

# THE PHŒNIX

EDITOR

H. L. HENRY, B.A. Hon.

MANAGER

T. H. TEARE, B.Sc.

COMMITTEE

A. DATSON, R. G. ZISSELL, B.Sc.

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# C O N T E N T S

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SEPTEMBER *Non mihi, non tibi, sed nobis.* 1937

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## FOREWORD

The following message has been received from Mrs. Lowe, former chairman of the Education Committee :

*THE Editor asks me for a short message to the readers and producers of "The Phoenix." The last issue interested me very much, and I felt it to be a delightful reflection of your school life, and I congratulate you upon your production. I hope the next issue will be the result of much combined effort, and that it will be a serious contribution to the social and literary interests of your school and your homes.*

EVALINE M. LOWE.

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The following message has been received from Dr. Sleight, late Divisional Inspector for Islington.

*My Dear Boys,*

*I promised Mr. Henry to write a few lines for your school magazine. I scarcely know yet how a recently retired inspector should act or talk, but rather expect that he ought to play the role of a heavy-weight father, full of advice and self-satisfaction at what he fancies he has achieved in his own life.*

*It seems to me, however, that any advice I may proffer must be of a negative kind, that is to say, it must consist of warnings not to fall into the mistakes that I have myself made. Some men find satisfaction in reviewing a part consisting of what they regard as excusable errors; they find pleasure in seeing their youthful selves as "sod" or "gay dogs". Even old biblical Jacob, at the end of a long life, confessed, perhaps with a twinkle in his eye, that few and evil had been the days of his life.*

*I shall not attempt, for the purpose of warning, to tell you of my own errors and failures, excusable or unpardonable. Any account of this kind would be of little use to you, since the circumstances and conditions of each life are altogether different. All I would say for your good is this. To me my life seems to have been full of errors and fallings short. I have always tried and am thankful that my mistakes have not so far been visited too ruthlessly on my head.*

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*After writing this, I see there is still no help for me; I must follow the common way of life and offer you some little advice. It shall be short, and here it is. Have high ideals for yourself and your fellows; try to do the best you can with the nature and abilities given you, and try to make others happy. That's all this time.*

*I should like to let you know that I have had a very happy holiday of two months in North Cornwall. Since May 1st the procession of wild flowers has been for me a new and wonderful experience. Primrose and violet, gorse, white and red campion, foxglove and many others with names unknown have seemed to appear with quiet suddenness and to pass away unobserved. They lived their lives, giving nothing but happiness to a world of humans. A good example, eh!*

*Good-bye boys. With best wishes for a very happy holiday.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*W. G. Sleight.*

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## EDITORIAL

Someone, not on the Staff, but a member of the great of *polloi* of Barnsbury, approached me the other day and offered me his felicitations on the aptness of the title of our Magazine, on the grounds that the Phoenix (the bird) has, among other peculiarities, the habit of popping up from its ashy bed of self, every hundred years, and saying, "Howdy!"

Moved more by due appreciation of the mordant humour of the gibe than its inherent justice, and with a vague idea that his figures were out somewhere, I looked the matter up and find that Mr. Chambers hath it as follows:—

"The Phoenix was, according to the most authentic accounts, supposed to visit Egypt every 500 years; the precise period, however, was not known . . . A great difference of opinion has prevailed about the Phoenix—a cycle generally of 500 years but varying also from 250 to 7,000 years." (Hence the term "*Rara avis*.") "*Lapsus* makes it 1,500 years."

So you see why I speak of injustice—we haven't lapsed as far as *Lapsus*—yet.

Going back into ancient history—for this number is going to be a History Number, as our last one was a Science Number—when a Committee was formed to get the Magazine afloat, it was decided to aim at two issues annually, but when our Business Manager had gone through his accounts—by double entry—we found it couldn't be done. Our printers assure us that they print the Phoenix at a price which renders the transaction a piece of quixotic charity unprecedented in the Publishing World, notwithstanding we should have to sell at least 600 copies to make ends meet at the present price—and to sell 600 is hardly possible. With that instantaneous grasp of the mathematical verities which is the mark of the native of Barnabury, you will by now have perceived that we lose—some of you may be even able to compute how much that loss would be if every boy bought his copy—which he doesn't—and will understand that it could not be met more than once annually. Members of the school who feel that they can take over the job and run it at a profit may call round for the Editorial bias pencil—and the job—any time after 4 p.m.; but not too long after.

Hence, as the Magazine in its present form and its present price cannot appear more than once a year, it must perforce partake of the nature of an Annual—a hardy one, we hope, but nevertheless something which inevitably has the characteristics of an annual record, nor can we escape those features in it which mark all such annual records.

In the last issue of the Phoenix it was remarked that it would be a good thing if the Magazine could be run and written by the Boys themselves. The former aim has been given up for the nonce—the latter is gradually being achieved. We are pleased to note that much more of this issue is written by the boys than the last one. As a matter of fact, practically every boy in the school wrote an article for the Magazine this time, but didn't know he was doing so at the time. I ploughed through most of them myself and was agreeably surprised by the varied subjects chosen and what a lot of very interesting stuff was written. If only some of you put in an odd comma or two now and again it would be more readable. I have made a selection of extracts on another page from your work and could have printed tons more if there had been sufficient space. Your interests seem on the whole to be chiefly mechanical or scientific, judged by your work, it would be better if some of you could also send in work of a literary nature.

There never was a new thing done yet (worth doing) that didn't raise opposition in some one, and its value can be measured by the amount of this opposition. One thing that was hurled at the last issue which I took for a terrific compliment was that it was "Highbrow."

Everything that was ever done to raise the slug that man once was from his primeval slime has roused the cry of "highbrow" from the fellow slugs that preferred the slime. Nean-

derthal man, that looked like a gorilla and behaved worse was the ancestor of all the low-brows.

Two things we lack that I would like some of you to try—one is humour, and the other verse. (We did try some verse last time—but I was told it was too "Low-brow.")

Humour is of all shades and is difficult to write. There is, of course, that form of professional humour that engenders melancholy—at both ends. It is common knowledge that professional clowns are the most dreary people in private life. The stuff that is known as slap-stick and deals with the inhuman habit of the human laughing at other's misfortunes, is bound to breed pessimism. The highest form of humour is wisdom clothed in wit and whimsicality.

A good example of this best kind of humour is shown by G. K. Chesterton, a large man with a large output mostly misunderstood and rarely appreciated, who in the words of a critic, "shovels out from his boundless inspiration, with equal facility, diamonds and dirt." The sort of stuff he wrote in his "Father Brown" stories was crowded with dross but sown with diamonds, and his "Man who was Thursday."

Which reminds me that he dedicated his "M. who was T." to a fellow journalist friend, Edmund Clerihew Bentley, who responded in kind when he wrote one of the best known of modern detective stories, "Trent's Last Case," which owes quite a lot to Chesterton's piece of whimsicality. E. C. Bentley, by the way, gave his name to a form of verse almost as popular as the limerick, named after his middle name "clerihews."

Poets are born not made, we are told, but quite a lot of people can write verse, or even invent new forms like Bentley did. Some of you could turn out "clerihews," doubtless, without much difficulty. One which he wrote ran as follows, and will appeal to you:

Geography  
Is different from Biography.  
Geography is all about maps;  
Biography about chaps.

Which is not what one terms erudite, but it's funny. Another which comes to mind is as follows:

Sir Humphrey Davy,  
Invented gravy.  
He also incurred the od-i-um,  
Of discovering sod-i-um.

Here, however, we are laying ourselves open to the charge of being "highbrow," again, so I won't give you any more.

Seriously, however, there is no reason why some of you shouldn't have a shot at writing humour, or verse, or better still, humorous verse.

## PRIZE ESSAY

The following essay gained the Mackower Cup, presented at the London Museum to the writer, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Harewood on July 8th. Those of us who were present not only deeply appreciated the mental feast provided by the scholarly address of his Lordship, but also the more material fare provided. The fact that two schools won cups for three years in succession, and were therefore permitted to retain the cups permanently for their respective schools, should be an incentive for us to go in for this competition annually. Certificates signed by his Lordship are also presented to the second and third places gained by entrants.

To those who deprecate the fact that "pot-hunting" has been up to now only a sport for Sport, it may be a surprise that rewards are now given to those who compete with their brains as well as their biceps. Those of you in Barnsbury who are ready to applaud with vigour the winning of cups at cricket and football, but somewhat tardy to recognise that one can also bring honour to your school by the writing of bits and pieces, I would remind of the words of the poet:

"Pieces have their trophies, no less renowned than Lipton's."

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## SOME EXHIBITS AT THE LONDON MUSEUM CONCERNING THE STUART PERIOD

A good illustration of the congested condition of London at the beginning of the Stuart Period is seen in a map by Peter Vischer, showing a view of London from the Southwark side of the Thames. It shows a compressed mass of houses lining the riverside about London Bridge. Standing out above these houses is "St. Paul's Church," the predecessor of our Cathedral. In the background Hampstead Hills rear themselves, and what are now busy Islington and Holloway appear to be rolling grasslands. The most striking thing on the map is the peculiar construction of London Bridge. Instead of two or three spans, there are so many that not only was the current slowed down (which is amply testified to by the fact that the river froze in winter), but it impeded the passage of large boats above the Pool of London. On the bridge itself are houses, and it is traversed by a tunnel through these.

Up to the Stuart Period, swords had been imported from the Continent, but an Englishman, Benjamin Stone, conceived the idea of bringing some German sword-makers to England.

(\* "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than Wars" seems to be a parody of this.—Ed.)



They settled in Hounslow, and thus the famous band of Hounslow Smiths was founded, some of whose work is seen in the Museum.

King James I's hobby seems to have been the forming of a Zoo (the pelicans on St. James's Park Lake are a modern indication of this) and the bill sent in for a contingent of wild animals and birds sold to him is on view.

The hat, cloak and other garments distributed by Charles I to his friends before his execution are to be seen. One of the medallions made by Rivet, supposedly from Charles' statue, to celebrate the Commonwealth is there. Really, the statue was not demolished, for, on the return of sovereignty, Rivet dug it up and stood it in Trafalgar Square, intact and complete.

Pepys, besides being a diarist, seems to have been a most conscientious worker for the Admiralty. He compiled a book, "The State of the Royal Navy of England," which may be seen, summing up in detail the smallest to the largest of England's Naval Fleet, and there are some exquisitely carved chessmen which came from James II.

Among the belongings of the Stuart Kings are a huge canopied bed belonging to James I and Mary of Modena, and two crowns, a heavy gold one and a silver one used for the ceremonial purposes, belonging to Charles II. Incidentally, the silver one was once nearly stolen from the Tower by Colonel Blood. There is also a suit of armour, given as the traditional fee by the king to his Champion, Sir Charles Dymoke, whose duty it was to challenge all who questioned the King's right and power.

On the whole, I found that by studying exhibits of a given period, I was able to enjoy myself much more, for I could take a much deeper interest in them than would have been otherwise possible. There is, however, one which is outstanding in my memory, for it concerns partly the district in which I live.

This is the organ replacing one at Westminster, broken by the Puritans. It was built by Christopher Schreder, but, being too small to suit its purpose, it became disused, and was stored in the Tower of St. Martin's. The case was for some time used as a china cabinet. In 1728, however, it was sold to Barnsbury Chapel, and remained here until the building's demolition.

E. Pitt.

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(The above essay is an excellent piece of selective précis work coupled with good observation of a Lecture given at the London Museum and demonstration of exhibits by the Lecturer. It had the additional advantage of being well and clearly written and, what you people seem to neglect so often, *soundly punctuated*.—Ed.)

## OLLA PODRIDA

*The following extracts have been taken from articles sent in to the magazine for which there was no space, or from compositions done in class. The italics are the Editor's.*

*How I spent Coronation Day.*—L. Wheeler, III.

On Coronation Day our Buildings held a Party. It started at 10 a.m. and finished about 9 p.m. First we had the very tiny children's races and one of them fell over so they held that race again . . . then came the mothers' race, one of the women, an Irish woman, kicked off her slippers and ran in stockinged feet and came in first. . . When we had finished tea we sat down for some singing, but when the lady started playing the piano the children sang so loud we couldn't hear her, so we packed up. . . After that, we had the distribution of the prizes won for the races. These were presented by Lord and Lady Ringross, a couple of men from the Buildings made up. . . little girls went on the stage and sang and were given presents for singing. Afterwards it rained and everybody went home, but it was a fairly enjoyable day.

*How I learnt to swim.*—P. Tansley, IIS.

. . . so I resolved to learn to swim. At the shallow part of the water I let my legs float on the water and walked along on my hands. The next day I tried to float. At that I was a failure and went down with a bubbling noise. At last I learnt to swim; I jumped from the bottom on to the top and pushed my hand back hard. I moved. I did this about four times and then I could no more.

*The pets I have owned.*—Greene, IIS.

. . . On my sixth birthday my mother presented me with two small kittens. After a few weeks they were the acme of mischievousness. Mutt and Jeff, as I called them, seemed to dote on breaking things. . . A few weeks later the end came. Jeff had almost ransacked the dresser, while Mutt had knocked over the goldfish bowl, the unfortunate occupants with it. The next day, the mischief-makers went with a cat's home attendant . . . a fine Angora rabbit. . . at last we had to get rid of him, as the cat upstairs was far from friendly with him. . . a perfect specimen of a Morocco lizard. . . after a little persuasion, my mother bought him for 1s. 6d. . . He is in the garden now somewhere. . . At the present time I have some more tadpoles, and they are coming on in leaps and bounds.

*Broadcasting.*—J. Walker, IVT.

Now Broadcasting started in a top room of a house in the Strand. This was very successful, for it was in this room that a girl typed out all MSS. and the Broadcasters rehearsed their parts. The listener at the other end, listening very intently, and telling everyone to be quiet (this was in the days of earphones

and Crystal Sets) would not be surprised to hear the Announcer say, "Hold on a minute, please, while we shift the piano" . . . Once in an "In Town To-night" programme a Railway Guard was talking of his duties, and to make a certain point more realistic, he blew his whistle. This blew up the Droitwich power valve and cost the B.B.C. £390. . . . At a Football match, during the commentary, the current or something failed, and the listeners heard nothing for ten minutes. When the hitch was mended, the first thing the listeners heard was, "That was a glorious ten minutes." . . . When the programme is finished, the microphone is not dead. Once after a speech by Mr. Baldwin, he was heard to say, "Thank goodness, that's over, give me a glass of water, somebody." . . . Sometimes when news is rather late coming in, and has to be sent straight in to the News Announcer, it is in the wrong form. For instance, in the first stages of Broadcasting the listeners saw nothing funny in a statement like this: "The London Police are expected to change their combinations this winter." It should have read, "The London Police are expected to have new motor-cycles this winter."

#### *The Progress of the Cinema—A. Wilson, III.*

. . . Sixty-five years ago an American of the name of Edward Muybridge made a bet on the way a galloping horse puts down its hooves. To prove that he was right, he placed twenty-four cameras in a line and attached to the shutters of each a wire, which was stretched across the track. A horse galloped down the track, and as it touched the wire, the horse automatically snapped itself. This gave twenty-four "stills" of the horse in twenty-four stages of its gallop. Muybridge won his bet but what is more, he discovered the germ of an idea for moving pictures. . . . They are now experimenting with stereoscopic films. . . . A journalist described a private show saying that it was as if they were in a stage show. At one part of this show, a train was shown hurtling at the camera. It was so realistic that the audience ducked down in their seats for fear of being hurt.

#### *The Sport of Falconry—W. Tonge, IIIA.*

. . . Although Falconry is still practised on Salisbury Plain, the Cheshire Heaths, and on the Isle of Wight, by the members of the British Falconers' Club, also by the members of the Eton Public School Falconry Club, and in Germany in the Black Forest, the sport is one of the oldest in history. When William the Conqueror was King of England, he brought with him his French falconers, who hunted herons and wild duck on the Essex marshes. Marco Polo when he visited the Khan of Mongolia, saw an eagle that was trained to swoop at wolves.

#### *Early Railways.—T. Hughes.*

During 1804 a Cornishman, named Trevithick, built a clumsy steam-engine . . . cost so much to run that the inventor sold

it to a Durham colliery engineer, who left it standing idle in his slag yard . . . a young engineer saw Trevithick's masterpiece and improved on it so much that on September 27th, 1825, he drove the first train from Stockton to Darlington. His name of course was George Stephenson, but he was not, as the school books say, the inventor of the locomotive.

*Horse Sense.*—B. Wiltshire, I.

A driver was summoned for leaving his horse and van unattended. The horse had strayed across Ludgate Circus to Farringdon Street, a very busy place. . . "Unfortunately, I left him near the traffic lights, the green light came on, and off he went. He had his eye on the lights." "An educated horse?" the magistrate said, to which the driver answered, "Yea, he knows his way about a bit." "In view of his very good character I shall dismiss the summons," said the magistrate.

*Ur of the Chaldees.*—R. Willers, IVT.

Ur is situated near the conjunction of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. It was a town of great commercial importance about the year 3126 B.C. Lot was born in Ur, as was his uncle Abraham, which points to the commercial importance of Ur, as Lot and his uncle were men rich "in cattle, in silver, and fine gold."

At the moment, Ur is in the news, for it is the scene of extensive excavations under Sir Leonard Woolley. . . Many tablets have been found in the form of business letters. One of them tells of two merchants, who in later years formed an amalgamation for the import of raw copper from Europe. The copper was brought across the Syrian Desert by pack mules to the river Euphrates and carried down the river by boat and sold in the markets. In troubled times letters were often intercepted and a tablet has been found from an agent of the firm saying, "I have written to you five times on this subject and received no answer. How can we do business like this?" Just as a modern business man might have written. . .

*The History of Islington.*—BUTCHER, IIIa.

It dates back to the Ancient Britons who formed the hamlet of Isendon. . . then the Romans built two moated camps near Isendon, one on what is now Highbury Hill and the other on what is now Barnsbury Square. . . The moat at Barnsbury Square camp was drained in 1855, and a part of this moat can be still seen behind one of the houses. . . In 1066 the Normans invaded Britain and the land which had belonged to the Chapter and Deacon of St. Paul's (which was nearly all Isendon) was divided into portions of land which William gave to certain people. . . these lands were called manors. They were the Manors of Highbury, Canonbury, Prebend, St. John of Jerusalem, and Barnsbury (Bernersbury). Highbury Manor belonged to Clement of the Barrow, of whom Dame Alice, who founded Lady

Owens School, was a descendant. *Barnsbury (Bernersbury)* belonged to the *de Berners*.

*John L. Baird—A Pioneer of Television.—G. Taylor.*

Like many other famous inventors, Baird was not a rich man, and had very bad health, which many times forced him to give up his experiments. . . . Not being able to do active work, Baird settled down to scientific work. His workshop was a room over a lock-up flower shop in Hastings. The apparatus was assembled on a wash-stand with biscuit tins, cardboard discs, an old tea chest, darning needles, and an assortment of bits and pieces. The most expensive piece of apparatus was a toy electric motor which cost less than six shillings. After six months of experiment, he succeeded in televising a Maltese cross. . . . Newspaper reporters recognised the possibilities of his invention, a report was published in the Press, a cinema proprietor, interested, bought a third share for £800 . . . and he was able to return to London. He established himself and his partner in a Soho attic; to a demonstration came forty interested scientists. Only a few could get into the attic, whilst most of them had to stand on the stairs. One of them was so interested in the invention that he got his beard tangled in the cogs of the machine and had to be cut away. . . . In one case the office boy from the office below his workshop was reluctant to be televised. When Baird went into the next room, he was greatly disappointed that he could not get an image at all on the screen. He returned to find the boy had moved from his position . . . scared of the bright lights. A half-crown tempted him . . . this time the boy's head appeared on the screen . . . from that moment Baird knew he was successful, and ever since he has been working to improve television.

*The Position of Sport in School Life.—A. G. Manley, V.*

. . . I think, in spite of our name in sport, I can still give a few suggestions that I am sure would improve matters. The first . . . the lack of keenness in the lower school. This is well illustrated by the small attendance to support the Football Team in the Lipton Trophy. A stranger giving a quick glance over the keenness of the Juniors, would think that maybe they were devoting their time to swotting, but I am sure we have no better material in the lower classes than previously. And so I say to the Lower Classes, buck up sport a bit more, without letting it interfere with your lessons.

*The Submarine that Bores Through Ice.—R. Turner, IA.*

The Arctic is not a solid mass of ice as many people think. The thickest ice is no more than fifteen feet thick. Explorers have trekked to the North Pole and they have also flown, but Sir Hubert Wilkins is going in a submarine. He will be able to

keep below that fifteen feet and as the ice is broken roughly every twenty to thirty miles, they will not suffocate. . . . How will he know how far from the ice he is? For this he is using an echograph. This will send out noise to the ice and it will come back. Divide the time taken by two and you have the distance from the ice. . . . It will be capable of staying under water for days. . . . it will carry a boring machine so that if he can find no break in the ice. . . . they will bore through the ice. The machine will be able to bore through ice partly because of heat and also by a thing like a gigantic corkscrew.

#### *Cleopatra's Needle.—G. Bignell, IVA.*

. . . . The obelisk is a solid piece of stone, being 70 feet in height, and weighing 180 tons. For over 1,500 years it stood before the great Temple at Heliopolis, but was moved twenty-three years before the birth of Christ to Alexandria to adorn the Palace of the Caesars, which had, in part, been designed by Cleopatra. It was thus that it came to be called "Cleopatra's Needle," which is just as foolish as calling the Tower of London after Queen Victoria. . . . Towed up the Thames on January 26th, 1878, and erected September 12th of that year. In the hollow pedestal at the base . . . were placed two jars containing a varied assortment of articles including a bronze model of the obelisk, to scale of lin. to the foot, pieces of stone chipped from the base, a complete set of current British coins, a translation of the inscription on the side, a Holy Bible, a razor, a box of cigars, a map of London, a packet of hairpins, and a portrait of Queen Victoria.

#### *Dirt Track Riders.—Angel and Billingham.*

. . . . Dirt Track racing said to have originated in Australia, but really had its birth in America . . . when they raced on grass the ground was torn up, so the grass tracks were covered with cinders and began to be called dirt tracks . . . later adopted in Australia for motor-cycles instead of racing cars used on the American tracks . . . Now their national sport, and it was the Australians who first introduced it into this country. In Australia the tracks have a quarter-mile long "straights" and bankings of cinders at the end. . . . In England the tracks are much smaller, being usually about a quarter mile for the whole circuit. Each track has a home team with own colours, nickname and war-cry. Harringay . . . colours of blue and gold, nicknamed the "Tigers" and a war-cry, "2 4 6 8 10, come into the Tigers' den." In England the method usually employed was to go as fast as possible in the "straight" and to "broadside" round the corners, but as this was too slow, the modern method is to cut out the engine just before the bend and to open out while sliding, which gives a thrilling effect to both the rider and the spectators.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln was born. In this uncivilized country, he and the rest of his pioneer family led a hard life, and, seven years later, having found prospects here limited, the Lincoln family removed to Indiana, and settled near to where Gentryville now stands.

For the first year after their arrival, they were forced to live in what was termed a "half-faced camp," that is, a shed to which there were only three sides. After this time, Mr. Lincoln was able to find time to build a much more comfortable, but nevertheless, still very rough, abode of logs. Then disaster overtook them, for Mrs. Lincoln was stricken down with an epidemic fever, and died. In a year's time, Mr. Lincoln was re-married to a widow, Mrs. Johnston.

The new Mrs. Lincoln proved to be both kindly and vigilant, and brought many comforts into the lives of her adopted family. All his life, Abraham Lincoln had displayed an attraction towards literature of any sort, and she was able to help him a great deal to improve his knowledge. The first known result of Abraham's education was a well-worded article on "Temperance."

When Abraham was twenty-one, he and his family decided to leave the unhealthy clime of Indiana, and move westwards to Illinois, where lived a friend of his father's, John Hanks. So the farm was sold, and after fifteen days' journey, they arrived at their destination. Now John Hanks had received a commission to captain a ship to take goods down-river to New Orleans, and Abraham was made second-in-command of the vessel. On arriving at their destination, they were horrified to see negroes beaten and auctioneered, and being treated more like cattle than human beings. From that moment Abraham Lincoln decided to devote his life to the combating of slavery.

On Abraham's return from the voyage, Trader Offut (to whom the goods taken down-river belonged) was pleased with the results, so pleased, in fact, that he made Abraham manager of a new branch-store of his in New Salem. A year later, however, in 1832, Offut was forced to close his shop, owing to financial difficulties. Abraham was now without work. At this time, a tribe of Red Indians, the Sacs, were trying to regain the land taken from them in past years by the settlers. Matters soon reached a climax, and thus the "Black Hawk War" started. Abraham enlisted against the Indians, and was elected to be captain of his regiment, though the settlers had won the war before his troops had intervened.

About a year later, he became a candidate for the State Legislature, but failed to be elected. In 1833, he became an honorary postmaster, and carried out his work conscientiously. In 1834, he again essayed to become a member of the State Legislature, this time with more success, for he was elected.

Then Abraham took up the study of the law, and in 1837 obtained an attorney's licence. He went into a partnership with

John L. Stewart, which lasted until the year 1848. Afterwards he was partner in turn to Judge Logan and Mr. W. H. Herndon. In 1842, he was married to Miss Mary Todd, daughter of the Hon. Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. Four years later he experienced a great political triumph by being elected a member of the United States Congress. As ever, he was strictly against slavery, which was upheld by his greatest opponent, Mr. Stephen A. Douglas, and his powerful party, the Whigs.

Up to this time, slavery had only been legal in the Southern States, but Douglas had seen to it that it was extended into Kansas and Nebraska, by means of the Kansas-Nebraska Slave Bill.

On 16th June, 1860, Abraham was nominated for the Presidency by the "National Republican Convention," was duly elected, and became President of U.S.A. in the following year. Meanwhile, seven of the Southern States had broken all relationships with the others, and were ruling themselves. The revolt in Texas had spread, and the whole south was in revolt. War was the last thing Abraham and his party desired, but it was inevitable, for the Confederates, as these southern upholders of slavery called themselves, attacked, with no provocation whatsoever, Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbour. They bombarded it for thirty-four hours, at last forcing its seventy courageous occupants to capitulate. Stephen Douglas, while these things were happening, had changed his views towards slavery, and besides becoming a valuable ally to the Anti-Slave Party in general, became a great friend of Abraham's.

Lincoln gathered his forces, and on New Year's Day, 1862, drove the Confederates into Pennsylvania. This victory he celebrated by signing the Proclamation of Emancipation, by which thousands of negro slaves were freed, and joined forces with Abraham. The turning point of this great civil war came when the Confederate forces had invaded Maryland, and were overpowered at the memorable battle of Gettysburg, on 3rd July, 1863. In this same month came victories for the Anti-Slave troops at both Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Next year General Grant was made commander-in-chief of Abraham's armies, and his superior generalship hastened the end of the war, and on 9th April, 1865, he forced Robert E. Lee, the confederate commander to surrender unconditionally. This event marked the close of the war.

On 4th March, 1865, Lincoln was again elected President, over a country of peace this time. Then came disaster! Next month, whilst watching a performance in his honour at Ford's Theatre, he was shot in the back of the head by a fanatic, John Wilkes Booth, who, after the assassination leapt upon the stage, and cried, "Eie semper tyrannis" ("So be it always with tyrants"), and added, "The South is avenged."

That night died the man who had eclipsed the efforts of all others in the service of humanity and the United States of America.

E. FIN. IVA



## AVIATION

### I.—How aeroplanes fly.

There are four forces that act on an aeroplane in flight—lift, thrust, drag and gravity. It is necessary to overcome the last two before an aeroplane can rise from the ground. The air-screw driven by the power-unit provides the thrust which drives the machine forward. This air-screw also causes a stream of air which travels along the fuselage, towards the tail. It is this current that provides the lift.

The plane (or wing) of an aeroplane has a thickened leading edge, and its upper surface is cambered. Therefore when the air strikes the front of the wing it rises, causing a vacuum above the front of the plane. When it reaches a certain intensity it becomes powerful enough to support the aeroplane. Another means of providing lift is the pressure acting underneath the plane and forcing it upwards. This is brought about because the axis of the wing is not parallel to the stream of air passing underneath it. The angle to which the wing is set from the horizontal is called the angle of incidence, the leading edge being higher than the trailing edge.

Before an aeroplane can move forward, drag must be overcome by thrust. To reduce drag, the surface of the fuselage is streamlined. That is to say the engine cowling is shaped so that the air-stream passes over it, and along the fuselage in an even current, thereby reducing the resistance to air.

All that is required to control the aircraft is to cause the flow of air to force the aeroplane in the required direction. There are three primary controls which act in lateral, horizontal and vertical directions. Ailerons are situated on the trailing edge of one of the planes, one at each side, near the tips and therefore outside the effect of the air-stream. They are operated when the control column is moved in a sideways direction. This causes one to rise while lowering the other, thus causing the aircraft to bank. Another movement operated by the control column causes the aeroplane to climb or dive. This is due to the elevators situated at the rear of the tail-plane. When they rise they are forced down by the air current and cause the nose of the plane to rise. Steering is effected by the rudder, attached to the vertical fin and operated by the rudder bar. This control is similar to the elevators, except that it moves about a vertical axis.

### II.—A description of an aeroplane.

There are two distinct classes of aeroplanes, namely, monoplanes and biplanes. The former are generally of two types, high and low wing. Probably the most famous of civil light biplanes is the Gipsy Moth, a product of De Havilland. The description of the following aircraft is based on the standard set by this machine.

All aeroplanes have the following parts: a fuselage, a main-plane (two in the case of a biplane), a tail-plane, an under carriage, a power-unit and a cockpit.

The fuselage consists of a frame resembling the shape of a torpedo with a flat nose. It consists of longerons supported by bulkheads. Space is provided for the engine in its nose. To this fuselage is attached the wings. The top plane is a single unit with a cross section based on a registered pattern, all of course being similar and as before described. The lower plane consists of two halves situated on the bottom of the fuselage about one-third of its length from the nose. The two planes are connected by struts and bracing wires. The tail plane is usually built in the fuselage, and to it is hinged the elevators. A fin is set at right angles on it and carries the rudder. Control wires from the tail plane enter the fuselage and are operated by the controls in the cockpit. From here the plane is controlled by the pilot. Rising from the base of the cockpit is the control column. Situated at the pilot's side is his throttle lever and fuel feed mixture controls. On the dashboard are the altimeter, rev. counter, wind speed indicator, bank and turn indicator, engine thermometer, oil-pressure gauge, ammeter and fuel gauge. Fixed to the side of the cockpit are the switches and fuses of the engine ignition. The engine in the case of the D.H. Gipsy Moth is the inverted Gipsy IV. The undercarriage consists of spars supporting the axle on which are mounted the landing wheels. At the top of the front spars are hydraulic shock absorbers.

### III.—Types of Aircraft.

Military aircraft is under the control of the Royal Air Force. Here the aeroplane is built to the requirements of its intended purpose. For instance, the day bomber has a long range, a large pay load with fairly high speed.

The following are a few typical examples of R.A.F. aeroplanes. The Gloster Gladiator is a single-seater day and night fighter, powered with the new Mercury VI engine. The latest of a line of famous fighters, whose parents are the Hawker Hart and Fury, is the Hawker Hurricane with a Rolls Royce Merlin engine. The Fairey Battle is an ultra high-speed medium bomber. The Handley Page Hampden and the Armstrong Whitworth Whitley are two heavy bombers that the variable pitch airscrew has made possible.

The Great War produced the greatest stimulus to aviation. In its latter stages the value of aerial warfare was fully realised and greater efforts were made to create better and faster machines. The aeroplanes of that era were dangerous to handle, particularly those fitted with the then popular rotary engine. After the war, however, designers produced safer aircraft. Engines were made that could be relied on and schedules were able to be kept.

Modern aviation is at last recognised as the source of greatest danger in warfare. We have in this country some of the finest planes in the world, and may easily become the leading air power.

S. G. TINWORTH. V.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

JOHANN KIEFER (*A Translation from the German*)

Whoever was in Austria before the war must have heard of Major-General Johann Kiefer, for he was famous in the days of the old Monarchy.

There were in the old pre-war Empire of Austria-Hungary at that time some ten or eleven nations. Now, these nations produced about 100 burning desires—in fertile years 2000—in less years 60,000; this crop was called the "National wish." In order to put forward these wishes these eleven nations sent their Government representatives to the Minister for War in Vienna.

Now, obviously, the poor War Minister couldn't grant a single one of these wishes—otherwise he would have had the remaining ten races on his neck like a ton of bricks.

The War Minister therefore required an extraordinarily clever officer with remarkable gifts of diplomacy to keep these Parliamentary representatives off his poor neck—and this important and responsible post was held for many years by Major-General Kiefer.

He was a post master of the diplomatic art. Should any M.P. pop up from Bukovina or from the southernmost part of Dalmatia, then up sprang Johann Kiefer and wrapped him round with cotton-wool—feeding him all the while with the nectar of honeyed words.

Whereupon the said Member or Members went off home to the far distant forest fastness or rock-strewn desert from whence he, or they, came—they went home, I say, so charmed, so putting with delight at the successes they had had in Vienna—that never to their dying day, never would it dawn on them that they had achieved nothing, and the veriest jet nor stifle had they achieved by their visit to Vienna. So clever, so tactful, and so trimly had they found the great Johann Kiefer.

Now tact and courtesy of this superior degree is not to be acquired by training alone—it must come from a golden heart. And the Major-General was courteous, through and through in every vein, in all his being.

He was irreplaceable in his duties—but still some day he would have to leave them; for time was flying—and Major-General Johann Kiefer had climbed so high up on the step-ladder of the military hierarchy that he would have to be granted field rank of considerable importance.

He drew, in accordance with his deserts and his enormous capabilities, a big prize in the lottery, and was given the command in the field of what was considered to be the crackest of all the cavalry Divisions in "inner" Austria.

Now it came to the ears of this magnificent, tenderhearted kind-hearted General, that a case of manhandling of the troops had taken place in one of his Regiments down in a place called Topola—a Hussar had been roughly holed on the ears by his officer—and straightway Major-General Kiefer, letting nothing stop him, got himself inside a railway carriage and away he went as quickly as he could, and as straight as the train could take him, off to Trozda. Here he paraded his officers, the Colonels, the Majors, and the Adjutants of the Regiment—and said, with all the courtesy that was his invariable custom:

"Gentlemen, we live in the time of the Child! It is my desire that my Hussars are handled like children."

The amiable behaviour of the Major-General gave the Adjutant of the Regiment courage, and one of them—the very one, in fact, who had got himself holed up in the unfortunate affair of the boxed ears—stepped forward and said:

"General, I wish to most respectfully bring to your notice that we recruit the troops for this regiment out of the most distant forest and wildernesses of the country. They are literally wild animals—bears. If I lock up such a fellow as this in the guard-room, he lays himself down on his plank bed and whistles away in mad delirium because he hasn't got his horse to clean. Believe me, Sir, there is really nothing left for an officer to do at times but to take off his gloves and—without brutality—to bring the fellow back into the right path with a certain amount of energy."

"No, Mr. Adjutant, no, a thousand times no! In the worst of villains

Discontinued

sinks some kernel of goodness—and only when you get at that through appealing to some point of honor can you train them into fine soldiers! Bring the man to me, please, this man whom you thought it not possible to train through kindness; through this very man will I demonstrate how I wish to have my troops treated."

"But, General, I beg to report with all respect, Sir, he is just a filthy gypsy; I would be ashamed to bring him before your Excellency."

"No, Mr. Adjutant, you can't get away with it that way. I must see this man at once."

The gypsy was brought. The Adjutant had not lied, the fellow came along like a bound that had just been at at the kill, filthy to his very back teeth, with a wrinkled drawn-back snout—truly a dirty comeliness in what was supposed to be a uniform.

The General greeted him with flute-like tones, alluring and soothing: "Come a little closer, my son, you have no need to be afraid of me. Do you know who I am, my boy?"

"The Div. . . The Gen. . . the div. . . div. . ."

"Quite right, my boy, quite right, my good fellow, the General commanding your Division. And you—is it not so—you are a gypsy? Oh! do not be ashamed of that, my boy, is it not a beautiful life to live free as the air in a tent under the roof of heaven? Goodness knows, had I not been a Major-General. . . but we'll leave that! Tell me, my son, what is my name, what am I called?"

The Hossar bellowed forth in trumpet tones—for it had been hammered into him thousands of times on the parade ground:

"Exlex Fieldmarsh-leut. Erennich Plohn."

"You are mistaken, my boy. His Excellency Fieldmarsh-leut. Lieutenant Erennich von Plohn was formerly your Divisional Commander. Now I am I, Johann Kiefer. Do you understand? What, now, is the name of your Divisional Commander?"

"Exlex Fieldmarsh-leut. Erennich Plohn."

"Not so, my son! Listen to me quietly. His Excellency von Plohn was my professor, after forty years of most praiseworthy service he has all too soon departed this life. Then His Majesty the Emperor was most graciously pleased to name me as his successor. And here I stand, I, Major-General Johann Kiefer, I am your Divisional Commander. Now, think carefully before you answer, who, then, is your Divisional General?"

"Exlex Fieldmarsh-leut. Erennich Plohn."

"Well, now, just look at that, my gypsy won't listen to me. Now won't you believe me, my boy? The Colonel, here, these gentlemen, the Adjutants, they will all agree with me that his Excellency von Plohn is dead. He doesn't matter a d. . . d. . . a . . ." (here for a moment the kind-hearted General seemed to lose patience; "he doesn't matter the least bit to you. And as I have taken his place, I, Major-General Johann Kiefer, am your Divisional General. Now once again, therefore, what is the name of your present Divisional General?")

"Exlex Fieldmarsh-leut. Erennich Plohn."

The General wiped the sweat from his brow. "It really is. . ." he murmured, "it really is. . ." But once more, smilingly, kind-heartedly, jokingly, with a tremulous touch in his voice, he went at it again:

"Let us start afresh! Hossar! Have you got a father?"

"No."

"You poor fellow! Still, you HAVE had a father?"

"No."

The General—a shade of a tone louder:

"Nonsense—of course you have had a father, you numbskull. You have inherited everything from him, isn't that so?—tent, waggon, horses—what a man in your position. . . in short, your father is dead and you stand there. Now, the case is exactly similar: his Excellency von Plohn is dead and in his place here am I—I, Major-General Johann Kiefer. Do you see me? Here I stand before you, I, Johann Kiefer. Now, what is my name?"

"Exlex Fieldmarsh-leut. Erennich Plohn."

"You. . ." shouted the General, sternly. "You!!! Take care,

(Continued on page 25)

## NOTES AND NEWS

The following extracts are taken from the Head Master's Annual Report with his permission :—

### 1. SCHOLASTIC DETAILS.

- (a) Thirteen boys sat for the Senior Oxford School Leaving Certificate in December, 1937, and eleven passed.  
S. Appleton, R. Bell, W. Diggins, H. Fairry, P. Gilroy, C. H. Gregory, A. Hare, R. Hatch, R. Johnson, P. Knight, R. Ratcliffe. Appleton and Hare gained exemption from Matriculation.
- (b) The following have been granted Intermediate County Scholarships by the L.C.C. :—  
S. Appleton at Dame Owen's School.  
C. H. Gregory at the Northern Polytechnic.
- (c) The following boys have won Owen's Foundation Scholarships :—  
R. Harrison, H. Barrett, C. P. Bateman.
- (d) Three boys obtained Technical Exhibitions at the North-Western Polytechnic: A. Curtis, J. Howes, D. Weston.
- (e) Two boys obtained Technical Exhibitions at the Northern Polytechnic: C. Filmer, D. Latge.
- (f) Four boys obtained Technical Free Places at the Northern Polytechnic: J. Evans, G. Harris, A. Hill, J. Woodland.
- (g) Two boys obtained admission to the Nautical Training School: C. Harbour, J. Shaw.
- (h) One boy obtained admission to the L.C.C. School of Engineering and Navigation, Poplar: J. Ross.
- (i) One boy gained a supplementary Scholarship (result at Regent's Street Polytechnic): F. R. Walker.

### 2. NEWS OF OLD SCHOLARS.

- (a) G. Atfield sat for the Civil Service-Clerical Examination in March, 1937, from the school and passed.
- (b) E. Horton, who left Barnsbury in 1932, passed into the Civil Service as Assistant Examiner in the Board of Trade in November, 1936.
- (c) Alan Sharp, who went from Barnsbury to Owen's Secondary School at Easter, 1932, has just passed the Major Establishment of the L.C.C.
- (d) Kenneth Western, the Broadcast Entertainer, was a student at Barnsbury Central School from 1925-1927.

### 3. EMPLOYMENT.

Seventy-one boys have been placed in employment during the year through the Central School Exchange, through direct approach to the school, through the personal connections of certain masters, and through the Old Scholars' Club. We wish particularly to express our keen appreciation of the energy and enthusiasm that Mr. Yatham of the Central Schools Exchange, has shown on our behalf. The school also owes a big debt to those masters who by disinterested and untiring activities have rendered such good service in this matter. Particulars of placements will be supplied to any parent who makes application to the Headmaster.

### 4. VISITORS DURING THE YEAR:

- Mr. R. W. Conach, from New Green.  
Mr. D. A. O'Donovan, from New South Wales.  
Mr. E. McDonald, from Toronto.  
Mr. O. Sordet.  
Mr. G. Buckland, from Ottawa.  
Mr. D. Christophoridis, from Athens.  
Mr. F. W. Chambers, from Epsom, Surrey.  
Mr. A. J. Jones, from Philadelphia, U.S.A.  
Mr. D. S. Salem, from Woodworth Senior Boys' School.  
Mr. O. Wagner, from Berlin City Council.  
Miss E. S. Reid, from Ripon Training College.

### 5. CRICKET.

Our Central and Senior Teams had as successful a season as the wretched weather conditions allowed. Islington cricket caps were gained by J. Dove, and G. Gingsell.

### 6. SWIMMING.

	This year	Last year
First-class Certificates	36	41
Second-class Certificates	30	53
Beginners' Certificates	25	26
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	112	160

The total number of boys in the school with certificates is as follows: First-class 97, Second-class 117, Beginners 196.

There are 178 boys in the school who can swim. There are therefore 170 boys at the moment who cannot swim. It is to be hoped they will learn as soon as possible.

#### *Life-saving.*

Nine boys gained Intermediate Certificates of the Royal Life-saving Society and the following boys gained the Bronze Medallion: J. Wilson, F. Challis, J. Harrison, J. Foster, F. Beeton, T. Butler, W. Fritchard, A. Davis, G. Groves.

#### *Swimming Gala.*

A Swimming Gala, well attended by parents, old scholars, and present scholars was held at the Hornsey Road Baths on Friday, October 3rd. Elton House retained the championship. An interesting diving display was given by the following boys of this school: D. Barrett, R. Angel, E. Fret, and A. Willies.

### 7. OLD SCHOLARS.

Under the keen leadership of Mr. W. Vickers and Mr. Massie the Old Scholars' Association has advanced by leaps and bounds. The Old Scholars meet on most Friday evenings of the year, and in addition, they play tennis during the summer months on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 6 to 6 p.m. and on Saturdays from 2 to 3 p.m. There are also fairly frequent socials and dances held throughout the year. The Secretary, Mr. W. Vickers of 9, Highbury Crescent, N.1, will be pleased to give information to any old scholars who wish to join.

### 8. PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

The Parents' Association was formed in the early autumn of 1926. A Council of forty parents meets at the school once a month to discuss educational matters and arrange social gatherings. The Association has so far organized for the benefit of the School a Jumble Sale, a Concert, a Dance, and a Whist Drive. It has also obtained permission from the L.C.C. to have a telephone installed at the School, and has undertaken to defray the expenses thereof. Parents wishing to become members of the Council should hand in their names to the Head Master at the School or to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. A. Bradley of 29, Park Street, Upper Street, N.1.

### 9. FURTHER OPPORTUNITIES FOR FULL-TIME DAY STUDY.

For those boys who are able to remain at school for two years after the age of 16 there are several openings. If a boy passes the School Leaving Certificate he may apply for an Intermediate County Exhibition which will allow him to attend for a further two years at a Secondary School or at a Polytechnic. There are also studentships open for competition at the City of London College, where a boy may receive a sound commercial training which will stand him in good stead.

This extra two years is a sound investment for any boy who is able to take advantage of it.

### 10. STAFF CHANGES.

This school is shortly losing the services of Mr. J. Graham, who is going to Westminster Technical Institute as a Teacher of French. Mr. Graham has put in much good, sound work while at Barnsbury, and we wish him every success in his new post.

*Continued*

## II. PRIZES.

### A. On Examinations:

VIII YEAR: S. Appleton, R. Bell, W. Diggins, H. Fairley, P. Gilroy, C. Gregory, A. Haro, R. Hatch, A. Jarvis, R. Johnson, P. Knight, A. Macfar, S. Tenworth.

#### IVA

1. Tys, R.
2. Lack, L.
3. Manderson, L.
4. Tyler, R.
5. Scotchmer, J.
6. George, E.

#### IIIT

1. Hughes, T.
2. Albright, G.
3. Clark, L.
4. Pratt, E.
5. Wilson, A.
6. Williams, J.

#### IA

1. Hardy, R.
2. Carter, S.
3. Anthony, E.
4. Cullen, J.
5. Hill, R.
6. Niess, E.

7. Butt, D.
8. Pullman, J.

### B. On Mentions:

1. Bignell, G.
2. Ginnell, G.
3. Walker, F.
4. Hughes, T.
5. Crisland, A.
6. Tys, C.
7. Duggan, J.
8. Pitt, E.

#### IVT

1. Dowler, S.
2. Ray, R.
3. Wiles, J.
4. Fitzwilliam, J.
5. Hadon, G.
6. Harrison, J.

#### IIA

1. Green, G.
2. Duggan, J.
3. Waller, F.
4. Caschorn, N.
5. Gray, J.
6. Cole, S.

#### IA

1. Bateman, F.
2. Lovelock, W.
3. Ford, G.
4. Spaine, S.
5. Loudger, W.
6. Willmott, F.

#### IO

1. Harrison, R.
2. Chandler, F.

9. Hardy, R.
10. Silverton, E.
11. Lack, L.
12. Mardon, A.
13. Scotchmer, J.
14. Carter, E.
15. Dowler, S.
16. Longhurst, C.
17. Albright, G.

#### IIIA

1. Bignell, G.
2. Thomas, G.
3. Pitt, E.
4. Cooper, S.
5. Thorescroft, J.
6. Goppell, G.

#### IIA

1. Mardon, A.
2. Dowsen, C.
3. Whittle, E.
4. Peacock, R.
5. Barlow, P.
6. Wheeler, L.

#### IS

1. Barrett, H.
2. Dainton, J.
3. Dassy, J.
4. Waring, F.
5. Ross, R.
6. Rawlings, R.

1. Carter, E.
2. Webb, R.

18. Barrett, H.
19. Dainton, J.
20. Perkins, L.
21. Haynes, F.
22. Crighton, S.
23. Taylor, G.
24. Clements, R.
25. Gidley, R.

### C. Special Prize for Handwriting: Manley, A.

#### JOHANN KIEFER (continued from page 25)

"I tell you!" To the assembled officers (who had not once stirred up to now), "I command silence, please—I will get it out of him yet." "For the seventeenth time, Hossar!" . . . "But quietly, I will not get impatient. Let us get at it a new way. You are a Hussar, aren't you? Good, my boy, I also am a Hussar, let us leave rank on one side—we are comrades—Hussar and Hussar—we meet each other for the first time. We come into contact in the barracks—Hussar and Hussar. Now, I would like to know what your name is—and you want to know my name. Now, pay attention. Good-day, comrade. What is your name, my good gipsy fellow?"

"Johann Kiefer."

Then, however—then, the General reached forth and let the gipsy have it, right on his cauliflower ear. And again he reached forth and sanded him another on the left ear. And doubtless he would have crashed down a third like a thunderbolt—but the Adjutant of Topols sprung between them and said quickly:

"Your Excellency! A thousand pardons, General—the man really is called **Johann Kiefer**—there is nothing we can do about it."

In that year no one in the 17th Hussars caught a glimpse of their Divisional Commander.

## SCIENCE SOCIETY

PRESIDENT — DR. O. WARDMAN.

CHAIRMAN — MR. R. G. EDBELL.

### COMMITTEE :

G. Atfield, Organiser	S. Appleton, Co-Secretaries.	
W. Smith (from 1932)	R. Johnson	
E. Ashworth	D. Barnett	W. Diggins (Librarian)
P. Gibby	R. Clements	C. Gregory
G. Green	A. Han	L. Macdonald
R. Hatch	R. Marks	F. Knight
	G. Taylor	

Easter saw the close of the second successful session of the Science Society, which opened on September 11th with an address by the president, Dr. O. Wardman, on "My first steps in science" — a very fitting beginning to the season. The interest shown at the first meeting was maintained at the lectures given by members of the staff, including one of Mr. Henry's ever-popular lectures; this time "An Aspect of Occultism," and one by Mr. Morris on "Life on other planets," also lectures by former members of the staff, Mr. McGuire, who gave a wireless demonstration, and Mr. Newman, who spoke on "Money."

Visits were arranged to the offices of the "Star," St. Bartholomew's Hospital, The Canonbury Telephone Exchange, and Messrs. Cosser's Wireless and Television department; at the last named most boys saw their first television programme.

Many particularly interesting papers were read during the year by members of the 4th and 5th Years on a variety of different, and none the less interesting subjects, including "Poisonous Gases," two papers on different aspects of "Television," "Science on the Farm," "Design of Aircraft," "Life in the Aquarium," "Electroscopes," "Tunnelling," "Lightning," "Steam versus Diesel engine," and "Development of the Wheel."

In addition the Science Society Reading Room was open during the Wednesday dinner hour, when Science Library books together with periodicals such as "Practical Mechanics," "Zoo," "Mines," "Meccano Magazine," "Science Review," "Athlete," "Arm-chair Science," and the "Popular Science Educator"—which has now been attractively bound—were available.

Perhaps the highlight of the session was the very successful Exhibition of Science Apparatus and Experiments, held on Friday, March 19th, from 7.30—9.30 p.m., which was attended by an eager crowd of parents, friends, and old scholars; it was a wonderful finish to a highly interesting and successful year, and I am sure we all look forward eagerly to a third equally successful session.

C. GREGORY.



## SCHOOL JOURNEY TO ITALY, 1937.

On March 25th, 1937, a small party of Islington Schoolboys set out on what might turn out to be the greatest adventure of their lives. Within one hour of leaving Victoria we stood on the quayside at Newhaven waiting to board a Channel steamer. A smooth crossing, and we arrived on French soil at the fishing town of Dieppe. Arriving in Paris during the evening, the party drove from the terminus of St. Lazare to the Gare de Lyon. Paris was a blaze of coloured lights, and we watched the Frenchmen, in their capital city, taking their meals on the boulevards. At 8.15 we left Paris by a "rapide" and that night slept uncomfortably on the train.

At dawn we watched the early rays of the rising sun break over the majestic snow-clad peaks of the Alps. The train rattled on its way eastwards and after several views of the mountains, we arrived at the frontier. After a brief wait, the train entered Italy by way of the Mont Cenis tunnel, in which we spent twenty-five minutes. From the Alps we passed to the plain of Lombardy and we began to travel southwards through vineyards and orange groves. Just after mid-day we obtained our first view of the Mediterranean Sea at Genoa. At length, after an eight-hour journey down the coast of Italy, we arrived at the capital city of Rome.

This ancient city is not a port, for it stands on seven hills, clustered round the river Tiber and surrounded by marshes. Rome is a picturesque sight from any one of these hills, for the whole city is spread before one. The green-feathered palm trees, the huge dome of St. Peter's dominating the city, the sluggish Tiber ridden with silt, the white villas, and the snow-peaked Appenine Mountains, make an unforgettable imprint on the memory. The town is full of spectacles which recall the glories of the Eternal City, and is really the city of unparalleled history.

Every square and avenue is full of Ancient Roman remains and many statues and columns still stand to-day. During our short stay in Rome, we saw the once pagan temple of the Pantheon, the last remains of Roman baths, the forums of Trajan and Augustus, and the ancient Coliseum. Most wonderful of all was when we walked on the exact paving stones the Roman Emperors walked over, two thousand years ago. Rome boasts also of being the centre of Christianity through the ages. We visited St. Peter's Cathedral the day before Easter, and enjoyed our tour of the largest church in the world.

Inside Rome is a state owned by the Pope called the Vatican. This state, though only boasting a population of two thousand, controls a railway, an army of Swiss Guards, and its own wireless station. Not far from the city we explored the catacombs of San Sebastian, where the Christians met in spite of Roman suppression. We also visited the public Zoo and saw the houses of Keats and Shelley, and admired the mediæval fortress of St. Angelo.

Our time went all too quickly in the eternal city, and on a wet Monday morning we left by a fast train for Florence. We passed through the quite attractive scenery of the Apennine region and arrived at Florence soon after mid-day. We were very impressed by the modern railway station, but we found that it only went to show up the neighbouring dilapidated buildings. Our first object of the tour was the Uffizi Gallery, which is the largest art museum in Florence. This city was the centre of art during the Renaissance. During the Middle Ages it was a separate kingdom and from 1854 to 1870 was capital of Italy. The famous Medici family once resided at the palace which dominates this city. Next door to this palace is the marvellous old Cathedral, with its wonderful bronze doors. This Cathedral was commenced by an architect named Arnolfo, and being completed in 1298, is by far the oldest building in Florence.

Another famous old church which we visited was the Church of Santa Croce. In this church are to be found the tombs of most of the great Italian craftsmen through the ages. Men like Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Cellini, and Galileo, lie buried in its vaults.

Completely encircled by an old fortified wall, Florence makes a picturesque scene when viewed from the neighbouring hills. Our coach climbed one of these hills by a long winding road, and near the top we found a small village. A fine panorama of the city could be obtained from this spot in spite of the warm drizzling rain. As we stood there the sun broke through the clouds and glistened on the river Arno, as it wound its way down from the misty Apennines. The town, nestling in the valley, was dominated by the lofty tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, the dome of the cathedral, and the large Sports Stadium. It was here that the Arsenal played when touring Italy.

At the peak of the hill was one of the few Franciscan monasteries left in Italy to-day. In the cellars we found a museum composed entirely of souvenirs which, during the ages, the monks had brought back from their missionary travels, even from as far as the South Seas. Another rare building we visited was a mosaic studio. Here we saw stones of infinite varieties being cut and fitted to make designs and pictures. The workmen looked very old and were probably born into the trade.

While in Florence we also saw the Ponte Vecchio, the last remaining bridge with houses built on its sides. But the wonders of this historical city need weeks to explore, and in a short time an express bore us to Venice.

Venice has often been described as the "Queen of the Adriatic" with its 118 islands and 420 bridges. It stands in the Blue Lagoon, and during the Middle Ages was a great republic. It commanded trade with the East, and it was from here that Marco Polo set out for China. The city itself is a city of never ending pleasure to any tourist. Its Canals and Bridges and its stately Cathedrals and Palaces certainly make it one of the most interesting cities in the world.

As soon as we left the Railway Station all roads ended, for our progress was barred by the Grand Canal. Our hotel was found in one of the narrow streets for pedestrian traffic only.

Next day we journeyed to the Grand Square of St. Mark and fed the pigeons. In the square is the large bell tower of St. Mark's Cathedral, which collapsed in 1902. During the day we visited an old Armenian monastery in which Lord Byron had spent six months. Next came the Palace of the Doges and the Bridge of Sighs. The Doge was at one time ruler and magistrate of Venice. The condemned prisoners were led from his Palace to the prison opposite by way of the Bridge of Sighs. From this bridge they obtained their last view of their city and freedom.

The glass, for which Venice is famous, is made on an island called Murano, which we reached by means of a powerful launch. We saw muscular men blow glass into wonderful shapes, and we were keenly interested in the production of a giant lamp shade. On another island called Burano, we watched young women industriously making the well known Venetian lace. A relic of a forgotten town was seen by an ancient Byzantine cathedral on a barren island. The huge stone window shutters were made by the Ancient Romans. Inside this church we were shown a stone seat in which Attila the Hun was supposed to have sat. On a canal in this island some of us sampled a ride in a gondola for the first time.

A view of Venice from the island of San Giorgio must be seen to be appreciated. The gondolas swaying with the tide, the clock tower of Saint Mark's, the Palace of the Doges, the Bridge of Sighs, and the ever present motor launches, presented a spectacle which few of us will ever forget.

On Friday we left Venice for home and admired the huge bridge joining the city to the mainland. Our way through Northern Italy lay across the plain of Lombardy to Milan. From Milan we travelled to Turin, and passed through the Alps at dead of night. We awoke next morning as the train neared Paris at a fast speed. After our arrival we made a short tour of the city and left again at ten o'clock. Of the rest of the journey there is not much to be said. The short run to Dieppe, the Channel crossing, and our arrival at Victoria passed without mishap. Thus it was in this way we arrived back in London, after twelve days of marvellous weather.

We had travelled over one thousand miles and the films taken on the journey are unique in School Journey History. Thanks must be given to Mr. Snell and Mr. Graham, and we hope that the fifth School Journey of Barnsbury Central School will terminate as successfully as the one just passed.

THOMAS HUGHES IVT.

LESLIE CLARKE IVT.

RONALD GIDLEY IVT.

## EMPLOYMENT

*Congratulations and Best Wishes to the following boys who have obtained employment during the last six months :—*

- W. FRITCHARD recently accepted a post as an Assistant in the Electrical Laboratory at the University College, London.
- G. HADEN, another of our boys, together with L. Mumford, who has decided to seek for a career at the Gas, Light & Coke Co.
- R. BELL, yet another Oxford boy, who has gone to the Liverpool Victoria Insurance Co.
- F. KNIGHT, a Technically-minded boy who entered into Pattersons Engineering Co.
- H. VINCENT, now engaged at a Brokers and Shipping Agents.
- R. TYLER, Joined forces with several other Barnsburiens at the Westinghouse Brake and Signal Co., King's Cross.
- G. TAYLOR, After two other occupations, is now working in an Insurance Office.
- J. WILES, learning to be a Chartered Surveyor.
- B. DOWLER, now working hard in an Opticians Firm.
- R. BRADFORD found employment at a Paper Merchants.
- R. LINCOLN, after completing his full course, became yet another Barnsbury boy to go to the United and British Dominions Insurance Co., Ltd.
- L. CHESTERMAN, A late Barnsbury head-prefect who is employed by an Analytical Chemist.
- R. JOHNSON, A Fifth Year boy who entered the Crittall Steel Window Frame Manufacturers.
- W. PIDDINGTON, enjoying life as a Costing Clerk.
- E. MARSHALL is now at the Pearl Insurance Co. Several Barnsbury boys have started here in the past.
- A. JARVIS joined a Publishing Firm, Messrs. McMillan and Co.
- S. MOORE, His idea of a career was in Dawsons' Wood Co.
- F. BETTON left at the end of his fourth year to go into the Post Office.
- B. SMITH, Occupations for Barnsburiens are varied. Smith went into an Opticians Firm.
- R. MARKS, a progressive boy who has ambition as a Printery Engineer.
- T. BUTLER, who took a post in the Physics Laboratory, at the University College, Gower Street.
- B. COOK left to go to a Produce Merchants, Messrs. Michie and White.
- R. CLEMENTE, a clever technical boy who went into the Reinforced Concrete Steel Co.
- R. HATCH, a technical boy who passed the Oxford Examination, now in an Oil Refinery Advisors.
- H. FAIRY, Yet another Oxford boy who went to an Insurance Office.
- L. HOUGHTON and O. PERROTT, London and Manchester Assurance Co. is familiar with Barnsbury boys. Houghton and Perrott are there.

(Continued on page 21)

## ARCHÆOLOGY

Archæology is one of the most ill-known sciences as well as one of the youngest. Let me give you a short definition. Archæology cannot tell you for instance that Abraham left Ur at half-past two in the morning of September 17th, 4998 years ago. But what it does tell you is, that a settlement existed at Ur which probably was the one where Abraham lived.

The science of Archæology can be said to have begun about a century ago. In that year a band of Danish men, under the leadership of Mr. G. J. Thomsen, began digging into the ancient tombs that dot the face of their country. They soon recognized three divisions of time, a Stone, Bronze, and Iron Age. From this humble beginning Archæology has grown until it now delves with scientific precision into mounds, tombs, and graves.

In Great Britain, Archæology has made a great advancement in the last 20 years. In 1914 the existence of Man in east Anglia in the Tertiary (Pliocene) Age was fully stated. We know that Man was living in East Anglia about two hundred thousand years ago! This is surely a triumph for British Archæology.

The Archæologist has for greater simplicity divided the time from the Neolithic (New Stone Age) 8,000 B.C. to the end of the Palæolithic (Old Stone Age) 40,000 B.C. (dates after Kethx) into 5 divisions, so he is able to place excavations in the right position to a fair degree of accuracy.

Before beginning to describe the methods of field Archæology, I am going to write a few words about its aims. It aims to make known the past history of countries, not by the results of old men studying ancient manuscripts, but by unearthing the remains of past ages and constructing the ancient civilizations in all their different aspects. Since Mr. Thomsen and his friends began their work, our scope of knowledge has been more than doubled. Thousands of years have been laid open, where nothing was known before. The ancient civilizations of Mycenæ and Crete were entirely discovered by Archæology, and proved, for instance, that the stories of Troy were based on fact and were not merely myths.

There are two methods of excavation. One is to remove the whole surface downwards. Secondly, as in Mesopotamia, where the mounds of buried towns and villages dot the whole countryside, a narrow trench is dug from the top down a side to the bottom. The objects from each level must be kept together as the highest objects are the newest, thus making a chronicle to be compared with the remains of other countries, and therefore establishing the history of the district.

Here is an example of the delicacy used in excavation:

The object was a mosaic made of thousands of little pieces of lapis-lazuli and shell which had been stuck with bitumen on to the four sides of a wooden frame. As it lay on its side in the tomb at Ur, the wood slowly decayed, and the bitumen lost its adhesive powers and resolved itself into a fine-brown

dust, so that the upper layer of mosaic sank through on to the lower. Such was its condition when it was found. The earth had to be cut and blown away a square inch at a time. Then boiling paraffin wax was poured over it, making it like a solid cake. Next muslin dipped in melted wax was pressed on the solid cake and gently lifted up. The upper layer of mosaic came away, leaving the back of the lower layer to be treated in the same way. In the British Museum one face was cleaned until the lapis-lazuli and shell showed, then wax and cloth were put over it and the old cake of wax was removed from the other side. At last the mosaic, held by wax alone, could be put on a new wooden base. The mosaic had not been taken apart or rearranged, but was the original that had been made 5,000 years ago. This mosaic can be seen in the Babylonian Room of the British Museum.

M. BENDELL. IVT.

### HOW I BECAME A FILM EXTRA

It all started when I went to a wedding, when I was six years of age. Feeling thirsty, I asked for a drink, and I was given a glass of champagne. This must have turned my head, for I went into the room where dancing was going on and started to dance. Seeing a little boy in velvet dance must have highly amused the musicians and the guests, for they kept me at it all night, and many of them told my parents that I should be trained.

After that day I continually asked my parents to send me to a theatrical school, and eventually they sent me, although the fees were very high. At this school I am being taught to speak properly (not to speak with an Oxford accent, but to rid me of the Cockney accent) and also to learn tap-dancing, which I am very keen on.

The school which I attend is also an agency for film extras, and the pupils there often get a chance to work in a studio. It was a great thrill for me when I was called up for a day's work to see the things I had only read about, although to tell you the truth I was scared, although the scenes that were taken were only crowd scenes. As regards the film-stars I have seen or even spoken to, they are quite natural and not different from anybody else, as most people think.

I have been to a good many studios now, and I am beginning to find out that it is not all "honey," for I myself have worked from 7.30 in the morning till 2.30 the next morning, and felt so tired that I left my make-up (which is tan-coloured) on, and passed through the West-end with it on, hearing such remarks from passers-by as, "Isn't he brown?" and "I bet he comes from India."

I do not get too much work now as it would interfere too much with school, but when I leave school I might take it up professionally, and I hope I will not fail to do my best and repay back my parents for their efforts.

E. SCYLO. IVA

## SPORTS 1936—1937.

**Football.**—This has indeed been a wonderful year for football! Our Central Team has accomplished the great feat of winning the "Lipton Trophy"—the individual School Championship of all London. All praise to Mr. Essell and the boys who made up the team. In addition to this the same team won the North London Central Schools' League.

The Senior Team did their share nobly, too, for they won the Championship of Islington. They would have gone a long way in the Championship of Middlesex if they had not been deprived of Fontana's services in a vital match. He was representing London that day and could not play both matches.

The Junior team had a moderate season but look like making good next year.

As far as individual honours go, although we cannot boast of an "International" this year, we have had more "Cape" than ever before. Luck and Manley played for London v. Glasgow, which is the equivalent of a "full International." Fontana played for both London and Middlesex as well as our local district, Islington. He just missed being selected for international trials. However, his turn should come next year in the London v. Glasgow match.

Marshall also played regularly for Islington and was their highest scorer. Holmes and Lambley played in all matches for the Junior Islington team, while Clegg also won a representative medal.

Fontana and Marshall also gained medals for being members of the team which won the "Star" Trophy, and this applies to Holmes and Lambley, as their team won the Junior Middlesex trophy.

The outstanding event of the year was the final of the Lipton Trophy played on the Queen's Park Rangers Ground against West Kensington Central. Although our boys were considerably smaller and lighter, they played so well and with such spirit, that they won by 3-1 after being a goal down. Mr. Birrell, manager of Queen's Park Rangers, said to the writer, "Your's was the better team—better in football and better in tactics." It is always slightly invidious to mention names, but the following were in his opinion outstanding—Manley, a great player on that day's showing, Luck, Fontana and, not by any means least, Ginzell, who gave a sterling display at left-half. Tyler in goal, too, gave a polished exhibition.

I am sure I am only voicing the voice of all when I say, "Well done, boys."

**Athletics.**—The House Sports Championship was held on the afternoon of Friday, May 7th, and at the conclusion of a successful meeting, Lady Manchester graciously presented the Championship Cup to Luck, the captain of the White House. Preliminaries and finals of both senior and junior sections of the high jump, long jump, hurdles and throwing the cricket ball had been held previously and, with fine weather prevailing, the

rest of the programme was carried through without a hitch, thanks to the active support the secretaries received from present and past members of the staff.

This year we tried the experiment of awarding six, four and two points respectively to the houses of boys placed first, second and third in the finals with a consolation point for fourth place. As a result, White House won with the fine score of 130 points; Red House was second with 100½ points, Green House third with 52½ points, and Blue House fourth with 45 points.

It is interesting to recall that while Blue House was Champion in 1934 and Red House in 1935, White House was fourth on both occasions, but in 1936 and again this year won the championship. Surely 1938 will be Green House's year.

The North London Central School Sports were held on the afternoon of Friday, June 25th, and the results were as follows:—

1. Orange Hill Central	...	...	40½ Points.
2. Barnsbury Central	...	...	35 Points.
3. Acland Central	...	...	21 Points.
4. Tollington Central	...	...	20½ Points.

EVENT.	AGE	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.
100 yards	11-11.6	James	Maulson	Viney	Verity
" "	11.6-12	Goock	Garrett	Jenkins	Howell
" "	12-12.6	Boumont	Lambeth	Hay	Waring
" "	12.6-13	Fhipps	Harding	Somerset	Anthony
" "	13-13.6	Smith, B.	Dowsett	Holmes	Clegg
" "	13.6-14	Kerly	Hobson	Smith, H.	Gray
" "	14-14.6	Albright	Key	Sellers	Fontana
" "	14.6-15	Bignell	Powell	Hasler	Scoble
" "	15-15.6	Manley	Oughton	Smart	Boole
" "	(Over 15.6)	Lack	Tye	---	---
220 yards	(Under 13)	Lambeth	Harding	Stock	Waring
" "	13-14	Poster	Neele	Machen	Purkin
" "	14-15	Albright	Key	Fontana	Scoble
" "	(Over 15)	Manley	Oughton	Tye	Boole
440 yards	Open	Lack	Smart	Ray	Williams
Hurdles	Junior	Albright	Key	Sellers	Berry
" "	Senior	Tye	Wood	---	---
High Jump	Junior	Martin	Stock	Kerly	Harding
" "	Senior	Lack	Manley	Williams	Wilson
Long Jump	Junior	Hay	Lambeth	Harding	Oughton
" "	Senior	Manley	Lack	Harrison	Smart
Cricket Ball	Junior	Clegg	Fhipps	Lambeth	Camp
" "	Senior	Harrison	Pritchard	Ray	Williams
Relay	Junior	White House	Green House	---	---
" "	Senior	Red House	White House	---	---

#### EMPLOYMENT (Continued from page 26)

- D. EXLEY left in his fourth year to go to a Ship Brokers.  
 A. BUTTS is happily working in the Printing Trade.  
 F. CHALLIS is becoming refined in the art of Jewellery Engraving.  
 R. ANGEL. Seeking new prospects at a Commission Merchants.  
 W. DIOGENS. A fifth year boy who went into a firm of Stock Brokers.  
 A. HARE. A technical boy who passed his Matriculation at school, now in a Quantity Surveyors' Office.      A. MANLEY, V