

MITCHAMCOUNTY

SCHOOL



DE MAGAZINE 1941

EDITORIAL.

Our stay in Weston has been very advantageous socially and culturally, and I believe that in your articles you have shown the benefit that you have derived from these same advantages. The sixty or seventy articles originally submitted to me reflected every interest in the school, and, with the help of the committee, I have endeavoured to see that there is something of common interest to everyone in the resulting magazine. You will notice that there are religious, scientific and literary articles, apart from short poems and somewhat lighter topics of interest. In this manner, every sympathetic tendency (that was sufficiently well expressed) has received some mention in the magazine.

Naturally the greater number of articles given in could not be published, but I will say in all sincerity, and in this the committee will concur, that the very great majority of the articles finally rejected showed a breadth of thought and an originality of idea that would do credit to any school that specialises in its magazine.

(L.R.WOODS.)

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"RAILWAYS".

I suppose that some of you readers have a dim recollection that there are such things as railway engines. There may even be those of you who are genuinely interested in a locomotive. I don't know. For those who are, here are a few of my recollections which may or may not be considered humorous.

This time last year, I had not the faintest idea that such things as railway engines existed, or if they did, I was very interested so long as they took me where I wanted to go with the utmost promptitude.

Coming to Weston changed all that. I had been here scarcely a month before the railway bug bit me. Soon I

was so taken up with railways, that I am afraid school work suffered.

The biggest thrill I have had from a railway is the experience of driving a locomotive-not one of the super expresses, I am afraid, but a little shunting engine which however showed a remarkable turn of speed along one stretch of the track. Another thrill is to "do",-in railway slang, a shed, which in more refined language is to visit a locomotive depot. Inside one of these depots one is impressed with the whirl of activity, the majesty of the great locomotives and the imposing array of little shunters. I myself find it hard to believe that the drivers and engineers know what they are doing in such a mechanical chaos; here lies the charm of a depot.

The railwaymen around London itself are not very enthusiastic over we railway fiends, either. Jimmy Trott, to mention one, goes berserk at the sight of a green and lavender-ringed hat peering furtively in his direction. Those who know Mr. Trott know what I mean. For those who do not, I must impart the information that he is a signalman at that collector's haven, Worle Junction. Another of these antagonistic gentlemen, I do not know his name, (we call him "Alf") has a grudge against the railway company itself, occasionally emitting a stream of high-sounding abuse in their direction.

With the above, I hope I have given you a picture of what we railway enthusiasts have to face, *but what is that* compared to the thrill of seeing the majestic-looking locomotives roaring past, bound perhaps for a far-distant corner of this island?

(PINCHEN?U.S.A.)

"UNDER DRAKE'S FLAG".

of If only I could join Drake's ship
by And go with him upon a trip,
d Climbing the yard-arms and reefing the sails,
rth Scrubbing the fore-deck and stowing my kit
Slings my hammock and cleaning the rails,
Ah, if I could only go to sea
Oh what a jolly tar I'd be.

If only I could join Drake's ship
And go with him upon a trip,
Struggling gamely 'gainst Spaniards with zest,
Loading the cannon and doing my best,
Swinging my cutlass and joining the fight,
With blood running past me to left and to right,
Ah, if only I could go to sea
Oh, what a jolly tar I'd be.

If only I could join Drake's ship
And go with him upon a trip,
Stacking the treasure down in the hold,
Diamonds and rubies and silver and gold,
Then would I settle down for my life,
Away from the seas and the battle and strife,
Ah, if only I could go to sea
Oh, what a jolly tar I'd be. (YASS, J.S.A.)

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER".

It was Saturday morning and school was over. I rushed home, waited long enough to get some sandwiches, and rushed off again to the station to catch a train. I arrived at the station.

station, only to find that there was not another train for half an hour or more. I settled down for a long wait and in due course my girl came along. We were both going to Bristol to watch our school play the Grammar School. I began to fiddle with the vague instructions I had received from the match secretary in the morning and decided to follow them and risk their being correct.

At last the train drew in, and we were on our way. We pulled into Temple Meads Station and in less than no time were outside, wondering if we were ever going to reach our destination. We decided to get to the Centre and we caught a bus at the end of the road. On arriving at the Centre, we enquired the way to Zetland Road; we were told that we should have to catch another bus. This we did, and arrived at the road, sure enough. There my memory failed me and we asked a six-foot policeman if he could help us. He told us that so far as he knew we were near the field, but on second thoughts he advised us to consult the policeman on point-duty nearby. The second policeman told us to take yet another bus, which we did.

It was a longer ride than we had expected, but when we got off we leapt for joy for there was a match in progress on the field facing us. But it was not our school. We wandered down the road and came to a notice which read, "BRISTOL GRAMMAR SCHOOL PRIVATE PLAYING FIELDS". We rushed to find a gate, we found it yes, and there was our school. The whistle blew - half-time - but what did that matter? WE HAD GOT THERE! (B. TANKER, I.V.B.)

SPRING TIME".

How sweet smells the air
With the flowers in bloom:
They would even scent that fragrance
In the stone-cold tomb.

How sweet sing the birds
In the merry month of May;
They would e'en hear that sound
As in resting they lay.

How sweet is the God
That made everything;
They would e'en after death
His praises sing. (DELLIE, J.S.C.)

"ON BEING AN UNCLE".

I often speculated as to what was the youngest age that anybody had attained the important title of "Uncle" or "Aunt". An uncle had always reminded me of a big fat man with a blood pressure and a moustache, while an aunt was straight-laced and attached to a pair of pince-nez. It gradually dawned on me that uncles and aunts were not always a generation older than their nephews and nieces. I know of a case where a baby was brought in by his nurse, who said, "Your ickie nephew, diddums." The baby sat up and said, "What, that?" - and went off and joined the Foreign Legion.

Being an uncle has its drawbacks. I consider it rather degrading for a senior of R.C.S. (now at Weston) to hold and try to pacify a screaming baby while its mother is preparing its bath. How funny it must be to the onlookers to see me trying to peg up nephew's napkins on a high line with a minimum of pegs. Everything gets in the way, and as soon as I open my mouth, the corner of a napkin springs into it. Still, life is not all jam, as the poet said when he had to have marmalade. An uncle's life may be all ups and downs, but it feels very big to be an uncle. When I first knew of my new title, a curious feeling of benevolence - characteristic of uncles - crept over me. In fact, I sent home two shining shillings for the nephew. ("SUNNY", U.S.A.)

"THE CALL OF THE WILD".

The call of the wild
To my young ears,-
Thro' only a child
With all its fears,-
Thrills me so much,
That 'tis hard to stay
And listen to the such
That say,

And when a fox barks
From the briar,
Or soaring larks
The world inspire
With heart-felt gladness,
Who can but help
To leave their sadness
And hunt the whelp?

"It's only a bird".
But who could tell,
When its story's heard,
And you know it well,
Such sweet tales,
Of streams and fields,
Of woods and vales,
That this land yields?

And in the night-time,
When the owl,-
Fresh in its prime,-
Is on the prowl,
Do you stop,
And look and listen,
From the hilltop,
Where glow-worms glisten?
(M. PINNION, IWA.)

"TWO SCENE PICTURES"

"NIGHT".

As the shadows deepen, a solemn stillness slowly descends on the city, no longer are the birds singing or chattering, the world is hushed and the stream of life has come to an end,-the streets are silent.

The moon spreads its white light over the earth, whilst for some minutes at a time fleecy clouds allow only part of its face to be seen. One solitary man strolls up the street, and a long shadow is thrown on the pavement behind him.

Many stars, bright and twinkling, can be seen; groups of stars,-here the Plough, there the Little Bear, the Milky Way, and brightest of all, as though one would govern the rest, the

Pole Star.

As the night continues, the moon drifts slowly across the sky, as when the last rays of the setting sun give out their last light. At last the morning comes. In the grey dawn the stars, moon, and all the beauties of the night give their place to the rising sun. (C. SEXTON, J.S.A.)

"MORNING MIST".

I looked from my window, dawn was breaking over the town. But I saw no town, only the church spires standing up tall and stately, and a few dull, red roofs. The tops of the opposite hills were visible, but the rest of the town was hidden in mist, not the dirty, grey, swirling mist which usually enveloped the town, but a soft, white mist like a huge blanket. I felt I wanted to sink into its warm depths and sleep. The houses below me gradually faded away, until at last I could see them no longer. They were just part of that beautiful, white mist.

But as I watched, that lovely mist changed. It was no longer soft and white; I no longer wanted to sink into its depths. It was now a dirty, clammy fog, standing over its prey.

A few minutes later, I could not even see the other hills, and I felt that that horrible fog had taken possession of me, just as it had taken possession of the town and the hills. (S. LAW FORD, U.S.A.)

"PREFECTS". (As Pope might have written it.)

They keep the exactitude of our classrooms,

And make them silent as Egyptian tombs.

Their faces soon would silence Berkeley Square

And cause the nightingale to sing elsewhere.

Their wrinkled lip; and sneer of cold command

Rules boy or girl alike with iron hand.

All are not however as I pretend,-

SOME do their justice with their mercy blend.

(KENS DALE, U.S.A.)

"PROPAGANDA".

Apart from the wireless, the films and the newspapers, there is a much more subtle propaganda. Psychologists inform us that every word we utter is used, consciously or unconsciously, on other people to produce an effect that is consonant with our mood at the time. On reflection this is not a particularly deep statement. It is a fact that is rather obvious. But if we examine the well-known aspiration of man, -namely that man behaves according to his conception, it would seem that there is a connection between this personal propaganda and man's search for perfection. This connection may be deduced from the following, but puzzling case of misunderstanding.

Sometimes we may seek the friendship of a person for years and fail ever to be more than an acquaintance. On the other hand, it is possible to make a life-long friendship as a result of a chance word or meeting. The answer lies in this notion of propaganda and this individual standard of perfection. In our conception of perfection (whether it be pleasure, science, art or religion) we express that ideal to which we aim in our written and spoken word. Furthermore the only way to attain such an ideal is through intercourse with other people, -that is to say, an intercourse in which the benefit will be mutual. And we do in fact find that we have no difficulty in making friends, provided that we need the experience of the other as he has need of our experience too. If however the other person feels no need for us in his conscious or unconscious search for perfection, as soon as we speak, he will have no further interest in our friendship. It is curious that some years after such a disappointment, when we know a little more about ourself, we can see that friendship with that person would have been decidedly harmful to us. There is of course one great danger. Should you degenerate, you will at once find that your present companions are of no use to you, and you will find yourself associating with companions hitherto distasteful to you.

(L.R.WOODS.)

"ANIMAL PANTRY".

Purple-spotted cravats,
Pink-dotted panthers in shiny top-hats,
Green-spotted llamas with blue leather spats,
Bow-legged puppies and astrakhan cats,-
All walking into my room.

Little white rabbits with powder-puff tails,
Maroon-coloured monkeys with manicured nails,
Red-spotted lizards with silvery scales,
Gleaming blue sea-lions and greasy grey whales,-
All waltzing out of the gloom.

Camels in gowns with accordion pleats,
Little pink hippos with peppermint sweets,
Phantom-like ostriches wrapped in twill sheets,-
Come in, in a colourful stream.

Black-checkered cheetahs, their hats in their hands,
Blue-coated zebras with tangerine bands,
Queer-looking creatures from far-distant lands,
Have vanished again with my dream.

(C.O'LOUGHLIN, U.S.A.)

"COOKERY".

Wednesday is cookery day. Carrots are the main item on the menu this week. Two of us must make soup while the other cooks carrots the conservative way. Though the sound is all right, the taste is not - definitely not. NEVER TRY THEM. Conservative carrots means carrots cooked in greasy water. The soup is perfect and helps considerably in overcoming the sickening effects of the conservative dish.

Now when it comes to making cakes, we are in our element. What does it matter if only half the right

amount of fruit is added, or even if the finished specimen has sunk in the middle and is soggy? We know what is in it; we made it; we are prepared to eat it. We know from previous experience that cakes have ingredients which contain all the food values essential to growing girls. We eat and thrive on what we make. Only let us hope that if a conservative dish is required for the examination, having cooked it we will be spared the ordeal of eating it.

(J. ROBINSON, M. WERRIDAY, E. MOLONEY: U.S.B.)

"THE DAWN OF CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA"

In the summer of 1935, General Chiang Kai-Shek paid his first visit to Chengtu, only to find the streets placarded with notices: - "SZECHWAN FOR THE SZECHWANESE", and the local war-lords plotting to oust him in his endeavours to get hold of the province. To-day, Szechwan is the centre of his government, the cradle of new China.

In those earlier days, which seem to belong to another generation, a student at the West China University, who attended the Sunday evening services for students, was mockingly reminded of it during the week. To-day, so many students are anxious to study in Bible classes, that the only restriction on the numbers of such classes is the number of teachers available, and the difficulty of obtaining Bibles which get through the Japanese blockade as slowly as medical supplies and war materials.

There would appear to be three reasons for this changed attitude on the students. In the first place, the Sino-Japanese War has brought them that Science which they had once regarded as the one thing needful to turn this world into an Utopia, might prove man's destruction, while religion, which had been regarded as mere superstition, might yet direct man to the building of a new world. In the second place, among the thousands of refugees from down the river had come leaders in the government and in education, who are outspoken Christians.

and witness for Christ cannot be lightly brushed aside. Finally, the quiet triumph of individual Christians in China in time of suffering, and the load taken by the Church in relief work has made a deep impression.

May we all, as Christians unitedly striving for peace, hope that through the turmoil of this war will come such a change as that which has happened in China. (WILKES, U.S.A.)

"THE WIND".

I went out one windy day in Weston, and noticed that everything was on the move. Paper and leaves were scurrying along the road; trees were swaying and tossing; the grass was shaking; balloons were rocking on their haunches; birds were blown hither and thither; curtains were floating out of windows; people were chasing after their hats; coats were striving to get away from their owners and everything else was included in the general bustle. I left the road and went down on to the beach, where I was blinded by the flying spray.

That night the wind rose to its full strength. Doors rattled, windows shook, and the wind moaned through the trees and howled down the chimney.

The wind likes to annoy people, - it is not satisfied with keeping them busy in the daylight, but must at night disturb the rest of others because it never wants to rest itself.

(ONE OF THE LADIES OF U.S.A.)

"ON BEING COLD".

As Lamb said, - "when Eve stepped forth from her flowery bed in the morning, she was not under the necessity of walking on ice three inches thick", so we consider it one of the more unjustly divine punishments that man should endure cold, or that ice should be known outside the chemical laboratories, especially in these days of strife and trouble.

• Being hot is quite understandable, for are not

nether regions hot, and does not Euphistophelus, like all Christian gentlemen, like his meat roasted? But we have our vast experience of the nether regions, have never heard of his making use of a refrigerator.

Some learned gentlemen have the idea that cold is beneficial to the human race. They rise at dawn in the cold, do exercises in the cold, take cold baths, loaping around in them with fiendish yells of delight(?), and then arrive at our own particular institution for the donation of education, (we nearly said school), swathed in overcoats and take pleasure in taking us on to the great, wide, open, and ~~accidentally~~ cold spaces where we are made to enjoy, (much irony here), ourselves.

Of course, we do not seek to give the impression that cold is not altogether useful, - in the right place, ice-cream is very useful, and even enjoyable, on a hot day.

No, on the whole, cold is not advantageous; so, ^{people draw} following the example of many better, and worse, ^{we} will make a suggestion for post-war reconstruction.

Let us solemnly swear to renounce the pleasures of a cold bath, to abandon the pleasure of rising before the sun is well on its way, and to forego the pleasure of coming out in the grey morn, having very little on, to play rough games; and we are sure that, notwithstanding the protests of a case-winning and case-losing gentleman who endeavours to force some knowledge of mathematics and history into the more erring geniuses of our establishment, we are sure that the Deity will take notice of our sacrifice and shower blessings on us.

So in the meantime, my lads, we must cheer up and bear with the cold, for we have a war to win and exams to take. But do not forget our post-war suggestion. (TAURUS, U.S.B.)

"MY BOOKCASE".

A fingered tometable, -dates and trains,
A book of snapshots of country lanes,
A torn and battered picture book,
Once read in the garden's sheltered nook.
"Robinson Crusoe", loved for an age,
With covers missing and no front page.
Tuppenny novels, -gruesome tales
Of haunted houses and windswept trails.
A dictionary full of words,
Latin names of flowers and birds;
A guide book there of green and grey
That I bought when once on holiday.
But in the corner my bookcase still
Has many places left to fill.

(S. EXBELL, IWA.)

"NAPOLEON ON ST. HELENA".

Reclined in torment, tortured, dying,
Weighted by a heavenly hand,
Here I lie, hopeless, weary, in a barren land
By God defeated, -crushed by Heaven's decrees.
Ambition dragged to farthest human fall.
Proud on high, you heeded not my pleas
For earthly power, dominion over the world.
You called up Heaven's legions against my will -
You thwarted all my protest, deep desires
You kept my heart in direst anguish still,
Though I but dared to steal from Godly fires
The spark of aspiration, which is life
To man, above the common rabble's height, -
But now I die alone, whom empires feared, -
O God, you have condemned to shameful death
My conquered land of France, for whose dear right
I fought, and gave my life, and drew this breath, -
The end of all, ignominy and the grave.

(R. SIXTON VITH.)

"WHIRLWIND".

As the dusk deepened into night, we sat resting at the end of the day's toil. We knew that somebody would try to amuse us by relating an incident from his life and we were not surprised when Stephen the herder who is said to have been in every North American state, began a yarn.

"When I was living down South, in Utah, I decided to get together with a few pals and buy a small holding to settle down to farming. We managed to obtain a piece of land in the hills, and set out to make it workable. This was certainly a very hard task, for we were on the slopes of the Wasatches and they could hardly be called fertile. We also had great difficulties to overcome in bringing about suitable irrigation. After a year, however, we had made considerable improvements and were making quite a nice living.

"Not long after, we were packing up one evening and preparing to turn in. It had been a hot, sultry day with no wind or movement, and it seemed to us as though the world was a dead planet or which we were the only living creatures. But in one moment everything broke into movement for one of our boys came rushing in at that moment with the cry, "TWISTER COMING". We had all heard of the dreadful whirlwinds which could cross a continent wrecking and killing everything in their path. I gave the order for everyone to get together their dearest possessions and lie down in the nearest trench or ditch.

"From the ditch in which I was lying, I could see the whirlwind stretching from heaven to earth like a whirling pillar of black cloud. It seemed to be supporting the skies but for the terrible fact that it was coming nearer. Nearer and nearer it came, still swaying and twisting. Already dust had begun to fly and soon we were struggling and choking amid a dust cloud.

Suddenly with a clap of thunder and with a roar of

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an avalanche, it was upon us. The sound was the sound of the Gods applauding a magnificent spectacle, and the Devil roaring with mirth at the approaching disaster. I dare look no more, but as I listened I could faintly hear the cracks like pleas for mercy, as our home, puny against that burly giant of a wind, struggled in vain.

"It was all over-silence reigned once more-the wind had gone as swiftly as it had come, but what had it left us? Nothing. Home, cattle, all had gone, even the crops had been torn from the ground. One of our party was dead, killed by a hurtling tree; others were in no fit state to walk. There was nothing for it but to set out on the twelve-mile walk to Salt Lake City, carrying on improvised stretchers those incapable of walking. On our arrival, feeling like survivors from another world, we were given medical aid, food, clothing, and rest. My dreams were at an end, and I decided to set out the following day for the other side of the continent, and to try my hand at cotton-farming in Texas. (WARD?U.S.A.)

"A MASTER OF HIS ART".

The cry goes round the class, "what-ho, here comes Wodehouse, -a chap one ought to cultivate".

"Why," asks one of the newcomers, "why all the fuss and bother? What has Bertram Wooster got that Peter Wimsey hasn't?"

Needless to say, such a paranoice is immediately quelled into a state of terror by the thousands of pairs of elegantly raised eyebrows of Mr. Wodehouse's fans.

Well, what has Bertie Wooster got that is lacking in the Saint? In my opinion, the only thing that stands out a mile is that one can have a good chuckle at Bertie whereas one is only allowed to laugh at the hero of the "Saint" books.

What are the outstanding characteristics of Wodehouse that make his books so popular? His characters are masterpieces in themselves: -the lart of the Woosters; Jeeves, the incomparable gentleman's gentleman; Psmith, whose brain, if possible, is sharper than the creases in the immaculate trousers draping his figure; Mulliner, with his gift of the gab and a never-ending chain of distant connections; Bingo Little, the biggest sucker-out, -they all combine to make your leisure a pleasure.

One respects Aunt Agatha as one might respect a C.I.D. man in the "Saint" books; and the powers of Anatole, Aunt Dahlia's cock, make the reader's mouth water. These alone put Wodehouse in a class of his own as a master of his art; but add to this the fact that every Wodehouse creation has a superb, smoothly-flowing, cleverly laid-out plot, and a "stately home of Eton and background", and can you wonder why the vast majority of the Drones Club would rather stay in with a Wodehouse novel than go and see the latest show? And I mean to say, that's saying something.

(TAYLOR, U.S.A.)