



**WILLINGHAM
COUNCIL
SCHOOL**

**The Magazine of the
Willingham Council
School.**

SEPTEMBER

1939.

THE
MAGAZINE
OF THE
WILLINGHAM COUNCIL SCHOOL,
CAMBRIDGE.



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EDITORIAL

BEFORE reading the contents of this, our first School Magazine, there are several points which the Editor wishes you to consider. Your first thought may be—why produce a School Magazine?

It encourages original work; it sets out a record of the activities and achievements of the School, giving the outside world a glimpse behind the scenes; it serves as a link between the boys and girls who were once with us but have now passed along the busy road of life; and it gives each child an object for which to work.

The production of a School Magazine entails much labour. But that work is done willingly and cheerfully, with the aims already mentioned constantly before us, shows that spirit of unselfish endeavour which is a main characteristic of modern education.

If these aims are fulfilled then from our point of view the Magazine has been successful, despite many shortcomings obvious to the critical eye.

In conclusion, our thanks are due to all who have helped in any way to produce the Magazine, and we know we are voicing the feelings of the School in wishing this new venture fair weather and a happy voyage.

THE EDITOR.

The Editor has already mentioned the cheerfulness and willingness of service and the spirit of unselfish endeavour which enabled this magazine to be produced, but surely no better example could be found than that afforded by Jasper H. Stemberge, Esq., F.R.G.S., who so kindly and promptly sent us an article from Canada in spite of the fact that he must have been a very busy man, for his four months' tour, entailing so much work in itself, also included lecturing and broadcasting. The article, which was sent from the University Club, Toronto, was rushed off to catch the English mail in order to be in time to be printed.

I feel that his contribution will be read as eagerly as are his "World-Wide Geographies", and for such generosity and interest we all say "Thank you".

And now, this being the last paragraph written for this Magazine, I wish to thank sincerely all the teachers and the boys and girls who have helped to produce it.

Edmund Blueman

Head Teacher.

CONCERNING MANY THINGS.

Very early next Autumn Term a visit will be paid to the London Zoo. Many boys and girls have already prepared for the occasion.

With regret we announce the departure of Mrs. D. D. Humphrey, who has served long and faithfully, and the transfer of Miss C. W. M. Young to Impington Village College.

Those who took advantage of the Exhibition of Art and Crafts held at Bedford, and paid a visit, found it of great value.

The School lost a true friend, and an untiring worker for Education, when the Chairman of the Managers, Mr. G. W. Hart, J.P., C.C., so suddenly passed away.

We hope to establish, in the near future, a flourishing Home Reading Scheme in all class rooms. Not until all pupils are members will it be said to be a complete success.

Lack of desire is more pitiful than lack of money.

We welcome the Rev. F. J. Bywaters as a new Manager of the School. His work for Education at Sawston and other places is well known.

A similar welcome is extended to Miss K. E. Manistre, who was formerly at Leighton Buzzard School. May her work in her new sphere be happy and successful.

An innovation this summer was the swimming instruction given at the Old West River Bathing Place. Over forty boys and twenty girls attended, and we congratulate them on their spirited efforts.

Letters are reaching us from "the uttermost parts of the earth". Many of our boys and girls are corresponding with "unknown" friends abroad. Geography, as a subject, is now becoming more real to them.

IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA

by

JASPER H. STEMBRIDGE,

Author of the "World-Wide Geographies", etc.

I was very glad to hear from your Headmaster that you are starting this term a School Magazine at Willingham, a village in which I have always been interested since my boyhood days. I wish you all every success in your new venture.

You will perhaps like to know that I have just completed a four months' tour of Canada during which I travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard and flew north, for several thousand miles, to the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

At Ottawa I was honoured with an invitation to lunch with the Governor-General and Lady Tweedsmuir from whom, as from everyone in Canada, I received the greatest kindness. I talked to all types of people including some of the Dominion's leading statesmen, Ministers of Education, Presidents of the Universities, judges, bankers and railway magnates; teachers and social workers; farmers, miners and lumberjacks.

No sooner did I land at Halifax, on February 25th, than I was greeted by reporters by whom indeed I was interviewed throughout the country. One actually arrived at seven o'clock in the morning. Everywhere I was asked about feeling in England and everywhere too I myself asked questions about Canada.

I also gave addresses to teachers on "The Aims of the Modern Geographer", and I spoke too on "British Education" at the Universities; on "International Affairs"; and on "Life in England". I have given a number of talks which have been broadcast throughout the Dominion. After one broadcast talk I received sixteen telephone calls within the first hour including one from a boy I taught twenty years ago.

One of my most interesting experiences was my air trip into the Canadian Arctic. Thanks to the aeroplane I was able to see, in about ten days, an area that by dog-train or canoe would have taken me months to cover. From the air I looked down upon some of the oldest rocks in the world, rich in untold mineral wealth.

We landed at little centres of civilization, hundreds of miles apart, that thanks to the aeroplane and wireless are now in close touch with each other and the outside world. At one place, called Yellowknife, on Lake Athabasca, I had supper one evening with the staff of a big mine. We were listening to a broadcast from Toronto when to my surprise it was suddenly announced, in a news bulletin, that I was travelling in the North-West Territories.

In England we are apt to think that mining camps are rough and rather lawless places. But I found them orderly communities. At Yellowknife, for example, which has only been in existence for three years, there are six shops, a Church, an hotel, a radio station, a cinema, and half a dozen cafes. Each day five or six aeroplanes landed on the frozen lake while in summer, when it is broad daylight for several weeks, aeroplanes arrive and depart every hour.

At Eldorado, the famous radium producing mine, on Great Bear Lake, the temperature was 50 degrees below zero (more than 80 degrees of frost); but on descending the mine to a depth of 600 feet, I found the temperature was 44 degrees above.

I return to England in a few weeks carrying back in my mind many pictures of Canada, of the great distances I have travelled, of the vast forests, of the little prairie villages, and of the magnificent Rockies with their tumbled peaks, gleaming snow-fields and glittering glaciers. But above all I shall remember the hospitality, friendliness and kindness of the Canadian people.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE INFANTS.

I am a cat. My name is Bob. I live in John's house. I like milk, and I like a rat for my dinner. It is very good.

Barry Ellwood. Infants'.

I am a dog. My name is Bob. I live in the kennel. I like a bone, and some meat too. I like to play with a ball of wool. I bark at people.

Anthony Raven. Infants'.

I am a puppy, and I live with my mother in the kennel. I like to play ball and I like a bone too. My name is Rover.

Doreen Cousins. Infants'.

On Monday, July 24th, we found a little baby bird outside the door of our class-room. It was cold and wet and frightened. We think that Mrs. Pussy had been trying to catch him. His little heart was beating very quickly, and he was shivering all over. We picked him up, and put him on the window-sill in the sunshine. Soon, he began to get better, and he started to hop about on the window-sill.

In the afternoon, we brought piles of crumbs to school for the baby bird's dinner, but when we came into the class-room, we could not find it anywhere. We looked under the tables, and under the chairs, and under the pipes, and behind all the boxes, but we could not find the baby bird anywhere. We think that his little wings got stronger, and that he flew out of the window, and went to play with the other little baby birds.

Brenda Cox. Infants'.

OUR SILKWORMS.

Early in May our teacher brought some silkworm-eggs to school. They were greyish-white and very tiny, like pins heads. The eggs had been laid by Mrs. Silk-moth last summer. We put them in a shallow box in a warm place.

On 19th May, we found something like a wee piece of black cotton in the box. It was a baby silkworm; an egg had hatched. How excited we all were. At once we put small pieces of lettuce leaf into the box for the baby silkworm to eat. Soon after, more eggs hatched. The Silkworms fed on the lettuce and grew very quickly. In a week they had changed to a cream colour, and were half-an-inch long.

Every morning we lined their box with clean white paper and gave them fresh lettuce to eat. For six weeks they grew very fast and burst their skin several times. They were then two and a half inches long and were full grown.

They stopped feeding then, and crawled towards the corners of the box to spin. We left four in the box, and put each of the rest into a pointed paper bag. Each silkworm drew a fine yellow silk thread from near its head, and wound it round and round itself.

The silkworms slept in their cocoons about two weeks. Our teacher unwound one cocoon to show us the fine, yellow silk thread, and the chrysalis in its little case. One morning we found a cream silk moth had eaten her way out of the cocoon. Other moths soon came out from their cocoons. Now they are on a box lid busily laying eggs.

Betty Papworth. Std. I.

A TRUE STORY.

One summer evening I was walking in my garden by the rubbish heap, when suddenly I saw a baby hedgehog rolled up in a prickly ball.

I picked it up carefully, and went to the shed to fetch a box. I put some straw in, then put the hedgehog into the box. I went and fetched some milk to give to it. When the hedgehog had recovered from its fright, it unrolled itself and started lapping greedily. After it had finished the milk I put it back into its box and then went indoors. In about an hour's time I went to see if it was cosy, but when I looked into the box it had gone. I hunted everywhere but could not see it.

As I was about to go indoors, giving up hope of ever finding it again, the cat, which was lying on the door-mat with her kittens, got up and stretched herself. There, curled up with the kittens, was the baby hedgehog. As it had slept with the kittens during the evening, I thought it would be a good idea to let it sleep with them at night. When it was time for bed, Prickles, the hedgehog, was put in the kittens' basket with them.

It was still there when I got up in the morning, but when I came home from school at dinner time it had gone. I was very sad as I had hoped to keep it as a pet.

Janet Few. Std. 2.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

One morning, when I came home from school, I went down to my father's workshop and there, lying on the floor, was a television aerial. A large box stood there too.

I persuaded my father to open the box, and out came a beautiful television set, which was placed on the bench.

“When are you going to put up the aerial?”

“I don’t know”, he replied.

But a few days later I saw standing in the middle of the yard a huge pole with green and white stripes on it. On the top of the pole was a beam of wood with a rod on each end.

Everyone was very anxious to learn what we were doing. They did not have to wait long. At nine o’clock all was ready. We switched on. Music was heard, Big Ben struck nine and a full-sized picture of a lady announcer appeared on the screen, wishing us all “Good evening”.

I thought it was very wonderful to stand in my father’s shop and hear and see a lady in London over sixty miles away.

John L. G. Beaumont. Std. 2.

WATER-LILIES.

Water-lilies golden yellow,
Underneath the weeping willow,
Swaying gently to and fro,
To the river’s careless flow.

Very soon with sun descending
Their short day will soon be ending.
They’ll close their petals one by one,
While rushes whisper “Day is done”.

Marie Few. Std. 4.



“SWANS AND WATER LILIES.”

Lino-cut by Marie Few.

ONE PIECE OF FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Age: 11.
Sex: Male.
Hobby: Drawing.

Rosemary Lodge,
Willingham,
Cambs.

24/3/39.

Dear Unknown Friend,

I am a boy, and to-day is my birthday and I am eleven. My weight, which is rather a lot, is six stones, seven pounds, eight ounces. My height is rather a lot also, for it is four feet, eleven inches. I have brown hair and grey eyes. My favourite hobby is drawing.

I play for the Junior eleven football team, the position I play in being goalkeeper. There is another goalkeeper who plays sometimes, but I usually play. The week before last we played a team from a nearby town. The score was delightful, it was seven to one. We won.

Our village is rather a big one. I should think it is the second biggest in our county (Cambridgeshire). The people who live in it are mostly farmers, fruit-growers, or flower-growers. Our village is in the Fenland and early this year there were floods in the really low parts of it, especially in the fields and gardens on the outskirts of the village.

I hope you will like the idea of corresponding with me regularly and I hope you will write soon.

Yours sincerely,

Roger Few.

FIRST REPLY—

Age: 10.

Sex: Boy.

Hobby: Collecting match-boxes.

John Luettick,

Oswego, Illinois,

United States

of America.

15/4/39.

Dear Roger,

I am a boy and my name is John. I am from the United States. My height is four feet, seven inches. My weight is seventy-five pounds. I have brown hair and eyes. My hobby is collecting match-boxes.

I have a brother and sister, a father and mother. My brother is in third grade and my sister is in second grade.

I am a member of Uncle Sam's Caravan. The senior of our caravan is Miss Campbell.

I live in a small village in the State of Illinois. The name is Oswego. It is a very, very small village. It has about 1,000 people in it. I am sending a picture of myself and will you please send me your picture.

Yours truly,

John Luettick.

MEMORIES.

Row upon row of flowers,
Majestic after showers.
The fields triumphant show,
All colours of rainbow.

Then apple, pear and plum,
After Iris and pyrethrum,
A view of strawberries red
In their golden, warm, straw bed.

All working like bees there,
May it be dull or fair.
Carters hast'ning with their load,
Lumping grandly along the road.

Blackbirds stealing the golden fruit,
Like active thieves after their loot.
But though there's here no rest,
Summer in Willingham is the best.

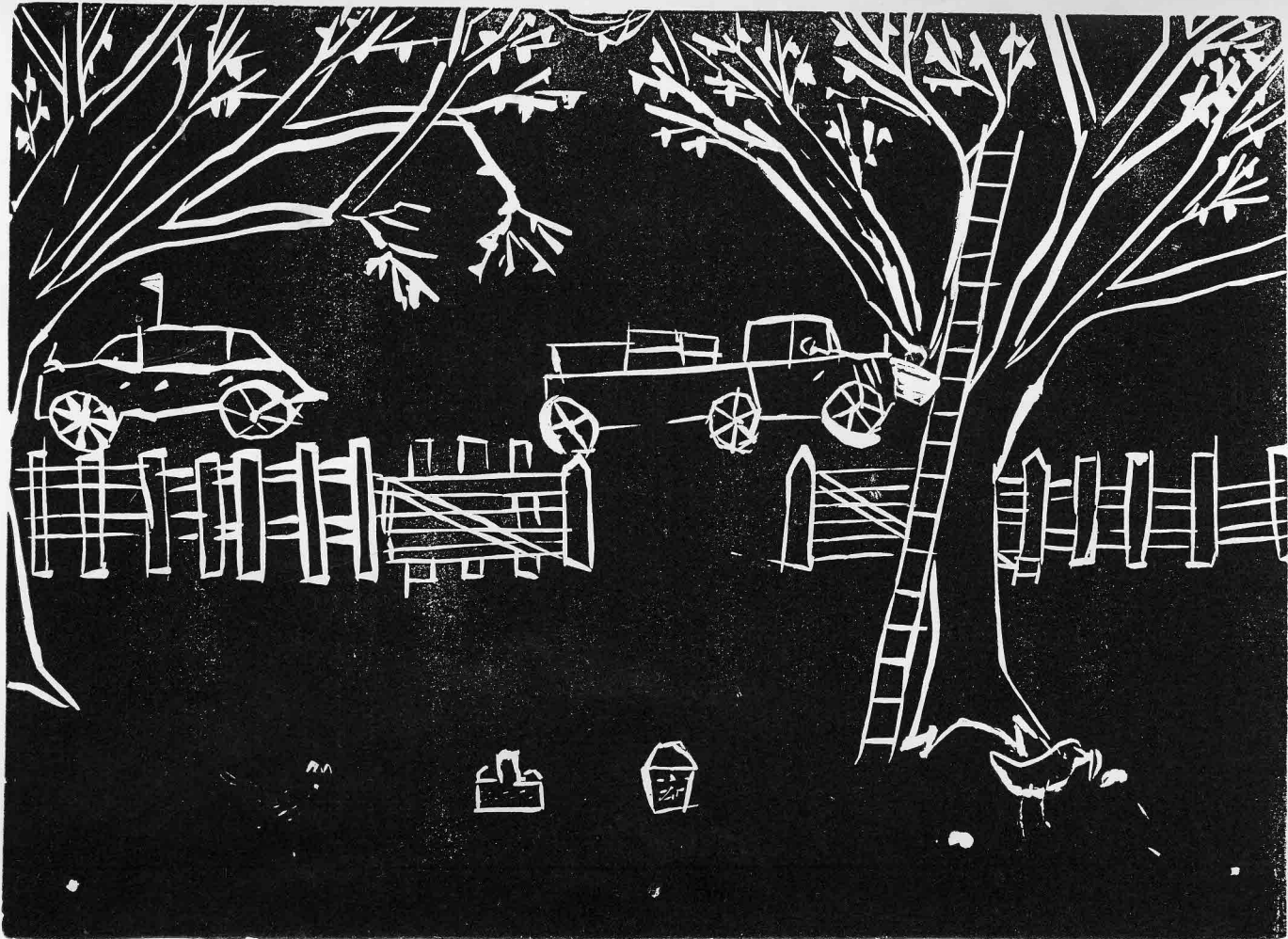
Howard King. Std. 5.

OUR PUPPET SHOW.

To make our puppets we gathered quantities of paper, cloth and cotton wool. We soaked the paper in water and moulded it into shapes of heads, with the aid of some paste. For hair we stuck painted cotton wool on the heads. Then we painted the faces of the puppets. Next, the boys painted the scenery while the girls made the coloured dresses.

The show itself was made of cloth stretched between pieces of wood. The stage is in three pieces which screw together. There is a curtain on the back so that the actors can move their puppets about without being seen. Some of us have made up plays to act. We have also painted posters to advertise the show.

Howard King. Std. 5.



"MEMORIES."

Lino-cut by Howard King.

BONFIRES.

Come and help us make a fire,
 See the flames leap ever higher,
 All the air is full of smoke,
 Which comes off and makes us choke.

Pile on rubbish, hold it down,
 Watch the leaves go dry and brown,
 See them burst into bright flames,
 As they play such merry games.

On these gloomy autumn days,
 How we love our merry blaze,
 For it warms our hands and toes
 Till our body really glows.

Ethel Read. Std. 5.

RAIN.

The rain came down in short showers, beating a tattoo on the roads. Overcoats and umbrellas appeared like magic; there was a flurry of feet. Schoolboys were soon testing muddy pools with wellingtons.

Heavily and still more heavily it poured, sweeping the crowds from the pavements, beating on omnibuses, on shop windows, on house tops, on black umbrellas making them look like silver. Still it was pitiless. Cars splashed through huge puddles, drains overflowed, and the trees drooped under their load.

But suddenly the storm ceased, while a glorious rainbow adorned the overcast sky.

Michael Hopkins. Std. 6.

LIMERICK.

There was once a young man of Doon
 Who thought he could beat Eric Boon.
 He said, with a shout,
 "I will knock him clean out",
 Then woke up on the next afternoon.

Michael Hopkins. Std. 6.

NICK-NAMES.

Nick-names are things that start at home
 It has been often said;
 They cling to you where'er you roam,
 Except when you're in bed.

There is no doubt when you're at school
 You're called no other name;
 It seems to be the general rule
 For gaining thus much fame.

On leaving school, when work's begun,
 You think you are a man,
 But that nick-name with you will run,
 Just lose it if you can

"Joey" Elsome. Std. 7.

MY ADVICE.

Never learn to play the piano,
 The reason you'll soon see;
 Into the room you'll have to go
 As soon as you've finished tea.

They'll be listening to those scales
 You play till you are sore;
 If you're not crazy when you've done,
 Well, try a dozen more

R. Elsome. Std. 7.

LEAVES IN THE WIND.

With a roar and a howl the wind swept the trees. A whirling of leaves was heard; an uneasy movement of sighing leaves falling to the ground. On it sped, struggling with everything which dared to stand in its way. Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming.

The cattle in the fields began lowing in wonderment. The reeds whistled on the broad river bank while the birds swayed on the branches.

Then it went to the line of sturdy old oaks, which bowed to its power as it rushed furiously along.

In the town a rattling of window-panes, a banging of doors commenced, while great clouds of dust arose into people's faces. Showers of blue-grey smoke descended upon the unlucky washing that was hanging in the gardens.

Cicely M. Cox. Std. Ex-7.

THE ACORN.

"Little by little", an acorn said,
 As it calmly lay in its soft, warm bed,
 "I'm growing larger ev'ry day,
 Deep, deep down in the earth away".
 Just a little each day it grew,
 Now and then it drank some dew.
 Down and down went a thin little root,
 And up from the ground sprang another shoot.
 Day after day, and year after year,
 Little green leaves began to appear.
 As long, slender branches spread out so wide,
 The oak tree is still the great forest's pride.

Joyce Garner. Std. 7.

ACROBATIC INSECTS.

Recently we bought some Stick Insects, which cost us about twopence each. We had already made a special cage so that we could study them better. Instead of glass we used butter muslin, but black mosquito netting is probably better.

The insects were fed on privet leaves, which were always fresh and constantly renewed.

The eggs of the insects take about four to six months to hatch, but do so much more quickly in moist cotton wool. The young are called "nymphs" and are about three-quarters of an inch long on hatching. They grow very quickly, casting their skins as they become too tight for them, and within a year grow about four inches.

Now you can begin to "tame" them. Pick them up with great care from the leaves or you will damage their long, spindly legs. Very soon they will cease to sham death when you touch them, and will crawl all over your hands. They become acrobats as they cling to you by their two front legs, swinging backwards and forwards like the trapeze artistes you see at circuses.

One word of warning. Sometimes you will find them very stiff, but do not throw them away as they are only shamming death.

Harold Housden. Std. Ex-7.

THE TOY SELLER.

There he was, silent and aloof, at a point where the side street joined the main thoroughfare. It would soon be Christmas Day and probably he would become busier every day now.

On his tray he had an assortment of gaily-coloured toys,

specially designed to walk and dance. Continually busy winding up the toys, he was in almost complete disregard of the crowds passing in front and behind him. But the children collected to be amused by the antics of Mickey Mouse, and had to be dragged away by their mothers.

There was nothing to show that he desired to sell his stock. Round and round the toys went, sometimes heading dangerously towards the stream of traffic. Yet he hardly paused in his occupation. He was tired-looking, small, with a drooping moustache and a watery nose.

Lorna Smith. Std. Ex-7.

INDOOR GAMES.

I shall always remember my first attempts to play Badminton. Never before had I been so deceived with the flight of the object I was supposed to hit. My efforts seemed unworthy of a Std. 2 boy. Most of the other players encountered the same difficulties. Yet I am proud to say that after a month's tuition, by sheer determination, many boys and girls were playing quite an average game. Towards the end of term we were really "getting somewhere".

Every Wednesday and Thursday evening we were allowed to come back to School to play games, and we wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Blueman, who were always in attendance to teach us the game. Mr. Austin also gave valuable help.

So popular did the "evenings" become that sixty-four Seniors were attending regularly. Thus we had to be divided into groups, and special evenings allotted to us. All players, both boys and girls, wore shorts and gymn. shoes to allow for freedom of action.

Having learned the rules and having acquired considerable skill we embarked upon our House Matches. Thirty-two games were played by each House, including mixed doubles, and it took us several evenings to complete the programme.

I have good news for next Term. A complete Table Tennis outfit and several Sets of Chessmen are to be purchased. This will mean that all of us can be fully occupied, and more than before permitted to attend in the evenings. Chess will certainly appeal to those who like a quiet, steady game, while Table Tennis is sure to appeal to those who prefer a fast game, which demands quickness of hand and keenness of eye.

B. Bull. Std. 7.



SPORTS

SCHOOL SPORTS, 1939.

Our School Sports had to be put back to a later date, 28th July, owing to our preparations for the Northern Area Sports which were held this year at Willingham. The arrangements for these Sports entailed considerable work, but all the visiting Schools' competitors and spectators were well catered for, and, as the sunshine was in our favour, a very enjoyable Athletic Meeting was held.

Our Juniors did better than the Seniors, but we were well represented in the Inter-Area Final Sports at Cambridge.

The Red House came out top at our own Sports, chiefly owing to some splendid running by W. Harradine and K. Phillips. The Green House just beat the Blue House for second place, in spite of valiant efforts by F. Robinson for the Blues.

There were many spills in the Four Legs Race, as well as in the Sack Race, while the most impressive sight, in my opinion, was the Harriers' Race.

We congratulate William Harradine and Joan Hayden on being Senior Champions, and Keith Phillips and Joyce Denson on being Junior Champions.

G. Granger. Std. Ex-7.

TABLE OF RESULTS.

EVENT.	FIRST.	SECOND.	THIRD.
100 yds. (S.B.) ...	W. Harradine. R.	M. Lyon. R.	G. Lucas. B.
80 yds. (S.G.) ...	J. Hayden. G.	L. Smith. R.	J. Garner. G.
Potato Race (J.B.) ...	F. Robinson. B.	M. Hart. G.	K. Phillips. R.
Potato Race (J.G.) ...	S. Haddow. B.	J. Denson. R.	M. Few. G.
80 yds. (J.B.) ...	K. Phillips. R.	F. Robinson. B.	S. Lucas. G.
Four Legs (S.B.) ...	Blue.	Green.	Red.
Four Legs (S.G.) ...	Green.	Red.	Blue.
Tug of War ...	Red :	Blue	Green. ..
Egg & Spoon (J.B.) ...	G. Bailey. G.	C. King. R.	F. Robinson. B.
Egg & Spoon (J.G.) ...	F. Hazel. R.	F. Ingle. G.	J. Hart. B.
Relay (S.M.) ...	Red.	Blue.	Green.
Shuttle Relay (J.M.) ...	Green.	Red.	Blue.
Hurdle Race (S.B.) ...	J. Elsome. G.	J. Few. B.	W. Harradine. R.
Hurdle Race (S.G.) ...	C. Cox. Blue.	J. Hayden. G.	J. Anderson. R.
Sack Race (J.B.) ...	C. King. R.	G. Bailey. G.	K. Phillips. R.
Sack Race (J.G.) ...	J. Denson. R.	M. Few. G.	E. Read. B.
80 yds. (J.G.) ...	J. Denson. R.	S. Haddow. B.	M. Robinson. R.
Harriers ...	Red.	Blue.	Green.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP WINNER .. RED
 SENIOR CHAMPIONS W. HARRADINE
 and J. HAYDEN
 JUNIOR CHAMPIONS K. PHILLIPS
 and J. DENSON
 HARRIERS' WINNER W. HARRADINE

RESULTS OF HOUSE MATCHES.

	Reds	Blues	Greens
FOOTBALL	6	3	3
CRICKET	4	0	2
BADMINTON	30	38	30
NET BALL	8	4	0
ROUNDERS	4	2	0
SPORTS DAY	53	33	38

INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES—RESULTS. FOOTBALL.

Opponents.	Ground	For	Against
SWAVESEY	away	3	3
COUNTY BOYS	home	4	4
WARBOYS	home	1	2
HISTON	away	2	1
COTTENHAM	away	0	3
WARBOYS	away	5	2
Juniors.			
MILTON ROAD	home	7	1
MILTON ROAD	away	7	3
Intermediates.			
WARBOYS	home	2	0
WARBOYS	away	2	0

HOUSE REPORT—GREENS.

House Mistresses: Miss E. M. E. Piggott and Miss E. C. Jackson.

Captains: Grenville Smith and Joan Hayden.

At the first Annual Sports our House was not so successful as we expected. With a little more luck we could have added considerably to our total of points, six or seven second places being gained. J. Elsome needs special mention for his brilliant win the Hurdle Race. We are looking forward to next year's Sports Day and hope to be more successful.

At Badminton we finished second, and this was due to some magnificent play on the part of our Captain, G. Smith, who always inspired his partners.

At Cricket and Football we were not very successful, but we did try our best

The girls will have to make a determined effort next year. At Net Ball and Rounders we did not gain a point. Our shooting was very weak, but this can easily be cured by constant practice.

We must not allow the good work of the boys to be ruined by in-different efforts by the girls.

To those who have left we wish happiness and success, and to those who are still with us we hope they will bear the motto of the School in mind, in all their work and play.

Joan Hayden. Std. Ex-7.

HOUSE REPORT—BLUES.

House Mistresses: Miss C. W. M. Young and Miss G. Ellis.

Captains: Roland Wright and Cicely Cox.

Our Sports and Games results this year were only good in parts. The Cricket team had a bad season, not winning a match. They were strong in bowling, but weak in batting. Better form was shown at Soccer, the outstanding players being R. Hayden, G. Lucas, R. Denson and J. Few.

Our greatest achievement was the winning of the Badminton Tournament. We had a well-balanced team, the boys and girls being equally strong. Many of our points were won in the mixed doubles, and G. Lucas, B. Bull, Pamela Beaumont and Cicely Cox deserve special mention.

In the Sports we were out to gain top place, but failed, being a rather poor third. The Juniors pulled their weight, but much stronger Seniors were needed.

At Net Ball and Rounders we were good seconds. A little better defence is needed in the case of the former. Actually we shot sixty-six goals, only six fewer than the Reds.

We are pleased to note that we are well represented in all the School teams, and we are looking forward to next year's programme and hope to be more successful than last year. Let us

see if our House cannot be top in more games. If we do not succeed it will not be for the lack of enthusiasm.

Cicely Cox. Std. Ex-7.

HOUSE REPORT—REDS.

House Master: Mr. E. J. Austin.

Captains: Clive Hines and Lorna Smith.

Real enthusiasm was noticeable in all outdoor games, and all duties have been taken seriously. We have set a terrific pace, which must be kept up by all remaining at School.

In only one game—Badminton— were we not in the first position, a truly praiseworthy effort. Both boys and girls pulled their weight, and I know that next year we intend to add the winning of the Badminton Tournament to our other achievements, and we especially exhort the girls to practise hard this winter.

Our supreme effort was made on Sports Day. Every boy and girl worked hard, and in selecting certain competitors for particular mention, we do not wish to overlook the many other triers. W. Harradine, K. Phillips and C. King showed great determination and ability amongst the boys, while Joyce Denson ran magnificently for the girls.

The last Cricket match was noteworthy because C. King, a Junior playing in the Senior team, bowled most of the Green batsmen for a few runs. The victory seemed entirely due to his efforts.

Our congratulations to W. Harradine, K. Phillips and Joyce Denson on becoming Senior and Junior Champions. May many Reds follow their example. Our best wishes to all Reds who have left School. May they enjoy every success.

L. Smith. Std. Ex-7.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

We have been fortunate in having a hundred books loaned to us from the Cambridge County Library.

Children in the Senior part of the School have had ample opportunities of reading, but there were very few good books available for the Juniors. However, this will be remedied next year as we intend to buy many books under a new Reading Scheme.

During the winter months, parents could encourage their children to read more books, thus giving them the habit of reading which will be invaluable in after-life.

The School Library is not intended to take the place of the Public Libraries, but to supplement their work and instil the "Library Habit". All tastes are catered for. Books of adventure, sport, romance, geography, history, science and travel are included in the selection. A definite advantage is that all the books are suitable for boys or girls.

I hope to see more children acquiring the "Library Habit" during the coming autumn and winter, thus turning their leisure hours into happy and profitable ones.

E.B.

FLOWER GROWING.

Willingham has been described as "a place of fruit and flowers". I wish to tell you something about the indoor flower-growing, as it would take too long to deal with every side of flower cultivation.

There can be seen many huge glass houses in which many types of flower are grown.

In the beginning the soil is dug and prepared in these glass houses ready for the different flower bulbs, while outside men are

putting soil into small boxes and planting the bulbs in rows. After that they are watered, then soil and straw are thrown over them, and lastly more soil is added. Two or three weeks later the green shoot appears. The bulbs are then uncovered and the dirt around the little green shoot is cleaned away. They are then put into the large glass house, which is soon crowded with lovely spring flowers.

Now the worker's busiest time begins, for all the flowers have to be cut, packed and sent away to different towns and cities such as London, Birmingham, Manchester, Bradford and Halifax. Occasionally a man may come from another village to buy flowers to sell them again himself.

The flowers are cut when in bud, for if they were allowed to be in full bloom they would not last long in the customer's house. On the next day they are bunched in dozens and packed very neatly into trunks or cardboard boxes which are stacked in neat rows of sixes.

The heads of the flowers are arranged on either side of the box so that the stalks are together in the middle. About three o'clock in the afternoon they are packed on a lorry and taken to the Railway Station to commence a long journey to the waiting markets of England.

Norma Cole. Std. 5.

CATCHING BUTTERFLIES.

Butterfly hunting can be a very amusing sport for the young. I thoroughly enjoy it.

Up and down, in and out I go, stinging my legs and arms in a clump of stinging-nettles.

"Ow, ouch, how dreadful the pain is!"

The nettle-rash is beginning to show already. Ten, twenty,

thirty little, white, painful spots are appearing upon my legs.

Wallop!

“Got you, my pretty swallow-tail. Under the crystal jam-pot I’ll put you with food and drink”.

Here I go again hurtling, tumbling and perspiring in so hot a chase. It’s fun, this butterfly hunting!

“There. Look at that. I could have caught that easily”

“What’s that? Mother calling me Goodbye my pretty butterflies until after lunch”.

Rachel Rolph. Std. 7.

WEATHER REPORT FOR MAY—JUNE, 1939.

The period under consideration has been most interesting. May had a long stretch of fine weather with two weeks of bad weather which was brought about by Icelandic depressions. June, unlike last year, had not the exceptional scarcity of rainfall. A few of the weeks were rather cool.

	Rainfall			Temperature			Pressure		
	Total	R'ny Days	Wettest	Mean	H't'st	C'ld'st	Mean	Highest	Lowest
MAY	2.1 ins.	9	1st .6	52f.	84f.	42f.	30.1	30.3	28.9
JUNE	2.3 ins.	13	16th .5	55f.	81f.	48f.	30.1	30.3	29.8

Walton Oliver. Std. Ex-7.

HONOURS.**Scholarships to Cambridge County School.**

Ethel L. Read.

Howard F. King.

Scholarships to the Perse School, Cambridge.

Roger S. Few.

Scholarships to Cambridgeshire Technical School.

Madelene Joan Hayden.

Harold C. Housden.

Grenville Smith.

Class Examination Results.

Infants'	..Brenda Cox	Anthony Raven	Barry Ellwood
Std. 1.	..Betty Papworth	Barbara Ellwood	Raymond Smith
Std. 2.	..Janet Few	Joyce Denson	John White
Std. 3.	..Shirley Silk	Frances Ingle	Derrick Raven
Std. 4.	..Terence Haddow	Marie Few	Rosemary Siggs
Std. 5.	..Howard King	Ethel Read	Geoffrey Bailey
Std. 6.	..Michael Hopkins	John Raven	Jack Few
Std.7 & Ex-7.	Harold Housden	Joan Hayden	Ronald Jeeps

SWIMMING. 25 YARDS.

Cicely Cox	Derrick Clark
Patricia Pledger	Ronald Elsome
Rachel Rolph	Geoffrey Granger
Jean Anderson	Geoffrey Lucas
Heather Barton	Dick Palmer
Phyllis Spackman	Donald Peacock
Betty Thoday	Derrick Christmas
	Jack Elsome
	Percy Hart
	John Hind
	Maurice Pake