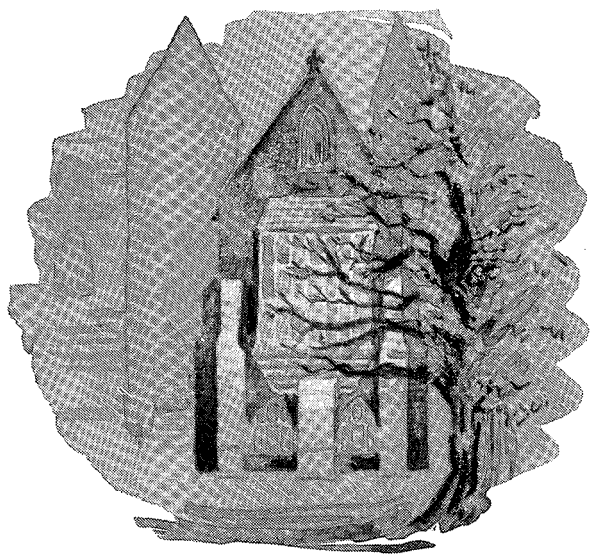


THE LITERARY MAGAZINE



ABINGDON SCHOOL

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SCHOOL

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JULY, 1952

Editorial

Macbeth in some hurried autobiographical notes mentions that he had once found his hair standing on end "at a dismal treatise", by which no doubt we should take him to mean not a dull sermon but some annals of crime similar to his own. This year's *Literary Magazine* is guaranteed not to cause any such psychological or physiological phenomena by virtue of either its horror or its turgidity. Within these covers you will find recorded neither the deeds of gangsters nor the dicta of philosophers, although the scope of the articles is wide: they range from verse inspired by the death of His Majesty King George VI, that solemn occasion which left its imprint upon all civilized men, to a discourse on Spanish Bull-fighting and notes on the life of T. E. Lawrence, passing lightly over such topics as modern verse and the activities of a visiting Film Unit. From the front cover, specially designed by Mr. G. H. Cooper, through the drawing of a cricket match on Upper Field by Peter Thompson to the very last page we have tried to make the magazine attractive and interesting.

Lying in State

Four representatives of the School journeyed to London to pay a last act of homage to our late King as he lay in state in Westminster Hall, and it was my privilege to be included in this small party. Sir Ralph Glyn, who, besides being the Member of Parliament for Abingdon, is a member of the School governing body, very kindly arranged that the Headmaster, accompanied by three boys, should enter Westminster Hall as part of his private party, thus missing the vast queue of mourners which stretched for several miles. This was indeed a great favour, and we are deeply grateful to him. The Headmaster and three boys were to meet Col. Austin and Miss P. K. Ames, at Paddington, and made up the party of six which each M.P. was allowed to take over Westminster Hall with a priority pass.

We arrived at Westminster Station by well-known routes, and entered the court in front of the Houses of Parliament. Our route was perhaps unorthodox, for we used the double iron gates set in the side of the Station. Col. Austin presented an imposing pass to the vast policeman inside, and we were immediately conducted to the central lobby, where we were to meet Sir Ralph. Private parties for several M.P.s were already gathered there, and as we had half an hour to wait, we sat and watched people come and go. Men whose faces are familiar through their appearance in daily newspapers passed and repassed.

Punctually at 2.30 Sir Ralph was announced by the policeman on duty. We were all introduced, and he then conducted us over both Houses, our passage being swift but comprehensive. Then he took us to a side entrance of Westminster Hall and we parted company.

We entered on a scene that will remain indelibly imprinted on the memory of all of us. Many hundreds of people stood in that great Hall, but the silence was complete, and at first overwhelming. The guard was being changed and, as each officer slow-marched to his place, the sound of high black

boots rubbing together could be clearly heard. The glory of the catafalque contrasted strangely with the starkness of the architecture. It stood in the centre on a raised dais, with its ten motionless guards the focus of all eyes and hearts in that great building. The coffin, draped in the gold and red of the Royal Standard, rested on the purple catafalque; on top of the coffin were set the Imperial State Crown, the Orb, and the Royal Sceptre, whose jewels flashed with myriad lights.

The brilliant colours of the guards' uniforms glowed in the huge cold Hall like a fire in an unlighted room. Four officers of the Welsh Guards in their great bearskins stood at the corners of the catafalque, resting on their swords. In front of them stood four Yeomen of the Guard, their partizans reversed, quite motionless with bowed heads. At the head of the coffin, in front of the great Wanamaker Cross, stood two Gentlemen-at-Arms, the King's personal bodyguard in death as in life.

Down the broad sweep of the steps, two files of people stood silent, awaiting their turn to pay a last tribute to their beloved King. There was no sense of class distinction in that queue, for everyone had a common purpose. Men in city dress and ladies in fur coats stood shoulder to shoulder with ordinary workmen, and there, as in the rest of London, all clothing was very subdued, and no bright colours were to be seen. Drawn from all classes of society, these people had waited patiently for over four hours to perform their individual acts of love and loyalty.

It is impossible really to describe one's own personal feelings on entering the great Hall. The mere details of the catafalque and its surroundings were taken in at a glance and dismissed. After that first glimpse attention was irresistably focused on the flag-draped coffin, surmounted by the Crown Jewels. One did not think of the grandeur and pageantry which surrounded the King, but rather of a simple man with

whom we all had some personal bond, however slight. Memories crowded the mind as we filed slowly past the catafalque, memories which we shared with everyone in the throng. We turned at the end of the Hall, for one last look at the magnificent scene, and passed through the canopied archway into the sunlit court beyond.

J.W.

In Memoriam : King George VI.

The presence of Death is felt in all the land,
The light is darkened now by his vast wing,
A silent nation mourns its well-loved King:—
Another page is turned by History's hand.
Faithful he was, and always strove to act,
Not for his own, but for his country's good,
Nor spared himself, but ever steadfast stood,
Nor fortitude and constant courage lacked.
He walked with Death; but not as one afraid.
He knew the certainty of victory o'er the grave,
He trusted in the power of God to save
And so the last great sacrifice he made.
We sorrowed our loss, for him we must not mourn,
For Death but heralds yet a brighter Dawn.

C. J. L-S.

Proclamation of Queen Elizabeth II.

The day dawned fine and clear: A fresh breeze was blowing which whipped the flag on the County Hall into violent motion. In front of this imposing building, drawn up to form three sides of a square, were contingents from the fighting services, the Royal Navy from Culham, the Army and the R.A.F. from Abingdon aerodrome. They were smartly turned out, boots polished, uniforms creased, webbing blanched. There also was the school band which had, in feverish haste, prepared itself in order to play the National Anthem. Around the troops and on convenient vantage points, St. Nicholas' Church Tower, the balcony of the Queen's Hotel,

had gathered a considerable crowd, school children, housewives, shopkeepers and others who had interrupted their daily work for this short, simple, yet historic ceremony.

At 11.10 a procession of the Mayor and the Corporation, all in the full regalia of their office, left the Guildhall for the dais placed before the County Hall. When they had taken their places a fanfare of trumpets was sounded, and the Junior Sergeant-at-Mace stepped forward to the microphone. The loud-speaker crackled and the crowd instinctively edged forward in order not to miss anything. He rang his bell and cried: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Pray silence while His Worship the Mayor reads the Royal Proclamation." The Junior Sergeant-at-Mace then made way for the Mayor. The Mayor held in his hand a large sheet of paper. It was the Royal Proclamation. This he read in loud clear tones which echoed around the market-place. I can still remember snatches of it: "Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late sovereign lord, King George VI, of blessed and glorious memory, . . . we . . . do . . . proclaim the high and mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary is now become Queen Elizabeth II . . . God Save the Queen." While he was reading this, everyone and everything else was still and quiet, except the paper rustling in the wind. When he had finished, he stepped back; the trumpeters sounded another fanfare. The troops then presented arms while the National Anthem was played. Their bayonets glinted in the sun. Those standing in the square joined in the singing, a little shyly at first, but then more confidently. The deep, well-defined shadow cast by the County Hall provided a sharp contrast between those standing in it and those whose faces were smitten by the glaring sun which, despite its brightness, gave no warmth.

The Anthem finished, the troops marched off; the Mayor and Corporation returned to the Guildhall, the Macebearer at the head of the Procession. Traffic began to move; the people dispersed. Life became normal after a brief but important ceremony.

D.R.G.A.

Lawrence of Arabia : The Man

Sir Ronald Storrs, K.C.M.G., C.B.E., L.I.D., onetime Oriental Adviser to Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, and onetime military governor of Jerusalem, spoke to boys and staff of the School on 'Lawrence of Arabia: the Man' on the evening of Saturday, 8th March.

In 1914, Sir Ronald, whom Lawrence described as 'the most brilliant Englishman in the Near East, and the most subtly efficient', was in the Middle East aiding the Arabs or Bedouin against the Turks. Lawrence, however, was excavating ruins upon the banks of the Euphrates. He immediately joined the army and was drafted into the Intelligence Corps and posted to the Middle East, where he met Sir Ronald. The two men had much in common—a fondness for the classics, for they were both classical scholars, and similar tastes in reading and music. For these reasons they became friendly.

Lawrence, or 'Aurens', as he was popularly called, was respected by the Arabs for three reasons, for the three ways in which he endeavoured to surpass the Arabs: for his superior brain power, strategic ability and for his strict moral principles—he always kept his word and never deceived any man. By constant application and practice he tried to emulate and surpass the physical deeds of the Arabs: if an Arab could ride a camel three days, Lawrence would determine to ride it four.

When Lawrence retired from active work in the East he came back to England and joined the Tank Corps, which he disliked. He then transferred to the Royal Air Force, under the name of A.C.2 Shaw, T. E. He was in the Air Force for twelve years; a few weeks after he retired his death overtook him.

Lawrence neither smoked nor drank alcohol, but he was addicted to one drug—speed. One day he was riding down a Hampshire lane at 90 m.p.h. when he saw two boys cycling abreast in front of him. Lawrence wrenched his

wheel to the right, the motor-cycle capsized, and Lawrence was flung sixty yards on his head on to the tarmac. He was taken to Bovington, where he died.

In body, Lawrence was not tall, but was well-built yet wiry. His head was long, his hair yellow and his eyes a brilliant blue. The best representations of him are the portrait now hanging in All Souls and the bronze bust in the crypt of St. Pauls.

He was perhaps the untidiest officer in the British Army, and an Arab servant would frequently have to chase after him waving his Sam Browne belt. He was notorious for being late for appointments, but often made unexpected appearances. Like the poet Shelley, Lawrence was able to vanish and reappear without a sound.

His memory was wonderful, and he always returned books which he had borrowed, even replacing them on their proper shelf. Books and music he loved, but not what he called 'tripe'. He took great care of his collection of gramophone records, cataloguing and cleaning them thoroughly. He was perfectly at ease with machinery, and could dismantle and re-assemble even such a precise instrument as a Rolls Royce engine. He was both an athlete and a man of taste, and showed his age that a scholar was not necessarily torpid, nor an athlete bone-headed.

Lawrence's literary style is on a level with that of two other great men who recorded their battle experience, Caesar and Churchill. He loved writing for its own sake, for he had the creative urge, and considered that his life was consecrated to beauty. He not only wrote the Seven Pillars but attended to the many technicalities of production.

Towards the end of his life, he became sadder, and there is an uncanny coincidence in that the very hour in which a friend shot a bird whose pecking had irritated him, Lawrence met his death. Lawrence was one of the gallant and romantic heroes of English manhood.

B.W.B.

How I write Poetry

I am not really a poet. I try and I try but in some way I can never find a word to rhyme or a phrase to scan; or else I find that the only word to fit is an 'eftsoon', 'ere', 'o'er', 'avaunt', or 'aroint'. But the first line is easy enough:

"The King commanded all his Court,"

then I frantically think of all the words rhyming with court. Bought, thought, fought, wrought, sought taught, fort. What could be easier I think, the next line fits nicely—

"The king commanded all his court
That his five sons should be taught

Oh, dear. There is something wrong, probably the metre—there's a syllable missing . . .

"The king commanded all his court
That his *fifteen* sons should be taught"

No, that's still wrong. Still a syllable missing. Ah, yes:

"His fifteen sons should *all* be taught"

This is really easy after all:

"Then assembled all his court"

And so the task goes on . . . I find that I am bunkered again because I have used court before . . . This is too hard for me. Normally I give up after a while, but this time I am determined to go through with it. I'll find a book of poetry and model mine on it. Here's an anthology, just the thing. Who's this, T. S. Eliot? Well one's as good as another. Goodness! Is this poetry? Yes, it says so on the cover. I'll write my poem at once,

The king in torment, writhing
 Commanded on his throne
 That the court,
 All his twisted, tortured, tawny court
 Should teach his sons
 From now on and forever
 And forever.
 Red sails in the
 Red sails in
 Red sails in the sunset
 Come altogether
 Crowd together said the king
 And they came, halt and lame,
 Round the rugged rocks, rambling, ragged,
 In the sewers, on the tops of pines
 Littering paper bags. Alas!

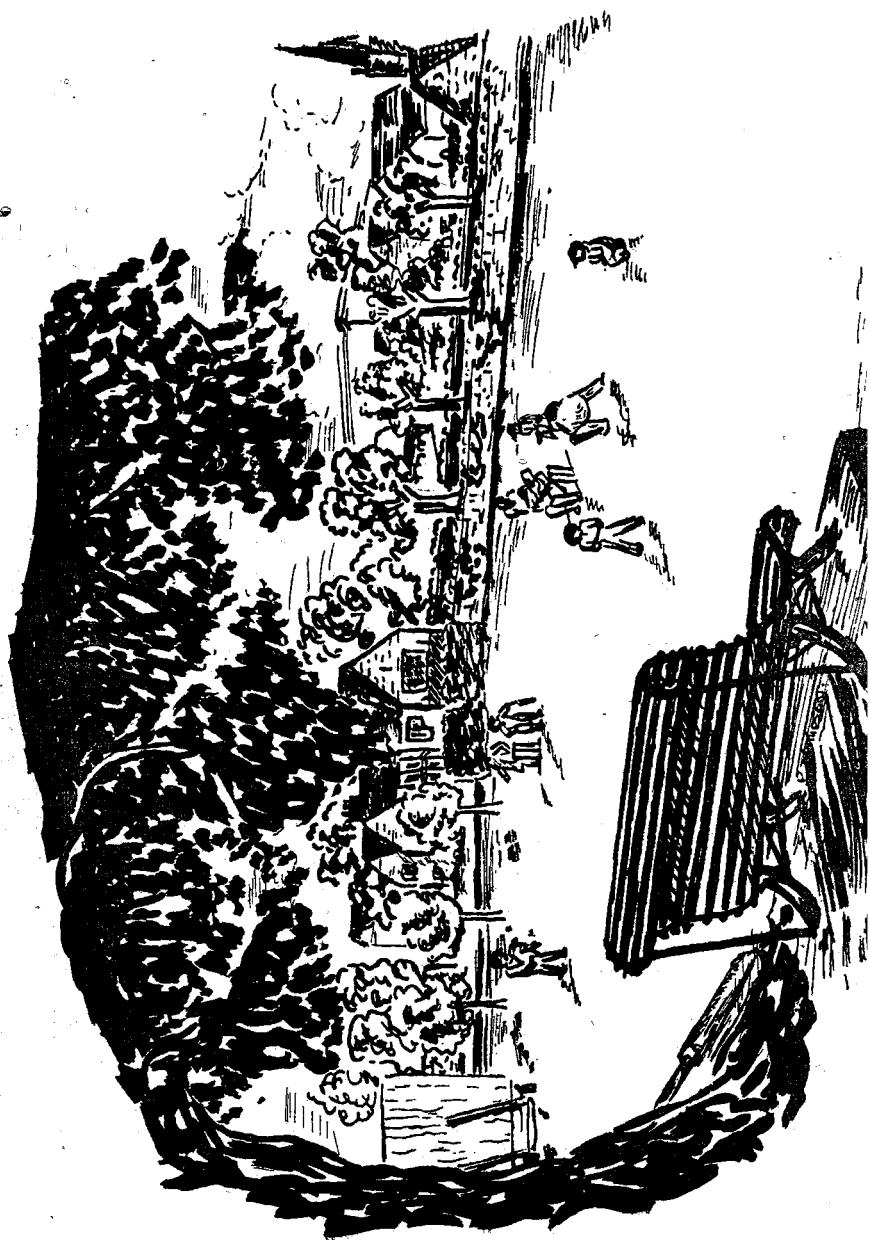
It's so easy when you know how. But I am not sure that
 I like it much. I don't suppose you do either.

M.D.B.

This Modern Verse

Poets of today
 never have to stay
 to think of a rhyme—
 they haven't the time,
 nor the inclination.
 Their inspiration
 comes, you will find,
 from the subconscious mind.
 They little care for metre
 but consider it neater
 to have sounds of varying strength,
 in lines of unequal length,
 then those of the aesthetic kind
 leave capital letters behind:
 To be understood
 would do them no good;
 so the sense of their verse can seldom be found;
 and this, it is thought, is the principal ground
 upon which they can claim
 reputation and fame.

N.G.N.



The Festival of Britain

A grey morning in September, the gaily coloured balls on their metal frames looking somewhat jaded without the sun, a heterogeneous collection of buildings in gay colours and improbable architecture, giving promise of far more to be seen than there could possibly be time to see,—such was my first impression of the Festival of Britain.

Looking back after nearly a year, one's recollections are dulled, but there are nevertheless certain things which remain in the mind—the humour, not only the conscious humour of Tenniel's White Knight on his charger, complete with "morale-raiser" and other accoutrements, but the incidental humour of the basketwork hens laying imitation (?) eggs and the extraordinary steel fountain, intermittently cascading water from small to large, and from large to larger buckets. Then there was the astonishing bad taste of much of the furniture in the Homes and Gardens Pavilion—exotic, cheap-looking wood, pointed legs guaranteed to make holes in any carpet, the discord of adjacent old and new—where the saving of space had been reduced to a fetish and too often produced an overcrowded result.

The Dome of Discovery, in itself no inconsiderable example of engineering skill, contained so much that was completely incomprehensible to a non-scientific mind—dark, weird, suggestive of another planet with its signposts to the earth and Outer Space—a place where one could have spent a week studying the exhibits and trying to understand them.

There were the beautiful things, too, which stood out from the rest—the china, the Through the Looking Glass Dolls, the one a perfect mirror image of the other, some of the sculpture, the piece which springs to the mind most readily, though not the best, being Charoux's 'The Islanders', which dominated the river walk, and which had a certain Churchillian resolution about it,

Other memories which remain are the railway engines and cars in the Transport Pavilion, the changing panoramas illustrating episodes from the past in the Land, and the Festival Hall—disappointing outside, but superb within. Intended as an example of modern English architecture at its best, its exterior lacked grandeur and seemed altogether too slight—chromium plate having the glitter but lacking the lustre and deep beauty of silver.

A single day at this Exhibition, however, was of necessity a failure if one wanted to do more than merely hurry from pavilion to pavilion seeing much but looking at little. It was arranged so as to tell a story, the story of British contributions to world civilization in the arts of peace, and so in order to understand the story properly it was necessary to follow the sequence in which the pavilions, the chapters of the story, had been arranged. It was, however, impossible to do this thoroughly in a few hours, and to do it less than thoroughly would have been a waste of time. So, if one wanted to see the pavilions which one was really interested in, one had to abandon the story and concentrate on individual chapters out of their context, which meant that much of their point was lost. This must have been a common experience among those who saw the Exhibition, and many people will share the regret that each pavilion was not more of an entity in itself. You cannot understand a book by reading a chapter here and there, however good those chapters may be, and one could not really understand the Festival of Britain Exhibition by looking at individual pavilions.

The Yeomen of Celluloid

Some months ago a documentary film unit made a sequence of a film in the School Science Block. After much discussion it was decided that the Biology Lab. was most suitable, so the dust was shaken off the Sixth Form Biologists, and they were ousted from their contemplations upon a rabbit's duodenum to make way for the budding film stars of the Fourth.

We print below a number of observations on their visit.

"The first gentleman who attracted my attention as I walked round the Biology Lab. was fulfilling a truly extraordinary function. I was standing by the sink, minding my own business and taking an intelligent interest in what was going on, when suddenly up he popped, bang in the middle of the room. He was holding a large black-board on which were chalked several numbers and mystic signs. This was fair enough but, a moment later, he started shouting at the top of his voice in a most peculiar language. At the end of this violent outburst he struck the board forcibly, using a long striped pole and making a resounding crash. I had nearly recovered from the bang when he suddenly disappeared. Just like that, into thin air. He did this at sundry times during the day, and when he had done it about eleven times I was unable to contain myself any longer, so I enquired who he was, and was told in awed tones, "Oh, he's the clapper boy." I was still in a fog.

Sunk in meditation I recommenced my walk. I had not gone far when my reverie was disturbed by a very important gentleman. He was obviously important because everybody called him "Old Bill, over there". He, too, was talking in a language which was most peculiar. This, though, was different to that of the clapper boy. He was in conversation with a man wearing a large check cap and, from what I gathered, he was inciting him to "kill that baby". Horrified I passed on, but, as I have since found out, he was merely telling this man to switch off a small spotlight. The man with the

check cap next caught my attention. He reminded me of Thor playing with thunder and lightning. He was seated at a desk with a large metal block in front of him. This was fitted with an electric cable. In response to the commands of Old Bill he was removing and replacing plugs in this large block with devilish glee. It was easy to see what kept him so entranced. Every time he pulled out a plug, he did it to the accompaniment of a large blue flash, a bang and a small cloud of smoke.

Time growing short, I passed on to the sound section. They had three very interesting pieces of apparatus. The first was a large searchlight generator, (affectionately called "genny"), which stood for the entire day on the gravel emitting a high-pitched hum and sulphurous smoke. The next piece of apparatus was certainly most striking. I mention it because it nearly brained me. It was a large perforated zinc box at the end of a long stick. This was swung to and fro with great ferocity every time there was a take. It was, of course, a microphone. Lastly, the thing which attracted me most—a small field telephone for communicating to the sound truck. Every time it wished to attract attention it didn't ring or buzz, it just went—pip! pip!

All these weird and wonderful gadgets operated by this wonderful body of distinguished gentlemen combine to produce what is commonly called a "movie". The only snag is that I doubt if we shall ever see this one, because of what Mr. Butler saw.

D.S.L.

A Prospect of the South

- It would be difficult to imagine Europe without Spain and yet there is no country—apart from the iron-frontiered territories of the present time—which is politically more isolated than she. Something of a compromise between the civilisations of Europe and of Africa, Spain is a world of its own;—remote and proud, lonely perhaps, but claiming nothing of its kindred continents;—self-honoured, if not altogether self-secure.

The journey into Spain is, I believe, like the Golden Road to Samarkand. To visit Spain, one should not go by air, or sea not even by rail, but travel down through the mountains from Bordeaux to San Sebastian. This is Spain's gateway; there are others, but none such as this. The Lowlands of Gascony rise, mounting higher and higher, and the traveller at once understands that he is crossing a frontier which is something more than a line on a map; it is a high defensive wall, which once breached, gives way to peace and pleasant land.

From France thus, into Spain. The land is distinctive, but not immediately the Spanish scene associated in one's mind. These are the Basque Provinces, with their mysterious people, remnants of the dark-eyed Iberian race; it is the country of King Harry of Navarre. The sun is huge and golden over the sea. But here in Northern Spain there is nothing of the long, dry plains, the parched, yellow ranges of the South; there are wine presses and Southern vineyards, but the heat is not excessive, the roads are not dust-laden and sun-cracked, there is no violent colour. The hills, so wide and rambling, are green and thick with trees; they climb but slowly. The sky is cool and open; throughout the year the air is mild, and roses bloom at Christmas just as in mid-Summer.

This is a sanctified land now; a world apart from France, from Italy—and many a world from England. At dusk there is the murmur of the East even in Northernmost Spain. The passing of the day is swift; twilight arrives suddenly and

is of short duration. There are low balconies to the sun-shuttered houses, high orange piles, deep-coloured oleanders, Eastern squares and arcades in the towns and villages. Above all there is a noise and music peculiar to Spain; an under-current of a very powerful vitality, a vitality more and more pronounced as one journeys Southwards, for this is the least alien part of Spain. One can go to Old Castile, to Saragossa the old-time capital of Aragon, to Barcelona on the Eastern shore; or to Portugal in the West. Madrid and Toledo lie on the high central plain; there the scenery is often magnificent. But the atmosphere is most oppressive, and the traveller is only too happy to move toward the sea; he will find rest once more in Valencia, which is indisputedly one of the most beautiful garden regions in the world. But it is Andalusia which holds most fascination for the visitor; Andalusia, with its still-abiding Moorish art, has an incomparable beauty, which it is impossible to forget.

Having once known Spain, one remembers, always—remembers the golden days, and starry nights, the wild crowds at the bull-fights, the grape-treading, the public holidays and fiestas, the decorated streets and gaily-coloured costumes. Above all one remembers the people; proud, mystic, gracious, elegant and sometimes cruel; there are small boys who scuffle in the dust, there are minstrels who serenade beneath the balconies, there are graceful women with high mantillas, who dance enchantingly—this, I know, is a very remote conception, and the Spanish people are probably far more practical and unexceptional than I believe them to be, but Spain is by tradition the home of castles in the air. It is the peasant, however, who is most truly representative of the spirit of his country. He takes labour and his relaxation with due seriousness, and usually he is prepared on the instant to break into gay, wild dancing, or alternatively, to lie down and seek a spell of rest upon the roadside. For an hour or two after mid-day, Southern villages are quite deserted, while he sleeps. Apart from the Latin temperament, which he shares with the Italians and the Provencaux, the Spaniard is unique in his character, which is derived not only from the old

Romans but from the Iberian people, the Tyrian traders, the Arabs, the Jews, Celts, Goths and Vandals, all the varying settlers of the many years.

It well may be that Europe ends at the Pyrenees, but Spain does not end at the peninsula: its influence and inspiration are to be seen in all of Southern America and the seas between. This is the old lady of Europe, perfectly graceful and still beautiful, she can look back on a long, eventful life, and likes to do so. Her days have been prosperous, often exceedingly so, but she has known grief and care besides. Still vivacious in her quiet way, she surveys her past conquests and her disappointments, all the glories of a bygone age. She has seen huge galleons leave her shores bound for the Indies, returning proud and silver-laden. She has seen them leave her ports for England, returning no more. Oh, the grandeur that was Spain! But now,—well, all is pleasant to remember. The children that she brought up are now grown and independent. She watches them from afar, as she watches all the world. Lonely but contented in her fashion, she seeks solitude to end the days that remain;—for her the autumn may yet be golden, before the winter comes.

E.G.R.P.

The Spanish Fighting Bull

The generally accepted idea that bull-fighting as practised in Spain is a cruel and senseless sport is as erroneous as are most British notions about Continental customs. Even the name 'bull-fighting' is a loose translation: 'Corrida del toros' should be rendered as the 'running of bulls'—a far more descriptive term. The word bull-fighting presumably derives from the old British sport of bull-baiting in which the unfortunate brute was tethered and unable to retaliate. A Spanish bull is free to, and quite often does, toss and gore his antagonists, and his horns are needle sharp.

The fighting bull is a very different animal to the fat and clumsy 'ton of beef' called a bull in England. A comparison

between a wild cat and a domestic tabby is not more ludicrous. Centuries of breeding for courage, strength, speed and agility have produced a truly formidable animal. Ranging free over the wide estancias (ranches), except for periodical round-ups, when all weaklings which fail a test of courage are 'cast', the bull reaches his full strength after about four years. He is then probably the most dangerous fighting machine the world knows. He is some nine hundred pounds of bone and muscle, tested in inter-aurine warfare (many bulls kill each other); almost as fast as a good horse; as agile and quick as a polo pony, fearing nothing that lives.

Remember too that this is a savagely ferocious beast—a natural killer—bred to kill—tensed to drive home horns as hard and sharp as polished steel, backed by nearly half-a-ton of hard muscle and the speed of a motor car. The fighting bull is a bunch of concentrated malice—full of hate and a courage impossible to daunt. At the very point of death the bull is still fighting back and in the last second of his short life he is at his most dangerous. It is at the moment of the 'esto-cado'—the kill—that the most of the matadors' fatalities occur. A fight lasts only some twelve minutes, and the bull, although weakened, has lost none of his determination to kill. As the matador goes forward with only a slim sword and a scarlet scarf in his hand to drive home the steel between the bull's shoulders—the only vulnerable spot—a sudden lunge and a swing, and it is the man who dies. Manolete, the most famous of all Toreros—a fighter who earned the equivalent of over a million pounds sterling—was killed in 1947 in this fashion; as his sword slid home, so the bull's last desperate stroke plunged a horn deep into his groin.

The name of a noted breed of bulls means as much on a poster as does the name of Spain's most famed matador. The word 'Muiras' for instance is enough to fill any arena irrespective of the quality of the advertised matadors, and this counts for much in a country where the name 'Litri' means something like Compton, Turpin and Matthews combined.

The Miura bull is a smallish active animal, black as coal, wicked as Satan, quick as a cat, with the ugly trick of a sudden side swing as he charges, and indeed it was such a bull that killed Manolete. The fan knows that there is death for the careless, over-confident or scared matador, in the short strong horns of the savage Miura; and that means that man as well as bull will be fighting for life on the sun-soaked sand that afternoon. So he pays down his hard earned pesetas to see a bull rather than a man!

M.J.H.

Outward Bound

By coincidence three other boys going to the Outward Bound School climbed into the same compartment that I was in, but of course none of us knew each other, and it wasn't until the train started that we discovered we were all "Outward Bound". We were met at Aberdovey station by a lorry which took our luggage. We walked. We walked a lot in the next month.

At the School we handed over our ration books at the Office: the Office was scrupulously tidy and looked extremely efficient, with all the desks in a neat line facing the door. From the window at the back we could see the Dovey Estuary. After collecting uniforms, a pair of blue trousers and a blue jersey each, we were directed to our hut. Now we could get a look at our surroundings. The main building was in the Georgian style and bordered on the Parade Ground. To the side of the Parade Ground were steps leading up to some wooden huts, which were our quarters. Each hut, of 14 bunks, constituted a watch.

On the first day we had a medical examination, and were told what was to happen to us in the next month. The next day, Monday, we were woken at 6.15 and taken for a quarter-mile run, followed by a cold shower. After sweeping out our huts we had breakfast, then the Officer Commanding the Course made his daily inspection. For the rest of the morning we were instructed in cutter rowing, then after lunch

there was high jumping practice and instruction in handling boats. At 4.30 we changed into uniform for tea, followed by prayers and discussion with the Padré until bed-time.

Our activities for the rest of the week included athletics, sailing, and hiking over the Welsh hills, but I enjoyed most the two-day trip in the School ketch. Nearly everyone was sea-sick, but I was lucky—or perhaps unlucky, for the four boys who were unaffected did all the work. On the last Saturday of the Course we had the Big Hike, which entailed 35 miles over the hills to the top of Cader Idris, the third highest mountain in Britain. When we reached the top snow started to fall, so we had to descend holding one another's coats. We were put two hours behind schedule by this, and didn't reach the School until 10.45 after walking nearly forty miles.

The days flew by, the last main event to take place being the five mile walk on the day before we left. When the time came for us to leave we were sorry to go, although we were glad to arrive home. I should very much like to go back to the School, and I can thoroughly recommend the Course to any boy who wants adventure—and I mean adventure, for you never know just what's going to happen to you next: who could foresee, for instance, that we should spend one day looking for the pilot of a jet airplane that had crashed on the mountains?

M.J.C.G.