

luxuriantly as the dandelions on the Palace lawns. At Lord Lenthall's table the Hon. Miss Susan Yelph was heard to bark, whereupon Lady Rixon-Smythe said, "Good gracious," and there was much laughter all round. Nor was this all, for Viscount Swannick was later said to have told the Hon. Mrs. Barraday the joke about the Bookie and the Boilermaker whilst under the influence of his hashish sandwiches.

There was much discussion this year about the controversial subject of jockey doping, especially since only last week both Lester Ebel and Scobie Gobran, two of our leading jockeys, admitted to having taken purple hearts with their saddle cups. The general feeling seemed to be that it should not be made illegal, since a man who can't hold his dope won't go straight anyway.

At 2 o'clock the horses paraded inside the ring, and I noticed some useful looking fillies in the crowd as well. The first race was won by Buttercup, ridden by Yo-Court, and trained between the shafts. Eventually the meeting ended and the crowds gradually diminished. The end of some beautiful friendships, you might say, but they'll all see each other at 'Moss Bros' on Monday.

CHRIS THORNE—6th

MEMORIES OF FOUR UNFORGETTABLE DAYS

Destination: Farley Green. Persons: 12 girls, two members of staff.

After a weekend of soaking my feet in hot water and common soda (an ancient Northern custom) and resting my weary bones. I could look back on my visit to Farley Green without violent paroxysms of terror taking hold of me—in fact I had some very pleasant and amusing memories of my four days in the wilds of Surrey:

One member of the party asking why it had been imperative that we caught the Guildford train—daren't tell her that the next one was the Portsmouth train carrying five hundred sailors.

D-Day—One-day hike to Leith Hill—long and arduous journey pursued by the monster rain—treking through forests—bravely marching past herds of cows and facing many other such dangers. Discarding saturated headscarves and unconvincingly assuring one another that the rain was good for one's hair—disappointment and dismay when we realised that we couldn't view the sea thirty miles away from the top of the hill—Disgust that we couldn't even see ye olde ancient monument—actually we couldn't even see one another—just the thick swirling mist all around us.

Trying to cook dinner for fourteen on one small Calor gas stove—attempting to get eight chops in a frying pan designed to hold three—the girls were too exhausted to cook their own meal—cheers for the indomitable staff.

Event—Scavenger Hunt—one earnest child carefully trying to dig up a rabbit hole—needless to say she did not succeed.

Event—Treasure Hunt—Yours truly enthusiastically hiding

clues—one small, strange boy removing them when Ma'am disappeared.
George—invisible but greatly loved, taken wherever we went—frantic search for him under beds on the last day—carried him home in my pocket—returned him to girls on arrival at Headstone station.
All this and many more incidents helped to make it a memorable occasion.

A.T.

THE BEATLES

Why do they scream when the music starts ringing?
Surely they can't hear a word they are singing?
The Beatles are popular—that's for sure.
Teenagers prove it by yelling for more.
Paul plays piano and the guitar,
And is the best looker, yeah, by far.
The guitar's the only instrument George can use,
He plays it so loud one day it will fuse.
Ringo looks moody while playing his drum,
But he's really quite happy (just like my Mum)
John plays guitar and the harmonica,
And he's the favourite of my friend Veronica.
"From me to you," I send this rhyme,
I'll send you another—some other time.

SUSAN BENFIELD—3/1—A4

THE GRIMBLWOLD

The Grimblwold is grey and green,
With the slighest eyes you've ever seen.
It tumbles through the Grolly wastes,
In which it finds food to its taste.
It's very fond of kippers and ham,
Which it washes down with a pint of jam,
Walrus flippers fried in snail's blood
And Slobodian weed flower in an enamel jug.
Transparent red ears has the Grimblwold
With orange feet I have been told,
And baldy hair of luminous green
Washed in the oil of the glibly bean.
In the Grolly wastes is seen at night
The Grimblwold who flees in fright
From all the humans it does see,
And hides in the leaves of the lunny tree.
The Grimblwold is very rare
And is only seen by its luminous hair.
It wears a bowler hat for disguise
As away through the night the Grimblwold flies

MARTIN THOMPSON—3/1—C28