

PRINCEY
County
School



Form

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Red
Pirni

It is the wish of the editors
that this newly-founded
magazine may live a long and
happy life, even if this may
not be the wish of others.

Signed,

Pit *Squeak* & *Wilfred*
(The Editors.)

An Exciting Adventure (Short Story by Kemp)

Bill and Tom Watson were twin brothers. They were staying with an old aunt in an Essex village.

One day Bill said, "I say, Tom; Aunt Mary is going to a church meeting today, and we can go where we like. What shall we do?" "I say we go to the old Manor House," replied Tom. "People say that the squire lost some gold sovereigns there. Perhaps we could find them. Besides, we could explore, as it's empty." Bill agreed, so they went to the Manor.

When they had been in the Manor for half an hour, Tom thought he heard a sound. "Keep quiet, Bill," he said, "for we may hear it again." They listened carefully, and a slight creak was heard. "It's in the room below us," exclaimed Tom. "Let's see what it is." They crept downstairs, and heard a snap come from the room opposite them. "I'll look through the key-hole," said Tom. He came back a moment later, and beckoned to his brother. "Come upstairs," he whispered.

When they were upstairs, he said, "There is a little red-faced man in there, and he hid something under the floorboards." "I'll go and get Green, the constable," said Bill. He crept downstairs and slipped out through the

front door. Later he returned with the constable, who found the little man fast asleep. Bill found a broken floor-board, and looked underneath it. He pulled out a pouch, opened it, and inside was a large emerald! "I think that is enough evidence for me," Constable Green said, and arrested the little man.

A few hours later, Tom said, "I wish we had found those sovereigns. We deserved pay for our days' work!" "My brother, listen, and be comforted," said Bill, who was rather poetic. "The owner of that jewel offered a reward of ten pounds to its finder."

Wise Quacks (From "Wise Quacks")

"Truthful."

"Who wrote 'Mr. Jones is a fool' on my gate?" inquired the said gentleman.

"I did," admitted the little boy.

"Well, I'm glad you told the truth," said Mr. Jones.

"Not his fault"

The teacher glared at Tommy.

"This is the third time I've seen you looking at your brother's examination paper! What have you got to say?" "Sir, he should write clearer and I would have seen what I was looking for first time."

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"Making sure"

"Well," said Mrs Jones as her sons returned from a picnic. "I hope you remembered your manners and didn't ask for a second piece of cake."

"Oh no! we took just the first time."

Girls' Sport (Margaret Allday.)

This term we have been fairly fortunate with games, and have played rounders, stoolball and tennis. We played one rounders match against Enfield County School but we lost, 1-3's. During the past few weeks we have felt the absence of our games captain, Maisie Hitchcock who is at present unable to come to school through illness.

(1) Take away the first letter, the last letter and then all the letters and what is left? (Answers to all riddles on last page.)

(2) Why is a £1 note better than a sovereign?

"Pound of Flesh"

A certain form had studied "The Merchant of Venice" when His Majesty's Inspector entered. "I once played in 'The Merchant of Venice', which part do you think I played?" said the corpulent man. From the back of the class came the whizzer, "The pound of flesh."

"Concrete Example"

Each pupil had to say an English proverb, but one boy could not remember any. His master was none too pleased. "Look at me," he said. "Although I have no hair on top, I can —"

"Ah! I know sir," interrupted the boy. "Empty barns need no thatch."

Stuart Sovereigns. (aid to history. Muriel Fowler).

James the first he was alive

From 1603 - '25

Charles the first, a friend of mine

From '25 - '49

The Commonwealth was somewhat misy

From '49 - 1660

Charles II was then alive

From 1660 - '85

James II was the bait

From '85 - '88

Anne for years was always courtin'

From 1702 - 1714

The glorious Rev. made people whine

From '88 - '89

William the Third: Mary too

From '89 - 1702

When can a man be said to be more than a man?

In what circumstances can a clock on the wall be dangerous?

Inspector to boy, "What part of speech is egg?"

Boy, "Noun, sir."

Inspector, "And its gender?"

Boy, "You can't tell till it's hatched, sir."

Teacher, "Why, as Mr. Gregor is it wrong to throw bottles out of train windows?"

elias, "There might be tuppence on the bottle"

Round the Form. (Muriel Fowler and others).

The CLARKE was seated on his chair, when a man in a black mask tore in, followed by a policeman. But he was COLHARD. "Alas" said the thief, "it's only good books whereon to look is better to me than GOLD." (This was the policeman's name) Then a PAGE entered with his mistress whom he was with ALL DAY.

"We are going to BECKINGHAM palace. Let's go by AUSTIN car."

Some time later they arrived at a station. The porter said, "Yes this is EUSTON certainly." The lion entered a restaurant and asked for tea. "Yes sir, as soon as we put the kettle on to BOYAL." A little later the policeman entered with the thief who had tried to be honest, but there was too much GRAFT ON. Round the walls there were advertisements for KEMP's biscuits, MORLEY'S stockings and a picture of the bog of ALKEN, a scene showing

BARTON's of Wood Green and many other shops.

"Have you been to STROUD Green?" asked the policeman.

"Yes, I went there last MONDAY." was the reply, "and I MUST ON Friday again."

"Is the bus coming yet?"

"No, but it won't be LONG now."

"Is that a time KILN there?"

"Yes, but let's put the NEWS ON."

Then a voice from the wireless said, "WILL SONNY Fenner of 16 GRAY'S Inn Road go to ---" here it trailed off.

"I knew the butter wouldn't agree with it," said the maid, pouring out tea. Then the bus arrived and they all went home.

Donald (by Audrey Newson).

Minnie.



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Science?

"Give me the formula for water," said the science master.

"H₂KLHNO" said the boy.

"What's that?" said the master. The boy repeated his answer.

"Who ever told you that?" "You, sir!" "Eh?" "You said it was H₂O"

[H₂O].

English? Teacher. "Give me a collective noun."

Boy. "Vacuum cleaner, sir."

History? Teacher. "Where was Magna Carta signed?"

Boy. "At the bottom sir."

History? Teacher. "Who came after Queen Elizabeth?"

Boy. "Philip IV, miss, but Elizabeth turned him down."

Maths? Maths. Master: "Now boys this is a very difficult problem.

Watch the board carefully while I go through it."

English? Teacher. "What tense is 'I am beautiful'?"

Boy (hesitatingly). "Past tense, miss."

History? Teacher. "What do you think Napoleon would be doing if he

were alive today?" Boy. "Drawing the old age pension, sir."

Geography? The Mediterranean and the Red Sea are joined by the
Sewage Canal.

A conversation between the clock and the fire (Audrey Newson).

"Well, here we are all alone," licked the clock just above the fireplace, and the fire flickered agreement, which was rather odd, because the fire was very hot tempered and never agreed with anyone. The clock was so astonished that he missed two beats and the fire said, "What is the matter with you? Are you running down?" The fire always poked fun at the clock. Once, the family forgot to wind him and the clock had stuck, right in the middle of chiming twelve.

"Well," said he, "what about when Ellice tipped the water jug over you yesterday?" This made the fire splutter. "Very careless of her," he grumbled. "She spoilt my nice clean hearth and nearly put me out. If you don't leave off laughing I shall get angry." This made the clock stop quickly, for last time he got angry one of the ornaments on the shelf fell down into the fire and had never been seen again. The clock didn't want that to happen to him! Life was too short nowadays without that.

Then Ellice came in and dusted the clock which he didn't like. She pulled a face at her and the fire laughed. Then she took the coal shoot and put a lot of coal dust on the fire. That made the clock laugh!

"He who laughs last, laughs longest," said he a few minutes later. "Don't say wise things," snapped the fire from under the coal dust. "I'm much older than you." "No you're not," said the clock. "You go out every night and I never stop." "Except when you run down," said the fire. "Anyway my great grandfather was discovered thousands of years ago."

"Yes, but my ancestors were the hour glass and sundial. They were used only among nobility," said the clock and stuck half past three to emphasize his remark. But the fire flickered violently and got the best word after all. It always did.

What goes from town to town without moving?

What little belongs to the soap dish?

If I were in the sun and you were out of it what would the sun become?

Can you take 45 from 45 and leave 45?

Treasure of Penzance (Serial by Eudrey Newson)

The rowing boat quietly rode at its moorings, and the sea gulls in the Devonshire harbour rose in a wheeling crowd as a boy and girl dashed down the sloping road to the quay. Stepping in the boat they cast off and rowed silently out into the bay. A picnic hamper lay on the seat and both children were rather excited. They pulled round to a sheltered cove and then appeared to be searching among the rocky cliffs for something. At last the boy gave a shout and pointed ahead. "Look Pam! There it is," he said. Pam looked up and saw a narrow cleft hidden in the cliffs so that many had passed it unheeding. "Here it is fo, careful, the rocks are ahead," and the boat swept into a dark cave bounded on two sides by slimy, smooth walls. Neither trees nor the roof could be seen when Pam flashed her torch. In some unusual way the light

was reflected through the water, and in parts near the mouth of the cave, sunlight glittered dully. The children landed on a rocky platform that seemed to run the length of the cave. "So Peter thought we'd be scared to come to Smuggler's Cove did he?" said Jo to his sister. "Just because we're Londoners. Well I do believe there's treasure here, just as it said in that book we found in Uncle's library. Have you brought it?" "Yes, page 99 wasn't it?" "Yes" "Here it is," said Pam. She read from a small book: - "The most famous of these are two caves in Devonshire known as the 'Pirates' Tomb' and 'Smuggler's Cove.' These were used to store plunder taken from Cornwall's ships as the Devon sea dogs just led them on. The exact position of the latter is not known but fabulous tales of the 'Penzance Treasure' are found on the coast of Devon and Cornwall."

"Wouldn't it be lovely if we could return with gold cups and things?" continued Pam with hazy visions of treasure ships. "Don't be silly," said Joe. "But I'm sure this is the case," he continued as he got up. "But I hope we do find something to take home and show Peter," he said remembering how last night, their cousin had scoffed at their idea of finding treasure. "Look Pam! What are these scratches on the wall? Bring the torch, quick!" etc. Pam ran across to him, Joe read out the following slowly: - "If ye would the treasure finde,
Looke ye rounde and then behinde."

To be continued
Will the treasure be found?

"

A Railway Journey in War-Time. (Short story by M. Foster)

On the Thursday before Christmas, I came home from Oxford where I had been evacuated. When the train arrived at Oxford, all seats were full and many people were standing in the corridors. About two hundred people boarded the train at Oxford, and I found myself in a corridor with an extremely heavy case in one hand, and a music case, hand-bag and umbrella in the other. I made friends with another girl who was travelling to Paddington, and before we left Oxford, a soldier offered to take charge of us until we were met in London.

He turned our cases on end and we then sat on them, not moving till we stopped at Paddington. The carriage to our left had an open door, and from within came the sound of voices and the smell of oranges. "'Ere, Albert, sit still will yer?" came a voice above the rest. "Jam, Ma," came the indignant answer, "but I can't make meself comfy on this 'ere buckle!" What happened next, I do not know, but I think Albert and the trunk must have fallen on to some gentleman's pet corn, judging by the grunts, groans and

upraised voices.

My companion then offered me a piece of chocolate which I gratefully accepted. Suddenly, from one end of the corridor came a voice shouting, "Tickets please!" I felt for mine in my pocket and found it, but the people in the carriage to our left seemed to have lost theirs. Confused murmurs of, "Ebert, you 'ad them tickets last!", "Emily, I never!", "Ma, he's pinched my apple", "No, I never! It was mine any'ow," came floating through the door.

They must have found them eventually, because when the collector asked for their tickets, the reply came, "Ere y'are. Don't we 'ave no bits to keep till we gets 'ome?" Everybody smiled when the collector said, "Yes, lady. You can have the bits I punched out of the holes!"

We were passing a station on the outskirts of London, when a small voice piped up, "Ma, there's a Barridge Balloon! Vos, yes! and a spi' fire.", while another voice said in Oxford accents, "I say, blawde, isn't it wizard to be going home to the Patah!"

After about half-an-hour we arrived at Paddington, the dirty station typical of the G.W.R., I said, "Good-bye", to my

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companion and she returned the greeting with, "Merry Christmas."
When I reached home I was extremely thankful that I was not going back again on that awful railway!

Teacher: "Why was the Unknown Soldier buried in Westminster Abbey?"

Boy: "Because he was dead, sir."

Teacher: "Name the four seasons."

Boy: "Salt, Mustard, Vinegar and Pepper, sir."

Teacher: (on eve of Xmas holidays) "Well, I hope you all have a good holiday and come back to school with more sense in your heads."

Class: "Same to you, sir."

Stacy: Teacher: "Can anyone tell me what happened after Caesar mustered his army?"

Boy: "Yes, sir. He peppered the army and took the citadel by assault."

Teacher: "Sit down my lad, I'll have no sauce from you."

Old Chinese Legend (by David Clarke)

Jung Lo, the emperor of China gave orders for a fine bell to be made, to go inside a great bell-tower, that had just been built. The man chosen to make the bell was Kuan Yu, who was known to be a good craftsman. He lost no time in setting to work and after weeks of hard toil the mould was ready, but when the metal was being poured

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into the mould it cracked and the bell was spoiled. The emperor was of course very angry, but allowed Huan-Yu to make a second attempt. But even this time the bell was imperfect, for one side of the bell was honey combed with small holes. Then the emperor sent for Huan-Yu and gave him one more chance. If he did not succeed this time he was to be put to death. When his daughter heard the news, she at once went to a wise man who told her that the bell would only be perfect if the blood of a good maiden was added to the metal in the mould.

Very sadly Ho-ai, for that was her name, went home to her father, feeling quite ill. At last the day for the third casting came round. A huge crowd was assembled, including the emperor. Just as the stream of molten metal was rushing into the mould, a great cry arose from the watching crowds. For, with a cry of "good-bye Father!" brave Ho-ai had flung herself into the boiling metal! Her father leapt up and tried to seize her, but only pulled off her little shoe. He was nearly mad with grief, but later when the bell was removed, it was found to be as perfect as it could possibly be. The strange thing about it though, was, when it was hung in the bell tower, each time it was struck a low, soft sigh was heard. "Heiah 'Heiah!" This is the Chinese name for "shoe." "listen," said someone. "For Ho-ai is calling for her shoe." And from that day to this, when the Great Bell of Peking strikes, one can hear Ho-ai calling for her shoe!

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A letter

(By Audrey Newton)

(Latin was the first lesson and after reciting Latin verbs, the pupils were in no fit state to attend to English. The result of my attempt for an English essay was as follows.)

Unum Viam Appium

a.d. V. Kal Jun

To my faithful cousin Johnius. Vale!

If you are well, well it is. I also am well. Not now the holidays are. Not now in a house rustic we inhabit, but daily at school labour we now perhaps yes no? Lessons of infinite magnitude many of us do. The school to which now go you? A film of great magnitude and excitement by us in a house of films was seen. You have seen it perhaps? It "The Lions in the Desert" was called. Today a domestic task we had all. Will it done be? Doubt it very much we do. Lessons we learn sometimes.

A lecture in a language of great barbaricness we had. It English is called. Master of us says, "Good masters by bad boys always feared are." Therefore bad boys are we for fear him do we. But now the words of Virgil attention to give I ought.

Vale my friend.



answers.

1. The Postman
2. Because you double the note when you put it in your purse and when you take it out, you find it increases
3. When he's beside himself.
4. When it runs down and strikes me.
5. The road
6. Companion of the Bath.
7. Tin

Yes, like this: -

$$9 + 8 + 7 + 6 + 5 + 4 + 3 + 2 + 1 = 45$$

$$- 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 = 45$$

$$8 + 6 + 4 + 1 + 9 + 7 + 5 + 3 + 2 = 45$$

Brownellinor had to punctuate a passage. It should have read like this: "In came the soldier, on his face a fiery look, on his feet his sandals, on his back his armour, shouting aloud his battle cry."

Brown's effort, however, was different: -

"In came the soldier on his face, a fiery look on his feet, his sandals on his back, his armour shouting aloud his battle cry."

Boys Sport Report (D. Newey)

Sport this term has been rather poor, owing to the school field being closed.

Every Monday afternoon there is swimming for the boys of the 2nd forms, this being the main attraction of the week.

There have been a few stunders matches in which 2A played 2B, the latter was defeated every time.

Our correspondent on the Home Front reports: -

Heard in the class. French Irregular Verbs Le Verrier.

Je me giggle

Nous nous splittons

Tu te laugh

Vous vous bustiez

Il se pop

Ils se dient