition of "The Challenge". We hope you will like it as much as the boys have enjoyed writing the articles.

In our last issue we challenged other groups to emulate our example, but so far this has not been taken up.

Our secret service has been unable to detect any signs of magazine production, but perhaps security is good and we shall be surprised after all.

Since the last magazine we have had three different sisters but now we are pleased to have with us Sister E.M. Apedaile who we hope will be with us for sometime.

In closing may we wish all our readers a very happy and festiul summer holiday, so till the next time.

Yours very sincerely

David Norris.

BOYS' WARD COLUMN.

We should like to put on record our general satisfaction with the quality of effort made by the boys of Boys' Ward during the past year. With very few exceptions they have seriously tried their best.

An example of this heartening attitude has been the good, voluntary effort made by David Norris; Editor, Colin Moore; Typist, and the real hardwork done by the various contributors.

Quite an extraordinary number of spelling and punctuation errors seem to have crept in as a result of the pressure of work and the inexperience of the typist. It was his first attempt!

We proudly proclaim the names of David Norris, John Smith and Stephen Briegel, winners of the Spencer Cox Prize and the class merit prizes respectively.

In conclusion may we wish all our readers a very happy holiday and every success in the new school year.

HEADMASTERS FOREWORD

It is perhaps more difficult to write a foreword for the second issue of a magazine than for the first: we are often told that everyone has one good story - and, therefore, presumably, one good foreword - in them, but very few people have two or more. For that reason I know that the second issue of the Challenge will be as good as the first: many of the contributors to No. 1. have left and the boys writing this issue are making their first attempts. These are bound to be good so my problem is to make my second foreword worthy of their efforts. But there is something about this issue which is nevertheless the same as in No. 1.: it is that Mr. Southgate and Mr. Howorth are still working in the Boys' Ward and at the back of it all. This is as I would wish it. There is a wonderful quality about the constant day to day contact of teachers and pupils, for hours on end each day and every day, week in, week out, month after month, term after term and now year after year. It is a great responsibility to have the job of guiding the education of a group of boys in all subjects for so long as Mr. Southgate and Mr. Howorth have now been doing. It can become utterly boring for both boys and

teachers; it can become the deepest and most inspiring relationship in the world: one or the other is bound to happen. As headmaster it is my great joy that in Boys' Ward we have the evidence of a permanent and enduring bond between staff and boys which has been shown in so many ways: the strength of the Scouting movement, the recording of the play, and many other projects and centres of interest, not least being this issue of "The Challenge".

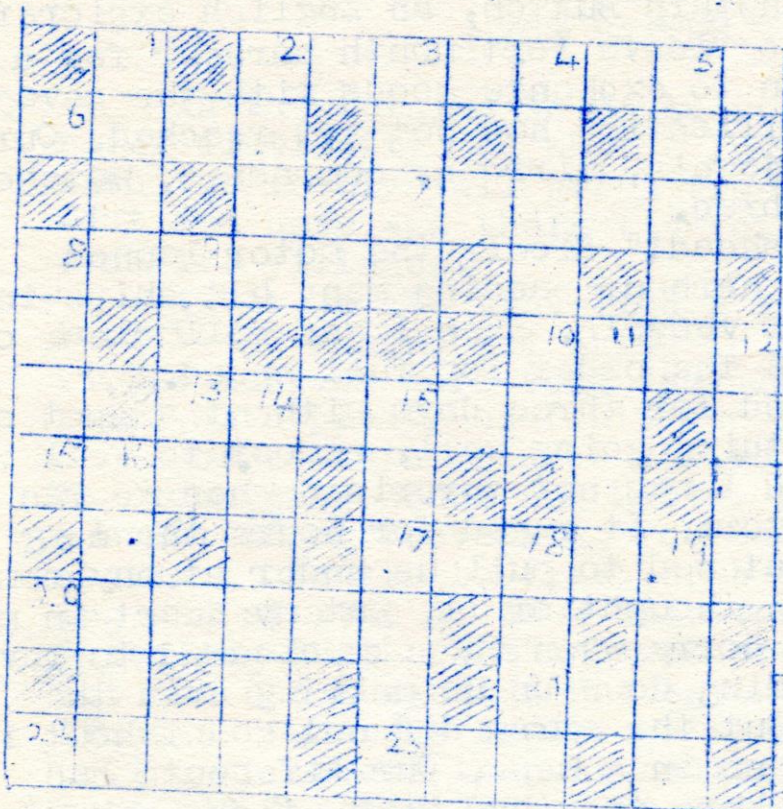
If once again I were to say "Well done, Boys' Ward" it would be a mark of just how great can be the achievement brought about by the lively energies of whole-hearted teachers, and I know that the boys themselves and all who visit the ward will echo me in saying this time "Well done, Mr. Southgate and Mr. Howorth!"

Headmaster.

JUNIOR CROSSWORD.

By: Michael Whitman and Kieth Robinson.

Clues Down.



1. Many. (4).
2. To hold up. (4).
3. Not sea, not air. (4).
4. A craftsman. (6).
5. Eaten at dinner. (5).
6. Burnt fuel. (4).
7. Small creatures. (5).
8. A snake. (5).
9. Part of a galaxy. (4).
10. A tablet has lost an "I" (6).
11. The young of an animal. (6).
12. Carmen is a good one. (5).
13. To seal. (4).
14. Not the beginning but the ----? (4).

Clues across.

2. On its own. (8).
3. It has got to be. (4).
7. He comes from Normandy. (6).
8. Model. (5).
10. Food. (4).
13. Carriers of oil. (7).
15. To throw. (4).
17. A man who throws the caber. (6).
20. A small animal used in sport. (6).
21. Unfasten. (4).
22. South American Spanish water. (4).
23. The egg of a flea. (5).

THE RIVER BATTLE.

By C. O'Flynn.

A Troublesome Voyage.

My name is Captain Buxton, an English explorer, I am just about to leave Portsmouth harbour for a trip up the Amazon to exchange goods with the savage tribes, which civilisation has not yet reached. Our goods are mostly jewels, mirrors, compasses, watches and other pric-a-brac.

"Half speed ahead!" Slowly the motor launch pulled out of the harbour passing many big ships including some naval vessels. When I was well clear of the harbour I gave the order for full speed.

We travelled for three days without a spot of trouble and everything going well, almost to well for my liking, and I was not surprised when we ran into a very bad storm. It raged for hours throwing us about and threatened to pull us under at any moment, which, at the thought of it, put my heart in my mouth. I was not sorry when the sky cleared to reveal the sun streaming down on us making even the sea boiling hot. But the storm did not go without its mark. The bridge was in a mess. Our lifeboats had been swept from where they had been tightly bedded down, but worst of all we had been blown right off course and might be almost anywhere in the countless square miles of the Atlantic Ocean. I was able to work out, however, by the wind direction and strength roughly how far we had drifted. I put her on a South Westerly course and hoped that we were not too far off our mark.

Two weeks later we came in sight of the coast of South America after traveling some two thousand

miles without incident. Before long we were sailing into the mouth of the Amazon which numbered with lots of little islands which we had to travel round to avoid running aground. During the rest of that

THE RIVER BATTLE.

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day we traveled near on a hundred miles, doubling that distance in the night.

THE BATTLE.

In the morning we could see both banks of the river distinctly and what a lovely sight it was with the lovely tall green trees of the dense forest and here and there tiny clearings which marked native villages.

After we had travelled a few more miles I decided to go ashore and bring in fresh water and fruit. The natives were very friendly allowing us to leave with plenty of fruit and fresh water.

For a whole week we visited the native villages exchanging goods and making friends, until one day after travelling for some miles without spotting one single village, we came across a clearing and started to draw into the bank. I had a funny feeling that something was wrong as there were not the usual excited shouts. My suspicion was confirmed as hundreds of arrows started flying towards us. I gave orders to pull away from the bank. Only then did I notice rocks sticking out of the water in front of us, previously hidden by the smoke which our guns were making, but they were soon lost from view. I quickly gave the order for full astern and hoped for the best. The smoke was so thick that I couldn't see a thing, but I soon knew the worst, for there was a loud grinding noise and the sound of water pouring into the holds; the boat was going down. Next instant I was thrown across the room and I did not remember any more.

EXSCAPE

When I awoke, which must have been hours later, I was aware of excited warriors running around me while I was in the middle, tied very securely to a stake. What had happened to my comrades? I did not

THE RIVER BATTLE

Know. Most likely they had been killed by the savage -s, but why had they spared me? Probably for sport- or sacrifice! Suddenly everything went quiet. From out of the hut came a tall man.

He was dressed differently from the others. A sinister silence fell over the whole tribe. I guessed right away that he was the chief. He walked over to me and said, "You die! Me no like white man. Me hate whiteman."

I had to think fast. Then I thought of something very chancy. I said to him, "Chief if you don't let me go from your village unharmed I shall darken the sun and a terrible evil shall befall you."

"White man lie! kill him." But before any brave set foot near me, a dark shadow began to fall over the village. It was an eclipse of the sun. The camp went wild with fright and fled shouting; Wah! Wah! Save us!

It was some time later when the silence was broken by the rustle of bushes and a man that had somehow escaped from the boat approached and untied me. We ran from the camp as fast as we could leaving behind us the cries of the astonished natives. Now I am in England. Now I finally got away I, ll never know, but what I do know is that after weeks of hard walking we managed to reach a missionary who flew us in his plane to an air base, and from there -- Here I am!

Christopher O'Flynn.

ROLL CALL 1950 - 58.

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P. Adsset	of	Australia. ++
T. Appleby	..	Sussex. ++
C. Baker.	..	Sussex. +
M. Baldock.	..	Sussex. ++
P. Barrett.	..	Essex.
A. Blair.	..	Bedfordshire.
B. Blunden	..	Sussex. ++
T. Boot.	..	Cambridgeshire. +
D. Bonnet.	..	London. E.
S. Briegel	..	London. S. E.
W. Burt	..	London. S. E.
D. Bush	..	Bucks. +
R. Clark.	..	Sussex.
M. Cole.	..	Surry. ++
C. Conway	..	Bucks.
W. Chessell	..	I. O. W.
F. Dodson.	..	Cornwall. ++
M. Eichner	..	Sussex. ++
A. Elderton.	..	Surry.
A. Frost.	..	Sussex. ++
G. Gelder.	..	Surry. +
W. Goble.	..	Wilts. +
T. Guin.	..	London E. 7.
V. Humphreys	..	Sussex.
M. Hunter.	..	Yorkshire. +
R. Jones.	..	Staffs. ""
E. Jones.	..	Wales.
D. Jones.	..	Sussex.
N. Jupp.	..	Sussex.
A. James.	..	Suffolk.
B. Kerriidge	..	Sussex. ""
D. McAra.	..	Scotland.
D. MacCreedy.	..	Hants. "
R. Marchant.	..	Edenbridge.
A. Mc Carale	..	Devon. "
A. Meredith.	..	Birmingham. "
C. Moore.	..	Sussex. " "
D. Norris.	..	Kent.
C. O Flynn	..	Essex. "
R. Olsen.	..	Somerset.
D. Page.	..	Bucks. "

ROLL CALL. Cont.

M. Pane.	of Sussex."	
A. Robinson.	of Surry.	
M. Russell	of Norfolk.	
A. Sailes.	of Kent."	
P. Seagewick	of Surry"	
R. Short.	of Sussex."	
Ja. Smith.	of Kent."	
Jo. Smith.	.. Beds. "	
R. Stephen.	.. Hants."	
D. Sutton.	.. Sussex."	
C. Sharp.	.. Sussex."	
B. Thomson.	.. Hants."	
E. Tammie	.. Bucks. "	
A. Verrall.	.. Sussex."	Left the
B. Walborn.	.. Kent. "	heritage.
J. Watson.	.. Yorks. "	" Gone to St Georges.
A. Winter.	.. London. S. "	
M. Whitman.	.. London. S. "	
A. Wiltshire.	.. Sussex."	
D. Yeomans.	.. Essex.	

THE NEW VIKING CYCLE
By Allen Verrall.

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If any readers of this magazine are interested in cycles I can recommend this cycle as their mount.

The frame is available in sizes from 21" to 25". It is of a well brazed construction employing Reynolds "531" tubing. Nervex Professional lugs and a seat stay cluster. This gives a rigid rear triangle.

The accessories are up to standard and are only found on expensive machines. The speedy and lightweight wheels are a combination of the British hub Co's large flange "Racelight" hubs, built on Dunlop high pressure rims. The wheels are completed with H/pressure tyres. The Brooks B.15 saddle needs no breaking in and a comfortable posture can be obtained with the $3\frac{1}{2}$ " G.B. H/Bar. extension and the G.B. Maes bend. Wiemann brakes are used and look very neat with the white rubber hoods.

The 10 gears are operated by twin levers from the down tube and well chromed 3 pin double chain-wheel with a Brampton 5/32" chain complete the transmission.

The pump and mud guards are supplied by Bantel Ltd. and the pedals are Webb's solid centre quill. Great care has been taken in fitting components and even the wheel spindles and the seat clip are fitted with autographed nuts. The machine is available in a wide variety of colours including a polychromatic light blue frame, black head tube and with black and gold rings on the seat tube.

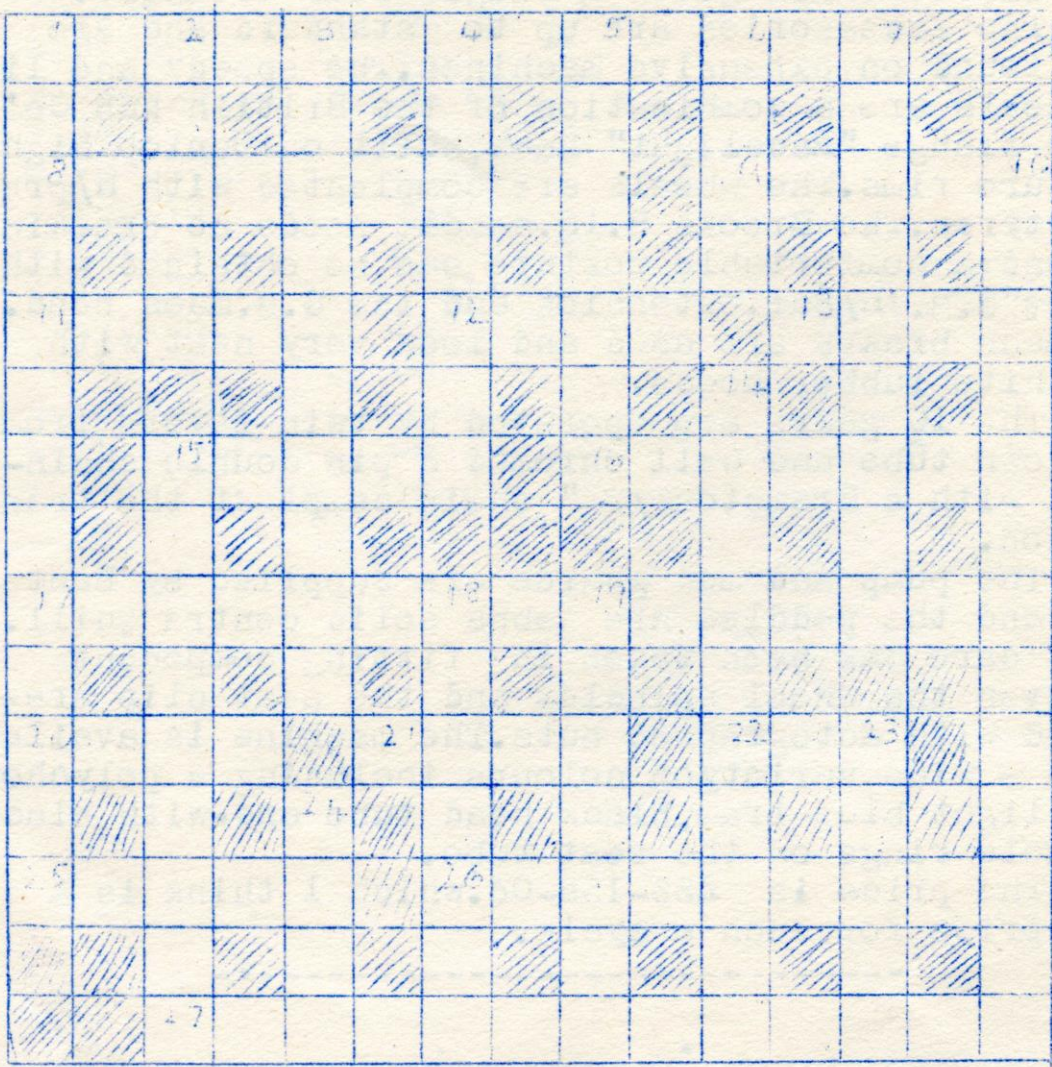
The price is £33-15s-0d. which I think is a fair price for such a cycle.

Senior Cross word.

-Michael Whitman.

By:

-Aieeth Robinson.



CLUES TO SENIOR CROSS WORD

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Clues Down.

-
- 1) Only the vertebrates have it.(13).
 - 2) A projection on a molar tooth.(5).
 - 3) She is white in Havana and black in London.(6.4)
 - 4) These may have got King Charles II.a mistress.(9)
 - 5) Behead me and the limits of the alphabet are found. (7)
 - 6) This sometimes causes corrosion.(4).
 - 7) These flowers are said to bloom in the Elysium fields.(9).
 - 10) Amateur electricians may come to this bad end. (13)
 - 14) People who live in the desert and drink through straws in the ground.(10).
 - 15) Old junk.(7).
 - 18) A poem in iambic verse.(7).
 - 19) Breakfast,dinner --- ---.(4.3.).
 - 23) Jungle stripes. (5).
 - 24) Rare confusion when background is observed.(4).

Clues Across.

-
- 1.This might help you with the cross-word. 13.
 - 8.A desperate or reckless ruffian. 9.
 - 9.A sweet tree or shrub of the genus Acer. 5.
 - 11.Fibre used for cordage. 5.
 - 12.They are useful in war. 4.
 - 13.A famous wizard is in a sleep. 4.
 - 15.Most games in England would be no use without these. 5.
 - 16.Being under the authority of another. 7.
 - 17.Doctor R goes out. 4,2,1.
 - 19.Begins work in a nautical way. 5,2.
 - 20.This is worn by the Pope on certain solemn occasions. 4.
 - 21.Confusion in the morning makes meridian.(neat)4.
 22. This is sometimes used for fishing. 3.
 25. The Japanese soldiers did this well for their Emperor during the last war. 5.
 26. 25 down sometimes does this. 4,5.
 27. Ringworms. 8,5.

OF THE TRACK.

By Colin Moore.

It was while I was on holiday in France with a friend, that I had a rather frightening experience. We were spending our holiday cycling from place to place.

It was the first day, and we had decided to cycle to the outskirts of Paris. We were just going to start when I remembered my drinking bottle. I told my friend to go on to the end of a certain road.

Now the roads in France have a main road for powered vehicles, a track on each side for cycles and then the pavement. I instinctively started to cycle on the main part of the road. Instantly cars honked their horns and a policeman gave chase. I did not understand the language and started to pedal faster, but this only made things worse. I got about half-way along the road when two policemen grabbed my bike.

My friend heard the commotion and came to see what it was about. When he saw I was in trouble he barged through the crowd and asked what was wrong. One of the policemen who was holding me spoke. My friend said something and the policemen released their hold on me. I asked my friend what I had done. He replied, "Cycles are not allowed on the main part of the road, and you should cycle on the track at the side."

Had my friend not come I would have been fined about ten shillings.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

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- 1). Who was the first man to run the four minute mile?
- 2). What is Scotland Yards telephone number?
- 3). What boy lived at the Admiral Benbow Inn?
- 4). How many stars are there in the Plough?
- 5). What ships fly the Red Duster?
- 6). What do the letters I.T.A. stand for?
- 7). What animal fells trees?
- 8). In what game is there a bishop?
- 9). What is the normal body temperature?
- 10). What is the name of the present P.M.?
- 11). What is the number of the Queens motor-car?
- 12). How many ribs have you.
- 13). What is a Leverets father?
- 14). What does AMBIDEXTROUS mean?
- 15). What is the longitude of Greenwich?
- 16). What is a mare's son called?
- 17). How many legs has a spider?
- 18). Who led the DAM BUSTERS?
- 19). Who led the TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION?
- 20). What did Sir. Alexandr Fleming discover?

SCORE. RATING.

18 to 20. V.G.I.
16 to 17. V.G.
14 to 15. G.
12 to 13. F.G.
10 to 11. Pass.
Below 10: B.L.N.T.

THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.

By Colin Moore.

It was a beautiful May morning and Tony Moore had decided to go out in the small motor boat and do a spot of fishing. He was just climbing aboard when he heard someone telling him to wait. He turned around and to his surprise he saw the fair haired girl from the hotel by the lake. He had first seen her when he delivered a message to Mr. Chester, and Tony, being one of those boys who fell in love at first sight, had—

When she reached Tony, who was now back on the jetty, she ~~asked if she could come out in the boat~~ with him. Tony blushed, and managed to say, "Y-Yes, I expect so."

She climbed aboard, Tony followed ast off, and when he had punted the boat away from the shallows he started the engine.

After he had got the engine going, he climbed back and shifted up close to the girl. By this time he had gathered enough courage to ask her her name, to which she replied, "Jane Robbins; but you can call me Jane." He put his arm around her. She looked at him with her charming blue eyes, and then turned away quickly to hide a blush.

Tony, now at ease after the first shock, asked her in a very soft tone, "Do you love me." She turned round, and to Tony's surprise she kissed him tenderly.

"I've longed for a boy like you to come my way," She said in her beautiful Scottish accent; and she kissed him again.

At about five fifteen they arrived back at the hotel, and as they stood in the porch, Tony put his arms around her and for about five minutes they kissed and spoke in low whispers. Tony finally held her tight in his arms, kissed her and said, "I must go now, but shall I meet you here at seven tonight."

THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE. cont.

"Yes" said Jane and they kissed again and then Jane went inside and closed the door.

At five to seven, Tony arrived and sat on the seat outside the porch. Prompt at seven O'clock the door opened and out stepped Jane, looking even more beautiful than ever in the moonlight. Tony got up, took her arm in his and then they walked along the shores of the lake.

continua on the
next page.

The chronicle of the Scribes.

1.

And behold after many weeks of toil and labour the chiefs and the sons of the Ward didst enter into their chariots and depart henceforth to far places and their hearts were glad.

2.

Then to the sons of the Ward who did tarry thereof holding, ye fort, there came unto them ye dusky Scouts from the Land of Nyasa. And they did make merry and the walls of the ward did resound to sweet musick.

3.

And yea after many weeks the chiefs and the sons of the Ward didst gather together once more to toil and to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

4.

Now when the days did draw in one of the chiefs thus spake, saying, Behold let us prepare ourselves that we might entertain and speak unto the multitudes through ye strange machine. And the children did rejoice and give tongues thereof.

5.

Then did some of the sons take up ye balsa wood and with sharp instruments didst cut asunder making ye strange shapes. And some did make ye strange mess.

(cont'd on page 22)

THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.

Chapter 2.

Next day Tony told his parents he was in love and to his surprise they said, "Oh yes, who is it." "Jane Robbins, from the hotel," replied Tony. "You've picked a good lass there," said his father in a deep voice.

"I no, she's real sweet," said Tony, "No wonder she makes a good maid up at the hotel." "Why don't you ask her if she'd like to come back to Sussex with us?" said his mother.

"I think I will. It's the 24th when we go back isn't it?"

"Yes," said his father, in the middle of shaving.

At 2.30pm Tony started off for the hotel. When he arrived Jane was already waiting, and when she saw him coming she ran and flung her arms around him, while he kissed her.

"Shall we go out in the boat", Tony said, "I've something to ask you".

What is it?" asked Jane rather excitedly.

"Wait and see," said Tony.

By this time Tony was helping Jane into the boat; he then started the engine, cast off and climbed back and sat down beside Jane.

"What is it you wish to ask me?" said Jane.

"Well - er well to put it straight forward, will you come back to Sussex with me?"

"Go back to Sussex; why I'd love to! Especially if it means I would be with you," she said excitedly and kissed him on the cheek.

When they arrived at the hotel, they found to their surprise the hotel was deserted. When Jane went to her room she found Mr. Chester lying face downwards with a knife in his back. Attached to it was a piece of paper with the following writing on it.

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"DON'T GO TO SUSSEX BECAUSE YOU WILL
NEVER REACH THERE ALIVE."
"THE MONSTER CLAN"

Jane yelled for Tony to come up.
"What's the matter?" asked Tony.
"He's dead; stone dead," said Jane who was kneeling beside the limp body of Mr. Chester.
"What!" cried Tony.
"Dead," repeated Jane "and here's a message which was pinned to his back."
Tony read the piece of paper several times and then said, "The Monster Clan." "who on earth can they be."
"Shall I phone the police?" said Jane
"Yes", said Tony.

A month later:

The normal routine enquiries had been made and Jane had returned to Sussex with Tony and his parents. "Isn't Sussex beautiful?" said Jane.
"Not in the winter," chimed in Tony.
They were now walking along a typical contry lane, with the smell of honeysuckle mingling that of the wild roses.
"Someday I'm going to solve the mystery of the Monster Clan," said Tony in a low voice.
"And I'll help," said Jane.

THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.

Chapter 3.

It was six weeks later, and the time was 3:30 pm. on tuesday afternoon.

"Yoy know, Tony, I think I know who murdered Mr. Chester," said Jane.

"Who?" said Tony.

"Mr. Peter Allen. He was always arguing with dad," said Jane.

"Your father slept in the same room as you, didn't he?" inquired Tony.

"Yes, he did," replied Jane.

"Which room did this Mr. Allen sleep in?" asked Tony as if he were a detective.

"The one next to mine," said Jane getting interested.

"I think if we go up to the hotel now, we won't find it deserted," said Tony.

"Why," said Jane inquisitively.

"Why, because I noticed traces of oil seeping out of some rocks just behind the hotel," said Tony.

"OIL? Natural oil?"

"Yes, Natural oil."

"You mean someone scared us off the land so they could get the oil?"

"Exactly," said Tony.

"Then what are we waiting for, come on, let's get up to the hotel," said Jane tugging at Tony's arm.

"Alright, but let me check that my automatic is loaded properly."

They walked boldly up to the front door and tried it; it was unlocked. They crept in and there in front of them stood a masked man holding a pistol which was leveled at them.

"One fals move and you die," said the man.

"Who are you?" asked Tony.

"That doesn't matter," was the curt reply.

Tony watching the man very carefully, suddenly said

"Your Mr. Allen aren't you?"

The man gave a start, "How did you know?"

"Common sense," replied Tony.

"Now you must die."

Tony ducked and pushed Jane out of the way, at the same time drew his automatic and fired; the mans gun went flying as he grabbed his hand.

"Alright, I know when I am beaten," said Mr. Allen.

A week later:

"Well that's solved that mystery, and Mr. Allen is having a nice rest in jail," said Jane.

"Yes, and now we can settle down on the farm, and enjoy life," said Tony.

"Breakfast," his mother called.

"Coming," said Jane, and they walked up to the house very satisfied with life.

THE END

THE BOY'S WARD PLAY ON TAPE

By Barry Walbourn.

The Boys'ward one day decided to try their luck at writing and producing a play. They decided to call it The Mystery of the Sea Cave. Mr. Howorth asked us for suggestions as to what it should be about. Some of us said a thriller, some said smugglers, but in the end we all agreed that it should be about atomic spies.

The performers were: Willy Gobles, David Macready Allen McCardle, Stephen Briegel, Richard Olson and my self. Richard and others played the six school boys. Terry Guin played Crump the crooked caretaker, Mr. Howorth, Olaf, the master crook, and Mr. Blundel, the daring headmaster.

Terry Guin put up a good show in conquering his initial nervousness and using his gruff voice to excellent advantage. He was not afraid to speak up like most of us were, especially when he had to pretend to be under water and speaking at the same time but he soon mastered this also. We were in a bit of a jam when Allen McCardle went over to St. Georges and had to get someone to temporarily take his part.

At first I found it hard to come in at my cue after someone else had finished their piece. and also I was slow at reading but Mr. Blundel soon brought me round to doing these things as I should do.

Unfortunately lack of space prevents me from explaining everybody's performance, but if you hear the play yourself you can judge for yourself how we all did.

We had great difficulties during reading in keeping out background noises. So we had to shut ourselves in even when it was hot, to stop the interference. For sound effects we had to: punch a pillow for somebody running, hit a board on the table for a gun-shot, dropping bricks in a bucket of water

THE BOYS' WARD PLAY ON TAPE.

21

for somebody falling into the lake, flicking a rubber band, for the firing of a catapult, the creaking of a trap door was represented by the squeaking of the recorder handle. It was funny to see Terry Guin blowing bubbles in a glass of water for somebody drowning in the lake, but he managed this as well as the other things.

We very much thank the wife of a member of the staff for giving her time to writing this excellent play for the Heritage. Also a great many thanks to Sister Busby, who put up with the disorganisation of the ward; and to Mr. Blundel who endeavoured to break the boys' shyness, and finally the Headmaster for the loan of the recording machine.

A GREAT DAY FOR CHAILEY.

By Richard Olsen.

On April the 2nd. we were graced by the visit of the Queen Mother on the occasion of her opening of the Dame Grace Kimmins Memorial Hall.

She looked very stately in a Lilac coloured hat and a swagger coat. She was accompanied by a lady - in - waiting, Mr. Julian from the Ministry of Health, Mr. Sheppard the secretary to the Governors, and Doctor Quibell. The Royal Scots Fusiliers were the Guard of Honour. The Scouts and Cubs were at the west end of the south balcony, the Guides and the Brownies were at the east end. We had the opening of the Memorial Hall relayed to us through loud speakers. She spoke to Michael Stephens, Michael Echnier and David Norris.

It was a great day for us, and it made us feel that we really did belong to a great family of Nations, with a great Sovereign at the head.

22 The Chronicle of the Scribes.cont'd.

And when the leaves did fall and the chiefs grew weary a great feast was held on ye last day of term. Then did appear among them ye mysterious Mr "X" of ye second sight. And many wondered and were confounded.

8.

After many days of feasting the call didst go forth for the chiefs and sons of the Ward to the return to the fold.

9.

And there were some among them which causeth great wrath because of ye love of Edwardian ways ,but lo,their ways did lead to their undoing.

10.

Then did the chiefs show ye great moving film of ye man of the sky who didst lose both ye legs.

11.

Now the time was come when ye Sister B, moveth on and lo and behold, ye Sister A, taketh ever.

12.

And word did go forth that ye great Queen Mother cometh thither and many did labour to make ye ward shine. Then did ye great day arrive and all the company putteth on bright raiment and the flags did wave. And lo, when the Queen goeth forth a great shout arose so that the walls did echo , and the Queen did turn and smile thereon.

13.

Then cometh the son of ye Founder and giveth forth prizes to ye honoured sons of the Ward.

14

And the time draweth nigh, when the chiefs and the sons of the Ward depart thereof until ye next time.

HIAMATHA'S OPERATION.

By David Jones.

23

Downward through the evening twilight,
Thoughts of chailey passing through me.
How my heart beat when I went there
As the breeze passed through the treetops,
As the silence broke right through me
How the tears went down my cheeks so.
As the car approached the building,
And approached the door of Chailey
All my fears went out of me then,
But when my family went and left me
All my fear returning blackly.
And then a day had flitted by me
I got used to their way of life.

!.. Soon there came the dreaded morning,
They came and carried me away
On the operating trolly.
Soon was over after one hour
And my parents came with flowers.
Weary was I looking upward
As I saw them round my bed-side,
Smiling faces leaning over.
And my heart was filled with kindness.

Now my stay is near an ending
Full my heart with sorrows blending.
To leave my friends I will be sad,
But to get home I shall be glad.

BUDGERIGARDS

By David Yoemans.

-3

The original colour of the Budgerigar is green - it is the colour that helps to camouflage on the grass plains of Australia, and if you were there you would see a great many of these small birds flying over these large stretches of grass land.

The first Budgerigards came to England about 60 years ago, but did not become a very popular pet until after the second world war. I have also been told that the word Budgerigard means something good to eat where as the Americans say it means pretty bird.

Budgerigards are one of the most common foreign birds in England and are very easy to breed. All you need is a pair of birds one nest box and a large enough cage. When they are ready for breeding the cere on both cock and hen change, on the male bird it goes from light blue to a very dark blue, and the hen's cere goes from light brown to a deep chocolate colour.

When the hen goes to nest she has usually seven or eight eggs in a clutch. She lays her eggs on alternate days, from the day the first egg is laid it takes 17 days to hatch.

The eggs are white in colour and very small. The young leave the nest when they are about five to six weeks old.

We have tried breeding Budgerigards on the ward and we have found it very interesting and it was a success.

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SCOUT NEWS & NOTES

The fourth Scout Law reads, "A Scout is a friend to and a brother to every other Scout, no matter to what country, class, or creed the other belongs." It was with this Law in mind that we welcomed the E. Nyasaland Jamboree Contingent on August 24th, 1957. Led by Scouter L. Kellam (brother of Mrs. Bunkle) they were on their way home from the World Jamboree Sutton Park, and looked in to say hullo! With their dark skins and flashing smiles they entertained us to some of their native songs. One boy beat a tom-tom and with the rain pouring down outside we were reminded of the steaming African jungle. Before saying goodbye every one joined in singing the Jamboree Song. Each boy was given a Nyasaland Scout badge to remind them of the occasion. Later Scouter Kellam Gave us a wonderful show of African colour slides.

Perhaps the most important event of the year was the visit of H.M. THE Queen Mother. All scouts paraded in uniform. Her Majesty remarked how smart they looked and had a chat with Troop Leader David Norris and three other Scouts. We flew the Scout and Guide flags in honour of the occasion.

Early in the year Lord Rowallan, The Chief Scout, sent his best wishes and three clock-work monkeys given by Bishop Bright of Birmingham.

Throughout the year the troop have had some jolly meetings and during the summer term real camp fires! At one, sausages were cooked with no ill effects.

Lack of space prevents all our activities being recorded but we send warm greetings to all brother Scouts, especially, ex ward members.

Good Hunting,
Skipper.

DO WE WANT TO BE TOLD.

By John Smith.

When I was at Great Portland Street Hospital, I understood that some of the patients were told a bit about their operation. I think this is a good idea, because it stops one from worrying. For instance suppose a boy at Chailey was going to have a slip-disc operation, would it help him to be told the details of it before hand? In my opinion it would depend largely on the type of boy concerned. A young child, for instance might be frightened at the thought of the knife, but another boy, having more confidence and knowledge would be more frightened by the unknown rather than the details told to him.

Therefore I hold that this is a question to be decided by the doctors in considering each case. They told me about my operation when I was at London, and I was glad they did, because it gave me confidence and more courage to face it when the day arrived. The main thing is, if you are going to have an operation, remember it is for your benefit so don't worry.

Clever with figures?

Then try this one.

Two locomotives, A and B, are travelling towards each other along a 100 mile stretch of track. Locomotive A is travelling at 64 m.p.h., and B at 36 m.p.h.

Supposing both start on the 100 mile track at the same moment, how long will it take before they collide.

Mr. Howarth has the Ans.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AT ST. GEORGES.,
By Stephen Briegel.

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Wednesday April 3rd. 1958, was an exciting day for St. Georges. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother came to open the new Dame Grace Kimmins Memorial Hall. There was a guard of honour from the scouts and cubs, all looking very smart. A boy from each class, was chosen to represent the class inside the hall with all the League of Friends. The Chairman was Lady Macmillan. There were various speeches and a prayer from the Bishop of Lewes. The Royal Scots Fusiliers played the National Anthem. The main curtain in the hall is embroidered with St. Martin and the beggar. After Her Majesty had opened the Hall we all went down to Kinniard and had a bun, a drink of 'Kia-ora', an ice lolly, and then saw some films. We could not go to St. Georges right away because it was choc-a-block with cars. We will never forget the time when the Queen Mother came.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

By Mr. Diagre.

When your body's beaten, yet your spirit
can be bright;
When your health has broken, yet your heart
can be alright;
Although you cannot get about, and duties have
to wait;
Your thoughts can still be cheerful ones,
Your outlook up to-date,
Your wit can be as ready, you can keep your
sense of fun,
Your words can bear courage, that your action
would have done..

MY FAVOURITE SAYING.

Mabel Adams, Craft Teacher.

In all thy ways acknowledge him and he will direct thy paths.

John Broadhurst, Headmaster.

Teaching would be impossible unless pupils were sacred.

Thomas Galletly, Chaplain/Warden.

These things are sent to try us, but we must bear them with true christian fortitude.

Dr. Phillip Quibell, Medical Superintendent.

Have few principles and stick to them.

Celia Shaw, Speech Therapist.

Never let the sun go down on your anger.

Barbara Spiers, Superintendent Therapist.

The Lord never grants His inspiration

For what He can get by perspiration.

Elsbeth Stephen, Educational Psychologist.

Glory to God for dappled things.

Dr. Michael Strode, Resident Medical Officer.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well.

Answers To Quiz.

1. Roger Bannister.

2. Whitehall 1212.

3. Jim Hawkins.

4. Eight.

5. British Merchant Navy.

6. Independent Television Authority.

7. Beavers.

8. Chess.

9. 98.4 degrees fahrenheit.

10. Macmillan.

11. No number.

12. 24.

13. A hare.

14. Can use both hands equally well.

15. Nought degrees.

16. Foal or colt.

17. 8.

18. Guy Gibson V.C.

19. Dr. Vivian Fuchs. 20. Penicillin.