



Our first anniversary.
This time last year we
were anxiously wondering
how the magazine would be
received. This year we
hope our worries are over.

The Editors,

P.K.
Squeak
& Willie

In the 'Wings for Victory' essay competition the third year results were:- 1. Muriel Fowler IIIa. 2. John Kemp IIIa.

A NIGHT FLIGHT.

(by John Kemp.)

Pilot Officer James Johnson was only a young man-- scarcely over twenty. Yet on his shoulders, and on those of other youngsters like him rested a great responsibility-- that of defending the skies of Britain by night. P.O. Johnson belonged to a 'Defiant' night fighter squadron stationed in Kent. At the time of the commencement of this story, Jimmy was walking briskly to his 'Defiant' in company with his gunner, Sergeant Bill Hains.

A night raid was in progress on London, and twelve machines had been ordered to intercept the raiders. Jimmy's machine 'D for Dina', was one of the twelve.

The two men reached their machine and climbed in. Jimmy sat tensely, waiting for the order to 'take off'. A voice in his headphones said, "Hello, A for Apple, Control calling A for Apple, you may take off now." Jimmy watched the dim black shape of his companion 'Defiant' racing along the flare-lit runway. It disappeared into the darkness until nothing could be seen of it except for an occasional flicker of red flame from its exhausts. Then Jimmy received the order for which he had been waiting so impatiently. "Hello, D for Dina, you may take off now." Jimmy opened the throttle wide and taxied on to the runway. Then the 'Defiant' ran along, gathering speed rapidly. Jimmy pushed the control column forward slightly to lift the tail, then eased the 'stick' gently back. The flares by the side of the runway ceased what appeared to be a mad rush past him and began to fall back languidly. He climbed slowly to five thousand feet, then turned 'Dina's' nose towards London. As he sped along, he could hear his gunner testing his turret and guns, swinging his turret from side to side and firing short bursts. Jimmy could see a red glow in the distance and rightly assumed that this was London. Suddenly Bill shouted over the inter-com, "Hello Jimmy, bandits to starboard!" Jimmy looked to the right and saw some long, red streaks against the velvety black of the sky. These could mean only one thing-- aircraft. As the aircraft were flying in a row of about six, they were almost certainly German.

Jimmy banked sharply and raced towards the intruders. As he drew near them he could faintly see their outlines. He at once identified them as 'Heinkel III's' and flew into the attack. When he was about fifty yards from the rear machine he turned on to a course parallel with that of the German machine. "Thanks, Jimmy," called Bill, over the 'inter-com', and fired a long burst at the enemy machine. The enemy rear upper gunner replied for a moment and then was apparently hit. Suddenly the German machine blew up. The fragments flew around Dina as the machine plunged and twisted under the force of the explosion. Jimmy steadied the 'Defiant' and proceeded calmly to search for the other raiders. Almost at once he saw exhaust flames in the direction of the coast. He decided to give chase and turned towards the coast. Slowly he drew up to the enemy. He became very excited and began whispering to the 'Defiant' as though it were a living creature. "Come on Dina," he said softly, "Come on old girl, come along, you can do better than this." Gradually he drew nearer to the enemy, until, at last, he was within a mile of the German machine. Suddenly some A.A. guns began to belch flame. The shells began to burst all around the enemy. Then the German machine rolled slowly over on to its back and plunged to earth with flames pouring from it.

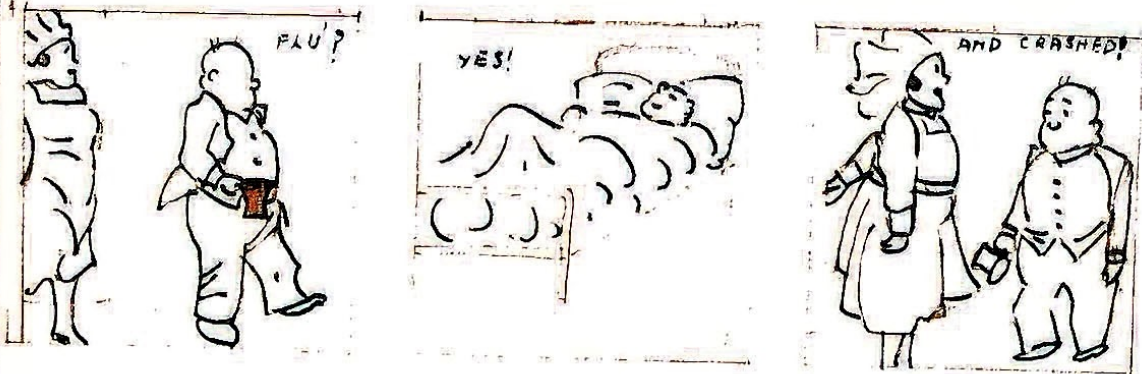
Very disappointed and very annoyed with the A.A. gunners, Jimmy turned disgustedly for home. Behind he could hear Bill furiously cursing all A.A. guns and this battery in particular. Jimmy smiled wryly, and flew in silence. In a few minutes they were over their home aerodrome. Jimmy called Control and asked for permission to land. This was given immediately. Jimmy put down the 'Deriant's' nose and landed on the runway. He taxied the machine over to dispersal point and left it to the care of the mechanics. Then he walked to the briefing room with Bill and gave his report, then hurrying thankfully to bed. So ends a typical night patrol. Often our night fighter pilots see no action for months-- but they keep flying, however bored they may be. It is due to these men only, that the people of the big towns sleep in peace and rarely hear the dreaded sound of the enemy.

ALMOST AN ACCIDENT.

Amin, Ali and aristocratic Ahmed ambled along an avenue after an adventure.
 "An ancient adder!" announced Amin, all agitated and alarmed. Ahmed, always abhorring adders, ardently abjured all antagonism against animals, and awkwardly ascended an adjoining apple-tree. Ali altruistically advanced alone, arms akimbo, albeit anxious and apprehensive, appreciating angry adders antipathies.
 "Avast Ali!" appealed Amin, advancing also.
 "Aye, aye, Amini!" answered Ali, an able athlete, and awaited an attack. Ahmed's adder appreciated Ali's astuteness and abandoned all active antagonism.
 Arrogant Ahmed afterwards appeared, apologising abjectly.
 Away, Ahmed, Ali and Amin are always amazingly amiable.

(Contributed by R. Stroud.)

PAST TENSE



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Episode III.

Trapped in a cave below sea-level, with the spring tide rolling in, the two children were indeed in a desperate plight. "Well, we can't stop here doing nothing," said Joe, shrugging his shoulders. "We have roughly twenty minutes before high tide, let's see if the cave rises further in." "Joe, we must get out of here," said Pam, her face pale in the dimly-lit cave. They ran together down the cave, flashing the torch before them. The passage began to wind and twist, Pam who was leading, turned the third corner and gave a gasp of dismay - their way was blocked by a fallen boulder! "Look at th--" Her voice died away as she turned to find herself alone. Where had her brother got to? "Oh darn!" she cried, "If there was anything else needed to make this seem more like a film, this is it! I suppose he's fallen down a secret tunnel or something." For her sense of humour was not to be beaten even now. "Joe", she called down the passage, as she turned round and ran back. "Where have you got to?" Rounding the corner at full speed, she bumped with painful force into her brother, who was tremendously excited. "Come on!" he gasped as he grabbed her hand, "I think I've found another tunnel."

He stopped when he reached a certain spot. "As I was following you, I tripped over this stone; clutching at the wall to save myself, I struck a square of rock that swung sideways." As he spoke he was running his hands over the wall, guided by the torch. "See, here it is." And as he pushed, a slab of rock about six inches square slid sideways, disclosing pitch darkness. He thrust his hand in and found a box-like cavity behind it. He pushed each side in turn, but nothing happened. "Well," he said, as he disgustedly surveyed the wall, "Of all the---!" "Come on, we must try to move the rock at the end of the passage," said Pam, as she moved away.

Joe gave one last shove at the wall and almost fell into a tunnel that was revealed as the side of the passage slid away, creaking with age. "It must work when another person is standing on that part of the floor," he cried in triumph and they both dashed through the opening. It was obviously not natural for the rock sides showed marks where they had been cut out to form the tunnel. They walked along it and the door automatically closed behind them. "We've got to go on now," gasped Pam as they set off. For about five minutes the two children ran on; then Pam shouted, as, for the second time that day, she ran full tilt into a wall. She hammered on the wall but it was immovable. Then they tried to open it as they had the first door, and that worked. With a grinding of ancient machinery the pannel slid sideways and two astonished children looked at a no less astonished man sitting on a chair in a comfortable furnished room. "Mr. Ray!" said Joe. "Joseph Christon!" said the surprised school master. "Good Heavens, Pam and Joe!" said a third voice and they turned to find their uncle staring at them as if they were ghosts.

"Uncle, we've found a secret passage from Smugglers' Cave," burst out Pam. "I think you'd both better come and sit down and tell us the whole story," said Mr Christon with a quiet smile, and for half an hour all that was heard in the room was the story of their adventurous afternoon. When they had ended, Mr Christon said, "Well, it seems time for me to enlighten you on some subjects. Mr Ray here, and I belong to a band of geologists who have been exploring the caves here. We knew about the passage from the first cave to Smugglers' Cave, but it seems

as if you, by a lucky chance, have stumbled on the secret passage we have been trying to find for a year. One thing more, Peter was right when he said you wouldn't be able to find any treasure there, because between you and me, there never was any treasure." "But Uncle John, we saw it in this book," and Joe turned to the description of Smugglers' Cave in the old book they had found in the shop. The school master and Mr Christon looked at each other in amazement. "Well, suppose there is treasure there?" said Pam triumphantly. "I don't know about that," said Mr Ray, "But what I do know is that I'm going there now to have a look round." "There you are Joe, I told you we'd find something," said Pam, as they were all looking at an old ring that Joe placed on the table. "I found that in the secret passage," he said. Mr Christon glanced at Mr Ray. "Come on Chris," he said, "Whatever are we waiting for?"

THE END.

CHINA WEEK Feb 22 - 26. (by Mr Shave.)

Since one person in every five in the world is a Chinese, and their homeland occupies an area forty times that of Great Britain, it is important that everybody should know something about this great country and its people. Moreover, since Japan began the 'Incident' in 1937, the resistance of the Chinese has been battered and bent but never broken; and their magnificent struggle helps us now. Thus the aim of the China Week at Trinity was to increase knowledge of China and to raise money for the 'Aid to China' fund.

Much attention was given to the geography of China. Maps, diagrams, and photographs were displayed, and served to illustrate the talks, which began with one from Mrs Knott who knew the country intimately. Many misconceptions were cleared away. One boy thought "loess" was a kind of insect, and another that chop sticks, rapidly rotated in circular fashion were used for the eating of rice by all Chinese.

Mr Jones dealt with the recent history of China in a masterly lecture and also produced a play, "The Thrice-Promised Bride", performed by members of formva, which admirably displayed the atmosphere of a Chinese performance. The wearing of Chinese costumes by the cast, wrought a great transformation in some appearances; very beneficially some said. Through the hard work of Miss Jobson and Mr Penny, an excellent display of the daily and artistic life of the Chinese was made in the Art room.

Some idea of the resistance of the Chinese to the invader was given by photographs and rather gruesome posters actually made by Chinese guerrillas. Certain members of 111a spent much time in that section of the exhibition.

In every way the week was very successful, and by means of a dance, film shows, form collections etc., the satisfactory sum of £24.8.8 was sent to help China in her great effort.

NIGHT FLIGHT. (by Muriel Fowler.)

The night when we went to bomb Brest for the first time was a memorable occasion for two reasons: it was our first operational flight as a crew, and it was the last time any of our squadron saw Bob, our squadron-leader, alive.

We left base in our Wellington at half-past nine, and climbed steadily till we reached about twelve thousand feet. We were to make our rendezvous with two squadrons of Spitfires over the coast about ten minutes later. It was a lovely night, with bright moonlight and a few fleecy clouds. Joe, our American observer, must have thought so too, judging by the remark that came over the inter-com. "Gee! I wish I could meet a red-head up here!" Other members of the crew made several unsavoury remarks, and that was all that we heard from Joe for some time. Soon after, I heard the squadron-leaders' voice saying, "Base have reported Me 109's over Channel, heading this way. Watch out boys. Good luck!" I glanced at the air-speed indicator. It showed about one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Judging by that I reckoned that we would meet our escort in about six minutes from then. I had almost forgotten the warning about the Me 109's, when Smudge, our rear gunner yelled, "Here they come!" I looked ahead.... nothing there. Then I saw them approaching from our right. Pat, our Irish second pilot, was counting, "Five...ten....twenty-five. Begorra! Our lads'll chase 'em off as sure as I come from Killarney!"

Several dog-fights ensued and Smudge got a Jerry, but Jerry got the squadron-leader's plane. I saw it go down in flames. I felt sick for a moment or two, because he was a special pal of mine, and he was the first of the squadron to go.

Five minutes later, we saw our escort approaching. The Me's must have seen them as well and they immediately turned for home, but not before four had been shot down and two badly damaged. We then set course for Brest, the Spitfires flying above and slightly ahead of us. As there was nothing to do till we got to our target I indulged in some pleasant day-dreaming. Joe and Brian, our wireless operator, were playing cards and Smudge was rendering his version of 'Blues in the Night'. Pat was dozing in his seat and occasionally he snored, a most unpleasant sound. I suppose I must have dozed off, for the next thing I knew was Pat yelling in my ear, "Target ahead. Mind the flak!" I looked down and saw our target, the docks and shipping, approaching. A minute passed, and Joe yelled, "O.K! Start your run!" The flak seemed to be dying down and we started on our run over the target. "Bomb doors open," I shouted. We weren't quite over the target that time so I turned and had another go. We were more accurate that time and Joe sang out, "Bombs gone!"

Smudge gave us a short running commentary on their descent which ended in, "Good work. You've hit a warehouse!" Having dispatched our present to Jerry, we turned for home.

Suddenly there was a terrific jolt and the next thing I knew was that we were heading for a watery grave with the port engine on fire. I yanked at the joy-stick and our remaining engine pulled us out of the dive. The flames in the port engine were dying down but there was an acrid smell of burning petrol. I wondered if the port engine was going to explode.

Then I remembered the rest of the crew and glanced across at Pat. Then I had a nasty shock when I saw blood running down his very white face. He must have hit his head on the side of the cock-pit. I called over the inter-com to Joe but got no reply. Then I tried Smudge. A weak

voice replied, "I'm O.K. I'm----" it trailed away into silence. By this time I was getting quite worried. Three of my crew were 'hors de combat' and we were flying at about nine hundred feet on one engine. Then I heard Brian's voice. "I'm O.K.," he yelled, "but Joe's got a leg bust, I think." I told him to come forward and attend to Pat. He did and tied Pat's head up and removed him to the body of the plane. Then I had the first warning of what had happened to me. I moved my leg to shift my position and a sharp stab of pain shot through it. I swore softly to myself, and turned my attention to the job of reaching base. Brian said that Pat was coming round and was talking in Irish, and seemed delirious. Poor Pat! He never remembered what happened to him and now his mind is a complete blank as to his past. In the meantime Brian had gone to Smudges' aid and had found him with a smashed wrist and a broken arm. He did his best to make him comfortable and then returned to me. Between us we managed to get a hazy idea of where we were and the coast had just shown up ahead when the port engine spluttered and roared into life. Were we glad! We climbed a bit and saw familiar landmarks which guided us back to base. But when we came to land, we found that we had only one wheel left to land on; the other must have been shot away. Still we managed it somehow, and next morning when Brian went to look at the machine he found one hundred and twenty-nine holes in the fuselage. Smudge, Pat, Joe and I are now in hospital and are recovering slowly but surely. Indeed, Smudge and Joe seem to be enjoying themselves with the nurses, and I must say that they are rather nice!

CHESTNUTS AND SAUCE. (by Mr Eustance.)

Guy Fawkes wished to rise in rebellion so he highered a cellar.
Mary Stuart married the Dolphin.
Joah of Ark was Noah's daughter.
What is LXXX? Love and kisses.
What is 'pax in bella?' Freedom from indigestion.
A printer, having been called to account for referring to the guests of a British Legion dinner as 'battle scared' warriors, corrected it to 'bottle scarred' warriors.
What is the use of Latin? None at all, only the dead speak it.
The Vicar was calling at the home of one of his poorer parishioners who had just become the mother of a bonny boy. "Ah, what is the little man's name?" enquired the Vicar. "Homer," said the mother. "Good," cried the Vicar, "A grand old classical name. No doubt your husband is a classical scholar?" "Not he," said the mother, "He breeds pigeons!"
Sarcastic Teacher: "Jones, if I was to call you a half-wit, it would be a 100% exaggeration!"
The sad-looking inmate of a mental hospital sat in the middle of a field with a rod and line baited with buttons. The hospital matron stopped, looked at him, and asked, "How many have you caught?" "You're the twentieth," replied the inmate.
Geometry teaches us to bisex angles.
A laundry is a place where clothes are mangled.
A compound noun consists of two nouns joined together by a bar which is called a siphon.
Suggested motto for the corvettes:- 'O si sic omnes!'
"Who said 'Kiss me Hardy!'" queried the teacher. "Stan Laurel," replied the pupil.

NEWS

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NEWS BRIEFS.

We were all sorry to hear this term ~~that~~ Mr Dean was ill and in hospital and we wish him a quick recovery.

We welcome Mrs. Winterbottom, our French mistress during Mr. Dean's absence and hope her stay here will be a happy one.

Newey left at the end of last term (to the sorrow of some,) and we wish him success in his new job. (This might account for the downfall of sport among the boys.)

Glancing at the sports reports below, the reader might notice the slight difference of opinion between them referring to the results of the rounders matches between the girls and boys.

Grafton's arithmetic is sadly lacking. There are 14 boys and 23 girls.

BOYS' SPORTS REPORT.

(by Grafton Esq.)

Sport has been decidedly lacking this term as it has been very short. It consisted of a number of rounders matches with the boys generally beating the girls. The fact was emphasised because the number of girls was double that of the boys. Friday, May 21st we went swimming at the Wood Green Swimming Baths. Allen and Kenp, who did not go, had a lovely time country dancing with the girls.

The sports caster.

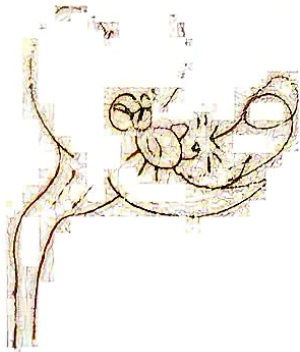
GIRLS' SPORTS REPORT.

(by Margaret Allday.)

Last term we all felt deeply the loss of Miss Schofield whose help regarding the netball teams was invaluable. This term we extend a warm welcome to our new gym mistress, Miss Newman who has already formed rounders teams. This term the Junior 1st and 2nd have played two matches. The first match versus Glendale resulted in the 1st team winning $1\frac{1}{2} - 0$, and the 2nd team winning $3\frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{2}$. We lost the return matches however, the score being 1st team 0, Glendale $3\frac{1}{2}$, and the second team 0, Glendale 4. In our gym lessons we have played rounders against the boys three times, winning twice.

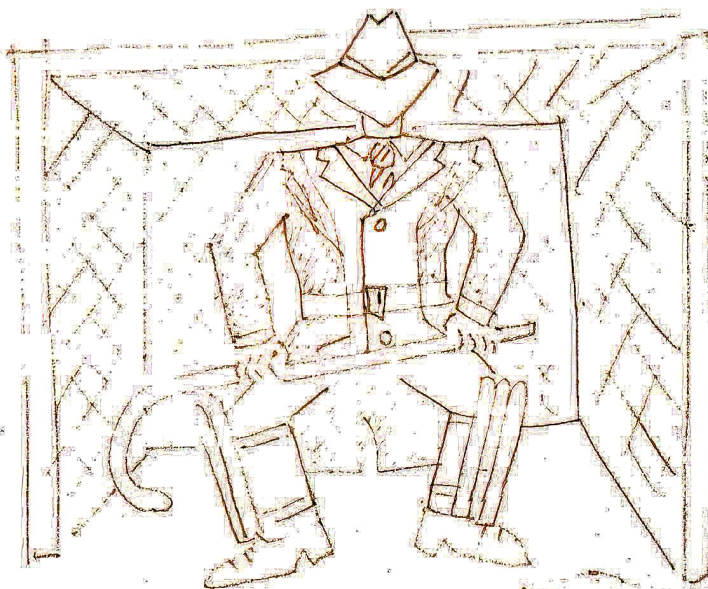
NOT DONE.

French master, to boy doing homework during lesson, "How dare you work in my lesson!"



There are ways and means of pollinating a flower!

voice replied "It's a K. T. ..."



Reminiscences of a hockey match.

EXTRACTS FROM "1066 and All That".

" Compulsory Preface. (This means you.)

Histories have previously been written with the object of exalting the authors. The object of this History is to console the reader. NO OTHER HISTORY DOES THIS.

History is not what you think. It is what you can remember. All other history defeats itself.

This is the only Memorable History of England, because all the History that you can remember is in this book, which is the result of years of research in golf-clubs, gun-rooms, green-rooms, etc.

For instance, 2 out of the 4 dates originally included were eliminated at the last moment, a research done at the Eton and Harrow match having revealed that they are not Memorable.

The Editors will be glad of further assistance towards the elimination in future editions, of any similarly unhistoric matter which, despite their vigilance, may have crept into the text.

Preface to 2nd Edition.

A first edition, limited to one copy and printed on rice paper and bound in buck-boards and signed by one of the editors was sold to the other editor, who left it in a taxi somewhere between Piccadilly Circus and the Bodleian.

Chap. 1.

Caesar Invades Britain.

The first date in English History is 55 B.C. in which year Julius Caesar (the Memorable Roman Emperor,) landed, like a' other successful invaders of these islands, at Thanet. This was in the Olden Days when the Romans were top nation on account of their classical education etc.

Julius Caesar advanced very rapidly and energetically, throwing his cavalry several thousands of paces over the River Flumen; but the Ancient Britons though all well over military age, painted themselves true blue or woad and fought as heroically under their dashing queen Woadicea, as they did later in thin red kites under their good queen Victoria.

Julius Caesar was therefore compelled to invade Britain again the following year (54 B.C., not 56, owing to the peculiar Roman method of counting), and having defeated the Ancient Britons by unfair means, such as battering-rams, tortoises, hippocausts, centipedes, axes and bundles, set the Memorable Latin sentence, "Veni, Vidi, Vici," which the Romans who were all very well educated, construed correctly. The Britons, however, who of course still used the old pronunciation, understanding him to have called them "Weeny, Weedy and Weakly," lost heart and gave up the struggle, thinking that he had already divided them All into Three Parts.

Culture among the Ancient Britons.

1. They buried each other in long round wheelbarrows. (Agriculture.)
 2. They burned each other alive, under the guidance of even older Britons called Druids or Eisteddfods, who worshipped the Mistletoe in the famous Druidical churchyard at Stoke Newington. (This was Religion.)
- The Roman Conquest was however, a Good Thing, since the Britons were only natives at that time.

The Roman Occupation.

For some reason the Romans neglected to overrun the country with fire and sword, though they had both of these; in fact after the Conquest they did not mingle with the Britons at all but lived a semi-detached life in villas. They occupied their time for two or three hundred years in building Roman roads and having Roman baths; this was called the Roman Occupation and gave rise to the Memorable Roman law, "HE WHO BATHS FIRST BATHS FAST.", which is a Good Thing.

Chap. 2.

Britain Conquered Again.

The withdrawal of the Roman legions to take part in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (due to a clamour among the Romans for pompous amusements such as bread and circumstances) left Britain defenceless and subjected Europe to that long succession of waves of which History is chiefly composed. While the Roman Empire was overrun by waves, not only of Ostrogoths, Visigoths and even Goths, but also of Vandals (who destroyed works of art) and Huns (who destroyed everything and everybody, including Goths, Ostrogoths, Visigoths and even Vandals), Britain was attacked by waves of Picts (and, of course, Scots) who had recently learned how to climb the wall, and of Angles, Saxons and Jutes, who landing at Thanet, soon overran the country with fire (and of course, the sword.)

Important Note.

The Scots (originally Irish, but by now Scotch) were at this time inhabiting Ireland, having driven the Irish (Picts) out of Scotland; while the Picts (originally Scots) were now Irish (living in brackets) and vice versa. It is essential to keep these distinctions clearly in mind and ~~vice versa~~ vice versa.

Wave of Egg-kings. Egg-kings were found on the thrones of many kingdoms such as Eggberd, Eggbreth, Eggfroth etc. None however succeeded in becoming memorable except in so far as it is difficult to forget such names as Eggbreth, Eggbred, Eggbeard, Eggfilth etc. Nor is it even remembered by what kind of Egg-death they perished.

Ethelread the Unready. A Weak King

Ethelread the Unready was the first Weak King of England and was thus the cause of a Irish Wave of Danes. He was called the Unready because he was never ready when the Danes were. Rather than wait for him the Danes used to fine him large sums of money called Danegeld for not being ready. But though they were always ready, the Danes have very bad memories and often used to forget that they had been paid the Danegeld and come back for it almost before they had sailed away. By that time Ethelread was always unready again. Finally Ethelread was taken completely by unawares by his own death and succeeded by Canute.

Canute.

He originated the memorable proverb, "paddle your own Canute," and became a Good King and ceased to be memorable. After Canute there were no more aquatic kings till William IV (Creation of Piers.) Canute had two sons, Halfacanute and Partacanute and two other offspring Rathercanute and Hardlicanute, whom, however, he would never acknowledge, denying to the last that he was their Fathercanute.

William I invented a system according to which everybody had to belong to somebody else and everybody else belonged to the king. This was known as the subtle System.

The Bull

King John was so bad that the Pope decided to put the whole country under an Interdict i.e. he gave orders that no-one was to be born or die or marry (except in church porches). But John was not to be cured of his badness; so the Pope sent a Bull to England to excommunicate John himself. In spite of the King's efforts to prevent it the Bull succeeded in landing and gave orders that John himself was not to be born or die or marry (except in Church porches); that no one was to obey him or stand him a drink or tell him the right time or the answer to the Irish question or anything nice. So at last John gave way and his subjects began once more to be born and die and marry again etc. etc..

In the 100 years war the troops signed on for a hundred years or the duration of the Regal Tact.

Treaty of Utrecht. Edward II once noticed some men-about-court mocking a lady whose garter had come off; whereupon, to put her at her ease, he stopped the dance and made the memorable epitaph, "Honi soie qui mal y pense," (Honey, your silk stocking's hanging down.)

Clauses. 1. That there should be a mutual restitution of conquests except that England should keep Gibraltar, Malta, Minorca, Canada, India etc. 2. That France should hand over to England, San Flamingo, Sago, Dago etc.