

Veru
Magazine
Form 3A



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5800
Prizzi

And here, contrary to most
expectations is the second
issue of our form magazine,
with a Merry Christmas,
from,

Pip, Squak
& Wilfred

AN EXCITING ESCAPE (by Audrey Newson.)

In a room on the second floor of the new Secret Service headquarters, about which very little is known, two men were earnestly discussing a new move of the service.

Trouble had been brewing for some weeks now in Leiconia, a tiny Balkan state. One of the agents of the Secret Service sent to Leiconia a few months before had been presumed missing for a week now. Seven days ago dispatches on the state of affairs in Leiconia's capital Andanb, had suddenly ceased. The last one was simply, "Suspect person of great importance having papers proving unrest spread among peasant population stop will investigate stop."

The elder of the two men was saying, "I'm afraid we must conclude Chalmers has been caught. The only thing that we can do is to send another agent out there and take more precautions. But whatever we do, we must do it quickly; things are coming to a crisis. If the peasants have another revolution, goodness knows what will happen."

"I think Stanton is the man, sir, he knows every inch of Leiconia and there is little chance of him being recognised."

A bell was pressed and a few seconds later Philip Stanton was being told the facts of the case. He was to get to Leiconia as quickly as possible and act on his own discretion. When leaving the Chief's room he almost bumped into a messenger boy.

"Telegram for you sir."

Opening the envelope Phil had a shock! The information was unwelcome to say the least. His young sister was a prisoner in the capital of Leiconia, where she had been staying for her holidays. What had happened Phil could only surmise. His sister also had run foul of the "person of great importance".

"I wish she wouldn't try and be a secret agent as well," he thought as he re-entered the Chief's office.

The chief thought it was another reason why Phil should start at once.

Arriving at Andanb, Phil found lodgings as near the Royal Palace as he could. Personally he suspected the Grand Duke Basil who lived there.

One night when it was quite dark, Phil managed to creep into the Palace servant's quarters, by way of the loose window which he knew. Making his way to the dungeons, he groped his way down the steps. Quickly he glanced into each cell. "Mary," he whispered at the seventh. "Phil, how did you get here?" Phil explained as rapidly as he could. Mary grinned.

"It's lucky you came now. I've got the key to the cells. The jailer obligingly turned the other way. I was going to make use of it to-night." Slipping out of the cell they silently made their way to the office of the Grand Duke. Suddenly Mary said, "Phil the agent you mentioned. He must be the other prisoner in the dungeons." Retracing their steps they found and released him. Phil told him to go to the garage and get a car ready to get out of Leiconia in a hurry.

In the Grand Duke's office the papers were found in a drawer. Just as they were crossing the room to get out they heard footsteps. "Quick down here," said Phil, as he crouched behind the huge sofa. The light was switched on and the Grand Duke walked in.

Crossing to the desk he hunted for some papers, the ones that Phil was now holding. He turned round, sharp suspicion in his eyes. "Come out of there you," he snarled.

Phil and Mary kept down. A sudden scuffle and then the familiar voice of the agent said, "Come on, let's hop it." He had crept to the room because Phil and Mary were so long. As it happened he arrived just in time. The three bundled into the car with the unconscious Duke securely bound in the back seat. They arrived in England soon after, and the threatened revolution was stopped. "When I'm old enough I'm going to get into the Secret Service by hook or by crook," Mary told Phil.

COLD COMFORT

HERE'S A TELEGRAM FROM OUR TRAVELLER SIR—



"MAROONED ON THE SHETLANDS IN SNOW STORM. WHAT SHALL I DO?"



REPLY - "START SUMMER HOLIDAYS FROM TODAY"



GIRLS' SPORTS REPORT. (by Maisie Hitchcock.)

This term, netball has been the only game we have played. There have been two matches, one against Minchenden and the other against Southgate County. The results were as follows:-

<u>Against Minchenden.</u>	1st team. lost, 17 - 9.
	2nd team. won, 11 - 8.
<u>Against Southgate.</u>	1st team. drew, 17 all.
	2nd team. lost, 18 - 13

We are all very glad to have Miss Schofield back among us.

FALSE REPORT.

The headmaster had occasion one day to send for one of his teachers, who, on arriving, found him interviewing an angry parent. "So you are the person who called my boy a 'scrubby elephant'", he shouted at the teacher. "Scrubby elephant!" The teacher looked bewilderingly at the parent and then at the master and denied the charge. The wrathful father then continued, "Yes; it was in the arithmetic lesson yesterday, and my Davey was just playing with a marble and it fell on the floor and you had the impudence to call him a 'scrubby elephant.'" The teacher permitted himself to smile as the truth dawned upon him. "Davey has made a slight mistake," he said, "I merely informed him that he was a 'disturbing element'".



" Good-bye everyone,
I'm going to blow
my brains out".
" You couldn't Donald,
you'd only make a hole
in your head."

The squirrel leaps
from tree to tree,
his antics are a joy to
see,
but here, from his
half-startled eyes,
we think he's had a
bad surprise.



SAMMY SKUNK

THE STORY OF A PAIR OF WINGS. (by L. Collard.)

I find myself situated in a tin box with a number of other Royal Air Force badges, at a fighter station somewhere in England. We had been in captivity for about seven days, but, to our surprise, at the end of this period, the lid of the tin box was taken off. An Air Force officer picked me out and handed me to an observer, who afterwards sewed me to his tunic.

I was made in the shape of a pair of wings which denoted the rank of pilot. So you can imagine the pleasure of the observer when he had finally sewn me to his tunic. It was from this stage that my adventures started, and I will now describe them.

I was flying along in a 'Spitfire' just over the coast of France when five 'Messerschmitt 110's' came diving down on us with their guns blazing. We fought them off but found that, unfortunately, a bullet had pierced the petrol tank and so we had to make a forced landing. Upon landing the pilot took out of his pocket a small packet of chewing gum and stuck it over the hole in the tank. Crossing his fingers, the pilot took his seat and thanks to the chewing gum, we reached our base safely.

UNPUBLISHED BOOKS. (by R. Stroud.)

"The Soldier's Plate"	by Lydia Mestyn.
"Fleur de Lys"	by Francis M. Blemm.
"Bad Teeth"	by A.K. Lott.
"The Witch"	by Rhoda Broom.
"Rush Hour"	by Read Standing.
"Seen from Afar"	by I. Sawyer Cumming.
"The Beefeater"	by Henrietta Knox.
"One Way Street"	by Luke Wright.
"Telescopes"	by May Q. Seymour.
"Thoughts of a Villain"	by Evelyn Tensions.

USEFUL?

While speaking on the Perfect tense of the French verb, the following gem of wisdom was given by the master, "All verbs are conjugated with 'avoir' except those that are conjugated with 'etre'!"

N.B.

We are informed by a professor of rising fame in the Biology world that goldfish are glorified tadpoles.

LATIN?

Latin master" If a man cuts his throat with his knife it is called Ablative of Instrument."

(Funny--- we always thought it was suicide!)

Epit

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"If ye woulde the treasure finde, looke ye rounde and then behinde."
Joe and Pam gazed at each other with amazed eyes. "A clue!" breathed Pam. "Looke ye rounde---", mused Joe as he stared at the wall. Deliberately he faced about and then walked away from the wall until he bumped against the opposite wall. Pam flashed the torch, and they saw that the green markings on the smooth, grey wall ceased about six feet above their heads. Walking along they saw a patch of dark shadow about five feet from the floor. Pam scrambled on to her brother's shoulders to see it more closely and announced that the hole went in for about three feet. "If you wait a moment, I'll see if I can get inside it," she said. "Well hurry up then, you're no light weight!" muttered Joe. His sister disappeared and a gasp of astonishment came from out of the darkness. "What is it?" exclaimed Joe, dancing with impatience. Without a word, Pam scrambled back. She gave the torch to her brother and said "Your turn next." Joe, glanced sharply at his sister and then climbed up and into the hole. He caught his breath as he saw that it was really a tunnel, and, after crawling a little further on he emerged into a huge cavern. "Pam!" he called, "Are you coming?" "Go on, I'm right behind you", came the answer. They dropped down on to the firm sandy floor of the immense cave and Joe spun round to Pam. "Did you see this?" he asked. Pam nodded breathlessly. "I thought you'd like to see it as well." As they turned round, they gazed at the wonderful scene before them. The walls of the cave soared upwards, reaching far above their heads like the roof of a cathedral. The children stood, looking about them for several minutes. "Isn't it splendid?" Pam said to Joe. He did not answer but crossed the tremendous floor. Then he turned round. "Pam, can you hear anything?" She listened for a minute and then said that she could not hear a sound. "I thought I heard a dull booming noise," murmured Joe, still listening. A few seconds later Pam cried out, "Oh Joe! Isn't it time for the tide to be coming in?" "Good heavens, yes!" said Joe, paling. "Quick, we must get in the smaller cave and escape in the boat." They raced across the sand. "Whereabouts is the hole?" asked Joe. "More to the left," answered Pam, swerving. "No it isn't it's here---No that isn't it after all," said Pam, peering along the wall. She stopped and said, "It was here, look, our footprints, they lead to here," her voice trailed off, for the marks led to a huge boulder. "It must have fallen down from above," whispered Joe, glancing at Pam. Then he bit his lip. She did not notice this for she turned and tried to free the entrance. Joe went to help her. After a few minutes they saw it was immovable, so they stopped pulling. Pam looked at Joe. "Will the sea get in here? I see no entrance." "Yes, I'm afraid that it will," he answered grimly. "As I walked along the opposite wall it sloped downwards and I think that the entrance is under water." She stood miserably in the middle of the floor and then she turned quickly to her brother. "Joe," she cried, "The sea-weed ----". "Yes I know," replied her brother as he finished the sentence. "The sea-weed showed the level of the water in the first cave. It was above our heads and this cave is much lower than the other. Furthermore the tide is coming in and there is no exit from this cave!"

(To be continued.)

SHAKESPEARE?

French master, (inquiring into the meanings of 'etre!')
"To be', or---"
Voice (off) "---Not to be!"

SARCASM.

A certain pupil of IIIa was heard to be told, "--Try and act like a human being and not like something that has crawled into the room."

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

A few days ago we were cautioned not to confuse the Roman battle of the Caudine Forks with a shindy in a restaurant!

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Three men, two rather deaf, were in a train when it began slowing at a station.

The first looked up. "Is this Wembley?" he asked.

"No," replied the second, "Thursday."

"So am I," chimed in the third. "Let's get out and find some tea."

RIDDLES. (Answers on back page.)

1. What is the difference between a cow and a rickety chair?
2. Why do school children have least to say in February?
3. Which is the left side of a rice pudding?
4. Why is a caterpillar like hot bread?
5. What pudding is best for a cricketer?
6. What is the difference between an oak tree and a tight shoe?

HONESTY PAYS.

Woman customer: "Are you never tempted to eat one of those delicious cream buns?"

Baker's errand boy: "Oh no mum, that would be stealing. I only lick them."

SOME WHERE ELSE.

French master, "Where do adverbs go in the winter-time?"

Boy, "After the verb, sir."

Master, "And where do they go in the summer-time?"

Boy, "Er---before the verb, sir!"

HIS CHANCE.

Boss, "I really cannot see you."

Canvasser, "Then it's lucky I called. I represent a firm of opticians, and....."

BOYS' SPORTS REPORT.(by L. Grafton, Sports-caster)

Since the war boys' sport has been cut down a great deal, therefore IIIa boys have had no organised games, except a game called 'Macfee's netball', (a cross between netball and basketball.) In drill lessons, exercises on the vaults and horses are the only other sport the boys have.

Verily 'tis a poore classe be IIIa!

With reference to the above, we are wondering if Grafton has been studying old English!

Last term's magazine fund realised 10/- which was given to the Red Cross.

ONE ON THE SQUIRE.

An inspector, paying a visit to a rural school, went into a class where the children were studying 'Hamlet'. His first question was, "Who wrote 'Hamlet'?" and pointing to one rather nervous little chap, he received the answer, "P-p-please, s-sir, it wasn't me." This answer highly amused the inspector and so later, when dining with the squire, he related the incident just as it had happened in school. The squire laughed heartily for some time and then in a rather convincing tone, said, "And I reckon it was the little beggar all the time."

WIDE OF THE MARK.

The new teacher on her first day at school was asked by the head-mistress to take the choir practice and gave her the necessary music. Flattered that her abilities as a pianist had been so speedily recognised she hurried to the class room and found a most unruly set of boys. Quelling the noise she gave out the music copies and began the lesson. Some of the boys tried to raise objections, and a sand-haired boy, older than the rest, cried, "But miss--" This youth she silenced peremptorily, and for twenty minutes worked hard at the task in hand. Then the door opened and a grey-haired man surveyed the scene in astonishment. The sandy-haired boy found his voice again, and a note of triumph filling it, he exclaimed, "Please, miss, we ain't the choir; we're the woodwork class and this is the master!"

NEWS FLASHES.

Queen Elizabeth rode through Coventry with nothing on so Raleigh offered her his cloak.
Two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless they are crooked.
The inside of a fowl is called a blizzard.
A cat is a quadruped, the legs as usual, being at the corners.
A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Members of Illa do not need to read printed books of howlers; we have a large supply in store. This shows what peculiar things happen when the word 'twine' is spelt 'twin'. The following is an extract from an essay on the Royal Air Force.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE. (by L. Collard.)

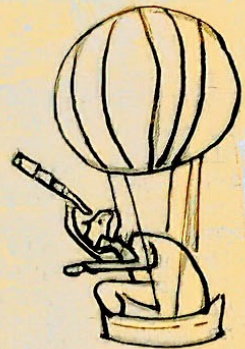
---A very useful method of picking up messages without landing is used by the R.A.F. The message is placed in a streamer tied to one end of a piece of twin. The twin is then stretched across upright sticks about six feet in height and about ten feet apart. The twin is placed in such a way that it can be pulled off quite easily. A hook is suspended on a piece of twin and lowered from the aircraft. The hook catches on to the twin and so picks up the message without landing.---

CUTTING!

Talkative Barber, "I don't think I remember your face, sir."
Customer, "No you wouldn't. It's healed up quite a lot since last time!"

The Colonel came upon a recruit struggling into his new uniform. "pull yourself together!" he roared, "Don't you know you're wearing the King's uniform?"
"Oh, that's it," said the recruit, "I knew it wasn't meant for me!"

There was an old man of the Hague,
Whose ideas were excessively vague,
He built a balloon,
To examine the moon,
That deluded old man of the Hague.



IT NEARLY WORKED.

An elderly man walked into a central school one day and asked to see the Headmaster. He was conducted to the head's room by a prefect, and, when there, asked, with profuse apologies for the intrusion, if he could see his grandchild. The gentleman was asked to take a seat and the head himself went to bring the child in question. After the lapse of a few minutes the head returned but without the child. "I am sorry," he said, "but I am afraid I must disappoint you. They told me in his class that he had gone to your funeral."

PRISONER OF WAR. (by Mr. A. Eustance.)

We in our form know something of what these words mean. We must do, or else we should not be writing to our two 'adoptions'. But do we know much? I doubt it. Let me try and help you.

We will suppose that our young airman has just baled out over Germany from his blazing plane. He wanders uncertainly over fields of a countryside very much like our own. A hoarse growl of "Wer da?" (Who goes there?) is his first rude introduction to his future captivity. Under guard he is taken to a transit camp and then to a Luft Lager. A Red Cross map will show where they lie. One dear old lady whose son was a prisoner told us that her son was quite all right; "I looked up his address in the dictionary and found that 'lager' was a kind of beer!" I regretted to disillusion her by pointing out that 'lager' means 'camp' and also gave its name to a certain beer which was stored.

Our prisoner is in his Luft Lager. His life is communal and very self-sufficient. He 'does' for himself and most ladies know what that means. He takes his turn at cooking for three or more. Lads who never made a cup of tea for themselves learn, by their mistakes and their friends' criticisms to cook. Some time ago the British Government sent out instructions to help our amateur cooks. He learns to join in social activities, and to employ his talents to the common good. He succumbs to the favourite game of handball, so popular abroad, plays chess, studies professional and technical books, and even organises or attends discussion groups. In the confinement of his camp, the man who has fewer mental interests succumbs to 'wire fever'. This is a kind of nervous hysteria which shows itself in all sorts of ways. That is why his welfare is important. Properly looked after with parcels and letters coming in regularly he learns to put up cheerfully with his lot. Restricted as he is he has time for reflection and deep friendship. A colleague of mine in Yorkshire employed his period of imprisonment by mastering French and German. He became a modern language master. Charles Morgan's fine book 'The Fountain' owes its creation to imprisonment in the last war.

But his great lack is the absence of home and freedom. Armed guards constantly remind him of his state. Recently I read all the **correspondence** of a prisoner of war to his parents. He obviously missed his folk, distrusted his captors, and ruefully commented on the need for tact in his close contacts with his fellows. Their life has its humours however. Basil Pearce celebrated Eric Cooper's birthday by sampling a semolina pudding made of water. Cooper's handiwork made Basil (as I am told), wander like a stricken deer round the camp. So when it is your turn to write to our adopted prisoners, please do not make excuses. It is vital that we let them know that they are not forgotten. We shall not, nay we must not fail them.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

1. One gives milk and the other gives way(whey).
2. Because February is the shortest month.
3. The side that isn't eaten.
4. They are both grub and both make the batter fly.
5. A good batter.
6. One makes acorns and the other makes corns ache.

The proceeds of our magazine fund this team go to the Prisoner of War fund.

HEARD THE LATEST?

Artificial respiration is what you make a person alive with when they are only just dead.

Some cows are very dangerous, especially the bull.

Days are longer in summer than in winter because heat expands everything.

Execution is the method adopted by the American Government for killing people.

Moths eat least of all because they eat holes.

A parallel straight line is one that when produced to meet itself does not meet.

A magnet is a thing that you find in bad apples.

They gave William IV a lovely funeral; it took six men to carry the beer.

Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn.

The great Duke of Marlborough was a man of exceedingly fine character, committing his vices which were many.

Milton was a poet. He got married. He wrote 'Paradise Lost.' His wife died; he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'

Degrees of Comparison: - bad, (very sick), dead.

Olive committed suicide on three occasions, but each time the pistol refused to fire.

Well, after all, look who did it!

