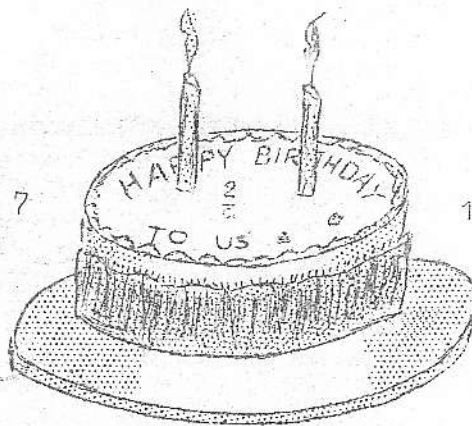


THE

NEW

JORDONIAN

1957



1959

"STILL GOING STRONG"

BIRTHDAY NUMBER

Vol. 3.

No. 1.

THE NEW JORDONIAN

Vol. 3. No. 1. Circulation: 200 copies

EDITORIAL

To all intents and purposes, there are four seasons in a year, but the NEW JORDONIAN disapproves of this view. We hold the opinion that there are only three seasons: Easter; Summer and New Year - in that order. These are, of course, the three times in the year when the NEW JORDONIAN is published, and this is the first of the three. In other words, this is the Birthday edition of the NEW JORDONIAN, which has now been running for two years. This means that the NEW JORDONIAN has been printed for seven holidays consecutively! If only all the year were holidays! Of course we would very soon get tired of simply doing nothing as William Shakespeare says in Henry IV, part I:

'If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as work;
But when they seldom come, they wished for come.'

What a difference there is between this seventh edition of the N.J. and that eleven-page first issue! We will finish this editorial with the same words as we did in the original issue:

"The next number will appear in the summer holidays."

EDITORS:

Roger C.-H. Horne
Martin C.S. Horne

Crutches Dell, Jordans, Bucks.

— VISIT TO BUCKS EXAMINER —

On Tuesday the thirteenth of January, a few of our older contributors were very kindly shown round the offices of the BUCKS EXAMINER by the Editor. It was very interesting. First of all we went into the Editor's office and saw how the set-out of the paper was planned on sheets of ruled cartridge paper. From there we went into the type setting room where we saw a double page of that week's newspaper being assembled. (Later in the week we would be able to see that same page in the actual paper). From here we went to the place where the paper was printed, passing through the paper storage room where paper of all sorts and colours was stacked up to the roof. It was fascinating watching the massive machines thundering backwards and forwards and the piles of printed sheets growing steadily larger. We could have spent the rest of the day quite happily watching them, but we had to go. We almost needed force to drag us away from them!

As we came out into the sunlight it was unanimously agreed that the visit had been the most interesting thing we had done for a long time.

We would like to thank the BUCKS EXAMINER sincerely for this visit.

— A P O E M —

by Adrian Plaut - 6½ years old

"Houses are square,
Gardens are square.
The world is round,
The sun is round,
The moon is round
Like me.
I am as round as a bouncy ball;
I bet you can't bounce me."

* * * * *

— ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL —

by Kevern Jenkin

This Spring we went to a beach on the North coast of Cornwall for a week's holiday. One day, as we came down to the beach, Fay our dog went bounding ahead to a woman at the end of the path. The lady asked us to keep Fay on her lead because on the rocks was a wounded seal which had been swept in on the incoming tide and had been battered on the rocks. The lady had also sent for an R.S.P.C.A. man. She thought it was so badly hurt that he would shoot it.

We decided to keep on the left hand side of the beach because the seal was on the right and we did not want to frighten it. We could see the seal from where we were. It was lying on its side with its tummy showing, and was waving its flippers in the air.

After a time we ventured nearer and had a look at it. Its colouring was white all over except for its tummy which was brown and it had black splotches on its back.

Then the R.S.P.C.A. man came along and everybody thought that he was going to shoot it. But he didn't shoot it. He brought along a rope tied on to a bit of steel which had a loop at the end of it. He put the loop round the seal's neck and helped it across the rocks. Then it came to a pool of water which it swam through with great delight.

By now the R.S.P.C.A. man had taken the loop off the seal's neck and was holding one of his gloves in front of its nose to tempt it along. When it was out of the pool of water it stopped for a rest, panting, and it was about five minutes before it started going again.

It was at this time that I noticed its peculiar back legs. They were grey in colour and as it went along the sand it dragged them behind it. It was also at this time that I noticed its wound.

It had a cut on the back of its neck which was bleeding rather badly.

It took a long time for it to get to the sea as it had to stop every few feet to have a rest because it is hard work for a seal to walk, and the tide was going out as well.

A big wave came in and the seal plunged in excitedly. We watched its head bobbing up and down in the water until we could see it no longer.

ARCHERY

by Sebastian Martienssen

Archery is a fairly common sport, but not everyone who plays it actually knows how it should be played. In fact, many people who fancy themselves a good shot, cannot even string a bow correctly. Stringing a bow is quite easy once you have the knack but unstringing a bow is harder, even when you are quite experienced at it. To string a bow you place the bottom of the bow against the instep of your right foot with the string hanging downwards. It is important that the string should hang downwards or in simpler words that the curve should bend outwards from the ground. You then pull the bow upwards with your right hand sliding the string up into its notch. For my readers who do not understand these "simple instructions" I cannot explain any further without a diagram.

An archer can have quite a lot of equipment but the more necessary pieces are as follows: a bow; several arrows; a wrist guard and a finger guard. A quiver is also useful but not as important. Most people know what a bow, quiver and an arrow look like, so I will only have to describe wrist guards and finger guards. The wrist guard is a piece of leather strapped on to the wrist, that is holding the bow, with two straps, as a protection against the bow string which occasionally brushes your wrist,

and can tear up the skin. The finger guard is a protection for the fingers, because after extensive shooting with a good bow they can become quite raw.

When your bow is strung and you are preparing to shoot you should place your feet in line with the target and turn sideways to shoot. You should place the arrow on the left hand side of the bow unless you are holding the bow with your right hand in which case it goes on the right. This is so that the arrow doesn't bump into your thumb. You should not hold the arrow when you are shooting, but the string, and to do this you place your index finger above the arrow and your second and third fingers underneath. The fourth finger is not used. You should then pull the string back to your eye, and when you have the object you are going to shoot at in line with the tip of your arrow and your eye you slide your fingers off the string, keeping your left arm steady. It is important that you should have the bow the right way up. The right way up is with the end that you strung at the beginning of your session uppermost.

When you have finished shooting you should unstring your bow. This is quite hard, but with practice is quite easy. You place the bow in the same position as when you strung it and just as if you were stringing it, pull with your left hand, but instead of pushing it up the bow you loosen the string and slide it down.

If you want to know what size of arrows you need it is usually written on the bow, but underneath the height, and has an arrow sticking through it.

That's about all you need to know. Happy shooting.

* * * * *

All things may come to those who wait,
But when they do, they're out of date.

* * * * *

----- B O R T H -----
by Hugh Sullivan - age 7

Come to Borth - it's summertime,
The gulls are calling you.
The waves are slowly breaking
The sea is green and blue.

Come to Borth - to see the shells,
As the wind goes howling by.
Come and have picnics on the sand,
And hear the seagulls cry.

Come to Borth and hear its song,
And see its friendly sands.
And look to see the roving ships,
That sail to other lands.

----- L O N D O N Z O O -----
by Frances Dawe

After a car ride through London we came to London Zoo. We first of all passed the birds of prey, then the guinea pigs. I am not going to mention all the animals but I am going to mention some. The first animal I am going to tell you about is called Chi-Chi. Chi-Chi is a baby giant panda and when we first saw her she was sleeping. The next time we saw her she was sitting up, then the third time we saw her she was playing with the keeper. The keeper was trying to put a small rubber tyre on Chi-Chi's head, but she just pushed it off. When the keeper tickled her, she put her paws over her eyes and squealed.

Next we went to see the bears. They were fat and when you threw them buns, they lumbered after the food. When they had eaten all that, they begged for more.

* * * * *

— THE OLD HEN —
by Deborah Valentine - 7

Once there was a woman
Who had a speclde hen
Who looked just like
A speclde hen.

Now this old hen
Did nothing but lay
A nice fresh egg
For each fresh day.

The woman did not go
To the village to pay
For her nice fresh egg
For each fresh day.

But this old woman
Had a friend
And this friend
Lived round the bend.

But this friend
Was very very poor
And had to go and live
On a dark dreary moor.

So the woman gave her her egg
To sell for money
And went down to buy
Her own bread and honey.

— THE MARKET DAY —
by M. Del Mar

Everyone is running about. The sound of
cattle and poultry add to the noise of people
talking and laughing. The gaily coloured
stalls seem to sway as people stop or go by
them looking at what they have to sell.

In the distance a man is yelling for goes on a roundabout. Here and there someone is running hard, and others go as their feet take them.

It is hot; the animals stir uneasily as farmers and other cattle buyers look at them, wondering if they are worth it.

Suddenly there is a loud "parp" and a car tries hard to get past. This only adds to the confusion, and people rush to get out of the way, knocking others off their feet, and eventually get away from the rush. In due course the car frees itself and roars off leaving the market as it was before.

As it gets dark, less and less people mill round the once crowded stalls. Lights flicker on in various places and it slowly gets darker. Stall-holders begin to put the things away, joking amongst themselves as they do so. As time goes on silence falls until the next market day.

----- THE POOL -----
by Judith Valentine

Now the evening has come,
And the shadows form
In a little, pretty pool
Where the fishes swarm.

Fishes, creatures outward bound
In among the reeds
Babies of all sizes, shapes,
And looks, come for feeds.

Fighting fishes, they are now
Fighting for the most,
But, as always get the same,
So they cannot boast.

Each has a quality,
Have these little folk,
Others swimming very fast,
Frogs, because they croak.

Little fishes dodge quite well
Rats, they are so sly,
Tadpoles they just disappear
Salmon seem to fly.

At night when we go to sleep
These little fishes play,
Eating, dancing in and out
Until the break of day.

ALAS POOR GUSSY!

by Martin Horne

Gussy was a goose, but no ordinary goose. Already in his young life he had escaped death twice; firstly, when he was hatched he was stuck to his shell for three days and this made him rather small and feeble and it was because of this he nearly died a second time. His brothers and sisters were much larger and stronger than he and one morning when Jock his first owner came down to feed the geese he found Gussy flattened under all the others. Jock decided to give him to me as he could not cope with half dead geese. I brought him home, washed and revived him with milk and put him in a warm rabbit hutch for the night. The next morning he was much better, he was bouncing about and waiting impatiently for his breakfast. He tried to flap his non-existent wings and promptly fell over backwards.

Gussy grew and grew and his coat changed from yellow fluff to white feathers. His wings grew as well and he could run very fast. One day we were eating tea on the lawn when a long neck reached over my mother's shoulder, snatched away the sandwiches and retreated hurriedly.

"What was it?" gasped my mother faintly.

"Gussy" came the reply.

Soon Gussy became known as the terror of Crutches Dell as when any of my friends came down the garden, this is what you would see:

My friend running as fast as he could go and an inch behind him Gussy! He also made an excellent umpire at tennis and watched our play intently, scoring "30-40 quack quack" most clearly.

Gussy felt himself superior to other geese and it was because of this he died. While we were on holiday Gussy went to stay with his brothers and sisters. He was now larger than they. One night a fox got into the run. All the other geese ran to the right, Gussy feeling superior ran to the left and the fox followed him and bore him off. It was a sad home-coming for us.

"Ah" sighed the family, "alas poor Gussy!"

----- A S T O R Y -----

by David Michell - age 7

One day there lived a little boy called Tom. Tom had no mother. But he had a horrible father who scolded him when he had done nothing. The years past by when Tom saw a lady. She looked kind and the horrible father died. Tom said will you be my mother and the lady said yes I will be your mother she said. Tom and his mother lived happily ever after. One day Tom saw a man Tom said will you be my father and he said yes I will be your father. So they lived happily ever after.

----- A VISIT TO A CIRCUS -----

by Nigel Morgan

We arrived in a very noisy tent. Everybody was talking and the brightly dressed bandmen were playing cheerful tunes. Our attention was immediately attracted by a mouse that had run up a lady's dress and was now in the ring being chased by one of the circus dogs. In the end the mouse got away through a crack in the tent. Soon the chatter quietened and the circus began.

First, horses ran round with bright, flashing coats. They danced and jumped until the clowns came. They had a wonderful time, shooting people out of tiny red cannons and making them come out of a large brightly coloured box. Then the audience gave a gasp, for a lion and a tiger were walking round the sawdust ring, followed by a bear and a cheetah! They marched round twice again until five dirty, huge grey elephants climbed on to chairs, then got down and then ran round holding each other's small tails.

After an interval in which we had delicious chocolate ice cream, two famous tight-rope walkers were walking at the top of the tent with another on a one-wheel shining bicycle. They got a large applause. Then three large, dark seals made very peculiar noises. At the end the band played the National Anthem and we went and had a wonderful tea and just managed to catch the half past seven train home.

— THE CONCERT —

by Tony Brauer

It is seven o'clock. The harp is towering over the stage, you can hear the bassoon tuning up; of course we all know it is of the woodwind section. Then the first violins come on with the violas; then, the rest of the orchestra. There are five double basses, then suddenly there is a hush over the audience as Sir Malcolm Sargent, the conductor, comes on and there is a great applause. Next the leader comes on and then Sir Malcolm Sargent raises his baton which is in his right hand. Then he raises his left hand and the concert has begun!

* * * * *

A doctor called on a patient five times without giving any satisfaction. Next time he came the patient said: "I've called another doctor, he says your diagnosis is all wrong."

"Is that so?" snapped the doctor. "The autopsy will show who is right."

* * * * *

MY FIRST WHALING EXPEDITION

A Serial Story

by Christine Davies

Part 2 We Set Sail

THE STORY SO FAR: Jonathan has arrived in Shipton and has met Joseph, a boy who wants to go on a whaler too. They stay at an inn called "The Olde Sea Cheste" and then sign on a whaler called The Southern Luck.

After we had signed on, Joseph and I went back to "The Olde Sea Cheste", collected our belongings and went to take a look at all the fine ships in the harbour. One ship was called "The Fortune" and, as its name suggested, it was a very wealthy ship. Joseph and I saw men unloading endless crates of tea from her hold. Also we saw many other ships including Chinese, Dutch, West Indian, English and many others.

We then made our way to our ship and went aboard, where we were given our berths and we put our few belongings on the floor by them. Joseph and I had arranged that he should have the bottom one and I the top.

After supper, the crew began to arrive, and we sang songs to an accordion played by our bosun, Mr. Sprat, who was a short, stout, dark man with large brown eyes which were too large for his head. Also we had to introduce ourselves. This was a grand performance. Sometimes you have to perform something; this time it was Joseph. He decided to show his aim at throwing the harpoon. He nailed a nail to the mizzen mast and then threw his best harpoon, and it hit the coin. Everybody clapped; and then it was my turn. I decided to sing my old

School Song: "Over the Sea to Skye." Then we all drank and talked until we were tired, and we gratefully crept into our bunks at about midnight.

As I was going to bed I said to Joseph "I say Joseph, don't you think this is fun? And tomorrow we sail." "I do think it is fun, but I am not so sure that our captain isn't a villain," replied Joseph. "But as you say we set s-a-i-l," and I fell into a heavy sleep and it was not until I heard the captain shouting orders from the bridge that I awoke.

He was a man of about five feet six, broad and he had two fingers bitten off, which we learnt afterwards were bitten off by a whale. I didn't like our captain but we were sailing today so we couldn't change our minds.

I got dressed, made my way to the galley, had my breakfast with Joseph and then went to do my duties, arranging with Joseph to meet him at lunch time.

Everyone on board was very busy today as at three o'clock we set sail. We rushed our dinner and ran up on deck to help. The last of the cargo was coming and people were arriving at the quay-side to bring greetings to their husbands.

At last all was ready, and the mooring ropes were being untied and people were shouting orders. Joseph and I were very excited as the ship slipped quietly away from the quay.

We were all very busy until it was time to turn in. Everybody was very grateful when it was time to go to sleep.

Our catches would fill the holds with whale oil which would bring us much money.

I will tell you more next time, but meanwhile, goodbye from Joseph and me.

----- F I R E ! -----
by J. Harker

It was one day after afternoon school that it

happened. I came out on to the railway bank and there was smoke all over the embankment. Flames were catching the gorse alight and the grass, which, of course, was dry. It was a lovely day and the sun was shining. The lady who lived next door to the school was asking a master whether to call the fire brigade. All the boys were getting dry bits of grass and putting them round the posts to make the posts burn. There was a great commotion everywhere. In the end the lady who lived next door phoned the fire brigade. Then about four railway workmen came along and put out the fire. After it had been put out the fire engine came along and were told about it being put out. And you should have seen the driver; he was in a fearful temper. Everybody was annoyed at the workmen putting out the fire.

—== A N A D V E N T U R E ==—
by Camilla Martienssen

I was walking back from the station as usual after school when a funny feeling that something was wrong came over me. I looked round and walked on as if nothing had happened. Suddenly I felt someone hold me, then I was blindfolded and taken away.

After a journey which seemed to take ages I was unblindfolded and shoved into a room and locked in. I realised that I had been kidnapped. I looked round the room for possibilities of escape, but as there was none, I settled down and waited till night. When night came a tray was pushed through the door with some supper on it. I ate it and something made me try the window again - to my surprise it opened. So I jumped out without making a sound and then shut the window behind me. As soon as I was out of the gate I knew where I was - I was near Marylebone Station. I walked there quickly, paid my fare, and sailed home to a very worried mother.

----- THE RED ROBIN -----

by Susan Lee - aged 6

Once upon a time there was a red Robin called Billy. One day Billy saw another robin. Billy said will you marry me. Yes said Mary Robin I will if you will come to my nest becous my babies cannot fly. Yes I will come to your nest said Billy, and they livd happily ever after.

----- STICK INSECTS -----

by Graham Marks

A stick insect is almost invisible on a tree. It looks exactly like a twig and has four legs, which are thin at the bottom and a bit fat at the top. Its colour is darkish brown at the top and a bit lighter at the bottom. It also has four spines at the top of its thin body, two thin and two thick. The thick ones are inside the thin ones. These insects are found in Spain.

----- THE FRENCH HORN -----

by Ross Valentine

The French Horn is really a long piece of brass tube twisted round in circles with valves moulded into a certain part and slides going down from the same part.

When the French Horn was first used it was used on the continent as a hunting horn, a foot long tube of brass. Then it was slowly converted into what it is now.

In the days when Mozart and Haydn lived it had no valves and therefore I think that is why the four Horn Concertos by Mozart were full of arpeggios.

When it had no valves the player, who held his right hand in the bell to hold that part up had to move his hand to trap the air and so get a higher note or a lower note.

The bell is a sort of circumflex with the

was another farm. Unfortunately there was no room at that farm house either but the farmer's wife said that if we liked we could sleep in her cowshed (now out of use). All of us being very tired decided it was the best thing. The farmer's wife gave us some straw which we laid on the floor and put our sleeping bags on top. Then we got out the primus stove and made some hot soup, and then we crawled into our sleeping bags. Finally after several frogs had scaled the walls and the straw had pricked the back of our necks, we dropped off to sleep. What a night we spent!

LET ME HELP YOU TO CHOOSE A CAR PART I
— by Guy Harding —

If you are at a loose end about buying a car let me try to be of assistance. In this edition of the NEW JORDONIAN I am going to deal with the A35.

This is an extremely popular car though perhaps not quite as popular as the Morris 1000 which actually has the same engine. The A35 is reasonably cheap to run as it does 50 m.p.g. if you go at a low speed otherwise it does about 40 m.p.g. It has a 948 c.c. engine being approximately one litre. The body of this car is really not as good as it might be and in this respect it is easily beaten by the Minor 1000. Owing to the shape of the body the A35 is not very good at holding the road if you are either fast or dangerous. This car has a top speed round about 70 m.p.h.

Now that we have dealt with the engine, let us see what the inside is like. For people with long legs there is quite good leg room in the front but certainly not in the back, especially if the front seats are moved back to the last of the five positions. The car is built to hold four people easily and five if needed. There is now a large back window which makes visibility even better than

before. The controls are well placed although not very attractive and underneath the dashboard there is a full length parcel shelf and also a light which works automatically as the two front doors are opened.

With the A35 luggage presents no problem as there is a large boot and the spare wheel is easy to get at if it is needed.

----- "WHO SIR?" "ME SIR?" "NO SIR!" -----
by Adrian Martienssen

There is a certain explosive which detonates at a light touch - I won't tell you any more than that in case you start experimenting! There was a master (he has left now!) at our school, who could not stand draughts, and whenever a window was open he would slam it shut.

One day the sixth form made a small quantity of the above explosive, and carefully carried it up to the classroom. They opened the window and sprinkled a little on the sill. The master entered the room and then slammed the window. Nothing happened. Next day the window was again opened and this time piles of the explosive were put on the sill. The master again came into the room, strode over to the window and slammed it down. There was a big bang and the window shot wide open again!

Another day the Sixth Form spread the explosive over the floor and the blackboard. Whenever anybody walked across the room, they were followed by a series of bangs, and for quite a time the blackboard responded quite well every time someone wiped it.

----- S H A R K S -----
by Bernard Honey

"Sharks are one of the most dangerous fish in the world." That has often been said but it is not strictly true. It has been said that

they will eat anything short of a load of coal. In fact one of them has been known to dine on such a meal as this. They have been said to eat corpses from shipwrecks but no-one has ever experimented to see if this is true! They are accompanied by a little fish called "Pilot fish!" These little fish guide the shark to food and in return they get the left overs from the sharks' meal. They are also accompanied by other fish called Remoras, or sucking fish, who stick on to the shark's belly and also eat the shark's left overs.

There are many kinds of sharks, notably:-

- (a) the Carpet shark who lies on the sea's bottom with his back so much like his surroundings that fish swim by and he catches them unawares.
- (b) the Frilled shark which has its jaws set at the end of its snout.
- (c) the Hammer Headed shark with its eyes set at the end of stalk-like protuberances.

Sharks will not generally attack people who wear aqualungs because they are unfamiliar with men under the sea.

SIX FAIRY FLOWERS

by Catherine Sullivan - aged 6

Once upon a time there was a bird who saw six fairy flowers, and the bird said to herself I will take these fairy flowers home. So she flew home with them. As soon as the bird got home, she planted them round a tree, the feild had no flowers but now it had some fairy flowers. Then the bird went back to her nest. Then she could see a lovely view of the flowers. She showed the flowers to her babys and they loved it. The nexst day they had brackfast, and after brackfast there mother said to them you are going to lurn to fly. Oh good said one of the baby birds. I want to lurn to fly it must be graet fun. you will get tired soon. the mother bird told the babys to get out of the nest on to

the branch and then clime down to the ground and then spred out your wings and jump into then air and then you will find your self fly- ing. that is how you lurn to fly. So they all did what there mother told them. Soon they new how to fly. I will take you to the sea soon said the mother bird. Come and sea the fairy flowers. So they all ran into the feild where they were, but when they got there the flowers were not there. "Oh dear!" said one of the babys, the flowers have gon. where have they gon to said another. that is just what we want to know said mother. We'd better go and look for them. so they went off. Soon they saw them all round a nother tree saying to them sevs now we have got rid of that old tree. I no what to do said mother bird, we will make a nother nest in this tree and then we can see the flowers agen. First they got grass and made a little nest. Then they put feathers in to make it soft. Now it was don.

----- L O N D O N Z O O -----
by Malcolm Dawe - aged 6

When I went to London Zoo I Saw the Bears
and I throwed a sugar lump to one of them he
Sat up on two legs. I went to See The Seals
The Keeper came With Some Fish he therw Some
Fish The Big Seal Kept eating Them.

----- F I S H I N G -----
by Richard Adams

My favourite pass time is undoubtedly angling.
Apart from the fun of fishing one learns a lot
from the wild life which abounds by the water-
side. Fishing holds much for the town angler
because many gravel pits and canals are situated
near towns. You may not of course fish between
the 15th March and 15th June because it is the
close season when the fish spawn. Many anglers

join clubs and enter for matches where the person with the heaviest weight of fish wins. Many people choose either the wrong type of tackle or they spend too much money on unnecessary things. I would suggest the following range of tackle:-

- (a) A rod about twelve feet long of good split cane with a greenheart top that can be attached when legering.
- (b) A good strong pin reel of the Nottingham type or a good fixed spool reel.
- (c) About fifty yards of nylon line "Lurm 2" of about three pounds breaking strain.
- (d) A good store of hooks in sizes 16, 14, 12 and 10. (Always carry a file for sharpening your hooks).
- (e) Floats. These vary according to the type of fish you are trying to catch but to suit all purposes buy a porcupine quill and a tapered cork or quill.
- (f) Weights for legering and lead shot for keeping your bait down and your float upright. These can be bought for a few pence.
- (g) A landing net.
- (h) A plummet. (This is very useful for finding the depth of the water).
- (i) A disgorger. To extract the hook from the mouth of the fish, when it is too far down to extract with the fingers.

* * * * *

A girl telephoned her sweetheart.
"You'd better not come round tonight. Papa is mad. He found out that we used his car for joy-riding last night."

"How did he find out?"

"We hit him!"

* * * * *

THE SECRET FOREST

by Hugh Sullivan - aged 7

It was Spring. The end of term and I felt as if I was going from shadows of darkness into streams of sunlight. Visitors were coming to stay and I felt that I wouldn't be wanted. I urged Cook to give me a picnic lunch and then I set out carrying a rooksack on my back. I don't know how far I walked but it seemed to me like 1000 miles. When I looked around all the country was covered with green but not grass. I looked up and saw smooth brown trunks and I realised I was in a forest. At that moment I saw a dwarf. I said rather timidly: "Who are you?" You might think this was rather irritating for the dwarf but I didn't think so and neither did the dwarf. He said: "I'm old dwarf raggedcoat and -"

"You looked a trifle dirtier than any dwarf I've ever seen," I said, for I couldn't help thinking about his ragged coat. "I've seen a lot of humans tidier than you anyway" snapped the dwarf contemptously. "I dare say -" but I never knew what he was dare saying for just then there came a lion which scattered both me and the dwarf instantly. When I looked round again I saw before me a hedgehog. It seemed as if the hedgehog talked. "Marryick fudo fadum." "Who are you?" "Vous je tues crading." "Perhaps, he knows French," I thought. "Que etes vous?" "Facrum mudo". It was plain that he was speaking Hedgdogic so I gave up and walked off. Suddenly I stopped and saw a giantic blue caterpillar lying heavily on the doorstep. I said, "What are you doing?" "Lying down," said a voice. "Why do you ask that?" "Well, er -" I began, but I couldn't think of anything before the caterpillar said in a discontented and remarking tone: "You can't know very much". Then the voice said: "Do you know how to count four?" Before I had time to say "yes" I felt myself carryed away by the wind and I was carried back

home. I never found the forest again, but now that I'm grown up 'Who wants to?'

MAGIC NUMBER
by David Nash

If you want practice in writing a certain figure, say 5, try this Magic Number:

Multiply 45 (nine times your number) by 12345679 (the magic number). Your answer, if you have done it correctly, should be nine fives in a row.

Example: I am bad at writing 2. Well then:-

$$\begin{array}{r} 12345679 \\ \quad 18 \\ \hline 123456790 \\ 98765432 \\ \hline 222222222 \end{array}$$

* * * * *

Work out the following conversation in code:

- 1 "FUNEX?"
- 2 "SVFX"
- 3 "FUNEM?"
- 4 "SVFM"
- 5 "MNX"

Answer:

1 "Have you any eggs?"
2 "Yes, we have eggs."
3 "Have you any ham?"
4 "Yes, we have ham."
5 "Ham and eggs."

JOKE PAGE

From Martin Horne:

A few days ago I received this letter from my uncle:

Dear Martin,

The other day I decided to go to Beaconsfield for a few holes of golf and I put on the first pair of socks that came to hand. One of the members dashed up to me, shook me by the hand and said:

"Congratulations, old man."

"What for?" said I.

"Hole in one." was the reply!

Love - Uncle Kenneth.

From Sebastian Martienssen:

An old man went to the doctor.

"Do you drink whiskey?" asked the doctor.

"Yes I do." said the man.

"Well if you cut it you will live to be EIGHTY."

"It's too late now - I'm eighty-five!"

* * * * *

Johnny was boasting about his brother.

"Why he punched Brian London smack on the nose!"

"Gee I'd like to shake hands with a chap like that." said Pete.

"Oh" said Johnny, "we ain't going to dig him up just for you."

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C O N T E N T S

| | <u>page</u> |
|---|-------------|
| Editorial | 2 |
| Visit to Bucks Examiner | 3 |
| A Poem - Adrian Plant | 3 |
| All's Well That Ends Well - Kevern Jenkin | 4 |
| Archery - Sebastian Martienssen | 5 |
| Borth - Hugh Sullivan | 7 |
| London Zoo - Frances Dawe | 7 |
| The Old Hen - Deborah Valentine | 8 |
| The Market Day - M. Del Mar | 8 |
| The Pool - Judith Valentine | 9 |
| Alas Poor Gussy - Martin Horne | 10 |
| A Story - David Michell | 11 |
| A Visit to a Circus - Nigel Morgan | 11 |
| The Concert - Tony Brauer | 12 |
| My First Whaling Expedition, part 2 - Christine Davies | 13 |
| Fire! - J. Harker | 14 |
| An Adventure - Camilla Martienssen | 15 |
| The Red Robin - Susan Lee | 16 |
| Stick Insects - Graham Marks | 16 |
| The French Horn - Ross Valentine | 16 |
| A Night in a Cowshed - Jane Elliot | 17 |
| Let me help you choose a Car, part 1 - Guy Harding | 18 |
| "Who Sir?" "Me Sir?" "No Sir!" - Adrian Martienssen | 19 |
| Sharks - Bernard Honey | 19 |
| Six Fairy Flowers - Catherine Sullivan | 20 |
| London Zoo - Malcolm Dawe | 21 |
| Fishing - Richard Adams | 21 |
| The Secret Forest - Hugh Sullivan | 23 |
| Magic Number - David Nash | 24 |
| Conversation in Code | 24 |
| Jokes - Sebastian Martienssen | 6 12 22 25 |
| Joke - Martin Horne | 25 |

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