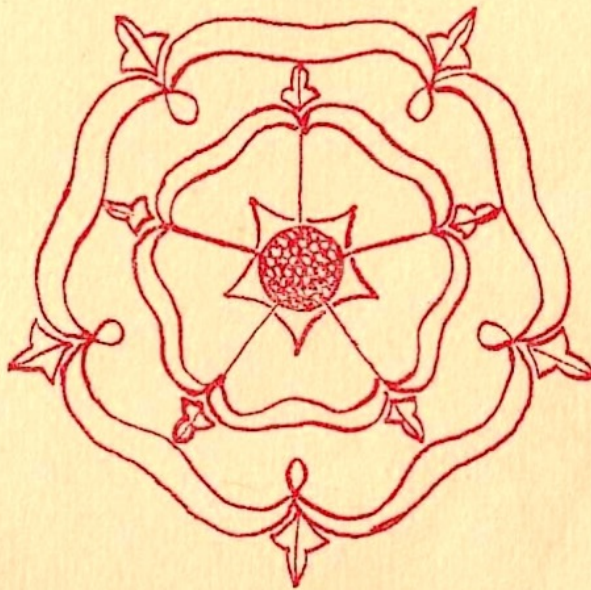


# THE CYTRINGANIAN

*The Magazine  
of the Grammar School, Kettering*



MAY, 1958

No. 42

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**E**VERY Saturday morning. 9.0 a.m.-11.0 a.m. Admission free. Bring overcoats.

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**I**N Memoriam. One good joke (on gerunds). Expired quietly in Room 13. No flowers.

**A**NY person wishing to detain 4M after four o'clock should apply early as bookings till Summer are heavy.

**W**HOEVER stole a copy of "The Knightes Tale" from the lockers, can keep it.

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**F**OUND. 27 raincoats, 3 duffle coats, 17 caps, 1 pair riding breeches, 13 socks (odd), 5 rugger shirts (all colours), 154 fountain pens, 272 pencils, 18 scarves, 1 handkerchief (possibly white), 1 bicycle pump (broken), 6 pairs gloves, 14 school blazers, 9 pullovers (1 Elvis Presley), 1 pair flannel trousers (moth eaten), 1 pair spectacles, 1 set 50 lines, 1 set 75 lines, 1 inkwell. Apply, B.P. 4 p.m.

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*Here are some of the ways in which you can be trained for a career in coal mining:-*

● **University Scholarships.**—The National Coal Board offers a hundred University Scholarships a year ; most are in Mining Engineering and some are available in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth about the same as State Scholarships but there is no parental means test.

● **Student Apprenticeships.**—Boys with a good G.C.E. at O or A level can qualify as student apprentices and take a co-ordinated course of practical training and technical education which will equip them for careers leading to supervisory and technical posts in mining, mechanical or electrical engineering.

● **School Leavers.**—There are also good opportunities for advancement for boys with initiative who come straight into the industry from school, even if they do not hold a G.C.E. You can attend part-time courses (for example, National Certificate courses) at Technical Colleges for which you are given day release from work with pay.

**Management Training.**—When you are qualified either through a University or Technical College, or after successfully completing training as a Student Apprentice, you are eligible for a two or three year course in the Board's Technical Management Training Scheme. Each trainee has a course mapped out to suit his own particular needs and bent, under the close personal supervision of a senior engineer.

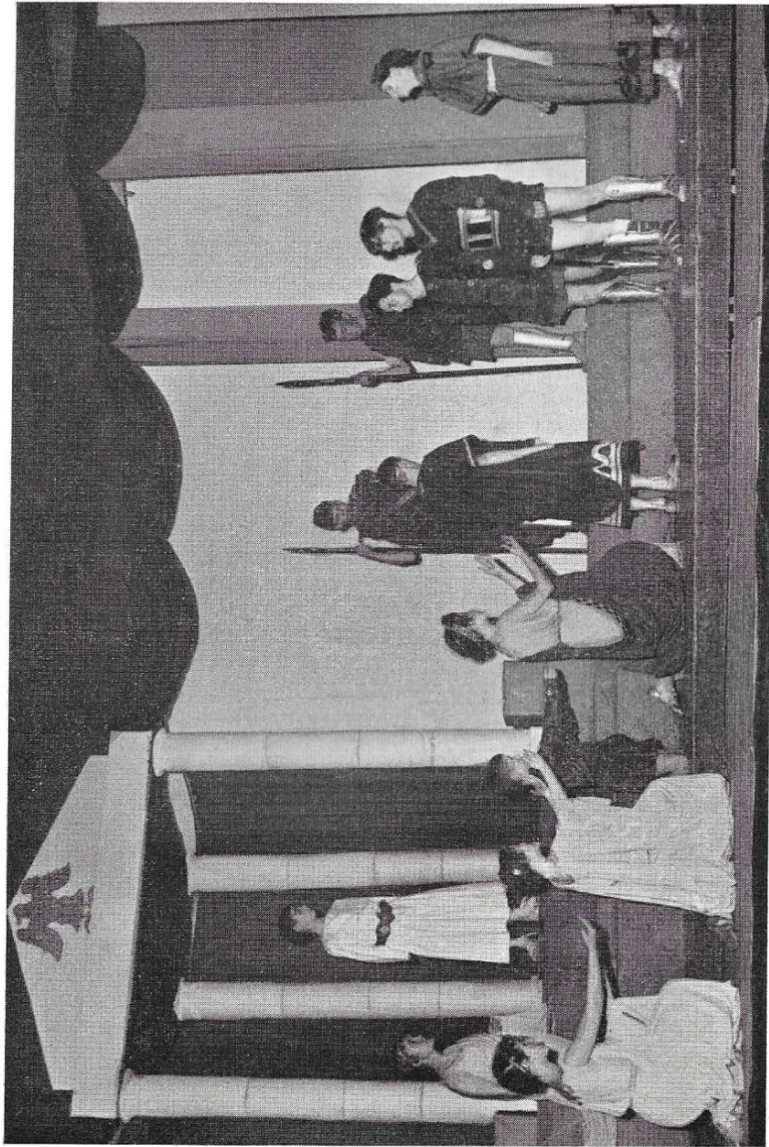
**Scientific.**—If you are interested in Science, there are absorbing and rewarding possibilities at the Board's Research Establishments, and in the coalfields on operational work.

**Other Careers.**—There are, from time to time, training posts for boys of a good educational standard who want to make a career in architecture, civil engineering and accountancy, as well as openings in administrative, personnel and marketing work.

● **Prospects.**—After qualifying, there are excellent prospects of promotion to responsible posts at an early age. Many of those who have already successfully completed training are now, at the age of thirty or less, earning four-figure salaries.

Please write for full particulars of the career which interests you most to :—

Divisional Chief Staff Officer (A), Staff Department,  
National Coal Board, East Midlands Division,  
Sherwood Lodge, Arnold, Nr. Nottingham.



THE SCHOOL PLAY, 1957.

A SCENE FROM "CORIOLANUS".

Photo.: Courtesy Northants Evening Telegraph.

# THE CYTRINGANIAN

General Editor : Mr. T. F. Thompson.

Old Cytringanians' Editor : Mr. E. E. Kirby.

Sports Editor : Mr. G. S. Brown.

Business Manager : Mr. E. J. Ward.

Advertisements : W. B. Chambers (VI.M.A.).

Photographs : Mr. G. E. Perry.

No. 42.

May, 1958.

## EDITORIAL.

The dust of Suez was just settling on the pages of history when we produced the last issue of this magazine. But dust does not remain long these days, and hardly was the shouting over when other events began to raise their own sandstorms. Cyprus and Syria, like the poor, are always with us, but 1957 ended in a defiant assertion of originality.

Many of us thought that Little Rock would become a new Harpers Ferry and end in a bloodier Gettysburg with President Eisenhower making a speech even shorter than Lincoln's. And so it might perhaps if someone in Siberia had not pressed a button and put Sputnik I circling above the heads of an astonished and apprehensive world. As if this were not enough, the Russians put another one up and sent a dog with it, too, to show off. And then there were three of them up there, circling away at crossed orbits, the hammer and sickle intersecting at odd variance with the stars and stripes.

What is the common man to do in this Sputnik-haunted world of 1958? He has no power; as an individual he is nothing; all power resides in gigantic institutions which seek only to make themselves more gigantic. He sees the world rapidly accelerating along the downhill road, and he can do nothing to stop it.

In this inarticulate impotence, it is perhaps a relief to turn to the common, self-justifying tasks of daily life, to follow the routine without asking questions, and not to take upon our own shoulders the final responsibility for the world.

In these circumstances, even the production of a school magazine may have some claim to rationality.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. F. Lawson, B.Sc., who died in Peppard Hospital on Wednesday, 4th December, 1957.

At the end of the summer term we said "Goodbye" to Mr. I. R. Bidgood, B.Sc., who came to us in 1953 and who has taken up an appointment as Science master at Blackdown High School, Leamington; and to Mr. M. R. Bar, M.A., who came to us in January, 1956, and who has taken up an appointment as Mathematics master at the County Modern School, Moseley, Birmingham.

In their places we welcome Mr. J. E. Mules, B.A. (Maths and Physics), and Mr. P. McCluskey, B.Sc. (Chemistry).

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Wilson on the birth of a daughter on 28th October, 1957, Mr. and Mrs. Horton on the birth of a daughter on 11th December, 1957, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown on the birth of a daughter on 7th March, 1958.

We are happy to record a visit paid to the school on July 1st by Mr. J. F. Joline and a party of boys from the Country Day School, St. Louis, Missouri. (Mr. Joline was an exchange teacher here, 1954-5).

During the week of 7th October, the school had a visit from Herr Otto Arnecke of Bielefeld (Western Germany), who was studying teaching methods in English schools.

During the Easter holidays a party of twenty boys, under the supervision of Mr. Lindley and Mr. Wilson, visited Paris.

The Youth Drama Festival was held at the Henry Gotch School. On February 19th, the Third Forms performed "The Leech" (based on "The Cloister and the Hearth" by Charles Reade).

We have pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the following school magazines: The Wellingborough Magazine, The Daventrian, The Newtonian (three issues), The Towcestrian, The Flavian (the magazine of Corby Grammar School), The Northamptonian, The Magazine of the Methodist College, Belfast.

On Thursday, February 20th, many members of the Grammar School and the High School saw two films on Sailing and inspected a Cadet class sailing dinghy in the Hall. Afterwards, Mr. A. Westley of the Mid Nene Sailing Club, gave a talk in the Library.

Owing to the immense amount of material which has strong claims to inclusion in an annual magazine, the decision has regretfully been taken to omit the Club Notes section from this issue in order to give greater space to the University Letters section. In our issue of next year (d.v.) we intend to re-insert Club Notes and to omit the University Letters, thus alternating in subsequent issues.

This term ends on Friday, July 25th, the combined half-term and Whitsun holiday being from May 26th to 30th inclusive. The Autumn term begins on Thursday, September 11th, 1958.

The Oxford G.C.E. Advanced Level begins on Monday, June 23rd, and the Ordinary Level on Monday, June 30th.

The 1958 visit of La Troupe Francaise was arranged for Tuesday, February 25th, but our capricious winter really did intervene with a vengeance. It was only after surmounting incredible difficulties that five masters and seventy boys finally reached Wellingborough—only to learn that the company were themselves stranded and the performance could not take place.

We are happy to express our thanks to all those who have in any way assisted with the preparation of this magazine—especially to our printers and advertisers whose co-operation makes possible this issue at its present size and price.

## MR. F. LAWSON.

It was with the deepest regret that the School learned of the death of Mr. Lawson on December 4th. He had been sent for an operation from Kettering to the Chest Hospital at Peppard, but died before the operation could be performed.

A Yorkshireman by birth and a graduate of the University of Leeds, Mr. Lawson came to Kettering in 1944 as Senior Chemistry Master. Forthright in speech and manner and a man of forceful personality he quickly made an impact upon the life of the school. A gifted and stimulating teacher, he demanded the best that his pupils could give, and it was rarely that they failed to respond.

It was with the senior boys that his work chiefly lay and here his examination results were most impressive. Most of these boys passed on to a University where they laid the foundations of a successful career. Their affection and respect for him were evident in their frequent visits to the School and especially at the annual Old Boys' Dinner.

He was a man of many interests. Cricket, undoubtedly, held first place in his affections, and a succession of School teams owed much to his coaching and sound advice. A keen photographer, he founded the Camera Club, one of the most active of our School Societies.

Outside the School he was widely known and respected. He was an active member of the local branch of the National Union of Teachers, serving for many years on the committee and holding the office of president. To the Town Cricket Club he gave generously of his time and experience and was for many years chairman of the Ground Committee. The Club has now dedicated to his memory the new flagpole which they have erected on their ground.

To his widow we extend our deepest sympathy and for ourselves we mourn the loss of a gifted and loyal colleague, whose passing leaves a gap in the life of the School which it will be very hard to fill.

#### CHARITY COLLECTIONS, 1957.

The amount collected during the year was £102.10.0. This was £5 less than the 1956 total, disregarding the special collection of £12 for Hungarian Relief. The money was allocated as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Kettering Social Welfare League	...	18	0 0
Kettering T.B. Fund	...	17	0 0
St. Dunstan's	...	14	0 0
Dr. Barnardo's	...	12	10 0
Kettering Samaritan Fund	...	12	0 0
Royal National Lifeboat Institution	...	10	0 0
National Spastics Society	...	5	0 0
National Fund for Polio Research	...	5	0 0
British Empire Cancer Campaign	...	3	0 0
League of Pity	...	3	0 0
B.L.E.S.M.A.	...	3	0 0
		£102	10 0

G.F.P.

#### HOWLERS.

Mammals usually live on land, except Wales.—1.Q.

A Quisling is a short quiz.—4.Sc.

The Arabs had no guns or ammunition, so they wrote to the Foreign Office in England for some weapons.—3.R.

That house has always been a pink elephant.—2.P.

Too much study leads to secret drug-taking.—5.G.

#### SIXTH FORM LEAVERS.

##### Easter, 1957.

A. D. Morrison (U.VI.M.)—Deputy Senior Prefect. County Major Scholarship (1956). To Leicester University.

J. Triggs (Up.VI.M.)—Prefect County Major Scholarship (1956). To King's College, London.

##### Summer, 1957.

Wells, K. J. (VI.M.B.)—To Stewarts and Lloyds.

Webb, R. C. (VI.Sc.B.)—To J. W. Towell and Co.

Baxter, D. (Up.VI.M.)—Senior Prefect 1956-7. County Major Scholarship. To St. Andrews University.

Loveday, K. W. (Up.VI.M.)—Prefect. State Scholarship (1956). National Service, then to St. Catherine's Society, Oxford.

N. McMaster (Up.VI.M.)—Prefect. County Major Scholarship. To Glasgow University.

Smith, J. B. (Up.VI.M.)—Prefect. County Major Scholarship (1956).

##### VI Modern A.

Arden, D. R.—Monitor. National Service, then to St. Paul's College, Cheltenham.

Coleman, G. A.—Monitor. County Major Scholarship. National Service, then Civil Service.

Collins, R. N.—Monitor. County Major Scholarship. To Leeds University.

Cox, D. E. O.—County Major Scholarship. To Leicester University.

Kemp, J. R.—To Newland Park Training College, Chalfont St. Giles.

Kilborn, J. R.—Monitor. County Major Scholarship. To King's College, Newcastle-on-Tyne (Durham University).

King, R. C.—Monitor. County Major Scholarship. To Westminster Bank.

Parker, R.—Prefect. County Major Scholarship. To Bristol University.

Russell, W. B.—Prefect. National Service, then to Training College.

Spence, P. C.—County Major Scholarship. To Leeds University.

Thompson, I. R.—County Major Scholarship. To Bristol University.

##### VI Modern B.

Allbury, D. J.—To Lloyds Bank.

Derry, R. V.—To K.I.C.S.

Walton, A.—National Service, then Training College.

Higham P. A. (Up.VI.Sc.)—Deputy Senior Prefect. County Major Scholarship (1956). To King's College, London.

##### VI Science A.

Allen, A.—County Major Scholarship. To Loughborough College of Technology.

Cwynarski, M. T.—Prefect. County Major Scholarship. To King's College, London.

- Edwards, M.—Monitor. County Major Scholarship. To Liverpool University.  
 Foulds, J. F.—County Major Scholarship. To King's College, Newcastle.  
 Gardner, W. B.—County Major Scholarship. To Liverpool University.  
 Harris, V. J.—Stewarts and Lloyds.  
 Hendry, B.—County Major Scholarship. To Manchester University.  
 Howlett, M. D. D.—County Major Scholarship. To Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd.  
 Jones, R. J.—County Major Scholarship. To Birmingham University.  
 Lamb, J. M.—Monitor. County Major Scholarship. To Nottingham University.  
 Law, A. D.—Monitor. County Major Scholarship. To Leeds University.  
 Murison, A. R.—County Major Scholarship. To Glasgow University.  
 Neale, J.—Monitor. County Major Scholarship. To Guy's Hospital Dental School.  
 Wood, G. M.—Prefect. County Major Scholarship. To Sheffield University.
- Christmas, 1957.**  
 Larcombe, J. A. (VI.Mod.B.)—To Messrs. Timpsons, Ltd.  
 Moore, A. F. (VI.Sc.B.)—To County Architect's Office.  
 Oram, M. W. (VI.Mod.B.)—To Northampton Grammar School.  
 Chatburn, J. (VI.Sc.B.)  
 Kay, M. A. (VI.Sc.B.)—To Messrs. Woolworths.

#### EXAMINATION SUCCESSES, 1957.

##### County Major Scholarships.

- A. Allen—Loughborough College of Technology.  
 D. Baxter—St. Andrews University.  
 G. A. Coleman.  
 R. N. Collins—Leeds University.  
 W. A. Collyer.  
 D. E. O. Cox—Leicester University.  
 M. T. Cwynarski—King's College, London.  
 M. Edwards—Liverpool University.  
 J. F. Foulds—King's College, Newcastle, Durham University.  
 W. B. Gardner—Liverpool University.  
 B. M. Greasley.  
 B. Hendry—Manchester University.  
 M. D. D. Howlett.  
 R. J. Jones—Birmingham University.  
 J. R. Kilborn—King's College, Newcastle, Durham University.  
 R. C. King.  
 J. M. Lamb—Nottingham University.  
 A. D. Law—Leeds University.  
 N. McMaster—Glasgow University.  
 A. R. Murison—Glasgow University.  
 J. Neale—Guy's Hospital Dental School.  
 R. Parker—Bristol University.  
 P. C. Spence—Leeds University.  
 I. R. Thompson—Bristol University.  
 G. M. Wood—Sheffield University.

##### Other Successes.

- E. N. Chamberlain—Entrance to King's College, London.  
 P. A. Higham—Entrance to King's College, London.  
 K. W. Loveday—Entrance to St. Catherine's Society, Oxford.

- A. D. Morrison—Entrance to Leicester University.  
 J. Triggs—Entrance to King's College, London.
- General Certificate of Education, Advanced Level, 1957.**  
 R. J. Abbott—Latin, French, History.  
 A. Allen—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 D. Baxter—French.  
 G. A. Coleman—English, French, German.  
 R. N. Collins—English, History, Geography.  
 W. A. Collyer—English, History, Geography.  
 D. E. O. Cox—Latin, French, German.  
 M. T. Cwynarski—Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology.  
 M. Edwards—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 J. F. Foulds—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 W. B. Gardner—Physics, Chemistry, Botany.  
 B. M. Greasley—English, History, Geography.  
 V. J. Harris—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Chemistry.  
 B. Hendry—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 M. D. D. Howlett—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 R. J. Jones—Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology.  
 J. R. Kemp—English, French.  
 J. R. Kilborn—Latin, French, German.  
 R. C. King—Latin, French, German.  
 J. M. Lamb—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 A. D. Law—Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology.  
 K. W. Loveday—Latin.  
 A. G. MacCormick—French, History.  
 N. McMaster—Latin, French, German.  
 A. R. Murison—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 J. Neale—Physics, Chemistry (Distinction), Botany, Zoology.  
 R. Parker—English (Distinction), French, German.  
 K. S. Pentlow—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 W. B. Russell—French.  
 J. B. Smith—German.  
 P. C. Spence—English, History, Geography (Distinction).  
 I. R. Thomson—Latin, German, History.  
 G. M. Wood—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
- General Certificate of Education, Ordinary Level, 1957.**  
 (The figures in brackets indicate the number of passes each boy has obtained).  
 Form V.G.—J. J. Allinson (5), J. P. Althorpe (3), T. J. W. Bailey (7), T. A. Benford (1), J. E. Brooks (8), F. M. Brown (3), P. T. Brown (3), P. J. Cawdell (5), J. Cooper (4), M. B. Eyles (2), R. P. Ferris (4), M. P. Gredzuik (2), F. W. Hart (4), E. Hogan (2), P. Holland (5), I. Jordan (3), J. Lack (6), A. W. MacLaren (8), C. A. McMillan (3), J. A. Miller (4), J. B. Miller (5), I. M. S. Pinkerton (3), P. Smedley (4).  
 Form V.M.—D. C. Boulby (3), J. W. Buckby (5), A. B. Cooper (3), R. Curtis (7), A. J. Dawson (10), L. J. Eady (7), N. J. Foster (9), S. C. Good (7), F. J. Holmes (8), R. C. James (6), L. T. Kerr (5), J. A. P. Larcombe (5), M. McMaster (2), D. McPherson (7), M. W. Oram (7), K. Owens (7), A. R. Paley (6), L. R. Philby (4), C. R. Pollard (9), P. H. J. Quincey (4), M. W. Scott (9), J. Stokes (1), B. Thompson (9), R. H. Wallace (8), R. M. Watts (5), T. G. West (4), B. G. Wright (4), B. A. York (9).

Form V.S.—R. F. Arnett (8), H. B. Austin (9), R. A. Beaver (11), K. Bradshaw (5), M. J. Bridge (10), K. E. Brombergs (10), R. L. Coles (10), J. Convery (5), R. J. Downing (10), J. G. Evans (10), D. H. James (10), D. V. Johnson (10), S. L. M. Karley (7), P. Lamont (10), T. E. W. Macpherson (8), L. A. Marshall (3), P. J. Miles (7), A. F. Moore (9), A. Perry (5), A. Prentice (10), M. W. Ridgway (8), A. Roberts (9), R. G. Ruckwood (6), C. J. Sharman (9), J. A. Skillman (10), J. W. Spriggs (6), J. V. Stanley (9), D. Sumpter (8), R. Thomson (9), C. A. Thrower (10), R. West (10), J. F. Wright (11).

#### OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES.

- J. Arnold—Second Class Honours Diploma, Loughborough College. B.Sc. (Aeronautical Engineering), London (External).  
 J. G. H. Bates—First Class Honours, Law Tripos, Part I. St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.  
 F. J. Chambers—B.A., Third Class Honours, Medieval and Modern History. Nottingham University.  
 R. J. Chapman—Second Class Honours, Division 2, English Tripos, Part I. St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.  
 R. A. Church—B.A., Second Class Honours, Division I. Economic History. Nottingham University.  
 P. Coe—B.Sc., First Class Honours, Chemistry. Birmingham University. Research Scholarship (three years).  
 M. E. Cotton—Second Class Honours, Division 2, English Tripos, Part I. Peterhouse, Cambridge.  
 A. H. Gilbert—B.Sc., Honours, Chemistry. Leeds University.  
 R. A. Glithero—B.D., London University (External).  
 G. Greaves—Final Examination, Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors.  
 P. E. Haddon—M.B., Ch.B. Sheffield University.  
 D. W. Hempstock—B.Sc. Manchester University.  
 D. A. Holmes—Third Class Honours, Mathematics. University College, London.  
 M. C. Hurst—Lectureship in History. St. John's College, Oxford.  
 J. D. Jackson—B.Sc. Electrical Engineering. King's College, London.  
 I. Jenkins—B.Sc. General. Birkbeck College, London.  
 D. F. Dale Jones—B.A. First Class Honours, English Tripos, Part II. Queens' College, Cambridge. Foundation Scholarship.  
 P. P. Marshall—B.A. Second Class Honours, History. Wadham College, Oxford.  
 M. E. Palmer—County Major Award. Entrance to Nottingham University. Mechanical Engineering.  
 B. E. Riches—Entrance to Birmingham University. Electrical Engineering.  
 J. H. Robinson—Technical State Scholarship.  
 D. J. Timson—A.M.I.Struct.E.  
 E. A. Turner—Technical State Scholarship.  
 M. F. Turner—County Major Award. London Polytechnic.  
 G. Walker—Diploma in Town and Country Planning. College of Arts and Crafts, Nottingham. Scholarship given by the Swedish Institute for Cultural Relations, tenable at Royal Institute of Technology, Stockholm.  
 R. Williams—B.Sc., Second Class Honours, Division 2, Chemistry. King's College, London.  
 R. C. Williams—Second Class Honours, Division 2, Economics. University College, Cardiff.

#### RETROSPECT. IV.

This year we reprint an article from the Magazine of December, 1921. It was written by W. A. Payne.

#### MR. PICKWICK ON THE LAKE.

So delighted was Mr. Pickwick with Wicksteed Park Lake that nothing less than actually going on it would satisfy him. Mr. Winkle suggested that they should have a canoe, but Mr. Pickwick gently reminded his enthusiastic friend that such a performance was incompatible with Pickwickian dignity. It was therefore unanimously decided by Mr. Pickwick to select a punt. Mr. Pickwick embarked with that dignity so natural to a great man. His three friends, however, were less fortunate, and it was only after a great deal of bewildered stumbling by the Pickwickians and a great many expostulations from the benevolent Mr. Pickwick himself, that order was achieved.

Winkle and Mr. Pickwick paddled while Snodgrass and Tupman gazed patronisingly around with a most ludicrous attempt at dignity and greatness. Indeed, it is regrettable to record that with the exception of Mr. Pickwick the party did not show to advantage. Mr. Winkle, anxious to remove this bad impression, and imagining no doubt that he was doing a noble deed, commenced to paddle vigorously. At once there was a roar of laughter from the bank as it was seen that Winkle was paddling backwards.

"Winkle!" commanded Mr. Pickwick. "Change places with Tupman."

Mr. Winkle, quailing before the severe gaze of his illustrious leader, meekly obeyed. All went thereafter well for a time—in spite of the punt's baffling tendency to describe curves.

Suddenly, however, Mr. Pickwick became very excited and wielded his paddle in a most confused and hurried fashion. His eagle eye had detected an approaching canoe careering madly towards them. "Bless my soul," said Mr. Pickwick anxiously. "Winkle, don't clutch the boat in that absurd fashion!" Mr. Winkle, however, convinced of imminent danger, continued to grasp the sides even more tightly.

We are pleased to record that no accident occurred as the canoe passed them many yards away. Mr. Winkle ceased to clutch the sides, Mr. Pickwick's face assumed its usual benevolent expression, and Tupman and Snodgrass were again able to gaze about them with security and complacency.

Eventually, the occupant of this canoe, who proved to be no other than Alfred Jingle, Esq., brought his craft round and gracefully steered it alongside.

That was my first morning at the Sewanee Military Academy. I wore the jacket of a member of the staff (here called 'Faculty') who left last year and by some miracle was my size, a pair of hastily cut-down trousers, and a tie which floated free in front of me, instead of being neatly tucked between the second and third buttons of the khaki shirt in the regulation manner. A little over thirty-six hours ago, I had been on London Airport in the wind and rain. I had seen the lights on London Bridge hang in a bright festoon, I had been driven along the neon and concrete waste of the North Circular. Last night I had arrived on the mountain top in Indian Summer weather, to the sound of crickets. I had never taught, I had never been in the Army. I trembled in awe before the Sewanee Military Academy and its 270 cadets.

Now clouds were over the mountain top. Sewanee mountain; 3000 ft. high, an old, old rock that once was the floor of some vast sea, once the scene of a skirmish in the Civil War (call it the 'War between the States' here in the south if you want to be popular) when two or three men were killed, and Bishop Leonidas Polk, turned Lieutenant in the Confederate Army, withdrew his troops to the vain defence of Chattanooga, 50 miles away down on the Tennessee River. The University of the South was founded before then, in 1857, by Bishop Polk himself, on a 10,000 acre domain of rock forested with scrubby oak and maple. Behind the retreating Confederates, the Union troops blew up the Foundation stone and carried away pieces of it for souvenirs.

The Academy, too, was founded at about this time, as a part of the University. From the Academy, boys go to a career in the army, or a university education in the nearby Alma Mater. The whole is run by the Protestant Episcopal Church—a church exactly similar to the C. of E. It is an all-male university, offering a Liberal Arts course. It is modelled (Horrors!) on Oxford. It has an enrolment of 500, and is recognized as one of the best small universities in the U.S.A. Dr. F. R. Leavis has written articles in the 'Sewanee Review', its literary magazine. The whole campus is situated, as the brochures assert, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the South, but it is very isolated. Chattanooga is the nearest place that could be called civilized. Nashville, the other neighbouring city, is 90 miles away.

The scenery consists of ancient, flat-topped, rock ridges mantled with trees, that turn wondrous colours in the Autumn. These ridges are part of the Appalachian Range, along the top of which one can hike in the summer all the way from Maine to Georgia. In several places on the top of the mountain, notably by the high War Memorial Cross, painted white and visible for over 20 miles during the day, floodlit and visible even further at night, there are dizzy views into the drab green valley with its

little houses scattered here and there, and the curious-shaped barns on the farms. At night, the nearby town of Winchester sails over the flat valley floor like one of the old River Boats, its lights twinkling.

This is the South. Here the people are friendly and can be trusted. Friendly : a man once came in to a Southern town on the train with nowhere to go. On the station he met a man from the town. They talked. He spent the night at the house of the man he had met. He spent the next night. Twenty years later the family built a new house, with a special wing for the visitor. Some years after that, the stranger died. The family buried him in their vault.

Trustworthy : I went to collect a pair of shoes from the local cobbler here in Sewanee. He also works in the Post Office, and at that time was busy. He gave me the keys of his shop and told me to help myself.

This is the South. Here the people are easy going and traditional. Easy going : the stalks of the sweet corn are not cut tidily down when the cobs have been harvested, they are left all winter, to rot away in the course of time. Here, when you have finished with a farm building, you do not dismantle it to use for firewood, you let it stand while it will, and when it at last falls down, you leave it as it fell.

Above all, traditional. The War between the States is not over. The recent segregation trouble was another shot in that war. If the Government (referred to as 'The North' here since Little Rock) tries to integrate Mississippi or Georgia, there will be bloodshed beyond any doubt. A dam' Yankee is still a dam' Yankee to a Southerner. There are people here—I have met them—who will not stand for 'The Star Spangled Banner'. This the 'land of cotton', the land of Dixie, the land of 'The Bonny Blue Flag that bears the single star.'

They have a saying here that goes like this : 'If you take a Southerner to the North, he becomes more Southern ; if you take a Yankee South, he becomes a Southerner.' Well, the British are a Northern Race.

### "MAYFLOWER" ADVENTURE.

(The author of this article, G. Nunn, was a member of this school from 1953-55. He describes how he came to be chosen a member of the "Mayflower's" crew on her famous crossing last year, and he is now still in the "Mayflower" in American waters.

This article is reprinted by kind permission of Mr. A. Simpson, the Warden of the Uppingham Boys' Club, and of R. D. McCready, Editor of the Club Journal).

It all started on my usual evening visit to the Boys' Club. It was then that my Club Warden, Mr. Alec Simpson, asked me to represent our Club as a candidate at the National Association of Boys' Clubs. The plan was that one boy from British Boys' Clubs, and one boy from American Boys' Clubs should be selected as cabin-boys. The Boys' Clubs in Britain number over two thousand two hundred, and have a membership of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand—so the competition would be very keen. The prospect of sailing in the "Mayflower II" excited me very much but I could not give a direct answer that evening.

The more I thought about the project the more all sorts of complications arose—such as my already proposed career in the Merchant Navy, the possibility that I might be overseas when the time came for the "Mayflower" to sail, and the possibility that the shipping company for which I was to work might not be able to give me the necessary time off (which might be as much as nine months). Lastly, and perhaps the most important question, how would my parents take it?

As soon as I got home that night, I threw the good news to them. They sat there quietly listening; then they told me point-blank that I didn't have a chance. This lowered my morale very much, and in fact, from then on right till the day of the interview in London by the N.A.B.C., I lost all confidence in my chances of sailing in "Mayflower II".

I remember the day of my interview as though it were yesterday. I remember the sixteen other boys all sitting in that gloomy room at the N.A.B.C. Headquarters. We were the boys who had been short-listed from candidates submitted by all the Boys' Clubs in Britain, and we were there for the finals. I remember looking round at the others—they were big, small, strong or frail. Goodness knows what I must have looked like to them. We were all nervous, but by the time my name was called out, I felt ready for anything. I eagerly climbed the two flights of dreary stone steps, and entered a very large room, where, behind a desk in the middle, were sitting three men who stared intently at me from the moment I entered.

I remember walking down the steps of that building later on and going out into the brilliant sunshine, feeling confident that I had made a good impression. I started walking towards the station. Little did I suspect what an exciting mood was just ahead.

At the Club four days later, Mr. Simpson called me into the office. As soon as the door was closed he grabbed me by the hand, and said, "You've got it!"

He then went on to say that nobody else was to know about my selection until the following Saturday—which was the start of the N.A.B.C. Week—and that then it would be officially released that I was to sail on the "Mayflower II". He then went on to tell me about broadcasts, but I never heard another word he said, I was in a complete daze. Just those three words kept going round and round in my head—"You've got it. You've got it!"

I left the Club early that night and walked home part of the way with my best friend, Tom. We parted without saying much to each other, but I was absolutely bursting to tell him the news. It was while walking the last half mile home, while all the streets were deserted and it was drizzling slightly, that I really experienced the full wonder of the feeling. It was like walking on air. It must have seemed a miserable night to everyone else, but to me it was delightful.

I turned the corner to my street and I suddenly felt nervous at having to tell my parents the news. I hesitated at the garden gate, but then the nervousness left me and that glorious feeling came back. Mum spotted me as I walked up the path, as she has done every time I've come back from the Club, but this time it seemed to me as though a stranger were waving to me from her chair near the window.

I walked into the living-room where they were watching the television. Why I didn't tell them then, I don't know, I just sat down without telling them a word about my news—and indeed, I didn't say a word for two hours until the television had ended.

Mum got up and I followed her out into the kitchen while Dad switched off the set and picked up the newspaper. Mum was cutting some bread when I smiled and, "Mum, I've got it!" I didn't need to say any more. She just threw her arms round my neck, the bread-knife still in her hand. Dad then grabbed me by the hand. Plans were discussed and excitement grew in the talk that followed. I was really tired when I went to bed, and, when I finally went to sleep, I don't have to say what dreams were rushing through my head.

Three days later, on a Friday, I made my first radio broadcast. My short walk through that large building at Daventry was a new and exciting experience. The mass of electrical gear and

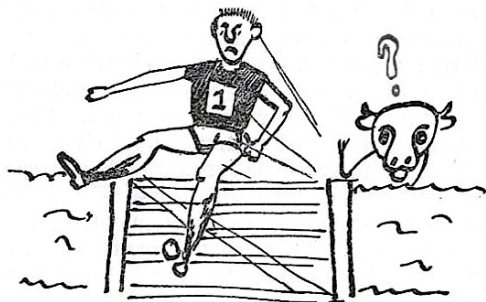
the towering aerals amazed me. In fact I was so amazed that not even a thought of nervousness entered my head.

The next day, I went off alone to London for my appointment at County Hall for the official opening ceremony of the N.A.B.C. Week. I was there promptly at five and in due course we took our seats on the right side of the grandstand on which sat the Duke of Gloucester, the President of the N.A.B.C. About half-way through the ceremony, Captain Sanders (one of the gentlemen who had selected me) got up and made a speech about the "Mayflower" explaining that one person representing the N.A.B.C. was to sail in her. I was then presented to the Duke and to the audience as that person. Now it was officially announced! I really began to feel like the cabin-boy of the "Mayflower".

All this happened in October, 1956. A month later, in November, I joined the National Security Training School for my training in the Merchant Navy. It sounds very fitting that I should go to school for the purpose of making good on the "Mayflower II". I studied the duties of a steward, and for six weeks I learned how to fit tables, serve passengers, make beds, and do all sorts of unglamorous jobs.

I passed out of the school on December 14th, and was—as they put it—ready for sea. From then until 7th January, I was on what is known as the "dole"—meaning that I had no ship, but was being paid by the Peninsular and Orient Line, the shipping company that was employing me. I received my joining orders—namely, to report aboard S.S. Arcadia at Tilbury Docks on Wednesday, January 9th, 1957. We sailed immediately for Australia, returning on March 2nd.

Three days later, I joined the "Mayflower".



SOON CAME THE CROSS  
—COUNTRY SEASON

## UNIVERSITY LETTERS

The University,  
Birmingham, 1.

A total of seven Old Cytringanians at present at Birmingham represents a marked increase over previous years, and it is to be hoped that the number will continue to grow in the future.

These are interesting times at Birmingham. Over the next few years the University will complete an important phase of expansion, the most important in its history. The quiet cloister is not to be found here; lectures are punctuated by the thud of the pile-driver, and terminated by a steam-whistle. A new Library and Faculty of Arts are taking shape; and Birmingham begins to increase in importance as a cultural and intellectual centre, in competition with older established places.

But the city and University have much leeway to make up. Through prehistoric and into historic times, the Birmingham area was relatively backward. A wooded, inhospitable plateau, it was avoided by the bringers of new cultural patterns, who tended to confine themselves to the pleasant river-terraces of the Avon, Severn, and, to a lesser extent, the Trent. A string of forts along the edge of the East Warwickshire Plateau and the southern edge of the Birmingham Plateau, greeted the Romans, and Watling Street conspicuously avoided the area of the present city, crossing the Plateau by the low northern gap, near what is now the town of Cannock. The main railway to the north-west follows the same line, and even today the main London to Chester Road comes no nearer to Birmingham proper than Castle Bromwich. Towns peripheral to the present Birmingham area became the industrial, administrative, and ecclesiastical centres of the West Midland regions—Wolverhampton, Warwick, Lichfield, and several others of equal importance.

Thus the student who comes to Birmingham does not find much that is of great antiquity; even though he may discover a few medieval relics in Digbeth, or 12th century stonework in St. Martins in the Bull Ring, he will see that Birmingham, the essential Birmingham, is a monument to the Victorians. It is well known that during the 19th century Birmingham became a leading industrial centre, and the second city of England. During the first half of that century, the rate of expansion was great, and the city must have worn an almost semi-colonial air. The jerry-builders threw up the familiar pre-1860 pattern of back-to-back houses in rectangular mews to house the new workers; canals from the estuaries and rivers of the north-west, south-west, and south-east

St. Catharine's College,  
Cambridge.

As one might suppose, at Cambridge there are far more outlets for undergraduate talent and interest than any one person could expect to use. But usually when a man has come to his third and last year at the University he can sit back and say with some satisfaction that he has done everything that could be reasonably done. Naturally he has regrets as to those pleasures that he missed, and he does not exactly look forward to his going down for the last time. But then, I am told (though I do not know with what accuracy) that there is nothing like a visit to the amiable gentlemen at the University Appointments Board to dispel any depression.

However, if this be the true analysis of the 3rd year undergraduate's attitude, as I think it is, I should put it on record that my own feeling is far from being like this. Since the initial bewildering weeks of my first year I have grown more and more to appreciate the incongruous blend of formality and informality in the student life, the quiet impressive dignity of the colleges and some of the values of this extraordinary city of which the University is the dynamo. I shall be genuinely sorry to leave it all.

Life here can be said to revolve round the coffee cups, for it is at morning and evening coffee that the student is really seen. If you could imagine a cheerless room conspicuous by its untidiness, a dirty coffee cup here and there, the odd packet of biscuits on the table and the smoke spiralling upwards from lighted cigarettes, while from a gramophone in the corner come the tinkling strains of a jazz band or (I venture to suggest) a symphony orchestra—that is the scene. Five or six undergraduates have draped themselves over and about the few sticks of furniture and are engaged in altercation both serious and frivolous. It is here that decisions are made and future plans determined.

To an outsider this might seem a haphazard way of education—really it is not. The aim and essence of the educational system here is to promote the free interchange of ideas and thought. True, all of us are working towards a degree but it is considered (not unreasonably) that intelligent self-expression will contribute materially towards this, and for that reason it is desirable for the undergraduate to lose his inhibitions and self-consciousness. Supervision classes admirably fulfil this purpose and, speaking of my own, they equate to an intellectual 'Workers' Playtime'. Wit and humour abound, the interests are stimulated and somehow the work is better done. There are some fears however in the University that this system of teaching may break down, owing to the fact that with the increasing size of classes it is becoming increasingly more

difficult to establish the intimate link between pupil and mentor. No doubt due consideration is being given to the matter in the appropriate spheres.

My information as to the progress of old boys of the school now up at Cambridge is either scanty or non-existent. I rarely see R. J. Chapman though he is a member of my own college. I am told by people in the circles of University Athletics that he should this year get the 'Blue' he so unfortunately missed through his last year's pre-match injury. But I must say that, as a non-runner, his diligence in training really appals me. M. E. Cotton of Peterhouse, seems to spend most of his time within the walls of the University Library. I had fears at one time that he would join a dangerous and fanatical religious group but fortunately now the Devil has reclaimed him. D. J. Higham, also of Peterhouse, whom I have encountered but twice since he came up is presumably following a diligent and well-ordered life—at least I have no reason to suspect that he yet has come into conflict with the authorities. I understand that B. R. Short, who had three years at Wadham College, Oxford, reading history, is now after National Service doing a diploma of education at Christ's College, but I haven't seen him. No doubt he is finding that a little more is required of him here than at the other place.

J. G. H. Bates.

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The University,  
Glasgow.

There are few pupils indeed, who, having completed the first part of their education, venture into a 'foreign' land with a view to attaining new heights of achievement, but being 100% Scottish in descent myself, I feel quite at home here among the broad Glasgow accents which might initially scare or deter any would-be English student.

Without doubt, the people of Glasgow are among the most warm-hearted, patient and forbearing citizens in Britain. Proof of this is apparent when one sees their friendliness to six thousand students as they stalk the streets in search of 'customers' on Charities Day held at the beginning of the year.

The University was founded in 1450 in the High Street, in a district now regarded as the oldest and most steeped in historical tradition. After many temporary homes, the present imposing edifice was erected in 1870 in the west of the city some eight miles from its original position near the Cathedral.

industrial community. The most modern part—the Parkinson building—is now of such proportions that it dominates the whole City. At night it is flood-lit and truly is a majestic spectacle.

The present University grew from the Yorkshire College of Science (founded 1874) which was extended to include an Arts Faculty and a Department of Textile Industries and later combined with the School of Medicine (founded 1831). The University received its Charter in 1904. After the Second World War, student numbers doubled and a large programme of development is now under way. This Session, there are some 3850 students.

A University is not merely a building; it is much more than that—it is the very people who make up that community and in this respect Leeds is fortunate to have six K.G.S. boys on its rolls, not forgetting those of the academic staff who also hail from Kettering. The “Freshers” this year are Roger Collins, Peter Spence (who early this term received hon. mention in the ‘Union News’ for his swimming prowess), Barry Hanks and myself. We join Neil Stevenson and Keith Herbert—the latter being hidden away in the Medical School.

A. D. Law.

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Liverpool University.

“Down in the forest something stirred.”

Possibly following the realisation by the University authorities than more and more ex-K.G.S. boys were coming to Liverpool to continue their academic studies (at present five in all) it was evidently decided that it was time that we had some new buildings and consequently, quite suddenly, about six months ago, squads of demolition men swarmed over the forest of slums surrounding the University.

Very soon masonry began to fall and the crash of brick on brick became sweet music to our ears as we realised that at last some of the eyesores were to be replaced by fine modern buildings. Already there was the new Medical department and now there was talk of a new physics block and engineers building.

Conspicuous for its absolute lack of activity was my own department; and Zoology students, it seems, will be housed in the same tumble-down pile of bricks and mortar in which they have struggled for recognition since the turn of the century.

However, some consolation for our initial disappointment was the opportunity to spend very pleasant hours between lectures making constructive criticisms of the actions of the salvage men perched high on the spires and pinnacles of the old chemistry block

opposite our own department. During the pleasantries and occasional bricks that we consequently exchanged between the two sides of the road the word “Wak” occurred with amazing frequency in the comments addressed to us by the workmen and provided for me an aspect of University education which I am quite sure I could not have obtained in any city other than Liverpool.

On the subject of University education, I must mention the fact that this being finals year for two of the K.G.S. contingent, the school will have its first Liverpool graduates for several years and it is fitting that at such a time extensive rebuilding plans should be put into operation in preparation for the many more old boys by whom, it is hoped, these noble, if slightly grimy, portals will be graced in the years to come.

On this note I must end my letter and in doing so I would like to use the fond farewell said with such sincerity by the natives in their own tongue, “Tarrar then wak, be seen’ yers.”

A. L. Rice.

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The University,  
Manchester, 14.

On the 7th of October 1956, the Palatine Express rolled out of Kettering Station and gathered speed on its way to Manchester. Through a third class carriage window I caught my last glimpse of Kettering and then settled down. Just how would I find life in Manchester?

The Manchester I did find was something of an enigma, containing as it does the biggest and best of some things and yet by far the worst of others. It is a city which boasts of the Hallé and of its famous jazz club—the Bodega—and yet which has no modern jazz scene at all; it is a city where you can get a perfect Italian, Chinese or Indian meal, and yet where a cheap, well-cooked, English meal is impossible to find.

The University itself also illustrates this point. My first view of the university was of an ugly, soot-stained building surrounded by equally ugly modernistic buildings of clashing architectural designs, the whole being delicately set in a surround of bomb-sites and slums. Yet this same university contains, on the academic side, the newest electronic brain in the country and the largest radio-telescope in the world, (to which even the Russians, like schoolboys having played cricket and lost their ball, came begging to Prof. A. P. Lovell to find it for them). Away from the academic side, the university can, among other things, boast of the modern and well equipped Wythenshaw playing fields, the McDougal centre, which until a few months ago when London

opened theirs, had the only university-owned swimming bath in the country, and last, but certainly not least, our brand-new union buildings.

In a non-residential university such as Manchester there is the ever-present danger that the university spirit will be lost and the university will turn into just a place to go to between the hours of 9.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. It is to a great extent to combat this danger that the university buildings are there, to act as a centre of student social life during these "off duty" hours. Within our present buildings there are, for example, everything from dark-rooms to baths, from the mixed and men's bars to the men and women's hairdressers, from debating halls to the silence room, and from the cafeteria to the lounge; and, once inside, the student can eat, drink, sleep, work, sit and think, or just sit. The union itself is a body run by the students for the students, to look after student interests in many fields, from grants and vacation work to staff-student relations.

The ex-K.G.S. colony here now boasts the record number of five, comprising David Hempstock, a well-bearded fourth year man, now taking a T.D. after studying general science; Malcolm Metcalfe, now in the third year, studying applied sadism or dentistry, Barrie Hendry and David James, the twins of our colony, both taking metallurgy and both in the first year; finally there is myself at present battling valiantly with second year honours chemistry. I hope that next year we will see more vaguely familiar faces up from Kettering.

Keith D. Jeffs.

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The University,  
Nottingham.

Nottingham University, the most modern and picturesque university in the country, offers much to the student both in studies and recreation, and, when asked from which university my gaily coloured scarf has originated, it is with pride that I inform my enquirers. For this university is practically unique in so far that it is all contained in one large park, approaching five times the size of Wicksteed Park. This, of course, offers plenty of room for expansion, which is in full swing at the moment and has been for the last decade and promises to be for two or three more to come. The Portland Building which was completed only last year contains everything a student requires for recreation, including table-tennis and billiards rooms, a ballroom, restaurant, refectory, cafeteria and coffee bar, the biggest attraction and preventor of work,

where every student can be found at least twice a day. Work on the new 'Hall of Residence' for men to be named Cripps Hall after the Northampton engineer, has already begun, and a model of this, together with a model of the very extensive new science buildings to be built soon, are exhibited in the main entrance hall of the university. Also plans for more 'Halls' both for men and women have already been put forward.

As one stands on the top of the hill beside the main buildings the impressive Boots' factory can be seen in the distance beyond the very pleasant lake which adds beauty to the university park. This is very fitting as Jesse Boot has donated much to the university. Besides Boots Drugs Ltd., and Raleigh Cycles Ltd., Nottingham is renowned for its other large factory, that of John Player and Sons. This may not be the sort of thing that we learnt in Geography lessons but it is, no doubt, of interest to the old boys of the school, if not to those still remaining.

The Pressional Conference, my first introduction to the University and a week-end well spent by anyone 'going-up' as a fresher, provided a grand background to the place which was to become my 'second' home. It was here that the 83 clubs and societies were out to find new members and consequently provided me with my first big decision—which ones to join—for they would all have been only too pleased to be able to count me as a new member.

There are at present three other old K.G.S. boys here. Jim Panter, whom I very rarely see, and Roy Church, whose engagement was announced last term, who are regarded as old men in their fourth year; while Malcolm Palmer has come up as a fresher after spending three years with Stewarts and Lloyds.

J. M. Lamb.

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The University,  
Reading.

A deluge of people pours down the stairs from the breakfast tables, halts momentarily at the day's display of notices, and then surges into the quad. and rapidly disperses. A few moments later, books and gowns having been hastily grabbed from their resting places, the majority of that crowd are flying down the hill and announcing to the world that the University is about to begin another day's work. These are the Students of Agriculture, who form the undergraduate members of the largest Faculty of the University. Later in the day many of them will be working on the hundreds of acres of land which form the farms and research

establishments that make Reading what is probably the finest University in the country for the study of agriculture.

Soon after the departure of these stalwarts, other people emerge from the gateway of the hall in groups. The scientists amongst them follow after the agricultural avalanche and head for the main site. There the buildings are mainly devoted to the needs of science and agriculture, although the University's excellent library, together with the Great Hall, administrative buildings and the school of Fine Art and Music, also have their location on this site.

Those of us pursuing courses in Arts move in the opposite direction in order to reach our own Faculty building. This stands in a park of some three hundred acres and is an entirely new building opened in March 1957. Quite revolutionary in design and construction, it is the first building completed in the scheme to transfer the whole of the University, with the exception of the Halls of Residence, to this pleasant and extensive park land. In this respect the faculty building resembles another building, no doubt dear to hearts of many readers.

As far as Reading is concerned the scheme should come to fruition in the not too distant future. This seems certain; not least because we have here a mere fraction of the numbers to be found at most provincial Universities. This term there are about thirteen hundred students, the majority of which number are accommodated in Halls of Residence. I feel that Reading has a quite unique claim to distinction in this most important aspect of University life. A large number of students here are able to enjoy many of the advantages of that communal life which is the basic factor in the much praised collegiate systems of the ancient Universities. The fact that the atmosphere of the University is a residential one means that the social as well as the academic life has a distinctly remarkable vitality combined with a full appreciation of more leisurely pursuits.

Life is enjoyable. The student can please himself concerning the pace at which it is lived. The sportsman is amply catered for both on the river and on the games field. Clubs flourish; ranging from the more usual occupations of debating and music to such a thing as pot-holing in South Wales or the Mendips. Reading itself has the usual entertainments to offer, and its large brewery is not least amongst its attractions.

As, at present, I am the sole Old Boy of the school studying here, allow me to express the hope that the situation will soon be otherwise.

Robert H. Bassett.



THE DUTCH TOUR—FRANS HALS MUSEUM, HAARLEM.  
Photo.: S. H. Perry, 6.Sc.A.

The University,  
Sheffield.

The first impressions of the great city of Sheffield are not very favourable. As one approaches along a dark, dirty railway line passing hundreds of equally dirty warehouses and factories, it brings back sweet memories of Corby with its industrial grime.

One must admit however, that a quarter of a mile from the station in the shadows of the Cathedral, the City assumes quite a different air. Large clean chain-stores flank the busy streets, unaffected by the smoky atmosphere.

The University buildings are situated away from the City centre on the opposite side to the multitude of small steel works. The main building dates back to the early 19th century when there was only a Medical School, and the Chemistry block, which is now being extended, was built in 1952.

Of course the real character of the University is built up by the students, and the Old Cytringanians can claim four members, namely : G. F. Laundon, J. S. Rawlinson, I. I. Runciman and myself, studying Botany, Engineering and Metallurgy respectively.

Runciman and myself were fortunate to gain places in the famous Ranmoor House, the number one Hall of Residence. Although small in numbers, Ranmoor House, which is mainly composed of sportsmen, more than holds its own with the other Halls in the many competitions. Studying is not neglected however as the Hall has a very good record of academic successes.

Runciman has kept the old flag flying and is having his second season as fly-half for the 1st XV, having been awarded his half-colours last year.

There are few better Universities than Sheffield in the country for reading Metallurgy, Chemistry, Engineering or Geography, so I look forward to meeting old friends from K.G.S. in the Union in October 1958.

G. M. Wood.

The University,  
St. Andrews.

A small boy once wrote in answer to an examination question about the Angles that "all the obtuse Angles stayed in the south and all the acute Angles went north". This would certainly explain why the first university in Scotland founded at St. Andrews in 1411 was, and is, such a fine one ; indeed an Englishman here need not feel himself cast alone into a den of fiery Scots, for half



THE GERMAN TRIP.  
THE GARDEN OF THE STOLZENFELS HOTEL.

Photo.: N. Foster.

the student population of St. Andrews is Sassenach—and proud of it.

One's first impression of this, the Red Gown University, is that here is a seat of learning with a very distinctive character of its own. Backed by a history stretching over five centuries, tradition plays a very important role in University life; and yet here is no idle dependence on the past, for new traditions come and go with each successive generation of students.

Being a comparatively small university by modern standards, St. Andrews permits a fine intimacy of contact between student and staff, while that among the students themselves is even more marked. This latter aspect immediately confronts the bejant (or first year student) during his first few weeks, for not only is he made to feel welcome, and a part of the university from the moment of his arrival, but it is to him that the rest of the student body looks for new stimulus and fresh character.

The social life may at times seem to ignore that other necessary aspect of an academic establishment—work! Whether it be a trip to Edinburgh for a Rugby international, a visit to the local cinema for a meeting of the film society on Sunday evening, or simply a chat over a cup of coffee, time soon slips by and when one realises a fortnight before the beginning of the vacation that terminal examinations are looming dangerously close, one can easily distinguish a student from any ordinary mortal by his bleary eyes, worried expression and deeply-furrowed brow.

I hope that when considering their choice of university, members of the sixth form will not overlook St. Andrews—it is well worth the journey.

D. Baxter.



## OLD CYTRINGANIANS' SECTION

IN MEMORIAM  
Ernest Donovan Knight  
1909-1957

The untimely and deeply regretted death of Don Knight deprived the Old Cytringanians of a loyal and popular member. He had a long record of service, including the Presidency, and in committee could always be relied upon for terse and shrewd advice. His connection with the school continued through his sons, of whom Philip is at present doing capable work as joint secretary of the Association. He will be greatly missed.

IN MEMORIAM  
Walter Alfred Hodge  
1907-1958

An equally tragic loss was that of Walter Hodge, an important figure in the life of Kettering, and of the same school vintage as Don Knight. He is remembered as a regular contributor to the magazine, a keen tennis player, and an early and distinguished member of the Hygrams. He retained his literary tastes throughout an all too brief life, and was a frequent and able speaker at school reunions. In manner he was both genial and impressive, with a warm friendliness not readily to be forgotten.

David Barlow, whose reappearance at a Three Arts concert in Kettering was in itself a guarantee of success, is consolidating his musical standing in the North. In October last the Tyneside Music Society included his Two Songs in an evening of chamber music, and by the time these notes are in print his Metamorphoses will have been performed by John Clegg in a pianoforte recital. David, whose modesty remains unshakeable, apologizes for appearing in the programme with such great names as Mozart and Liszt.

H. E. Bates has scored three successes this year—two books of short stories and a noteworthy television series devoted to the reprobate Uncle Silas.

In May, R. C. Travill, District Welfare Officer for the Oundle and Thrapston area, was promoted to Senior Welfare Officer in the City of Birmingham. His reputation in Thrapston was of the highest, and his departure was accompanied by many tributes and gifts.

Readers of the "Sunday Times" will have noted the formidable mathematical problem set in May by A. D. Denton, now reported to be with the Coal Board. One non-mathematical reader observed with interest that, in forwarding solutions, 'No competitor bettered G. Hopkins of Kettering.'

Among the select list of campanologists from the school perhaps the highest distinction was gained by B. P. Morris, recently appointed postmaster of Ashbourne. We feel pretty sure that the church must have a fine peal.

An unexpected but most welcome visitor to your contributor was C. N. Marlow, a debonair Commander in the Royal Navy. He had just entered his eldest boy at Nevill Holt. His own work is at Woolwich, where he is engaged in gunnery research, and he lives in a period house near Bradford-on-Avon.

Another visitor was Robert Coleman. He had resigned from the American Library in London, where he has been working for some years, and with commendable enterprise was about to sail for America in the hope of enlarging his professional experience. He is now in New York.

Special congratulations are due to Alan Baker. He left school long before the age of opportunity but through his own unaided studies has recently won a State Scholarship—a stout effort.

Yet another visitor, going a very long way back, was Frederick Burgess. He teaches art for a living and studies churchyard monuments as a recreation. With the aid of a Vespa he was covering a wide area in the Midlands. In this field of knowledge he probably has no equal.

The Reverend J. Slow has been appointed to a pastorate in Finedon.

Jerry Harpur, in his time an exhibitor at the school's yearly display, is now engaged in professional photography and has had some fine examples of pictorial work published during the year.

No doubt an account of the joint debate with the school has a place in these brief notes. The attendance showed an improvement on last year, and the Old Boys enlisted the powerful aid of Mr. J. L. Carr, whose quiet and uncompromising realism withstood even the sustained attacks of the bright University boys.

These, however, with similar speakers from the floor, provided a distinct and slightly mannered flavour to the evening. N. C. Sharman presided with competence and courtesy, while, in your contributor's opinion, school honours went to the thoughtful, rather hesitant speech by R. A. York. By a narrow majority—11 votes to 10—the house decided that 'the present educational system fosters class distinction'.

### THE ANNUAL REPORT, 1957.

The current year in the activities of the Association has proved to be one of mixed fortunes.

On the credit side, the first joint debate with the school was held, and it is hoped to make this an annual event. The President's cricket match was played on Sunday, June 16th, and was enjoyed by all who attended. The New Year's Eve dance, too, continues to be very successful.

However, against this, the Autumn dance had to be cancelled, and the committee have regretfully decided to discontinue for the time being all dances except the New Year's Eve dance owing to the continued lack of support. Indeed, the Association would welcome more support for all their functions.

The Senior and Junior Old Boys' Prizes have been awarded to R. J. Abbott and J. F. Sykes respectively.

Membership figures this year show 17 new life and 12 new annual subscriptions, while 1 second life subscription has been received.

I. M. Ashby, P. J. Knight,  
Joint Hon. Secretaries.

### THE ANNUAL DINNER.

This year's Dinner, held on January 4th, was characterised by some falling-off in numbers, with notable gaps among the veterans, but not without compensation in a marked influx of younger members.

The President was toasted by Garth Drake, who traced his association with Malcolm Jackson from their early years at a primary school. His racy autobiography-cum-biography, reminiscent and mildly satirical, was well received. Malcolm replied with modesty and brevity. 'The School' was proposed by Clifford Ireson, who had travelled from Leeds, and the result was well worth the journey. In a thoughtful and polished manner he analysed closely the meaning and purpose of the grammar school. No brief reference could do justice to this penetrating survey, that

courageously made little concession to pure entertainment. Let it suffice that one of his most critical listeners was overheard to exclaim, 'That speech ought to be published!' John Abbott, the Head Boy, replied with a competently delivered record of activities. The last speaker was the Headmaster, who after referring to his low position in the batting order contrived a capable last-wicket stand in which he supplemented the previous speaker's list with wider successes among Old Boys—ranging from Shakespearean study to confectionery.

David Bridge provided music at the piano, and, after the speeches, the retiring President, whose year had been conspicuous for efficiency and urbanity, presented a handsome blotting pad for use in the prefects' room, and himself received the customary plaque as a permanent souvenir of office. It only remains to add that a new precedent was established by the presence of two Old Cytringanian Mayors—past and present.

#### HYGRAM PLAYERS, 1957.

The Society has in 1957 enjoyed another full and active year. There have been three major productions. The first, played in the School Hall in February, was "The Browning Version", the well known short play by Terence Rattigan. It was successfully produced by Edward Ward, whose first production for the society it was. To complete the programme the first performances were given of "Mr. Garrick's Young Ladies", an original comedy written by Gilbert Gordon, the County Drama Advisor, and produced by C. W. Godfrey. This double bill proved to be very popular and was excellently supported. The plays were later repeated at Rothwell. "Mr. Garrick's Young Ladies" was entered for the British Drama League One Act play competition and was placed 6th out of 18 teams in the Northamptonshire festival in March.

For the third time the society presented an open air Shakespeare play. During June, C. W. Godfrey's production of "Twelfth Night" was given four performances in the gardens of St. Peter's School. The hazards of this type of venture were typified by the cold and variable weather, and public support was less than in previous years. Once again the society was pleased to have the assistance of members of the school in this cast.

The third production of the year, in the School Hall in October, was a tragedy, an unusual choice for the society. The play was "Antigone" by Jean Anouilh, and the programme was completed by "A Phoenix Too Frequent", a one-act play by Christopher Fry. Both plays were produced by Evan Roberts and the productions gained high praise from their audiences.

As usual there were also play readings, a summer visit to Stratford-on-Avon, and visits to other local performances, including the School's striking production of "Coriolanus".

On March 18th, 19th and 20th, the Spring production in the School Hall was "Ring Round the Moon," produced by David Bishop.

The society, as always, is anxious to welcome new members, and extends a warm invitation to all Old Cytringanians interested in any aspect of the theatre, front or back stage.

Derek Gray (Hon. Sec.),  
292, Bath Road, Kettering.

#### HYGRAM TABLE TENNIS CLUB, 1957.

The Hygram Table Tennis Club has enjoyed another year of normal activities. During the 1956-57 season a team was entered in the first division of the Desborough and District Table Tennis League and was placed 6th out of a total entry of 9. Sixteen matches were played, of which 5 were won and 11 lost, a very slight improvement on the previous season's record. Five friendly matches were also played, 4 being won and 1 lost. Club singles championships were held, the winners being: Men's, J. D. R. Martin; Ladies, Miss G. Francis.

Meetings continue to be held in the School Hall (where playing conditions are extremely good) during the winter terms on most Monday and certain Wednesday evenings. The club needs more members and extends a most cordial invitation to all interested Old Cytringanians, whether beginners or experienced players. The annual subscription remains at 5/- only, and the secretary will be pleased to forward the dates of meetings on request.

Derek Gray (Hon. Sec.),  
292 Bath Road, Kettering.

#### THE CRICKET CLUB, 1957.

Although the score-book—which has been conveniently mislaid—records only two wins, the season was thoroughly enjoyable. In 1956 there were at one period so few playing members that the club nearly disbanded, but last summer it was necessary to arrange extra fixtures to provide every player with a regular game. The new members were very welcome, especially the younger men, who had only recently left school.

The annual fixtures—the President's match, the full day match at Clacton, an exciting game and entertaining evening at Bramcote—were most successful. The only exception was our overwhelming defeat at the hands of the School XI, to whom we offer our congratulations on a splendid victory and a wonderful season.

In the Knock-Out Cup we reached the semi-final, when we were defeated by Timpsons.

The annual supper was attended by nearly seventy members and friends. At the supper, a leather writing case was presented to D. W. Smith, the club secretary from 1947 to 1957, and the Holmes Cup to N. Chambers, the outstanding player of 1957.

A strong, attractive fixture list has been arranged for the coming season, when we hope to welcome more young Old Boys to the club.



KEEN COMPETITION WAS  
SEEN IN THE HOUSE  
MATCHES

## REPORTS

### THE SCHOOL PLAY.

The play chosen for production by the school this year was "Coriolanus"—described by a former Senior English Master as a "bleak play". Admittedly it tells a not-too-pleasant story of the defections of a noble Roman general, but our producer, Mr. Bishop, assisted by Mr. Roberts, did well to produce a far from bleak effort. In spite of the Asian flu epidemic, the play was performed, as originally planned, on November 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, 1957.

Once again, Mr. Ward designed a simple yet very effective setting intended to serve for all localities in the play. Its stark simplicity, however, tended occasionally to confusion when there was a rapid succession of a number of different localities.

An atmosphere of impending doom was cast upon all from the very opening of the production. It started in darkness, while we listened to "musique concrète" and gradually perceived the body of Coriolanus. The same device brought the play to a close, neatly implying that the wheel had turned full circle.

P. Lamont, in contrast to the gay character he portrayed in last year's "Henry VIII," made a solemn Coriolanus. He showed us the reckless daring of the man in battle, the bewilderment and incompetence of the soldier-turned politician and the continuing susceptibility to the emotional appeals of his mother, his wife and his son.

B. Slough (looking rather like Genghis Khan), played Coriolanus' opponent, Tullus Aufidius, with verve and great zest and at the top of his voice. He made him a really nasty character.

The two Tribunes of the people showed how undesirable politicians can be when they try—Sicinius Velutus was played by C. Groomie, who made him a man of infinite guile and unctuous sliminess, and Junius Brutus was played by B. Chambers, who ably portrayed the cheap aggressiveness of the plebs.

There were, nevertheless, some pleasant characters in the play. Chief among these was Menenius Agrippa, played in masterly style by J. Skillman. He managed to cast his real personality away and in its place we saw the elder statesman, guide, philosopher and friend to Coriolanus. As in many of Shakespeare's plays the crowd has an individual part to play. Here we see how they influence the decisions made by their rulers and how in the long run these decisions made at the behest of the 'populus' are wrong. This crowd was no ordinary crowd, muttering and murmuring against Coriolanus just because the producer had said that they

must. It was a genuine murmuring ; they really seemed to mean what they said in complaint. At no time did the crowd turn into either a rabble wandering all over the stage, or a group of a dozen or so actors mechanically moving to set places to "say their piece".

Once again the Kettering High School contributed effectively to the production. In addition to the four main ladies' parts, this year they were included in the Roman crowd, thus adding more of an air of reality to it. Anita Patrick was noble in her portrayal of the mother of the hero, shewing by her bearing the justifiable pride in her son ; this only strengthening the impact of her beseeching him on her knees to return to Rome. The K.H.S. contribution was not limited to acting parts ; we are indebted to them for all their help, on-stage and off-stage.

The main costumes were loaned by A. J. Nathan and Co. ; many of the minor ones were made locally, and together, they added greatly to the effectiveness of the production.

We thank all those who helped in any way with this enterprise, especially those who built the scenery, managed the stage, or attended to the highly complicated electronics of the performances and those who were responsible for costumes and business arrangements

#### SPEECH DAY, 1957.

Speech Day was held on Friday, December 13th, in the Savoy Theatre. Once again the management of the theatre kindly offered the fee normally charged for the hire of the building to provide extra prizes for boys going to University.

The Chairman of the Governors, Alderman Mrs. C. W. Clarke, after opening the proceedings with words of welcome to parents and friends of the School, drew attention to the fact that the "bulge", which was now entering Secondary Schools, would mean greater and keener competition for employment in four or five years time. She then introduced the guest of honour, Sir Ivor Jennings, K.B.E., Q.C., Litt.D., LL.D., Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, as a scholar and a man who had for many years given outstanding service to his country.

The Headmaster followed with his report. He called attention to the satisfactory examination results at the Ordinary and Advanced Levels of the General Certificate of Education and to the large number of County Major Scholarships awarded to boys proceeding to University. Reference was also made to the many activities outside the curriculum which play an important part in the educational programme of the School. News of Old Boys and their successes formed an interesting—and often amusing—part of the Headmaster's report. In conclusion the Headmaster referred

to the unhappy situation existing within the School because of the separation of the laboratories from the Main Building. School spirit, he said, was difficult to foster in a divided school.

After the presentation of the prizes Sir Ivor Jennings spoke briefly about the part played in our national life by Grammar School boys after they had left school. In the sphere in which he himself had been most active—politics—an analysis of Government cabinets since the war showed that the product of the State Grammar School was conspicuous by his absence. He suggested many reasons why this was so and felt it gave no grounds for concern since in other fields of public and national life the Grammar School boy had achieved success and demonstrated his importance. There was no doubt, Sir Ivor concluded, that the future now lay with the Grammar School.

The proceedings then came to an end with the usual votes of thanks.

#### THE SCHOOL VISIT TO KOBLENZ (1957).

"Look, there is the lighthouse !"

"And there, too, is the sea !"

"And that, surely, **must** be the sky !"

These helpful phrases, taken from a handbook of German for the traveller, heralded another stage in the long, long trek to Koblenz. Starting at a quarter-past five on the morning of Tuesday, April 16th, our bus traversed the hinterland of Kettering, picking up sleepy-eyed but hopeful boys, and gracefully landed us at Victoria at 9.29, to catch the 9.30 to Dover.

The crossing was warm and profoundly calm ; the long yellow sands of Dunkirk, a few miles to starboard, seemed strangely inactive for their historic name ; and soon we were amongst the piers and cranes of Ostend, threading our way in boiling sunshine through interminable queues and on to the pansy-decked platform where our seats on the Innsbruck train awaited us. But others were before us, and it required the intervention of two "chefs de train" (one of them being **very** elusive) before international co-operation was restored.

Our wooden seats became no more comfortable and only slightly cooler as we sped for three hours or so through the flat, agricultural landscape of Belgium—through Bruges, Brussels and Liege—having our passports stamped, as darkness fell, by two dashing Belgian guards with plumed helmets and massive revolvers. Then Aachen, the frontier, in the cool evening—the grey-green, unsmiling Germans, the long wait in the dim-lit station ("They're changing the gauge," pronounced Mr. Perrett) the

twelve-inch sausages with mustard, and the thirst-quenching lemonade! For the next hour and a half we hastened through the darkness till the lights of Köln reminded us that we were in the heart of a thickly populated and heavily industrial country.

We had missed our connexion at Köln, but caught instead the Konstanz express which took us down the left bank of the Rhine, through Bonn, and deposited us at Koblenz Bahnhof as the clock was striking a quarter to one. Here we were met by Herr Cron, our hotel proprietor, smiling, voluble and untired. As he led us out of the station to our bus, our tired eyes, still eager for things novel and Germanic, beheld in vast neon lights the potent word "Persil". A quick drive out of Koblenz, with the moonlight lying on the Rhine, brought us to our hotel at Stolzenfels and to our beds, with pyjamas at the bottom of the suitcase and slippers obstinately hidden.

Wednesday began for us somewhat late, but the bright warm sunshine, the indescribably magnificent scenery, the trees in the freshest green of spring amply made up for sleepy yawns and tired eyes. A visit to Stolzenfels Castle in the morning, a leisurely walk by the river in the afternoon into Koblenz with its flower gardens and interminably chugging barges, and a good dinner in a comfortable friendly hotel, made our first day a halcyon one indeed.

Thursday was cooler and with little sunshine, but we happily crowded into the little tram that stopped right outside the hotel, and invaded Koblenz, this time to penetrate the gloomy wine-scented cellars of Deinhardts, the great champagne firm, and were refreshed after our subterranean perambulations by a free glass of purest "bubbly"—a vintage, "cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth," that even Keats might have envied.

A steady, pattering rain welcomed us on Good Friday morning, but a bus was waiting for us at nine o'clock, and, accompanied by Herr Walter who acted as guide, we drove some miles down the left bank of the Rhine to Andernach, and then turned westwards, climbing upwards through wooded valleys and across moorland plateaux until we came to the volcanic lake of Lachersee. The rain prevented us from seeing the full beauty of this placid lake, but we went into the church of the neighbouring monastery, the oldest of whose buildings are over a thousand years old. Dr. Adenauer spent the late nineteen thirties in "seclusion" near this quiet spot.

We drove into Kochem on the Mosel for lunch and, after throwing several hundredweights of stones into the river, we spent the afternoon wandering round the simple mediaeval town, with its cafes and shops, its Sesselbahn (or overhead rope-way) and riverside gardens. Then we drove back—now in bright sunshine—

along the winding valley of the Mosel, with its bare vineyards stretching up on either side almost as far as the eye could reach.

By way of a change, we crossed the river on Saturday afternoon and walked into Niederlahnstein, where, after protracted negotiations at the station, we caught the 1.58 and went up the narrow valley of the Lahn to the famous health resort, Bad Ems. This monument to the magnificence of nineteenth century Germany is situated in a delightful spot amidst steep wooded hills and on a gracefully winding river. The massive solidity of its hotels and houses, its innumerable china shops and expensive cafes, its flower gardens, churches, bridges, the fashionable dresses of its unhurried visitors and the size of their motor cars all betokened a wealth and a cultured leisure that were very different from the hard-working and much-bombed Koblenz. After posting to Mr. Woodward and Mr. Cowell copies of the picture postcard commemorating the famous Ems telegram, we tore ourselves from this pleasant spot and returned to our hotel at Stolzenfels, where an early dinner had been arranged so that many of our party could visit the cinema.

Amongst so many and such pleasant experiences, it is scarcely possible to single out any one as pre-eminent, but Easter Sunday perhaps represented the highlight of our holiday. Soon after breakfast and early Church, we boarded the river-steamer "Poseidon," and made a four-and-a-half hour trip up the Rhine. The bare statement of this fact gives no idea of the invigorating sunshine, the cool wind, the steep wooded cliffs with a romantic and historic Castle every couple of miles, the quaint villages on either bank, the grandeur of the Lorelei, and the endlessly-winding, endlessly-different river. We disembarked at Rudesheim in really hot sunshine, (for the wind appeared to have dropped) and spent a couple of hours in that quaint town with its incredibly narrow streets (for instance, the Drosselgasse) jammed with happy visitors of every race or tongue, its dark, noisy beer cellars, its myriad curio-shops, its wire rope-way and ubiquitous American cars. Apart from an Austrian who yodelled loudly in the main street, there was nothing to suggest that Rudesheim was the centre of the German cognac industry. We re-embarked about five o'clock, piping Mr. Horton aboard with the full honours due to an Admiral of the Fleet, and slipped quietly downstream in the cool of the evening.

Easter Monday was another day of extraordinarily hot sunshine. In the morning some of us climbed up through the trees to the tall hills behind the hotel and from there we had an unsurpassed view of the Rhine majestically sweeping along to Koblenz. Mr. Horton and Mr. Perrett led a more ambitious expedition across the river to Rupertsklamm, a narrow winding glen, shaded by dark trees under which babbled a little stream—all in the best

tradition of German romanticism. But Mr. Perrett's closer acquaintance with the babbling brook turned out to be rather unromantic.

In the afternoon we walked up the river to Rhens—a mediaeval town—where an egg-feast was to be held. A somewhat disappointing procession from the church led us to the old market square, where a play was performed commemorating the institution in 1631 of a free distribution of coloured hard-boiled eggs to all the children.

Our last full day was Tuesday, fine and bright but with a cool wind, and we spent the morning on last minute shopping in Koblenz. We knew our way around by this time, could go straight to the new and vastly superior Woolworths, or visit once again the glittering Kaufhof where everything from sandalwood to cheap tin trays could be bought, or sit in the gardens of the Weindorf or have coffee on the pavement and watch the cars and trams all on the wrong side of the road.

We had hoped to spend our last afternoon in visiting the famous Königsbacher brewery, just down the road from the hotel, but this proved impracticable. A football match which we hoped to arrange as an alternative also failed to materialize. So we spent the afternoon in a last visit to Koblenz and got on with our packing.

After a very short night, not without its disturbances, an early riser could have seen us, rather dazed, cold and sleepless, standing on the hotel steps at a quarter to five watching the dawn cast a red glow on the hills and river opposite us, and waiting for the bus which was to begin our four-hundred-and-ninety-nine-mile journey to Kettering by taking us to Koblenz station. Here we caught the Milan—Rotterdam express; changed at Köln into the Innsbruck—Ostend express, all (except Mr. Perrett) narrowly avoiding the skis which were flung out of the window by those returning from winter sports, and patiently waited until time brought us to Ostend. Mr. Perrett led the way through the Customs, his gnarled stick with its fluttering pennant presaging victory in advance. But alas, Neptune was unco-operative this time and did his best to prevent our "Prins Albert" from getting across to Dover; nevertheless, every cloud has its silver lining, and the motion of the waves reduced 5.M. to an unrepeatable quietude and subjection.

At Dover, and once again at Victoria, we rallied round Mr. Perrett's banner, held aloft as a symbol of our united and inflexible purpose. We emerged into the brightly lit streets of London, found our waiting bus and began the last stage of the journey which would not finish till after one a.m. But, having had little refreshment since the previous day, we stopped for a few moments and our holiday neared its end with the healthy scent of fish and chips in the Edgware Road.

## THE ETERNAL PHOENIX.

The October production of the Hygram Plays is especially worthy of mention, for it is not often that the inhabitants of Kettering have the chance to see Anouilh's "Antigone" or Fry's "A Phoenix Too Frequent".

Fry's brilliant and poetical lines make an exceptionally difficult task for amateur actors, especially as the narrative is so slight and the characterisation so sketchy, but the three players—James Andrews, Barbara Shorley and Sonia Bishop (deputising at the last moment for Eileen Gerrard)—made a really effective effort and hit the right balance between frivolity and seriousness.

But our highest praise is necessarily reserved for the "Antigone"—this Greek story of conflict which rises again from its own ashes every time European society is torn asunder by opposing forces.

The general level of this production was excellent—the décor, the grouping, the timing and the general conception. The two principals—Hazel Jones as Antigone and Ken Collins as Creon—reached a standard of sincere and realistic acting which one sometimes misses on the professional stage. They sustained the long and difficult dialogue with great skill and never for a moment did they lose grip on Anouilh's none-too-logical argument. They gave a most moving and convincing performance.

Bert Brading as an elegant and Mayfairish chorus and E. Ward as a Cockney First Guard, also contributed to the general success. E. L. Roberts, the producer, is to be congratulated on the exceptionally high level of the production. It is definitely the best thing the Hygrams have done for some years and it has lifted them above the class of amateur drama.

"Caviare to the general" is often the cry of those who bewail the deterioration of modern times, but this production of the Hygrams has proved that caviare is still worthwhile and that there are sufficient people in Kettering to relish the taste of it.

## HOLLAND—EASTER, 1957.

At Whitsun, 1956, Mr. Perry led a party of twelve on a visit to Belgium. The success of that trip may be inferred from the fact that at Easter, 1957, Mr. Perry toured Holland with a party of fifteen sixth-formers, including several members of last year's expedition.

Early on the first morning after the end of the Spring Term, the party assembled at Kettering Station, travelled via London and Dover to Ostend, and finally to Brussels. Next morning, Thursday, 11th April, we continued our journey, going from the Gare

du Nord to Amsterdam, via Antwerp and Roosendaal, on the Belgo-Dutch border.

On the journey through Holland, the huge bridges across the vast stretches of water forming the estuaries of the Rhine were very impressive, as were the extremely modern buildings of Rotterdam. After the city architecture of this, the world's third port, the bulb-growing countryside between Leiden and Haarlem, with its ancient windmills provided a pleasant contrast.

This old city of Amsterdam at once seemed like home, for the weather was typically English as we did our first sight-seeing in intermittent bright sunshine and snow.

Walking along the sides of the canals (into which some one hundred cars find their way each year), we saw the ancient and picturesque wooden drawbridges, and then we continued to the Rembrandt Huis. From there we went to Asscher's diamond factory, a full description of which can be found on another page.

We eventually came to our fine Youth Hostel. Each member of the party spent the evening in following his own pursuits, and next morning we all went for a trip on the "Marken-Express". This consisted of a lengthy boat ride up the canals to Broek in Waterland, and there we saw the manufacture of the famous Edam cheeses. On again by boat to Monnickendam, which has an old tower with mechanical figures and chiming bells, and then over the broad waters of the Zuider Zee to the island of Marken. Here, the interiors of the small, wooden houses (which are built on piles), are covered in heirlooms and other treasured possessions of the families. On this island all the old customs are preserved; the people always wear the traditional Dutch costumes, and life continues in much the same way as it has done for hundreds of years.

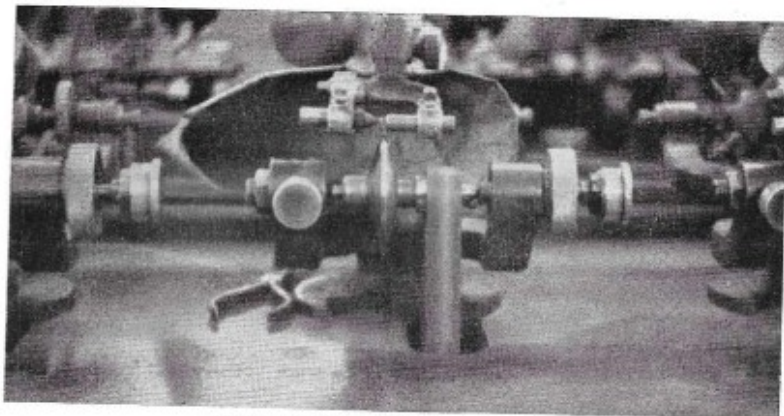
One of the most impressive features of the way of life on the island is that it does seem to be quite genuine, and not assumed merely to attract visitors. Without exception, everyone wore the traditional costume. Unfortunately, the fish, upon which the islanders have for so long relied to provide their livelihood, are disappearing, and many of the young people are going away to live in the towns; so it seems that the days of the old way of life in this remnant of the past are numbered.

After returning to Volendam on the Mainland, we went back to Amsterdam by bus, and the next morning we toured the places of interest in the city, concluding with the distillery of the firm of Lucas Bols, founded in the sixteenth century, and famous for its gins and liqueurs. At the end of the visit we were each given a small sample of the firm's products to take away with us.

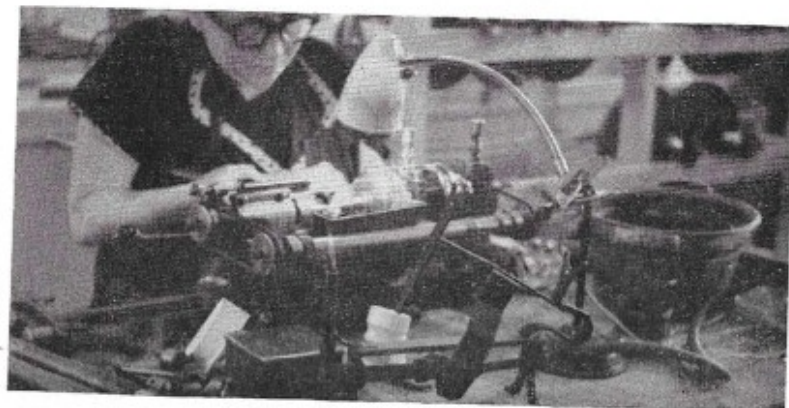


RIDGE WALKING ON ARRAN.

Photo.: D. Bridge.



SAWING DIAMOND IN HALF.



SHAPING THE DIAMOND.



POLISHING THE DIAMOND.

Photos.: S. H. Perry, 6.Sc.A.

In the afternoon we visited the Rijksmuseum, in which there are many great paintings, including Rembrandt's "The Night Watch". The following morning (Sunday), we had a look at the stadium built for the 1924 Olympic Games, and later went round the Port and canals of Amsterdam by boat.

In the afternoon we left Amsterdam and went to Haarlem, where we were to spend the night. In the old Church of St. Bavo is the famous organ built in 1738 by Müller and once played upon by Handel and by Mozart. Some of the party were fortunate enough to hear it playing during the evening service, although others were too tired after walking to the Youth Hostel (some two miles out of the town) to go to the Church. Most of us did, however, go later in the evening to the Franz Hals Museum where there was a special collection of masterpieces by Hals, displayed in old, candle-lit rooms while music was played in the delicately floodlit and flower-adorned inner court of the building. To wander among such a combination of the beauties of painting, music and architecture in its setting of flowers and candlelight was truly a most moving experience, and was one of the highlights of the whole trip.

After this short visit to the old town of Haarlem we went on Monday morning to The Hague, where the thirteenth century building known as the "Knights' Hall" (now the Throne Room and seat of both Houses of Parliament) is extremely impressive, and is decorated in a most ornate manner. From the Knights' Hall we walked to the Mauritshuis to see paintings by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, Rubens and many others. A feature of a nearby lake was the number of storks living on an island in its centre.

In a building situated in a neighbouring street is the "Mesdag Panorama". This curious phenomenon consists of a circular room on the walls of which is painted a panoramic view of the town and beach of the North Sea resort of Scheveningen as it appeared in 1881, when the panorama was constructed. When the visitor stands on a platform in the middle of the room and looks around him, he sees the town and sea stretching away on every side, apparently to great distances. Immediately surrounding him are quantities of real sand which appear to be extensive dunes. The total effect of the whole panorama is most realistic, and it is almost impossible to believe that one is standing in a small, circular room and not in the midst of real sand-dunes overlooking a real scene.

Returning from the quiet of another century, we found ourselves once again in the streets of a busy city, and saw the Peace Palace, seat of the International Court of Justice and scene of so

many modern disputes. We then left The Hague to go to Rotterdam, where we were impressed by the very contemporary architecture of the whole city. Walk for miles and you will see nothing but post-war buildings on every side. Everywhere gigantic structures of concrete and steel rise up in a city almost totally destroyed by one night's bombing during the Second World War. The handful of buildings that survived and the occasional monuments of those who died are the only sad reminders of the old city. All else is modern, from the shopping centres in the spacious streets, to the tunnels beneath the River Meuse and the great, re-built docks.

The close-packed mediaeval houses and numerous canals of Amsterdam, and the wide, open spaces of twentieth century Rotterdam illustrate the great contrasts to be found in this small country, which we left the following morning to travel back to England by way of Brussels.

Here in Brussels we found something of both the old and the new, for although many ancient buildings are still to be seen, the coloured lights in the city centre are not to be equalled by any in Europe. Most of our last evening on the Continent was spent gazing at these brilliant illuminations.

With many pleasant memories we returned home the following day, and the party was unanimous in its gratitude to the organiser for such a fine and interesting holiday.

J. R. Kilborn, J. R. Kemp (formerly 6.Mod.A.)



## ORIGINAL ARTICLES

### DIAMOND CUTTING.

If ever you go to Amsterdam and wish to spend an entertaining and informative hour, make an appointment with Asscher's Diamant Maatschappij for a visit to their factory. Visitors are conducted round in small groups each week-day at 3 p.m. The factory is in Tolstraat, a street running off the Amsteldijk, in the southern part of the city.

On arrival we were conducted to the reception room where we had the whole process explained with the aid of glass models on a greatly increased scale. A diamond in the raw state is in the shape of two pyramids joined base to base. The first operation is to saw them in half giving two pieces which go forward together to the second stage.

After the raw diamond has been studied, a black line is drawn round it to show the line along which it must be cut. The cutting wheel is made of phosphor bronze impregnated with diamond dust. Throughout the visit it was impressed upon us that, because it is the hardest material known, you must use "diamond to cut diamond". The cutting wheel is prepared by pressing it in contact with a revolving drum coated with a preparation of diamond powder in olive oil. The phosphor bronze absorbs some of the dust and this process takes about five minutes.

The sawing operation is shown in the top photograph on the plate facing page 53. The diamond is held between two jaws and rests on the cutting wheel which revolves at 5,000 r.p.m. The pressure of the diamond against the cutting edge is controlled by a weight and, depending on the size of the diamond, this sawing in half may take up to eleven or twelve hours. Towards the end of the operation a paper cone is placed over the wheel in order to catch the diamonds should they become detached from the jaws.

Both halves are now sent to the shaper. This stage is shown in the centre photograph. One half is placed on a small lathe and the other is stuck on to the end of a stick with a special wax. The diamond on the stick is used to cut the one on the lathe into a circular shape. Oval shapes can be obtained by rotating the chuck eccentrically. The diamond is now ready for polishing and the one on the stick is then in turn placed on the lathe.

Diamond has a very high refractive index, 2.417, and hence a low critical angle,  $24^{\circ}26'$ . When a ray of light enters a diamond it undergoes many total internal reflections before escaping, thus causing the glitter. The third stage, that of polishing the diamond, is therefore called within the trade, "putting the light into the diamond".

Polishing is shown in the lower photograph. The diamond is pressed against a cast iron wheel impregnated with diamond dust and revolving in a horizontal plane at 3,000 r.p.m. For obtaining large facets the diamond is held in a mechanical holder, but for obtaining the smallest facets it is held in a blob of solder.

Large circular diamonds, known as brilliants, have 58 facets. Small diamonds with only 18 facets are used for mounting round brilliants. The size of a diamond is given in carats. This is a measure by weight, one carat being a fifth of a gram. Smaller diamonds are measured in points, there being 100 points to one carat.

Before leaving the reception room for the visit to the work-rooms we were shown glass models of the largest diamond ever found in the world. This was the Cullinan diamond, discovered in South Africa, and presented to King Edward VII. In 1907 it was sent to Asscher's, and, after three months study, it was decided to cut it into nine parts. The whole operation took eleven months. The largest part, 516 carats, was mounted in the Sceptre, and the second largest, over 300 carats, was set in the Crown. You may see these now in the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London.

Do not expect a souvenir of your visit; in fact, on leaving the factory you are requested to rub the soles of your shoes on the floor in case a diamond, which might have accidentally fallen on the floor, should be stuck in the sole. Do not be offended. This is standard practice for all visitors and workers on leaving.

I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to the management of Asscher's for their kindness in allowing our party to inspect their work.

G.E.P.

#### RIDGE-WALKING ON ARRAN.

Ridge walking is one of the delights of mountaineering and the Isle of Arran provides many exhilarating walks of this character. The island, which lies in the Firth of Clyde and covers about 160 square miles, is a haunt for geologists with its varied rock formations, the north being rugged and mountainous and the south much softer with rolling moorland.

Landing at the small town of Brodick, one might take the bus to the fishing village of Lochranza on the north side of the island, where a very pleasant Youth Hostel is to be found. This makes an ideal centre for a few days and gives easy access to the Castles Ridge, so called because of the battlemented appearance of the summit due to massive square rock buttresses and pinnacles. A steady trudge through the heather up a typical Scottish glen brings one out on to the ridge from where the high-level path can be

followed, with superb views all the way. The most exciting part of this ridge is the Witch's step, a huge cleft which affords a scramble down and a rope climb up the opposite face. One gets a wonderful feeling of achievement on reaching the top. The ridge soon finishes and the path descends steeply to North Glen Sannox, where a herd of startled deer is not an uncommon sight.

The highest peak in Arran is Goatfell, 2866 ft., which can be climbed from Brodick, and can be made the starting point for a rather strenuous horseshoe walk which includes six summits and a good deal of scrambling. Part of this route is the A'Chir Ridge, where one is confronted with several exposed ledges and the noted "Mauvais Pas", a precarious step, dangerous in a strong wind; but Arran is seen at its grandest from the summit of Cir Mhor. It cannot fail to give one a sense of awe and mystery to be perched on this rocky, pointed peak, with white fluffy clouds floating by beneath.

On a day's rest from the hills, one need never be bored, as the coast walks provide excellent facilities for watching such birds as the cormorant, gannet, buzzard, manx sheerwater and every type of gull imaginable.

Taking this all into account, I think that Youth Hostelling on Arran is the ideal way to spend a holiday.

M. J. Bridge, 6.B.Sc.

#### A VISIT TO THE 1957 JUBILEE JAMBOREE.

For the purpose of our visit, British Railways, with their usual efficiency, ran a "Jamboree Special Train" to Sutton Coldfield, where the Jamboree was being held. This train, however, was very crowded indeed.

We entered the "Jamboree Town" through the Town Gate. The first thing we noticed was the presence of scouts of every age, size and colour. As there had been severe flooding at the Jamboree Town the night before, the specially prepared paths were reduced to mere mud tracks.

At the centre of the "town", a huge globe dominated the scene. Near this globe was a cluster of moderately large huts and marquees. These housed shops, banks, first-aid centres, and a restaurant. There was also an exhibition of engineering. Near it, on a stand, was "Jamroll," the Rolls-Royce car which was presented to Lord Baden-Powell as a wedding present. Every scout in the world subscribed one penny towards its cost.

The whole jamboree town was divided into sections. These were named after previous jamborees. These were further subdivided into sections which housed the contingents of scouts from all the countries of the world.

When it was time to go home, we all walked down to the tiny station at Sutton Park where we waited for the trains. We clambered aboard, all looking forward to the next Jamboree.

L. C. Foster, 3.P.

### HIAWATHA GOES TO THE LIBRARY.

Up the wide stone steps he trotted,  
Dodging bikes and many child-prams,  
Youths and High School girls there waiting,  
Waiting for their friends to meet them,  
Giggling, talking, swinging school-bags—  
And he bounded up the stairway  
Up the steps into the lobby.

"Whirl around, O spinning door-frames,  
Whirl around," cried Hiawatha.  
"Spin, that I may quickly enter,  
Enter and not perish slowly  
In this lobby with its chillness,  
With its waiting, idling people."

And the door-ways answered sadly,  
"Push us quick, O Hiawatha,  
With your powerful hands and shoulders ;  
Push us hard and you may enter,  
Step inside and see these volumes,  
See and choose the book you wish for."

Then he pushed and stepped quite quickly,  
Found himself inside the building,  
In the famous Kettering Library.  
First he stood amazed and dazzled ;  
Then his eyes grew used to brightness,  
And he stepped up to the counter,  
Boldly saying what he wanted.

"Show me catalogues, O maiden,  
Indexes that I may choose from ;  
Cards with words and numbers painted  
Telling where the searcher's quest ends,  
Telling where the shelves are stationed,  
That I soon may find my volume  
And the place where it is hidden."

"Over there, just round the corner ;  
There, and look yourself," she answered.  
Thus she spake, the soft-voiced maiden,  
Taking tickets, stamping date-marks.

Then went Hiawatha swiftly,  
As the maiden told him plainly,  
Went to where the index standing  
Showed its drawers and cards inside them  
All arranged in neat divisions  
Of the alphabet—so handy .

Under G's for works on Grammar  
Peered and pored our Hiawatha ;  
B and four and twenty-seven  
(Said the card) stroke nine, stroke fifteen.  
Magic numbers ! And our student  
In his little notebook quickly  
Wrote these wondrous symbols quickly  
Frightened lest he lose them wholly  
As about the room he wandered  
Searching for the shelves he wanted.

Then he found the shelf so painted  
(Said the card) stroke nine stroke fifteen.  
Then he studied each book closely  
Looking for the wondrous numbering  
On the back, in golden letters.  
Once along the row he went, and  
Back again along the same row ;  
Then he checked each volume singly ;  
But, alas, the book he yearned for  
Wasn't there ! Some brave had had it,  
And had not yet brought it backward  
To the place where it belonged to.

Then did Hiawatha sadly  
Steps retrace, and pass the counter  
Where the soft-voiced maiden still was  
Stamping books and taking tickets ;  
Till he saw the spinning door-ways  
Spinning round as if to scorn him,  
Like the maiden, for not finding  
Just the book that he had come for.  
And he passed them, quickly stepping,  
Running down the wide stone stairway  
Past the girls and youths there standing  
Till he stood upon the pavement,  
Stood and waited at the bus-stop,  
Till the kind United Counties  
Whirled him homeward just at tea-time.

## HONG-KONG.

Hong Kong is a British Colony made up of the Island of Hong Kong and a very small part of the mainland of China.

The climate is sub-tropical. January and February are the coldest months and sometimes there is ice on the higher ground. During March the temperature rises, and from then until October it is very hot by our standards. The heat from April to early August is very trying because of the high humidity. The monsoon usually arrives in April or May and the rain falls in sheets for days on end, causing floods and landslides. Water is precious and for most of the year it is rationed. November and December are pleasant. The temperature on Christmas Day is about 75°F.

The Colony is very over-crowded, chiefly because of the thousands of refugees who have come from China. The population is mostly Chinese, but there are people living there from almost every other country of the world. Many of the Chinese speak English and wear western clothes. The Chinese who have come from the south of China speak Cantonese, but those from the north speak Mandarin. The fishing people speak a language of their own.

The Chinese eat their food with chop-sticks. Even the smallest children use them. They eat lots of rice, all kinds of fish, pork, chickens, ducks, and green vegetables. They do not care for sweet food at meal times, and they drink very little with their food. The rich Chinese live in big houses or luxury flats, and the poor live in the gutters. Thousands of Chinese live in wooden huts on the mountain sides. They cook on oil stoves which easily tip over and cause fires. A good many Chinese live on junks and sampans.

Some Chinese are Christians (mainly Roman Catholics); but the main religions are those of Confucius and of Buddha. The Confucians keep their ancestors' bones in clay pots on the mountain sides, and once a year they take out the bones and polish them.

A Chinese funeral is a very noisy affair because they have several bands playing. The followers wear white. A bride wears red at her wedding. When a baby is born, they say it is one year old. The babies are carried on their mothers' backs.

I went to a Services school. It was very pleasant because some of the playgrounds were grass, and here and there were palm trees and banana plantains.

We had to keep our eyes open for snakes. I once killed a boot-lace snake which can kill you in 28 seconds. The classrooms had plenty of windows and ceiling fans. All the teachers were English. They did a two-year tour. The caretaker was a Chinese man named Wo Hing and he had two helpers. At Christmas time

we had a party, and our guests were Chinese children from the Salvation Army Orphanage. At Chinese New Year we collected toys and clothes for poor children. Our lessons were almost the same as in England, except that we had more swimming lessons. During the hot weather we did not go to school in the afternoons, but worked longer mornings, including Saturday.

N. Lampard, rP.

## CRICKET ON THE SANDS.

Cricket on the sands ! What fun that conjures up !

Do you remember how Ernie hit that ball straight on to the peppery old Colonel's tea-tray and spilt tea all down his flannels ? It was an awkward moment until Father saved the day by offering to pay the bill for having the trousers cleaned.

Someone suggests a game of cricket. Everybody thinks that is a good idea ; even Auntie Molly.

The question of the ball is easy ; someone usually has one. There is probably a ball in Mother's bag.

What can we use for wickets ? We can use that heap of clothes or the back of mother's deck-chair.

That being settled, we wonder what we can use for a bat. Nobody is willing to buy one ; so we have to think. What about cousin Pauline's spade ? That means the little nuisance will have to play. Never mind ! She will soon be out.

Now for the game ! The sides are men versus women. Females go in first because they will soon be out.

Mother goes in first and the men's hopes of winning the match easily are soon nipped in the bud.

Mother does not have the strokes of an expert, nor do the balls go very far, but they land in the most difficult places such as, in the middle of crowds of people, on top of sand-castles, and in the middle of a game of football ; and generally create havoc. She is out when she steps back to hit a fast one from Father and hits her wickets. Mother scored twenty-two runs and shows us that, although she weighs twelve stone, she can run.

Next man in, or should I say female, is sister Ethel, resplendent in her bathing-costume. She hits the first ball a good length, takes a single, but she is run out trying for a second one.

In comes cousin Pauline ; she is bowled by a slow one from Father. She immediately starts crying and snatches up her spade.

What can we use now ? Mother comes to the rescue with a bribe—sixpence for an ice-cream. Now we can carry on.

Auntie Molly is in next. She does not, as a rule, even hit the ball, let alone score. Today however, is an exception, Auntie

Molly smites the ball straight into the air and it lands in a cart being pulled along the beach by a donkey. The cart carries on for a few hundred yards before it stops. By that time Auntie has scored six. She is bowled out next ball.

So the females' innings closes at twenty-eight.

First man in on the men's side is Father. A good score is expected from him, because he is opening bat in his works' team. He has scored twenty-four and he looks all set for a high total, when he is caught by Mother. Father pretends to take it well, but we can see that he is really sulking.

Next man in is "Little Ernie", who scores three runs off his first over, but he is bowled by Mother.

Last man in is cousin Frederick. On him the fate of the match depends. All is suspense! Ethel bowls a slow ball. He hits it high in the air and it looks like a six, but he is caught by Auntie Molly.

So the women win by one run and the men vow vengeance for "next time".

So ends an exciting and hilarious match.

R. E. Hart, 2P.

#### SOUTH GERMAN HOLIDAY WITH A PEN-FRIEND.

Leaving Kettering Station one morning in July, I had a 24-hour journey ahead of me, during which I could think about the pleasures and difficulties afforded by a six week holiday with a strange family in a foreign country. To combat most of the difficulties I relied on my experiences at Easter when I visited Koblenz-am-Rhein with the school party. Here I was lucky enough to be visited by the family with whom I would be staying, and my German pen-friend then told me that, as I was coming not only to enjoy myself but also to add to my inadequate knowledge of the German language, nobody would be speaking English to me during my stay. As I considered that my greatest difficulty would be the language, I dubiously relied on any conversation practice I had had at Easter. However, I found that this experience, although slight, proved a great help during the first few days.

The journey by train and Cross-Channel steamer was uneventful except that there were crowds everywhere. I travelled, as at Easter, via Dover and Ostend, catching at the Belgian port the popular evening "Tauern Express", on which one may travel without changing right through to Belgrade. Reaching Cologne over an hour late, the train picked up amazingly on the stage down the Rhine Valley through Bonn, Koblenz (where, as dawn broke, I managed to catch sight of the Stolzenfels hotel where we stayed at Easter), Mainz and Mannheim. Finally, feeling rather tired, I

reached Stuttgart, the capital of the South-German State of Württemberg, at half-past eight in the morning, when I was met by the Gloggeniesser family including, of course, my pen-friend Hans.

This typical German middle-class family lives in Reutlingen, an industrial but historical town with a population of 60,000. It is a pleasant mixture of picturesque ancient buildings, with modern factories and shops. Part of the old town wall still exists and two of the former gates, Gartentor and Tübingertor remain standing, while in the centre of the town there is the old market-place and the Church of St. Mary, a fine example of Medieval Architecture. On the modern side, there are some wide shopping centres, and a new open-air swimming bath set in open parkland. Reutlingen is situated on the edge of the picturesque Swabian Alps which lie between Stuttgart to the North and Lake Constance to the South. From Reutlingen I visited 'Schloss Lichtenstein', a castle set on a high cliff which commands a magnificent view down the Honau Valley at the foot of which is Reutlingen. Near to the castle, which is 2,600 feet above sea level, are many deep caves, and I visited the one known as the Bärenhöhle, so called because bears are supposed to have once dwelt there. The splendid stalactite formations in the Bärenhöhle attract thousands of visitors each year.

One of the interesting towns which I visited from Reutlingen was the well-known University town of Tübingen. This is an extremely ancient town, surrounded and sheltered by the green hills of the Swabian Alps and which was completely untouched by the horrors of the war. It is thus one of Germany's few towns which has not had to be rebuilt and many of its ancient buildings are of historical interest. I saw the church where are buried many of the former princes of Württemberg. The castle rises high over the town on the hills bordering the River Neckar, and below it stands the oldest Town Hall I have ever seen. It is medieval, dating from 1435 and round the market place are many of the old timber houses for which Tübingen is famed. I left the town with the feeling that I had just seen one of Germany's most beautiful romantic treasures. A few days after my visit to Tübingen, I was taken to the modern industrial city of Stuttgart, a complete contrast to the old-world University town. I concluded that the city must have been almost wiped out during the war, for everything was modern and clean: streets, houses, shops, hotels, factories, the station, and even the Town Hall, a white concrete building—a change from that at Tübingen! Stuttgart's most famous building is the new television tower with its observation platform 700 feet above the ground. The locals are very proud of the tower and I was continually asked whether I had been to the top of "unseres Fernseh-

turns'. I did indeed get a marvellous view over the city and over the hills and woods of Württemberg.

The visits I have described were all made from Reutlingen where I stayed for three weeks. The remaining three weeks were spent on holiday with the Gloggeniessers in the village of Klosterreichenbach in the Black Forest. Unfortunately, the Black Forest lived up to its name; a heavy thunderstorm would break every two days, which meant that I could not make so many visits to towns or to the high forested hills as I would have liked. The infrequent dry and sunny days I spent swimming, playing the local game of 'Kleingolf', walking through the healthy pine-forests on the mountain slopes or wandering along the banks of little streams which flow swiftly down the narrow green valleys. The wet days were spent in the hotel where we were staying, playing table-tennis or skittles with the friends I had met. Two towns I did manage to visit were Freudenstadt and Baden-Baden. The former is a health resort high up on the edge of the Black Forest. It is supposed to have the largest market-place in Germany and the shops round it are all set under wide arches. I visited Freudenstadt several times, and on each occasion I was able to buy an English newspaper of the previous day. Baden-Baden is a very expensive and exclusive resort on the western side of the Black Forest, being visited every year by many famous and important people.

My South-German holiday ended in the first week of September, when I caught the "Kärnten Express" at Stuttgart. I had enjoyed myself very much staying for the first time with a strange family in a foreign home. I hope that Hans will find it just as easy and interesting when he visits me this summer.

Bruce Thompson, VI.B.M.

### A VISIT TO MADRID.

Last Easter I was fortunate enough to win a trip to Madrid to see a soccer match between Manchester United and Real Madrid in the first leg of the semi-final of the European Cup. I won this trip through a competition in a daily newspaper, of which the first part was to select from fifteen players an England team complete with captain and reserve. I considered this to be the easy part of the contest and I was not surprised to learn that many more contestants had sent in the all-correct answer than could go to Spain. Therefore, to find the thirty-two winners an eliminating contest was arranged. This was to give, in not more than twenty words, the secret behind the success of Manchester United. This was not so

easy and I was very surprised to receive a letter telling me that I was one of the thirty-two winners.

When at last the day came to go to London we were not to be at the newspaper's offices until 8 p.m. but we went early so that we could find the offices beforehand. This was not as difficult as we had supposed and having plenty of time in hand, we had a look around London. At 8 p.m. the winners, including myself, assembled at the offices and were given our passports and other documents. At about 8.25 p.m. we went by motor-coach to Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, and were there given coffee and sandwiches before being shown to our bedrooms. It was about 9.30 p.m. when we went to bed, but we talked to each other for a long time and it was very late when we finally got to sleep. Had we but known, it was stupid of us to talk so long, for we were wakened at 5.30 a.m. on the following day.

Having had breakfast, the party set off for Croydon Airport and, after the usual preliminaries, we set off for Madrid at 7.30 a.m. However, after being only ten minutes in the air we turned back. The trouble we learnt later was in the port engine. This caused a delay of about three-quarters of an hour, but by this time the fault had still not been corrected, and so we were transferred to a larger and heavier 'plane.

This meant that we would have to land in Jersey to refuel. Consequently another half hour was lost. When at last we landed at Madrid Airport we were so much behind schedule that instead of going to our hotel first we went straight to the stadium to see the match. Although over 120,000 people attended it, it was not as good as it was expected to be. This was due to the fact that neither team appeared to be in form. Eventually, the Spanish team won a deserving 3-1 victory. Afterwards we were taken to our hotel. Having taken a bath, we went downstairs to the dining-room and with the aid of an interpreter we ordered dinner. Owing to the late start of the match, we did not have dinner until late and as soon as we had finished we went to bed. In the morning after breakfast we had about three-quarters of an hour to look around Madrid and to buy souvenirs, and then it was back to the airport.

At about 12.45 p.m. we took off on the homeward journey. This time we refuelled at Bordeaux and here we met the Manchester United team, who took off in the 'plane before us. At 5 p.m. we touched down at Croydon and the trip to Spain was over. From there we went by coach to Waterloo Air Terminal and here we separated, each taking a memory of two unforgettable days in Spain.

D. Porch, 5.S.

## SPORT

## CRICKET—SUMMER, 1957.

## 1st XI.

1957 proved to be yet another highly successful and enjoyable season. The team has now remained unbeaten for five years and with the nucleus of last season's team still available, we look forward with quiet confidence to the summer.

The school was fortunate in possessing an embarrassing wealth of batting talent which resulted in recognised batsmen finding themselves going in to bat at number nine. The bowling strength was revealed by the few bowlers required. They were accurate and consistent throughout. The fielding throughout the matches was excellent and the catching was at times in the Lock, Benaud class. A keen spirit was always present, perhaps due to the happy atmosphere which prevailed at all times.

Mention must be made of the formidable batting combination of Coles and Slough, who both averaged over 40. Coles scored an unbeaten century against Wellingborough and Slough made 74 against Kettering Thursday XI. Mellor and Newing were both invaluable. Allbury and Baxter also had high scores to their credit.

The School was in the happy position of possessing two excellent opening bowlers. McMaster bowled with deadly accuracy and achieved some remarkable analyses. Lack was fast and hostile, often making the new ball rise disconcertingly. With another spin bowler to assist Slough the school's bowling would have equalled its batting. Perhaps this was the one weakness of the team. Mention must be made of Sharman's superb wicket-keeping and the outstanding ability of Newing, Coles and Lack in the field.

Throughout, a happy, successful, keen, and memorable team.

## 1st XI Averages. (Up to and including June 29th).

## Batting :

	Matches	Inns.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Ave.
R. J. Coles	14	14	5	101*	403	44.77
B. J. Slough	14	14	6	74	332	41.50
C. P. Mellor	14	8	4	45*	142	35.50
D. Baxter	12	8	2	36	102	17.00
J. Lack	13	4	2	16*	28	14.00
J. F. Newing	14	14	1	51*	174	13.38
D. J. Allbury	14	8	2	30	62	10.33
J. A. P. Larcombe	14	4	1	9*	18	6.00
N. McMaster	14	3	0	12	16	5.33
K. J. Woolmer	10	6	2	6	9	2.25
C. J. Sharman	12	2	2	0*	0	—

The following have played but not batted : R. M. Watts, M. J. Guy, M. E. Davies, J. F. Foulds, J. J. Goode, J. M. Lamb, A. F. Moore.

## Bowling :

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Ave.
B. J. Slough	110	46	182	27	6.74
N. McMaster	171.4	75	232	34	6.82
R. J. Coles	40.1	20	63	8	7.87
K. J. Woolmer	20.4	11	33	3	11.00
J. Lack	115	35	228	20	11.40
J. F. Newing	1	1	0	0	—

## 1st XI Summary of Matches.

- K.G.S. 121 for 2 v. East Carlton 76 for 6.
- K.G.S. 110 for 5 v. Market Harborough G.S. 61.
- K.G.S. 118 for 2 v. Old Cyts 48.
- K.G.S. 120 for 4 v. Wyggeston G.S. 86 for 6.
- K.G.S. 85 v. Northampton G.S. 69 for 9.
- K.G.S. 80 for 3 v. Kibworth G.S. 109 for 2.
- K.G.S. 59 for 1 v. Market Harborough 58.
- K.G.S. 113 for 7 v. Kibworth 68 for 8.
- K.G.S. 95 v. Bedford Modern II 52 for 3.
- K.G.S. 151 for 3 v. Wellingborough 44 for 6.
- K.G.S. 68 for 2 v. East Carlton 73 for 9.
- K.G.S. 60 for 3 v. Wellingborough 58.
- K.G.S. 70 for 4 v. Wyggeston. Rain stopped play.
- K.G.S. 133 for 4 v. Kettering Thursday XI 68.

## 2nd XI.

This season was not an outstanding one for the 2nd XI, but the results do not fairly reflect the standard of play, which was always high. The team was unlucky not to win any of its matches, particularly that against Laxton G.S., which was spoilt by rain. The bowling of Eady and Sykes must be mentioned, and the latter's performance at Northampton (5 for 30 on his first appearance for the team) is worthy of special note. Batting was not the team's strong point and Murison, the captain, all too often had to rely on the consistent performances of James and Watts.

The following boys represented the school : A. R. Murison (capt.), M. J. Guy, N. C. Sharman, C. R. Pollard, J. J. Goode, R. C. James, J. F. Sykes, L. T. Kerr, L. J. Eady, R. M. Watts, J. F. Foulds and B. G. Wright.

**Under 15 XI.**

Played 11 (including Clarke Cup), Won 8, Lost 1, Drawn 2.

Champions: Kettering and District Schools' Cricket League (Clarke Cup).

The results alone show the remarkably fine record of the team last season. Fortunately only one match was cancelled because of the weather, although at times it seemed likely that a number would be rained off.

The success was due largely to fine teamwork with everyone pulling his weight, particularly in the field. Five boys, York, Haddon, Buckby, Sykes and Daniel represented Kettering and District, and of these York and Sykes represented the County XI.

The Averages were as follows:

**Batting:**

	Inns.	Runs	H.Score	N.O.	Ave.
R. Coe	8	108	27*	4	27
R. Haddon	11	160	42*	4	22.8
M. York	10	120	58*	1	13.3

**Bowling:**

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Ave.
J. Sykes	99.1	37	142	46	3.1
K. Buckby	77.3	27	111	27	4.1

Colours were awarded to M. A. York, R. F. Haddon, J. F. Sykes, K. Buckby, R. Coe and M. Davies.

The following represented the XI: M. York (capt.), R. Haddon (vice-capt.), A. K. Buckby, R. Coe, P. Curtis, P. Daniel, M. Davies, D. Goodliffe, J. Holden, D. Porch, J. Smith, J. Sykes, R. Harris (scorer).

M. York (captain).

**Under 14 XI.**

Record: Played 8, Won 1, Lost 6, Drawn 1.

Although our record is not a very creditable one, I believe, as I am sure all the other members of the team do, that we had some very exciting matches. I think also that the grade of team spirit was very high in a team which had to undergo one or two humiliating defeats.

Outstanding, where every player pulled his weight, were opening batsman and medium fast bowler, R. Terry, and fast bowler, J. Gasson.

**RUGBY FOOTBALL—SEASON 1957-8.****1st XV.**

The record of the 1st XV so far this season is, Won 4, Lost 4, and 5 matches have been cancelled. The team has generally suffered from lack of practice together and early brilliance has fallen too easily into shambling slackness.

The scrum has been too easily outpushed in "the tight" and the packing in "the loose" has left much to be desired. Frequently, only Newing and Chapman have formed the loose scrum. These two, with the addition of Woolmer, have accepted too much responsibility.

The captain, Newing, has had an excellent season. His unbounding enthusiasm, hard tackling and brilliance in the loose, should take him far in 'the Rugby World'. Woolmer's first-rate tackling and pushing have been capped by fine place-kicking. Chapman, third of 'the forward trio', has never stopped trying and has often matched Newing in "the loose".

The illness of Slough has broken the half-back combination of last season, but Mellor has again proved invaluable. He tackles hard, runs thrustfully and has shown himself to be a useful kicker. Vandrill and Panter have shown speed, while the attacking play of Coles has improved considerably.

The defensive play of the 'threequarters' needs tightening to lessen the responsibility of full-back Hill, a sound tackler who has handled and kicked excellently.

One pleasing feature of the season has been the increased co-operation between the School XV and the Kettering Club.

The following have represented the 1st XV: R. Hill, J. Panter, L. Berridge, R. Coles, R. Vandrill, C. Mellor, B. Slough, M. Guy, R. Abbott, M. Ridgway, K. Woolmer, J. Cochrane, J. Newing, J. Kelly, J. Chapman, A. Ghaut, K. Cooper, A. Brooks, S. Dellet, F. Dunkley, A. Reader.

**1st XV Fixtures.**

- v. Northampton G.S. Lost 14—19.
- v. Alderman Newton's. Won 14—10.
- v. Wyggeston G.S. Lost 3—12.
- v. Deacon's School. Won 20—3.
- v. Towcester G.S. Lost 8—19.
- v. Alderman Newton's. Won 6—3.
- v. Wellingborough G.S. Lost 6—0.
- v. Wyggeston G.S. Lost 8—16.
- v. County Police. Won 38—3.

**Under 15 XV.**

This has been a very disappointing season with so far only one match won, but on two occasions matches have been lost only by the odd point. Low tackling and falling on the ball are the outstanding points which have still to be mastered by the majority of the team.

Six members of the team took part in a trial for the County Under 15 Team and out of these Daniel, P. J., Wright, D. M. G., and Kilborn, R. W., were chosen to represent Northants.

The team has been chosen from the following: Kilborn, R. W. (capt.), Jenkinson, M. (vice-capt.), Earle, R. W., Davies, M. E., Willey, M. B. B., Daniel, P. J., Newbold, R. I., Buckby, A. K., Wright, D. M. G., Foster, A. R., Cross, D. W., Chapman, M. H., Murison, A. R., Murphy, M. J., Thurland, R. E., Sanders, M., Sykes, J. F., Dawkins, J. E., and York, M. A.

Results.—Played 7, Won 1, Drawn 0, Lost 6. For 57 points, Against 145 points.

Oct. 5.—Northampton G.S. Away. Lost 0—67.  
 Oct. 12.—Alderman Newton's. Home. Lost 9—21.  
 Oct. 26.—Wellingborough G.S. Away. Lost 3—8.  
 Nov. 16.—Corby G.S. Away. Lost 11—12.  
 Dec. 14.—Deacon's School. Away. Won 23—12.  
 Jan. 11.—Alderman Newton's. Away. Lost 3—16.  
 Jan. 18.—Wellingborough G.S. Home. Lost 8—9.

**Under 14 XV.**

So far we have not had a very successful season but the team is steadily improving. A few of our games have been lost only by a very narrow margin. The main fault seems to be in the loose play where some of the forwards are slow to gather round the ball. There has been some good, determined running by the backs and they are not lacking in ideas.

The team has been chosen from the following: Terry, J. R. (Capt.), Andrew, R. J. (Vice-Capt.), Boyce, M. A., Braines, P. A., Bristow, D. W., Burt, J. R., Crouch, R. J., Gasson, J., Goss, M. J., Heeley, B. E., Hopkins, V. J., Hornsby, R. L., Mellor, N. W. W., Mole, B. F., Myrick, M. J., Taylor, P. A. M., Thompson, M. E.

**Results:**

Played 9, Won 3, Lost 6, Points For 104, Points Against 137.  
 Oct. 5.—v. Northampton G.S. Home. Lost 3—29.  
 Oct. 12.—v. Alderman Newton's. Home. Lost 22—24.  
 Oct. 26.—v. Wellingborough G.S. Away. Lost 0—23.  
 Nov. 9.—v. Deacon's School. Away. Won 23—15.  
 Nov. 16.—v. Corby G.S. Home. Lost 6—11.  
 Nov. 23.—v. Towcester G.S. Away. Lost 8—9.

Dec. 14.—Deacon's School. Home. Won 12—0.  
 Jan. 11.—v. Alderman Newton's. Away. Won 16—6.  
 Jan. 18.—v. Wellingborough G.S. Home. Lost 14—20.

**Under 13 XV.**

The Under 13 XV started by suffering a defeat at the hands of Northampton G.S. but, recovering from this setback, quickly settled down to a series of comfortable victories. Much of the credit for this must go to the forwards who have combined effectively and used their weight to advantage. Wealthall, particularly, has often been prominent in the loose. The three-quarters, however, deserve their share of praise and Blount has proved a reliable 'last ditch' defence as full-back.

The following have represented the School: Tilley, R. J. (Capt.), Rippin, G. J. (Vice-Capt.), Blount, D. J., Rigby, T. D., Cook, M., Rogers, M., Wright, J. R., Miller, R. C., Warren, N. B., Osborne, N. I., Hunt, J., Stockham, R. F., Althorpe, T., Wright, J. W., Wealthall, R. W., Stokes, R. P., Hoffmann, R. J. M., Craddock, P. L., McGinn, J., Granger, N. W., Mills, J. M. Touch Judge, Haylock, J. E.

Oct. 5.—v. Northampton G.S. Lost 0—25.  
 Oct. 19.—v. Wellingborough G.S. Draw 3—3.  
 Nov. 9.—v. Deacon's School. Won 9—6.  
 Nov. 16.—v. Corby G.S. Won 30—0.  
 Dec. 7.—v. Bedford Modern. Won 13—6.  
 Dec. 14.—v. Deacon's School. Won 34—0.  
 Jan. 11.—v. Alderman Newton's. Won 12—0.

**Rugby—House Matches.**

Senior—1, West (Won 3); 2, North (Won 2); 3, South (Won 1); 4, East.  
 Junior—North, South and West won two each.

**ATHLETICS—SEASON, 1957.****THE ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.**

Thursday, May 23rd, 1957.

The weather conditions this year were not very favourable for athletics. However, although the track was wet and a strong, cold wind prevailed, there were some good individual performances.

Events decided before Sports Day:—

**Senior (Over 17).**  
 Hop, Step and Jump—1, Gardner, W. B. (W); 2, Chapman, J. H. (W); 3, Wood, G. M. (N). Distance: 35ft. 3½ ins.

- 1 Mile Cycle—1, Cooper, K. (N). Time : 2 mins. 24 secs. (New Record).  
 880 Yards—1, Greasley, B. M. (S); 2, Freeborn, B. K. (N). Time : 2 mins. 10.2 secs.  
 Putting The Shot—1, Spence, P. (E); 2, Wood, G. M. (N); 3, Cwynarski, M. T. (S). Distance : 33ft. oins.  
 Javelin—1, Cwynarski, M. T. (S); 2, Allen, A. (W); 3, Gardner, W. B. (W). Distance : 115ft. 3ins.

**Middle (15-17).**

- Long Jump—1, Quincey, P. H. J. (E); 2, Panter, J. V. (W); 3, Jordan, I. (S). Distance : 18ft. 9½ins.  
 High Jump—1, Scarratt, A. A. (N); 2, Jordan, I. (S), and Miller, J. B. (S). Height : 4ft. 9ins.  
 1 Mile Cycle—1, Buckby, J. W. (N). Time : 2 mins. 50 secs.  
 440 Yards—1, Lamont, P. (E); 2, Quincey, P. H. J. (E). Time : 56.6 secs.  
 1 Mile—1, Lamont, P. (E); 2, Coles, R. J. (W). Time : 4 mins. 55 secs.  
 Discus—1, Roberts, A. (S); 2, Miles, P. J. (E); 3, Panter, J. V. (W). Distance : 132ft. 4ins.

**Junior (13-15).**

- Long Jump—1, Daniel, P. J. (W); 2, Newbold, R. I. (E); 3, Murphy, M. J. (S). Distance : 16ft. 6½ins.  
 High Jump—1, Daniel, P. J. (W); 2, Newbold, R. I. (E); 3, Elvin, B. J. (S), Pringle, R. K. (S). Height : 4ft. 6ins.  
 1 Mile Cycle—1, Barrett, C. L. (W); 2, Mann, S. (N); 3, Chapman, M. H. (E). Time : 2 mins. 50 secs.  
 Discus—1, Berridge, J. G. (E); 2, Shortland, B. J. (W); 3, Jenkinson, M. (N). Distance : 103ft. 5ins.  
 Hammer—1, Cross, D. W. (S); 2, Elvin, B. J. (S); 3, Buckby, A. K. (N). Distance : 76ft. 4ins.

**Colts (Under 13).**

- 1 Mile Cycle—1, Mickley, R. E. (S); 2, Rippin, G. J. (N); 3, Wright, J. R. (E). Time : 3 mins. 1.2 secs.  
 Putting the Shot—1, Hopkins, V. J. (W); 2, Tilley, R. J. (N); 3, Osborne, N. I. (S). Distance : 34ft. 4ins.  
 Javelin—1, Braines, P. A. (S); 2, Wright, J. R. (E); 3, Bird, A. D. (E). Distance : 77ft. 8ins.

In the fixture with the Parish Church School, K.G.S. Under 15 Team won by 62 points to 47 points.

Two new records were made :

J. Sykes, High Jump—5ft. 0½in.

P. Daniel, Long Jump—17ft. 3½ins.

We are indebted to Mr. G. S. Brown for his interest and invaluable coaching during our games periods and after 4 o'clock.

**Events decided on Sports Day :—**

- 100 Yards (Under 13)—1, Palmer, N. J. (N); 2, Hall, R. B. (W); 3, Cook, M. (S). Time : 13.2 secs.  
 Long Jump (Over 17)—1, Wood, G. M. (N); 2, Gardner, W. B. (W); 3, Chapman, J. H. (W). Distance : 17ft. 8ins.  
 High Jump (Under 13)—1, Groom, J. (S); 2, Harker, J. N. R. (N); 3, Jenkinson, M. (N). Distance : 3ft. 11ins.  
 Putting the Shot (13-15)—1, Berridge, L. (E); 2, Buckby, A. K. (N); 3, Jenkinson, M. (N). Distance : 35ft. 1½ins.  
 Throwing the Hammer (15-17)—1, Panter, J. V. (W); 2, Roberts, A. (S); 3, Thompson, R. (S). Distance : 127ft. 2ins.\*  
 100 Yards (13-15)—1, Newbold, R. I. (E); 2, Elvin, B. J. (S); 3, Daniel, P. J. (W). Time : 11.4 secs.  
 100 Yards (15-17)—1, Derry, R. (E); 2, Panter, J. V. (W); 3, Quincey, P. H. J. (E). Time : 11.3 secs.  
 100 Yards (Over 17)—1, Mellor, C. P. (N); 2, Vandrill, R. (N); 3, Wood, G. M. (N). Time : 10.9 secs.  
 110 Yards Hurdles (Over 17)—1, Gardner, W. B. (W); 2, Wood, G. M. (N); 3, Mellor, C. P. (N). Time : 17 secs.  
 110 Yards Hurdles (15-17)—1, Quincey, P. H. J. (E); 2, Bradshaw, K. (E); 3, Derry, R. (E). Time : 15.6 secs.  
 Long Jump (Under 13)—1, Rippin, C. J. (N); 2, Cook, M. (S); 3, Tilley, R. J. and Bellamy, W. (E). Distance : 14ft. 1in.  
 Putting the Shot (15-17)—1, Roberts, A. (S); 2, Lack, J. (S); 3, Lamont, P. (E). Distance : 33ft. 11ins.  
 Throwing the Discus (Over 17)—1, Cwynarski, M. T. (E); 2, Cooper, K. (S); 3, Wood, G. M. (N). Distance : 102ft.  
 Throwing the Javelin (13-15)—1, Thompson, B. G. (S); 2, Buckby, A. K. (N); 3, Chapman, M. H. (E). Distance : 102ft. 4ins.  
 440 Yards (Over 17)—1, Gardner, W. B. (W); 2, Freeborn, B. K. (N); 3, Greasley, B. M. (S). Time : 58.8 secs.  
 High Jump (Over 17)—1, Gardner, W. B. (W); 2, Jones, R. (N); 3, Collins, R. N. (N). Height : 4ft. 10ins.  
 80 Yards Hurdles (13-15)—1, Elvin, B. J. (S); 2, Goss, M. J. (S); 3, Roworth, J. (N). Time : 13 secs.  
 880 Yards (15-17)—1, Lamont, P. (E); 2, Quincey, P. H. J. (E); Marshall, L. A. (N). Time : 2 mins. 7.1 secs.  
 220 Yards (Over 17)—1, Mellor, C. P. (N); 2, Cwynarski, M. T. (S); 3, Gardner, W. B. (W). Time : 26 secs.  
 Hop, Step and Jump (13-15)—1, Daniel, P. J. (W); 2, Newbold, R. J. (E); 3, Shortland, R. J. (W). Distance : 33ft. 6½ins.  
 Throwing the Discus (Under 13)—1, Osborne, N. (S); 2, Gasson, J. H. (S); 3, Cook, M. (S). Distance : 72ft. 1in.  
 Throwing the Hammer (Over 17)—1, Cwynarski, M. T. (S); 2, Spence, P. (E); 3, Allen, A. Distance : 78ft. 11ins.

- Throwing the Javelin (15-17)—1, Roberts, A. (S); 2, Lamont, P. (E). Distance: 129ft. 11½ins.  
 220 Yards (15-17)—1, Derry, R. (E); 2, Panter, J. V. (W); 3, Jordan, I. (S). Time: 24.7 secs.  
 220 Yards (13-15)—1, Newbold, R. I. (E); 2, Elvin, B. J. (S); 3, Thurland, R. E. (E). Time: 25.4 secs.  
 220 Yards (Under 13)—1, Palmer, N. J. (N); 2, Hall, R. P. (W); 3, Miller, R. C. (N). Time: 30.4 secs.  
 Hop, Step and Jump (15-17)—1, Derry, R. (E); 2, Quincey, P. H. J. (E); 3, Panter, J. V. (W). Distance: 36ft. 4ins.  
 880 Yards (13-15)—1, York, M. A. (W); 2, Daniel, P. J. (W); 3, Thurland, R. E. (E). Time: 2 mins. 27.4 secs.  
 1 Mile (Over 17)—1, Greasley, B. M. (S); 2, Cooper, K. (S); 3, Vandrill, R. (N). Time: 4 mins. 55.6 secs.  
 Relay (Under 13)—1, North; 2, West; 3, South.  
 Relay (13-15)—1, West; 2, East; 3, South.  
 Relay (15-17)—1, East; 2, South; 3, West.  
 Relay (Over 17)—1, North; 2, South; 3, West.

## Victor Ludorum:

- Senior—1, Gardner, W. B. (W), 22 pts.  
 Middle—1, Quincey, P. H. J. (E).  
 Junior—1, Daniel, P. J. (W).  
 Colts—1, Palmer, N. J. (N).

## House Championships:

- Senior—1, North.  
 Middle—1, East.  
 Junior—1, South.

\* New School Record.

## OTHER ATHLETICS.

## FIVE SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC MEETING.

(Tuesday, June 4th, 1957).

The school team competed against Watford, Luton, Cedars and Dunstable, and took fourth place.

- 100 Yards—4, Mellor, C. P.  
 880 Yards—2, Lamont, P.  
 One Mile—2, Greasley, B. M.  
 High Jump—3, Gardner, W. B.  
 Long Jump—4, Quincey, P.  
 Discus—3, Cwynarski, M. T.  
 Hammer—4, Panter, J. V.  
 Javelin—2, Roberts.  
 Shot—4, Spence.  
 Relay—4, K.G.S.

## KETTERING AND DISTRICT SECONDARY SCHOOLS' SPORTS.

(Friday, June 7th, 1957)

Despite the wet conditions fourteen records were broken or equalled at this meeting. The Nicholson Trophy for the best performance was awarded to R. Newbold. R. Derry clipped the 440 yards and 220 yards records in the senior section. The school came third for the Underwood Cup. The following recorded a 1st:—

## Senior (15-17):

- 100 Yards—R. Vandrill. 10.8 secs.  
 220 Yards—R. Derry. 24.0 secs. (New record).  
 440 Yards—R. Derry. 64.6 secs. (New record).  
 880 Yards—P. Lamont. 2 mins. 6 secs. (Equals record).  
 110 Yards Hurdles—K. Bradshaw. 17.0 secs.  
 Long Jump—P. Quincey. 18ft. 5ins.  
 Javelin—P. Lamont. 127ft. 1in.  
 4 x 110 Yards—K.G.S. 47.2 secs. (New record).

The following recorded a second:—

- 100 Yards—J. Panter.  
 High Jump—A. Scarratt.  
 I. Jordan came third in the Long Jump.  
 Youth (13-15):

The following recorded a first:—

- 100 Yards—R. Newbold. 10.8 secs.  
 220 Yards—R. Newbold. 25.3 secs. (New record).  
 High Jump—J. Sykes. 4ft. 10¾ins. (New record).  
 4 x 110 Yards—K.G.S. 52.0 secs.

The following recorded a third:—

- 880 Yards—M. Berridge.  
 80 Yards Hurdles—B. Elvin.  
 Shot—L. Berridge.

## COUNTY SCHOOLS' CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(Duston, 22nd June, 1957).

The following recorded a first:—

- 15-17 880 Yards—P. Lamont. 2 mins. 8 secs.  
 15-17 Long Jump—P. Quincey. 18ft. 9ins.  
 15-17 High Jump—A. Scarratt. 4ft. 9¾ins.

The following recorded a second:

- 15-17 100 Yards—R. Vandrill. 10.2 secs.  
 15-17 440 Yards—R. Derry. 53.6 secs.  
 Under 15—100 Yards—R. Newbold. 10.8 secs.  
 15-17 4 x 110 Yards—K.G.S.

R. Vandrill, R. Newbold and P. Lamont were selected to run for the county in the All-England Championships at Southampton, in July.

#### NORTHAMPTONSHIRE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(Duston, 1st June, 1957).

The following recorded a first :—

- 15—17 Shot Put—A. Roberts. 38ft.3ins.  
17—19 High Jump—W. B. Gardner. 5ft.1in.  
15—17 880 Yards—P. Lamont. 2 min. 6.9 secs.

The following recorded a second :—

- 17—19 Discus—M. T. Cwynarski. 112ft.5ins. (new school record).  
15—17 Discus—A. Roberts. 121ft.10ins.  
15—17 Javelin—P. Lamont. 128ft.10ins.

The following recorded a third :—

- 17—19 Shot Put—M. T. Cwynarski. 30ft.3½ins.

The following recorded a fourth :—

- 15—17 880 Yards—P. H. J. Quincey.

#### TRIANGULAR SPORTS AT WELLINGBOROUGH.

(Monday, 22nd July, 1957).

The school team's final place of third was rather disappointing.

- 880 Yards (Senior)—2, Lamont ; 5, Goode.  
100 Yards (Senior)—2, Vandrill ; 5, Miller.  
100 Yards (Middle)—1, Newbold, 11.2 secs.  
100 Yards (Junior)—5, Palmer.  
High Jump (Senior)—2, Gardner ; 4 equal, Scarratt.  
Long Jump (Junior)—4, Cook ; 5, Tilley.  
440 Yards (Middle)—4, Elvin.  
220 Yards (Senior)—5, Panter.  
220 Yards (Middle)—1, Newbold, 25.0 secs. (equals school record)  
220 Yards (Junior)—5, Palmer.  
Long Jump (Senior)—3, Quincey. 19ft.1½ins. (new school record).  
High Jump (Middle)—1, Sykes. 4ft.11ins. (equals record).  
880 Yards (Middle)—4, Berridge.  
440 Yards (Senior)—4, Lamont ; 5, Quincey.  
One Mile (Senior)—2, Greasley.  
High Jump (Junior)—5 equal, Handley.  
Long Jump (Middle)—2, Daniel. 17ft.1½ins. (new school record).  
Relay (Junior)—3rd.  
Relay (Middle)—3rd.  
Relay (Senior)—2nd.

#### CROSS-COUNTRY, 1957.

##### Junior Cross-Country.

Result : 1, East (54) ; 2, North (68) ; 3, South (89) ; 4, West (96).

Individual Performances :

1. Roworth, J. (North). Time : 15.20.
2. Clarke, R. (East). Time : 15.50.
3. Edmondson, A. D. (East), Cowen, R. (South).

Time : 16.00.

##### The Middle School Cross-Country Championship, 1957.

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of March 29th, 1957, 30 runners set off from the school pavilion at the start of the middle school inter-House Cross-Country Championship. All runners got off to a good start, and after only a few hundred yards J. Thompson took the lead. Throughout the race the leaders set a very fast pace, and the public footpath between Barton Seagrave and Warkton was reached in an exceedingly fast time. The first runner to reach the mill was J. Thompson, followed by D. Coles, J. Shortland and W. Hall. Then Thompson fell at the Mill gate and Shortland took the lead, closely followed by Coles and Hall, but Thompson quickly recovered and regained the lead. Thompson was the first runner sighted along Windmill Avenue, closely followed by Shortland, Hall, Coles and R. Elliott. There was quite a considerable distance between these five and the rest of the field. As Thompson came along Windmill Avenue he was running extremely well and was still setting a fast pace.

The first five runners to reach the pavilion were :—

1. J. Thompson (West). Time : 17 mins. 58 secs.
2. R. J. Shortland (West). Time : 18 mins. 12 secs.
3. W. G. Hall (North). Time : 18 mins. 21 secs.
4. D. W. Coles (West). Time : 18 mins. 31 secs.
5. R. Elliott (South). Time : 18 mins. 48 secs.

The House positions were :—1, West, 35 pts. ; 2, North, 63 pts. ; 3, East, 109 pts. ; 4, South, 121 pts.

The winning time last year was 19 mins. 11 secs. Every runner beat last year's winning time.

##### Senior Cross-Country, 1957.

On a very overcast day in April, 1957, at about 3 p.m., a multi-coloured procession left the school field. It constituted the field for the senior cross-country championship and the thirty-two runners were about to tackle three miles of road, mud, cart-track and more road.

As the runners left the games field they were headed by Greasley (South), Allbury (North), Panter (West) and Lamont

(East), but as yet they were very closely bunched. By the time they reached the bottom of Barton Hill, Lamont and Greasley were about twenty yards ahead of the rest.

We next saw the tiny figure of Lamont in the lead as he crossed the fields. He was about seventy yards ahead of Greasley and Eady, but when he reached the mill his lead had been reduced considerably. As soon as he got on to Windmill Avenue he began to move away. He glanced quickly over his shoulder and saw Eady and Greasley some fifty yards behind but when he reached the field he was fully two hundred yards ahead. His time of 17 minutes 40 seconds was a new record.

Eady and Greasley raced to the line and although Eady crossed first, it was Greasley who was placed second as the fifth-former had accidentally cut a corner. Thirty yards behind, Quincey came fourth. McMaster and Cooper provided the only really desperate finish in which McMaster was victorious. Allbury was seventh.

There was only one mishap en route and that was to Freeborn, who, having lost a shoe in the fields, ran the rest of the course in one shoe.

The House Championship went to East with 43 points, South were second with 69, North third with 73 and West fourth with 127.

#### BASKETBALL—1956-57 SEASON RESULTS.

"A" Team—Played 16, Won 11, Lost 5. Points for 490, Points against 334.

"B" Team—Played 16, Won 2, Lost 14. Points for 309, Points against 518.

#### House Results, 1957.

Junior—I, West (49 pts.); 2, North (26 pts.); 3, East (22 pts.); 4, South (7 pts.).

Middle—I, South (28 pts.); 2, East (25 pts.); 3, North (35 pts.); 4, West (26 pts.).

Senior—I, North (42 pts.); 2, West (65 pts.); 3, South (21 pts.); 4, East (17 pts.).

#### BASKETBALL REPORT, 1958.

The increasing interest in basketball has resulted this season in the formation of a new junior league, in which two of our teams, the "B" and "C", compete. The School "A" team continues to play in the senior league and mid-way through the season is in the happy position of leading the County League table with an unbeaten record to its credit.

Mr. Phil Clarke, well-known in local basketball circles, has generously donated a shield to the league.

#### "A" Team.

The following have represented the "A" team this season: Hill, R. L. (Capt.), Chapman, J. H., Coles, R. J., Newing, J. F., Woolmer, K. J. and Mr. G. S. Brown.

#### Results (to date):—

v. Kettering All Stars. Won 26—21.

v. Corby Old Boys. Won 26—17.

v. Kettering Rockets. Won 27—14.

v. Kettering Rugby Club. Won 40—17.

v. Kettering Cardinals. Won 31—24.

v. Kettering All Stars. Won 46—17.

R. L. Hill, Upper 6 Mod.

I should like to add a note to this report by R. L. Hill our Captain, on the present position the "A" team hold in the County League Table.

Considering the facilities the team has for practising Basketball as compared with practically every other team in the Senior League, this is indeed an excellent achievement by schoolboys competing against older and more experienced players.

A welcome newcomer to the County League this year is the Kettering Rugby Football Club.

#### "B" Team.

So far this season the team has shown some pleasing results, but more practice together would, however, have improved some of the results. Altogether a high standard of basketball has been set and it is to be hoped that good results will continue to come in. The chief scorers for the team have been Berridge, L. G., and Holmes.

The team is, at present, placed at the top of the Junior Section of the Northants League.

Players: Dunkley, P. (Capt.), Berridge, L. G., Cochrane, J., Convery, J., Davenport, B., Holmes, F.

#### Results:—

K.G.S. "B" v. K.G.S. "C". Won 67—8.

K.G.S. "B" v. Corby R.C. Won 33—8.

K.G.S. "B" v. Corby G.S. Lost 18—49.

K.G.S. "B" v. K.G.S. "C". Won 44—8.

**"C" Team.**

Although the "C" team does not seem to have fared very well judging by the scores listed below, there has been a good team spirit, and a constant determination has prevailed. There has been a steady, yet marked, improvement from the first match, and since we have been playing against teams of greater experience, we feel that we have played well. We have received much help and guidance from Mr. Brown, and with more practice as a team, we could go further.

Those who have represented the team are : Brooks, N., Addis, I. D., Thompson, J. W., Dornan, J. E., Dellet, S., Harris, R. E., Clarke, R., Elvin, B. J.

**Results :**

- Oct. 7.—v. Kettering Grammar School B. Home. Lost 3—67.  
 Oct. 22.—v. Corby Grammar School. Away. Lost 28—45.  
 Nov. 18.—v. U/Corby Boys' Club. Home. Lost 7—41.  
 Nov. 28.—v. Corby Sec. Modern School. Away. Lost 33—39.  
 Dec. 16.—v. Corby Sec. Modern School. Home. Lost 8—38.  
 Jan. 13.—v. Kettering Grammar Schol B. Home. Lost 8—44.  
 Jan. 27.—v. U/Corby Boys' Club. Home. Lost 13—18.  
 Feb. 10.—v. Corby Grammar School. Home. Won 24—23.

**SCHOOL SWIMMING, 1957.**

Last summer, for the first time, the school had a swimming fixture with another school—the Northampton Grammar School. This was held at Northampton in their own bath. The match was greatly appreciated by both the Junior and Senior boys who took part, and these included five County representatives and champions. Unfortunately no return match could be arranged, due to lack of facilities.

The results were :—

Junior : Kettering. Senior : Kettering.

The school's Annual Gala was held in the covered bath in July. Entries were very good and heats were held for most events. Some close races were watched by many boys of the school. At times the competition between houses was intense, indeed the final serious race, the Senior Relay, was judged to be a dead-heat between North House and East House. West House having previously won the Junior relay race from North House. The morning was ended with the customary dressed 'race'.

The final result was :—North, 102 pts.; East, 79 pts.; West, 49 pts.; South, 14 pts.



RUGBY : WEST HOUSE XV.

Standing (L. to R.): Orain, M. W., Timpson, P. W., Ferris, R. P., Brooks, N., Coles, D. W., Davenport, B., Corvesor, L. F., Cooke, P. R. (Touch Judge).  
 Seated (L. to R.): Daniel, P. J., Coles, R. J., Chapman, J. H., Woolmer, K. J. (Captain), Panter, J. V., Guy, M. J., Kilborn, R. W.  
 On Ground : Murrison, A. R.

Photo.: G. E. Perry.

**BADMINTON, 1957.**

This year has proved a greater success than many dared to hope for. Although almost all the experienced players in last year's team have left the school, a creditable standard of Badminton has been attained.

The team has been completely remoulded, with some very pleasing results. The first match of the season was played against Carey B.C., and it turned out to be one of the most exciting games so far, the school winning by 6 rubbers to 3. This was an excellent result as it was the first match in which many members of the team had played. In a very exciting and keenly contested match with the Staff, the School won by 6 rubbers to 3. Our only defeat this year was sustained at the hands of Rockingham B.C., our old rivals, who proved much too strong for us; but we are hoping to have more success in the return match.

The club is now very popular with members of the sixth form, and all that is needed is a little more practice and experience. We must thank Mr. Ashworth once again for the time and encouragement he gives to the club.

The following have represented the School during the present season: W. B. Chambers, R. J. Coles, P. Ferris, B. M. Greasley, R. L. Hill, N. C. Sharman, R. N. Vandrill, K. J. Woolmer.

**TENNIS CLUB, 1957.**

The season in general proved to be rather unsettled, mainly due to the weather, emphasising once again the need for our own hard courts to make us independent of the elements. Our hopes of success in the Glanville Cup were destroyed when, in a three-cornered fight between King Edwards G.S., Birmingham, Radcliffe College and ourselves, we were narrowly beaten into second place. Our long-standing fixture with Wyggeston G.S. resulted in a win for the School by 5 matches to 3 with 1 unfinished. Those who represented the school during the season were G. M. Wood, R. L. Hill, A. Walton, R. P. Ferris, B. Greasley, N. C. Sharman.

R. L. Hill, 6.M.A.

**SQUASH RACKETS.**

We are grateful to the Kettering Squash Rackets Club for providing the school with the facilities for playing Squash. The 6th Form boys have availed themselves of this fine opportunity since January, 1958



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A.I.S.T.D. (Greek D. B.), A.I.S.T.D. (Ballroom)  
(Comm), A.I.S.T.D. (Latin-American).

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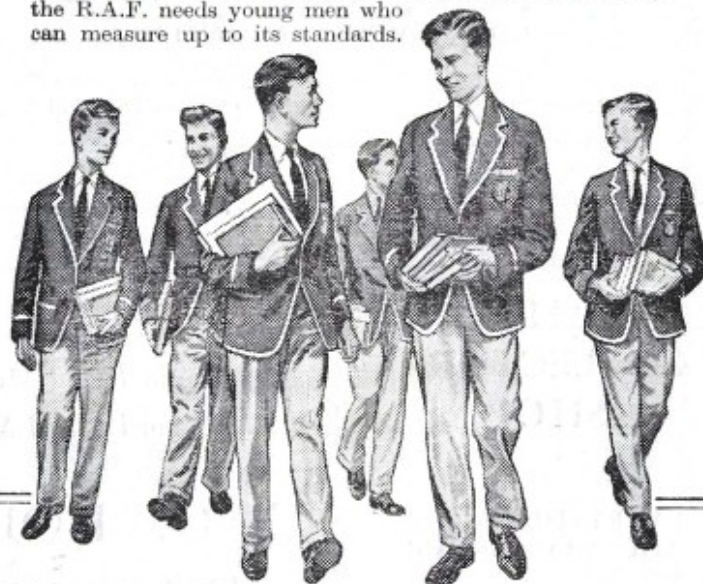
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