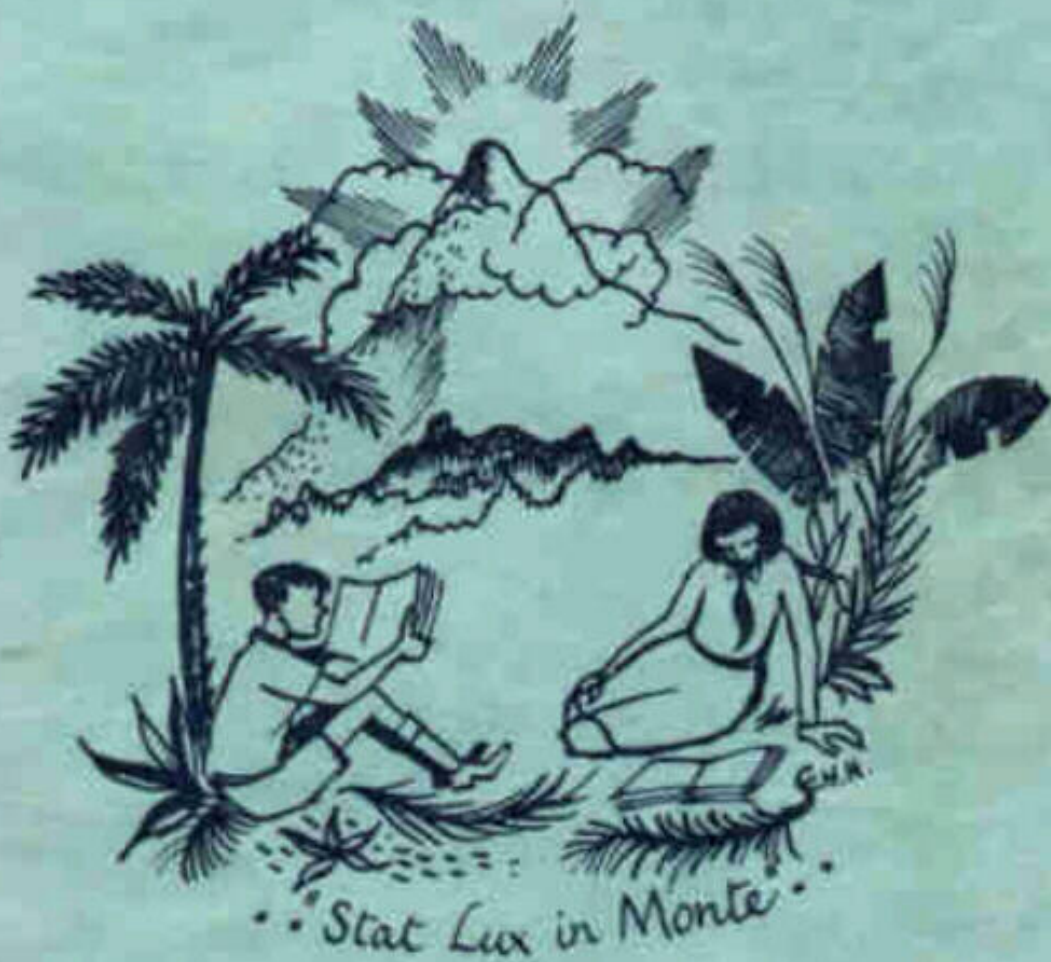


THE HIGHLANDER



THE JOURNAL OF SLIM SCHOOL, CAMERON HIGHLANDS

No. 3.

July 1958.

**SLIM SCHOOL, CAMERON HIGHLANDS,
MALAYA.**

Headmaster, Major W. R. Stokes, B.A., R.A.E.C.

Teaching Staff

Mr. J. M. Thomas
(Deputy Headmaster)

Mr. K. Corker

Mr. J. Tucker, F.R.G.S.

Mr. R. S. Fielding
(Housemaster)

Miss O. N. Jones
(Housemistress)

Mr. E. H. Harrison (ATD)

Miss E. T. Cook

Mr. B. K. West

Miss M. E. H. Barton

Administrative Staff

Capt. G. A. Hawkins
(Adm. Officer)

WO II Powell, M.
(Housekeeper)

Mrs. E. F. Hart (Matron)

S/Sgt. Wynne, E.
(Q. Stores)

SCHOOL OFFICERS

1958

PREFECTS

Simon Higgins

Shirley Jones

Errol Weller

Evelyn Rolfe

Colin Pryde

HOUSE PREFECTS

Fraser Captains

John Cowman

Evelyn Rolfe

Vice-Captains

Simon Higgins

Patricia Hamblett

Maxwell Captains

Errol Weller

Gillian Withey

Vice-Captains

Colin Pryde

Sonja Wilson

SPORTS CAPTAINS

Bernard White

Carmel Saxon

MAGAZINE EDITORS

John Cowman

Shirley Jones



HEADMASTER AND PREFECTS.

"THE HIGHLANDER"

The Journal of Slim School, Cameron Highlands.

No. 3

JULY, 1958.

EDITORIAL

If we were to ask different pupils why they enjoy life in a boarding school, we would certainly receive many different replies depending, to a great extent, upon the boarding school in question. Let us consider our own school.

"Why do we enjoy life at Slim?"

The national newspapers have commented upon our buildings, and Members of Parliament have been told that certain Army children in Malaya are taught in straw huts, so our quarters can hardly be considered the reason. In fact, although an exaggeration was made in both cases, it is certainly true that in a big military school in Germany our buildings would not be considered adequate. And yet a pupil, in a previous edition of "The Highlander," wrote: "I know when I and all my other friends leave at the end of this term, we shall take with us memories of a most interesting and enjoyable school — Slim School — the best."

"Perhaps the facilities are greater than in other schools?"

We would say that our man-made facilities, although very good for a remote school surrounded by jungle, are below the standard normally available in a populous area. We have constructed our own assault course, our own motor cycle scrambles course, our rifle range, and the army authorities have built a concrete fire tank to enable us to swim. We still think our facilities are limited, yet a former pupil, from a boarding school in Africa, writes, "I would like to give a message to all the new people at Slim: make the most of your stay at Slim, no matter how long it may last, as I'm sure it will be the best of all your school days."

The jungle, of course, is used to the full, for Scouting, games, and free-time activities which can all be enjoyed more fully in its inviting depths. We were described in "Soldier" magazine under the title "School of Adventure," and this does contribute to the pleasure of life at Slim. But the real reason for the happy memories revealed in letters from our widely-travelled former-pupils is surely the spirit shown by all members of the school. At a small establishment like ours, the atmosphere resembles in many ways that of a large family; and there is an easy comradeship between staff and scholars not found in England. This is what everyone remembers and is what former pupils miss. It was present in the early days, and it is present now. Long may it continue!

SCHOOL NOTES**Christmas Term.**

This term saw the arrival of Mr. Thomas, Mr. West, Mr. Everet, and Mr. Fielding. Mr. Everet left almost immediately because of ill health so we never got to know him; Mr. Fielding, however, was well-known to pupils who had been at the school between 1953 and 1955. We hope they are all enjoying their stay here.

We also noticed that three new classrooms had been erected during the holidays.

Harvest Festival was celebrated in a hall beautifully decorated by Miss Jones and her helpers. A large number of visitors enjoyed the service which was remarkable for the fine singing — especially Gill Withey's solo. We were pleased to notice that the fruit remained untouched by hand throughout the service.

During half-term, house competitions were held for the various sporting trophies. These were enjoyed by everybody except the school "dhoby."

On November 5th we discovered that 30 gallons of kerosene was insufficient to burn down the school (or even the bonfire). We had a good sing-song but the intended roast potatoes were only faintly warmed.

We were reminded that this is an operational area when two terrorists were killed near Ringlet. Troops were also called to fight with shovels when a landslide blocked the winding road up to the Cameron Highlands.

Near Christmas the school resembled a monastery as solemn-faced pupils wandered around reciting passages of the Nativity play, or lurked in all sorts of odd corners singing carols in four-part harmony. Both play and Carol Service were a great success and the combined party, held later, was well-deserved.

Miss Powell and the kitchen staff produced an excellent Christmas dinner and the social went with a great swing, helped by the music of Mr. C and his "Teddy Boys."

The end of term was both happy and sad; Major Edwards visited the school and promised to present a cup (which now adorns the Dining Room); but we said farewell to Mr. Hodges, Mr. Johns, Staff Hunter, and many of the Senior Pupils. Our best wishes go with them.

Easter Term

New pupils soon settled in, helped by the "old-lags." We discovered that films were now to be shown at the A.K.C. instead of in the school Hall. Wide screen and colour are now available, but good films are still rare.

Founder's Day was celebrated by the usual half holiday on January 16th. We were seven years old.

The Valentine's Social was a juvenile-delinquents' delight; it was a "jeans" evening with a Rock and Roll competition. We also had a Valentine post-box in which unknown admirers placed cards, mostly home-made.

Col. Nichols, C.E.O., spent a few days with us in February—in his off-duty time he studied the local geography of the golf course with the Headmaster.

At Half Term, the Scouts camped in Penang, leaving the school somewhat depleted. In spite of this, various house matches were played and the usual Social went with a "bang."



Rev. D. Temple.

Bishop of Maidstone.

Headmaster.

On Monday, March 10th, the Bishop of Maidstone confirmed Evelyn Rolfe, Eileen Woods, Dawne Atter, Simon Higgins, Paul Smart, Andrew Nairn, and Michael Ballantyne. The service took place in the school Hall which was appropriately decorated for the occasion. The Bishop stayed to lunch, thanked us for the most-memorable day of his tour, and declared a half holiday. We thank him for a wonderful day.

During the term, Mr. Tucker arrived to teach Geography, English and P.T. He will also be organising the Duke of Edinburgh's Awards in the Far East, and we are sure that he will prove a great asset to the school.

On March 16th the pupils who had been recommended during the term were taken by Miss Chester to Captain Bloxham's stables at Ringlet. But for the weather, this would have been a great success.

The last three important events of term were the Teenage Party (excellently organised by the Seniors of Forms 3 and 4); the Choir Party, where everyone had to dress up as a St. Trinian's pupil; and, not least, a very good school party. These three ended a wonderful term.

We were sorry to lose Miss Chester at the end of term, but we hope that she will enjoy Taiping. To Miss Cook, congratulations on her engagement to be married.

Summer Term

This term started with a splash as everyone christened our small, cold swimming pool—already a most popular institution. Two hardy members of staff are also regular ice-breakers, but there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Fielding is about to turn his form room into a Milk Bar.

And now, to Miss Barton, our congratulations on her forthcoming marriage. Miss Barton and Miss Cook intend doing recruiting talks in U.K. on "The advantages of joining the staff of SLIM SCHOOL, located in an isolated spot where social life is nil."

Almost any day, a band of terrorists (thinly disguised as Senior boys) may be seen hacking their way through the playing field or performing incredible feats on their own assault course. They all seem disgustingly fit and are looking forward to a jungle expedition at Half Term in connection with the Duke of Edinburgh's awards.

The Scouts are also hoping to spend some weekends in the open, to supplement their already-considerable activities, and the Guides go to their first annual camp with Miss Jones and Miss Barton.

Weird and wonderful sounds are heard regularly from the Hall, as choir rehearsals for Speech Day compete with the noise of workmen scraping paint off the corrugated-iron roof.

The annual inspection of the school was carried out in May by Lt. Colonel Creedy from Education Branch, G.H.Q., Singapore.

We have also received a visit from Brigadier Cubbon and Lt. Col. Coult, good friends of ours, and from Squadron Leader Davis of R.A.F. Education.

We wish to congratulate those members of Forms 3 and 4 who conducted the services when no padre was available. The services were most impressive.

Most of the term is still before us and we are looking forward to Speech Day and all the activities connected with it and with the end of term.

We shall be sorry to say goodbye to Mr. Fielding, Miss Barton, Captain Hawkins, Miss Powell, and to all the pupils who will be leaving at the end of this term. We hope they will remember their stay here with pleasure. Mr. Thomas will also be travelling to the United Kingdom on inter-tour leave. We wish him a comfortable journey, and hope that the weather in Wales will be better than that of the Cameron Highlands.

FRASER HOUSE

This year, Fraser is smaller than it has been for some time, owing to the decrease in the number of pupils at Slim School.

During the Christmas term we welcomed Mr. Fielding, newly returned from Taiping, to the House. His stay, unfortunately, was a short one; he had to move over to Maxwell as Housemaster when Mr. Hodges left.

At the end of the Christmas term, we were presented with the sports cups by Major Edwards of Seremban. The girls received the rounders, hockey, table-tennis, and netball cups; and to the boys went the rugby, football, table-tennis, and badminton. We also received the House Shield.

Shirley Jones and John Cowman were the House Captains until this term, when Shirley resigned because of her impending departure for England. Carmel Saxon and Robert Mauldon are the Games Captains.

Once again, I am sure the members of the House would like me to express their gratitude to the members of staff for the way they have run the House, and to Shirley Jones, our House Captain for so long. We wish her a pleasant journey home.

EVELYN ROLFE.

MAXWELL HOUSE

At the end of the Christmas term we lost our Housemaster, Mr. Hodges, and were very sorry to see him go. We had had a good term, and when the house shields and cups were presented by a visiting officer, Major Edwards, we had received our share. The house shield went to Fraser, but most of the sports trophies came to Maxwell. We won the inter-house badminton cup, the football, the rifle, the cross country the chess and the hockey cups. Major Edwards also said that he would present a cup to be awarded annually to the outstanding pupil of the year.

In place of Mr. Hodges, we welcomed Mr. Fielding as our Housemaster—he came from Fraser House. We were also pleased to have Mr. Harrison join us from England; in the short time he has been with us, he has become a well-known figure in the school. Since Mr. Fielding and Mr. Harrison have been here, we have been making steady progress in both our work and our play. The football last term ended in a draw, but we won the rifle shoot, and with a magnificent effort in the last week we beat Fraser in the house marks race.

This term, we are once again hard at work and determined to win the house shield; with a real effort, I think we can do it. Unfortunately, we are losing our Housemaster again, and shall all be sorry to see him go. We wish him all the best in England.

E. WELLER.

ROMAN CATHOLIC NEWS

Every Sunday morning, we get up before the rising bell to prepare ourselves for our usual early Service. This is held in the chapel of the Military Hospital in Tanah Rata, beginning at 8.30 a.m., and is usually served by Father Manet — a native of France. During the service, we sing the hymns taught to us by the nuns who take us for Religious Instruction every Saturday morning.

Once each month, Father Henry from Ipoh visits the school and explains all the parts of the Mass which we do not think we understand. He is proving a great help to us all, and we have all taken a great liking to him.

Although this year has been most uneventful, there has been one memorable occasion: the Confirmation Service. Like most other services, this was held in the B.M.H. and six girls and three boys from the school were confirmed. The pupils who were confirmed have the Mother Superior to thank for all the help she gave in teaching them.

With the Mother Superior's permission, members of the school choir also assisted at the Carol Service and at the Confirmation held in school; and the choir, in its turn, travelled to the Convent School to sing carols to the pupils there.

C. SAXON.

LEW YOOK LIN

For nearly six years now, we have been helping to support a child at the Saint Nicholas' Home for the Blind in Penang. Lew Yook Lin speaks English and Cantonese, but she cannot read them as she has been blind from birth. At the moment, she is also suffering from an ear complaint which stops her from swimming, but Miss Kelly says that she seems quite happy playing other games with her little friends.

Each term we try to send a small sum of money to help pay for her upkeep, and to buy toys which she can squeeze to produce peculiar noises; and every Christmas, Slim School has sent a present of a large toy and a small sum of money to the St. Nicholas' School. Last Christmas it was a large Teddy Bear and fifty dollars, taken by Shirley Jones our Head Girl.

We have since received a letter and three photographs which show that she is growing quite tall, but most of us have never actually seen her. We are still hoping that one day she will pay us a visit.

M. MORRISON.



• ACTIVITIES •

AEROMODELLING

The Aeromodelling Club, formerly the Modelling Club, has continued for the past year to turn out model aircraft which have all, sooner or later, ended their flights, and lives, in a disastrous manner on the bank.

Last term, we bought a plastic kit and scaled this up to a wingspan of approximately 30 inches. This model is now ready for doping and, we hope, will perform on Speech Day.

K. C.

PUPPETRY

On Friday evenings this term, a revival, the Puppetry Club has met in Wellington classroom. Baker and Barber, with the spasmodic assistance of other members, are busily engaged in building a new theatre.

We are attempting to make both glove puppets and marionettes, and hope to have them completed soon enough to put on a couple of short plays at the end of term. With Mr. Harrison's able assistance in the Light Craft room, many heads are now nearing completion.

K. C.

THE ART CLUB

The Art Club, which was started last term by Mr. Harrison, meets every Friday evening. In it, we try to turn out paintings and drawings for the end-of-term exhibition, and to improve our own skill. There are many varying kinds of work to be seen: some people like to paint landscapes, seascapes, people, or objects; some draw in pen, pencil or charcoal; some prefer to work on designs. Already this term, we have made a fair collection of the various techniques.

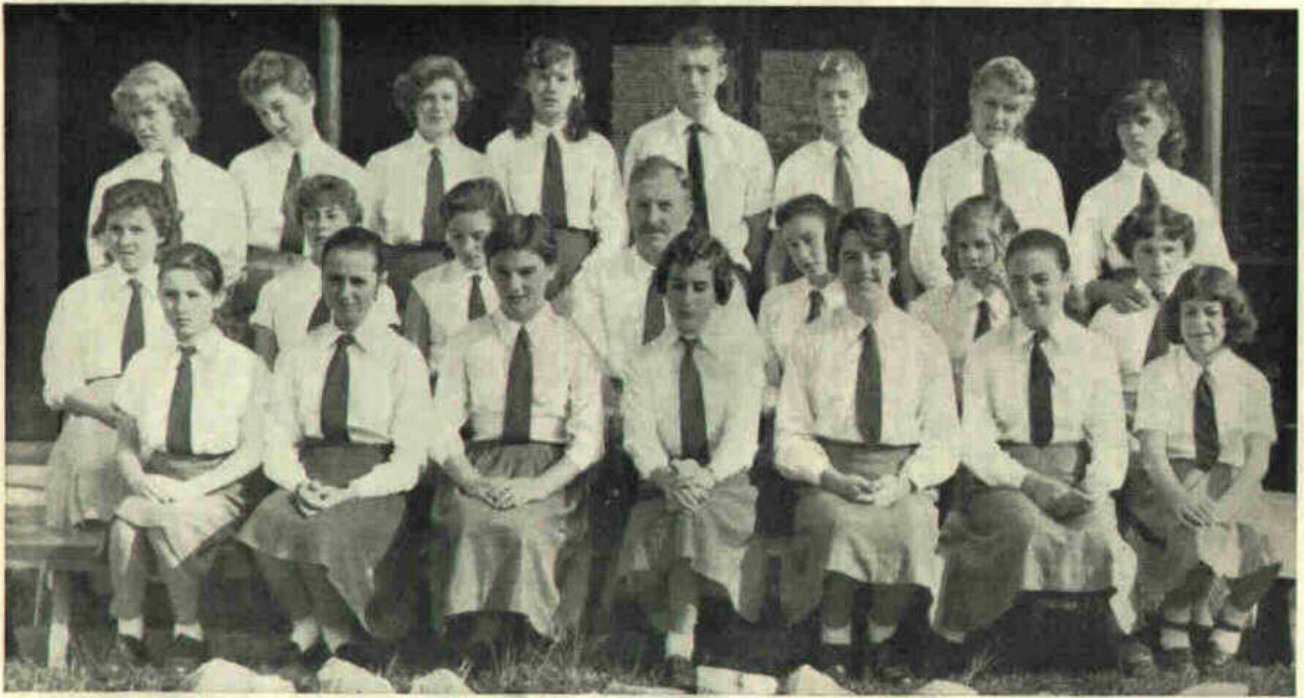
The fifteen members have also been decorating the Art Room with murals, and you can be transported from an Eastern scene in a palace to an African savage in full regalia, by walking from one wall to another.

Our other work includes lino cuts and paper sculpture, so we can thank Mr. Harrison for a very interesting club.

C. B.



CHILDREN READING IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.



THE SCHOOL CHOIR.

THE CHOIR

A few weeks after Mr. Fielding arrived at Slim, in the Christmas term 1957, the newly-formed choir was under a strict practice routine that has been part of our life ever since. Every lunchtime we assembled in the Hall, until we felt that we could sing the carols backwards if necessary. Then we had more practices to "get the atmosphere". In the end it was worth it, for we were singing in four or five parts, which we had never done before. The Service of Nine Lessons by candle light was a great success, and as a reward we went carol-singing on two nights. We were told it was appreciated greatly but, more important, we collected money for Lew Yook Lin in Penang.

The highlight of the Easter term was the Confirmation Service. Again our hard-hearted choirmaster drove his slaves to better and better singing. He was never satisfied, but we all knew that he was pleased with the actual performance.

We are now working for Speech Day, when we shall perform a variety of songs — in four parts, of course. The lunchtime rehearsals are once more in full swing, and we have no free time; but it will be worth it on the day.

I am sure that the whole choir would like me to express our thanks to Mr. Fielding who has made the choir such a success. We wish him "bon voyage" on his return to England.

E. R.

I would like to thank the choir for their hard work during the past year; and I know that we would all like to thank Lance-Corporal Wheatcroft for all that he has done for the choir — especially for his very fine singing after the Sunday services.

R. F. F.

THE FIRST AID CLUB

The First Aid Club became a compulsory one for the Fourth Year boys during the Christmas term. Major Stokes, the Headmaster, considered the subject important and wished us to take some tests in it. Now, it is doubly important, for it is found in the tests for the Duke of Edinburgh's Awards; there must be a public service, and the main one is First Aid.

We have been greatly assisted by the issue of St. John's Ambulance instructional books, which have enabled us to

dispense with note-taking; and the co-operation of Mrs. Hart, our Matron and Instructor, has proved most valuable. Mrs. Hart thinks that we shall be ready for the examination before the end of this term.

We regard the club as one of the best we have; and, as the saying goes, " if you don't need First Aid when you join, you most certainly will when you leave."

J. C.

(sufferer from artificial respiration)

1st CAMERON HIGHLANDS GUIDES COMPANY

The Guides at school have three patrols called Robin, Swallow, and Nightingale. The Company is still going strong, and a great many Guides have passed an assortment of tests. Everyone has worked very hard, and many have gained their Tenderfoot badge after a little coaching from Miss Jones, our Guide Captain. The new shortened form of the Second Class test has been adopted by the Company, and the first two Guides to try it proved very successful. During the year, two Cooks Badges have been awarded, and we hope that by next year a greater number of Proficiency Badges will have been gained. Stalking, tracking, fire-lighting and cooking are some of the most interesting and popular parts of the programme which we have enjoyed.

As part of the Speech Day displays, the Guide Company gave a demonstration of open-air cooking on three different kinds of fire. Despite the windy weather, which made it difficult to control the flames, we were able to produce some samples for parents and friends.

The few Guides who live near Kuala Lumpur were lucky enough to join the Guides of Selangor, Perak, and Pahang at the rally held in honour of Lady Baden Powell on Easter Monday. Two of them were fortunate enough to shake hands with the Chief as she visited each group of Guides.

Four of the Senior girls have now started a Ranger group attached to the Guide Company. As others reach the correct age, we hope that the group will grow and that they will be able to plan an adventurous programme.

This term, we hope to be able to hold our first camp during Half-Term weekend. The Boy Scouts Association of Penang

has kindly given us permission to use their camp site at Telok Bahang. This will make it possible to put our training into practice, and we are looking forward to an enjoyable and instructive time.

MARGARET MORRISON,
Patrol Leader,
Robin Patrol.

HOME NURSING

In Home-Nursing we are learning to care for a sick patient at home or in hospital. We have been learning elementary Anatomy and Physiology, and have also done some practical work: Bedmaking and changing sheets with the patient in bed. Bedbathing — bathing a patient in bed. Taking and charting T.P.R. (temperature, pulse, and respirations). Bandaging to keep dressings in place. Preparing a bed for a patient who is very ill, or who has had an accident.

Bedmaking is really quite simple: if the patient is able, she sits with a blanket round her; otherwise, we make the bed and change the sheets with the patient still in bed.

Bedbathing is for a very ill patient, or one who is not able to wash or do things for herself. The bed is stripped, the patient has a blanket rolled under her and is covered by a second blanket, so she is kept quite warm. The washing and drying must be done very carefully; then, after this is finished, her teeth are cleaned, hair brushed, and the bed remade. When we first started bedbathing, we used to laugh a lot because we tickled the toes of our patients, but now we can do the job properly.

Temperature, pulse, and respirations are all taken at the same time. The person should not notice the nurse taking her respirations, or she will sometimes breathe differently and cause confusion. The T. P. R. are then charted — usually twice a day unless the doctor orders this to be done more frequently.

We have done different kinds of bandaging: spiral, reverse spiral, and figure of eight on arms, legs, hands, fingers and knees.

To receive a very ill patient or one who has had an accident, we fold the bedding so that when the patient is placed on the bed, the roll of bedding can quickly be unfolded over the patient and the bed made up in the usual way.

Now all we need are the patients.

WENDY MIFSUD.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mr. Tucker takes us for the photography club which is held every Tuesday evening. It has only just been formed, and consists of ten boys and girls.

Before we could start, we had to scrub the floors and wash the walls of the Motor Mechanics room which is a half Nissen hut. The following week, we carried the equipment down and found that we had two enlargers, a developing tank, and other odds and ends which would be useful. Then we had to paint the windows black so that it would be totally dark. String was hung across the room for the developed films to hang on and dry. Having removed the bulbs, we were now ready to start.

Since then, we have been learning to develop, print, and enlarge. Soon we hope to be doing the developing and printing for the whole school.

A. M.

THE RIFLE CLUB (SMALL BORE)

Despite the clamourings from the Junior classes, we have had to maintain the membership at a restricted twenty-four.

Enthusiasm remains as high as ever, individual competition is extremely keen, and a decided improvement amongst certain of the Juniors is a matter of gratification. I have in mind Geoffrey Cousins and Alex Meredith, particularly Geoff. Congratulations, Geoff!

Highlights of last term were our two competitive shoots against selected teams from The King's Dragoon Guards (Regular Army) whom we beat both times: a really satisfying performance.

Our previous worries over ammunition supplies have now been solved, thanks to Brigadier Cubbon of 17 Gurkha Division who is keenly interested in the Rifle Club and its welfare.

Thanks are also due to those stalwarts on the teaching staff: Mr. Fielding, Mr. Corker, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Tucker who have provided competitive stimulus (and, let's face it, they are pretty stiff opposition — especially Mr. Fielding).

This term we are aiming (sorry!) at producing some Marksmen towards the Duke of Edinburgh's awards, so we are now buckling down to some serious shooting and, we hope, many "possibles".

G. A. H.

SCOUTS

The Slim School Scout Troop was formed in 1951 as a member of the Tapah Group (the 12th), but after a series of changes the Troop was broken up; and there was not very much activity after the departure of Mr. Fielding in 1955.

Christmas term saw the return of Mr. Fielding, and the reorganization of the Scout troop began. The following term, Mr. Harrison arrived, and Mr. Fielding handed over to one who, he said, was a real Scouter. We discovered that he meant Mr. Harrison, who wore a Gilwell "necker" and had run a Troop in England.

Things now began to move still faster, and we found ourselves camping on Penang Island (the first European Troop to do so). The Troop has now filled up, and even Mr. Harrison finds his hands full. We have five patrols with eight boys in each; far more than we have ever had before.

We are now The 1st Cameron Highlands Lone Troop, and pride ourselves on our solitary Scouting in the Cameron Highlands.

C. P.

SOFT TOYS AND KNITTING

For the last few terms, Mrs. Corker (the librarian) has very kindly consented to run a Soft Toys and Knitting Club which has interested girls of all ages.

The girls have a choice of what to make. If they decide on soft toys, a collection of elephants, dogs, pandas, and other animals soon appears—these are later sent to hospitals and other charitable institutions. Girls who decide to make articles for themselves are given advice by Mrs. Corker, who also buys the required materials.

Every Summer term, there is an exhibition of work to which the club contributes. At the moment, the majority of the club members are frantically knitting cardigans, gloves and polo-necked sweaters which will be on show in this term's display.

G. W.

STAMP COLLECTING

The school Stamp Club still meets every Tuesday evening under the guidance of Miss Barton.

We have now been joined by several new pupils who have just started collecting, and, in addition to the acquiring of stamps from letters, posted to the school, we have done a lot of exchanging amongst ourselves.

On one occasion, we each gave some of our "swaps" to Miss Barton who then arranged a treasure hunt. We would like to thank her for her help.

B. J.



A TYPEWRITING CLASS.



• SPORT •

BADMINTON CLUB.

The Badminton Club has been in existence for several terms, giving pupils the chance both to learn the game and have an hour of enjoyable exercise.

Badminton courts, rackets, and shuttles are provided; and the only handicap is that we have to clear the Assembly Hall if we wish to play indoors. The club is held every Tuesday evening and we have found that it is not just a case of hitting and hoping. Mr. Fielding teaches us to vary our shots, and says that if our opponents can make two returns without moving we are playing badly. He even teaches us how to stand.

We can also play in free time at the weekends, but we still have much to learn. A school team played against the Police and the Leonard's Club, and was outclassed each time. We shall try again later on.

A. J.

BASKETBALL

This term saw the beginning of the Basketball Club, run by Mr. West. Although the pitch and the players have suffered constantly from the frequent rain storms, it has proved a popular club with the boys; even the ones without much skill find that they are being made fit.

Our main problem is to get games against other teams. No other schools seem to be available so we are hoping to play against some of the military units here. Apart from this, there should be some enjoyable games when the time comes to play the House matches.

B. W.

FENCING CLUB

The club, which was started this term, is run by Mr. Tucker, a new member of staff, and Sgt. Atkinson from the Station Lines. It is held every Thursday evening and, since the beginning of term, we have learnt to appreciate the use of foils and the many actions connected with them. Now we are beginning to fence in the proper manner.

Jeans are usually frowned upon; but in this club, which is for girls only, there is a firm rule that they must be worn, for many of us have been cut or scratched by the foils. We also wear large masks to protect the face, heavy jackets to protect the body, and a glove on the hand holding the foil.

There is no Errol Flynn amongst us, but every one of us enjoys the Thursday Club.

D. A.

GIRLS GYMNASTICS

The newly-formed Girls Gymnastic Club consists of ten girls under the instruction of Miss Cook. At the moment, we are engaged in work designed to give us more confidence in ourselves on the vaulting apparatus and on the wall bars. When this is accomplished, we shall begin training for a gymnastic display which is to be given on Speech Day.

Vaulting, head rolls and other physical exercises are not the only things we are taught in the club, for Miss Cook is particularly keen on teaching us how to support each other correctly for the varying vaults. Though not experts, we find this a particularly enjoyable club (especially the vaulting), and we thank Miss Cook for the useful tips and for the general basic instruction.

S. J.

JUDO

On returning this term, we were pleased to find a new club, the Judo Club. Judo is based on Jiu-jitsu, the Japanese art of wrestling where you make your opponent use his strength against himself; but we seem to use our strength against ourselves.

The first thing we learn is how to fall correctly; then we learn some of the simple grips and throws. The uniform consists of a loose garment of strong material, with a belt but without hooks or buttons.

As you improve, there are graded tests to take; and if you reach the required standard, you are awarded a belt of a certain colour. The highest grade is the Black belt, but few people outside Japan reach that standard.

We would like to thank Cpl. Davies and Sgt. Atkinson of the Station Lines for giving us instruction in this fascinating subject.

R. M.

TABLE TENNIS

Last September, Mr. Corker and Mr. West organised a Cameron Highlands Table Tennis League. The school entered two teams, the members of which were as follows:

Slim "A"

A. Meredith
J. Cowman
Mr. West
Mr. Fielding

Slim "B"

Mr. Corker
M. Avellano
G. Thorwesten

At the end of the season, we found Slim "A" to be third in the league, behind the Leonard Club and the Police "A" teams.

K. C.

THE TENNIS CLUB

The tennis club has had a very bad start this term, for it seems that the weather cannot stay dry for more than half an hour at a time.

On wet days, we have to sit in the Library and knit or read; but we do not mind this, as it has taught us to appreciate the fine weather. If it is fine, Miss Barton takes us to Bukit Lowick where we take it in turns to play singles or doubles on the solitary court. The play may not be expert, or the scoring perfect, but we can now see a difference from the day we started. Slowly we arrived at the stage where we could return simple forward and backhand strokes; eventually we learned how to serve; but most of this was taught to us in lessons by Miss Cook. Our visit to Bukit Lowick gives us the chance to practise what we have been taught.

This practice has been helpful, and now most of us have an idea of what we ought to be doing, even though we are far from being professionals.

Now that the year is drawing to a close, there are hopes that the club will enjoy better weather; and we are also looking forward to next term, for we have enjoyed the term's tennis and feel that we have benefited from it.

P. H.



• ORIGINAL WORK •

AFRICAN MEMORIES

When I was in Africa, I went up the Brewery Hills near Accra the capital of Ghana — it was the Gold Coast then.

The road up the hill is much the same as the one leading to this school; it twisted and turned. At the top of the hill there is a big park; and in it, for many years, professional gardeners have been grafting different trees on to each other. Amongst the many I saw, were oranges, lemons, limes and grapefruit all growing from one tree.

They have done this by taking a piece of one tree, cutting the bottom diagonally, and making a piece for it to fit into in another tree which was still rooted to the ground. They then lashed both pieces together, and left them for several years, by which time the grafted piece had grown bearing different fruit from that of the rest of the tree.

A. BARBER (13 yrs).

In Accra, in the Gold Coast, the fishing is done in the usual native style from boats made of one tree trunk. These ships are launched into the sea on wooden rollers, and they work in twos and threes. When they go out in the evening, one net is suspended between two boats. These nets are made of rope and are many hundreds of feet long, so that in the morning, when they are full of fish, they are too heavy for the fishermen to pull in by themselves. They pull for the shore, and gather all their friends to help them. They then pull in the nets, with everyone singing and swaying as he pulls.

When the nets have been dropped a long way out, it may take an hour or more to pull them ashore, but then comes the

reward; everyone helps himself to the fish which vary in size and shape. When everyone has had enough there are still many left, and these are gathered up and taken away to be sold. The rest of the family then gather in the nets, wash them, and hang them to dry in the morning sun. The boats are also emptied of water and dragged ashore. So ends another day of African fishing.

C. BECKHURST (13 Yrs.).

A LIVERPOOL STREET

By day the street is dull and dingy,
 With houses set in rows;
 The tall black chimneys and the grey slated roofs
 Noisy with crows.
 But as the night creeps on and on
 And all the colour dies
 To the stars that twinkle silvery bright
 In the misty cloudless skies;
 By night I think it's a wonderful place
 With all its twinkling lights
 Flashing and sparkling one by one.
 It's such a marvellous sight
 For an ordinary dull, dingy, Liverpool street.

SHIRLEY JONES (17 yrs).

EAST COAST INDUSTRIES

On the East coast of Malaya, there are tin and iron mines. The biggest one is at Bukit Besi in Trengganu, and that is where I come from.

When the ore is mined, it is loaded on to big trucks that carry 25 to 35 tons. They take some of it to the crusher and the rest they put in a heap. Every 15 minutes a train comes in with empty wagons; and every 15 minutes one goes out full. It is 18 miles to Bungun, and they take the tin and iron there because there is no sea at Bukit Besi. When they get it there, they unload it, and it is taken to the Japanese ships in barges.

Every month the Beaver flies over and drops the pay. The Beaver, which is a small aeroplane, can't land at Bukit Besi because there is no run-way, so it lands at Dungun. It is much quicker than the train would be.

The hill at Bukit Besi is about one thousand feet high, and if you go to the top you can see Bungun and the Japanese ships on the sea there.

B. BELGRAVE (12 yrs).

PRAUS AND PARANGS

All day we had been paddling on the third stage of our journey to visit the friendly and interesting aborigines who live on the banks of the Bera and who roam the whole of this area up to the great swamp of the Tasek Bera. The unaccustomed strain on our arms and shoulders as we plied the spear-shaped paddles of the dug-out canoes was beginning to tell, and I longed for the shout which would announce that our destination was in sight.

That morning, we had left Kuala Bera where we had had to obtain a clearance from the Police Field Force. We were in a "black" area, but that did not worry us very much. My companion (Peter Guest, O.S.P.C. Tapah) and I were taking a few days holiday and we were on our way to pay a visit to a group of the Semelai tribe. The Semelai are delightful people, simple, warm, and friendly; and for a few days we intended living their carefree life without a thought for the world outside.

Our introduction to them had been rather amusing. They tend to be small, light-framed people, and when we met an old member of the community from whom we were to borrow a prau he had been most concerned that my weight would sink his tiny craft. As he pointed out, the prau was so small and the Tuan was so large! Now here he was squatting in the stern of the prau, steering gingerly and still not quite sure of himself.

Suddenly a shout rang out, and there on the bank was the reception committee, a group of cheerfully grinning natives standing in front of typical neat but shaky-looking huts perched on long thin poles. We pulled our praus into the bank and walked towards the small group. Children ran away to hide and peer at us from any convenient cover; the women smiled shyly and took a step or two backwards; whilst the men came forward to meet us. We presented a gift of rice and immediately a fire was lit and the wife of the headman set about preparing a meal.

Now came the testing time. We were politely invited to enter one of the huts and I stepped forward; nervous glances followed my every movement and, as I put my foot on the bottom rung of the fragile ladder, concern overcame good manners. A mad rush took place and, as I mounted, the men-folk supported both me and the ladder which fortunately held. Reaching the small platform outside the hut, I stepped inside.

An awful hush came over the camp, but I am fairly used to the thin flooring of this type of house and gingerly deposited myself near the door. The floor groaned, sagged, but protestingly held, whilst cheers and laughter swept up from below. Soon we were all seated round a large heap of rice, chattering and laughing.

Guests from nearby huts came to pay us a visit, and amongst them was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. With a flower in her hair and only a short gaily-coloured sarong round her slender waist, she very coyly came forward to my corner. Quietly she squatted beside me, and smiled shyly into my face; long eyelashes fluttered at me, and two large brown eyes in a perfect face, holding just a hint of naughtiness, swept me off my feet. As she smiled at me, she locked her fingers and twisted her arms, swaying the upper part of her body whilst the firelight gleamed on her perfect skin. I was completely and utterly captivated by this exquisite creature and she, at the very most, was only five years old. What havoc she will wreak in the hearts of men in later years I can only guess.

Soon the guests took their leave until only our host and hostess, their small son, Peter, and myself were left in the hut. We spread our mats and, wrapped in our sarongs, prepared to sleep. But one rarely enjoys a full night of sleep in an aborigine hut.

Just as we settled down, more visitors came and began to cook rice. I closed my eyes again, but the low mumbling of the men's voices droned on. A young couple stretched out beside me; our host decided to take a short walk round the inside of the hut; I sat up and lit my pipe, and those who had not witnessed this performance before applauded and begged to try it. I smoked for a while until everyone lay down, then once more tried to sleep; but it was no use. All night someone would be up and about, someone else would decide to cook or just light a fire, and one could not help but catch a glimpse of the more intimate side of married life. But it was all friendly and extremely pleasant; no inhibitions repressed us, but decorum and extreme politeness gave us a gentility and tone sadly lacking in more "civilised" communities.

Time whisked by, and all too soon Peter and I had to set out on our way home. Once again, an eight hour slog in the cramped position in the bows of the prau played havoc with muscles and nerves; but the journey was full of interest. The whole of the next day, we paddled and chopped our way along

a route which, after torrential rain and an eight foot rise in the river, took us through the upper branches of the smaller trees and bushes. It was heartbreaking work, but we eventually burst through to the Tasek Bera. The swamp was a maze of large lakes, twisting and turning canals, and numerous islands standing like sentinels in the fading light. From time to time, parties of Semelai paddled past us in large family praus laden with rotan and other wares to trade down at the Kuala Bera. The adults, without exception, plied our guides with questions as to who we were, and showed great pleasure at our interest in their boats and goods; but the brown, naked children squatting in every available space stared at us in dumb wonder.

Darkness overtook us as we paddled through the well-forested swamp, and without our guides we should have been hopelessly lost. Unerringly, and quite uncannily, we were steered along the most exciting passage of the trip until suddenly a winking light on shore announced our arrival at the jungle fort of Iskander. While we wolfed down bully beef and baked potatoes, an astonished fort commander asked us if we had seen any troops. We told him we had not, and his reply was rather shattering: "You should have, because you have just passed through the centre of an S.A.S. operation." Some weeks later, Peter had to explain what he and a civilian were doing paddling about in the middle of an operational area.

Next morning, stiff and sleepy, we pulled on our equipment and said farewell to our guides and to the men of Fort Iskander. A patrol of armed aborigines was to escort us to the edge of the jungle some 18 miles distant; they were obviously intent on breaking a record. Starting off in hot sunshine at a fast walk, we settled down two hours later to a brisk trot. The sun vanished, and the rain beat down with a force I have seldom seen before. Wet through, teeth chattering, and with the roaring of the storm in our ears, we pushed on at an ever-faster pace until even one of the aborigines called on the leader to halt and rest; but no rest was forthcoming. Mile after squelching mile, we slipped and floundered through the forest until I felt I could go no longer. Behind me, Peter stumbled in my wake, and in front the flashing legs of our escort sped on and on untiringly.

Suddenly, a thickening of the forest undergrowth indicated that we were either nearing a clearing or had reached the edge of the jungle. A few moments later we stepped out into the edge of the Ladang Geddis Estate, and our holiday lay behind us.

J. TUCKER.

HIAWATHA JOINS THE MUSIC CLASS

(with apologies to Longfellow)

Enters now the wicked master,
Shouts aloud disastrous order;
"Out with pen and ink, you children
And prepare your notes to copy."
Heads, and tails, and lines, and spaces,
Alto, bass, and tenor voices!

Then the time arrives for singing,
So into the Hall we scurry.
Master hammers on piano,
Voices murmur loud then softly
Till some wretched person falters.
Master's voice of thunder rages,
Shows the way to sing it properly;
When at last the fault is conquered
To the front the chairs are taken.

Children wait for lazy lesson;
Master takes the record player,
Takes a record long and dreary;
Praises voice, and tone, and breathing;
Says, "That's what I call real singing."
Faces all around are dreary,
Pupils sighing, bored and weary.

But, at last, the record changes,
Elvis Presley now has joined us.
Every scholar's face is joyous,
Feet are tapping on the floor boards.
Crazy Rock 'n Roll has captured
All the children in its clutches.
Then the bell for end of lesson,
Finish long and dreary lesson.

SUE ROBERTSON (13 Yrs.).

FROM GERMANY TO MALAYA

I came from King Alfred School at Plon in Germany. Once it had been a naval base — a large one — but the space available made it ideal for a school. We had our own hospital, swimming pools, tennis courts, games fields, stadium, and churches. The facilities were splendid. The sailing club was especially popular, for, if one were barred from swimming as a punishment, it was always possible to take a yacht out and then capsize it near the shore. The lake also came in useful as a skating rink in winter.

Altogether there were about eight hundred pupils, drawn from all over Germany and from as far afield as the Hook of Holland and Paris. For all sporting and other competitive purposes we were divided into five houses, and, as we lived in these, we grew up in a House community.

I had expected Slim School to be similar to King Alfred School, but all my dreams were quickly shattered. After a long train journey, we spent hours in army trucks while they drove us up the seemingly-unending hill which winds its way to the school. Then, the first buildings that caught my eye were the green shacks in which I was to live. As I have said, I expected it to be like Germany, but that is perhaps unfair located as we are in the middle of the jungle.

Apart from the appearance, things are very much the same, for I don't suppose military schools are very different wherever you find them in the world.

EMILY ADDEMS (13 Yrs.).

GAME SHOOTING

In Nottingham, where pheasants and partridges are numerous, game hunting is very popular.

Usually in September and October, when the young birds are fully fledged, farmers and sportsmen band together to go on shoots. They make hides first, and leave men in them; the rest, including boys to link up the chain of males, comb the fields and copses towards the hides.

The pheasants are stupid birds, because they "freeze" until almost trodden upon and thus make easy targets — unless the man is surprised. Partridges rise about forty yards ahead and fly straight to the hides where they, too, are shot — except for a few lucky ones.

I remember one incident on a bitter morning in late October towards the end of the season. Mr. Webster took a shot at a fleeing hare but missed by inches as it darted through the hedge, frightening a covey of partridges hidden there. The birds were mad with fright, and flew straight towards the hides where only two of about eight escaped. One bird was inedible because of buckshot in both wings and breast, but the others were most welcome.

Sometimes pheasants escape detection until they are almost under a man's feet; they then scuttle forward and take off. Usually the man is so surprised at the manoeuvre that he finds it difficult to get off a shot; and, as he is so close to the bird, other men cannot fire either. The bird, however, is nearly always killed at the hides.

In May, when young birds or chicks have just hatched, great precautions are taken to see that the bird lives. We found a pheasant's nest containing a dozen eggs, and kept an eye on it in case of bird-nesters; we didn't have any because the fine for being caught with pheasant or other game bird's eggs is severe — two to five pounds depending on the size of the egg. We were quite amazed at the hatching, and one chick hatched out in the palm of a friend's hand. The chicks are beautiful soft round balls when dried off; but if they get the human smell on them the mother will kill them by breaking their necks, so we were very careful not to handle them too much.

Hares and other such game often spoil their chances by charging blindly about; and one hare about-turned, doubled back, and was nearly caught by hand before darting back to be shot through the head. The canal nearby is always watched, for if the hares cross it they stand a good chance of escaping. I once saw a hare dart through the reeds and swim the canal at a fast pace in terror. This is not seen often, but there is no lack of interest in game shooting.

S. BAKER (13 Yrs.).

LAZINESS

(comments culled from Fourth Form essays)

Laziness in hot countries prevents sunstroke. (E - - - l - ell - r)

Laziness is the art of doing nothing in particular without moving. (M - - - ael P - - - ey)

When you get to the age of fifteen, you begin to get rather lazy. I am fifteen.

In cold countries there is not so much laziness, as it is too cold to sit around doing nothing. (T - - - B - n -)

Malaya makes you lazy.

Most people's occupation nowadays is to watch other people work.

Some people are born lazy; others just turn lazy.

Laziness is the source of wrong-doing (- - m S - lt - r)

Laziness is found mostly in boys. (C - l - n P - y - e)

If you work all day you will never get bored, but you get very tired. (J - m B - t - - ml - y)

Laziness is a full time occupation.

It is a natural instinct to be lazy.

Once I used to be lazy, but I found it did not pay at Slim.

Laziness is not a disease, just a habit which cannot easily be changed. (Ba - - y H - rd)

There is often a good reason for your laziness, but nobody else can see it.

People work hard to get to the top, so that they will not have to work hard. (Ro - - n Gr - - nw - - d)

MAN-EATING TIGER

I was not very old when it happened, but I remember it quite clearly.

I woke up one morning in 1949 to hear our dog barking furiously outside the house—we lived in Port Dickson at the time. I also heard a deep roar, after which the dog barked in a different tone as if in pain. Then there was silence!

I ran into my mother's bedroom and found that she was not there so I scrambled down the stairs and found her at the telephone, ringing up the police. My father was away on a course in the jungle at that time, so no one else was in. Suddenly I remembered my dog, and, looking out of the window, I saw him lying in a pool of blood. I began to cry though my mother did her best to comfort me. Then she told our cook to shut all the doors and windows in the house.

Half an hour later, the police arrived and questioned my mother. After a cup of tea, they departed but told us to keep the doors and windows shut. I then asked my mother what had killed my dog and she said that it had been a tiger.

Two weeks later, when my cook was about half way home to his kampong, the tiger sprang out of the jungle and mauled him to death. Next morning he was found and buried; and two days afterwards, the tiger was shot by a Malayan policeman in the Armstrong Estate one mile away.

A. MEREDITH (13 Yrs.).

OLD FAITHFUL

We serve you well and true,
And hope this fact you will allow.
We charge forward to the enemy with you,
Or plod at your plough.

We win you cups galore,
And can do no more
To help your human race.
Yet we still look on you with faithful face;

And go steadily on at our best pace,
And stride
To serve you as a good ride.
And when upon the air is borne
The echo of a hunting horn,

We step out determinedly to the chase
And keep up to the pace
Expected of us.
What we like as a reward is to be able to graze,
And watch you proudly gaze
On us.

And to be able to lie on clean, sweet-smelling hay;
And look forward to another day
Of serving you - -
Our masters!

EVELYN ROLFE (16 Yrs.).

HOCKEY GOALKEEPER

You are sitting enjoying a quiet afternoon when suddenly, as if from nowhere, appears a large crowd. The leader carries a piece of paper and an important-looking pencil and, after looking at you, she makes a decision and with evident satisfaction writes something down on the paper.

You, of course, are filled with curiosity so you dash over and to your dissatisfaction, find them putting down your name in the space marked "Goalkeeper."

The next afternoon, you are standing between two white posts wearing some most-awkward leg protection which will not allow you to bend, run at any reasonable speed, or even to sit comfortably on the grass whilst the ball dodges defenders' sticks at the other end of the field.

It is a nasty, vicious ball! Now it makes its way from stick to stick across the field towards your precious goal. You stand up, clutch your hockey stick, and prepare to defend your charge to the last blade of grass — there must be no retreat.

The treacherous ball now pops over to join a little Wing who is far from her position; then, having drawn the defence, it leaps over to the beefy Centre-Forward who is standing, surrounded by space, far too near your position. There is a crack, and that miserable ball is making for you. You kick, swing, and finally dive desperately. Then, hot and flustered, you turn from your horizontal position on the grass, and glare at the ball which is sitting proudly in the middle of the goal, roaring with laughter at the ridiculous ease with which it managed to evade your efforts.

SUE ROBERTSON (13 Yrs.).

THE SEASONS

First of all the Spring is here,
Birds songs ring in every ear;
The grass decides it's time to sprout
And all the chestnut buds come out.

Now the Summer comes along
And Spring must sing its farewell song.
Children also sing and shout,
For the sun at last is out.

The Autumn leaves begin to fall.
Still the children play and call;
Not gone yet the Summer sun;
There's still time for outdoor fun.

Now the Winter's come at last,
And the snow-flakes fall so fast.
Children with their sledges play
And slide and snowball every day.

BETTY HUNTER (14 Yrs.).

A 'ROO DRIVE

Setting out in a small truck, we started on our trip. We were heading towards a fairly thick bush area where the 'roos are found in large numbers. There were nine people including myself, and we were armed with .22 rifles for the drive which we had been planning for some time.

After about seven hours of travelling over rough country, we made camp by a fast-flowing creek. When everything was done that had to be done, we prepared for our mid-day meal. That afternoon we explored the country surrounding our camp; there was plenty of game and some fresh 'roo tracks. As night fell over us like a great blanket, we had our dinner and retired to our beds which consisted of a few blankets, a ground sheet, and a block of wood for a pillow.

Next morning we rose from our beds at the crack of dawn, ate a hearty breakfast of canned beef, and drank a few cups of hot coffee. I took a walk in the fresh air along the creek. On my arrival back at camp, I found the rest of the men waiting with rifles, ready for a quick start as it was getting late. We set off about eight o'clock and travelled upstream, for I had seen nothing whilst on my walk in the other direction. On our way, I saw some of the most-colourful birds I ever laid eyes on.

After a few miles of travelling through the bush, we saw some fresh 'roo tracks not far from the creek. At this place we rested for a while before setting out again. Within an hour of setting out from our resting-place, we came upon open brush country with a very soft dirt surface; and finding 'roo tracks with the greatest of ease, we followed them for about three hundred yards. We then saw five great red 'roos standing up and looking as proud as kings until they saw us coming towards them. They bounded off in the direction of our camp, then suddenly another three joined them. We pursued them very carefully and saw them again by a little pool of water; they were standing about two hundred feet from our position. As we surrounded them in a half circle, a pig ran out of the bush to the right of the eight red 'roos and frightened them off, spoiling our chances of hitting them, so we made tracks back to our camp and ate a meal of tinned meat and beans.

That afternoon, we set back on our tracks as far as the little water hole where we picked up the direction of the 'roos easily enough. We followed them as far as we could — that

is, as far as a rocky part of the territory we were in. Quite soon, we found the tracks, and followed them for about a hundred yards. Then, only fifty feet off in a bit of brush, we saw them standing there as if they had no worry in the world.

We half-circled them again, and waited for thirty seconds in our positions; then, on the instant the second hand said half a minute, nine .22 rifles cracked as if one trigger had fired the whole nine of them and seven 'roos dropped while the other bounded off.

We skinned our game and pegged them out to dry, with fat rubbed into them to preserve them.

The one that got away was the biggest one I had the pleasure of hunting, and the only one that could provide me with a prize skin. So I set off in the direction of our shoot and came upon the spot where I had lost sight of the big 'roo. I scrambled through the bush and, on the other side of some saplings, he was standing chewing leaves. I stalked him to within twenty-five feet and rested for my aim. I was shaking as if I were cold, but it was quite hot and I didn't know what was making me shiver.

I steadied myself as much as possible, and then aimed. I aimed for its thigh and slowly squeezed the trigger. At the instant of the crack of the rifle, the 'roo leaped into the air as if he were going to fly; then he hit the ground with a thud and lay there quite still. I walked over and looked at my shoot with joy. As I looked, I noticed his blood-shot eyes which seemed to hold both fear and hate. He was still alive, and obviously in agony, so I shot him through the brain. I skinned him, made tracks back to camp, and pegged my skin out to dry.

At tea, I talked about the shiver I had had when I saw the 'roo; and Bill, the leader, said it was just fear—an unpleasant thought. However, it had been much more unpleasant for the kangaroo.

D. BRYEN (15 Yrs.).

POETS' CORNER

The first day: "Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored"
— (Pope)

Rising bell: "The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew"
— (Arnold)

Staff: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation"—
(Thoreau)

Meals: "She helped him to lean, and she helped him to fat;
And it looked like hare—but it might have been cat"
— (Barham)

School rules: "Let's find out what everyone is doing, and then
stop everyone from doing it". — (Herbert)

Free time: "We do not what we ought. What we ought not,
we do". — (Arnold)

Swimming: "The wills above be done! but I would fain die
a dry death". — (Shakespeare)

Tuck shop: "You pays your money and you takes your choice".
— (Punch)

Singing: "I can't sing; as a singist I am not a success; I am
saddest when I sing; so are those who hear me". — (Farrar
Browne)

Mixed schools: "Boys will be boys—and even that wouldn't
matter if we could only prevent girls from being girls".
— (Hope)

Domestic science: "A highly geological home-made cake". —
(Dickens)

Bug-hunters: "He would pour by the hour o'er a weed or a
flower,

Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;

Or great ugly things, all legs and wings,

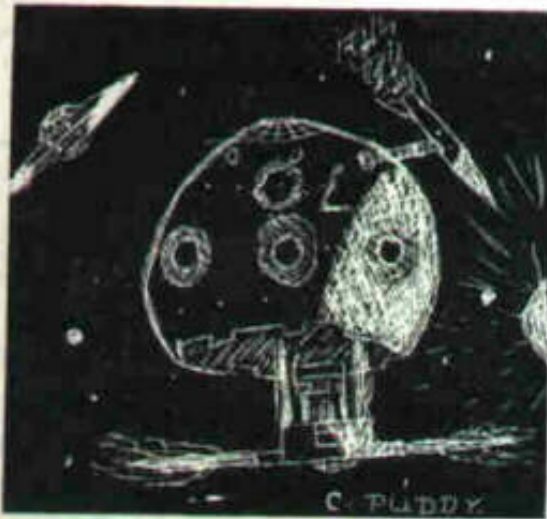
With nasty long tails armed with nasty long stings". —
(Barham)

Woodwork models: "An ill-favoured thing, Sir but mine own".
— (Shakespeare)

Exams: "Examinations are formidable even to the best pre-
pared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest
man can answer". — (Colton)

J. COWMAN (15 Yrs).

SECOND STOP SATELLITE 70



I am a workman from Satellite 70 which is being built off Mars. At present, I am enjoying a leave on Earth, but that is now over and I am returning to the launching base in Australia. The atomic-powered steamship is cruising across the ocean at about 200 knots, and we are due at our secret harbour in one hour.

It is now two hours later, and I am watching the tele-screen as a space ship lands. I study the loading and refuelling operations carefully, for this ship is to take me back to work. The loudspeaker breaks the silence, telling all workers to get into the "wizzers", so I enter the small jet-propelled "bubble" car and speed at 2,000 miles per hour along the smooth concrete runway.

When we get to the ship, we all study it. It is a big one, 300 feet high and 300 feet in diameter at the bottom. A lift in the launching rack takes us up to a door near the control room. As we enter, the door closes and lights are switched on automatically. I look round and see that I am in a circular room with a sort of tube in the centre. This is a lift, and it runs from the radio room in the nose to the rocket motors and fuel tanks at the bottom of the third stage; this ship, like most models, is a three-stage one. We go in and press the "Passenger" button; the lift surges upwards and I feel as if I have left my stomach behind.

The passenger room consists of rows of bunks arranged round the lift tube. I go to one bunk and study it. It has a steel framework, and it is padded with foam rubber; the straps are of leather. When I have strapped myself in, I look up at the tele-screen and watch the launching rack being removed. The radio crackles and a voice says, "One minute to zero; strap yourselves in". Then the voice begins again, "Ten, nine, . . ." and so on, until it gets to "three, two, one, zero!" There is a hissing and a roaring, a surge of power, and we are airborne.

When we are in space, we can remove our belts; and, while we wait, I watch the first and second stages drop off and go to Earth in a beam of magnetism so that they can be used again. "Belts off!" I immediately float up to the padded ceiling, but I don my magnetised boots and sit comfortably until we reach Satellite 120 which circles the Earth.

We go over the gang path, and into the air-lock of the satellite. Then we go through passages, and finally enter another space ship which is in a giant air-lock. Once again I strap myself in, see the air-lock open on the tele-screen, and hear the "three, two, one, zero".

We are in space again bound for Satellite 70, and soon I see the half-completed globe.

It is now one year later. Number 70 is guiding space ships in and out of Mars' atmosphere with the help of radio and radar. It does its job very well, and I am its proud Captain.

C. PUDDY (11 Yrs.).

OPERATION COCONUT

On February 20th, the school Scout Troop set off for its first real camp. The trip was scheduled to begin at 5.30 a.m., but so keen were the P.Ls. that they roused the poor Scoutmaster at 11.30 p.m. the previous evening.

Twenty scouts piled into a Troop Carrying Vehicle, and down we went through the jungle; winding for forty miles past the "atap" huts of aborigines who stood and waved to us, blow-pipes at their side. The cool climate of the Highlands gave way to the burning heat of the plains, and we luxuriated in the warmth of a tropical sun. Our route lay through Ipoh, past a swaying elephant who gave us a benign glance, and mysterious temples hidden in cathedral-like caves.

In a tiny village we broke down, and, as we all waited for help to arrive, a tropical thunderstorm burst upon us with great ferocity. Our audience of curious Malayan children scattered, and we sat tight for two hours whilst the deluge poured down. Help arrived, and then the huge vehicle refused to move so every Scout pushed — and pushed. Soon we were followed by hordes of Chinese and Malayan sight-seers who had decided that this was the best entertainment for many a bright day. At last we were ready, but the Malay mechanic realised with horror that his precious tool kit lay on the road half a mile

back. Suddenly his face beamed as up drove a young Malay on a cycle and handed the kit over. We were then delighted to see the lad give a merry smile, a smart Scout salute, and wish us "bon voyage" with a left handshake. Late that evening we reached "Jubilee Camp", close by a village rejoicing in the name of Telok Bahang (Bay of Coconuts). Along came Dr. Khoo Kim Cheng, the State Commissioner for Penang, to see that all was well. His joyful personality gave us a happy introduction to the Scouting types of this tropical haven.

Dawn and the Scouts arose together. What a vista met our eyes. Above and around us swayed graceful palms, and close by lay the still tropic sea with the hills of Northern Malaya towering like sleeping blue giants on the rim of the shimmering horizon. We should not have been surprised had Miss Lamour walked into the camp complete with "sarong". Breakfast was cooked over a fire of coconut husks, and this remained our staple form of fuel for the duration of the camp.

Our days were filled with activity: games, exploration, gadget-making and Patrol activities. Chinese Scouts joined us, and introduced us to the fine art of climbing a palm tree in order to procure the most delicious ripe coconuts. The S.M. soon demanded his daily pint of fresh "milk" drawn from these nutty "dairies". In the evenings, the spell of Scouting was cast over our camp fires as old, familiar songs drifted across the moonlit beach to Telok Bahang; and native fishers stopped to listen to these alien sounds.

For our final day in Penang, the Army had kindly allowed us to use the military launch for a trip to the smaller islands. Sgt. Rin Ah Bee, the Chinese captain, showed us the mysterious bays and inlets through which our craft passed, and at last we anchored off a small island where the Scouts enjoyed themselves diving from the launch into the sun-drenched sea. Our "picnic" basket overflowed with juicy fresh pineapples (one per boy) and a monster bunch of sweet bananas. It was reluctantly that we watched the anchor being raised for the journey back.

The next day, "Black Panther" saw us on to the ferry, and all too soon we were back in the T.C.Vs. It was an early start so that we could be back at school before the hour of curfew, and the sten guns carried by our drivers reminded us that the Communist Terrorists were still hiding in the jungle along our homeward route.

Before re-entering Ipoh, the Scouts visited a Buddhist temple which lay under an enormous cliff. The shaven-headed

priest guided us round the dark interior of the huge cave, and then sat us all down at marble-topped tables. Young Chinese priests served the troop with "joss cakes", sweets, nuts, and thick sweet coffee in dainty glasses. The priest then donned his saffron robe and came to the mouth of the cave to see us depart. Each Scout solemnly bowed his way out, and the friendly Chinese bowed back with a broad smile at his Scouting visitors.

Back at the school, the English daily paper reported: "Blizzards are raging over Britain; snowdrifts stop traffic." Yes, you must be tough to camp in February.

E. H. HARRISON.

THE THING

It was nine o'clock, so I decided to go to bed. I switched off all the ground-floor lights and made my way, with the help of a candle, up to my bedroom. I was shivering violently when I got there, so I hurriedly flung on my pyjamas and leaped into my hard, cold bed without bothering to wash. Even the thought of washing in that icy water made me shiver.

It was nearly an hour before I could get out of the cold, windy, wet, dark land of humans into the usually-peaceful land of sleep.

I lay asleep for a while, then suddenly the door opened and there it was—the THING! I got out of bed, rushed through the other door of my room, down the dark stairs, and out of the house into the biting cold wind and the icy rain. I stopped for a while, panting, but as I stood in the rain I saw the THING coming after me again, so I began to run. I ran through long, dark, dirty alleys tripping over unseen boxes, crawling over walls and under wet, snowy bushes, wading across rivers, dashing in front of cars, running through woods and forests and through grave-yards—but wherever I went, the THING followed me. I continued running until I was trapped. I was on the edge of a cliff facing death from the THING.

It came nearer to me, and yet nearer, and at last—rather than die at its hand—I hurled myself over the cliff into space. I fell for hours, it seemed, till I felt a great jerk.

Then I found myself half out of bed, staring at the picture of a cliff on the bedroom wall, and glaring into the eyes of my fearsome model of a Chinese war-lord. The THING!

G. COUSINS (14 Yrs).

UNCOMFORTABLE JOURNEY

The lights had just been switched on, and everyone got up from the warm comfortable seats.

Outside, the rain was pouring down and the large, ungainly vehicles were saturated. The occupants climbed into their places, but waited for the transport to move before settling themselves in their final positions. As the three-mile journey began, the water which had collected on the roofs poured in and soaked everyone, thus adding greatly to the discomfort.

At last came the point of arrival, and the "drowned rats" filed out and made their way straight to a large wooden building where they lined up. When the word was given to enter, they wasted no time in walking to the far end to seize a cup — of cocoa!

Yes, you have guessed correctly. The people were the pupils of Slim School, and they were returning from the weekly cinema show in the A.K.C. As always it was the regular Cameron Highlands weather — RAIN!

SHIRLEY JONES (17 Yrs.).



The Mosque.

N. Jackson.

**1st CAMERON HIGHLANDS GIRL GUIDE COMPANY
CAMP AT JUBILEE CAMP SITE, TELOK BAHANG.**

Fourteen very excited Guides with Miss Jones and Miss Barton left school on Thursday morning June 19th en route for Penang to the first company camp. The heavy drizzle and hard seats did not daunt our spirits and the journey to Tapah Road Station passed very quickly whilst we sang. On the train we were able to relax and enjoy the packed lunch thoughtfully provided by Miss Powell. At Penang we were met by another T.C.V. and were quickly bowling along to Telok Bahang. We hurriedly pitched the tents just as the light was failing and cooked our first meal in the dark. By nine o'clock all the Guides were tucked up in bed. The Settlement Scout Commissioner Dr. Khoo called to see if we had arrived safely.

Our first morning was spent in making gadgets and getting organised. When the rations arrived futile attempts were made to store them out of reach of ants, but never were ants so persistent or so numerous. Soon lunch was on the way, and the afternoon was spent in well earned rest and swimming. In the early evening we were collected by T.C.V. and taken to the Padang to see the Police beat Retreat in the presence of the Yang di Pertuan Agong and the Permaisuri Agong and a great throng of citizens.

The Guides who live in Penang visited their parents whilst the others had a shopping spree on Saturday. We finished the day with a camp fire on the site as the weather was so threatening. The rain descended after we were in bed but as the ground was so sandy it drained very quickly.

To be ready to leave for Church at 9.00 a.m. on Sunday morning was quite a rush but everyone turned out smartly, whilst the Catholic Guides guarded the camp and prepared lunch. After the service we were all invited to cool drinks with the Padre's wife. These were very much appreciated. The afternoon was passed happily by swimming, and in the evening Dr. Khoo showed us a film of Lady Baden-Powell's visit to Penang and one of the Scout Jamboree, to celebrate the Centenary of the Founder's birth.

The high light of the camp was the launch trip organised by Capt. Miles for us on the "Jackson." We watched the Malayan Airways planes landing, saw the Leper Colony Island and landed on a lonely beach for a swim and discovered a fishing village and so were able to buy fruit to quench our thirst. Despite every precaution some people became sun burnt but none suffered unduly. The trip back was marred by a heavy storm, but nothing dulled our enjoyment. Mrs. Pe'

Settlement Guide Commissioner paid us a short visit in the afternoon. After a hearty supper we turned in for an early night.

All too soon the last day of camp arrived. We paid a visit to Ayer Itam Temple and got wet yet again. A very bedraggled group of Guides paid a visit to St. Nicholas Home for the Blind and made themselves known to Yoke Lim whose photograph we had seen at school. She was very happy to receive us and with Miss Kelly the Principal escorted us round the classes and her own living quarter. We were interested to see the boys and girls reading, writing and doing arithmetic in Braille; and more thankful than ever that we do not suffer from such a handicap. We bade Yoke Lim farewell and climbed back into the truck reaching camp just before the Padre who was invited to lunch. Miss Barton had the meal nearly ready and the Rev. Mulliner soon showed his skill as chief stoker and fire waffer. After lunch we regretfully took down our tents and moved across the road to the concrete shelter, no sooner had all got there than a heavy storm struck the coast which delayed our swim but gave us time to clean up ready for an early start next morning. We welcomed to our final camp fire Dr. Khoo, two Guiders and four Guides from a local company and two blind Guides from St. Nicholas' Home.

After a short night on very hard concrete we arose rather late in pouring rain. However everyone worked with a will and two wooden boxes produced a blazing fire and we had breakfast, and boiled eggs for lunch in record time. Meanwhile everyone turned to speedily and cleared up buildings and the site, and at 7.30 a.m. we were on our way back to Penang and school. Mrs. Pe' and Padre Mulliner were on the quayside to see us off. Fourteen very tired and slightly grubby Guides with their Guiders tumbled out of the T.C.V. at Slim School to be greeted by the unlucky ones who spent half term in the Cameron Highlands.

The Guides would like to thank Major Stokes, Capt. Hawkins, Miss Powell and Miss Wynne for making it possible for us to go to Penang. Capt. Miles, R.A.S.C. the drivers and men of the supply point at Minden Barracks arranging transport, excursions and food during our week. Without all this willing help we could not have held our camp. We were very happy to have visits from parents, Padre Mulliner, Dr. Khoo, Mrs. Pe' and the Wardens of the two Scout Camp sites. We are most grateful to the Boy Scout Association of Penang for the use of their camp site.

O. N. JONES.
M. E. H. BARTON.

INNOCENCE IN THE JUNGLE

We had been told that our half term holiday would be taken up by a pleasant five day trip in the jungle north of the Dindings River. That is what we were told, little did we realize what exactly we were in for.

Mr. Tucker an old hand at expedition and exploring built it up to sound like a Sunday school treat. We found out later that Mr. Tucker suffers from a warped sense of humour! Now that it is all over it is pleasant to look back and think how our brains and bodies leapt, scrambled, or crawled over those five days of hardship.

The purpose of the expedition was training for our Duke of Edinburgh's Award; a new feature of school life brought out to British Army Schools in the Far East.

We left the safe refuge of Slim School at 9.00 a.m. 19th June destined for a small Kampong named Sungei Batu. The journey was made in a rather uncomfortable Bedford truck escorted down the hill by a similar truck of smart blue uniformed girl guides bound for the flesh pots of Penang.

It was a pleasant journey to Kampong Sungei Batu and we had a laugh on the way when Mr. Thomas was stopped by a Major in the Malay Regiment and reprimanded because of his truckload of improperly dressed soldiers.

Shouldering our very heavy packs we set out on our five days of torturous nightmare. We travelled along a well used lorry track for an hour but this was merely to lull us into a false sense of security. The going gradually became harder as fallen trees and growing scrub began to blot out the path. Eventually the path petered out altogether, and armed with our maps, a compass and Mr. Tucker's knowledge of the jungle we sallied forth to do battle with the weeping mass of vegetation that surrounded us.

Two and a half hours later and one mile covered; everyone realized by this time that we were up against it. We took a bearing due west and began the arduous climb up a steep hill ahead of us. When we reached the top, one and all sank down exhausted but thinking that the worst was behind us.

Later we were proved wrong again, the worst was here or yet to come. We found ourselves separated from the cool water and beautiful beaches by a thick tangle of secondary

jungle through which we had to pass. Hacking and struggling through this thick belt of hell remains but a tortured sweat soaked haze in our minds, but we eventually made it.

The worst had at last been left behind and the next part of our WALK lay before — mile upon mile of gleaming yellow sand. Sand! it sounds pleasant and is, if you are having a holiday by the sea. But when you have to march through it hour after hour under a blazing sun with every now and then a chest deep lagoon thrown in, you begin to wonder which is the most terrible, the sand or the jungle.

As the days passed obstacle after obstacle lay behind us until we reached the most prominent point of our journey, Tanjong Hantu Lighthouse. (Hantu means ghosts in Malay but we felt any new face would be welcome!) The last lap of the journey now lay before us and everyone was looking forward to returning to civilization.

On the last leg of the trip all were in high spirits — until we realized that coming up off the beach we had once more lost the track. The country was semi-open bush and literally covered with boar tracks. After some compass juggling and taking a bearing Mr. Tucker who had earlier that morning been suffering from a relapse of malaria led us on to the right track. The end of the journey have in sight when, after crossing four miles of open lalang in the blazing sun we hit the main road some ten miles south of Sungei Batu.

We refreshed ourselves with cool coconut water before boarding a bus to take us back to Sungei Batu. Where after debussing we tramped two miles to our first camp.

The following morning we caught our truck and the trip back was spent mostly in exhausted slumber except when Mr. Tucker offered to buy everyone a coke. It was amusing to see the rapidity with which all awoke when that was announced.

So ended our five days in the jungle. But if the reader thinks it was all slogging he is misled. We did on the march stop occasionally to eat a meal or sweat in painfully uncomfortable camps, alive to the ceaseless vigil of the mosquitoes and ants. However we all felt something had been achieved and the journey will remain in our minds as one of the highlights of our school life.

JOHN COWMAN (15 Yrs.).

SLIM SCHOOL LAMENT

O mother, this Slim School's a wonderful place
But the organisation's a shocking disgrace;
At seven in the morning we rise from our bed
And at seven in the evening we're very near dead.
We travel to school in two large T.C.Vs

