

Stephen James,
I.A.

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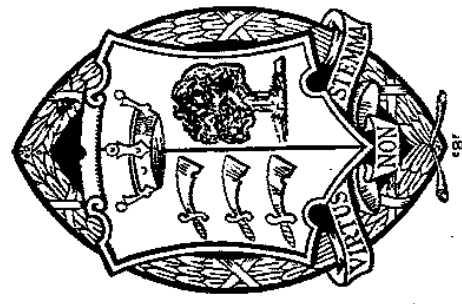
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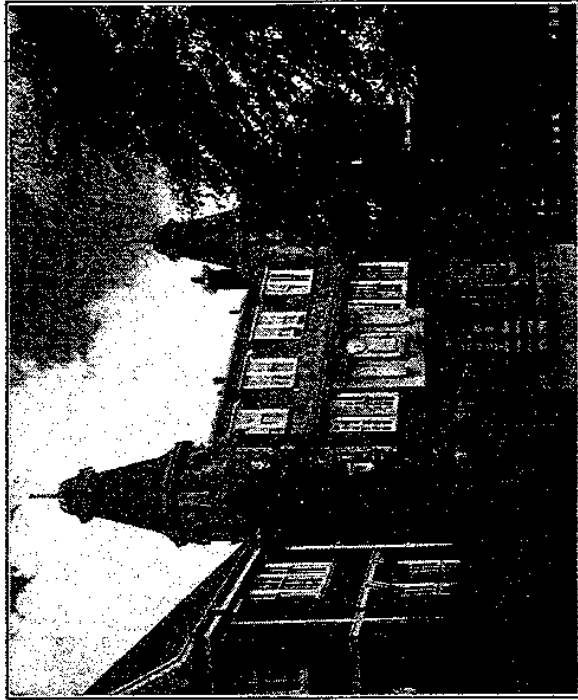
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EDITORIAL

IT is with pleasure that we have written this editorial and produced this magazine. "The Gayton Times" began in 1949 when the magazine was then written out by hand and passed round a group of four boys. Later it was typewritten and achieved a larger circulation. At the end of the first year, somebody came forward and offered to duplicate it for us: it was then that our circulation bounded from 30 to 600. The year 1954 saw the first printed edition and now, some four years later, the "Gayton Times" is still selling and being printed annually.

Our aim is a circulation of well over a thousand. Our greatest sales lie with the pupils, but the parents, we are sure, derive as much pleasure out of reading it as do the pupils; quite a number are distributed to Old Boys interested in the School's progress and copies are sent to friends of the School, not forgetting our readers abroad in France, Germany and Austria.

So much has happened since 1949 that to name all the people who have contributed to the success of the "Gayton Times" over this period would almost fill this booklet. However, to all of them, wherever they may be, thank you. Especially we would like to thank the advertisers in this magazine, for without them this venture would not have succeeded.

All this has happened in the last nine years—almost a decade. Who can tell what the next nine or ten years will bring forth? Respicimus, Prospiciamus.

Now we will hold you no longer: we trust that as you read the articles you will be well pleased with your magazine. We cannot just finish without saying thank you to the people who have contributed with articles, advice and other necessities. We thank Messrs. Yeland and Bigham and Corbett and Altman of Harrow, and Elsum's of Harrow, and most warmly, Dr. Simpson for helping us in every possible way with this venture.

R. LEACH, D. WILLIS, G. SPRING.

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THE "GAYTON TIMES", FROM THE HEADMASTER

The "Gayton Times" makes somewhat sporadic appearances, sometimes because its publication is urged by those of our pupils who tend towards journalism, and sometimes again to meet some urgent need, usually of the financial sort, for which a magazine is an honourable medium of fair exchange.

On this occasion both of these factors subsist as its prime cause. Always in the past, however, it has proved to be one of our most highly popular publications, mainly, I think, because it comes directly and indirectly from within the body of our pupils as a whole, and is therefore distinctly a pupil's magazine, indeed something of a cross between the necessary formality of any dignified production, and the informality of the average ingenious schoolboy when left to himself to say what he, more or less, pleases for himself and on his own. Since it results from a personal discussion between myself and Messrs. Leach, Spring and Willis, I cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing my indebtedness to these three young men, both for the willingness and for the fertility of their response. I would also add that, from the outset, its intention has been within the knowledge and under the blessing of the Editor of our official school magazine, "The Gaytonian."

At the same time, since at the moment of writing this I have simply no idea of the magazine's contents, I daresay I had better also play for safety and confine my official association with the material quite strictly to the confines of this my own contribution of acknowledgment.

A. R. SIMPSON.

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PULLING OUT ALL THE STOPS

WHAT an Organic metaphor! As far as I am aware there are not many words or phrases borrowed from the King of Instruments which have passed into general usage in our language. But this one has established quite a foothold—not to be confused with the pedals or the Swell pedal which have such a close affinity with the players feet. (Incidentally, I have heard organists described as folk who go through life with one foot in the grave and the other on the Swell pedal.)

The picture conjured up is of some one sitting at an organ console in an ecstasy, or in a ladder of a frenzy, as the case may be, tugging out all the stops to make the instrument give all that it has got. Quite a thrilling effect, of course, for the player at any rate. The effect all depends on the player and the stops themselves. In these modern days pulling out stops has been superseded. Instead they depress little domino-like things called stop keys. I suppose the future metaphor will be "pressing down all the tabs"—but that has little chance of survival as all the verve has gone out of it. For myself there is something god-like about gripping stop knob after stop knob and rending the very heavens. (I once, at a recital, had one come right away into my hand!) But thank goodness the biggest modern organs are conservative—and dignified—enough to use draw stops, and the metaphor may still be understandingly used.

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But organists are not the only ones to pull out stops. When you come to ponder on't you realise that everyone in some way or other, day in and day out, is engaged not only in pulling strings but also in pulling out stops. Think, for instance, of the man at the door trying to sell you a vacuum cleaner when you already possess one. He certainly pulls out all the stops he knows—he has to for his very existence depends on it—plus pulling wool over your eyes. Then the lover. In these intense days it's not much use *sighting* like furnace—he's got to turn on the heat (another heart-warming metaphor) to make any impression. And what about the lawyer or barrister? His very reputation, not to mention the welfare of his wretched client, depends on the concentration of his stop pulling efforts. Otherwise, like the poor fellow who is being hanged, he will complain that the suspense is killing him.

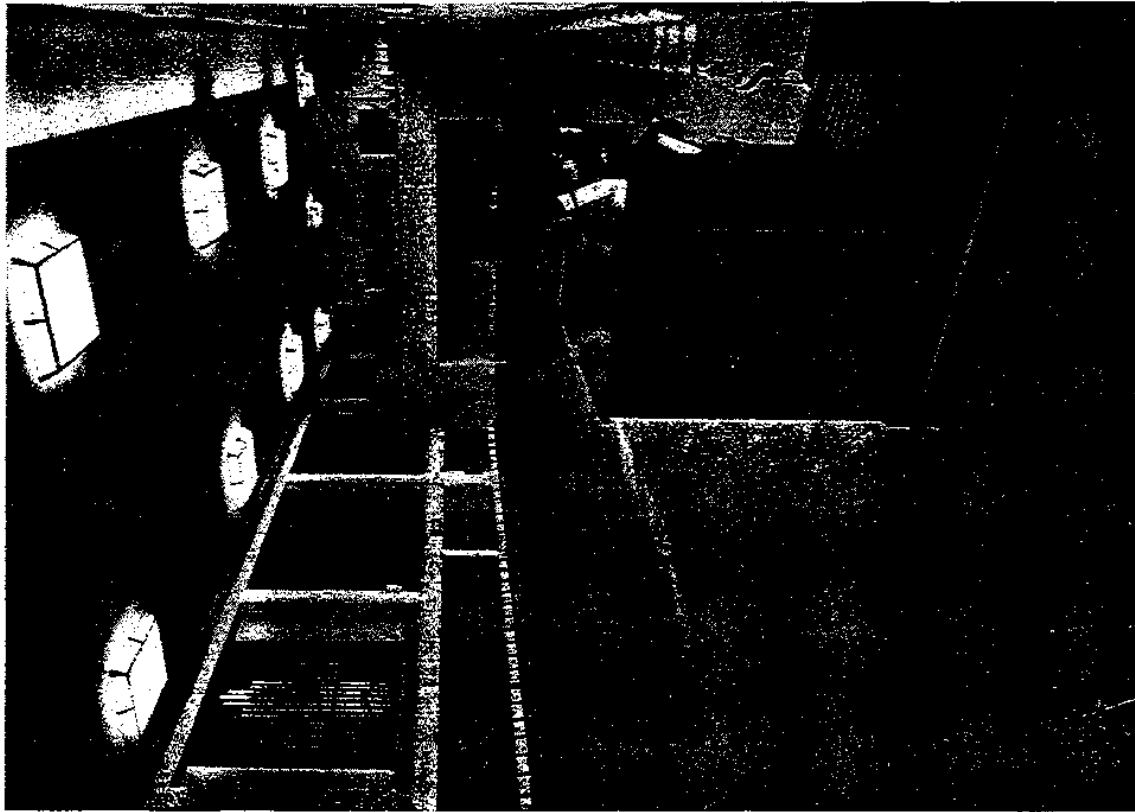
There's that little band of pilgrims who foregather in my room after Assembly morning by morning. Many of them in spite of their tender years are past masters in the art of stop pulling. The delinquents, for example, endeavouring with great gusto to appear as paragons, and trying their hardest to prove that their behaviour in reality is quite angelic, until, a glance at the D.H.M. to see how their stops are registering suddenly reveals that they are falling on stony ground, or more likely among thorns! And the "Lates", too, weaving their fairy tales like Scheherzade—intriguing stops those—subtle enough almost to ensnare the most perrickety of D.H.M.s. You are probably familiar with the full gamut of them—households who have overslept, alarm clocks falling to function, cycles that shed their pedals and chains, trains that don't look where they are going, roads that are up instead of down, muscles being pulled in their owner's eagerness to get to school, cats that suddenly throw a fit, and so forth. It's a wonderful psychological revelation.

And so it goes on in all the departments of school and home life. But beyond this to the national and international spheres, where it is the ceaseless stop pulling that counts. The country with the widest range of stops, and which pulls them all out with determination, creates a dominant (and tonic) effect on the others.

In the organ there are stops with minute pipes like the piccolo, and the mutations. Others are of giant-like proportions, majestic in their effect. But they all have their part to play, they are all interdependent, and they must speak with decision. If the trumpet makes an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself for the battle?

And so I reach the moral of all this. Our stops are of varying calibre, differing in character from one person to another, being of the very stuff of which our personalities consist. The manner in which we develop our intrinsic potentialities, and the degree to which we make use of them will determine the quality of what the French call "le plein jeu". So go on pulling out your stops and when you have pulled them all out it will be clear for all to hear what full organ really sounds like. May it emulate the music of the spheres!

G.T.



GOOD HUNTING!

BY PAUL OLIVER

TH**ERE** are very few people who are disinterested in all forms of music, though one person's definition of the term is unlikely to meet with the approval of all those who find enjoyment in some aspect of the art. If you are reading this you are probably interested in recorded music and whether your taste is for Schubert or Couperin, Tommy Ladnier or Miles Davis, Gluck or Verdi, Marie Adams or Marvin Rainwater, Lina Cavalieri or Lillian Nordica, Peter Dawson or The Black Dyke Mills Band you can find on disc examples of the artists whom you prefer. I am not going to get involved in the endless disputes as to the relative merits of these musicians and singers or the opinions on the "Decline (or Improvement) of Musical Taste in Modern Youth" or "Rock n' Roll as a Cause of Juvenile Delinquency," "The Beneficial Effects of Opera Singing on the Development of the Lungs." And in spite of the Editors' request for an article on these lines I do not propose to analyse the various forms of music that are available on record to-day. For such an article would do little service to any one musical style and anyway, the information is easily available in all manner of reference books.

Record Collectors to-day are remarkably well served with reference works that give full information on recorded work, and the researches of the "discographer" have assumed considerable import-

ance. In 1952 Clough and Cuming published their remarkable "World's Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music" and since then other books have been published which well serve the collector of—odious terms—"Classical Music," "Serious Music," or however you prefer to label the European orthodox tradition. Charles Delauney's "Hot Discography" has remained for many years, and through many editions (including the war-time "onion-skin" edition published against the ban imposed by the Germans in occupied France) the standard discography for the Jazz enthusiast. To-day it is being slowly superseded by the monumental "Jazz Directory," which has now reached six volumes and the letter "L" in the course of a decade! Trade papers and magazines are available on every aspect of music, some authoritative, some rather peevish but all published in quantity. In 1923 the first magazine independent of a record company that was solely devoted to the interests of record collectors began publication; it was the British paper "The Gramophone" and it is still outstanding of its type having expert reviewers writing on "Classics," "Jazz" and all the many musical forms in between. Frankly popular, the "Melody Maker," also published in this country, has the largest circulation of any musical paper in the world.

With the plethora of periodicals on music so readily available the record collector should have no difficulty in finding out a great deal about the issues currently to hand. But to my mind this is, in a way, a pity. Somehow a lot of the adventure seems to have gone from the hobby now that one can so easily obtain advice on what to buy. Price, playing time, style and quality are all carefully reviewed and one soon learns to know which reviewer happens to have tastes similar to one's own. At one time—especially during the war—specialists in certain branches of music had no information to guide them, and buying discs was an exciting pastime. One could never be sure whether the "Black Diamonds Brass Band" would be good marching jazz (it wasn't) or whether the "Three Hot Eskimos" could be as comical as their name suggested (they weren't either). There were many disappointments, and many surprises, and with no books to help or advise, one looked forward to playing the newly acquired record with pleasant apprehension. All this has gone in this age of the Long Playing Record and the Sleeve Note. Not that the L.P. is a new invention—R.C.A. Victor demonstrated its 33½ r.p.m. discs as early as September, 1931, but the idea did not catch on at that time for some reason. To-day, the glossy covers sell L.P.s in hundreds of thousands and an L.P. collection is practically a social requisite! There has been much good in the advent of the Long Player: symphonies can be recorded with a minimum of breaks in their continuity; jazz musicians can record extended improvisations and technically the L.P.s are often, though not always, superior. Some, of course, are merely a re-hash of a number of 78s, but at least one does not have to keep putting on and taking off the record—a good thing under certain circumstances.

All this interest in Long-playing records has caused many per-

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sons to shed their long-treasured collections of 78s, and to the collector who hankers after the unexpected; who likes to make new discoveries for himself this is a boon. It is not uncommon now to find Concertos, Symphonies and Orchestral works of all kinds on 12 in. 78s. In remarkably fine condition which can be bought for only a shilling or so each on the "junk" stalls. Some of these have not been re-recorded on L.P.s and many are on very superior wax and even are better in quality than many a glossier issue. They are not hard to find; they are not obscured by pseudonyms; one merely has to bide one's time until they come along. But in other fields collecting becomes more fascinating, for the ways of the record companies were very strange in the past and the identities of many artists and musicians were obscured by false names. The reasons were many: to stimulate the purchase of items by "new" artists; to hide the fact that records emanated from American issues; to obscure the link-up between one company and another. It is hard to comprehend even to-day how many records were being issued in "boom" periods in the States. We are experiencing now a recording boom—in the United States there are at the moment more than 600 record labels, but similar conditions have obtained in the past. In 1927 alone 104,000,000 records were pressed in the United States, and the issues here were relatively high. Needless to say, one can scarcely know a fraction of these items and therefore, for the adventurously-minded, there is much to find and learn, and a great deal of research still to be done. There is also the added incentive that amongst piles of

junk there have been found, and can be found, records of real scarcity value.

Suppose for example, that you are interested in operatic and concert singers. It is still possible to find the large-labelled *Gramophone Concert* and *Gramophone Monarch* records—I came across a number locally quite recently. These were made nearly sixty years ago but are still in fine playing condition. Amongst them are to be found a number of fine items and there is always the chance that one may come across the disc made by Angelica Pandolfini in August, 1904, which was cut from the catalogue in January the following year. Collectors have paid over £100 for this item! In 1909 the H.M.V. factory at Hayes was opened—Mme. Melba laid the foundation stone—and some of Melba's recordings still await discovery. One has a chance of finding those made by Terrazini and there are the historic records of Caruso to tempt the operatic fan. Caruso and Melba together made one duet, "O soave fanciulla" from "La Bohème", which may turn up in the isolated junk pile. Scotti, Sembrich, Anna Nielsen and Patti all appear on the *Red Seal Victor* series and the *Red Label HMV* records. Look out for the name of Ada Crossley, the famous Australian contralto of stormy temperament, and for the mezzo-soprano Zelle de Lussan. Ada Crossley made some sides for *Pathé* too and the green-and-ivory *Actresses* include some items by Tito Schipa which should not be overlooked.

This may help to indicate that in just one field there is a wealth of recorded material to be found on old 78s—some of which may never be heard on new issues again. But in all probability your tastes do not run to operatic singing. Perhaps you have an interest in jazz and similar musical forms. Here, too, surprisingly enough—for the materials all came from the U.S.A.—there is much to be found on the junk pile, though you may have to do some pretty careful searching in order to find it. Many very worthwhile items are cloaked in the most atrocious pseudonyms. Take, for example, that "hit" of to-day: "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover." Not a jazz sounding title perhaps, but over thirty years ago it appeared on *Aeolian Vocalion* as played by "The Riverside Dance Orchestra" which was in fact Brad Gowan's Rhapsody Makers in disguise. A very worthwhile but also, unfortunately, a very rare disc. The "Ohio Novelty Band" on the *Aco* label hides the identity of Fletcher Henderson's Orchestra, the Mound City Blue Blowers and sundry Miff Mole records. Henderson also appears on *Aco* under the name of the Cleveland Orchestra—but don't think that every recording made under this pseudonym is a Henderson! Because of the tie-ups between Record Companies at this time you may find these recordings under different names on other labels. To give just one example: on *Aco* you may find "Running Wild" by the Ohio Dance Band—which is in fact the "Original Memphis Five". Now you may also find "Running Wild" on *Grofton* by "Black's Jazz Band". It is in fact the same record, and you may find it also on *Scala* played by "Vorzanter's Band"; on *Homochoford* as by the "Homochoford Dance

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Orchestra"; on *Coliseum* as by the "New York Casino Orchestra"; and on *Beltona* as by the "Virginia Dance Orchestra". They certainly took liberties with the map of America when they named these mythical bands. The original issue of the O.M.5s "Rumpling Wild" was on American *Vocation* 14476—but you won't find it on English *Vocation*. So you see the position is pretty complicated. To make it more so, the connections between the English companies were odd to say the least. Thus *Grafton* had links with *Aco*, *Actuelle*, *Beltona*, *Coliseum*, *Guardman*, *Homochoord*, *Perfect*, *Scala* and *Imperial*. To take the last named company: *Imperial* also had links with *Dominion* and *Perfect*; but not with any others of the above-named. *Dominion* also had a connection with *Filmophone* and *Perfect*, but not with any of the others. *Guardman* had a tie-up with most of these and also with *Levaphone*, but *Levaphone* had no other connections. And so it goes on, with much still to be discovered about these and other companies.

Let us take a look at a few of these companies whose records often appear in junk piles. Some idea of the sort of thing that may be found can be gained from a knowledge of the companies from whence the original issues came. Even the newest jazz record collector will know that on such labels as *Champion*, *Melotone* and American *Brunswick*, *Vocation* and *Decca*, are to be found some superb records. All these labels supplied masters to *Panachord*, whose silver and blue label will be familiar to you. Of course, much

worthless stuff appears under the *Panachord* flag, but "Jack Wynn's Dallas Dandies" sometimes conceals the identity of the O.M.5 or King Oliver's Savannah Syncopators whilst good examples of Jack Teagarden and Bobby Hackett appear under the name of "Dick Robertson Orchestra." Rex also used *Melotone* and *Decca* masters, and I once picked up a record with the unpromising title of "Swing Little Thing" by "Bob Causer's Cornélians" which was in fact by the legendary "Joe Robichaux's New Orleans Boys." To-day, veteran Robichaux plays with George Lewis. *Guardman* is one of the most fascinating labels with some fine Henderson's under the name of "Pete Massey's All Black Band"; "Tennessee Tooters," under the name of the Carolina Dance Band and Broadway Jazzers; "California Ramblers" labelled as by the "New Jersey Dance Orchestra," and one of my most interesting finds, a splendid issue by the "Mound City Blue Blowers" who were masquerading under the ghostly name of the "Colorado Kandy Kids!"

Some companies used one or two band names only to obscure the origins of records by many different groups. *Regal*, for example, used "Corona Dance Orchestra" as a name for issues by Ted Lewis, Harry Reser, the "California Ramblers," the "University Six," the O.M.5 . . . the "Broadway Bellhops" with Red Nichols, the "Original Indiana Five" and so on. Unhappily there are also some very poor British and American dance bands recorded under the same title: they are the ones that usually appear! Of course there are many fine items correctly labelled, to be found if one is fortunate. On *Oriole* I found one of the few recordings ever made by a Riverboat band, Dewy Jackson's Peacock Orchestra playing "She's Crying For Me" as they played it on the Stréfus Mississippi Riverboat, the "Capitol." On *HMV* early examples by Lizzie Miles and Louis Dumaine are to be found, whilst the early boogie pianist Hersal Thomas and blues singer Edith Johnson, were issued by *Parlophone*. Also on *Parlophone* a number of Washboard Bands led by Clarence Williams once appeared and there is the slender chance that you may find the celebrated but rare record made by Johnny Bayersdorffer and his Orchestra in New Orleans thirty-four years ago.

How does one find these records? By inexhaustible patience; by guile; by luck and by accident. Of course, it helps to know what you are looking for. You may never find it, but you may find something else. It has been my experience that if I have in my mind items that I hope to turn over, not one of them comes my way. In desperation I try something that may possibly turn out to be a minor masterpiece; it is more than likely to be one of the sadder efforts made by the Savoy Orpheans or the Bar Harbour Orchestra, but sometimes—sometimes the stride piano of James P. Johnson, the clear tones of Bix Beiderbecke or the rough cornet of Johnny Dunn issue from the grooves and all the rummaging through dusty discs beneath piles of yellowing books, impossible electrical etceteras and mantelpiece ornaments becomes worthwhile.

So, 'Good Hunting!'

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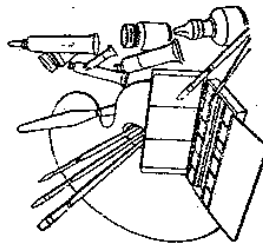
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BOOK REVIEW

We have asked a guest writer to select his own choice of favourite books and briefly tell us about them.

I HAVE selected some books of all sorts and I'd like to start with a paperback edition. It is entitled "You'll die in Singapore." It is written by Charles McCormac and is in the Pan Book Series. It tells the story of a 2,000 mile escape from the Japanese. Some of the terrible incidents for which the Japanese are notorious are recounted in this book. The writer travels from Singapore on towards Darwin having to cross the whole of Sumatra and Java. He uses boats, lorries, trains, and also has to trek through the jungle. Finally there is the luxury of travelling on to Darwin by plane from a place called Kambangan. At the beginning of the story we are told of some of the experiences of working under the Japanese in the Prisoner of War Camps and elsewhere. The Press opinions of this book have been very high indeed and the whole story is one of not giving in to the enemy. It is a thrilling War Escape story and the courage displayed by all concerned is tremendous.

There are a series of books by Clifford Whitting which are very interesting. The novels are published by Hodder and Stoughton and deal with various cases of an Inspector Charlton. I have read two of these and both have held the suspense up to the last pages. The first is entitled a "Bullet for Rhino!" Inspector Charlton, who is



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an old boy of Mereworth School was in attendance at one of the Old Boys' Annual Re-Union and another old boy "Rhino Garstang" at the function is mysteriously shot dead. Colonel Garstang had been disliked for a long time abroad because of his treatment of the natives and others. He had a very bad temper. The answers to the questions of Inspector Charlton can be read in this book, which I am sure will make you read "Subject Murder," another book by the same author, telling the story of life in the Ordinance side of the Army. A certain Sergeant-Major Yule was disliked by everybody. He takes pleasure in seeing cats die, getting people into trouble and generally being a thorough nuisance. On the barracks there is a gas chamber and all the evidence points to a storeman as the killer. The death by being trampled to pulp by horses after tied to barbed wire is just one of the exciting parts of the story. If you like "Who-dun-it-?" then read Clifford Whitting.

For those who like non-fiction reading there is a book in your libraries entitled "Outward Bound," edited by David James. There are thirteen writers telling us of the different aspects of the famous Outward Bound Courses. In the book full details are given of all the activities at the several schools ranging from mountaineering to sailing with almost every sport included. In the brief history of "Outward Bound" an explanation is given of how the whole idea started and the aim of the Courses. So much has been told about "Outward Bound" that the time has come for a proper report to be issued and here is the opportunity to get it and read it. It is an exciting book from start to finish and by looking at the particular courses an experience of actually "sitting in on the Course" is obtained. The foreword is by Prince Phillip and every chapter by different writers is a story in itself. A book wholly recommended.

Another paperback edition on sale at bookstalls and very reasonably priced for value is "Wings Over Tewkesley." This story is written by Reginald Taylor and it may be looked upon as a schoolboy's story. The American Air Force have arrived in the East Anglian Village of Tewkesley and the two boys of the Officer Commanding have to go to the Grammar School. Lee and Mike are curious about school life and eager to learn. They make friends and enemies and everything that happens inside school somehow concerns them. School concerts running amok, discoveries of manuscripts and anti-American protest meetings are among the exciting items in this book. A crippled giant jet aircraft brings a happy end to the story, and as with all good stories everything ends well.

I expect a good number of you are interested in adventure and inquiring into things. Well there is book on sale in the book shops which would most certainly be of interest to you. The investigator is Macdonald Hastings and the book is "Eagle Special Investigator." He gets up to all kinds of fun and excitement and travels as far as Scotland and on to the Cresta Run. He goes to the bottom of the sea and flies with equal gusto. The famous Mounties have to meet up with Mac and he even goes gold mining (we have to say that he

strikes nothing except those involved). There are many splendid photographs giving some illustration of his fantastic travels. . . . He becomes a target for a knife thrower and a living firework. He takes the controls of a Centurion tank and hunts a bear. A pleasure packed book that will hold your interest from cover to cover, and after you've read it then your parents will, too, probably pick it up and read the stories and look at the 68 exciting pictures. The book is published by Michael Joseph, Ltd.

Well there are some books that I have chosen and I sincerely hope that you get as much pleasure in reading them as I did. The cheaper ones may be bought at bookshops and the others may be obtained through your local library.

THE BOOK READER.

TO-DAY we hear much about Space Travel and Sputniks and so we thought that you might like to read of some of the planets and objects in the sky.

MERCURY.—Very little is known about this planet as it is so near the sun it is not easy to observe. Mercury spins about on an axis and at the same time goes round the sun. It takes Mercury 88 days to do her orbit which is an ellipse. At Mount Wilson Observatory by means of a delicate instrument, it has been found that the temperature on Mercury's surface is about 337° centigrade. Mercury is about 36,000,000 miles from the sun. (We are 93,000,000 miles from the sun.) The diameter of the planet is about half that of the moon, 3,000 miles. Because of its small diameter it is thought that Mercury has no atmosphere.

JUPITER.—This is the largest planet in the solar system. It is about 1,300 times the size of the earth. The planet spins about on an axis in a period of about 9 hours 30 minutes at a speed of 8 miles per second. The most prominent object on its surface is the Red Spot which first appeared in 1876. The Red Spot is oval and measures 30,000 miles long by 7,000 miles broad. Jupiter has very little heat of its own, its temperature being 200° centigrade. Its atmosphere has as its constituents: ammonia and marsh gas. Jupiter's density is four times that of the earth. According to Dr. Jeffreys, the planet consists of a rocky core, covered by ice with an atmosphere about 6,000 miles high.

THE MOON.—A day on the moon from sunrise to sunrise is about a month on the earth. For two weeks there is scorching hot weather, about 200° F., and during the remaining two weeks the temperature is about 200° F. to 400° F. The gravitation is about six times as strong on the earth as it is on the moon. Therefore if a man could jump 6ft. high on the earth he could jump 36ft. on the moon. The period between one full moon and another is 29 days, 12 hours and 44.0 minutes.

A PLEA FOR PACIFISM

BLOODY faces, heads distorted,
Bones project from toughened skin,
Scared and battered, minds are shattered,
Just a blasted war to win.

But this war is not yet over
These wrecked men have still to fight,
Not with bombs and guns and bullets
But to set their bodies right.
Crashing planes and bombed our buildings,
Friends dismembered look like hell,
Can these ever be forgotten?
We'll not know and they'll not tell.

Down then youth of Britain; down now
On your knees and pray to Him—
That our saviours will recover
In their mind and every limb.

B.M.R.

TRAVEL IN EUROPE

The following article comes from a London Journalist, at the moment in Germany covering a business story. This has come Air-Mail into our Offices and we are very grateful to him for sending it to us.

TO someone visiting the Continent for the first time, it is like stepping into a new world, for the way of life is completely different from what one is accustomed to in England. To the visitor, Paris would look very quaint (when not rioting) with its old buses, its narrow streets and the small shops. But there are still more places to be seen which would afford more wonder and amazement to the English visitor. Let us say that we are going on a trip round Europe and see how life is continuing as we go from country to country.

In our Parisian hotel we have had our breakfast, which consisted of rolls and coffee, and are now waiting for our coach to take us to the station. The coach comes and soon we are on our way through an empty Paris, for it is only six-thirty, to our train. We have to cross the Seine and we can see the small ships waiting to take their cargoes up and down the river. The coach has stopped, we are at the station and now walking down the platform to our compartments. The train itself is a picture of luxury with wide corridors, very comfortable seats and portable tables. Five minutes later we are leaving the station and Paris and gathering speed on the first leg of our journey to Dijon, situated in the Belfort Gap. We eat lunch on the train and soon afterwards the city is coming into sight. We leave the express and walk around the city admiring its characteristic