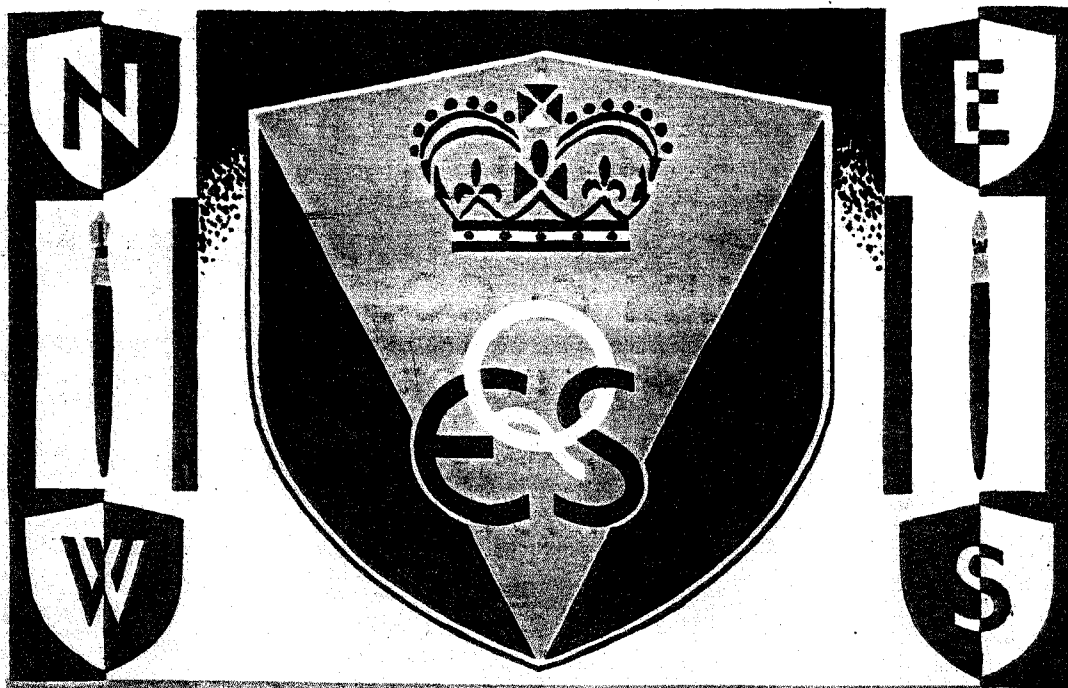


THE  
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ELIZABETH  
SCHOOL

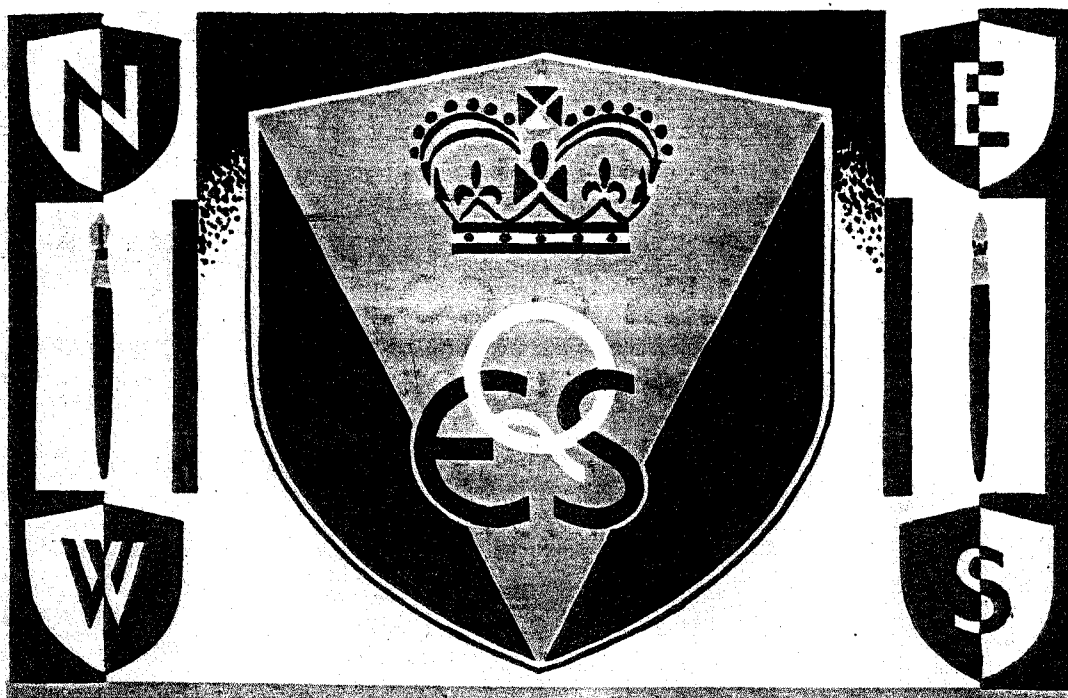


MAGAZINE

Vol. 1, No. 1

1954-55

THE  
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Vol. 1, No. 1

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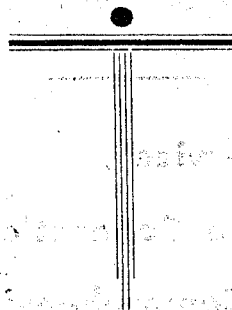
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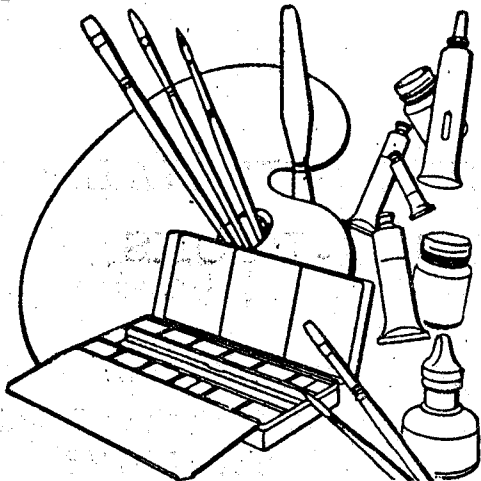
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# The Queen Elizabeth School Magazine

Vol. 1, No. 1

1954-55

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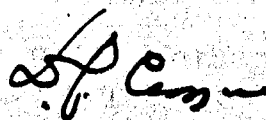
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# FOREWORD

It is with great pleasure that I write a Foreword for the first issue of the Queen Elizabeth School Magazine. A school magazine frequently provides an accurate reflection of the life and spirit of the school itself. But it is more than a mirror, for in addition it is a powerful stimulant to even the youngest pupils to explore fresh fields of thought and imagination. As a medium of expression, therefore, it satisfies individual as well as corporate needs, and thus serves to further the widest interests of Education.

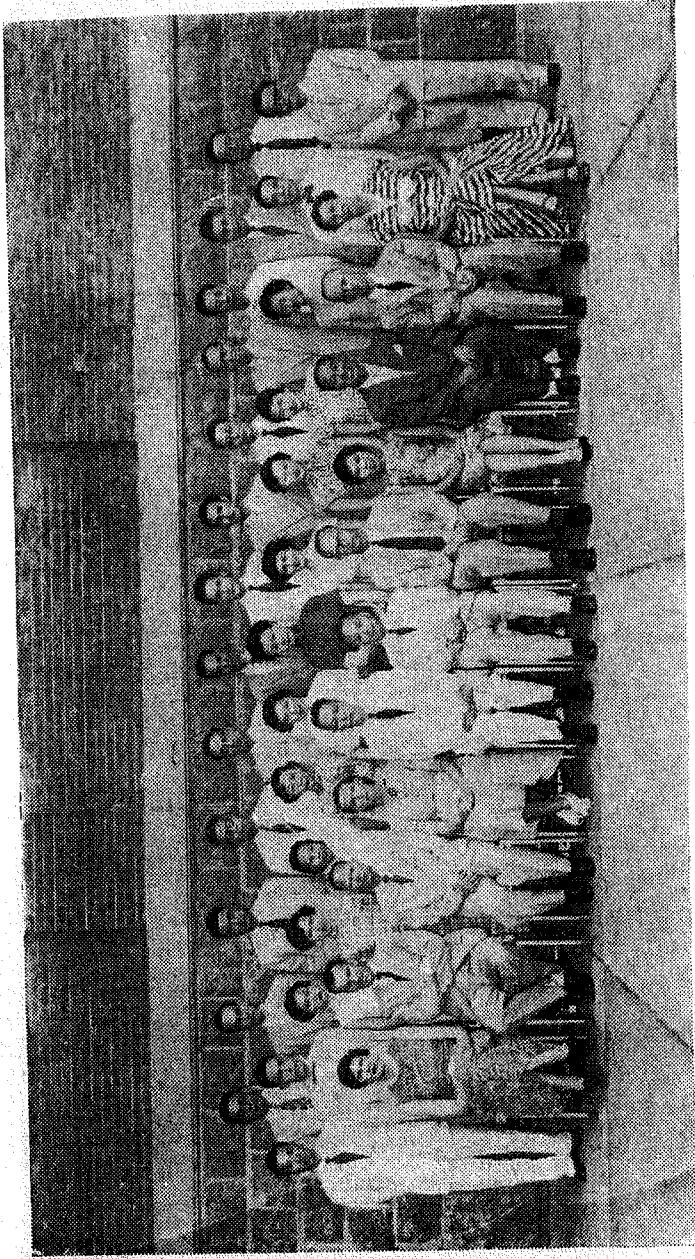
Queen Elizabeth School is very young in years, but already it gives evidence of justifying fully the high honour it enjoys of bearing Her Majesty's name. It will shortly be moving to its own up-to-date and impressive building, and is destined, I am sure, to play a great part in the educational world of Hong Kong. I am confident that its official magazine will always be in keeping with the standards of scholarship and conduct that are fostered in all the other activities of the school.

I wish it every success.



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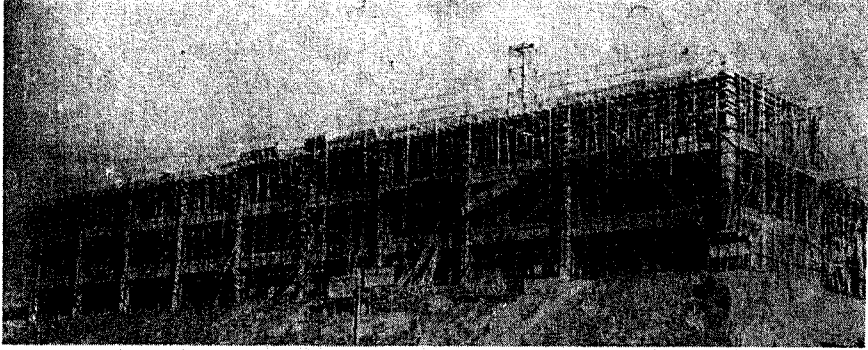
Director of Education.



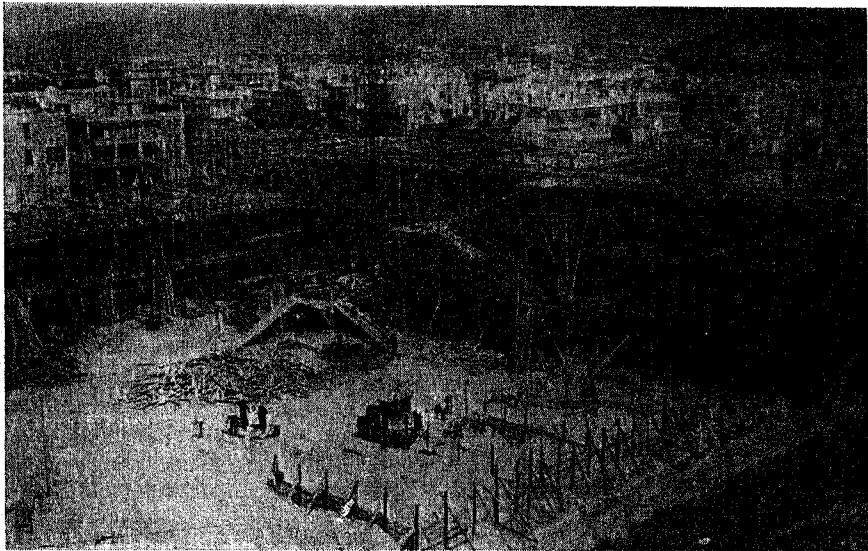
THE STAFF



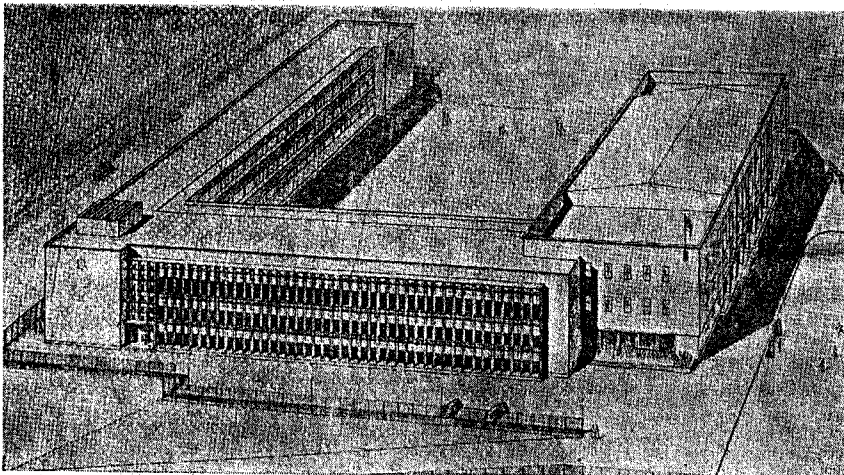
# Our New School



The New Building under Construction



The New Building under Construction



A Sketch of the School

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## Editorial Board

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MR. A. HINTON  
MR. C. K. MAN  
MR. K. C. TAM  
MISS H. STEWART  
MISS L. LI

### Pupils

HO CHI KEUNG  
HO CHE LEUNG  
WONG WAN MING  
TSANG MAN CHI  
KAN MEI KEE  
KWOK KAM CHEUNG

Business Manager: MR. LEE LUNG

"To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge." This pithy definition of true knowledge, which Thoreau quotes from Confucius, has some application to all the members of our School.

On the one hand, we have a small group of people belonging to that profession said to be characterized by the slope of the shoulders, the solemnity of countenance and the profoundness of learning. Coming from various parts of the world, and being educated and trained in still other parts of the world, they are here ready to share their valuable treasure with those who are not adverse to having it. They work hard preparing lessons, pointing out the obvious, expounding the unfathomable, resolving doubts and correcting exercises. They are trying to pass on what they know.

On the other hand, we also have here a much larger group of people said to be characterized by laughter, song and hearts that are merry. Their presence confirms their realization that "we do not know what we do not know." Theirs is a genuine and unfeigned desire for knowledge. They too work hard, reading, writing and studying, intermingled with playing. They must absorb and digest before they can claim that they have actually learned anything. Yet the better they learn, the more they know that they do not know what they do not know.

The publication of this school magazine is not the work of the "small group" but of the "much larger group," and gives some indication of what they have learned. Many contributions were received in the form of articles, drawings, photos, house notes and class notes, from students ranging from Form II to Form IV which is our top form this year. Though these contributions are by no means perfect, we know that the students have tried their best.

Among those to whom we are particularly indebted is the Honourable Director of Education for whose enlightening message, the views of which are fully shared by all of us at Q.E.S., we are indeed grateful.

With these few brief remarks, we present this Volume 1, No. 1 of Queen Elizabeth School Magazine to all who have kindly taken a keen interest in the progress of our School.

## OUR QUEEN ELIZABETH SCHOOL

The birth of a school is always a memorable event—fraught as it is with immense possibilities for moulding the character of youth and shaping the destiny of generations. It is common knowledge that every undertaking of note is beset with difficulties at the beginning as well as in its course of development, and the establishment of a school is in no way an exception. Only by resolute determination, united effort and unremitting labour on the part of all concerned, can the foundation be firmly laid, difficulties overcome and ultimate success assured.

The idea of Queen Elizabeth School was first conceived in 1953—the auspicious year of Her Majesty's Coronation. Cognizant of the need for a big Anglo-Chinese co-educational school to provide secondary education for the ever-increasing number of school children in Kowloon, the Education Department at once planned to build an up-to-date school to cope with the situation. A site of some 150,000 sq. ft. at the junction of Prince Edward Road and Sai Yee Street and a sum of over two million dollars were quickly earmarked for the purpose. Without delay all planning work was set on foot while immediate steps were also taken to obtain royal consent to the new school being named after Her Majesty the Queen. Such in brief is the motive behind the huge educational project in commemoration of the Coronation that is to fit a thousand pupils each year for the work of life.

Meanwhile the problem of accommodating pupils due for promotion from Government Primary Schools had become so acute that something had to be done. It was therefore considered expedient to open the school prior to the completion of its building and to operate it as an afternoon school in the premises of King's College. In this way Queen Elizabeth School officially came into being on 6th September, 1954 when Mr. L. G. Morgan, Acting Director of Education, inaugurated it by officiating at the First School Assembly. In his address he stressed the importance of scholarship, discipline and courtesy and urged all present to do everything possible to build up a good tradition. Later in the year, on the occasion of the school's First Athletic Sports, the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, exhorted all pupils to play their part worthily in work as well as in play. Such well-meaning solicitude on the part of high authorities reminds us all of the high purpose for which our school is founded and the noble task entrusted to us. It is our duty to strive to the best of our ability to realize that purpose and fulfil that trust.

During the past few months care has been taken to direct our efforts towards that end. Activities have been planned and organised to stimulate physical and mental development as well as the growth of moral and social virtues. Despite the fact that our school is handicapped by the lack of a tradition much headway has been made. For this, thanks are due in large measure to the educational authorities for their valuable guidance, to the staff for their unswerving loyalty and to the school prefects and class monitors for their co-operative service. It is gratifying to note indications of happy fellowship and courteous behaviour among the children both within the school and outside it. Yet much remains to be done if our school is to play the part expected of it. The following points are therefore stressed for special attention and concerted effort:—

**1. To Honour the School.** Since our school is privileged to bear the distinguished name of Her Majesty the Queen it should be the duty of every one of us to uphold the honour of the school at all times and in all places. Positively we should do every thing possible in thought, word and deed to enhance its prestige, and negatively we should do nothing to tarnish its noble name. Only in this way can a healthy tone and a good tradition be built up and success achieved by common effort. Only when we unite to give of our best, to care for such things as are pure, true, lovely and of good report, to follow the noble example of devotion and service set by the Queen, can we hope to live

to the standard expected of us. Only in striving our utmost to honour our school can we honour ourselves and learn to become upright and useful members of the community in which we live and worthy sons and daughters of the country to which we belong.

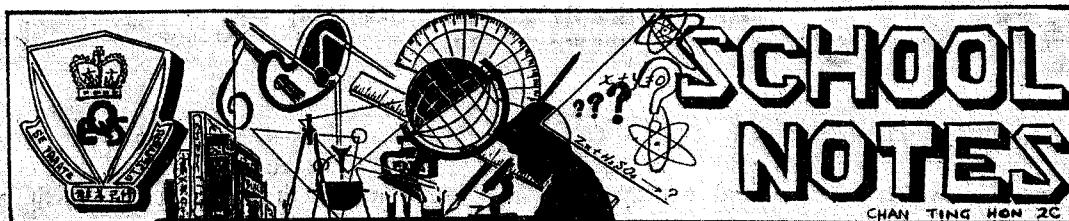
2. **To Observe School Regulations.** To enable our pupils to get the best out of themselves it is necessary first to train them in orderly conduct. For general guidance a suitable motto—"Se, Parate Ut Servietis" meaning "Prepare yourself that you may serve"—has been chosen and a set of standing regulations drawn up. These are intended to aid pupils to develop a sense of self-discipline and civic responsibility. They exist for the good of the school as a whole and are essential to the well-being of every member of it. It is to be stressed that our school motto sets out two vital aspects of school life—preparation and service. Preparation is the prerequisite of service which in turn is the natural outcome of preparation. All pupils should therefore devote their efforts to preparing and fitting themselves physically, mentally, morally and socially for service to home, country and humanity in the future.

3. **To Respect The Teachers.** In all their endeavours pupils should look to their teachers for guidance and enlightenment. The teachers are endowed with gifts of wisdom and knowledge enriched by experience. They are always ready to help when help is needed. Children would therefore do well to go to them for advice, for instruction and for inspiration. The way to show true respect to teachers is to appreciate their sincere solicitude and to respond to that solicitude by thorough devotion to duty. This may be achieved by application through regular attendance and proper use of time, by concentration through thoughtful study and elimination of distraction and by self-exertion through cultivation of a habit of purposeful activity and a taste for good reading. And, although English is the medium of instruction pupils should pay particular attention to the study of Chinese with a view to assisting in the advancement of Chinese culture and contributing in due course to the progress of world civilisation through a mastery of both Eastern and Western learning.

4. **To Work For Full Development.** One important function of the school is to stimulate full individual development. Opportunities and facilities are thus offered in all branches of its activities in an attempt to bring about that end. It should therefore be the endeavour of all pupils to make the best use of these provisions during their school days to develop their body and mind to full stature. When they are endowed with sound minds in healthy bodies they will be able not only to live happy and useful lives as private individuals but also to undertake whatever tasks lie ahead for the betterment of the world.

In a few months' time, our new school will be ready for occupation. It will be adequately furnished and fully equipped according to latest standards. With such up-to-date facilities in such a splendid environment and under enlightened guidance from efficient teachers there is no reason why the pupils of this school should not do well. Their prospects for the future are bright indeed. Let them march forward with courage heartened by the knowledge that they are starting with everything in their favour. Let them pursue their interests with zeal armed by the conviction that all difficulties can be overcome by fortitude. Let them live up to the ideals they cherish and by common effort lift the school to a position worthy of its name.

C. W. F.



## Opening Day

The official opening of Queen Elizabeth School took place on 6th September, 1954. On this occasion the whole staff and all the students assembled in the Hall and the Hon. L. G. Morgan, Acting Director of Education, addressed the school. He mentioned the fact that this school was the first Anglo-Chinese Co-educational Secondary School, and stressed three points which he hoped that the school would bear in mind — scholarship, discipline and courtesy.

## Staff

Mr. W. F. Cheong (Principal)

### Form Teachers

4A Mr. A. Hinton (Senior Master)  
 4B Mr. C. T. Kell  
 4C Mr. Alfred Ling  
 4D Miss M. McCorkindale  
 3A Mr. S. K. Kwong  
 3B Mr. Lee Lung  
 3C Mr. A. Barton  
 3D Mr. T. Y. Liu  
 3E Mr. P. Y. Shuen  
 3F Mr. W. S. Chow  
 3G Miss S. H. Tsang  
 3H Miss Diana Mow  
 3I Mr. Y. S. Kwong  
 2A Miss Linda Li (Senior Mistress)  
 2B Miss Louise Ho  
 2C Mr. C. H. Wen  
 2D Mr. Peter Wei  
 2E Miss E. Sanders  
 2F Miss Therese Poon  
 2G Miss Nellie Shin  
 2H Mrs. Lily Chang

### Other Teachers

Mr. K. S. Chan  
 Mr. S. Y. Kong  
 Mr. Leung Hang  
 Mr. F. K. Li  
 Mr. C. K. Man  
 Mrs. Lily Pong  
 Mr. Y. H. So  
 Miss H. T. Stewart  
 Mr. K. C. Tai  
 Mr. H. N. Tam  
 Miss Kay Tam  
 Mr. K. C. Tam  
 Mr. T. C. Tang  
 Miss Veronica Tsang  
 Miss Barbara Yu  
 Mr. H. B. Yuen (Clerk)  
 Mr. S. F. Lau (Clerk)  
 Mr. Y. K. Kwok (Lab. Asst.)

## Roll

The school opened with 773 pupils who were divided into 21 classes.

These students came from Wantsai Government School, Yaumati Government School, Ellis Kadoorie School and Northcote Training College Primary School.

## Prefects

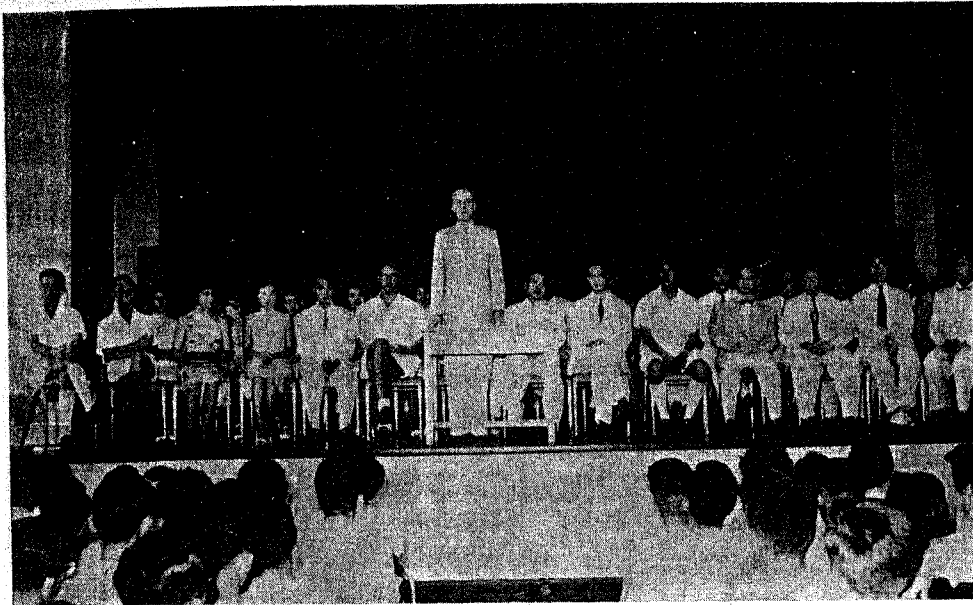
### Boys

Ho Chi Keung (Head Prefect)  
 Ho Che Leung (Second Prefect)  
 Wu Wing Chi  
 Wei Tsan Fai  
 Tam Hin Tong  
 Wong Wan Ming  
 Kwok Kam Cheung  
 Chan Yick Chung

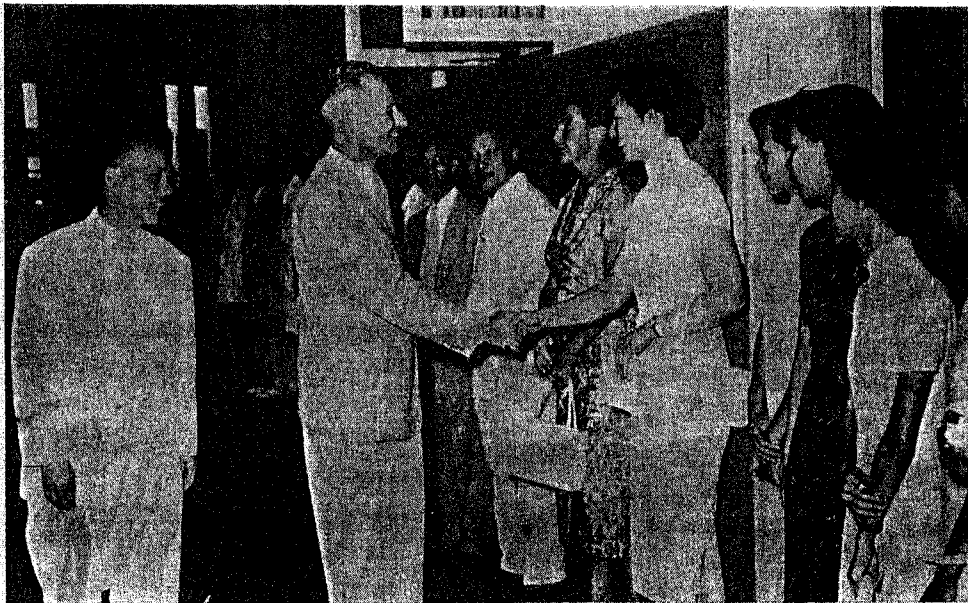
### Girls

Yan Shuen Chak (Head Prefect)  
 Chung Kwai Lin (Second Prefect)  
 Chan Oi Kwan  
 Tam Kit Ling

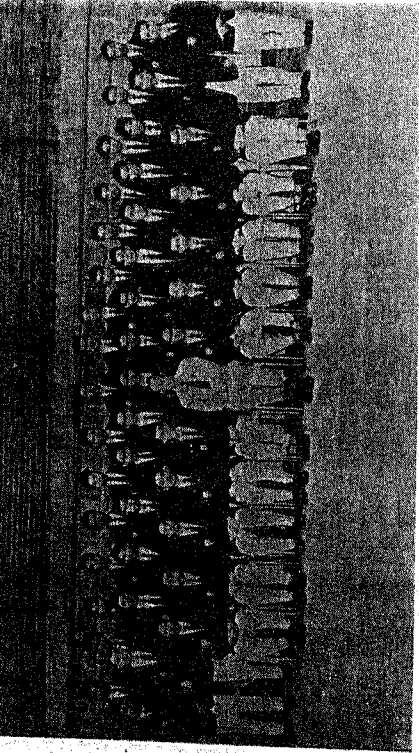
THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOL BY MR. L. G. MORGAN,  
DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, ON 6th SEPT. 1954



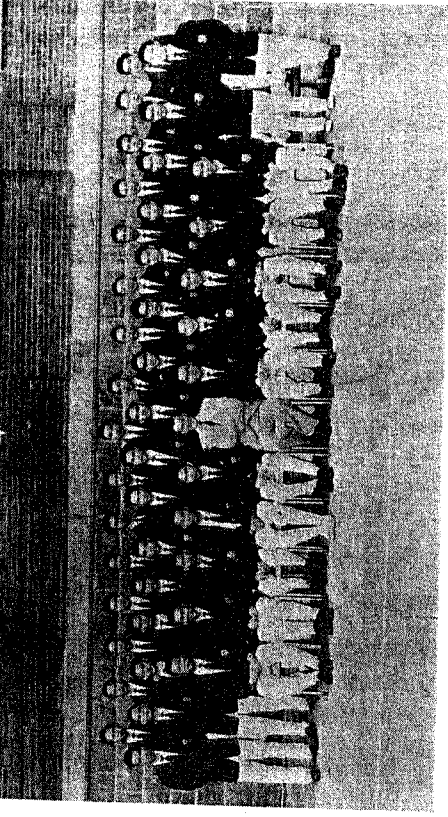
Mr. Morgan addressing the School



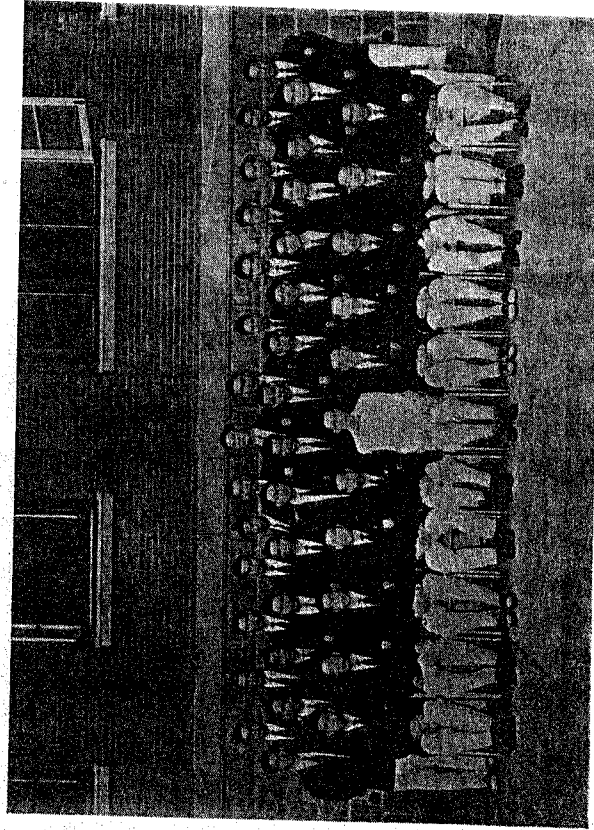
Introducing the Staff to Mr. Morgan



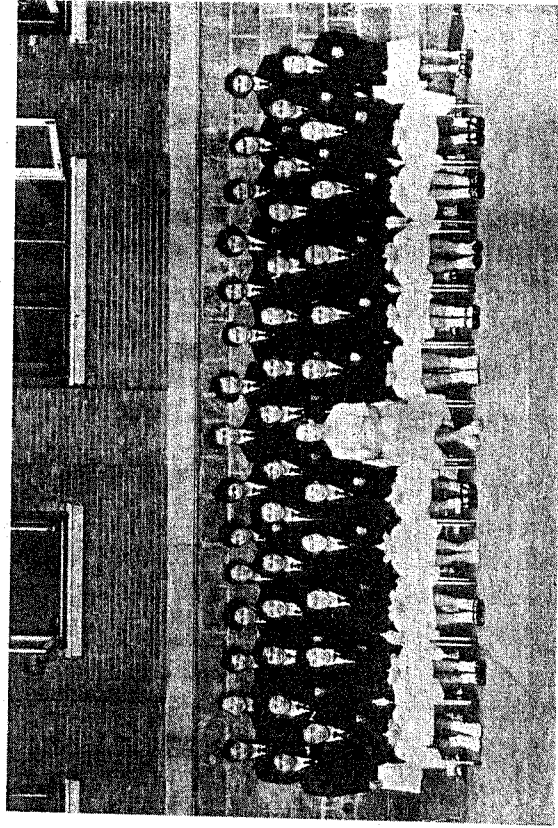
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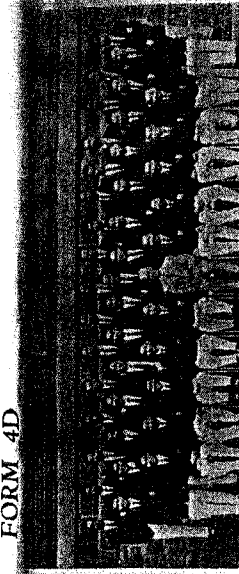
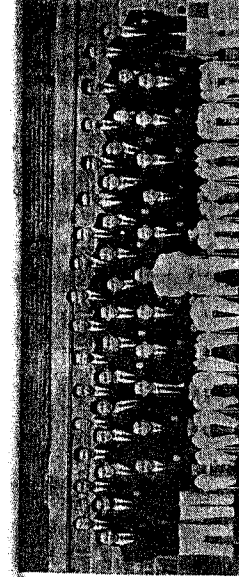
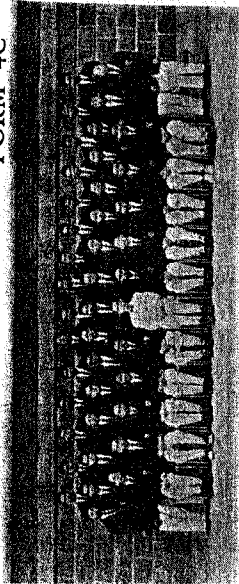
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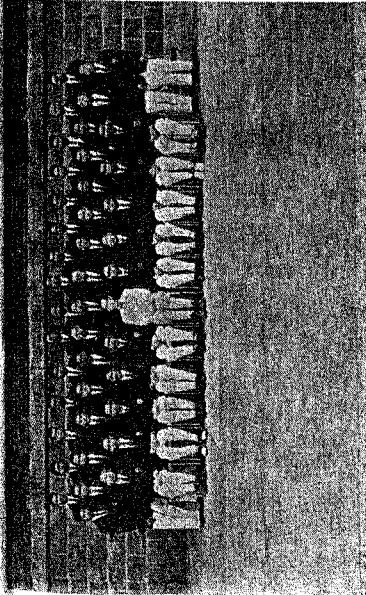
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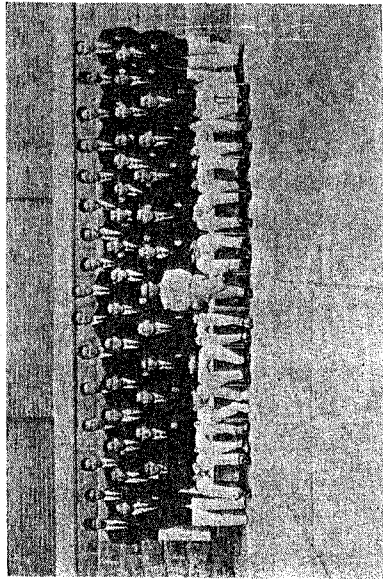
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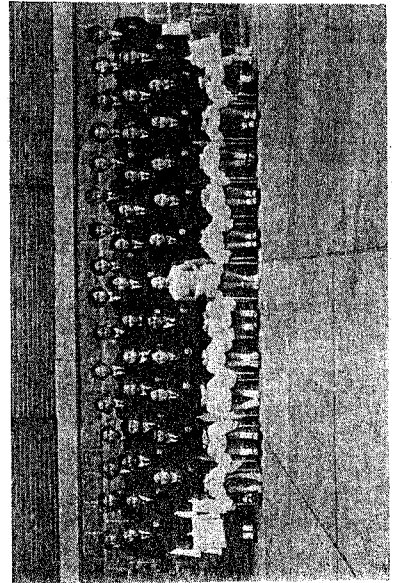
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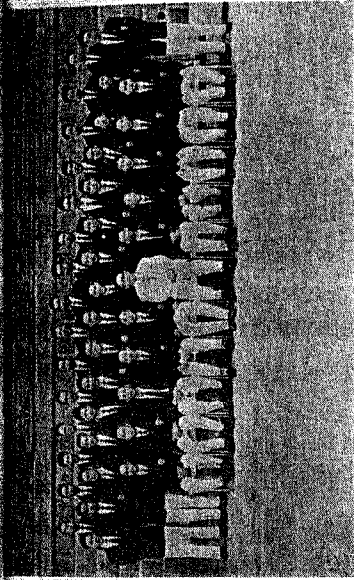
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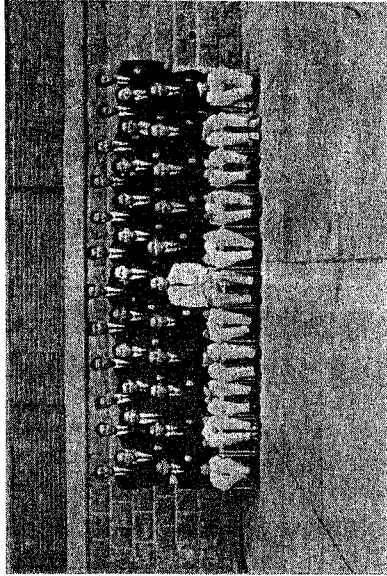
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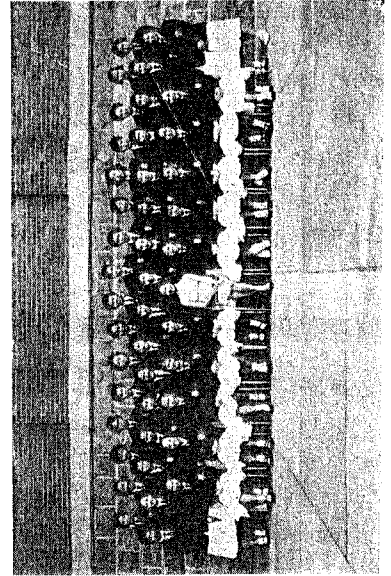
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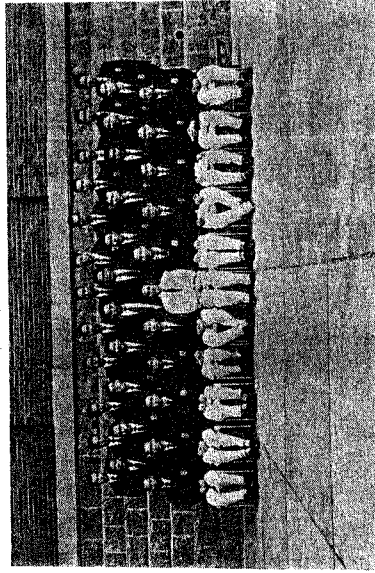
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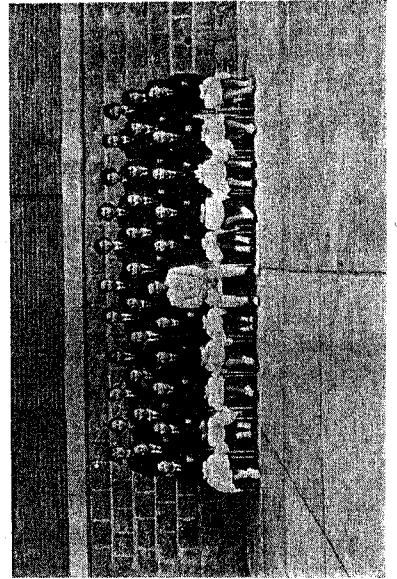
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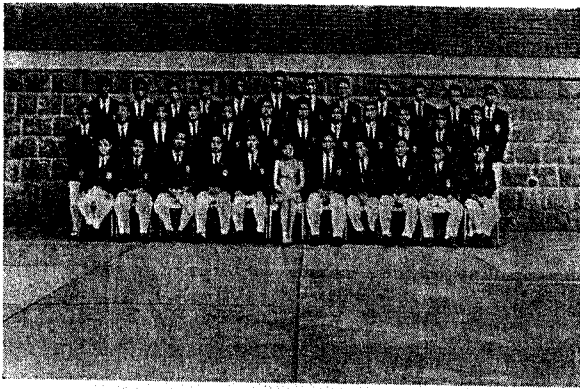
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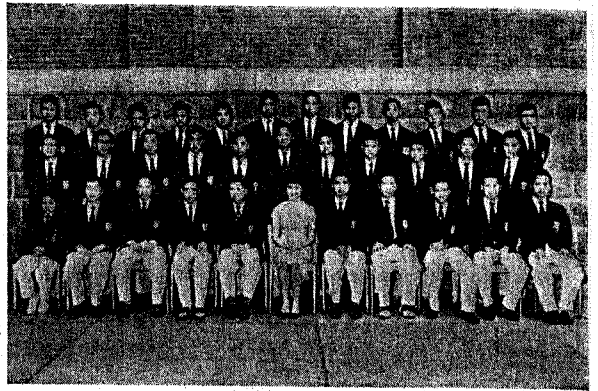
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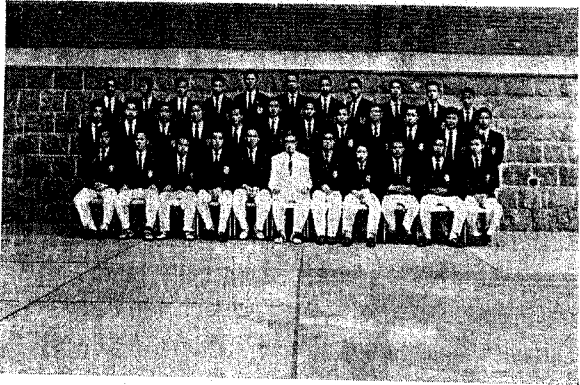




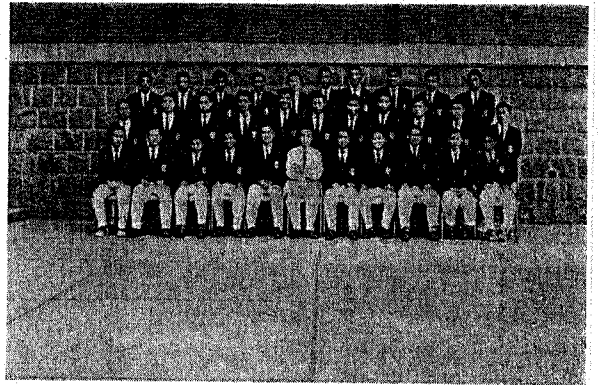
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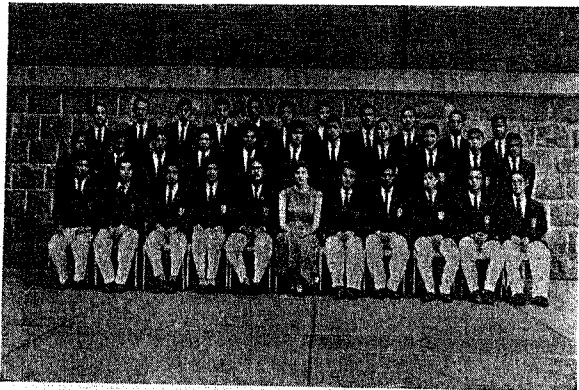
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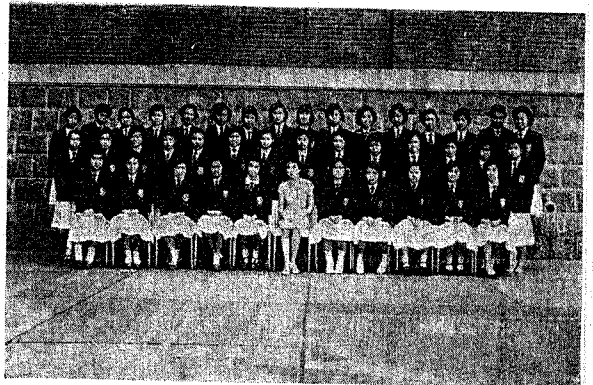
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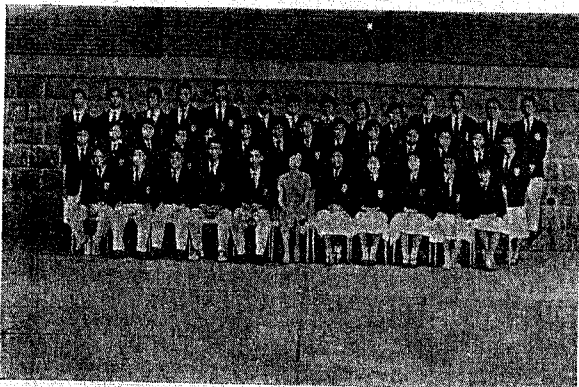
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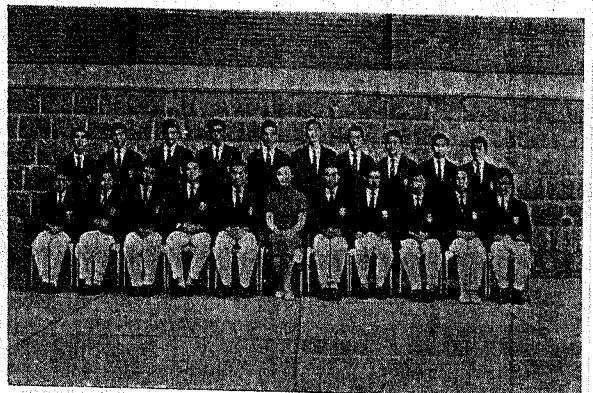
FORM 2E



FORM 2F



FORM 2G



FORM 2H

### School Uniform

It was decided to adopt a school uniform as it was felt that this would raise morale and would help weld the school into one unit. The uniform consists of: Winter — a brown woollen blazer with the embroidered badge on the pocket, white shirt, red tie, grey woollen skirt for girls and grey woollen trousers for boys. Summer dress — boys — white shirt, white trousers, red tie and metal school badge on shirt or tie; girls — white dress with embroidered Q.E.S. in blue, red tie.

### Equipment

We are greatly indebted to King's College for the use of their premises and all equipment, especially the laboratories, so that we can function efficiently until our new school at Sai Yee Street, Kowloon, is completed.

### Discipline

The discipline of the school, generally speaking, has been very good and the conduct of the pupils at various bus stops has won admiration from the community.

### House System

Competition brings progress. The House system was established so that competition in various sports and work could be arranged. The Houses were called by the cardinal points of the compass, North, South, East and West. Three members of staff and three students conduct the affairs of each House.

### Sports

As we have no sports grounds of our own, we were glad of permission to use the Army ground at Boundary Street and to use the Pool grounds at Happy Valley. It is felt that sports as well as academic activities are necessary to make life complete for the pupils of the school.

Our first Athletic Meeting took place on 15th December (heats) and 20th December (finals) at South China Stadium, Caroline Hill. At the conclusion of the meeting, the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, presented the trophies.

We have had friendly matches between forms, Houses and with other schools in basketball and football.

The school teams played two basketball games against B.P.S. and King's, both of which we won, and played twelve football games, winning two, drawing two and losing eight.

### Health

The school authorities and the Medical Department keep an eye on the physical well-being of the pupils by means of the School Health Service. Four visits have been made to the school this year.

25th October 1954 - - - - Inoculation against typhoid (1st)

30th November 1954 - - - - B.C.G. injections against T.B.

7th December 1954 - - - - Inoculation against typhoid (2nd)

16th December 1954 - - - - General check

### Music

In order to raise the musical standard of the school a mixed school choir and a harmonica band have been formed. The choir is under the direction of Mrs. L. Pong

and obtained 4th place in the Hong Kong Schools Musical Festival. The Harmonica band is under the direction of Mr. Lau Muk.

On 22nd January we had a school concert organized by the prefects at which we had solos (instrumental and vocal), form singing, conjuring, dancing and a short play.

On 21st May, a concert was given to the school by Mr. Lau Muk (Harmonica) and Professor Harry Ore (Piano), and this was very much appreciated.

### Visual Education

We have had several film shows.

- 10th February 1955 - - - - Educational films on Hygiene.
- 10th March 1955 - - - - Educational films on Hygiene.
- 23rd April 1955 - - - - Educational films on Safety First with explanation by Sub-inspector Groome of the Police Department.

### Scouts

In order to promote the spirit of service, the school is preparing to form a Scout Troop and many boys have signified their wish to become scouts.

### Outings

Many classes have had picnics to Tsun Wan, Silver Mine Bay, Tai Mo Shan and Aberdeen.

Three classes have visited Kai Tak Airfield and had the working of the Control Tower explained and were shown over the workshops of the Hong Kong Aircraft Engineering Company.

Two classes 3C and 2F had a great treat when they visited the U.S. Aircraft Carrier Midway with Mr. Barton.

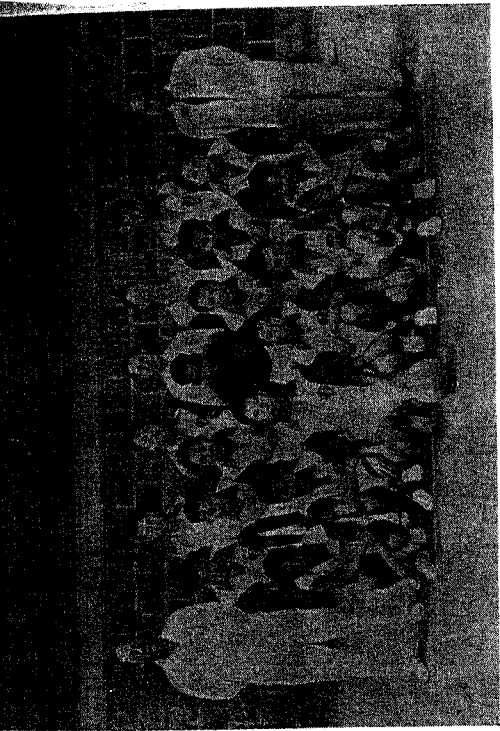
Visits were made by other classes to Hong Kong & China Gas Works, Royal Observatory and Yung Hwa Motion Picture Studio.

### Successes

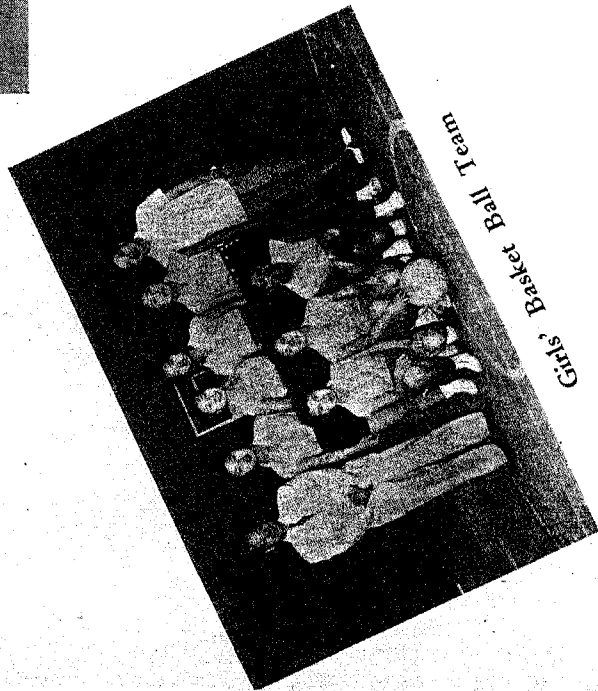
In the Chinese Essay Competition sponsored by the Chinese Student Weekly in 1954, Choi Fook Kwong of 4B won the 1st prize in the Senior Middle School Section and Leung Lap Pui of 3F won the 10th prize in the Junior Section.

### Appreciation

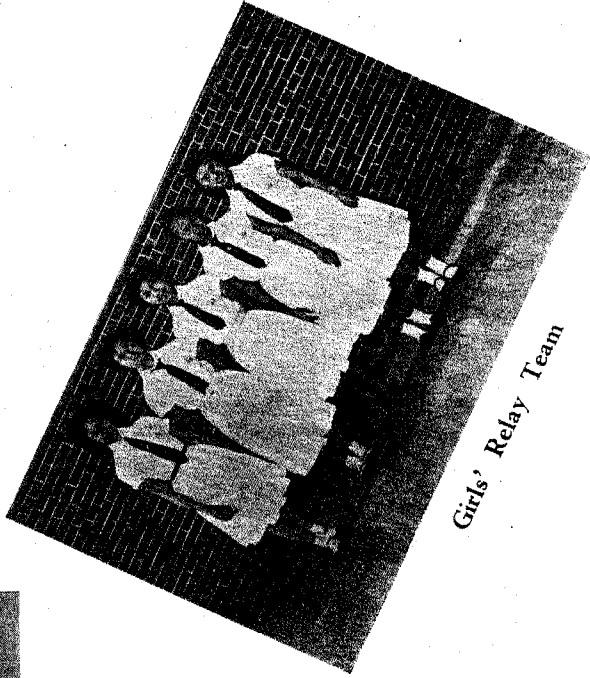
- To King's College for so much help all through this year.
- To the Army Headquarters for the use of the Sports field in Boundary Street.
- To the enthusiastic parents and friends for so kindly donating trophies for Sports Day.
- To the Swedish Air Services for a beautiful picture showing the sun that never sets in the Arctic regions.



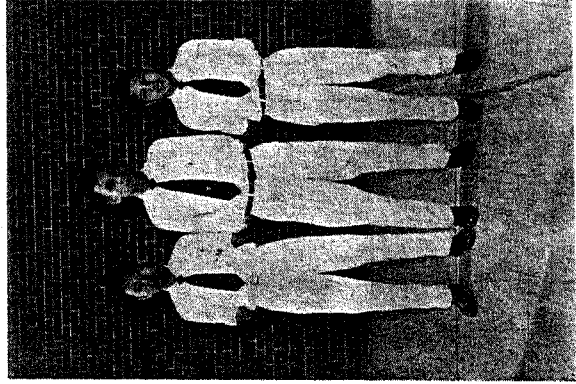
School Football Team



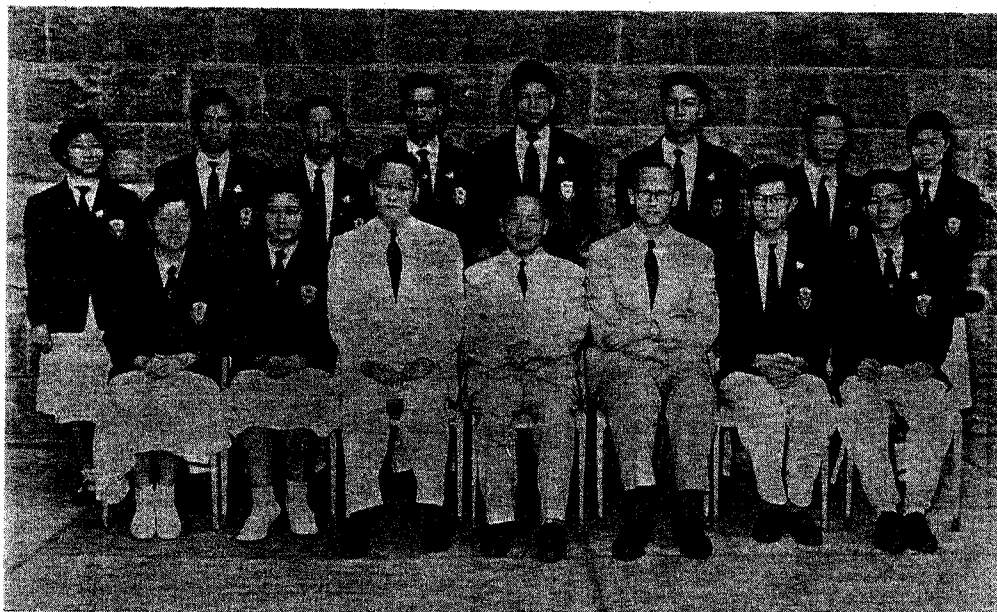
Girls' Baker Ball Team



Girls' Relay Team



Ping-Pong Champions



School Prefects, 1954-55



Interhouse Basket Ball Champions (North House) 1954-55



The School Choir  
Mrs. Lily Pong, Director

## PREFECTS NOTES

On September 25th, 1954, under the guidance of Mr. A. Hinton, Senior Master, and Mr. Kwok Wai Man who was transferred from our school after the Half-yearly Examination, a meeting was held in the Hall where all the Form Four pupils assembled to elect school prefects. In his opening address, Mr. Hinton pointed out the responsibilities of school prefects and laid great stress on the method of voting.

The next day, during the school's first assembly, the pupils elected were called out to the front of the stage by the Principal and introduced to the other pupils.

We have a number of duties to perform. Everyday, before school starts, we see that no pupil enters the school building. When the bell rings, we see that the pupils walk quietly in single file up the stairs and along the corridors. At the same time, we see that they wear full school uniform. During the recess, we see that no pupils stay inside the classrooms except the particular pupils on duty that day. Whenever the school holds an assembly, we are responsible for leading the pupils of all forms to the Hall. Our main responsibilities are to maintain good discipline in the School and to see that the school regulations are observed.

The Head Prefect is a tall boy wearing spectacles. He is skilful and enthusiastic in managing affairs, industrious in his studies and profound in his knowledge both within and without the school syllabus. He has held an internal government scholarship for the past two years. However, he does not boast of his knowledge and is very humble. He is earnest and frank, respected for his ability and his character. Indeed, he is well qualified for the post. Each of the rest of us, besides being conscientious, has some other contribution to make. The Girl Prefects are always very calm and quiet, but they are by no means shy of doing things. As for the Boy Prefects, Wong Wan Ming is known for his fine handwriting both in English and in Chinese. Tam Hin Tong is a very sound harmonica player. As for Wu Wing Chi, besides being a prefect, he is the monitor of Form IVA. Wei Tsun Fai is the Vice-Captain of West House. Chan Yik Chung, who is a good scout, is always ready to render service. Kwok Kam Cheung has been chosen to help Mr. Lee Lung, the business manager of the School Magazine. As for myself, I am just an ordinary pupil. But I am very active. I take part in sports, games and all kinds of activities in the school. I am a member of the School Choir and also a member of the School Harmonica Band. I am not an expert in all these, but just like to participate in these activities.

Under the good leadership of our Head Prefect and with the good co-operation of all Form Monitors and Form Monitresses, school discipline has shown good signs of improvement. The school regulations are very well observed.

Though our school is a new and big one, consisting of about eight hundred pupils transferred from various government schools, there have been no quarrels among the students. Outside school, their behaviour is just as good as when they are inside. Here and there they show courtesy and good manners. When they are waiting at the tramway stops or at the bus stops, they voluntarily line up in single file. This is admirable and makes a good impression on the general public. This shows a high degree of self-respect and self-discipline. Though these may not be regarded as our achievements as school prefects, we take great pride in them.

It is our wish that all our schoolmates should co-operate with us to make our school not only good in discipline but good in all respects so that we may build up a fine tradition and set a good example to others!

HO CHE LEUNG,  
Second Prefect.



## FORM IV A

We students of Form 4A are all boys, about seventeen years of age and rather mischievous. Though we often appear rather silly, we are not really brainless. In the playground we are restless, but in class we are quite attentive.

The subjects we like best are: first of all P.T.; then Chemistry, in which we can go to the laboratory and do amusing experiments with our own hands, without sitting formally in the class-room where all we can see are but books and words. History is also a popular subject. In history lessons we like to catch each word spoken by the teacher, and we like to analyse every detail of past events.

Music is the hardest subject for most of us; because many boys find the musical terms difficult to remember. On the way to the hall for music, we ask one another anxiously about these terms. When we reach the hall, we all gaze steadily at the floor, trying to avoid the teacher's eye so that we may not be called upon to answer her questions.

Our behaviour among ourselves may seem strange. Sometimes we are very friendly to one another, and sometimes we almost ignore each other. We usually address each other with nicknames, to which we always reply without hesitation. However, we have no hostile divisions among us, nor is there anything such as fighting or back-biting.

Now and then we arrange picnics or other activities. In the Easter holidays we went for a picnic to Silver Mine Bay. Unfortunately or fortunately, our form-master Mr. Hinton could not join us. It was unfortunate for us, because we missed a chance of having him enjoy the 'delicacies' cooked by ourselves; but it was fortunate for him, because we went there only to find wind and rain. We sheltered in a small tent, which was hardly big enough to hold us. In the canvas of the tent there were holes, and water dropped down through them. Worst of all, the rice was not well cooked, it had neither sufficient water nor sufficient boiling, and in our food we found sand.

We have a football team, and call it "The Invincibles". We are proud of it, because fortunately, up to now it has not lost a "battle". We also have a harmonica band under the able guidance of Mr. Lau Mok.

Five School Prefects out of the eight are in our class. The majority of us are "free-placers", and a few of us have got scholarships.

We have many "specialists". Of course, they are "specialists" in our eyes only. There are "literate" in English, who write their "masterpieces" in pretentious style, and Chinese "literate", who can recite some of the classics in a "rushing-water" way. There are "mathematicians", who can tell you straight away that the square of the square root of a number is. . . . There are "historians", who can even psycho-analyse people of the past, and "scientists" who manage not to blink more than absolutely necessary when they watch the experiments. We also have stout "sportsmen", and typical "book-worms" too! Indeed, we have different authorities in different subjects, and we recognize them all; and frankly who does not like being an "authority" himself?

That we can never help laughing is a common fault which we cannot deny. As we are happy and cheerful, we are very sensitive to funny things. We always welcome jokes and we sometimes laugh so heartily in class that the teachers are embarrassed. We hope for their pardon; for we bear no malice, and we feel refreshed after a hearty laugh.

## FORM IV B

In our class we have forty-two boy class-mates. Some are elder and some are younger, but we all agree very well together, like elder and younger brothers in a big family. Some, comparatively speaking, are strong in Mathematics, but some are weak in it; some are strong in English, but some are weak in it; some are strong in Chinese, and some are strong in other subjects. However, we all group together, study together, and discuss together for our mutual benefit.

We are very happy to have two wonderfully outstanding figures in our class whom we have elected to be our monitors. Our monitor is an incommensurately fat and tall fellow, known all over the school, but he is a very dutiful and loyal boy. Our assistant monitor is just the opposite to our monitor; he is a thin, short, and shy lad.

Our form master, Mr. Kell, is an Englishman, about forty years of age. He is a jolly man, always with a smiling face. In spite of the fact he is twice as old as us, yet his heart and thoughts are pretty young, like ours. He teaches us Mathematics, and he is untiring and keen in teaching. When he comes to class, he never shows us any tiger-like face. He understands us so well that instead of teaching us the lesson directly he tries every means to arouse our interest first. As a result, we listen to his lessons with great attention and can understand more easily.

It is said that Mr. Kell is now learning to speak Cantonese. We remember that the first school day after the Chinese New Year he said to us, "Kung Hei Fat Choy". We answered, "Lai She Tou Lai". All of a sudden the whole class was full of laughter and noise. We hope that he will succeed in learning to speak Cantonese, so that we can have more jokes in our class.

S. C. CHEUNG.

## FORM IV C

Ours is an active class. The members in our class are all smart and clever though the teachers do not all realize the fact.

Our class is the only isolated one in school, yet it is very noisy. It is due not to the sound made inside, but to the noises coming from outside. These include the noises of buses, motor cars and the cries of people.

The windows, all on the left side of our classroom, are not only useful to let the air in and out, but also enable our class to enjoy the scenery of hills, trees and flowers outside. It is something which other classes are not privileged to have.

Whenever any circular comes into our class, the whole class will murmur and say, "Early dismissal to-day," thus showing its keenness to work.

It would be a wonderful surprise if one week we found full attendance in our 'Register'. The class is never without one or more absences in a week, even during examination time.

There are 8 house captains and vice-captains in the school, but half of the number can be found in our class.

Besides house captains, there are a foot-ball captain, a prefect, football players, basketball players, school athletes, members of the school choir and of course a chairman of our class club and our two monitors.

Debates, speeches and recitations are held from time to time in order to train us to speak English properly.



Once, one of our teachers praised us: "If you were not smart, you would not have been promoted to Form IV". Oh, how honourable we are!

Lastly, to prove that some of our classmates are good runners, as soon as the last bell rings, the first five pupils standing in the queue at the bus stop are nearly always Form IV C boys.

LIU TO ON.

### FORM III B

We are proud of our class. It is a "full house" of forty-two boys. We are disciplined and brainy. The result of the half-yearly examinations showed that only two failed in the average of all the subjects.

There is a unique adventure recorded in our class annals. One day, a bird flew into our classroom. A boy caught it bare-handed, passed it over to the teacher who, in turn, gave it to the biology teacher. Can any other class match this?

We have a strict but, luckily, good humoured form-master. He is also our English teacher. He likes to begin a story by saying wittily, "Once upon a time, long time ago. . . ." So whenever he says "Once upon a time," we all finish his introduction for him by saying harmoniously, "long time ago. . . ." He smiles broadly and we all smile and then the lesson follows.

One afternoon we were studying Jane Eyre. There was a conversation between Jane Eyre and Helen Burns. Helen said, "Yes, to my last home." A boy raised his hand, stood up, and asked, "What does that mean, Sir?" "Oh," said our English master, "From Here to Eternity." This was the name of a film being shown at that time.

In the mathematics class, our geometry teacher always uses a piece of string to draw a circle and his own hands as compasses. So we call him "Mr. Economist."

One day the biology teacher asked, "What important vitamins do we need?" One instantly replied, "Vitamin M." The scientific-minded teacher was puzzled at first, but a moment later, she laughed with the class. By M, of course, he meant money.

Geography is an interesting subject. Once our Geography teacher at the beginning of the lesson asked, "The most beautiful girl in the world came to Hong Kong last year. Do you know who she is?" Most of the class replied gaily, "Yes, Ah Mee." Then, he continued, "Of what nationality was she?" We all answered, "A Finn of Finland." Then he added, "Take out your atlas and turn to Finland."

In the history class, a boy asked, "Who was the king?" The teacher did not answer. It was a queen at that time.

Some of us are keen in sports and games. Three of the sportsmen who won fame in the school sports came from Form III B. We have good voices too. A few of our singers took part in the school choir which competed at the Schools Music Festival. We like to paint. A few painters paint a good number of excellent paintings.

We all love extra-curricular activities. We have mountain climbers, stamp collectors, coin collectors, stone and rock collectors, and good photographers.

Our form-master one day asked us to write some class notes. One boy asked, "Sir, can we write in Chinese?" "Yes," he answered, "and give me the translation of it, too." So this is the compilation of the notes written by the boys of Form III B.

HO KING HIN.

## FORM III D

Our Form-master, Mr. T. Y. Liu, is kind and good to us all. He always encourages us to work hard and to make good use of our time.

We have agreed that those who forget to bring their text-books required for the day will write one hundred lines for the first time and a hundred more for every subsequent offence.

Many boys in our form are very good at sports. There are a number of good runners, football players and basketball players, and a few of them are members of our school teams as well as of their respective House teams.

There are many handsome boys in our form. The most handsome one is the tall, fat fellow, W. C. Tong. This pretty title is given him because he combs his hair not less than ten times a day.

Once during our Physics lesson, our intelligent teacher of Science and Mathematics, Mr. F. K. Li suddenly shouted with a thunder-like voice. One of the class-mates said, "Be careful of your throat, sir."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Li softly, "Everytime I go home I have to eat some honey to ease my throat."

Recently, there is an alarming rule passed in our form. It concerns our Composition. Anyone who is careless in making mistakes in tenses or spelling may be asked to write from fifty to two hundred lines. "To improve your English and to get rid of your careless habit, it is quite a good way, I think," said Mr. Liu.

We planned to have a picnic to Clear Water Bay on the first day of our Easter Holiday. Unfortunately, it was a cold and cloudy day, and the picnic was eventually cancelled. But there were some "Braves" who went, irrespective of weather conditions.

CHENG WAI SIEN.

## FORM III F

Under the guidance of our Form-master, Mr. Chow Wai Sun, and with the co-operation of the pupils, our class club, the Rising Sun Club, has been established with K. Y. Cheung as President, Iu Po Pui and Lor Chor Yuk as Vice-Presidents, P. P. Iu as Hon. Treasurer, and Lee Tit Man as Hon. Secretary. Our Club's sports captain Ki Kam Yuen and the Purchaser Wong Chi Nam are responsible and jolly boys. A monthly subscription of 30 cents from each to meet our expenses was proposed by the President and agreed to unanimously.

Miss Tsang Suk Han, our English teacher, has taken great pains in planning a reading club for the class. The reading club thus comes into existence with Miss Tsang as our adviser. All the books were contributed by the boys of the class, and are in the good care of our Monitor. We all find such a club helpful for improving our English.

On 26th March, 1955, the Rising Sun Club went on a picnic to Little Clear Water Bay, and Mr. Chow, our Form-master, kindly took the lead in this activity. Every boy enjoyed himself on the way as well as at the destination, where many Angular fish were found, a few of which were gathered as specimens. A football match was held between our team and that of the people living there. We were surprised to beat them in that match by two goals.

CHEUNG KOON YUET.

## FORM III G

Our class consists of 42 girls who came from Yaumati Government School and N.T.C.P.S. Though some of the classmates did not know each other before, yet we soon become good friends and are very cooperative. We are glad to say that we all work happily together with the common aim of learning to live as best we can and of doing our part for the good name of the School.

As we all realise that books can be our guide, we have organized since last term a class library of our own. We are thankful for the support and advice voluntarily given us by our Form Mistress Miss Tsang Suk Han. Each one of us contributed one or more books to begin with. This gives everyone an opportunity of reading at least 42 books. At the beginning of the second term we all made additional contributions. Now we have over 100 books in our library. We are very proud of what we have done—we have helped both our friends and ourselves. We all hope that there will be an excellent school library when our school building is completed.

We admit that much of the material in our class magazine "The Voice of 3G" has been derived from the books in our library. The magazine was started by our combined efforts under the direction and supervision of our Form Mistress. Here we are free to say what we want with no fear of recriminations.

When we first entered our classroom in September, 1954, we found our walls bare. Our class mistress said it was up to us to make our own world beautiful. We thought it over carefully and each of us came back with some suggestion or other. Now beautiful pictures, attractive drawings and interesting articles, all done by our classmates, appear all over the classroom. We have made the classroom very pleasing to us all. We love it as much as our home, and there is ever so much fun!

We like our oral English lessons. They are so different from what we had before. Everyone, yes, everyone of us, finds it so much fun. We never knew that learning could be fun too! And we are not so afraid to get up on our feet now, as we used to be. Our debates and dramatic performances have done wonders for us.

On the School Entertainment Day last term, our class contributed two items to the programme—Singing and Folk-Dancing. They were presented by the sole efforts of our classmates, and met with thunderous applause.

The proposal to hold a class picnic was passed unanimously in February. We finally went to "Little Pine Woods." Miss Tsang, our Form Mistress, Mr. So and Miss Mow were invited to join us. Nearly the whole class participated. We enjoyed ourselves very much. Besides school work, we should have such activities to cheer us up. All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl.

We have four Girl Guides in our class. They are trained to serve the public and to become useful members of the community.

We are compiling a photograph album of our class activities to make sure that the happy year we have had at Q. E. S. is not to be forgotten.

In conclusion, we are sure that we have made a number of errors. But we can learn even from our errors if our Principal, teachers and schoolmates will be good enough to give us advice, for which we shall be most grateful. We all have one hope, to make Q. E. S. a name that we shall be able to speak with pride.

CHENG FUNG PING.

## FORM III H

During the past months, we had many extra-curricular activities organized by our Class Association.

A picnic took place in February. The destination was Diamond Hill, and we were lucky enough to have several teachers to join us. We pupils enjoyed it thoroughly.

Plays were performed during Oral English lessons. Some of our classmates earned their nicknames from the parts they played. They do not mind it for it is a kind of joke.

The most interesting event in our class was the debate. The topic that we debated on was "That a Mixed Class Is Better Than a Class of All Boys or All Girls." Do you know what the result was? The proposal was passed.

We also sang in our school concert this year. Before that, we practised very hard. As it was the first time that many of us had stood on the stage with hundreds of school-mates in front of us, we were rather nervous. However, I hope we will be able to overcome stage fright on the next occasion.

LAU YUEN YEE.

## FORM II A

Time passes very quickly, and we have come to the end of our school year. On looking back, we are glad to see that our class has shown progress in several respects.

In the first few months of the year, most of our classmates did not have the courage to put up their hands to answer questions during the lesson. But now it is quite different. Nearly all of us have got the habit and courage to try, whenever questions are asked. In this way, we help our teachers to find out whether we know our lessons or not.

The pupils of our class are particularly interested in map-drawing. Every time, our good drawings please our geography teacher very much. He has always been saying that some of our drawings are far better than they can be expected to be, and that we should try to keep up this high standard. Instead of just keeping it, we are aiming at a higher standard. The number of good drawings is on the increase.

Like most boys, we are interested in Science. We wish that we could have more lab-work.

We have some members who have distinguished themselves in extra-curricular activities. Fong Hon Kit won two prizes in the Boy Scout Swimming Sports Meeting (Victoria District) and he also passed the Life Saving Examination held by the Royal Life Saving Society last year. Chan Nai Bun is a good Violin player and Wong Man Hin is a good Harmonica player.

In the Half-yearly Examination, a boy of this class was the first of all Form II pupils. We wish him the best of luck and hope he will hold the first place again in the Annual Examination.

We are now working hard because the Annual Examination is near and we aim at a 100% pass.

We are getting along very well with each other. We are working together as a whole. There has never been anything unhappy in our class, not even a slight quarrel.

We cannot say that our class is an excellent class, but it is true that our class is a good class. We are seldom punished by our Form-mistress for bad behaviour or unsatisfactory work and we often receive praise from other teachers.

The Principal has said that our school history is like an empty page; what will be filled in depends on us. We hope we shall never do anything bad to stain it.

WONG KWOK DIEN.

## FORM II B

Having some talkative boys in our class, we are known as the noisiest class in the school. "Please keep quiet!" "The first and last warning!" "No more noise!" These words can often be heard in our class. And we feel surprised if a teacher does not give such warnings in a lesson.

We are fond of giving nick-names, nearly each of us has a nick-name. "Student Prince," "Japanese," "Handsome Boy," "Longmans," and many other wonderful names are given.

Sometime in February Miss Ho, our form-mistress, took us on a picnic to Cheung Chau. The sea was so attractive and calm that some of us dared swim even in such cold weather. Some said in jest that they did not know whether they could live till summer. That was why we were so bold as to swim in the cold sea.

After the Half-Yearly Examination, Miss Ho awarded some story books to the boys who had been good in conduct and had been responsive during the previous term. She hoped that we would all behave like gentlemen and at the same time work hard.

Although we often give trouble to our teachers, we are interested in our lessons. We try to improve ourselves in different ways: we have formed a class library in order to advance in English; we ask questions on science so as to learn more; and for mathematics we do a lot of exercises. We are now gradually getting rid of our bad habits, and are trying to behave well in class.

We have a class football team and almost every fortnight we play a friendly match with the football team of another class. Victory often belongs to us as we have a few good players in our class. Two of them are members of our School Football Team. We have good runners like Luk Kwok Chu and Miu Chiu Fan, and good basket-ball players too. We like P.T. very much, so none of us are weak, none of us are unhealthy.

LI YIU SHUM.

## FORM II C

Our class is made up of thirty-four pupils, and our Form master is Mr. Wen Ching-hsi. He is a kind teacher and highly learned. He teaches us History.

Our English teacher is Miss Nellie Shin. She is a young lady with very good training too. She is especially kind to us; and we are studying harder than ever before. She teaches us literature and the other English subjects. Our Chinese teacher is Mr. Tai.

The monitors in our class are Lee Chi Shing and Sinn So Hung. All the pupils in our class like to play basketball and a few of us like to play table-tennis as well.

We all feel very happy in school, because we are all very good friends.

Our class-room is very big and bright. It is very near the hall. There are four windows, two ceiling fans, and six electric lights.

When we look out from the windows we have a beautiful view of the sea, because our classroom faces the Victoria harbour. The surface of the water looks like a mirror, and the green hills seem to be sleeping in the sun. Sometimes birds are seen flying above the water in search of little fishes for food. Therefore, we like our class and classroom very much indeed!

LI CHI SHING.

## FORM II D

Our class association was established within a month of the beginning of the first term in September, 1954. Its name is "Bold Club". Class officials were elected by the members of the club and the monthly subscription is 50 cents payable on the first day of each month. The officials are as follows:

<b>Chairman</b>	- - - - -	Chak Sik Ho
<b>Secretary</b>	- - - - -	Mo Kim Kwong
<b>Treasurer</b>	- - - - -	Poon Sai Keung
<b>Programme Committee</b>	- - - - -	Yuen Pong Yin Chu Kai Hung Ng Shu Yin
<b>Standing Committee</b>	- - - - -	Kwong Kwok Chiu Au Wing Nin Chan Sik Tao

We are very proud to have Mr. Peter Wei as our form-master. Under his wise guidance, we have made great progress in English literature and other subjects and he spends much valuable time advising us how to make the club strong. All the members are very glad to support the club and are co-operative.

Our club is advancing steadily. Activities are carried on regularly, each one of them being better than the one before. We have a meeting nearly every working Saturday for the members to improve their studies or to arrange extra-curricular activities such as picnics and outdoor games.

Our football team is among the strongest in the school, for many of our players are in the school football team. We are very proud that we have won many friendly matches against other forms. Congratulations too, to our classmate Lau Chun Tong who came out third in the school Ping Pong Competition. Debates are held in some of our lessons and we are very fond of debating. All these show that our members are active in other ways as well as being good in their studies.

So far we have had two excursions: a) to the University of Hong Kong, b) to Yung Hwa Motion Picture Studio, in Kowloon.

During the Christmas Holidays last year, we went on a picnic to Silver Mine Bay. We had a very enjoyable afternoon there. It served also to increase the friendship among our classmates.

MO KIM KWONG.

## FORM II E

There are thirty-two boys in our class, transferred from Queen's College and Ellis Kadoorie School. The boys from Q. C. are better at study and the E.K. boys are better at sports. In fact, we are a good class. We have the winner of the Senior Championship of Ellis Kadoorie School, and the second boy in Queen's College English Speech Contest.

Our Form Association was born at the beginning of the first term. Kwok Yau Yee was elected Chairman, and Chan Wai Yeung is in charge of entertainment. Yacob Hassan is the Captain of the Football Team. Three of our classmates represent the school in the Inter-school Football Matches.

In February, we held a picnic together with another class at Deep Water Bay. Our second class picnic was held in April at Shek O.

Under the guidance of Miss Sanders, we are improving in our studies quickly. She encourages us to overcome all the difficulties on our way.

Form Two is the lowest form in this School, we earnestly welcome kind advice from our Principal, our teachers and schoolmates in our efforts to promote our knowledge, friendship and co-operation.

CHAN WAI YEUNG.

**FORM II G**

We are all glad that our class teacher is Miss Nellie Shin. As a result of her untiring instruction, our class has shown much improvement in English.

Our history teacher is Miss Louise Ho. Her method of teaching is so clear that we all understand our lessons well.

We formed a class association and elected all the officials at the beginning of the first term. We agreed among ourselves that any one who forgets to bring the necessary text books should be fined twenty cents. The money goes to our class fund.

The various activities of our class have included several football matches with other classes and a number of picnics.

Though the members of our class came from various government schools, by now we have become good friends and all feel very happy in our class activities.

The thing that looms big on the horizon is the Annual Examination. We are preparing very hard for it.

HO NAI MING.

**FORM II H**

To present some idea of our class, it is necessary to describe our unique classroom.

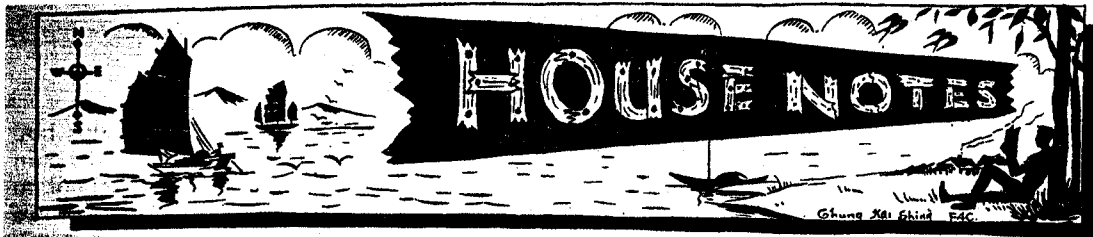
Our classroom is Room No. 6 on the ground floor just opposite the Mistresses Common Room.

It is the Geography room, with many maps pinned on the walls. There are four tables, each about 10 feet long and 3 feet wide. Six or eight pupils sit round each table. The blackboard is behind some of us. So it is very difficult for those so situated to look at the blackboard when the teacher writes something. They must turn round in order to look at the teacher. And if we write anything during the lesson, they must turn back to the table again.

Right above our class room is the Principal's Office. So we must keep quiet all the time in order not to disturb the Principal. About 4 p.m. every day, the sun shines through the windows into our class room. Those sitting near the window feel most uncomfortable, when the strong rays of the sun shine on their books.

There are only twenty-four pupils in our class. Some of our classmates are good football players. Sometimes we play football with other classes in order to build up friendship with them. We have won many times in football matches. Although our class room is very small and there are only twenty-four pupils in our class, we are a very happy group together.

CHAN WAI CHUEN.



## NORTH HOUSE

North House — the first and best of them all! Though still young in years (born on 9th November, 1954), we are already strong and powerful, strong because we are one united body, and powerful because each of us is doing his or her utmost.

Under the able leadership of Mr. F. K. Li, our House Master then, we were, after a few weeks' practice, well tuned up for the school's first Annual Athletic Meeting. Strong as the north wind in December, we would have swept away all the trophies, had we not been a little merciful. The word 'swept' reminds me of another one — sweat. Yes, it was with sweat that our house-mates won the highest honour for their house — The Inter-House Championship. May I take this opportunity of thanking the prize-winners for the great name they have earned for the house and themselves, the competitors for the good sportsmanship they have shown, and the non-participants for the inspiring co-operation they have given.

To our deep regret Mr. F. K. Li, who moulded our house from its embryonic form into its present shape and led us to glorious victory, has had to release the guiding reins, but we are happy that they have been taken up by Mr. P. Y. Shuen, our former Assistant House Master.

The current office-bearers are:—

House Master	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. P. Y. Shuen
Assistant House Master	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. S. K. Kwong
Assistant House Mistress	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Diana Mow
House Captain (Boys)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Woo Wai Lok, 4C
House Captain (Girls)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lau Wai Hing, 4D
Vice House Captain (Boys)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ip Shui Lun, 4A

WOO WAI LOK,  
House Captain.

## SOUTH HOUSE

The South House of Queen Elizabeth School was born at 5.20 p.m. on the 9th of November, 1954, when we first met together as a House in order to elect our House captains. Under the able guidance of our House Master, Mr. C.T. Kell, and his assistants Mr. A. Ling and Miss V. Tsang, this business was soon completed, and Mr. Kell then delivered a short speech. In it he expressed the hope that we should soon get to know each other, should quickly learn to live together as a family — helping one another in time of need — and that we should in years to come feel proud of having been members of the South House. He warned us that House Competitions would be held not only in Sports and Games, but also in what was perhaps even more important — Studies. While he was sure that we were all sensible, responsible people, he urged us to be careful that our behaviour was such as not to forfeit points in the House Competition, so that we might be a credit not only to ourselves, but also to the House and School to which we belong.

Our competitors in the first School Annual Athletic Sports Meeting deserve all our thanks and congratulations for the sportsmanship, courage and spirit of endeavour which they showed. We had our fair share of successes, particularly in the Senior Boys events, which resulted in our carrying off the Senior Shield. Yacob Hassan was in fine form and



thrilled us all by winning the Senior Individual Championship. Later in the year, this boy represented the School at the Inter-School Sports and again performed very worthily to gain second and third places in his events. Our 100 metres sprinters also helped the School to win the 4 by 100 metres Invitation Relay at the Technical College Sports. Although we failed to win the Inter-House Championship Shield, we put up a good fight and the result was in doubt right to the end, when we were finally placed second. The one rather disappointing feature of the Athletic Sports Competition was the small number of people who entered for the events. The girls were exceptionally remiss in this respect. In the future, I hope we shall all remember and try to live up to the Spirit of the Olympic athletes, which is that the glory lies not in winning but in taking part.

At present there are 197 members of our House. I hope that in the future, by their co-operation, enthusiasm and willingness to participate in all activities and competitions, they will all do their very best to secure a respected and brilliant reputation for our House.

Finally, I should like to offer my heartiest thanks to our House Master Mr. Kell, and to Mr. Ling and Miss Tsang, for their efforts and enthusiasm in giving us valuable advice and assistance.

Elected House Officials are as follows:

House Captain (Boys)	- - - - -	Choi Yeung Hung	(4A)
Vice Captain (Boys)	- - - - -	Liu To On	(4C)
House Captain (Girls)	- - - - -	Yan Shuen Chak	(4D)
Football Captain	- - - - -	Tsui Shek Hay	(4A)
Basketball Captain (Boys)	- - - - -	Fung Wan Chu	(4C)
Basketball Captain (Girls)	- - - - -	Wong Kam Yin	(3G)
Badminton Captain (Boys)	- - - - -	Cheng Hon Wah	(3A)
Badminton Captain (Girls)	- - - - -	Tsang Yee Wah	(3I)
Table Tennis Captain (Boys)	- - - - -	Lau Chung Tong	(2D)
Table Tennis Captain (Girls)	- - - - -	Li Shiu Tze	(3G)

CHOI YEUNG HUNG,  
House Captain.

### EAST HOUSE

East House (Brown House) was born on the 9th November, 1954. 199 students from different forms were summoned to assemble in the gymnasium by the House Master, Mr. Chow Wai Sun, the Assistant House Master, Mr. Kong Shiu Yin and the Assistant House Mistress, Miss Nellie Shin. Mr. Chow gave a short speech concerning the House activities, laying emphasis on the need for a spirit of co-operation, and conducted the election of the House Captain and Vice-House Captains. The results of the election were as follows:—

House Captain	- - - - -	Ho Che Leung	(4A)
Vice House Captain (Boys)	- - - - -	Leung Sik Kwong	(4C)
Vice House Captain (Girls)	- - - - -	Lee Miu Lan	(4D)

On the 19th February, 1955, we held the first formal meeting for the election of the other officials for the current school year. The results of the election were as follows:

Hon. Treasurer	- - - - -	Lee Miu Lan	(4D)
Hon. Secretaries	- - - - -	Tso Shiu Kit	(4A)
		Cheung Koon Yuet	(3F)
Basketball Captain	- - - - -	Tsang Shiu Nam	(4B)
Football Captains	- - - - -	Lee Sing Yu	(4A)
		Ng Shiu Lun	(4A)
		Fung Sau Chung	(4B)

It was thought that a House fund would help towards our activities, and at a meeting of form representatives convened for the purpose, the decision was reached that a monthly subscription of 20 cents be collected from each member and that the subscription be entirely voluntary. We have already collected the subscriptions for the past several months, and the result is promising. The basketball players and the football players are supplied with uniforms bearing the House colours. A part of the House fund will be used to print a list of the members with their addresses in the near future.

It was pointed out by our House Master during the second formal meeting on the 5th March, that we were failing to be co-operative and enthusiastic, and that this was shown by our failures in the Annual Athletic Sports Meeting. He urged us to remedy our weakness by working harder, as in the Inter-House competition achievements in both study and games would be taken into account.

We shall not cry over spilt milk, but shall devote our efforts in all fields of activities to the single aim of improving our standards in the hope of becoming the champion house. Although we did not start well, we have shown evidence of gradual improvement and progress. In order to cheer ourselves up we should like to point out that our Basketball Team is superior to any other House Teams, as in the Inter-House Matches our team has not yet met with any defeat, and it is not unlikely that we shall receive the trophy. Two of our members, notably Chan Wing Chung and Ho Che Leung who are the champion and the runner-up respectively in the School Table-Tennis Singles Championship, have won renown for the House. Although it might be true that well begun is half done, it still holds true that it is never too late to mend. With this in mind, we look forward to our final success. Any achievement made will be due to the enthusiastic co-operation of all, and to the able guidance and advice of our House Masters and House Mistress.

Tso SHIU KIT,  
Hon. Secretary.

## WEST HOUSE

Our first meeting was successfully held on the 9th November, 1955 in the Hall. It was presided over by our House Master Mr. Liu Tsu Yen, Assistant House Master Mr. Peter Wei, and Assistant House Mistress Miss Linda Li. At the meeting every member turned up punctually.

From among 193 boys and girls, House Captains were elected. During the election, the atmosphere was cheerful and friendly. Then, the House Master, Assistant House Master, and Assistant House Mistress each gave a short speech, encouraging us to do our best and to bring honour to our House.

In the first Annual Athletic Sports Meeting of our School, our House was placed second. We also won a basketball match with North House.

On the 16th March, 1955, we had another house meeting, presided over by the House Captains, in which football and basketball captains were elected.

The list of our House officials follows:—

House Captain (Boys) - - - - -	Herman Lee	(4C)
Vice House Captain (Boys) - - - - -	Wei Tsun Fai	(4B)
House Captain (Girls) - - - - -	Tang Oi Kwan	(4D)
Football Captain - - - - -	Chan Kwan Ngok	(4B)
Basketball Captain - - - - -	Tse Kai On	(4B)

Though we did not win the championship in the last Sports Meeting, yet we showed our indomitable spirit in every event. All the members of our House are looking forward to winning more honours for our House next year.

HERMAN LEE,  
House Captain.

### SCHOOL CHOIR NOTES

Under the guidance of Mrs. Lily Pong, our Music Mistress, the School Choir was formed on the 5th January, 1955. The pupils' voices were carefully tested before they were accepted as members.

At present, our choir consists of 51 members — 16 sopranos, including Chan Yeuk Ching the soloist, 10 altos, 11 tenors, 13 bass, and a piano accompanist, Woo Yam Poon.

We are very proud to have an exceedingly good soloist. With a good voice and past training, she sings very well. The four parts are not only good as a whole, but individually as well. Each part has its own quality and strength.

We used to have our practices on alternate days — Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, starting at 1 p.m. and finishing at 1.30 p.m.

The spirit and enthusiasm of the members are admirable. Whenever they are summoned for practice, they all turn up punctually. Besides being co-operative and obedient to the teacher, they are very friendly to each other.

We participated in the Schools Mixed Voice Choir competition of the 7th Hong Kong Schools Music Festival. In spite of the fact that our choir had been organized for only a few months, we came fourth among the eight schools.

We are not satisfied, and are still carrying on our practices every Wednesday and Friday from 1 p.m. to 1.30 p.m. We wish to make good progress and great improvement in the near future. We are practising the song "Praise The Lord, O Jerusalem", and are going to render it at the School Ceremony when we move to our new building.

During the Easter Holidays, we were very active. We had an entertainment held in the hall at 3 p.m., on the 4th April. We were very delighted that Mr. Hinton and Miss Mow were kind enough to be present. Besides a lot of refreshments, we had games and records of classical music.

On the 14th April, we had a picnic to Tsun Wan. Mr. Chow Wai Sun and Mrs. Pong accompanied us on the picnic. It was a fine day, and we enjoyed ourselves very much, and everyone went home with a light heart but almost exhausted.

In conclusion, on behalf of the members of the choir, I should like to take this opportunity to express our most hearty thanks to Mrs. Pong for her able and constant guidance and her generosity in entertaining us on many occasions, to our Principal who has always been keenly interested in our work and to both Mr. Hinton and Mr. Chow Wai Sun who have given us valuable advice.

HO CHE LEUNG,  
Hon. Secretary.

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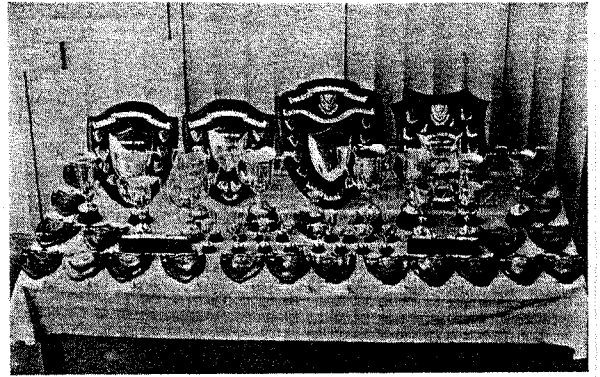
### SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD PUZZLE

**Across:** 1. CHEUNG 2. HUNTER 3. IN 4. SIC 5. ANIMAL 6. RAT 7. BY  
8. LOG 9. TILLER 10. UNO 11. LIE 12. MY 13. DO 14. AS 15. DROWSE

**Down:** 1. CHICAGO 8. LUMP 16. HUN 17. EN 18. UTENSIL 19. NE  
20. GRUMBLE 21. QES 22. PAL 23. IRONY 24. AYE 25. LIMPS  
26. ROOT 27. MAR 28. SO.



Our Principal,  
Mr. W. F. Cheong



Athletic trophies on display



Trophy Winners of West House



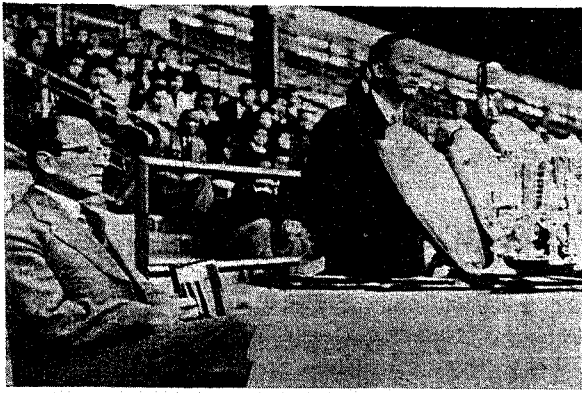
The Hon. D. J. S. Crozier  
and the Principal



The Champion House 1954-55



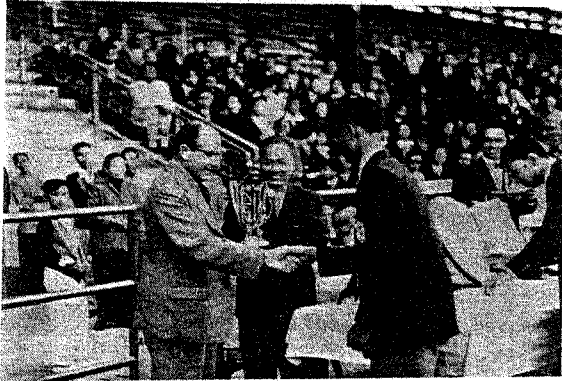
Competitors of South House



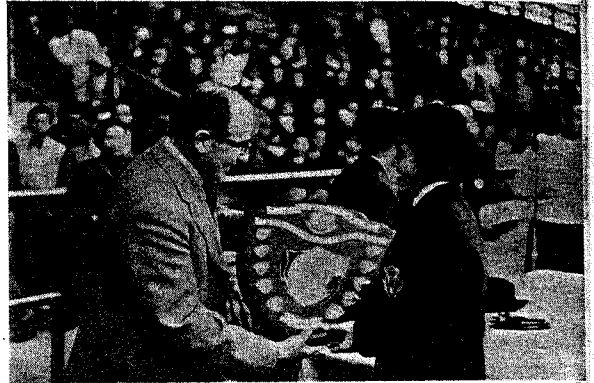
The Principal addressing the gathering



Tug-of-War Winner — Staff Team



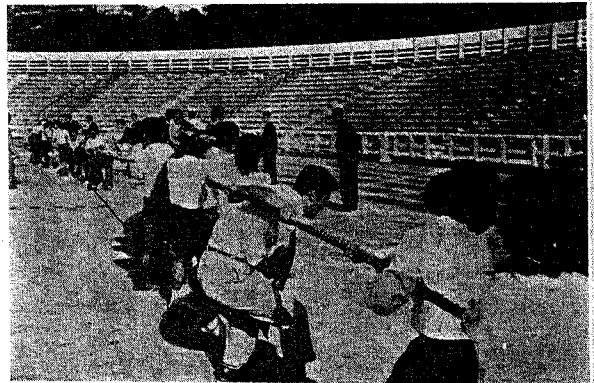
The "A" Grade Individual Champion  
Yacab Hassan



Receiving Trophy for North House —  
Lau Wai Hing



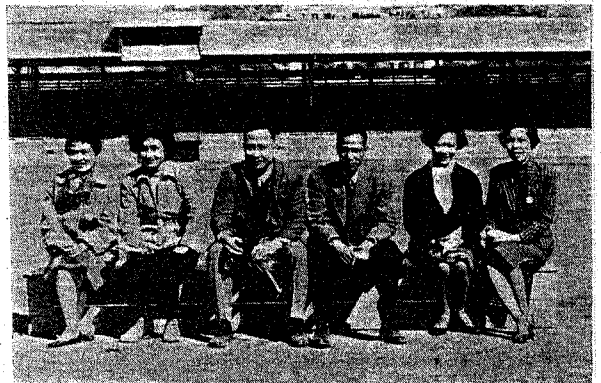
Tug of War (Interhouse)



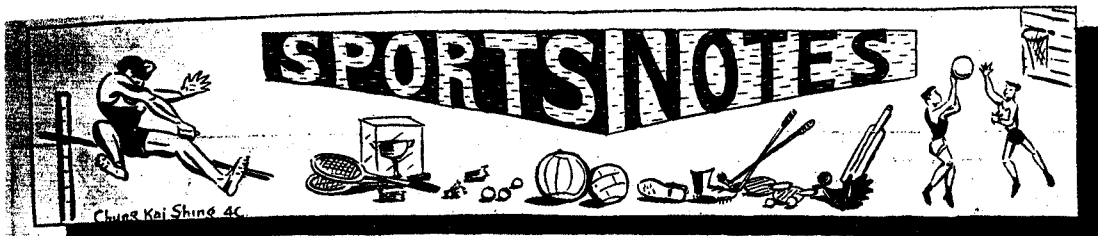
Tug of War (Interhouse)



The Principal observing throwing the Soft Ball



Some of the Officials



## SPORTS ACTIVITIES OF THE SCHOOL

The success acquired by our school in sports and games both inside and outside the school has been most encouraging.

The First Annual Athletic Meet was held on the 20th December, 1954 at the South China Stadium. Competition among the boys and girls was exceedingly keen, and true sportsmanship was displayed by most competitors. The Hon. D.J.S. Crozier, Director of Education, was present to distribute the trophies and it was an honour to this new school.

The results of the 1st Annual Sports Meet are shown as follows:—

DIVISION	EVENTS	No.	1st.		No.	2nd.		No.	3rd.		Record
			NAME	House		NAME	House		NAME	House	
SENIOR BOYS	100 Metres	87	Yacob Hassan	S	97	Shin So Hung	S	60	Tsoi Huk To	S	11.5"
	200 Metres	87	Yacob Hassan	S	172	Tang Kai Wai	W	173	Ma Kai Shu	W	25.2"
	400 Metres	56	Fung Wan Chu	S	33	Mui Chiu Fan	N	84	Lau Chung Tong	S	1'0.1"
	800 Metres	84	Lau Chung Tong	S	43	Tang King Lun	N	118	Li Chi Leung	E	2'28.5"
	1,500 Metres	43	Tang King Lun	N	118	Liu Chi Leung	E	152	Wong Chi Fong	E	5'12.2"
	110 Metres (Hurdle)	87	Yacob Hassan	S	179	Cheng Man Shek	W	56	Fung Wan Chu	S	20.6"
	4 x 100 relay		South House	S		East House	E		West House	W	50.2"
	4 x 400 relay		North House	N		South House	S		East House	E	4'8.9"
	High Jump	179	Cheng Man Shek	W	56	Fung Wan Chu	S	103	Ho Che Leung	E	5'1"
	Long Jump	33	Mui Chiu Fan	N	101	Tam Hin Tong	E	168	Cheung Wing Hin	W	18'14"
	Hop steps & Jump	172	Tang Kai Wai	W	69	Pang Chung	S	65	Cheng Wai Sun	S	35'11½"
	Shot Put	16	Lai Yiu Yan	N	121	Ki Kam Yuen	E	70	Lo Chor Yuk	S	31'10"
	Tug-of-war		West House	W		East House	E				
	INTERMEDIATE BOYS	100 Metres	12	Tang Pak Chong	N	4	Tsoi Chik Kwong	N	156	Cheng Sze Ming	E
200 Metres		12	Tang Pak Chong	N	4	Tsoi Chik Kwong	N	202	Ma Ting Shui	W	26.6"
400 Metres		34	Lau Yung San	N	137	Luk Kwok Chu	E	15	Li Kai Chi	N	1'06.1"
800 Metres		34	Lau Yung San	N	83	Chow Kin Ying	S	15	Li Kai Chi	N	2'45.4"
4 x 100 relay			North House	N		South House	S		East House	E	55.2"
High Jump		217	So Man Po	W	116	Szeto Chi Wing	E	180	Leung Kam Wing	W	4'1"
Long Jump		12	Tang Pak Chong	N	4	Tsoi Chik Kwong	N	217	So Man Po	W	17'14"
Shot Put	63	Li Sing On	S	137	Luk Kwok Chu	E	181	Chung Yik Fat	W	30'2"	
GIRLS	60 Metres	185	Lo Shuet Hing	W	188	Chan Chuk Ming	W	124	Chan Chiu Po	E	9.8"
	100 Metres	188	Chan Chuk Ming	W	124	Chan Chui Po	E	187	Law Kwai Yung	W	16.5"
	200 Metres	12	Mak Pik Wan	N	187	Law Kwai Yung	W	10	Lau Wai Hing	N	35.6"
	4 x 60 relay		West House	W		North House	N		East House	E	38.4"
	High Jump	204	Young Hor Yuen	W	132	Tam Kar Yuen	E	72	Lee Shui Tze	S	3'10"
	Long Jump	26	Wong Yan Kwai	N	130	Cheung Yuk Kwan	E	11	Mak Pik Wan	N	11'9½"
	Shot Put	204	Young Hor Yuen	W	107	Tam Wing Wah	E	93	Sharifa Hassan	S	27'5½"
	Throwing the soft ball	38	Cheng Lai Ngan	N	93	Sharifa Hassan	S	71	Sung Sai Heung	S	103'8"

Division	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Senior Boys - -	South House (42 points)	North House (23 points)	East House (17 points)	West House (14 points)
Intermediate Boys	North House (33 points)	South House (11 points)	East House (9 points)	West House (7 points)
Girls - - - - -	West House (27 points)	North House (17 points)	East House (11 points)	South House (5 points)
Inter-House - -	North House (73 points)	South House (58 points)	West House (58 points)	East House (42 points)

### Individual Champions

Senior Boys - - - - -	Yacob Hassan	(2E)
Intermediate Boys - - - - -	Tang Pak Chong	(3A)
Girls - - - - -	Young Hor Yuen	(2F)

The School Teams also acquitted themselves creditably outside the School. For instance, our Relay Team came first in the Senior Relay Race at the Technical School Athletic Meet on the 17th March, 1955.

The Table-tennis Championship Finals were held on the 22nd April, 1955. The Championship was won by Chan Wing Chung of Form 4B and Ho Che Leung (4A) was the runner-up, followed by Lau Chan Tong (2D).



## “SE PARATE UT SERVIETIS”

“Se Parate Ut Servietis” is the motto of our school. It has been chosen with the high ideal of encouraging us to cultivate a spirit of rendering service for the welfare of society. The world is built up on the principle of mutual help: the farmers help in growing our grain; the manufacturers help in providing us with various implements; the workmen help in building houses . . . In fact, without mutual help, the world as we know it could not exist. Since we have got so much from others, why should we still be so mean with our humble little service? To work for the public good, without paying attention to what we shall get in return seems to be rather foolish, but from a wider spiritual point of view we do receive something, which no worldly wealth can outweigh, in the form of comfort to the heart. That is genuine happiness — completely divorced from financial and secular rewards. ‘Life is to give, not to take’. From this wise saying we can realise the true meaning of life: to give service to others, without thinking of rewards for service done. Here lies the secret and truth of happiness!

Before we can devote ourselves to what we mean to do, we have to prepare ourselves for the sacred work. It will be futile if we do not have the required energy, knowledge and confidence to fulfil the teaching of the precept. So we have to strive in every possible way to make ourselves equal to our task. The fundamental ways are: to secure a good groundwork in our studies; to develop a healthy body and mind; to strengthen our various special abilities.

If we have the ability and study hard we shall attain to profound scholarship. We must try our very best to pay attention to the guidance of our teachers, and at the same time, to make further enquiries about what we find doubtful. It needs perseverance and constant application. We must overcome our natural inclination to idleness. It is only by persistent diligence that we can acquire our precious knowledge.

Meanwhile, we should participate in sports, exercises and games so as to help in the development of a strong body. Health is essential to all varieties of activity. No matter what stores of knowledge we possess, without enough energy, we will fail sooner or later when greater difficulties which require immense energy appear. Besides possessing bodily health, we must be healthy in mind. Clear thinking, helpfulness, integrity, unselfishness, truthfulness, self-control, obedience are the virtues we must cultivate.

Our school curriculum is largely theoretical. In addition to what we learn at school, we should have some practical knowledge, experience and ability in managing affairs. We should have common sense and gain some knowledge of political ideas, current affairs, and the arts. We need also knowledge of simple machinery, electricity, medicine, first aid, handicraft, which all concern our daily life.

If we can observe these three points we shall at least have what is required to show our enthusiasm for the welfare of the general public, and be ready to play our part. Let us work towards this goal and let our school motto be our constant reminder.

## THE SCHOOL CONCERT

To foster the spirit of co-operation among the pupils, to encourage them to do things for themselves and to provide some entertainment after the heavy burden of the Half-yearly Examination, the School Prefects and class monitors organised a concert on the 21st of January, 1955 on their own initiative.

Since this might be the beginning of a tradition that will last within the School, everybody was enthusiastic to make it a worthy example for the future. Before the examination, detailed plans were made. After it, classes taking part busied themselves with their rehearsals in the Hall. These classes showed such good behaviour in the absence of their teachers that no class in any other school under the best guidance could have done better. They went into the Hall and came out silently in an orderly way, and punctually.

The important day approached, marked with increasing curiosity among the many to see how well the performers could do.

Reports were distributed early that afternoon. The appearance of the Head Prefect before our classroom-door to summon us to the Hall roused a cheer and soon everybody was out, except a few of us who had to stay in the classroom to finish some assigned work. We were worried about missing the best parts, and began to hurry, but this only brought more mistakes, more erasing, wasting more time. At length, this work was completed. We hurried along. Through the glass-door, we could see the Principal smiling as he was giving the speech.

Amidst the roar of clapping, we stealthily entered the Hall and took up the seats at the back.

The curtains parted and on the stage was the pride of our class, the Harmonica Band. I therefore clapped as loudly as I could. The Band played the popular song, the Merry Widow Waltz. It was very good indeed. The beat of the bass part brought much merriment. The performance ended in loud applause.

Then we heard that we would be entertained with a piano solo. Unfortunately, the piano was not moved up to the stage, and thought I strained my ears as much as possible, I caught only a feeble Ting or Tong now and then. Suddenly a loud crack from the piano informed us that this performance was over, and politeness obliged me to clap my hands.

A harmonica solo followed. Then the programme continued with a combined choir of 4A and 4B. They sang "Carry Me back to Old Virginny" with the solo part by Tam Sai Po, who later sang another solo with equal success.

The song "Farewell to Thee" was presented, as was announced, as a tribute to two teachers who were leaving the school soon, though popular opinion indicated that many words should be replaced to fit the circumstances.

Something which rather spoils the enjoyment for some must be mentioned here. Owing to the length of the Hall those at the back could not hear the music properly without straining their ears. We hope that we shall have a better hall properly equipped with a microphone in the new school.

One after another, the items were performed amid great enthusiasm. Though, each one was a success, I can only report some of them here.

Choir singing formed a distinguished feature of the programme, four or five classes contributing such items. This seems to me to indicate a strong spirit of co-operation in our school, and it certainly meant that many more pupils were able to play an active part in the concert than if there had been only individual items.

Another feature was harmonica playing, and the displays of those musicians were, as far as my appreciation of music allowed me to judge, something I need not be ashamed of. This interest has since led to the establishment of the School Harmonica Band. But, it is sad to relate that one of these performances, brought me trouble. My ability to



interpret was tested when the name of the song was announced in Chinese. I was thrown into embarrassment when I could not translate, but I managed to pass on the task to someone else. A strong indication of the skill of the players was found in someone who was so inspired by the low and yearning music that he closed his eyes and began, probably, to dream of the days when he had been young.

The Daisy Bell Waltz Dance was displayed by the Girl Guides. I heard someone tapping the floor in time to the music and humming could be heard all over the Hall as the light tune danced on.

A magician followed with some tricks which quite amused us. Somebody, in a whisper, said that the Indian magician who had visited us earlier had exercised wide influence inside the school resulting in the excellent performance we all witnessed.

The last item was a short play "the Atomic Barber", in which the instruments of the barber were greatly exaggerated. Sickles and large combs were in use. The dialogue was humorous, and everybody laughed heartily. Waves of laughter rose, fell and rose again. Ha! Ha! Ha! Hey! Hey! Hey! Ho!Ho! Ho! roared the laughter. The fear, the worry, the grief caused by the examination during the previous few weeks were now swept away by this current of joy.

The curtains closed, ending this meaningful entertainment but the spirit of co-operation and the ability of the pupils to organize themselves have been clearly demonstrated.

YAM YING YEUNG,  
Form IV A.

### MY FIRST DAY AT Q. E. S.

I can still remember the excitement I felt, when I went to the Queen Elizabeth School on the first day. I did not know the exact location of our new school, so I joined with a few friends of mine to get there. On my way, I enjoyed myself very much in looking at the scene in the harbour, for I live on the opposite side of the harbour.

Suddenly, I thought of my old school, the school in which I had studied for four years, and of all the teachers. They had been so kind and generous that I would never forget them for the rest of my life. I would always miss them. Everything would be new to me in a new school: new classmates and new teachers! I was somewhat afraid at that moment.

When we got out of the boat, we took a bus. It ran swiftly along the roads for what seemed a long time and brought us all to our new school. We were too early! We waited at the gate and then later were admitted to the playground. After a little while, the teachers led us to the hall. The Acting Director of Education gave us a very long speech and we all felt that we had a share in making our new school a success. Then, the teachers called out their pupils one by one. For a long while, I did not hear my name being called and became terrified. My heart beat fast, my head grew hot, a sound filled my ears, which seemed like the rushing of wings. At last, I heard my name called and the heavy feeling at once disappeared. My class-mistress was absent that day, but when I learned that she was a teacher who had taught me in our old school, I was happy beyond description and smiled to myself.

Now, I am no longer afraid of my new school, its new teachers and my new class-mates any more, for I have settled down. I am proud to be a pupil in "Queen Elizabeth School."

TSANG CHIU YING,  
Form III G.

## THE INDIAN ENTERTAINMENT

It was announced beforehand that a magician and a team of dancers were going to give us a display on the 24th October, and that 65 cents each was to be collected to pay for it. At the latter announcement, we were not so pleased; and complaints were heard. However, some of us managed to console ourselves with "Who knows? Perhaps, the dances will be worth double that amount."

The day came at last. After much discussion and worry about where we were to sit inside the hall, we were finally sent for; and out we rushed. Luckily we did not sit at the very back of the hall which was soon filled up by other unfortunate classes.

After a short speech given by the Principal as an introduction, the magician finally appeared before his audience. He also made a short and polite speech.

His displayed many tricks and taught us two or three, talking humorously all the while.

As regards the dances, I did not like them very much for, because of my ignorance or of my stupidity, I did not catch what they meant, in spite of the fact that the "Doctor" had proclaimed that the meanings were shown by the actions of the hands and body of the dancer. All the same, the actions were very good, and therefore the applause was loud.

On the other hand, the tricks which the Doctor performed were very good indeed.

In the first trick, he first showed us that he had hidden nothing, but when he held his fist up and said a magic word, gradually, a handkerchief appeared from between his fingers, and another, another, until his hand was covered by handkerchiefs. Suddenly, at a swing of the handkerchiefs, a flag appeared. The audience was so amazed that the applause almost raised the roof.

In another trick, he covered his eyes with layers and layers of cloth and bandages. Then asking two pupils of the school to write down some letter or word on a blackboard, he felt it with his hand, and after another touch of the writer's palm, read out the written words instantly. Furthermore, placing a potato on the head of his son and later on that of a pupil, he could pick it up on the point of a knife, though he was still blindfolded. As regards this, many of us suspected that a magnet had been placed inside the potato so as to attract the knife. But, whether this was right or wrong, only he himself knew the secret.

Another trick which puzzled us was this:

He placed three cups, which he showed to us in order to prove that they were empty, on a table and filled them up with saw-dust, which then changed miraculously into milk and coffee, with some of which he entertained some of the staff and pupils. This was perhaps the climax of the display.

Yet perhaps another trick was his masterpiece. He asked one of the lady teachers to lend him a ring, and then, placing it inside a gun, he requested her to fire at his command at a box held above his head by another teacher up on the stage. Bang! The gun went off. Then he, standing below, asked the teacher up on the stage to open the box. Layers and layers of cloth were taken away, and box after box was opened; but still there were boxes inside boxes. The audience laughed and applauded loudly when the ring finally reappeared in the innermost box and was returned to the lady teacher.

The last item was also very interesting.

Collecting a number of pieces of paper on which something was written and giving them to a lady teacher standing far away at the side of the hall, he read out the words on the papers which were held up. The first words were "How do you do?"—a nice question indeed. Other interesting words were heard. A girl was so courageous as to write down the name of a film star and to go out and take her paper back. Another paper said "Who is my future husband?" We declared among ourselves that it must have been written by a boy.

After another short speech given by the Principal, followed by long and loud applause, the show ended.

I hope the "Doctor" will take a good memory of us back to India.

## A VISIT TO AN AMERICAN CARRIER

Knowledge is obtained not only from books, but also from visits to a variety of places and constant observation. Therefore, besides studying our lessons well, we must also broaden our knowledge by visiting places. To our immeasurable delight, our Form Master, Mr. Barton, kindly promised to take us to visit a battleship. After he had made the arrangements, we received the good news that we were to be permitted to visit the American Aircraft-Carrier, U.S.S. Midway on the 26th March.

Properly attired in our school uniforms, we went to our meeting place. Nearly everyone of us carried a camera. Everyone appeared anxious at the thought of such a grand visit. After waiting for some time, we were on our way to the carrier on board a large motor boat. In spite of the rough sea and gloomy weather, we talked cheerfully. As we were approaching the Carrier, those of us who brought along cameras became very busy. Well-disciplined and obedient, we landed on the carrier quietly and in good order. Then the commanding officer warmly welcomed us and ordered his men to guide us around the ship. Dividing into small groups of five or six persons each, we were taken to see the various parts of the carrier.

There were many jet-aircraft and also some helicopters on deck. Our guide explained to us the use of certain cables, several kinds of machines, and the positions of bombs and oil-fillers. Some of us even climbed into the jet and had a good look at the engine. One very interesting feature was the radar unit which was like a machine spinning round and round. The deck was an enormous plain. The guide told us the speed of a jet and the ways of its taking-off and landing. Despite his fast way of speaking, we could catch his meaning. Indeed the carrier is a prodigious one, 968 feet long and 135 feet wide.

Then we went into the cinema room where we enjoyed seeing Cartoon films generously shown for us. We also had a nice talk with the people working there. From them, we got some ideas about their American ways. They told us what a good impression they had of the Colony. With them we exchanged opinions, and we thoroughly enjoyed our chance companionship. We also found that they were friendly and frank. Before leaving, we received books and pamphlets kindly provided by them.

I am sure that few if any of us had experienced the honour and joy of visiting such a tremendous carrier before. We learnt many things from our visit and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We were extremely lucky to have such a good opportunity. The visit marked one of the most pleasant and memorable pages in our school-life.

CHIU HIN SHUN,  
Form III C.

## A VISIT TO KAI TAK AIRPORT

We were very fortunate to have a chance to visit the Kai Tak Airport during the Easter Holidays, under the supervision of our Form-master Mr. Barton. That morning, we assembled at the entrance of Kai Tak Airport and waited for our teacher. After the arrival of Mr. Barton, we walked towards the airport. Having walked for about 15 minutes, we reached a small house. We entered this and had a look at the model of the Colony. This model was made and left by the Japanese. From this model we could see the physical feature of the colony and noted that it is rather mountainous. We also learnt that there were only 2 airfields in Hong Kong.

The whole of South-east Asia is divided into areas by international agreement and Hong Kong controls one of these areas. The work of the control tower is divided into three sections. If an aeroplane approaching Hong Kong comes into the area, it receives all direction and information of weather from the ground floor of the tower. When it comes within 10 miles of the tower, it is transferred to another floor where it receives information as it approaches the aerodrome (approach control). Then as it comes to Kai Tak the top floor takes control to give the plane landing instructions. All this is done by radio except in the case of training planes which have no radio and landing instructions are then given by coloured lights from the top floor of the control tower.

After visiting the Control Tower, we crossed one of the runways to visit the Repair Department of the H.A.E.C. Ltd. When we had crossed the runway, we saw a windsock showing the direction in which the wind was blowing. On the lefthand side of the runway, there was a movable runway indicator. This indicator notifies pilots along which runway and in which direction they were to land.

When we entered the hangar, we saw many workers engaged in their complicated work. This department was just like a big factory with an iron and steel cover. This department alone gives employment to nearly 1,000 workers. From this we can imagine how big this hangar was.

Finally, we came to the Store House in which all kinds of machines were stored and ready for use. After visiting this store, we took some photographs as souvenirs of our visit.

In spite of the shortness of our visit, we had learnt quite a lot of things which we had never seen or heard of before.

LIU TIT HUNG,  
Form III C.

### A VISIT TO THE YUNG HWA STUDIO

On the 10th March, classes D, F and G of Form Two, led by four teachers, paid a visit to the Yung Hwa Motion Picture Studio.

At 6.30 p.m. on that day we left school as usual. In a great hurry, we all went to the Star Ferry in Kowloon, where we had agreed to meet.

When everyone had arrived, we all got aboard a bus which took us to our destination.

Within fifteen minutes, we came in sight of the Yung Hwa Motion Picture Studio. Even before we entered the compound, we could hear a sweet voice singing. Had it not been for the teachers, I am quite sure that some of us would have rushed into the scene. We knew quite well that it was the voice of a Mandarin actress. But as we entered the scene, we found to our surprise that it was only a record playing.

Yet we were not a bit disappointed, because in that beautiful scene we could see an actress leaning against a pole. It was a scene from the picture "Lady Plum." This actress was Miss Lam Doy, one of the movie fans' favourite film stars.

A few minutes later, we were in another realistic olden Chinese scene crowding around a group of five or six persons. They were the Cantonese actresses, Misses Lam Mui Mui, Ghee Law Lin, Lee Yuet Ching, and Mui Yee. They are characters in the picture "My Wife".

Then we were told to keep quiet for a scene which was being taken. In it Miss Ghee Law Lin, with Miss Lee Yuet Ching as her old servant, came back to her parents' house, because her husband had been arrested by the police.

When this scene was over, there followed another one showing the people paying their tribute to a land-lord. What they paid was nothing but ears of rice, yet it was worth quite a lot of money.

Some of the girls went up to the actresses and asked each of them for an autograph.

Then to our joy, drinks and cakes were served, and so each of us was given a bottle of drink and a piece of cake or two. I think we were the luckiest students of Q.E.S. on that day, for we had amusement and refreshment at the same time.

When we left, it was already 11.30 p.m. By the time I got home, it was past midnight! My heart was beating fast, for I was afraid that I would get a good scolding for being out so late. So like a mouse I tip-toed into my bed room and crept into bed without making the slightest noise. I closed my eyes, and in no time I was fast asleep, not knowing what was happening in any part of the world!

SHARIFA HASSAN,  
Form II G.

## THE CONQUEST OF KOWLOON PEAK

It was the 27th of November. We were on our way home from the Little Pine Forest where we had had a picnic.

We had had a nice morning and afternoon. The road on which we walked wound round the eastern foot of a peak whose top was occasionally covered with clouds; sometimes they lingered half-way up; and sometimes they covered the summit completely. Before the peak sat several round-topped hills, which served to emphasize the height of the peak itself. Before starting for home, we had already had arguments about climbing hills; and now the arguments became more violent. Eventually, we sat down by the side of the road and talked it over again, for we were then nearest to the foot of the peak; one hundred yards more and a sweep of the road would bring us almost out of sight of it until another twenty minutes' walk.

Five, including me, insisted on climbing; several others violently opposed the idea, threatening that it would take 3 hours to make the ascent and descent; that darkness would fall upon us before the accomplishment of the descent; that none of us knew the way up nor the way down; and that we were, of course, ignorant of what might lie beyond it.

But, all these objections were rejected by the proposers who denied that it was approaching dusk; and reproved the faint-hearted for their exaggerated calculation of the time needed; the other arguments were dismissed with the statement that 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' The opposers tried to impress upon the waverers that the peak, being so much higher than the rest and guarding the entrance of the harbour, was of strategic value, and therefore, a closed area. But this was declared nonsense by one who looked upon himself as an authority upon closed areas. And the latter's idea was, fortunately, accepted.

Finding that they were defeated in the debate, the opposers changed their tune, and pleaded that they had important matters waiting for them, and so begged their opponents to accompany them, at the same time threatening for the last time to leave them alone. They were simply ordered to get on their own way and to leave the others to climb the peak without interference.

In the long run, the opposers were defeated after a series of new arguments and the pulling and pushing of those who were uncertain; the proposers, proud and cheerful, set out triumphantly for the peak on a trodden path with 5 captives—some captured by force, others by taunts of cowardice.

The path we took finally disappeared at the foot of one of the hills; and we started to work our way blindly up. Lee Sing Yu volunteered to go ahead and plan the best assault route, but unfortunately he proved himself to be unworthy of the post and was later dismissed from office, Tam Hin Tong taking over.

There were three spurs leading to the top; and we examined them one by one.

The one to the west was not steep, but too far away and looked rocky. Between it and the spur nearest to us was a valley which seemed to be very smooth, but was still rocky near the top—"What! two cows are grazing there, high above us!" Seeing this, we were enraged, and decided to over-take those two audacious and imprudent beasts. We started off in a hurry without any further examination of the third spur.

Advised by Tam Hin Tong, Yam Ying Yeung took off his rubber shoes and walked in stockings. Poor creature! Little did he know what would come of it. The spur became steeper as we went, and it was twisting this way and that. We were at first "walking" then "bowing", seizing the grass so that we would not fall over. After some time, we reached a rock jutting out of the earth and had a rest behind it, lying flat on the grass, each in turn taking a swig at the bottles of spring water. We were then about one-third of the way up, but already complaints were heard.

"We are very high up now," said one, "I am so tired. Time to descend."

"Yes," seconded another "Come on."

"Why," replied the third, "You cowards, you word-eaters, look up there. You aren't half as brave as the two cows!"

"Cheer up. The summit isn't far off." This was the voice of Ng King Wai, organizer of this adventure.

"Hey," Tam Shu Gay suddenly cried out, "Stop that nonsense. Look at the clouds."

Mist was coming from the east slowly, then it speeded up and seemed to intend to cross the summit. But no! the summit was too high for it, and it landed on his breast striking in tiny drops like little flakes of snow—snow which reminded me of the terrorizing snow-blizzards I had seen in films. The summit was hidden.

Wishing to taste the imaginary blizzard on our "Mount Everest", we took up our belongings and set off.

As we climbed, the slope became more precipitous. We had to bend forward, crawl on all fours, grasping the short and slippery grass firmly, panting heavily for air, feeling our way beneath the grass for deceitful rocks which came away at the slightest push of our feet, keeping a watchful eye for unexpected stones from above which came flying out of the grass. Inch by inch, we approached the summit; up we went and up. I found myself sweating, and I stopped to wipe my face; my hands were cold because of the cold air up there; my feet, with little protection from the rough rocks, hurt me a great deal; and my bones inside were aching badly; I thought I could almost hear the sound of a bone cracking inside me. I told the others, and they felt the same; so we rested for a while. A shadow of doubt and uncertainty was cast over my heart.

We are only two-thirds of the way up, and more difficulties are waiting for us up there. I looked up. The summit was still far, far up, standing proudly against the azure. We had assured our opposers that we would make it, but, was this possible?

That strength and enthusiasm which young people boast of possessing could be found nowhere in me or the others—their faces pale, hair ruffled, they were feeling themselves all over, for cracked bones probably, and their lips were moving as if blaming somebody.

Again, the sight of the two cows lit a fire of rage inside us, and we set off again.

After we had climbed—or crawled rather—for another 10 minutes, suddenly Tso Shiu Kit exclaimed that he had got cramp in his calves. Lee Shiu Kau and Kwan Hon Biu came to the rescue. They rubbed some oil on his calves and comforted him. I took this chance to rest and look down.

The road we had left wound around the base like a white ribbon; it was almost under my feet. Over the valley was a dark road winding round another hill as smooth and as deceitful probably as the one we were climbing. The spur we had covered was almost vertical. I looked at it for a moment; the great height and that precipitousness made me feel queer. I felt myself about to fall down the side! I was very much frightened and so turned my eyes to look at the summit.

Lee Sing Yü told me that it was very lucky that Lai Yiu Ming had not been persuaded to come up and "catch inspirations"—quoting Lai Yiu Ming.

Tso Shiu Kit declared himself all right, and we started off again. Tam Hin Tong and Leung Kai Yiu, radical supporters of this expedition, had started off earlier and had now vanished into the mist. Fearing that they might get trapped or slip and break their heads, we were on the point of calling after them when we heard the faint call "The Top! The Top!" "Hurray" cried all of us, and we hastened. We had overtaken the two cows now but we were not satisfied.

The three spurs joined after some distance up, converging into a slanting pillar of rocks with short grass on the top. We were now in the mist. Above me, the summit had vanished; the others who were now struggling up were merely phantoms fading away into the mist; below me, the roads had disappeared, so had the hills; the slope we had covered was hidden. All I could see and feel was the grey mist, thick, wet and cold. I started to my feet and began to follow the others when I saw that they had disappeared too.

I was the last to come up, and when I arrived, I saw them chatting with two Europeans.

The top was very uneven, but we found no huge rocks. A hole had been dug in the middle as a shelter from the strong wind. It was about two feet deep, but grass had grown so tall in the hole that the top seemed to be as flat as the land itself, and I almost fell into it when I came rushing across to greet the others. On the highest spot was erected a stone pillar on which were carved some indistinguishable characters. The summit was still covered with mist, and so strong a wind was blowing that we all had to turn our heads towards the west and shout to the others if we wanted them to hear us. Because of the mist, the hope of seeing a magnificent sunset and a grand view had vanished, so had the hope of Lee Sing Yu and Leung Kai Yiu, who were named 'Poets', to catch some inspiration.

The Europeans told us that the peak we had conquered was the Kowloon Peak. "Kowloon Peak?" said I to myself, "the highest peak in Kowloon! What a glory! How we'll enjoy telling the boys and the opposers about it!" Quickly, I sat down on a stone and began to put on my rubber shoes; my stockings were so worn out that I was walking bare-footed before I reached the top, and my soles were so painful that it seemed as if thousands of needles were pricking them. I thanked Tam Hin Tong for his advice and he laughed.

The two Europeans were very kind to us. They took a photo of us with the stone pillar as background. One of them then began to lead the way down the other side. It was very lucky that we had met them, for I doubt if anybody would be so brave as to go down by the way we had come up.

One-third of the way down a well-beaten path, it so happened that the two Europeans could not find the way across a creek for a moment, and I, regarding myself as a good mountaineer after this conquest, began to find my own way. Unfortunately Yu Kwok Leung and Lee Sing Yu followed. After some distance's walk, we found our way blocked by thickets of thorny vegetation. It was too late and too shameful to turn back now, especially as the two Europeans had found their way and the rest were walking comfortably with them, so, the three of us had to fight our way through. It was indeed a "battle against Nature", and in the end, both were defeated, for the bushes were attacked severely and had to give way; we were through, but with lots of scratches. When we caught up with the company who were awaiting us, we were not blamed, but we saw the rest exchanging curious smiles. Everyone's face was burnt red, and so nobody noticed our blushes.

It was almost six when we reached the bus stop at Ngau Chi Wan. I looked again at the peak. Its stony, weather-beaten and upright face was now purple, but still and lofty, high above the rest. The sun had set. I could not help blaming the mist. But, in my heart, something is inflaming me, urging me and tempting me to mount that stout 'giant' again and to look at the setting sun from its summit!

YAM YING YEUNG,  
Form IV A.

### AT FUNG WONG SHAN

It was an unforgettable trip. My cousin and I went on a picnic to Fung Wong Shan, Tai O, sometime last winter. Our party consisted of sixty-one people—almost a little battalion of infantry.

On Saturday, at 2 p.m., we were already on board a ship running between Hong Kong and Tai O. In five minutes, we were plunging through the wild water and my whole attention was arrested by the romance of the sea. The weather was fine but a little windy.

After a three hours' voyage, we arrived at Kung Chong in Tai O. Unfortunately, the weather had been turning bad. The sun was hidden by clouds, and we could scarcely

lovely landscapes near to us as they were clothed in the dark and heavy mist. The air was chilly. We all shivered but were not dispirited. When approaching the shore we found that the water was so shallow that we had to go ashore by means of sampans of the name Tau Ka.

As soon as every one of us had got to the shore, we started to walk quickly in single file. At 7 p.m. darkness was setting in, but luckily we had arrived and assembled at the temple, a very big Buddhist institution with many blocks of monasteries, houses and halls. As arranged, every one of us paid six dollars for the night and meals. That night we had a splendid vegetarian dinner without meat at all, yet we liked it for a long time.

Owing to the three hours' walking, we were tired and so we went to bed early. There was only one large bed, the floor, and one blanket for every four persons. My cousin and I passed a sleepless night partly because of the annoying mosquitoes and partly because of the exciting prospect of mountaineering on the next morning.

Although the day had not yet dawned, all of us woke up at 5 a.m. No sooner had we had our breakfast than we were climbing to see daybreak on the summit. We all used our electric torches and began to push on. The weather was better, but still the ground was wet, slippery, and soft and it was very difficult to proceed quickly. When we were half way up, dawn came and from this moment I was aware of the danger of climbing.

The higher we climbed, the more dangerous was the approach. The slopes were precipitous and strewn with loose stones and rocks. We had to make use of both our hands and feet as well as our sticks. All these proved to be of little use on such a slope of coarse, burnt grass and slippery mud. We pressed our bodies against the slopes and tried to aid one another by all means. But still at times we slipped downwards. Occasionally, rocks fell. One of the older members of the party was hurt by a stone which narrowly missed me. Fortunately, he was not badly hurt.

When I saw this accident my heart beat faster and my feet trembled, and I felt as if I were standing on the outside edge of the top of the Empire State Building. I tried to calm myself down and continued to struggle along. At length, with an unexpressible feeling of relief, I reached the top of the steepest slope with the others.

In order to reach the summit, we had to ascend about a hundred feet more, and this we did. This part was easier. By 8.30 a.m., we had finally got to the summit.

I could not help day-dreaming at such an unusual and varied scene of nature. The white clouds were rising from the valleys and the azure-blue water was sparkling with gold. It was magnificent scenery. Meanwhile, I saw some people climbing towards us. They proceeded at a surprising speed so, at first, we believed that they must be born mountaineers, but as they approached, I could tell from their dress that they were nuns. One thing that attracted my attention was that after they had walked for some distance they knelt down and kotowed and then walked on again. As soon as they reached us, curiosity inspired me to ask about that kotow.

"We kotowed to our Goddess to beg her to give us safety and strength in our climbing."

"Thank you," I said.

They were kind and helpful. They told us many things about climbing mountains.

At 11.30 a.m. we began to return to the temple. The slope was so steep that we could only slide downwards and I was wondering if my trousers would be torn, but, fortunately, they were not. When we arrived at the temple, we were hungry, tired and thirsty. When we were all rested and fully supplied with water, we started the four hour walk back to Kung Chong, Tai O, from where we would sail back home.

LOO KWOK LAI,

Form III B.



## THE STATUE ROCK

On the top of a hill near Shatin there stands a huge rock, shaped like a woman carrying a baby on her back. This rock has a name, which is the Statue Rock, and a strange legend has been told about it for a very long time.

Many years ago, at the foot of this hill there was a small hut, in which lived a man and his wife. This man was a farmer. After a time he found that the piece of land he had been ploughing was too poor to grow enough food for him and his wife. He decided to go to other places to find some work by which he might earn more money.

Two months after his departure, his wife gave birth to a son. But she got no news of him. She thought that he must have been very busy with his business, and have no time to send letters home.

Time went on. There was still no news of her husband's coming back, nor were there any letters or money from him. She was forced to go to some good relations to borrow money for the household needs. And the fear of her difficult times ahead began to fall upon her. She did not know what to do and what to think.

Being extremely anxious for her husband's return, she went up to the top of the hill which looked far out to sea, to watch the homeward bound ships that passed by, hoping to see him coming back. Every day, no matter whether it was fine or raining, she stood there, with her baby son on her back, watching and murmuring, "Why doesn't he come back? Why doesn't he come back? Won't he ever come back?" She cried sadly and loudly. But there was no one listening to her, and there was no one to comfort her.

At last, the king in Heaven took pity on her. Thinking that she had suffered enough he decided to let her have her long rest. One dark, stormy evening, he ordered two angels to bring her to heaven. But in the place where she always stood, he made a statue of her and her son, to let her husband know, in case he comes back, her sad and touching story.

HO HAY KWONG,  
Form II A.

## SQUATTER AREAS IN HONG KONG

In the squatter areas lie the homes of many of the poorest people in Hong Kong. After the Second World War, the population increased rapidly, causing a serious shortage of houses, a problem which the Government has not yet managed to solve.

The squatter areas are to be found in different parts of the Colony. Most of the poor residents go out to work when the day dawns and return home after sunset. The wooden huts of the crowded areas are temporary shacks only and so medical facilities, water supply and fire fighting equipment are far from adequate. Diseases and fires are likely to spread from these areas, affecting the health and life of the other residents in Hong Kong.

There is almost no water supply. Only in the larger squatter areas are there two or three water pipes. Most of the residents have to dig deep wells in order to get water, and that water is not disinfected. Although the Sanitary Department always sends workers to clean and spray the squatter areas in order to kill all the germs, the uncovered drains are still breeding places for the germs which spread diseases. Often more than ten persons live in a tiny poorly ventilated wooden hut. Under these circumstances infectious diseases, especially T.B., will spread quickly.

Most of the wooden huts are built very close together and usually without electricity. Night kerosene lamps are used. These are very dangerous if one is careless in using them and it is easy to cause fires, particularly in Autumn and Winter when everything is dry and burns easily. Once a fire starts, it is difficult to stop it from spreading. Fire engines often cannot get near the fire areas, and so the fire fanned by the strong wind will follow up all the wooden huts. Many a time thousands of squatters have been rendered homeless by a blaze of a few hours.

In the typhoon season or after heavy rain their lives are often in danger, because most of the squatter huts are built on the sides of hills. The rocks and soil loosened by wind and rain eventually slide down and bury some of the squatters. Sometimes a whole family is buried in this way.

The squatter areas are very crowded and it is difficult for the police to control them and maintain public safety in them. There are different kinds of people, bad and good, living together. There is an opportunity for the bad people to make use of these squatter areas to commit their crimes. Cases of robbery increase. In the eyes of Hong Kong residents, the squatter areas become districts of crimes so that even the virtuous residents are despised.

To prevent frequent disasters and to safeguard public safety, the squatter huts should be replaced as soon as possible by healthy and economical houses. Not only would this make easier the administration of these areas but the whole community would benefit from that.

LI KWAI LOI,  
Form IV A.

## THE FIRE AT SHEK WU MARKET

Fire is an essential element in our daily life. It gives us warmth. We can use it to cook our food, to burn waste paper and materials. If we were without fire, our life would be difficult. But fire is very dangerous, if we cannot control it. It may burn hundreds of houses within several hours. As Sir John Squire has said in the essay, "Fire and the Heart of Man," "This may mean ruin to somebody; you ought to pray that it should be got under at once;" and, "This stuff would probably be useful to mankind, it has employed labour; its loss may be serious; its replacement may be difficult." His comment on FIRE is very true.

On the 21st of February, there was a huge FIRE at Shek Wu Market in Sheung Shui. At 3.40 a.m. the fire started in a wooden-hut behind Man Hou Street. That morning, the wind was very strong, and its direction was variable. This made the fire fly very rapidly from one house to the next.

"Ah Gung, wake them up, and tell them to pack up their belongings and carry them to the fields in front of Shek Wu Theatre. Then come back immediately, so as to carry these goods," the manager of a shop said to his employee.

After a while, his employees came back. The fire rapidly became more serious than ever. It reached the front door.

"Ah Tsoi, you carry this bag; Ah Ming, you carry these two; . . ." the manager commanded his employees, in an effort to save his goods. They all left the shop except the manager, who was still standing behind the shop, which was his only property; his family relied upon this shop for its livelihood.

How can I get my living in the future? How can I manage my family? Where can I get the money to pay the school-fees for my two children, who will soon graduate? When this poor manager who was over 50 years old thought about these problems, tears flowed from his dim eyes.

"No matter whether you shed tears or not, you have to leave here at once, or else you yourself will be burned," said he to himself.

So he left his shop. When he reached another street, he saw many refugees carrying their belongings and goods. One could hear cries, shouts, and melancholy exclamations.

"Oh God, what about our future?" asked a lady sorrowfully.

"Don't talk about that, hurry up," said her husband.

"Leave here immediately. The fire is getting near. Don't go into your shops any more. Leave. Leave," said the policemen loudly, "If you have life, you will be able to earn more money. Leave here now. Leave."

The roofs were burning.

There were thousands of refugees standing and sitting in the fields in front of the Shek Wu Theatre. In this crowd, you could hear the noise of sad cries, melancholy exclamations, and shouts of pain. You could see their pale faces, their dresses soaked with tears.

"Ah Yuk," said Mrs. Ho to me, "do you know that the goods we brought out here have been stolen."

I did not know how to comfort this lady. How could I express my sadness? The only thing I could do at that time was to drop sympathetic tears, but I did not understand why my tears came so easily.

"Take care of your belongings and goods. Beware of thieves," said the policeman.

It was about six o'clock. Nearly all parts of the market were burning. The sky was red. The firemen and the army were trying their best to get the fire under control. Finally at about seven o'clock the fire was extinguished.

Eleven streets were burned, that is, over 200 houses were destroyed. The loss is over 10 million dollars. Shek Wu Market has existed for about thirty years. Yesterday it was a busy place, but it is a bare place to-day with only about 15% of its houses left. Yesterday you were a manager, but you are a refugee now.

The sun rose. The refugees were lining up to be registered, so as to get help from the Social Welfare Bureau.

Now, the Social Welfare Bureau supplies them with rice, clothes, food etc. I hope you, kind ladies and gentlemen, will give a hand to these more than 4200 refugees of Sheung Shui. They are waiting for your assistance.

LIU YUK WAH,

Form IV A.

## THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN

Tahiti, one of the South Sea Islands in the Pacific Ocean, is situated between Australia and South America. It is a French possession, though it had its own native kings once, and is known to the French people as "PETIT PARADIS" (Little Paradise).

A coral island is always famous for its lagoons. Just as those of Hawaii are famous, so are those of Tahiti and there are beautiful bays and lagoons surrounding it. Some of them are rather stormy with silver waves beating continuously on the shores, shouting as they come and roaring as they go, making sweet music, if one can appreciate it. Some of them are always calm with peaceful waters. The beaches which are covered with white sand are more attractive and are wonderful places for nature-lovers to spend their holidays. There are beautiful rapids too.

As it lies within the Tropic of Capricorn, but is not too near the equator, it has a sub-tropical climate which is warm all the year round, so that all sorts of games are played throughout the year.

Of its products, vanilla is the most important one, and it is grown on a large scale in some parts of the island, both by the Chinese and the natives. It is rather interesting to know how it is grown. It takes about two years from the time it is planted to the time it flowers. But the flowers are so strange that they need artificial pollination. When the flowers open, the owner has to hire quite a number of labourers to pollinate all the flowers which open that day; otherwise the flower will fade within one or two days, and so no fruits will be formed. Usually, the best time to pollinate is in the morning when the flowers have just opened, and then the fruits will be good ones. The flower has a stigma and stamens, but it cannot pollinate itself. So people have to bring its stamens into contact with the stigma and the flowers are pollinated. It will then grow into a fruit which is long and narrow. Two months later, the fruit will be ripe and the workmen will cut it down and dry it in the sun. After several processes, it is then ready to be used. Quite a lot is exported to America and Europe for a rather high price.

Coconuts are another important product. They are grown mostly on the hillsides without any care. When they are ripe, they will fall. The planter will cut them into halves so as to dry. A lot is exported as dried coconut. Some is used as food for cattle. It is also crushed for oil, while the remaining coconuts are used for feeding poultry. It is used as food, too, by the natives. The core and outer husk are used as fuel. Coconuts are very good to eat before they are ripe, for the flesh is soft and sweet, and the juice is very delicious to drink.

Fruits such as mangoes, bananas, papayas, oranges, pineapples, taro and other tropical fruits are grown everywhere, so there is no lack of fruits at any time. People on picnics can gather any fruits they like, especially mangoes, as many grow by the roadside and belong to no one.

Fish is abundant in the sea just as fruits are abundant on the land. So fish is cheap and small fish are thrown back into the sea.

The life of the natives is a happy one. They get fish from the sea and fruit from the land. With these they are able to satisfy their hunger and so little money is needed for buying food.

Shell fish are caught in some deep seas by the natives. The fishermen have to dive down to the bottom of the sea to catch them. The flesh is taken out and dried for food. Sometimes, when there are too many, they are thrown back into the sea. They are valuable for their shells for making different kinds of ornaments, which are also exported.

People lead peaceful lives and they are honest and frank. Stealing, murder, and suicide are seldom heard of. Sundays are holidays for everyone. Of all the festivals that they have, the one on the 14th of July is the biggest and it lasts for about one month. All the people from the country and villages will come out to enjoy themselves. Different kinds of games and sports are held, by day and by night, and there are prizes for each kind of game. Country dancers from many countries come to compete. The governor is also present at the festival.

On the whole it is a lovely island on which people can live happily without their lives being interrupted by wars or other calamities. I hope I shall have a chance to visit again the place where I was born—TAHITI.

## MY SUMMER VACATION

During my last summer vacation, I went with the "Moon Light" Basketball Team to visit Bangkok, Penang and Medan.

Our first visit was to Bangkok, the capital of Thailand, and we went by a TAC plane. After leaving Hong Kong we saw no land but only blue sea below us. When three hours had passed we reached the mainland of Indo-China. We had a beautiful view of many rice fields and a large river and tributaries flowing across the fields just like long silver belts. After about one hour we saw sea again. At last we arrived at Bangkok Airport, the most beautiful and biggest in Southeast Asia.

In Bangkok, the people are mostly Swatowese and Siamese. The most magnificent buildings are the temples, for Buddhism is the chief religion. Before the men marry, they have to become monks in order to thank their parents. The occupations of the people are growing rice, trading and manufacturing.

We were invited by a friend to see Siamese Boxing. It is famous for its cruelty, and sometimes even blood is shed. It is different from ordinary boxing for they can use their feet and the other rules are not the same. Before the game began the music started. The two boxers stood at the opposite corners of the stage and then they knelt down to pray. After a moment they stood up and did some boxing actions, after which the real boxing began. Our friend told us this was the custom, and this boxing is supposed to have been taught by Cheng Ho who was the ambassador of China in the Ming Dynasty, but we do not know if this is true.

We stayed there for one week, played three matches and won them all.

The second place which we visited was the island of Penang, a British possession lying off the coast of Malaya. It took us about five hours to go there by plane. We had a wonderful view when our plane was above the island. Tidy rows of coconut palms were seen along the coast, and the sea was blue and calm.

We stayed there for a few days, playing two matches and winning both. The climate is very hot but at night it becomes a little cooler. Most of the people are Malays and Chinese, while the chief languages are Malay and English.

There are a number of schools, and many students come from other Malay states. The Malay hut is very interesting. It is built above the ground on piles, with either one or two floors, and is surrounded by lawns studded with swaying palms.

With its lovely coast, and beautiful gardens and parks, Penang deserves the name "Eastern Garden". Among many pretty places I visited, there was a hill named "Sing Kee Shan" in Chinese. The slopes are covered with plantations of coconut and banana palms. This hill is about two thousand feet above sea level. We took a tram to the Peak. It is more comfortable than the one in Hong Kong, for the hill is not very steep. From the Peak we had a view of the whole island.

The last place which we visited was Medan in Indonesia which is also a tropical country. The chief products are rubber, cows, hides, bananas, coconuts and 'carved work'. The population consists of Chinese, Dutch and Malays. The chief occupation of the people is working on the rubber plantations, which are almost all controlled by the Chinese. Every day in the afternoon the shops close, for it is very hot; at four p.m. they open again. The sweltering climate made me feel very tired and sticky.

Far away from Medan there is a large beautiful lake surrounded by hills. We went there by car and on the way we saw many banana and rubber plantations, tropical plants and flowers, and brown natives working on their farms. When we arrived there we saw a few steamboats sailing on the lake, and some tourists swimming, fishing and taking pictures. The lake is as large as Hong Kong harbour. On the shores of the lake are hotels and Malay huts, and there the climate is cooler than in Medan.

We stayed there for two weeks, played nine matches and again we were successful. From there we took a plane and returned to Hong Kong.

As we prepared to leave Medan, a feeling of regret possessed me. When I was in the plane, I watched the shore line fade away in the distance but I carried with me many pleasant memories.

LAU WAI HING,  
Form IV D.

## NORTH BORNEO

North Borneo, a British colony, is within the Tropics and the annual range of temperature is very narrow. Besides the natives, the people are mainly Malays and Chinese. The natives are very eager to have Chinese as their friends because they have respected China since the Ching Dynasty.

The chief sport in North Borneo is swimming. It is thought that there are crocodiles here and there in the water, but actually they are to be found only in the swamps and the muddy ponds in the forests. So it is perfectly safe to swim in the rivers and lakes and by the sea-shore if you know how to swim.

Parties are often held by the natives on the green grass under the light of the full moon. Everyone is heartily welcomed to join such parties which are not at all like those in Hong Kong. There is a fire lit in the middle, and crowds of people sit round it. Sometimes there may be a band playing music and the chief instrument is a guitar. Sometimes there may be a native choir singing sweet love songs; and sometimes there may be some native girls dancing with garlands of flowers round their necks. Last of all, you can dance and play as you like, without shyness. If you are tired, you can sit down on the grass under the trees with your partner and enjoy a short conversation. If you are hungry or thirsty, you can ask for food and drink. It is not until two or three in the morning that the party ends with sweet melodies. How pleasant it is to hold a party in that way, much better than the kind of party we have in Hong Kong.

There are few theatres and dancing halls in North Borneo and there are few places where people may spend a lot of money. There you can hardly find one single white man or Chinese who is unemployed. So there are few robbers or thieves.

Many people would like to go to New York and other cities and they even dream about such visits at night. But I should prefer to go to North Borneo because I could find peace there. I hope North Borneo will not become like other parts of the world—full of the unpleasant things of life.

KAN SHUK CHING,

Form IV D.

## TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A VILLAGE

### Night

When I was on my way home in a tram, I had a feeling of boredom. When I looked through the window, I realised that it was the same view I had been observing for years. I could dream of every face in the tram. I thought I must leave this place and go into a strange world where fun and solitude were waiting for me. Where should I go? I had decided before I reached home. I was going to study in a little village for a day. Once my decision was taken I wanted to act immediately, so I prepared everything I needed. After the clock had struck nine, I started my journey.

At ten o'clock, I found myself in a small launch which took me across the harbour. After landing, I walked by myself for a long time in the absolute darkness, but I was able to remember the way. Fortunately, just as I was getting tired, a dim light was seen, which proved to be my aunt's cottage. She greeted me with great surprise. Then she led me into the bed-room and left me alone with a candle. A strange feeling rose in my heart, but it was at once disturbed by the barking of dogs mingled with the noise of insects. It sounded sweet, and was quite different from the terrible noise of the city. Owing to the strange circumstances, I could not fall asleep although I was very tired. I put my head out of the window and began to count the stars. I had been told that this was the best way to force oneself to sleep. One, two, three, four, . . . .

## Day

I woke up before the sun. How strange! Everything I saw was dim and mysterious. The green-dressed mountain, the old bare rock, the sounding stream, the lovely blue sea, the fields and the small cottages round about were all hidden behind a veil of mist. The heavy fog concealed from me all the beautiful scenery. As soon as the first beam of the sun peeped over the edge of the world, the fog began to retreat, leaving pools of water on the ground.

I went out of doors and took a deep breath. The air was fresh and mixed with the smell of soil and vegetation. The farmers had been up for sometime and were working in the fields. It was here, in this little village, that the equality of men and women was seen. Women were seen in the fields, working together with their husbands. Even the small children did a lot of work. They could help prepare their meals and clear the weeds.

The trees, with birds singing sweetly among their branches, were strikingly beautiful. Drops of water like pearls were rolling on the surface of the leaves. Some of them dropped into the calm pool round which the trees were growing and formed rings of ripples. I set out to walk up the hill, on top of which was a ruined fort. I thought it would be interesting to climb up owing to the steep slope. The climb was not difficult, because there were small rocks lying here and there on the slope. After half an hour, I was in the fort. The fort had been damaged by the Japanese, and showed the work of bombs and guns. I was terrified when I looked back the way I had climbed up. I rolled a block of rock down the slope. It broke into thousands of pieces. I wondered what would have happened if the stone had been my body. As the sun was now overhead, I found the heat unbearable, so I hurried back to the cottage and had my lunch. It was not till then that I realized I had a good appetite.

After lunch, I studied and the absolute quietness made me work quickly. When I had finished studying, the sun was touching the edge of the sea. It was a big golden ball. The clouds, the sea, the white-sailed junks, the mountains—all were stained with gold. It also made me think of the poem "Home Sweet Home". I started my journey back when the curtain of night began to fall.

CHUI SIN CHOI,  
Form III A.

## THE THIRTEENTH

It was twenty-five minutes past one, and in not more than five minutes the school would open. Having glanced at my watch, I stepped out from the Star Ferry nervously trembling and carrying my heavy bag. I had no time to hesitate about anything, but just ran. I was nearly mad, rushing just like a mad dog. "Haven't you got eyes?" "Look where you're going." "You fool . . ." Such rude remarks followed me but I took no notice of them. I did not know why they scolded me so angrily. It might be that I had trodden heavily on their new shoes or given a hard blow on their shoulders, when I ran past them. But at that time, I did not know and did not care. The possibly angry face of our Principal if I arrived late was the only thing I worried about.

Just as I tried to run across the busy road before the traffic policeman raised his hand stopping all pedestrians, I felt a blow on my shoulder and my arm was grasped tightly by a strong hand. A huge figure stood just behind me when I turned my head round. Before I could do or say anything to him, he handed me something that immediately drove all my anger and surprise away. It was my old purse containing my train, bus and ferry tickets, a few photos and some money. "You dropped this in your

hurry." Having said these few words, he went away so quickly that I had no time to thank him. He had already disappeared around the corner when I looked up again towards him. I immediately put my old purse into my pocket and continued to run.

After a hard struggle, I got on to a crowded tram at last. I saw no schoolmate on the way. Of course, that increased my nervousness. Usually, the old clock at my home is a little slow, but to-day there must be something seriously wrong with it, for now it was extremely late. "Ticket." I was then awakened by the conductor. When I opened my purse, I found all my six dollars and thirty cents were gone. Fortunately, that kind fellow had only taken away my money, the other things were untouched. I should still be grateful to him for returning the purse to me. My face was hot and red as I was asked to get down from the tram. I discovered the eyes of all the passengers staring at me. Some of them seemed to despise me, and some of them seemed to pity me. Suddenly, I found a sweet face smiling at me. A lady paid the fare for me. She was indeed a fair lady, but in my embarrassment I dared not look at her. I remember that I even forgot to thank her for her kindness. But with her sweet smile, she seemed to forgive me, my impoliteness and everything. My face was as red as a beetroot. I lowered my head until I had to alight and then I descended from the tram in a rush.

In a single breath, I rushed up the steep road and ran to the school. Still I met no schoolmate. The whole building was in silence and the door was closed firmly. My heart was in my mouth. Several times, I thought of returning home, but at last I made up my mind and knocked boldly at the door. A coolie appeared and looked at my pale face angrily. He roared, "King's College pupils are still in their classes. Get away you fool." Then the sound of the door being closed followed his words. My goodness! it was still twenty-five minutes past one according to my watch which had stopped. I took it from my wrist and threw it into my bag. Then I sat down nervously on the stone. Suddenly, a thought came into my mind. "To-day is the thirteenth, an unlucky day. Oh, it is really an unlucky day." I took out my purse and gazed at it. "But, that fair lady actually paid my fare." I smiled at last.

CHUNG KAI SHING,  
Form IV C.

## THE CLOSED AREA

It was seven years ago, a day of the Ching Ming Festival. My parents, my uncle, my brothers and I went to Diamond Hill to honour my late eldest sister who had died during the bombing of Hong Kong in the Second World War.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we made our way towards Kowloon City after visiting the grave. The pavements were crowded with people. The weather was fine. My elder brother and I walked in front. The rest behind were gossiping about trivial matters which my brother and I had no mind to know. We walked faster and faster and at length we lost sight of the rest among the crowd, but found a place near the road where four or five aeroplanes were resting. I had heard of aeroplanes in school, had seen drawings of aeroplanes in books and had actually seen aeroplanes during the bombing of Hong Kong. Now there were some before my very eyes, though at quite a distance from where I was standing. Such wonderful things that can fly like eagles and can bomb a city to ashes bewitch every boy. My curiosity ran to fever heat. My elder brother suggested that we should have a close look, and I at once grasped at his proposal adding that if we lost this opportunity we might never get another. I was quite overjoyed at the thought of being able to tell my classmates proudly that I had actually touched a real aeroplane. We tripped in and came to the aeroplane nearest to the entrance. The aeroplane was a green one, dark green. It was a fighter plane of the smallest kind. My brother, knowing a little more than I, became the teacher and explained different parts of the plane to me. I should have fulfilled my cherished desire of sitting in the cockpit had I not been stopped by my brother. He showed me the propeller. I was on the point of touching it when a strong voice thundered "Stop!" With the sound still ringing in



my ears, I turned my head and perceived a terrible sight—two huge soldiers in uniform, pointing their rifles at us from a distance of forty yards. We stood still, I could not believe my eyes. But then my brother shouted "Quick! Run!" I woke out of my trance. There was no room for hesitation and I ran without looking back, following my brother at so great a speed that no runner in the world would have been a match for me. My parents and uncle stood pale at the entrance on seeing us running out, with two soldiers pointing their rifles at our backs. Needless to say, we were bombarded with reproaches and thoroughly scolded. It was not until we arrived at a restaurant in Kowloon City than I felt myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour, for then all their mouths were too busily eating to continue scolding us.

If the two soldiers had simply touched the triggers and if we had not run away, what would have come of it? I might now be sleeping the sleep that knows no awaking.

LEE HAY YUE,  
Form IV A.

### A MISERABLE YET MERRY CHRISTMAS

What interested me in my childhood was not school, nor the room I had all to myself, nor even the fountain where I used to play, but a stable at the back of our house.

Father was kind enough to lend a hand in building a stall for my pony, though I had none at that time. I had besought father time and again to give me a pony, but he said that some day we might have horses and cows, and told me not to worry about it. But "some day" was too distant for a boy who lives in and knows only "now". My sister endeavoured to comfort me and told me that Christmas was at hand, and Santa Claus might bring me a pony as a gift for Christmas. But Santa Claus could not put a pony into my stocking, so my unique illusion was to hope that father might give me a pony during Christmas. Every night, before I turned in, I said a prayer that father would give me a pony as a Christmas gift.

I told the whole family and father in particular again and again that I yearned only for a pony and nothing else. And I declared that if I could not have a pony, they need not give me anything. When Christmas was at hand, there was still no trace of the pony, so I gave up hope of getting a pony from father. On Christmas Eve my sisters hung up their stockings to receive the gifts from Santa Claus, but I, instead of hanging my stocking, hung up a bag which was big enough to hold a pony within. I prayed once more before I turned in.

We did sleep that night, but we woke up at six in the morning. I lay down and discussed with my sisters whether we should stay in bed till say half-past six. I did not know who started it, but all of us soon raced to the fireplace downstairs. Before I was at the bottom of the steps, I could hear my sisters' voices. They were squealing with delight. I took fire as I caught the sight of my bag, I imagined that there might be a pony there. But as it turned out, it was empty, it hung limp, not a thing in it, under it or around it. My sisters rejoiced at their beautiful gifts. As they looked up and saw me standing without any expression on my face, they left their piles, came to me and looked with me at my empty bag — nothing, nothing at all. I cannot remember whether I cried at that moment, but I remember that my sisters did. They ran with me back to my bed and there we all cried till I became indignant. My elder sister tried to console me, but I drove her away. With an extremely heavy heart, I rushed alone into the yard, down to the stall and there, all by myself, I wept. I hated father and Santa Claus, especially the latter.

Mother tried to please me and called me to breakfast, but I cried on without obeying her, so she went back alone. On her way from the stall to the house, mother used sharp words about my father. I do not know how long I wept — surely an hour or two. I was brought to the climax of my agony by the sight of a man riding a pony down the

street. As it drew near, I could see clearly through the tears in my eyes that it was really a small horse, a bay, with black mane and tail, and one white foot and a white star on his forehead. For such a pony as that, I would have given anything. The man was reading the number of the houses and as my hope — my impossible hope — rose, he looked at our door and passed by, he and the pony, and the saddle, and the bridle. Oh, that was too much! I fell upon the steps, and having wept before, I broke now into such a flood of tears that I was a floating wreck, when I suddenly heard a voice. "Say, Kid," it said, "Do you know a boy named Davis Duell?" I looked up, it was the man on the pony. "Yes," I spluttered through my tears, "That's me." "Well, then, this is your horse. Your father has paid for it and ordered me to send it here." "What?" I asked curiously. I could hardly believe my ears as I heard his words, and fell in a state of bewilderment. But the man jumped down from the horse and boosted me up on to the pony and let the animal trot slowly. It seemed a dream or a mirage, I was afraid that it was only an illusion, but I was really on the back of my own pet. My pony carried me up the streets, through the woods, across the stream and eventually came back home. Oh, not to the house but to the stall. There was the whole family, father, mother, sisters and a few boys, all waiting for me, all happy. They had decorated my pony's stall nicely. They had also prepared the blankets, currycomb, brush, pitchfork — everything, and there was hay in the loft. "Why did you come back so soon?" some boys asked, "Why didn't you go on riding?" I pointed to the stain which lay on the saddle and said, "I don't want to get my new saddle rained on." Father laughed and told me that they were not rain-drops. "They are tears," my mother gasped. They all burst into a roar of laughter. Mother tried to dry my tears with her handkerchief, and took me down from the pony. "Don't you like this pony which Father has given you as a Christmas gift?" asked mother mildly. I ran my eyes over father's face but lowered my eyes to the ground as our eyes fell in with each other. Still in the state of sniffles, I said nothing but nodded my head.

The inexhaustible fun was to clean the animal. We carried it to the stream in front of our house, and tried to bath it. My sisters brushed its legs, while I washed its face and body. I also agreed that each of my sisters might have a ride on it, but they must get my permission before they were allowed to enjoy my pet.

We went reluctantly to our Christmas dinner. My sisters had to wash their hands and faces. I was asked to, but I wouldn't, till my mother bade me look in the mirror. Then I washed up — quickly. My face was caked with muddy lines, and the tears had coursed over my cheeks. Having washed away that shame, I ate my dinner. While we had our dinner, I peeped occasionally at father's face. His expression was as benevolent as ever. He asked me whether I liked the pony or not. I answered nothing but dropped my head. Though I had been angry with him only a few hours before, I was now full of gratitude, but the memory of the anger remained.

Was that Christmas, which my father had planned so carefully, the best or the worst I ever knew? He often asked me that. I could never answer as a child. Now I think that it was both. It covered the whole distance from broken-hearted misery to bursting happiness — but it was too fast. A grown-up could hardly have stood it.

LI KAI YUAN,  
Form IV C.

## A GREAT DISASTER

Several years ago I lived in the country. One summer evening, after dinner, I went to visit my friend who lived in the neighbouring village. I was happy at the thought that I would soon see my dear friend, who had just returned from Canton. The reason I wanted to visit him so eagerly was that he had promised to recommend me to a secondary school in Canton.

I spent that night in his house and was engaged in conversation with him till mid-night. Then I was led by one of his servants to a bed-room to sleep. It was not long before I was wakened by loud voices and bitter crying. I knew that something had

happened, so I got up. As I was dressing, my friend shouted to me, saying that the embankment had been torn open. We ran downstairs in a great hurry, opened the door and saw that the distant fields were deluged with water.

At once, I began to realize the disaster of the flood. The water came rolling in and there was no hope of saving the surrounding country from the flood. I lost no time in getting a boat ready by the side of his house, so that if the flood reached there we could row to a safe place. At last, we took refuge at the foot of a hill where I found several of my neighbours. Instantly, I remembered my mother and brothers.

"Have they managed to reach a safe place, or have they been drowned in the flood?" I wondered, full of fear. I rowed towards my house, to see if I could rescue them. I had to face many difficulties because I could not make out any object in the darkness and large masses of drifting material might dash against my boat. However, I rowed with great strength. Soon dawn was approaching and I was able to make out objects faintly. Exhausted, I must have collapsed in my boat, but suddenly a shower of rain restored me to consciousness. Eventually, I saw my house in the distance. To reach it, I had to cross a swift-flowing stream. Large floating masses were rushing along and my boat might overturn, but I ignored the danger and summoning up all my strength, rowed across the stream. I was fortunate to reach the other side in safety. I rowed towards my house, calling out to my mother, but there was no reply. My heart sank at once when I saw my house in such a dilapidated condition. Then I left it in disappointment and rowed towards the opposite hill where, to my intense relief, I found my mother and brothers. We looked at each other and our hearts were filled with unspeakable joy.

HO NAI TIM,  
Form IV A.

### A GREAT SURPRISE

Last year, on my birthday, I was very sad and gloomy, because no one seemed to remember it. My parents were away in the New Territories, and I had hoped that they would send me a present. But no, they had forgotten all about it. When I got home from school that afternoon, I decided to ask my cousins and a few school-mates to go to a picture somewhere in town. But all of them seemed to ignore me, and I was so hurt that tears came into my eyes. Crying would not help, so I took ten dollars out from my purse, and decided to enjoy myself with that money. I set out into town, bought a ticket at the Broadway Theatre and went in to see the picture.

When I came out, I went to buy a little present for myself which I would pretend was from someone else. I looked and hunted around, and soon I found what I wanted. It was a small Japanese wooden box which was very skilfully made. I bought it and held it in my hand. After that I went home, thinking that my home would be lonely and that there would be no present for me. Tears came into my eyes again, and I had to fight hard to keep them back. When I reached home I expected the light to be on, but I was wrong. As soon as I went in, the whole house was plunged into darkness. I screamed, and somebody turned on the lights again.

I saw then, in the dining room, my parents and all my friends and a large pile of presents on the table. In the middle, there was a big cake with pink letters on the top. They all began to sing 'Happy Birthday to you', and I was so glad that I could not help but cry again. Soon my friends and my parents sat down with me round the table.

At first I was too dazed and happy to say a word. But soon I warmed up and talked to my friends, thanking them gratefully. Soon they told me that my parents had invited them without my knowledge, and asked them to keep it a secret from me. So I was a fool and I learned a lesson. Never doubt a person who loves you. I really got the biggest surprise of my life on that day.

CHAN KWAI SING,  
Form IV C.

## AN ACCIDENT

It was a gloomy, breezy day. My companion and I were riding from Tai Po to Un Long. Everything — trees, farms, fields all slipped past and we enjoyed ourselves greatly.

My companion, a boy, aged about sixteen, was both tall and well built. Not being satisfied with his bicycle he complained about it. Hearing this, I urged him to exchange his for mine. This done, we continued riding among dells and hillocks. The landscape was clearly seen around us; the plain extended for miles, with many a small farm located here and there, red and green mingling together. On the horizon stood the green-covered mountains. The singing of birds added to our delight.

At last we came to a steep slope. We tried with all our might to get up the hill. But not more than a hundred yards farther on we were forced to dismount, and walk up the slope. Eventually after fifteen minutes a great plain appeared below — Shek Kwong plain. The huts, all white in colour, looked like match-boxes; the plain stretched for miles and mountains were seen on the horizon. Indeed they looked like models.

Down we went like charging bulls. My joy was great though I was a little terrified. It seemed as if I were a bird flying at utmost speed. Suddenly a crack was heard. Nothing did I care, but enjoyed the landscape. My companion took the lead; I was far behind. I tried hard to chase him. Crack! crack! I wondered what had happened. I stopped for a moment and looked to see what the matter was, but nothing seemed wrong.

On I rode again and saw a greenish swimming pool. I envied the soldiers swimming about. In a short space of time we reached Kam Tin. We hoped to have a view of the airfield before we reached our destination—Un Long. Having been told by the villagers that we were on the wrong way, we turned back again. Great was my curiosity to see the long black air-strip. Crack! crack! I rode on. Crack! crack! Still I rode on. Suddenly a crack of broken metal was heard. At the same moment I fell off. I was struck dumb with fear, seeing the chain broken into pieces. No longer could the bicycle be ridden.

Worried and terrified, I saw my situation clearly. It was at least twelve miles distant from Tai Po. The numerous hills and mountains made it more difficult. By my calculation I needed at least five hours to walk it and by that time it would be quite dark. We thought about having the chain repaired in a shop but after looking in our purses, we knew it was in vain. We tried to repair it in various ways but all were useless. From time to time lorries passed quite near us and many a time we were almost run over. I began to pedal idly. Suddenly an idea flashed into my brain. I went straight forward to ask a soldier if he would give us a rope. Luckily we got one. The rope was fastened to the back of one bicycle and the handlebars of the other. I pedalled hard while my friend sat on the broken bicycle and controlled it carefully. The children hard by made fun and laughed at us.

Twilight had already fallen and we had to make haste. The steep slopes again made us tired. When we reached the top we were very weary. Looking back we saw the gold sun dipping into the cloudy sea. Indeed this impressed me greatly. Then down we went, as fast as a flash and in a twinkling of an eye we reached the dell. On the highway much traffic passed along. Their lights dazzled me at times and we almost crashed into the cars. Luckily, there was a lamp on the broken bicycle so we safely made our way home in the dark.

I seemed to awaken from a dream on seeing the brightly lit streets. How glad I was to be home again!

MUI LEUNG,  
Form III A.

## A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

It is ten to one that every child must have called on the dentist, because children like sweets and sugar so very much. A most wonderful thing it would be if their teeth did not decay.

I am not an exception. I can just remember several years ago, when I was little more than a baby, my mother took me to a dentist, because I was afflicted with tooth-ache. At that time, I was just old enough to know that a dentist is a person who deals with people's teeth and teaches us how to avoid getting our teeth into unnecessary trouble.

As I drew near the room, the first thing that arrested my attention was the dentist and a nurse. Both of them were dressed in white. There was, too, in the middle of the room, a chair. On the surrounding walls hung cupboards inside which were bottles of medicines. Having thrown myself down in the chair, I was told to open my mouth. My teeth were then thoroughly examined. At length, one at the back was found to have decayed and it had to be taken out, otherwise it would effect others. He added that it was all because of my eating too many chocolates. At that moment, I was so very shocked at the idea of having the tooth extracted that I could say nothing. Indeed if ever anybody's hair stood on end in terror, mine must have done so, but perhaps nobody's ever did. Finally, it was my mother who agreed that my tooth should be extracted. Being habitually obedient to her, I made no objection. So without any further delay the dentist began his work. I had to put up with a good deal though I was given an injection beforehand. However, I tried my utmost to keep myself under control, to prevent myself from bursting into tears.

After five minutes or so, the work was finished and I felt a great relief both in mind and body. My mother then paid the medical fees. Really, I did have the intention of scolding the dentist, for to my childish eyes, he was so very cruel, but, instead, I was made by my mother to say "Thank you" to him before we departed, despite the fact that he had made me feel so very painful.

Altogether, you will find that a visit to the dentist is quite exciting though a little bit painful, but it is better to avoid it by caring for your teeth and not eating too many chocolates.

WONG CHOK KAI,  
Form III A.

## AN AIR RAID

It was a long time ago when I first experienced an air raid. Hong Kong was at that time occupied by the Japanese. Though I was then quite a small lad, yet the memory of the ordeal has left a deep impression on me. I had heard many accounts of air-raids before I really experienced one.

It was an unforgettable night for me when the Allied bombers attacked Hong Kong.

The night was silent, calm as it usually is. But suddenly the intolerably shrill sound of an alarm broke its silence. I instinctively knew what was going to happen.

The people in the street were in confusion. The crowd, uneasy and dismayed, was being cleared off the streets by the police who were busily engaged in maintaining order. In an instant, all was hushed.

I lost no time in running for mother who was my natural protection. Against my will, shudders overcame me. An unspeakable fear filled my heart. My mother tried to encourage me, but it was of no avail.

All over the city, lights were extinguished. It was extremely dark.

In the dead silence could be heard the faint hum of engines. It was approaching—it was increasing. This heavy sound was particularly impressive.

Presently searchlights were seen in the sky and anti-aircraft guns chattered at intervals. The strong fiery lights blinded ones eyes. Bombs were exploding followed by vivid flashes. All the anti-aircraft guns were focussed in the direction from which the hum of the bombers came. But there was no visible result. Overhead, the planes kept droning and dropping bombs occasionally.

Fire-engines and ambulances were heard racing to the rescue of the injured.

Amid this confusion, the defending planes were taking off. Violent lights split the sky and different humming sounds were heard one after another. Then came a short period of silence. Soon they were back again. This continued for an unbearable time. Every minute dragged on like years.

All of a sudden, a plane swept with a formidably loud noise low over our roof, and threw us into the utmost panic. I was completely lost for a time. No sooner had I recovered than the hum died away in the distance. But the fingers of the searchlights kept waving in the empty sky.

Then came another dead silence.

At length the longed-for "all-clear" sounded, which restored hope and safety.

I, leaving my mother's side, seemed to awake from a most awful dream. ....

CHENG SAI WAH,  
Form III A.

## THE NIGHTMARE OF NIGHTMARES

"Fortunately this simple thing intended to cross the Ocean can be completed in this couple of seconds. The gust and gale, no fear. The wave, what does it mean to a kind-hearted person? A choppy sea is easy to overcome, if one has a good cause. No doubt the sea gulls will bear me to that island if the boat should capsize. Ay, so it is. God confers safety on anybody who is going to do a benevolent deed.

"So this is the coveted St. Helena, is it? What a barren and desolate island! There seems to be no growth possible on this kind of land. Oh, this footprint, suppose it were made by the ex-warrior on his solitary lonesome walk! How circuitous and rugged this path, and how different it is from the straight, smooth road by which the hero mounted to his climax of prestige! Sure enough, one has to think of the future even when having his most golden times.

"This dilapidated shabby house will no doubt collapse in a day or two. Let me push open the rusty gate and step into the garden. I can't help wondering whether a great hero shouldn't do a little gardening to while away his empty time. Surely his life now is fraught with woefulness.

"The beastly smell comes from somewhere, presumably from the rest of that huge rat trespassing in the passage. 'What, you are, are Bon . . . ? Curse my forgetting to bring a comb to tidy your dishevelled hair. Put this cloak on, my friend, I don't mind the cold, as I'm better fed. Oh God, that I had brought some victuals with me. How do you sleep at night? For how long have those rags round your waist not been washed? Who looks after you when you fall ill? You see, your lips are so swollen. Shall I get some water for you?

"The gleam in your eyes is still vigorous, as full of prospect as ever. What do you just want to say? Yes, I understand, I have got a boat with me, and now let me help you up, and let us make for it."

"He was born to create society, a prosperous society. This I have foreseen personally. Is not he again on the road to reshape the world? Just observe his talents in reorganizing his army within a single month."

"Europe, England, Russia, Egypt, good tidings, good Tidings. What, what, what's the matter on earth? And now comes Asia's turn?"

"Father, mother, brother, uncle, auntie, alas! I have never thought of a day when your mangled bodies might lie before me in this way. Oh I ....."

WONG KAM MING,

Form IV A.

## THE STORY WITHOUT AN END

"Ten minutes to eleven." I murmured once more before the clock.

My parents, my brother and sister had been out for two hours. I was afraid that that they had met with an accident—no, that is not true. What I really minded was being alone. The detective story-book I had just finished reading had dropped from my hands and was dirtied by my slippers. I stretched my limbs and yawned. My head was full of questions. Now the great Sherlock Holmes, then the barking dog, then a firing pistol, then cries of agony, and fear . . . My forehead sweated. My body shuddered.

Silence reigned over the darkness until it was broken by footsteps on the stairs. "Tap! Tap!" Somebody was at the door. As I opened it, a sinister figure appeared before my eyes. His lowered eyelids reduced his eyes to two thin lines. I could barely see into his eyes; but they seemed to be penetrating into me. He drew out a card to show his identity. A detective! I simply couldn't believe it. What had I done? I had committed no crime, I was sure. I hoped to question his intrusion at this time of the night, but the words I intended to utter could not pass through my petrified lips. He entered the house. His nimble legs carried him round the house within a minute. He turned the chair upside down that stood in his way, but I could see no reason why the cupboard should be completely removed from its original stand. The clock hung by its wire as a result of his pushing the desk roughly aside. This reminded me of the time. Another minute and the clock would strike twelve. Its ticking had by now stopped, but the heavy throbbing of my heart took its place.

Such a mess he had made of the house. He was now doing more damage. I heard hammering within. Rushing into the room, I saw the object of his assault was that part of the wall which had long been the picture's abode. He panted as he struck caring little about the dust he breathed in. I was full of anger and fear. "Why is he so destructive? Shall I turn him out?" Before my mental argument was over I saw him waving a tiny roll of red paper in his hand, a smile of success on his face. This proved to be short-lived, for a bullet was shot through the window into his skull and agony shrouded the countenance that a second before had been glowing with triumph. Dead he fell, as dead as a doornail. I tried to go to the window, but my legs failed me.

The shot of the pistol woke up all the people in the neighbourhood, and whistles of alarm shrieked across the tranquillity of the night. Heaving a sigh of relief I sank down onto the couch, trying to calm myself. Before I could take a second breath, a knock was heard at the door, once, twice, each time harder than before. A few people grunted without. I started up and went to open the door. Thank God! it was they for whose

return I so eagerly yearned! My father stepped in first, asking me the reason for the delay in opening the door, but observing my drowsy eyes, smiled nodding. In followed mother, brother and sister, chattering happily about the film they had appreciated so much.

Without hesitation I dashed back into my bed where I hoped to find the conclusion of my detective story.

Tso SHU KIT,  
Form IV A.

### A NARROW ESCAPE

I took a walk to see the beautiful spring flowers and scenery. The day was fine and brilliant. Along the path I went and soon I reached a causeway which was very beautiful. Thousands of wild flowers were growing along both sides like a colourful carpet. I took a rest there and gazed at the bees and butterflies flying among the attractive flowers.

There was a railway at the other end of the causeway. A few peasants with their young ones were felling wood on either side. The children were playing about. The wind was still, all was calm, nothing but the sound of the children was heard. They screamed and shouted with joy as they played. I could see them playing there, but not very clearly, for they were about three hundred yards away from me.

As I was about to go there, the whistle of the train was heard over the hill. A train was coming. I walked towards the railway to watch the train passing by.

Smoke spread over a part of the sky. Through the smoke, a train was rushing like an enraged lion. The sound of the engine thrilled in the air. It was like a roll of thunder when the train was one thousand yards away from me. As I watched the train, I heard shouting from the woods where a few peasants were cutting wood. I glanced at them, and found that they were pointing to the railway. They cried, screamed and shouted. I looked at the direction in which they pointed and noticed that some children were still playing on the railway line. I was terrified at the sight. The train was now about eight hundred yards away from the children who were still playing on the railway without knowing that the train was approaching. They would surely be killed if they did not run away in time. I ran to them. The train was drawing nearer and nearer, and it was now only about one hundred yards from them. I shouted to the children to warn them of the approaching train. They ran immediately. But a little one fell down on the railway while he was running. He was sitting on the railway and he was crying aloud. My face turned pale. There was not even time for me to hesitate. Without caring about my own safety, I leaped towards the child and we rolled quickly to one side. The train was rushing by with a noise like thunder. What would have happened if I had been a minute too late? When the train rushed away, the peasants gathered around me and thanked me for rescuing the life of their child. I thanked God too that I had escaped injury. What a narrow escape!

LING KA HO,  
Form II A.

### THE VALLEY OF DEATH

It was a morning in June, the weather was hot and fine. The sky was cloudless and the sun was shining directly upon the ground. Its golden beams shone everywhere. It shone upon little streams; it shone upon a valley too!

This valley was still and silent, with many trees on the mountain slopes. This appeared to be just a common place, but in fact it was not so. It was a valley of death! Last night, a troop of soldiers came and hid behind the trees. They were waiting for their enemies. The situation was an anxious one, pervaded with intention to kill. It was noon now!



Far beyond the horizon, something seemed to be stirring. Yes, it was a troop of soldiers; they marched towards the valley, and gradually they entered it. Suddenly, there was a shout, "Attack". Then guns fired from every side of the valley, and thus the battle began. The noise of the firing of guns made the animals frightened, and they ran about in order to find a place where they could hide themselves. The battle continued. Many soldiers died fighting bravely, and both sides suffered severe losses. By evening, the valley was once more silent.

There was no more firing in the valley. Dead bodies were lying about on the ground while their blood turned the earth from a grayish brown into a deep red. The sky was smoky, and the lazy sun was giving out his last red rays as he was setting in the west. Everything was quiet and seemed to be sleepy, for night was coming.

It was night, a very cold and quiet one. The moon was shining in the sky. She lighted the valley with a pale and cold light. Suddenly, the dead silence of the valley was broken by a lifeless call, "water" . . . . !

The noise came from a corner of the big rock over there! Ah! Under the moonlight, something was moving. It was a wounded soldier! He was lucky; he had not lost his life. After walking unsteadily for a few steps, he fell down again. He was bleeding! You could see that he was in great pain if you looked at his face. A strong and well educated young man he seemed to be! He dragged himself to a rock, and plunged into deep meditation!

Perhaps, he was dreaming that he was going home after his farm-work, his wife greeting him with sweet kisses! He smiled! Or perhaps he was thinking about his children, how sweet and nice they were!

Now, his wounds gave him pain again! What came into his mind? Why did he have to suffer pain? He cried, tears fell from his eyes to the ground. Now the cold wind began to blow, and made a howling sound like the overture to death! What a long and cruel night!

Time passed. Gradually, the bells of the far Churches rang, declaring that a new day was breaking. The young man awoke, and he heard the holy sound! He smiled again. There was no expression of pain on his face, but a peaceful and happy air. This time, perhaps he was hoping for his to-morrow! Yes, night would be gone, and there would be a new to-morrow!

H. S. CHAN,  
Form II B.

## ABOUT PUBLIC SPEAKING

Everyone who has read Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" must have admired the eloquent Mark Anthony who, by delivering a forceful and subtle speech, managed to stir the Romans to fury against Brutus and the other conspirators. What an immense effect skilful words have! We cannot all be such great orators as Antony, nevertheless we must try to develop our ability to speak. The ability to speak fluently in public is a lofty art and it may be a great help to our future careers. Although the highest eloquence in public speaking has something to do with genius, there are some techniques concerning delivery and showmanship to be learnt.

Firstly, you must comprehend what you are talking about and must believe it. This means sincerity in your words. You must not, however, write down your speech and then memorise it word by word, for, if you do so, your words will sound stiff and expressionless, however correct they may be. As a result, you will lose the hearers' respect and attention since they will easily detect that you are 'reciting' your speech. The proper way is to take down notes and memorise the chief points of your speech. With an ample knowledge of the subject in your mind, you can easily dilate on these main points. In this way, your words will come out in a natural, flowing manner and your speech will be

convincing and appealing. Care must be taken that your speech does not bore the listeners by clumsy flowery words or silly repetition. Simplicity and straightforwardness are the essentials of a successful speech.

Secondly, your attitude while speaking must be natural and so must your gestures and motions. In order to achieve this, you must not be frightened or nervous. If you get too excited at the first moment of speaking you can regain your self-composure by concentrating on what you are talking about and forgetting everything else.

Thirdly, although you should speak with suitable dignity you should never be too serious. Instead, your countenance must be friendly and a smile always pays off. It is good strategy to amuse the hearers occasionally with a play of humour.

Lastly, it must be realized that no speech can make a deep impression without an appeal to the emotions. So when you speak, speak with a suitable amount of emotion and in a loud and clever tone. Begin your speech in such a way as to arouse ready interest and curiosity in the audience. In ending your speech, you should skilfully impress upon your hearers once more the purport of your speech so as to enhance the effect.

These techniques plus constant practice and increasing confidence will guide you along the pathway of skilful speaking in public.

HO CHI KEUNG,  
Form IV A.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF READING

There is unlimited knowledge for one to acquire. Even if one spends his whole life in reading, still he cannot exhaust the treasure. Of one thing I am definitely sure, the more you read, the more knowledge you may obtain. Every one, I think, wishes to have a vast store of knowledge. If you are one who has such an ambition, you must read more books. It is not enough for us merely to read our textbooks. We must also make it a habit to have outside reading in order to widen our knowledge by reading more books.

When you need some relaxation, you may spend half an hour or more reading in a quiet place instead of going to the cinema to see a picture. If you borrow some reading material from a friend or from a library, it may not cost you even one cent.

When you read your textbooks on literature, geography, history, as well as many other subjects you will gain much knowledge from each of them. As you read literature, you will learn the style of certain authors and their ways of presentation. In connection with geography, although we may not have the opportunity to go to a certain place, say, the United Kingdom, we can learn about the physical features, the products, the climate and the industries there by reading geography. In reading history, we study the important events which took place in the past. For instance, while we are living in the twentieth century, we may know how the Crusades were organized and the results of these repeated attempts to maintain an open route to Palestine.

It is also important, especially for students to make use of reference books. In so doing, we may see more new light in our studies.

The use of dictionaries when we come across any new word is a good habit. In this way our vocabulary will be greatly increased.

In reading the newspaper, we can know what is going on both in our local community and in the various parts of the world.

Indeed, only through reading can we be in contact with the great minds of the past and the living spirit of our age, and so reading is of great value in preparing and qualifying us for service in the future.

WONG CHI MING,  
Form IV B.

## THE QUALITIES OF A DOCTOR

We all know what a doctor is. His duty is to cure the sick, and that which is more important I think, is to comfort the depressed and to persuade the stubborn. He holds responsibility for life and death, and also for the happiness and grief of his patients. Countless lives rest in his hands. If once he carelessly makes a small mistake, he can hardly ever make up for it. His conscience always keeps watch over him. He has to shoulder heavy burdens which most of us cannot bear. Therefore there are certain qualities which a doctor must have.

A doctor must always have in his mind the welfare of others. He has got to be kind and dutiful. Readiness to meet difficulties and to face horrible accidents should be part of his personality. He has to meet different types of people, and to accommodate himself to various circumstances. When asked any nonsensical questions or worried by stupid and ignorant patients, he has to keep his temper. His peaceful rest and the joy of being together with his family are often abruptly interrupted by urgent calls. Much extra energy has to be consumed in explaining to foolish people the nature of certain medicines, and very frequently he has to repeat his explanations over and over again. A doctor should be serious, alert and skilful when performing an operation. At the same time, he must not be scared by the quivering voice of pain.

I witnessed the following when I visited one of the clinics in the Colony for the first time. In spite of the cries and noises, the doctor plunged whole-heartedly into the task set before him. Not appreciating his efforts, some parents seemed to blame him for the sickly condition of their children. With his good temper, he cooled down the inner flame of his anger, and worked quietly and patiently. Then there came a woman suffering from a serious illness for which an operation must be performed. At the mention of an operation, she bitterly opposed the doctor. Forgetting all politeness, she scolded and insulted him. In such circumstances, most people would undoubtedly either have sent her away or given up the chance of saving her. But to my great surprise and admiration, the doctor patiently convinced her and finally the woman changed her mind. Some one may think this story exaggerated. But if one pays a personal visit to a clinic, he will constantly see this sort of thing.

Some of us may like to be doctors in future. Many may have the idea of getting a better and easier life as doctors. But in fact, if we think this way, we ignore the fact that the aim of a doctor should be to serve people, not to enjoy himself. They should throw away covetous ideas and be determined to devote their whole life to the service of the people. Morality plays the most important part. A doctor must be merciful and must treat the rich and poor alike. Then his good name will be remembered by many people whom he serves.

CHIU HIN CHUN,  
Form III C.

## SLEEP

Sleep is a human instinct. Whether you are young or old, rich or poor, wise or foolish, you have to spend about one-third of your life in bed. Although the number of hours of sleep necessary for us differs with age, occupation, physical condition, climate and other elements, everybody must sleep in order to recuperate from the physical and mental fatigue of the day so that he will rise in high spirits for the work of a new day.

Some people can sleep soundly after a day's work but others suffer in different degrees of seriousness from insomnia which is prevalent in cities. Some people who are too excited by the busy city life cannot relax and go to sleep at night. Students may find that their excitement before an examination keeps them awake in bed for an hour or so before they fall asleep, but as soon as the examination is over, they will sleep with scarcely a movement once they throw themselves on to the bed.

Many people in the cities get into the habit of enjoying themselves far into the night before they are willing to go to bed, rising very late the next day, shutting the

morning sunshine and the fresh air out of their doors. Because they enjoy themselves when nature prescribes sleep, they gradually lose their ability to sleep soundly and have to suffer from insomnia.

The fact that some people think of their daily problems at bedtime often causes insomnia. In the daytime they have to face the problems of life and at night their heads are so filled with worry and anxiety that they cannot sleep peacefully. In fact, if a person has done what he should do in the daytime, he should be able to sleep well at night, provided he will just leave aside all the troubles of life. Bedtime is the hour for sleeping, and not for thinking; so why not forget all the troubles of the day and have a good sleep?

YU KWOK LEUNG,  
Form IV A.

### HOW I BECAME A GIRL GUIDE

When I was a pupil at Yaumati Government P. M. School, my seat-mate happened to be a Girl Guide. She taught me how to tie different kinds of knots, to save a person from danger by the use of bowline, to treat others kindly and to enrich my store of general knowledge. She tried to persuade me to be a Girl Guide. Her ability, patience and kindness touched me, and eventually I joined the 11th Kowloon Girl Guide Company.

I become a new recruit of the company last year. My senior sisters always teach me patiently what they have learnt. When I had learnt the "tender-foot work", I sat for the test and qualified. Then I had my enrolment, and have been a Girl Guide ever since.

I dare not say that I have a good deal of general knowledge, but I can say that I certainly have improved myself very much in every respect. In the past, I was a selfish girl, but now I have found out that selfishness is bad and I am trying hard to overcome it in myself. I now believe in "give the world your best, and the best will come back to you".

As a Girl Guide, I have learned to feel happy always, and to smile and sing under all difficulties. I never feel lonely, worried and discontented any more. I grow healthier physically and mentally. I have become careful and thrifty.

There is an important law among the guides "a good deed everyday". So you can see that guides learn not only to be wise, but also to be useful and helpful.

Our company consists of pupils from Queen Elizabeth School as well as from Yaumati Government P.M. School. We are co-operative and always work in a friendly way in our common interests. There are many recruits in our company; we give them our warm welcome and sisterly care.

Dear schoolmates, you do not really know what happiness is until you become a Guide!

TAM SAU LING,  
Form III G.

### DILIGENCE

Diligence is an admirable habit in our daily life. Whenever we do a thing, we must work hard. Only by diligence can we make our lives happy and useful.

Somebody may say, "I need not be diligent in learning, because I have talent." That is not true. There is plenty of knowledge in the world, you may acquire some but you cannot acquire all of it. Although you have talent, if you do not make full use of it, you are not much better than others. Then what is the use of possessing talent?

Great men like Edison, Confucius and Socrates are respected by all because of their diligence and their struggles against difficulties.

Therefore, we need not be afraid of suffering and hard work. If we work hard, we will get better results in the future. We can only succeed by diligence and perseverance. Moreover, it is our duty to work hard. If all of us do not work hard, how can there be any improvement in the world? Certainly, the world will stop progressing or even go backwards.

Knowing that diligence is so important in our life, we must work as hard as we can in order to get good results, or everything will be a failure.

MOK YUK KING,  
Form II G.

## SWIMMING

Nothing is so pleasant and refreshing as a dip in the cool water of the sea on a hot summer's day. We can put aside all the irksome work and enjoy ourselves comfortably in the cool and clear water. But swimming does have many other advantages besides that of keeping us cool.

When we swim, we exercise all parts of our body and we learn to control our breathing and our eyes as well. All this means that we improve our health. That is why some people who find themselves tired and sleepy in the hot summer, go to the sea-shore to seek refreshment. Besides that, we can take a sun-bath by the sea-side and get plenty of vitamin D from the sunlight after we have swum.

Swimming is also a life-saving art. In case of any danger, as when a ship is wrecked or a boat is capsized, those who can swim always stand a better chance of survival because they can get to the shore, if it is not very far off, or to the life-boat more easily. One who swims well can also rescue other people who are in danger of being drowned. How useful swimming is!

But just as there are usually two sides to every question in the world, so swimming also has disadvantages as well as advantages. It can be a dangerous recreation if we do not take enough care. It more often happens that a skilful swimmer loses his life in the sea than one who has just begun to learn. The fact is that the former is more daring and ventures too far out, so that if he is caught in a strong current or seized by cramp, he may be beyond reach of help, while the latter is more cautious and stays near the shore, and is thus easier to be reached when help is needed.

Therefore we should always be cautious when we swim. But we must not be deterred from the enjoyment of swimming, otherwise we will be missing something!

HO HING CHU,  
For IV C.

## IS FORTUNE - TELLING HARMFUL?

(Speeches of the main speakers at a class debate in Form III I.)

Many people think it is foolish to go to fortune-tellers. The reason they give is that fortune-tellers are no better than deceivers. Has it ever occurred to you, my friends, that it is good fun? By spending a little money, you can have a talk with a fortune-teller and enjoy it just as you can enjoy a play or a novel which may not tell you all truth.

I shall enumerate its advantages:

Firstly, fortune-telling can have a good influence on our lives. When we are in difficulties, we are likely to blame other people for having caused them. After visiting a fortune-teller, our feeling of injustice, or even hatred, will turn to a submission to fate. Though to submit to fate means to give up hope, courage and ambition, but we all agree,

it is certainly much better for our mental health than what poisons our minds, hatred. Likewise, it can lessen our pride when we are greatly successful.

Secondly, fortune-telling usually gives us words of warning. What right has a fortune-teller to foretell, some may ask, when he cannot read his own future himself? A fortune-teller may not know his own fate but the warning he gives is good because it makes people careful. If one is careful, danger or evil may be avoided.

Thirdly, fortune-telling can satisfy our instinct of curiosity. If you were walking in the street and someone were to call from behind, surely you would turn round and look. Why would you do this? Because you would be eager to know who was calling you. In the same way, we are all anxious to know something about our future. Fortune-telling satisfies the same kind of natural curiosity which makes us prick up our ears when someone is predicting a war or peace, changes of prices in the market or the results of horse races.

Unfortunately fortune-tellers are often blamed for causing evil to people who are superstitious. To me, the fault lies only in the ignorance and low standard of education of those people who blindly believe what the fortune-tellers say. If you do not accept all that the fortune-teller tells you, then fortune-telling can be taken lightly as a kind of amusement, neither harmful nor expensive. I therefore conclude by saying fortune-telling is good rather than evil.

(CHAN SAU HA)

Some people like to go to fortune-tellers when they are in trouble. They think that all their misfortunes come from their own fate, not the result of their wrongdoings. Therefore instead of facing the reality, they prefer to listen to the soothing words of fortune-tellers rather than to make their own efforts to overcome their difficulties. With the existence of such people, it is not strange that we still find a good number of fortune-tellers in this world of scientific studies to-day.

The reasons I have for objecting to fortune-telling are:

Firstly, it is superstitious to believe in the words of a fortune-teller, because what he tells us is not true. He merely observes from our appearance and clothing, and gathers what he thinks is right. We can do the same to our friends ourselves and guess rightly just as fortune-tellers sometimes do.

Some people think fortune-telling can satisfy our curiosity. If we understand that what a fortune-teller says is absolutely false, then where lies the wonder of his words?

Secondly, it wastes our money and time. When we go to a fortune-teller, we have to pay before we can have our fortune told. In order to listen to him, we have to spend some of our time, and what do we get in return? Worthless and funny words which he repeats to all those who go to him. If we used the time and the sum of money to do some other work, how much good might be done instead?

Thirdly, one may foolishly say that fortune-tellers can give us words of warning. Since we know that what they say is untrue, their warnings are of little or no value to us.

Fourthly, fortune-telling may lead to tragic ends. When I say this, you may think I am exaggerating, but I will give you an example. Once there were two lovers who were so true to each other that they vowed not to be separated. The time soon came for them to think of their marriage, but their parents said that the advice of a fortune-teller had to be sought. So they waited, but unluckily the advice given was against their wish. As a result, the two young persons committed suicide.

I have to add that this story has not been invented by me and this kind of event is still happening everyday just because there are people who still superstitiously believe in fortune-telling.

For all these reasons, and many others also, I say fortune-telling is extremely worthless and harmful.

(CHAN SHUI CHUN)

## WATER

What is water? Our chemistry master tells us it is composed of two gases which are called by long names — Oxygen and Hydrogen.

We all know when water is heated, it turns into something we cannot see which is called steam. Warm air can hold a lot of this unseen vapour — it sucks it up as a sponge sucks up water. If the air gets cold, it cannot hold all this vapour; then it appears again as water — just as when you squeeze a sponge, all the water comes out of it again. This is why grass and leaves are wet with dew in the morning.

The water in seas, lakes and rivers is always rising up in the form of unseen vapour during the day. Warm air always rises. When it gets high up the air becomes cold and cannot hold all the vapour which then becomes tiny drops of water and appears as clouds. When the air around the cloud gets still colder, these tiny drops run together and fall down to the earth. We call it rain. So water is always moving in a circle — first water, then steam, then cloud and then water again.

Water has many uses. In fact, we cannot live without it. If a man is kept without water, he dies of thirst. So the first use of water to us is for drinking.

Not only that, for if there were no water, we would die for lack of food. All our food comes from plants, and plants cannot grow without water. Our food is partly plants, like wheat, vegetables and fruit and partly meat. But we could get no meat without water, for animals must have grass to eat. And there could be no grass if there were no water.

Then we need water for cleansing. We wash ourselves, our clothes, our rooms and everything with water, to keep them clean. As cleanliness is necessary for our health, if we had no water for washing, we should soon get all kinds of diseases.

Moving water like water-falls and running streams is a great source of power. Men use them to work mills and to move the machines that generate electricity, which is the source of energy for industry.

LEUNG SZE HUNG,  
Form II B.

## THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS

What is a newspaper? It is a record of current affairs. By reading it carefully, you can know what is going on in our country and in many other parts of the world. Our Chinese proverb says, "A scholar staying at home can know what is going on in the outside world." This is very true, so it is quite important for us to read newspapers daily.

There are many kinds of newspapers in Hongkong. While some of them are good, many others are bad or very bad. If one reads them, the evil thoughts will poison one's mind at once. Though very harmful, bad newspapers are found in the hands of many young people. This is one reason why so many wicked things happen in Hong Kong every day.

On the other hand, good newspapers can give us more knowledge, and we can improve our writing through reading the good and famous stories contained in them. We can know, day by day, what happens not only in Hong Kong, but all over the world.

So the influence of newspapers is important to the general public. Not all the newspapers are conducted by honest and upright men, and they are not always right. Therefore the readers must not simply read, but ought to form their own opinion on what they read. Most of them now accept what they read without question; they are not critical, and take their opinions ready-made from their favourite newspapers only. That is a poor thing to do. I sincerely hope that our school-mates will spend their leisure in reading good newspapers daily, and use their own judgment to decide what is right and what is wrong, and to form their own opinions.

BILLY WONG,  
Form II D.

## OUR COLLABORATING COMMITTEE

Last term, many pupils of our Form found the subject physics very difficult, but five of us were fortunate enough to have organised a collaborating committee in which we discuss and often solve our problems, and this was of great help to us. This committee, helpful as it is, was organised only a few years ago, for the purposes of collective review and study.

The members were at first much interested in the newly born committee, but before long it lay dormant; members were not punctual at the meetings, discussions were mere chats and for a time it was on the brink of dissolution.

Our past failures were expected. Although we desired to set up such a committee, our desire was feeble. The preparation work for the meetings was insufficient. When some of the members were consulting reference books, trying to resolve the problems, others took the opportunity to chat and the Committee's affairs went from bad to worse.

The Committee did not revive and progress to the present prosperous situation until radical reforms were introduced last summer.

Now, things in the Committee are getting very much better. For each weekly meeting, a programme is decided at the end of the previous meeting. Each item in the programme is seriously considered before it is accepted. It indicates precisely the subject, the limit of discussion and the time allowed. Every member will then have to prepare for the meeting within one week. Besides the ordinary preparation work, every member is assigned the task of collecting materials with reference to one of the subjects to be discussed. In the meeting, he will be requested to lecture on that subject before general discussion takes place. This system helps to keep the members aware of their duty and provides a check on laziness.

After a long and enthusiastic discussion, we rest and amuse ourselves with refreshing conversation. We talk about our daily life, our hobbies and our future. Later, we bid each other goodbye.

We always regard our Collaborating Committee as a stimulus to our studies and a bond of friendship among us.

WONG WAN MING,  
Form IV A.

## MY CHILDHOOD

When I was seven years of age, I lived in my native village named Tun-tang, in the small rural county of Wei-Chow in Kwantung Province. There is a small river flowing through the place and there are plenty of bamboos growing on the outskirts of the village. Most of the houses are surrounded by lofty bamboos with dense leaves, making pleasant shade where the hardworking farmers can cool themselves. In my native village, there grow many kinds of fruit trees, especially lichee, pear, cherry, apricot and peach. On the meadows, cattle graze and farming is carried on. Rice seedlings wave their heads in the breeze. Sugar cane, which is also grown in the gardens, gleams in the sunlight. Indeed at a glance, my native country is the most peaceful place that has ever existed.

In my village there was a primary school named Sun-man School in which I studied. Early in the morning, as soon as I heard the cocks crow, I got up. Without cleaning my face or brushing my teeth, I put on my coarse clothes and set out for school. The day was dawning, the sky was foggy, hiding the view. The birds were twittering in the trees. The air was fresh with the fragrance of flowers. I went to school with my classmates. We walked and talked, and at length we reached our school. The sun had risen and the sky was now clear and cloudless. Before school started we went to the school garden to see the vegetables that we had planted. We usually worked there getting rid of worms.



Our school was a small school with only a few teachers. Our teachers were very kind to us. They taught us to read simple books and how to construct simple sentences. Our school fee was paid in agricultural products.

After school was over, I went home. The farmers had worked the whole day long, and the oxen were tired. I used to throw my bag aside and lead the oxen to the meadow to eat grass. This was a pleasant and amusing time for the neighbouring boys and me. We just left the oxen feeding on the meadow and we played about, paying no heed to the oxen. Sometimes they went and damaged the plants in the fields. Unless some farmers discovered this, we went on playing. Sometimes the farmers scolded us for our carelessness and we dragged the oxen away.

Very often we engaged in battle by throwing stones. We divided ourselves into two bands, each consisting of ten or more boys, and we marked a line as border. The stones were really handfuls of dry mud from the field, which could not hurt us much.

We shouted "Come on, charge, comrades!" As the dry mud flew about in the air, some of us were hurt, but dared not cry in pain, for we wanted to show that we were not cowards. When evening came, we ended this unfinished battle in which no side had gained the victory, and we went home with muddy clothes, guiding back the oxen.

When night fell, the weather being hot we usually sat in the courtyard to cool ourselves. My brother and I would ask our mother or our grandmother to tell us some stories. They usually told us some heroic deeds of our ancient Chinese people or some strange miracles. In the pleasant summer night everything was silent, but the fire-flies were flying about and the crickets were chirping aloud.

In mid-summer, lichees ripened in the bright sunshine. A few boys played under the lichee trees, and to those boys I would shout, "Let us play hide and seek." Everyone was fond of this game. We would choose a boy who had to shut his eyes and face the trunk of a tree. The other boys ran away and hid themselves. Then the boy had to search for the other boys. When his back was turned, we secretly walked to the tree and touched it. Hence we were free from pursuit. But any boy who was arrested would play the captor next. In such games some clever fellows would find a secret place and hide themselves. Some went to the rocks; some climbed up to the top of trees; and some even covered their bodies with hay. Once my younger brother hid himself far away on the hillside. In vain the captor searched for him for a long time. At twilight we were worried by his continued absence. At last we found him sleeping at the foot of a tree.

Sometimes we climbed up the lichee trees to collect the lichees and sent them to the city for sale. While collecting the fruits, we could take as many lichees as we wished. The ripened lichees, glowing red like flame, hung on the trees.

I think that it was the most pleasant and carefree period in my childhood. And this happy time passed very quickly. I am afraid this happy stage will never return. When I grew older, I was sent to Hong Kong with my elder brother. I remember that when we were about to leave our lovely native country, my elder brother wrote a poem bidding farewell to our old home.

LAM WAI CHUNG,  
Form II C.

## ONE JOYOUS DAY

It was a sunny Saturday afternoon in the middle of March. At noon, I jumped up from my chair and dressed myself, because I had to go out for an important affair. Mother was very much surprised and wondered why I was in such a hurry. I told her that a party was being held by our class in Kowloon.

In less than an hour's time I was already sitting on the front seat of a ferry bound for the opposite side of the harbour. As soon as I went ashore, I saw my friends waiting for me, for we had arranged the day before to meet at the pier.

When we reached the place where the party was to be held, it was two o'clock sharp; we were just in time. The chairman then opened proceedings. He said that this

party was for the purpose of improving friendship among classmates. The old officials of our class club handed over their duties to the new officials. After the chairman's speech, all the members formed a circle in the room and we played games. The games were interesting and gay, making everybody laugh.

One of the girls had been trying to impress on others a very important fact—the fact that she was hungry. She now suggested that we should have our tiffin and then continue playing afterwards. Sweets, peanuts, biscuits, and tea were immediately put on the table, and we began to eat.

A Multi-coloured Balloon Dance started at three o'clock. It was very interesting. It was played by a number of girls, each of whom had a balloon fastened to one of her ankles. They were to attempt to break the others' balloons by treading on them. After a while, all the balloons were broken except three. The three girls who had kept their balloons unbroken were the winners and a photograph was taken of them.

After the dance, there was an one-act play, with a street scene in which a letter-writer was doing business. The play was a big success, and was followed by a tea party. The last item on the programme was a group photograph. After that we broke up and went home.

CHAN DAW LAI,  
Form II G.

## FIRE

It was sometime last summer when I lived in Shamshuipo. Just opposite our house there were a great many squatters' huts.

One evening, I was sitting on the verandah by myself. It was near sunset and the sky was blue and cloudless, and everything hard by was silent. I was thinking wistfully when a sudden cry, "FIRE! FIRE!" broke the pleasant quietness.

Interrupted by these words, I stopped day-dreaming and looked up. My whole attention was at once caught by the sight of fire among the squatters' huts. No sooner had I noticed this than I saw the people rushing out of their houses in a great hurry, trying to make off to a safer place as quickly as possible. But they soon found themselves in the midst of a crowd, all of whom were trying to escape. The more quickly they wanted to get away, the more slowly they moved, because a lot of people, crowded together, only made it harder to escape. Everything was in confusion.

After about ten minutes, the Fire Brigade and the police arrived on the scene. Not a moment could be lost; the onlookers were dispersed and the nearby roads blocked. At the same time, the Fire Brigade began their work feverishly. By that time the whole sky was red with the reflection of the fire.

Helped by the policemen, the fire victims were able to get out of the danger area much more quickly and easily than before. Some of them were slightly injured, and first-aid was at once given. Then and only then could I see the victims distinctly. Some were carrying their children in their arms, while others came out with some bedding or trunks, and others seemed to have escaped with only their lives. Most of them were in ragged clothes, with dishevelled hair, and were terribly distressed.

By about half an hour later the Brigade had got the better of the fire, and the speed with which they had brought it under control shows how well they had worked. Nevertheless, water was still poured continuously on to the ashes for fear that they might burn again. The Fire Brigade remained there till darkness drew on, and then I was called in to dinner. But not until mid-night did everything become tranquil once again.

As to the effects, it goes without saying that all the wooden huts were badly damaged, and in many cases, they had become nothing but ashes. Most fortunately, no one was killed. This was the first time that I had seen a fire, and indeed it was a disastrous one.

WONG CHOK KAI,  
Form III A.

## THE PERSON I LIKE BEST

All of us have friends. We may like some of them better than others, and there may be one whom we like best of all.

The person I like best is Au Hin Lun, one of my schoolmates in my former school. He is about my age.

When I first entered that school, I was a boy bad in conduct and poor in work. My position in the Examination was 31st, and my conduct was "bad", while Hin Lun was first in the class, and his conduct was "excellent". Since I was sitting next to him, I could not help having an inferiority complex. Boys in the same class often said scornfully that we were a very good pair. I was indeed extremely angry to hear this, and became jealous of Hin Lun.

Hin Lun seemed to notice that, and he often said to me, "If you want to improve yourself, you must work harder. Working hard is the best and the only way to get good results in the examination." But I did not pay any attention to his advice. I had made up my mind to find some ways to make the class-mates hate him as I did, and make them believe that he won his first position by cheating. When he was ready to help me I used to say to him angrily, "Ha! Don't think that you are an important person! Do you think that you are my father that you try to teach me? Do you think you are a learned scholar?" Very often I challenged him to fight, for I hoped that he, the first boy in the class, would be punished by the teacher.

Very strangely, he did not seem to care about my rude words at all. On the contrary, he would often say, in a manner far more gentle than I deserved, "Hay Kwong, why should you do that? I am always wishing to be your friend. If I have ever done anything to you or if you don't know anything and want me to help you, just tell me. I am willing and ready to help you. If you go on behaving like this, you will be very sorry some day. Your bad behaviour will make your parents sad. They give you their greatest and deepest love, don't you wish to repay them a little by achieving some success in your study?"

At last his words touched me. I was ashamed of myself. I could find no reason at all to hate him any more. I asked for his forgiveness in tears.

From that time, he taught me many things in my lessons and helped me to learn all that I ought to know. Very often he spent all his spare time in helping me, leaving his own work undone. I myself also tried my best to learn. I never forgot what he said. Only by working hard could I get good results in the examination, so I made good use of every minute. Very soon, I began to make progress both in my work and in my conduct. I was no longer a lazy and naughty boy.

In the Easter examination, I was fifth in the class. My teachers and parents were all surprised and pleased at my rapid progress. Our friendship grew even closer and I have regarded Hin Lun as my bosom friend and adviser ever since.

I had never done anything to help Hin Lun. Why is it that he was never angry with me even when I was so impolite to him? I think the only answer to this question is: Because he is good.

HO HAY KWONG,  
Form II A.

## MY TEACHER

Mr. Ng was my teacher when I was studying in the primary school. He was loved by all our schoolmates, especially by me. He was the most honourable man I knew.

I can remember the time I was with him as clearly as if it were yesterday. When I entered the primary school, my English was very bad, and I was very afraid of my classmates because I was a new boy. Mr. Ng, our form-master, was an old teacher. His hair was nearly all silvery-white. His body was very thin. His cheeks sank into his

skinny face, and he wore a pair of old broken glasses. His appearance told us clearly that he was a learned and kind man. He taught us very conscientiously. He looked upon us as his own children, and we treated him as if he were really our own father. I used to wonder why he was so lonely, why he had no friends or relations, but I learned later that his whole family was killed by the Japanese during the Second World War, and he had decided to devote the rest of his life to teaching. I felt very sorry for him, as he treated me particularly well. He once said that if I were his son, he would be very happy, and I replied that I would like to be his son very much.

After being his pupil and dear friend for two years, I left him and the primary school when I was promoted to a secondary school. Though we were separated, when I had time, I would go and spend my leisure time with him. The fountain pen that I am now using was his present to me on my fifteenth birthday.

He is dead now, but his spirit, smile and lovely manner still live in my heart, and I regard the fountain pen as my most valuable piece of property.

WONG WANG,  
Form II A.

### GRAND - AUNT

Of a slender figure, my grand-aunt had drooping shoulders and a cheerful countenance, slim but not to the point of being skinny. She had arched eyebrows and in her eyes there was a look of quick intelligence and soft refinement. But her forehead was already furrowed, and there were creases near the corners of her rather gloomy eyes, for she was quite aged.

In pre-war days, grand-aunt had been one of the members of our family. She took great care of each of us, especially me. When I was a baby she looked after me with the sedulous attention of a parent. When I grew bigger she showed me by precept and example, how to behave, and how to become a useful man in the future. She nursed me when I was sick, consoled me when I was disappointed, comforted me when I was in sorrow, encouraged me when I was timid, exhorted me when I was lazy, and punished me when I did something evil. Indeed, she had more love for me than for her own son.

Her son Robert, twenty years older than me, was making his fortune in New York city. He used to come back to his dear mother's side on some occasions during the earlier years, but later, contaminated by the atmosphere of social luxury and failing to resist the insidious temptation to vice and folly, he was morally ruined by the gambling habit and gradually he found his income insufficient to meet his daily expenses. Being ashamed to face his mother, Robert never came back to see grand-aunt again, and his letters came less and less frequently until there was no more correspondence between the mother and son. Poor grand-aunt was so heart-broken that she left our family and went back to live by herself in her old house in the interior of China, despite our efforts in urging her to stay. During my last interview with grand-aunt, she advised me with a serious air, "Be a good boy, never behave like Robert, promise me, never."

So that was what happened to grand-aunt. Harassed by the unfilial behaviour and ingratitude of her son, her infirm body gradually became emaciated, and she was recently found lying ill in bed with no intimate friends to look after her. But what can I do for her? She is now confined within the continent, and I can neither dash in to see her, nor enable her to come out to have better medical treatment. So what can I do apart from regretting the misfortune which prevents me from helping her? But is this all I can do for grand-aunt? No, I owe her so much that I should do as much as possible to repay her kindness to me. I should at least do what she has told me to do, that is work hard and become an upright man. That may be not merely the only but the best possible reward I can give my dear poor grand-aunt!

NG SHUI LUN,  
Form IV A.

## THE STEPMOTHER'S LOVE

By chance, I had a long talk with my good friend Kate who is a girl only a few months older than I. She is good in all school subjects and is very ambitious. So I look upon her as my teacher as well as my friend. Once she told me the following:

"My father and mother both loved me very much, but unfortunately when I was sixteen, my mother and my father had a very serious quarrel, so they broke up and were divorced.

"Two years later my father remarried. In my mind there was the impression of the evil deeds a stepmother is reputed to do to the children. I tried my very best to persuade my father not to remarry, but my words were useless. Then they were married. I did not call her "mother", but "aunt".

"From the time she came, she always urged me to study. When I was busy, she gave me advice but seldom scolded me. She tried to help me in these ways, as no one had ever helped me before. I hated her all the more. Then my dreadful imagination became stronger. I did not cooperate with her. My father seemed to love me more than before, and tried to follow my aunt's way but still I hated her. Several times I wanted to run away from home, but I had no courage.

"After a few years under such pressure, my work seemed to show some improvement and I had actually learnt quite a lot. But things became much worse, for my father fell seriously ill, and soon he died. I felt terribly sorry. My aunt tried to comfort me, with a weeping and merciful face. I thought about the future, and was afraid. I regarded her kind and merciful face as disguising a wicked plan, for I knew how stepmothers treat their children. To secure the father's riches, a stepmother might even try to murder the children.

"From then on, my aunt had to carry all my father's responsibilities. My father's duty to bring me up was passed on to her. So she worked very hard, helped others to mend clothes in order to get some income. Though my father had left some money, yet she believed that we could not continue to live without some additional income.

"At that time, my hatred for her became less, and I thought that my stepmother was not so dreadful as other stepmothers were said to be. Yet I had little love for her.

"Unfortunately, two months after my father's death, I fell ill. I had grieved over my father's death too much. When I was lying in bed, my aunt looked after me day and night without leaving me. She used all sorts of words to comfort me, brought a doctor to give me medicine. She accepted all the hardships without a word. I began to repent. I was ashamed of my past ideas. Under her gentle care, I soon recovered. Then I called her "mother" from my heart. When she heard my call, tears rolled down her cheeks and mingled with a smile as she answered me."

Thus my wrong impression about stepmothers was cleared away by Kate's words. I was convinced by her. Why do books, newspapers and magazines only glorify a mother's love, but not a stepmother's. Most people accept their mother's scolding without question, but if a stepmother scolds, they will say that she is wicked and cruel. Shakespeare was right when he said, "The evil that man do live after them; the good is often interred with their bones." So is it with stepmothers.

Children should understand the good intentions of their elders and respect them for their instructions and help.

YUEN PONG YIN,  
Form II D.

## A NIGHT SINGER

It was a calm, quiet night. The rain fell incessantly, while the wind blew sharply. Not a soul was to be seen. Everywhere there was absolute solitude. The roads were wet and dark except for some dim gas-light given out by small street lamps. Occasionally a car sped along the wet asphalt roads, breaking the stillness of the night. It was mid-night.

Suddenly some irregular, heavy steps were heard from a corner of the street. Gradually a thin shadow, lengthened over the road by the gas-light, appeared. Then the lean and weak form of a solitary person came upon the scene, walking wearily at a snail's pace. Although the light was gloomy, his regular, firm and stern features were visible. He was not much over thirty, I supposed. Behind the dark spectacles, a pair of blind pupils was hidden; in the long, unkempt hair, some white streaks were to be found; upon the hollow cheeks, a dirty, dishevelled beard was growing; and all over his face, some deeply impressed wrinkles were carved.

Held firmly in his hands was an old-fashioned fiddle with one or two broken strings. It was his sole property, his sole companion and, above all, his only instrument for making a living. The tunes produced by his fiddle were low and indistinct and his voice was pitifully weak and sad. It touched my heart very much and aroused my sympathy for him. Yet weak and sad though it was, his voice possessed a strange charm so that I carefully pricked up my ears to hear his tragic song. From it, I could understand the sad and wandering life of a night singer.

He was an orphan whose parents had died during the last World War. He had no house to live in, no relative to depend on, nor had he anything worth exchanging for a meal. He was a poor vagrant. Sometimes he slept under the stairs of some rich house, or in a ruined temple, or even under the open sky. Now and then he had to pocket an insult from the insolent fellows who made fun of him, and to endure scolding from superstitious people who threw mud at him. Though he was skilful in playing his instrument, yet no one had the leisure to listen to it. Therefore, very often he had nothing with which to satisfy his hunger but brown bread and water, and sometimes he had no bread even.

Eventually the rain fell more heavily as the wind blew more violently. Yet he did not stop singing. A kind of despairing madness made him sing though no one was about. The bright spot of colour he had on his cheeks became redder and redder. He shook with fever. He was soaked to the skin and his ragged clothes fluttered pathetically in the wind.

He had had no food for several days and pangs of hunger pinched his stomach. He soon had not enough energy to sing, not even enough to stand straight. Suddenly he fell on the wet, dirty roadside. He tried to gather all his strength to struggle to his feet, but he failed. He could not whisper a word and soon lay motionless. He was dead.

SUEN KAM CHUEN,  
Form III A.

## HONG KONG AT NIGHT

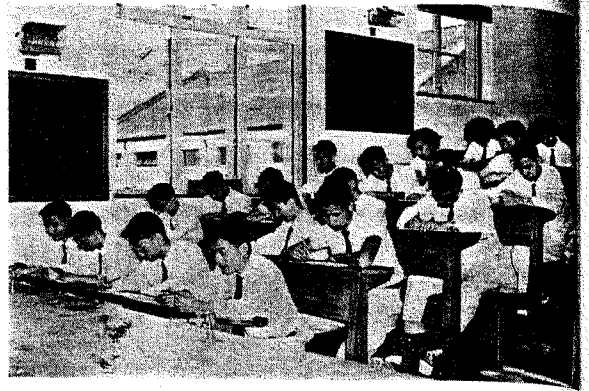
Hong Kong is termed 'The Paradise' and 'The Pearl of the Far East'. No doubt, they seem to be fit terms for Hong Kong. There are many things we are proud to tell about Hong Kong in day time: excellent harbours, busy traffic, as well as many others. But, there are even more things to tell about Hong Kong at night.

At nightfall, all the shops and stores are decorated with colourful neon lights which catch people's eyes and make Hong Kong rather warm and cheerful. People crowd into stores and cafes in such a way that it makes one wonder whether they get everything free.

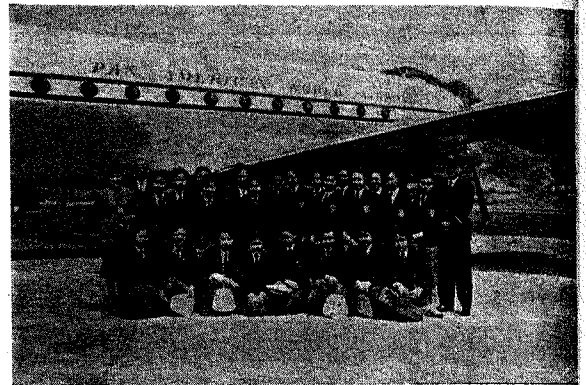


A Visit to USS Midway

(Photo by Courtesy of U.S.I.S.)



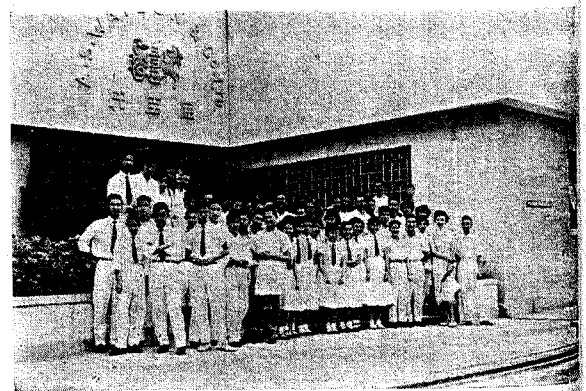
An English Lesson



A Visit to Kai Tak Airfield



Interhouse Basket Ball Match



A Visit to A. S. Watson & Co., Ltd.



After School



Going to Classrooms



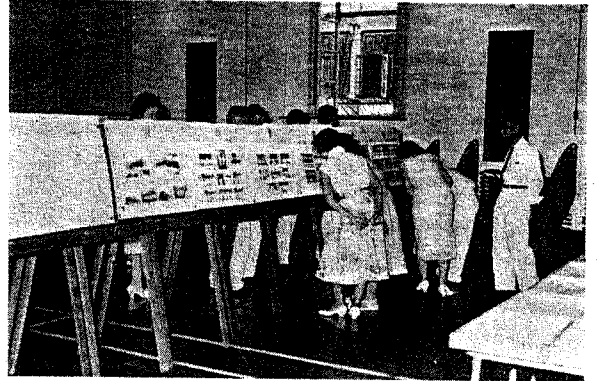
School Open Day



School Open Day



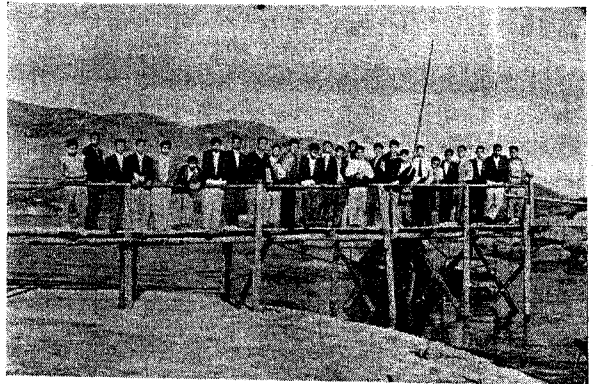
School Open Day



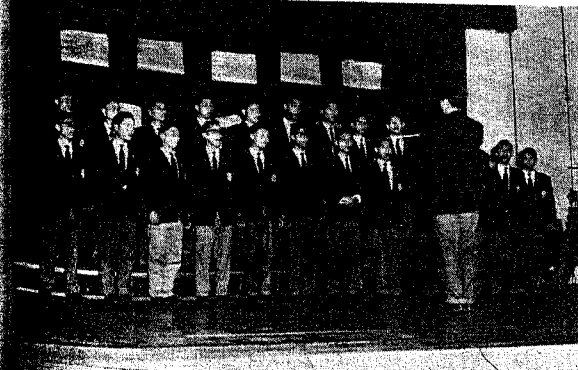
School Open Day



Picnic to Fanling



Picnic to Silver Mine Bay



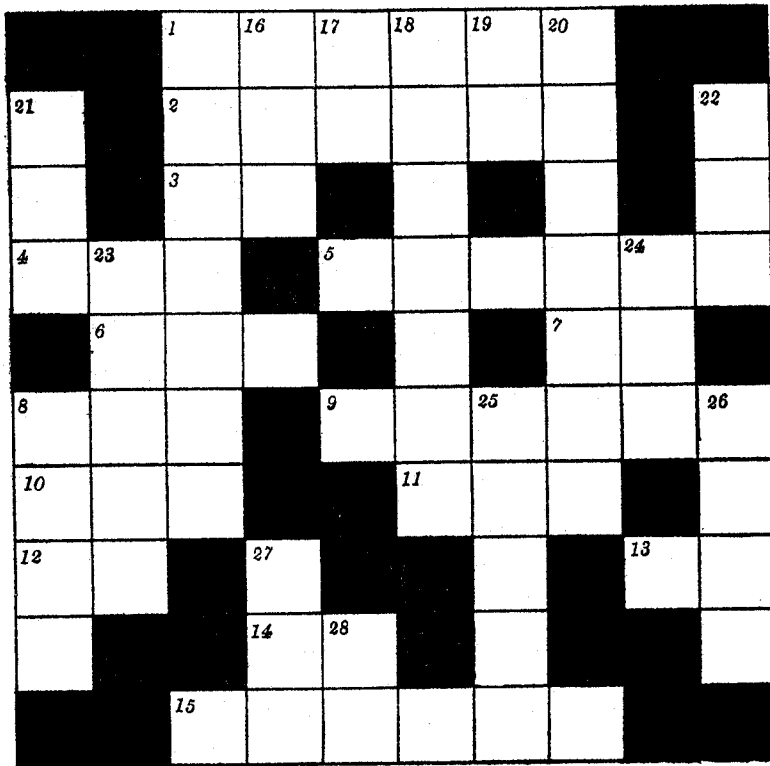
School Concert



Picnic to Diamond Hill



CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Clues.

Across.

Down.

- 1. Common Chinese family name.
- 2. One who hunts.
- 3. Preposition.
- 4. Synonym for 'ill' minus 'k'.
- 5. Beast.
- 6. Mouse.
- 7. Beside.
- 8. Diary of a ship.
- 9. Lever by which the rudder is turned.
- 10. Abbreviation of a Universal Organisation.
- 11. False statement.
- 12. Possessive case of I.
- 13. Auxiliary verb.
- 14. Because.
- 15. Be half asleep.

- 1. Famous city in Central U.S.
- 8. Shapeless mass.
- 16. Asiatic race overrunning Europe in the 4th and 5th Centuries.
- 17. Unit of measurement in printing.
- 18. Vessel for home use.
- 19. Direction between north and east.
- 20. To complain.
- 21. Abbreviation of your school.
- 22. Chum.
- 23. Sarcasm.
- 24. Always.
- 25. Walks lamely.
- 26. Part of a plant below stem.
- 27. Spoil.
- 28. Therefore.

HO CHI KEUNG,  
Form IV A.



神下，發掘了無盡寶貴的知識，老師，這不能隨便說句謝謝就算數，就算說了，亦不是您所能滿足於萬一的。對了，我該盡了自己的力量，努力學習以報老師年來的苦心教導。老師，這才能使您高興吧？

## 怎樣選毛筆

我相信大家都知道筆是文房四寶之一，但我不敢說大家都常用它，爲甚麼呢？是太名貴嗎？不實用嗎？不是！實在是因歐風美雨東來後，大家都習慣用自來墨水筆而忽畧了它。

要是想選購一枝好的毛筆是不困難的，只要小心選擇便可，怎樣選擇呢？讓我在這裏談一談吧。

當我們到筆店裏購筆，首先拿起了它，看看筆桿是否正直，一枝不直的筆桿拿起來很不方便的。跟着再看筆頭的毛，筆頭的毛要像長三角形的尖出。然後將筆毛在水中濡濕，更在大拇指的指甲上蘸開筆頭的毛。用兩隻手指將水夾去，使筆尖成扁形。看看筆尖的毛是否大致整齊。是齊整的才可購，如果有一根毛突出的話也要不得。別以爲一根小小的毛可以剪去或拔去，實在這一根小小的毛是能影響一枝美好的筆而至不能用。爲甚麼呢？因爲要是把它剪去的話，不一定剪得整齊，如果將其他的毛也剪去，這便變成掃把一般。如拔去的話，筆毛內有些膠質黏着的，當拔了那一根，別的也跟着鬆散，這樣一根跟着一根的脫出來，是多麼煩惱呀！

經過這樣細心地選購了一枝筆之後，還要小心保護它，怎樣保護呢，就是跟着購一個銅筆筒把它套上，別用原有的竹筒，因爲原有的竹筒既不能保

我不能再多寫了，您當然明白我的功課繁忙，希望老師原諒，祝您身體康健！

您的學生 甄國柱  
四月廿八日

二級丙 林賢輝

存潤筆的水份，又有些參差的小纖維，可能將筆頭的毛損壞。經過這樣的細心選擇和保護，雖是一枝廉價的毛筆，也會合用而歷久不壞的。

我們是中國人，不特要識用鋼筆，更應多用中國毛筆才是。

## 編後話

編者

本校創立快一年了，初樹樞模，百事待舉，經過情形，諒爲各界人士所關切。爲了要把校務進展概況對愛護本校的家長與仕女們作綜合詳實的報導，和爲將來保留考查的紀錄，這就是校刊編印的目的。

從決定編印直至完成，校長張維豐先生的賢明策劃，校內師生的通力合作，使臨深履薄的編者增進了工作的勇氣。但因匆促付梓，內容和編排容有未周，仍希大雅君子多加指正，以作將來改進的良箴。

教育司憲高士雅先生惠錫序言，使篇幅生輝；各大公司商行賜登廣告，使本刊得如期面世；這都是我們衷心銘感的，特此一併致謝！

友

文

年

青

學生們的良好襟誌

每本港幣四角

每月出版兩期

水天相接；巨輪十數，伏臥不動，小舟環泊其旁，如子親其母。倏忽間，小輪一艘，青其身，黃其煙突，如箭閃出，鼓浪而行；上立一人，頭卷白布，于思滿面，身服黑衣，挺胸昂立，手握「士的」，作雄赳赳之狀，正樂賞之際，突覺船身震盪，似與他物相碰，急轉視之，始悉船已泊岸，乘客魚貫離座，余亦隨之。

舟中所見，頗多佳趣，而清晨海景，尤為雋美，余樂於不意得之，因為之記。

## 人海傳奇

四級丁 徐仿齡

小說的部門，大致可分為言情、武俠、倫理、偵探、傳奇等類。我最歡喜的就是最後的一種，所以每逢星期日「藍的呼聲」所播出的「人海傳奇」，就成為我必聽的節目了。

這些寫實的傳奇故事，有深厚的人情味，有離奇曲折底結構，是諷刺人生的悲喜劇。誠然，社會就是一座現成的舞台，每天正有不少的悲劇和喜劇在上演着；因為人生的歷程，有平坦，也有崎嶇，雖然，只有那些率意強求，好行捷徑的人，才會走上崎嶇曲折的路，可是人畢竟是有希望的，不免存有僥倖的心理，因此，人生的悲喜劇，便不斷地上演。而那些小說家們，將它加以刻畫渲染，寫成傳奇小說，廣播出來，希望更能吸引聽眾們底注意和興趣。

「人海傳奇」，內容多以本港的社會生活為題材，從這些故事裏，我們可以洞悉社會現象和人生百態，更體驗到這裏正是亂世真的天堂，也是天堂裏底地窖，它充滿了希望，也蘊藏着罪惡；有成功者底歡笑，也有失敗者底悲哀；所以我認為它底內容，不啻是這錯綜複雜社會的縮影。

我自從聽了「人海傳奇」之後，每當晚上工作比較清閒的時候，往往會發生許多感觸，對於人情、世故、社會、朋友，幾乎什麼都會想到，不時會引起愉快或哀愁，甚至會產生一絲絲的幻念，幻想

## 給XXX老師的一封信

三級戊 甄國柱

敬愛的XXX老師：

與其說我是個崇拜英雄的孩子，那倒不如說您太使孩子們高興了。對的，老師，這年來，我們當然說不上有怎麼了不起的成就，然而，進步可不少，就憑着這點收穫，在學業方面，自然發生了濃厚的興趣，何況老師常在懇切地指導我們，嚴肅地勉勵我們，雖是愚頑的我，亦潛移默化了。

老師，當您危坐講課，那種誨人不倦的精神，固使同學們仰慕；然而每當課餘的時候，却又風趣健談，好像我們是同窗十年的親友。老師，世上還有比得上我們師生間的情誼嗎？

我是一個懦弱而缺乏毅力的孩子；不但父母常擔心我的前程，我自己更沒有自信；可是，老師，告訴您，一種莫名的勇氣，從您的勉勵中鼓舞起來，一種自然的興趣，從您的指導下油然而生，是的，我進步了，這當然是老師您給我的力量。

記得您曾告訴我：「沒有困難的勝利，是不光榮的；沒有奮鬥的人生，是無意義的。」是的，老

着自己底是傳奇故事的主角。李白曾說：「夫天地者，萬物之逆旅，光陰者，百代之過客，而浮生若夢，為歡幾何？……」誠然，人生是這般微妙的，壽命是短暫的，我們應把握着好像傳奇般的一些好際遇，創造美滿的人生。

所以我愛聽人海的傳奇，我也希望在茫茫人海中，能够成爲一個傳奇人物。

師，您的訓導是對的，正如廣大的海洋，是由點滴的水滙合而成，也好比一把鐵製的快刀，沒有凌厲的磨鍊，終難成器。人總不能脫離現實去追求理想，懶惰決不會有偉大的成就，我常回憶着老師的訓導，永不忘記。

可是求學的過程是何等的艱難呢？我常感到氣餒，有時委實頹廢不過，打算放棄了，然而，老師您不怪責我，反而誠懇地對我說：「求學，正如拉動滑輪的索子，假如我們遇到了挫折，就打了個結頭在索子上，結子小的，還能勉強拉過去，結子一大，當然轉動不靈了，要是您要就此放棄，那麼滑輪就會腐蝕……」是的，老師，我一定依您的指示，更盡量拿出勇氣來奮鬥，縱然面臨着重重的困難。

老師，一年了，這年來您長地過着，可是學問與德行，不知進步了多少，老師，您是我們的明燈，我們知識的寶庫，從您底指引下，我們從黑暗的迷途中找到光明的大道，更在您底誨人不倦的精

★詩★

秋天的月亮

四級乙 黃志明

我愛月亮，

尤其秋天的晚上。

普照大地，

如銀如雪又如霜。

高掛天空，

給人們欣賞。

幾朵浮雲，

飄蕩在蔚藍的天上。

襯托着圓月的幽光。

她令人陶醉，

也令人惆悵，

騷人見月，

誰不吟詩欣賞？

遊子見月，

便要流淚悲傷！

一樣的月光，

引起人們各個不同的感想。

思友

四級乙 黃志明

我恨那蒼茫的雲山，  
阻礙我遙望的視線，

不知在雲底山背面，  
我的朋友是否安然？

× ×

記否當日你家樓前，  
我正向你學習琴絃，  
當你奏罷那逍遙曲，  
陶醉了我將要入眠。

× ×

你也許不像以前的心堅，  
你也許瘦得比前更可憐；  
是否正懷念着孤零的我？  
抑或有苦衷難向我陳言？

× ×

淪陷國土可以重光，

遭劫故鄉可以再建，  
可是我最敬佩的良友，  
何日始克重聚度新年？

春霧

三級戊 鄭銳基

霧，迷濛的霧，

妳遮蔽了人們的眼睛，

掩蔽了春的世界。

一片白茫茫，

無從辨西東。

明媚底春光爲妳而失色，

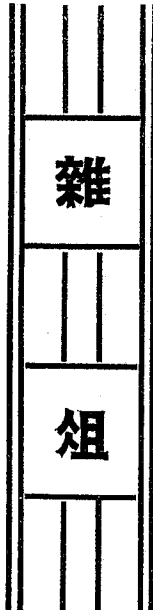
迷途的羔羊爲妳而徬徨。

別傲慢呀！妳，

得提防那頂上的太陽。

渡海舟中

四級丙 張國賢



月之某日，清晨，余驅車抵尖沙咀碼頭，至，  
則人如蟻集，余亦擠進其中，依序緩登，有頃，汽  
笛數聲，纜解，船亦徐徐啓行，是時各客頃間匆忙  
之狀已頓消。或坐或立，形態不一，有吸煙者，  
有觀畫者，有細語對談者，有靜坐沉思者，舷旁更  
有三數仰望蒼天，意態閒適。

途中遙望，雲山蒼翠，崇樓峻宇，列現眼前，  
纜車一列，緩登山巔，如蟲攀樹。俯視海，碧綠可  
愛，輪軋激之，浪花似雪。縱目東眺，旭日一輪，  
方自水中躍出，其紅如血，漸露鋒芒，轉瞬間，燦  
耀奪目，直射海面，浮光躍金，景色鮮麗。海鷗三  
數，飛翔其上，怡然自得。轉目而西，一望無際，

不禁懊喪起來。自言自語地埋怨着說：「我爲甚麼這樣愚蠢告訴牠呢！現在只留下了我，這樣孤單。」牠無聊地望窗外，又瞪着眼睛看那遠離人間的天空。但牠似乎沒有忘記剛才的工作，低下頭

## 隨筆一則

三級庚 劉婉儀

「轟轟，拍拍，」的炮竹聲，把我從酣睡中驚醒；呀！又是大年初一的來臨了。古語有說：「炮竹一聲除舊歲，」我却以爲是：「炮竹一聲迎新

年」才對呢！  
街道上一片非常的熱鬧：拖男帶女的父母，穿紅着綠的小孩，隨處都是；電光炮，地雷炮的巨響，震耳欲聾，星火滿天，紙屑遍地；真是到處都瀰漫着一種新的氣氛。不錯，舊的已經過去了，一切的一切，都表現着新的氣象。

在這樣的一個環境裏，我內心不禁起了一種微妙的感想：那既不是隨俗的歡欣，更不是悲觀的憂慮；而是盤算着自己的前途，和惦念着那些無家可歸，貧窮無告的同胞。

回想過去的一年中，上學雖從不缺席，但是，功課能否熟習？成績是否進步？我却沒有自信心了。照理說來，多一年的學習，應有多一年的知識；多一年的歲數，應有多一年的進步。但，愚昧而怠惰的我，能否做到這些？我感到慚愧極了。我記起古語有說：「過而能改，善莫大焉。」又說：「一年之計在於春」。在這新年來臨的當兒，我要立志從此專心致志去向學，把自己鍛鍊成一個有爲的育

來，看看繫着他的紅繩，便又集中視線在那碗裏尖的米粒。忽然喜氣溢淨地道：「啊，多麼可愛的寶貝，這不是我剛才揀出來的一顆大的米粒嗎？」頭也接着低下去，藏在那載着米粒的碗中。

年，那麼才不致辜負家長教師的一番心血和期望，和不致將來爲社會所淘汰。

在新年裏，各人可算是快樂極了。但是，有誰會想念到街頭巷尾和貧民窟裏的窮苦大眾呢？這些人受着疾病飢寒的壓迫，過着非常淒慘的生活。當

## 賣歌者

三級辛 陳燭明

當晚飯過後，夜涼如水，我便拿了一本書在窗前挑燈夜讀。

這夜——靜寂的秋夜：空氣是柔和的，四圍除了我的讀書聲外，一點別的聲音都沒有；連秋蟲也不知躲到那裏去了。但是忽然有一陣微弱的琴聲，從窗外飄進來，劃破了這斗室的沉寂。

我覺得很是奇怪，在這荒涼的秋夜裏，誰還有閒情在唱歌呢？站起來推開窗戶，往下一看，原來在黯淡的路燈下，站着一位賣唱的小姑娘，與一位拉胡琴的老者！或許是所穿的衣衫太單薄了，好像不耐秋夜寒風的樣子，正在瑟縮發抖。我不期而生出憐憫之心，便使人出去把他們喚進屋裏來。那小姑娘看來很聰明伶俐，一顆櫻桃小嘴嚙着兩顆烏油油的眼珠。

別人在新年盡情享樂的時候，也許他們正愁的米飯，或是妻兒的醫藥費……

我們不能只在文字上表達一下同情的憐憫便算了事，我們應替他們想出一個積極的辦法。例如：炮竹玩具等費用理應節省了，把這錢捐到慈善機關去與辦各種社會福利事業；或者充作獎學金，使到失學的兒童也有就學機會。

總而言之，我們的精神和能力，熱情和知識，不僅貢獻給家庭，更應貢獻於社會，甚至於全人類，這是我們青年應有的抱負，也就是我在新春的展望。

★ ★ ★

我詢問他們的情形，原來正是父女倆，靠賣唱爲生的。他們說原本有大好的家園，但是經戰亂後一切都喪失了，現在迫得漂泊謀生，我不願看淚珠淹沒那小姑娘的眸子，便請她爲我清歌一曲，由那老者輕輕地拉着胡琴伴奏。一片嬌美的，柔弱的歌聲，從那姑娘的小嘴中唱出來，宛如黃鶯出谷；那胡琴聲調跌宕，嫵媚如絲！

一曲既終，還有餘味，我本來想請她再唱的，但怕就悞了我的夜讀，便把歌資給了老翁，他們便告辭走了。

我再攤開我的書本，但是，夜再不是靜寂的了，在蕭索的秋風中，在深夜漸寒的空氣裏，窗外還飄來一陣陣的胡琴聲！

## 追 憶

三級丙 廖鐵鴻

「春眠不覺曉，處處聞啼鳥，夜來風雨聲，花落知多少。」

是的，春天又降臨人間了。禿樞的樹梢，長了些嫩葉，地上的草兒又再萌芽，昆蟲也從土中出來。各樣的鳥兒都在大演牠們的歌喉，多姿多彩的蝴蝶，在花叢中翩翩的飛舞着。我雖然不是詩人，但是，却具有詩人的多愁善感，對着這富有詩意的季節，怎教我不想起了那離別已久的摯友呢！

雖然，這追憶是無濟於事的，是痛苦的，只有回憶時開始的一刹那才覺得快樂、甜蜜。這寶貴的一刹那過後，跟着而來的，只是一陣陣的惆悵，甜蜜的美夢再向何處尋找呢？悽愴的回憶，徒然增加心頭上的抑鬱而已！然而，我却不能阻止我如洪水般的思潮，我更不能停止我的回憶……

數年以前，在同樣地富有詩意的季節裏，我便認識了他——棠——經過一個並不算短的時間，我們的友誼便比鋼鐵還要堅牢。我們曾經立下了一個約，就是在學業方面互相切磋砥礪，在過失方面就互相規諫，希望將來學成，能為社會國家做一番事業。

我還記得，有一次，我們曾在海灘上散步，在沙上留下了無數的足跡，海潮忽然濺起了浪花，湧上灘上，把我們的足印冲得一乾二淨。爲了這些，會使他不斷地嘆息，隨着並很誠懇地，仰天暗祝我們底友誼不要給人生的波濤衝破。這光景怎不令人流出辛酸的淚呢！又有誰知道，我們這次的散步，

却成了我們離別前最後的一次呢！

「天下無不散之筵席」，我們結果也不能逃避了一別。爲了繼續他的學業，終於又在另一個富有詩意的季節裏，他便從這個「東方之珠」遠渡太平洋而往美國去了。從此，我們便重洋遠隔，東勞西燕了。想不到我們認識的時候是在春天，而驢歌高唱也是在春天！

如今，又是春天了，而他的音信，却是魚雁浮沉，對着這同樣的季節，怎教人不懷思往事呢？

誠如拜倫所說：「歡樂的回憶已不再是歡樂，而哀愁的回憶却仍是哀愁。」

## 籠 中 鳥

三級乙 張冠粵

窗外吱吱喳喳的鳥聲，把一隻熟睡中的黃鶯吵醒。他好奇地傾耳細聽，原來一羣燕子正在屋簷上開着會議，準備南飛。那尖銳的聲音，似乎越來越響；不斷地響着響着，一聲一語也鑽進他底心坎裏，刺激他的神經中樞。他感覺到比忍受多年來被關着和被玩弄的痛苦更加難受。這不禁引起了他要好自由的心情。他不由自主地喊起來：「去！去！我一定回去隔別多年的可愛的故鄉！」他仰起頭來，拍着那給剪去羽毛的翼子，彷彿就要飛翔的樣子。

「你是瘋了嗎？吵甚麼？不能安靜下來的嗎？看看我吧，我睬也不睬牠們呢！傻子，其實回故鄉又那裏是好玩的啊。要整天的飛——翼又倦，頭又

昏——還怕兩餐不飽。現在有吃有住，更不怕別的鳥獸侵害，是何等舒適，何等安樂，冷了，主人又會把鳥蓬子圍着這美麗的籠子，多麼好啊！」那隻自驕自傲的老鸚鵡從一隻載着米粒的碗中抬起頭來，一口氣教訓小黃鶯一頓後，又埋頭碗中。

老鸚鵡這一番說話驅散黃鶯沉思着的美夢。那教訓似乎是很有道理，黃鶯不禁呆住了。他腦海中的幻想也跟着消失。他還明白牠處境的縛束——被關在籠子裏。跟着低下頭去看一碗中的米粒。因爲肚子餓了，那一顆一顆尖而光滑的米粒，都有着無限底魅力；使牠控制不住，要在碗中啄食。可是剛低下頭來，耳畔又傳來窗外的小鳥的叫聲：「朋友們，快些兒。我們齊集後便起程啦！」黃鶯驚覺起來，理智重復回到他的腦海中，怒氣再充滿了牠的胸懷。他覺悟剛才鸚鵡的一番教訓純然是一些包了糖衣的麻醉藥。他於是用那對經已軟弱了的翼子拼命用力拍那掛上門子的籠門，鼓譟地喊道：「讓我去吧！讓我去吧！我要離開這個困鬱的牢籠，回到那可愛的故鄉！享受那快樂而自由的日子！鸚鵡先生，你聽不見牠們在叫着嗎？我要去！我一定要去！」

鸚鵡聽得不耐煩，停住那貪吃的嘴，冒着火道：「够了，够了，可別吵。假如你是要去的話，輕輕地用嘴托着門子一推，那門子便會開了。」剛說完，牠的頭兒又埋在碗中啄食。黃鶯疑信參半地照着去做，門子果然開了。牠一跳跳到門楣上。舒展一下多年來沒有活動的筋骨，抖擻一下散漫已久的精神，說聲再會，便一直冲出窗外去。

鸚鵡懶洋洋地仰起頭來，望望那空了的鳥籠，

## 小橋

三級甲 趙任之

當亞波羅幹完了一天的工作，駕着他的戰車要回到西方的故鄉時，我總喜歡漫步於暮靄中，讓他在光亮洗滌我勞瘁的心，我望着那縹緲的雲——像馬尾，像棉花，輕盈地，安祥地，隨意飄着，飄到太陽的故鄉。我凝視那翠綠的大地，寧謐的村莊，和那遠處寂寞的歸帆，一條小河蜿蜒地穿過了田野，流入了像醉人底綠酒的海，像上帝賜給大地底翡翠的玉帶，它穿過了田野，穿過了村莊。就在那裏有一條石砌成的小橋，啊！它不是我會懷念過，歎惜過，慶賀過的小橋嗎？

x  
x  
x

當我還是那末稚氣而頑皮的時候，在故鄉剝落了底屋宇的面前，有一條澄澈的小河，不知那一位祖先在它上面架了一條小橋，以利行人的來往，雖然石上的青苔遮蓋了它本來的顏色，行人的脚步踏薄了石板，它還是那麼堅強地屹立着，而懶洋洋的流水給橋阻住了，打起了小漩渦，似乎連詛咒一聲也懶得去說；不過在暴風雨後，水也會偶然地發出怒吼，但仍不能摧毀小橋，小橋旁有一棵楊柳樹，在婆娑的樹影下，小橋邊，我一部份童年的時光就在那裏消磨去了。

夏天，當楊柳在微風中搖曳時，當蟬兒在叫囂時，小橋邊，樹蔭下，就是我嬉戲的地方。晚上，當月亮底倒影在水中盪漾，天上星星在向著地上閃閃地眨眼時，祖父就抱着我到橋上去納涼，說着我熟悉的故事，但我所期望的却是他手中的果子。夜

了，村中的燈光已大半熄滅了，而跳叫着數星星的小孩也漸漸散去，祖父就會抱起打着瞌睡的我回家去，而我却睜着半開半合的倦眼望着小橋像是說：「明天見。」

不知誰告訴我父親要到城裏去的消息，我也嚷着要去，可是家中的人沒有一個對我同情，不是勸我不要頑梗，便索性把我罵一頓，於是我氣憤了，吹着嘴，跑到小橋邊像浪蕩了半生的遊子要找安慰似的，向它凝望，向它訴苦，又像向他發洩心頭的憤慨，雖然它却毫無反應，可是我的怒氣已經全消去了。

一天早上，東方的太陽發出了萬道光華，賜給地球上的一切以生命的活力，遮蔽了青山綠水底明媚的霧漸漸地昇高，昇高——消失了。農夫們荷着鋤，驅着牛，哼着俚歌開始下田了。母親帶了我到鄰家去閒談，忽然我看到父親提着皮包站在小橋上和祖父分別，於是我狂奔過去，嚷着也要跟他去，經母親費盡了唇舌才把我勸開，我只得失望地看着父親的影子漸漸遠去，消失在小巷的遠處。我不值我意志的薄弱，我悔恨看不見夢寐不忘的城市，我哭了，哭得很悲傷，用力在橋上踩，可是它異乎尋常的靜默。橋，它給我以啓示，使我懺悔剛才的不智。

秋來了，秋意像輕紗，像薄霧，像柔絲籠罩了大地，階下的梧桐落葉觸起了幾許遊子的鄉思，我站在橋邊看着幾乎靜止了的河水，迎着爽風的秋風

，聽那嘎嘎的雁唳，便想了城中父親底歸期，我極目遠望，希望看見父親的影子。看！那不是父親嗎？我跑過去，撲到他身上，他抱着我，走過了小橋回家去。

「清明時節雨紛紛，路上行人欲斷魂」，連綿的春雨洒遍了人間，三兩聲的杜鵑啼語，喚醒了「春眠不覺曉」的人們，蒼翠欲滴的羣山帶給人們以新的希望，也有新的憂愁，就在這時，河水漲了，又加以連宵風雨，河水一變已往懶洋洋的動作，成了澎湃洶湧，衝過了橋洞，激起白色的泡沫。一夜，雷在怒吼，電在閃爍，大雨傾盆，狂風怒號，我臥在床上整夜不眠，心中有一種預感，像是說：「小橋要倒塌了！小橋要倒塌了！」明天早上我不顧得路上的泥濘，跑出去看，啊！那裏還有小橋呢？只有滔滔的濁流，流向那像醉人綠酒般的海。

小橋啊！你現在是逝去了，你已往為人服務的功績，是沒有人可以抹煞的，我們將建一條新橋代替你底工作，你不應悲哀。

小橋啊！你現在是逝去了，我幾許的悲歡離合發生在你的身上，我幾許的童年消磨在你的身上，你使我初嘗到人生底苦味，也嘗到快樂的滋味，你現在是逝去了，像那日落的太陽般逝去了，可是明天太陽還會出現，而且充滿了朝氣，像青年底熱情和勇進呢！橋，黑暗的後面就是光明，你不應悲哀。

x  
x  
x

太陽下山了，黑暗漸漸籠罩了大地，我懷着一顆充滿了懷想、希望的心，收拾我底思潮，回家去。



抒

情

文

## 期待

四級乙 蔡復光

「先生、小姐，請可憐我，給我一毛錢吧……」  
她緊緊的跟着他們的影子，聲音雖然是低沉而且帶有點啞啞和戰抖，但充滿期待。

他和她掉過頭來討厭的看她一看，加快脚步走了。

她失望的回到酒吧的門口，看見兩個洋水兵正醉醺醺的推門出來，步伐有點踉蹌，嘴裏哼着一些不知名的曲調。他們在門口截了一部計程汽車，經驗給她啓示：「這是機會的來臨！」她箭步跑到車旁，裝着笑臉，給他們開了車門，同時伸出一隻手。

「哈囉，甘梳！」聲音裏夾着無限的希望。

「拍！」接着是一陣粗暴的笑聲。

她托着那被攔得發熱的面頰，在迷糊的淚眼中，看着計程汽車尾巴裏的白煙。

什麼？這是代價？這是……

她不知道，其實，她也不願意知道這答案。

天空滿佈着雲，沒有月亮，也沒有星星，四周都是漆黑的，有點駭人，除了酒吧裏傳出樂聲和笑聲外，沒有一點響聲。整個大地彷彿給沉寂封閉住了。

她不知道這是什麼時候，大概午夜十二時吧！她注視着那扇用半透明玻璃所鑲成的活動小門

門給推開了，這是進去的。

門給推開了，這是出來的。

她的眼有點兒給弄花了，她感到目前動盪着幾度閃爍的紅光，慢慢的，慢慢的擴大，擴大……

……

她發覺自己躺在地上，在面前擺着的，仍是那扇小門——仍是那扇鑲着半透明玻璃，漆着「推門請進」四個紅字的小門——她仍沒有離開這酒吧的門口哩！

從門縫裏不時透出溫和的華爾滋跳舞音樂，綠色的燈光，粗暴的歡笑，女性的嬌聲，酒和肉的香味……對於一個整天沒吃飯的女孩子，這是一個多麼強有力的誘惑！她吞了一口涎沫。

她下意識的推門進去。但是，門剛剛給推開了，映入眼睛裏的是一副憤怒的面孔，接着是沉重的罵聲：

「滾出去！」

她對那漆在玻璃上的紅字，感到疑惑，她甚至懷疑在小學時國文老師給她解釋這四個字的意義！

嘎的一聲，一架華貴的私用汽車停在酒吧的門口，從車廂裏走出一個中年男子逕自走到酒吧裏面，從窗門裏，她看到一個女孩子的面龐，晶瑩的眸珠，鮮紅的嘴唇，豐潤的面頰，頭上束着兩條美麗的辮兒，她笑了，她是向她笑的呵，是那樣的天真！是那樣的甜蜜！她毫不覺輕輕地走到車旁，接受這甜蜜的笑。

「甚麼？想偷東西嗎？」

她掉過頭來，站她身旁的是那位中年男子，手裏還拿着兩瓶酒。

「蘭，她有沒有驚嚇妳？」他朝着車廂裏的女孩子，溫和的問。

「爸，」她笑了笑，還是天真的，「沒有」。

他狠狠的看了她一看，沉重的說：「滾開」。汽車風馳電掣的消失在夜的黑幕下。

她感到一點糊塗，她不明白她和那女孩子間怎麼會有一堵無形的牆。

玻璃小門給推開了，走出一個洋水兵，滿臉通紅，踉踉蹌蹌的走着。

她感到猶疑，心裏計算着可能受到的「憐憫」。

她走到他的面前，準備伸出一隻手，但他把眼睛一翻，竟朝她嘔吐起來，她向橫一閃，剛好避開。

從黑暗的牆角裏衝出一條野狗，圓圓的抵着地上的食物，對於這條狗，她開始發生嫉妬，她恨自己不是一條狗，她更怨她的媽媽幹嗎不給她多生一條尾巴，好讓她能够像這條野狗享受這食物。

……

霓虹燈給關上了，溫和的音樂也停止了，在黑暗中，她也看不到那高傲的小門。

整個世界躺在黑暗裏安息！

在迷茫和寂寥的春夜裏，她在找尋她的「家」——一個可以給她渡過這漫漫長夜的地方。

明天，當晨光初露的時候，也許就是她的新生活的開始。「期待」的火燄正猛烈的燃燒着她的心！願上帝給她祝福！

其他屋宇的情形也是一樣。

在我們的耳裏，突然充滿了嘈雜聲，那是工人們在進行佈景工作，鐵鏈在燈光下揮舞着，鋸子閃出一度度的白光，他們哼着歌，抹着汗，真是一個熱鬧緊張的場面。

這時候，我們又走到另一個地方，就是化妝室。裏邊擠滿着許多人，演員們坐在裝有燈光的鏡框前面忙着化妝。一個女演員正在仔細地塗脂抹粉。另一個角落裏：有人替一個男演員戴上雪白如絲的假鬚。演員在化妝時，是經過專家悉心設計的，這些化妝師都有着豐富的經驗。不用說，他們能夠將一個演員化得改了本來的面目，將一個青年人變成一個老態龍鍾的老翁。恰在這個時候，見有一個老翁彎着背子慢慢地走進來，那當然是假扮的，看他那種老樣子，真覺得碰他一下，便會馬上跌倒呢！

我離開化妝室，信步向前行去，見附近站着許多「臨記」。我起初以為他們是和我一樣來參觀的人，後經片場裏的工作人員告訴我們，才知道那些人也是演員，不過不是什麼大主角。但我們也別要看輕他們。影片裏許多不可缺少的配角，如工人，職員，婢女等形式的角色，都是要由他們充任呢。

我懷着一顆好奇的心到處參觀，像「劉姥姥入大觀園」一般。覺得一切情景對我總是陌生的，有趣的。

忽然，一陣急促的鈴聲，當我剛剛意識到那是拍片開始的時候，全場已經驟然寂靜下來。只見導演進來忙向各工作人員指揮，演員已經走到場中。攝影師早已緊張地把握着影機了。

這一晚準備了很久。其實只拍了短短一個鏡頭。可以見得他們拍製的態度是多麼認真。

時鐘的短針已指着十一點，夜已漸深，我們應該回去了。臨走時，片場負責人還留我們吃了一頓豐富的餐點。我們這次參觀，既獲得了不少新奇的知識，又受到他們殷勤的招待。真可以說「稱心快意」極了。

在歸途中，我想起這一晚的參觀算是滿意的。雖然還沒有看到他們的「沖洗」和「剪接」等最後過程底工作。我希望將來能夠再有機會，到片場一遊。

得以盡觀「全豹」呢！

## 一隻小貓的遭遇

二級辛 廖文賢

時光似流水一般過去，不知不覺的，我們兩個星期悠長的春假又快要完結了。我在這個假期中，雖然是過着很快樂的日子，但在我家中却發生了一件不尋常的悲劇，而這悲劇使我在快樂的日子中有些哀傷的感觸！

在兩個月前的一個晚上，我家又多添了三個我最心愛的朋友——小貓兒。牠們很是可愛，遍身長滿了金黃色和烏黑色的軟毛，肥肥的身體襯托着圓圓的頭兒，使人望而生愛。一個月後，牠們已經能在地面上蹣跚地走着，而且也開始吃飯了。牠們的身體，比以前更肥大，顏色更美麗。而我也常常撫弄牠們。

艷麗的太陽，已經快要升到天空的正中了，這時，恰巧是我們進午飯的時候，所以家中各人十分忙碌，走廊上的腳步聲，不停地響着；在走廊的一個角落裏，這三隻小肥東西正在津津有味地吃着牠們的早餐。我的工人爲着趕去開飯，便匆匆的從走廊走過，因爲牠的眼力很差，所以其中一隻小貓不幸給她踏着了。我祇聽見一聲尖銳的慘叫聲，可憐的牠就這樣躺在走廊上，永遠不能動彈了。我盡力的去救牠，但可惜因爲牠受傷過重，已是返魂無術了。

其餘的小貓兒，在旁邊咪咪地叫着，好像在悲悼牠不幸的遭遇。我爲了牠不幸的遭遇，把牠放在一個舊呂宋烟盒中，靜悄悄地牠埋在屋後的小山邊，並且擲上一塊小小的木牌，來表示這就是牠——我最心愛的小朋友小貓兒的墳墓。我的弟弟並在土堆旁放下了一些紫色的杜鵑花。

現在，不知不覺的這件事已經過了一個多星期，但不時我還會想起牠，尤其是看見了牠的兄弟的時候，而我的工人爲了這件事，她的良心上也受到多少譴責。

# 拔河比賽

二級 戊 陳維揚

本校第一次的運動會，在渴望了很久以後，終於來臨了。那天早上，同學們心情特別興奮，大清早就到南華會去。

那天風和日麗，正是一個運動的好日子；各選手在廣闊的運動場上，跳着、走着、笑着、叫着。等到其他各項比賽舉行完畢以後，萬眾渴望的拔河比賽便開始了。

各社的拔河選手，個個都身壯力健，精神飽滿；一聲號令，立刻各就各位。男的女的，都抖擻精神，如臨大敵，拿起長可數丈的巨纜，一心一意要把對方拉倒。首先東社對西社，東社健兒，輕取西社，沒有甚麼可記。後來南社對北社，雙方勢均力敵，精彩百出。雙方的啦啦隊，吶喊助威；甚至聲嘶力竭，還是拼命叫喊；喊聲有時如屠牛，有時像呼救，真不失為一種絕妙的插曲。

至於南北兩社的拔河健將，不用說個個都是咬牙切齒，努力去從事，女選手尤其賣力，不減鬚眉。男選手因為有女同學高聲助威，更加起勁。男的

## 參觀永華影片場記

二級 庚 黃志方

「電影」說得上是一種大眾的娛樂，尤其在香港，戲院多，票價平，只要化上了一元幾毫，就可以大飽眼福。不過，對於一套影片究竟怎樣拍成？導演和攝製的過程又是怎樣？……這些問題，恐怕很少人知道吧。許多時候，我會想到片場參觀，可惜總沒有機會。直至上月某一個週末，我們班裏同學，提議參觀永華影業公司片場，我才幸福地得償心願。

提起「永華」公司，相信不少人會知道它的名字。它擁有一座規模宏大的片場。在本港來說，它的設備是比較完善的。我們一踏進影片場的大門，就看見一連串的佈景，道具和建築物，更看見各式各樣的人做的假景，我們好像走

，各顯所能，各有可取，雙方鬥爭於是漸入高潮；一二，二二的喊聲，不絕於耳。爭奪了很久以後，結果南社健兒，在第一回合獲勝。

不久，第二回合開始；北社不知從那裏找來了一批生力軍，參加比賽。南社不料北社有此一着，頓時手忙腳亂，只好努力激揚士氣，一方面到處找生力軍，可惜援軍未到，比賽已經開始。南社老將，起初還可以勉力支持，並且一度佔了上風；但是因為身經前戰，氣力漸感不支。對方看出弱點，更加出盡全力，所以雖曾一度相持不下，但南社終於在久戰力疲之下，全隊倒地。哨子一響，北社在第二回合得到勝利。

最後一回合，雙方起用新將。暑加指導，便上沙場比賽，南社經前一敗，士無鬥志；加以生力軍缺乏經驗，不一刻，被北社傾力取勝，高歌奏凱而歸。南社則以後勁不繼，含恨沙場。一場激烈的比賽，就隨着人們響亮的掌聲而結束了。

進淳樸的鄉村，同時又好像走進繁華的城市裏。這裏有花園，也有山川；有春天，也有冬天；佈景逼真，使人感到藝術技巧底偉大！

我們參觀的時候，正是晚上九點。夜之神已降臨大地，天空一片漆黑，但片場裏却大放光明。那幾盞巨大的水銀燈照得周圍發光，使我們可以清楚地看到一切情景。在我們的旁邊，是一幢人工搭成的洋房，它有着美麗的門窗，室外各處顏色，都配合得非常精緻，從遠處望去，就像一所真的洋房，但是走進裏面一看，原來沒有後牆和屋頂的，上面可以望見一枝枝的橫直的木架，架上却裝滿了許多盞的水銀燈，照耀着整個房間，光如白晝。

鳥道，狹險縈紆，披藤葛，攀虬龍，蹙裝奮進，踐亂石，履巉巖，甫及山半，陡覺渴甚。忽有泉湧其側，晶瑩可鑑，聞旁人曰：「此四川泉也」。以手掬水，伏地作牛飲，渴頓解。拭石以坐，遊目四眺，但見山泉怒濺，峭壁如林，參差古樹，點綴其間，薰風吹來，襲人衣袂，悠然有出塵之想。

旋續步攀登，覺石益峭，徑益狹，山景益奇。無何，已立萬仞之上矣，遙望諸峯，皆渺小不足道。孔子云：「登泰山而小天下」，今處身其中，始信其言非虛也。

暢遊既久，夕陽枕山，暮靄蒼茫，山鳥啼歸，乃攝衣而下。是遊也，豈止雲山絕壑，耐人尋味；且能舒豪氣，拓胸襟，興致不淺。今相隔十年，景如在目，然雲山阻隔，重履難期，蜀地風光，徒勞夢想矣。茲適校刊徵稿，爰憶舊遊，濡筆記之，用誌不忘，亦圖寄賞於字裏行間耳！

## 痛失良師

三級士 陶端頤

我是油麻地官立學校的一個舊學生。回憶去年夏天，當我們正在忙於準備會考的功課時，一天早晨，回到學校，忽然聽到文壯烈先生逝世的噩耗，當時我好像晴天霹靂似的，接着眼中的熱淚忍不住簌簌地滴下來了。課室裏頓時充滿了悲傷的氣氛，辛酸的熱淚沾滿了我們的衣襟，好像下雨時屋檐滴水一般。

我們學校也為文先生的逝世而開了一個追悼會，全體員生懷着沉痛的心情，含着辛酸的熱淚，在致敬，在默哀他；我們的舊校長徐虹磯先生也在台前頌揚這位學識淵博、和藹可親的良師，並述及他生平的事業，真是可以用公、忠、誠、廉、勤、勉、友愛來概括他的一生。他是一位秉性慈祥、待人接物和藹可親、品格高尚的人，在這數年來，他循循善誘地勉勵我們努力讀書，我們好像在黑夜航海中，得着光明的燈塔，能辨別前途一切的事物，向着正確的人生旅程邁進。

他是我們的國文科的老師，我回憶他在未逝世的前數天，還扶病回校上課，我們看見他那副憔悴而枯黃的面孔，不覺也起了同情心，於是便勸他休息，等痊癒後才上課，他怔怔地重地說：「這個是不能的，你們會考快到了，

學校名譽要緊。」他不想妨礙我們功課，雖然病魔久纏，使他感到非常痛苦，但他仍要勉強努力教導我們。我們看到這情景，心裏很是不安；他那副莊嚴的面孔，真是使我們全班肅然起敬，不敢再說下去，我們只有含着滿眶熱淚默祝天父使他日漸痊癒，減輕他的痛楚。他雖然到了生命垂危，還念念不忘於我們的學業，像這樣如父兄關懷子女的偉大精神，真是令我們永遠難忘啊！

唉！草木枯萎了可以再生，花朵謝了可以重開，但失去了的良師，是不再回來的呀！這種損失，怎不使我們感到無限的悲感呢！

## 找題材

二級甲 黃文憲

記事簿裏的功課備忘錄提醒了他，告訴他預備一篇在明天要繳交的自由題的文章。

他於是走到寫字枱前，扭亮了電燈，坐在椅子上，從抽屜裏拿出了一張雪白無瑕的白紙，展放在桌上，拿起鋼筆，開始他底工作。

他正要下筆，但是他並沒有想過要作些甚麼文章，自然也沒有擬定甚麼題目或腹稿。

他想寫議論文。但是，論些甚麼？論道德與學問？……太乏味；論時事？寫劇評？又恐自己的智識太淺。寫說明文吧！說些甚麼呢？說貓？說狗？……他已經不是一個小學生了，還是寫記敘文好！可是，他又沒有到過甚麼特別的地方，也沒有探訪過甚麼名勝古蹟；記泳場消息？記中秋節？記聖誕？都不合時宜。抒情文呢？……唔！就寫抒情文吧。但是，沒有現成的題材，於是他就開始思索。

他把壓着紙的左手提起來，支着前額，竭力思索，希望能找到些材料。他腦海裏的思潮，像波浪般，一個個的湧過來，又一個個的漂過去，像電影般的，一幕幕的在腦海裏搬演着。然而，到底並沒有找到一些合意的題材。

桌上的時鐘，「的得，的得」的響個不停。光陰也忽忽地溜走。在葉叢裏窺看的明月，也慢慢兒爬上了樹梢頭。她那皎潔的銀輝，從窗間射進，照着已熟睡的他，也照着那仍是雪亮無瑕的白紙。

的德性，達到修己善羣的目的，那時我們不特忠於我們底樂園，還不負國家社會和父母的期望。那末信心和勇氣便更充溢我們的襟懷，人生的樂趣填滿了心坎。否則只有虛佔着樂園的一席位，辜負師長教導的苦心，枉用父母的金錢，忘記了國家社會的重大使命，而至於一無所成的境地，同學們啊！自覺罷，擺在我們跟前的只有兩途，何去何從，應要謹慎去選擇啊！

## 參觀航空母艦「中途島」號

三級丙 鄺熾光

美國巨型航空母艦「中途島」號於三月廿二日抵港，作一星期休憩性的訪問。因該艦吃水太深，不能駛進港內，只得停泊於港外之將軍澳海面。

學校當局爲着增加我們的智識起見，特派三級丙主任巴頓先生到本港美國海軍辦事處去接洽登艦參觀的事，得到美國海軍辦事處的批准，我們就在三月廿六日星期六下午到該艦參觀去。

這天的天氣還不錯，既不是烈日當空，也不是烏雲密佈。我們一行共有七十多人——其中包括三級丙和二級已的男女同學，我們的班主任巴頓先生，和二級已的女主任等。大家於十二時十五分在灣仔的分域街碼頭集合，由「中途島」號派出電船一艘接載我們到艦上去。本來約定是十二時卅分啓程的，但那艘電船遲了卅分鐘才開到。

我們依次登上電船，同船還載有幾十名英國皇家炮兵，也是到「中途島」號參觀去的。下午一時，電船開行，沿途風平浪靜，景色怡人，只是經過鯉魚門海峽時風浪較大些。途中同學們有說有笑，有幾位女同學更大演其歌喉，如出谷新鶯一般，唱來娓娓動聽，真令人有繞樞三日不絕之感；母怪同船的丘八們也鼓掌稱善呢。經過了五十分鐘的航行，電船到達了我們的目的物——「中途島」號。

大家很有秩序的魚貫登艦，上了母艦之後，攝影記者先來一番鎂光胆攻勢，累得小姐們頻頻作狀。跟着就是由艦上的指導員領導到各處參觀。因「中途島」號太大的緣故，我們不能把它的每層都走遍，而且我們能够逗留在艦上

參觀的時間只得短短的一小時——在下午三時就要動程回去的。艦上的指導員們也明白這一點，所以帶我們到艦面參觀過飛機之後，就告訴我們關於艦上的一切。從他們的話裏，我們知道「中途島」號長達九百六十八呎，闊一百三十五呎，排水量四萬五千噸。艦上載有士兵三千一百四十五人，另長官二百五十人，飛機一百三十七架，包括有單人戰鬥機和雙人戰鬥機兩種，其中有種超級戰鬥力的單人戰鬥機名叫「哥加」的，英文名是「Cougan」，最近從加利福尼亞州的聖地牙哥飛至紐約，以三小時四十五分的時間打破了橫過國家的飛行紀錄。艦上的裝備中包括有三吋口徑炮四十門，五吋口徑大炮十四門。該艦每小時的最高速度是卅三浬，吃水卅二呎半深。艦上設有理髮店二，銀行一，郵局，圖書館，修理鞋店，乾洗店，籃球場，藥房，小型電影院和醫院等，此外還有四間雜貨士多——包括售賣雪糕糖菓等。

他們講解完畢後，就帶我們到艦上的小型電影院去看幾套七彩卡通片。該電影院面積並不大，座位全部是彈簧的沙發，每行有座位三個，共有二十多行。我們看過電影後，就準備下船回去，因爲差不多是下午三時了。下船後，經過五十分鐘的航行，到達分域街碼頭，上了岸各自回家。

我們這次參觀「中途島」號，雖然不能作深一層的觀察，只在艦面參觀飛機，但我們所得的智識委實不少，即如飛機怎樣迎風起飛，怎樣降落，降落時艦面上的鋼纜怎樣阻止飛機前進等，這些都是參觀「中途島」號後所得的普通常識。

## 蜀山遊興憶當年

三級丁 梁文銳

余幼時，值日寇侵華，隨家人遷西蜀，寄居吾肥，其地多秀景，每當宿雨新霽，縱目遠眺，則見翠山聳峙，秀色迎人，小心靈常欲往遊。乃詢之吾父，始知爲蜀山也，距吾肥約二十里，步行可達。

一日，父挈余往遊，時當晨曦，朝霧瀰漫，日未午，抵山麓。登約數武，觀一寺焉，惟禪門深鎖，清磬可聞；斷碣殘碑，模糊莫辨。乃叩詢寺僧，云爲開福寺，始建於唐，史蹟甚古。余遍遊寺中，興辭而別。乃覓小徑而登，羊腸

正在對岸釣魚，凝神望着釣絲，我便心生一計，吩咐其中一個小朋友潛水向着蘇伯伯處游去，我和其他兩個便躲到河邊的蘆葦叢後面。不久，只見水波一動，蘇伯伯順勢一拉，以為有魚兒上釣了，怎料一看，那魚鉤還是空空的，魚餌也不見了，只得垂頭喪氣，再上魚餌，拋下魚釣。這時，我蹣手蹣足地走到蘇伯伯後面，拿了他的魚缸，靜靜地走到蘆葦叢那邊，把魚都倒進河裏，然後又不動聲色地把它放回原處。不久，蘇伯伯手裏的魚絲又動了一下，他拉起來，魚餌又沒有了，魚兒也逃走了。如是者過了好幾次，使他感到很不耐煩，便想收拾魚具回家去。當他發現了魚缸裏的魚都失了時，感到十分詫異。這時，躲在蘆葦叢後面的我們都大笑起來。他聽見了非常惱怒，趕忙想捉我們捉住，但我們跑得很快，他那裏趕得上呢！第二天，潛水的那位小朋友還很神氣地說：「你們看我潛水潛得多久！游近的魚兒都給我趕走呢！」

還有一件事頗有趣味，至今猶念念不忘呢！

一天，我剛行過三婆家門前，她知我平日很頑皮，便打趣地向我說：「阿梅，我告訴你，你實在不是現在的媽所生的，如果是，她那會對你毫不關心呢！」「那末，我，我的媽究竟在那兒呀？」我回答說。她見我信以為真，便瞎扯了一句「聽說在省城（廣州）。」我便癡癡地跑回家去，一路上盤算着怎樣去尋生母。後來，我想起了何老頭子有一隻船明天要到省城去。當晚，我便收拾了一個小包袱，打算趁明早天還沒亮時便潛入他的船裏。第二天，何老頭子登船，便划向廣州進發。這時我心裏真有點捨不得媽，又有點害怕。晚上，何老頭子造飯了，便進船拿東西，才發現了我。「啊！怎麼阿梅你在這裏？你怎樣上來的？」我便把尋親的故事告訴他，並且懇求他別送我回去。何老頭子那裏肯。「唉！算我倒霉，船已划了這麼遠，又得划回去。」第二天早上，船泊岸了，何老頭子送我回家去。還沒有踏進門口，便聽見一片哭聲，何老頭子便大聲嚷道「四嫂，你的孩子回來了。」媽便連忙走出來，一面抹眼淚，一面把我抱在懷裏說：「傻孩子，你果得媽好苦呀！」

「傻孩子，想什麼呀？還不來吃飯？」原來我想得人神，媽已經把飯弄好了。

## 肅穆的樂園

三級甲 蘇福權

一九五四年九月六日，在本港學校羣中誕生了一顆新穎的明星，這便是我們的伊利沙伯中學了。它的內部組織，異常嚴密，由富有教育經驗的張維豐學士領導着一班學識淵博，熱心從事教育的中西教師們來負起作育英才的崇高使命，扶掖我們，引導我們步上光明錦繡的前途。

在這所學校裏，每一角落都蘊藏着快樂的原素，燃燒着生命的火把；廣大的操場上會看到笑容可掬的臉兒，三五成羣地清談，或與高采烈地玩他們喜愛的運動。在肅穆的課堂裏，我們這羣學子注目凝神地聆聽先生的講解，埋頭苦幹地進修無窮的學問，絞着腦汁去解決自己不明瞭的習題，在實驗室中，我們同學間彼此切磋琢磨，找尋理化及生物學的真理來證明實驗的正確。總之在上課時你會感覺到整個樂園都寂然無聲，學子的情緒都專心致志的為學問而學問，為工作而工作，為前程而奮鬥；在下課時我們馳騁球場，盡情奔放，回復青年固有的天真爛漫個性，到處充滿了蓬勃的生機，這裏真的實踐了，「工作時工作，遊樂時遊樂。」這句西諺。

學校當局不僅對我們的學問，體育，備極關注，還顧及德羣兩大問題；他認為凡人沒有德行，便是個沒有靈魂的軀殼，沒有生命的活殭屍，徒負萬物之靈的虛名而已；沒有羣育，社會文化便永遠沒有進展，人類生活就永遠停留在原始的狀態，便和走獸無異。他為了實現這兩大艱鉅的任務，便不畏勞苦的常常監督我們，循循善誘的啓導我們，剛柔兼施的指示我們，不惜費盡人力物力和寶貴的光陰，為我們組織社團，提起我們奮鬥的精神，競爭的雄心，解除彼此的隔膜，使整個樂園的人都鑄冶在一爐，永遠相愛相助，以達到羣育的目的。

為了這座樂園，為了作育無數的英才，培植國家未來的棟梁，造就社會的中堅，校長及各教師們委實已付出了相當的精力，來創辦它，經營它，使它生滿了燦爛的花朵，發出無限的芬香，使人踏入這座園子，便有留戀忘返之感，而願為園子之一份兒。我們若希冀它能光明照射着整個學界，那就應該努力去追求無窮的學問。須知學問如一條永遠走不盡的道路，愈是向前走，學識愈見豐富，人生觀愈見正確，前途愈見光明。

對於麻煩和辛苦，我們暫且不計較它，不過在溫課方面來說，實在就打了一個很大的折扣。尤其是在考試時期，大家同是一起放學，住在附近的同學回家吃過飯，洗過澡，在燈下溫着課，我們相信還在車站呆坐着，輪到我們溫課時，他們也許已入夢鄉去了。而明天呢，也還不是要提早吃飯，抱着匆迫的心情去趕車上學嗎，時間的支配顯然少得可憐，在「冬日苦短」的日子就更不用說！

有時遇着學校因事放早些，一般同學就歡樂到不可言喻，因為可以早些回家去。但這，對於我們住在新界的同學却不感興趣，因為我們雖放早，火車却不能特別開早，那又有什麼用呢，還不是一樣要等到同樣的時間嗎？更進一步說，我們還要多等一些時間，所以我們不但不喜歡放早，簡直是怕放早。

爲着珍惜時間，在下午七時左右，我們大家都在尖沙咀車站的不同角落裏看書或溫課，好靜而勤學的女同學更不用說，乘客們常用奇異的眼光看着我，可能有人說：「他們未免太勤學了！」「不，他們是偽裝的，決不會勤到外邊來。」其實他們的猜度全是錯誤，我們不是太勤，也不是偽裝，不過不肯枯坐在車站白花去兩點多鐘的寶貴時間，以免回家忙得要命，那才是事實呢！

此外，最認爲討厭的還算是「天氣」方面。香港和新界晴雨常不一致，有時不帶雨具出外，往往受雨淋，帶了雨具又常鬧笑話。並且城市和郊外溫度不同，有時穿多一件熱得要命，穿少一件又冷到半死，真有「無所適從」之感。

因此，有時我們會天真的想：「如果我們遷居到外邊是多麼好呢？至少可以減去很多麻煩。」但當我吸到清新的空氣，看到明媚的郊外風景，聽到銀鈴般悅耳的小鳥歌調，陶醉在大自然的懷抱時，就會忘掉一切跋涉之苦，反而會驕傲地說：「我們鄉居多麼好啊！」真的，只要我們探首窗外，春天的秀麗，夏天的濃媚，秋天的詩意，都可以隨意盡情享受，還有那些遠山，近海，田畝，河流，墟市，村落，野花，雜草，飛鳥……都是我們日夕依戀和親近的。處在這樣美好的境界，身心無限舒暢，我們又怎願離開了它呢？只要我們有愉快的心情，健強的體魄，什麼困難都易於克服了。

一些羨慕我們的同學常這樣說：「人家難得個機會乘火車到新界去，而你卻天天享受着，像天天在旅行，多麼寫意！」但畢竟亦有些憐憫我們的同學會這樣說：「你們很遠趕來，長途跋涉，回去又遭般般夜，未免太麻煩了。」對於這些話，我們從來不表示贊同，也從不表示反對，只是報之以無言的微笑，這一笑總覺得比任何答語還好，它圓滑而得體，更能表示模稜兩可的意思，你說是好就好，不好就不好，這樣他們就似乎滿意而又似乎不甚滿意的不再問下去，根本我們也不想多說，因爲一說就要長篇大論，我們只希望把一切苦惱遺忘，而領享自己的樂趣就好了。不過，對於那些關懷我們的同學底美意，是值得深深感謝的。

## 兒時記趣

四級丁 李梅蘭

當我九歲時，我家是住在廣東西江的一小村裏。那時我很頑皮，鄰近的人都說我是個野孩子，雙親也認爲我的性格有點像男孩。媽曾提議送我入學，可是，當時因家貧，未有實現。

正因爲這樣，我便得和鄰家的幾個小孩子，不知天高地厚的終日遊蕩，到處惡作劇，常常弄到別人啼笑皆非。

一天，我和鄰家三位小朋友玩得倦了，便一齊坐在門前的石階上。剛巧鄰家的馬四嫂拿着一個飯籃子經過，我連忙問她：「是不是送給四哥吃？」她說：「是的」。她忽然想起了忘記吩咐別人看門，着我代守那籃子。當時我們正感到肚子很餓；於是很高興地答應了她。看着她的背影轉入橫巷時，便爭着吃籃子裏的東西，不一會便把飯菜吃個精光。爲了避免給她發覺，大家把剛才拿來玩的一堆小石子放進籃裏去，還把地上的飯屑掃到隱角處。我們恰巧收拾完畢，馬四嫂便回來了，她從我手裏接過了籃子，說聲謝謝，便去了。我們見計已得售，便各自走了。後來，我被媽嚴責了一頓，原來馬四嫂被四哥罵她做事太糊塗，這樣大的人還被孩子騙了呢。

可是，孩子是天真無邪的，不快的事一下子便忘記得一乾二淨了。某年夏天，天氣很熱，我們幾個小頑皮又一齊到河邊去游泳。玩了一會，忽見蘇伯伯

# 記敘文

## 一個墮落的青年

四級乙 梁嘉會

在一個荒涼多夜裏，北風呼呼的刮着。蕭條的馬路上，簡直找不到一個人，只見那黯淡的街燈，發出一片微弱的亮光；遠處教堂的鐘聲，若斷若續的給北風吹送着，直送到陰森的監獄——傳進了犯人李生的耳鼓裏。

在黑暗的小房子裏，污穢的木牀上，躺着一個二十餘歲的青年。他的面孔消瘦，眼睛沒精打彩，頭髮蓬鬆，衣服襤褸，蓋着陳舊的毛氈，在牀的角落裏縮成一團；因為給冷氣的侵襲，弄到他的上下牙相擊作響，與獄中的同伴底鼻鼾相和着。雖然夜靜更深了，他還沒有睡着，好像作什麼的沉思。

忽然「唉」的一聲，從他口裏發出。接着兩眼淌下淚來，他哭了！他想着過去的不是，現在悔恨也來不及了。十年的監禁，以矯生慣養的他，怎能捱下去呢。他悲傷極了，過去的事實，重現在他的腦海裏，他想着，想着——由始至終的想着。

「初時我何嘗不是一個富家子。當我呱呱墮地的時候，爹和媽便像寶貝一般地愛我了。我漸長的時候，更得着雙親的疼愛，我要什麼便有什麼，從不令我失望。我雖然讀過幾年書，但是爲了太不自由，決意負氣不讀了。爹和媽也任由我，他們以爲這樣富有，不讀書也不愁沒有衣食。我於是終日遊手好閒。我的黃金時代便這樣的過去，生活的鞭子也漸漸地向我咎下來了。」

「當我十七歲的那年，還是過着美滿的生活。但一到十八歲，我底雙親便相繼死亡了。當時我並不悲傷，以爲得着這樣豐富的遺產，正好慢慢享用，於是便無限制地把它浪費。當時我的叔叔也會來勸過我，要和我合夥做些正當事業；我那時到底是個無知的青年，把他的忠言置諸腦後，以致事情愈來愈壞。假使我那時相信他的話，斷不會弄到這樣吧。唉！倘若我跟他從事經商，現在

他想到這裏，再用手把淚眼揩了一揩然後慢慢的再往下想去。

「當我把錢散盡了，房子也變賣了的時候，那些往日與我朝夕見慣的朋友們，早已不知散到那裏去了。致令沒有一技之長的我，徬徨無以爲計，於是恐怖着，恐怖着死亡之神的巨手會把我抓進它懷裏。我想去經商，但是沒有資本；求乞，但是我這樣年輕，能得人的憐恤嗎？想做苦力，但是沒有氣力，做得來嗎？想來想去，終想不出一個好辦法。難道活活的餓死嗎？最後只有不顧一切，去幹人皆以爲恥的事。

「盜竊」這是一個多麼鄙賤的名詞，誰知到底幹到這樣的勾當。我天天過着恐怖的生活，常常有斷炊的痛苦。我雖機警，但是逃不過警察的銳眼，終於失手被擒了！後經法庭審判的結果，便是十年的監禁！

現在悔恨也來不及了。想發憤，十年以後吧！然而十年以後，這世界已不知變到如何田地了；十年以後，我已是老態龍鍾了。唉！我只有沉淪，只有永遠的墮落……」

他想到這裏，再也不願意想下去。隱約聽到的鐘聲，把他慢慢地送入夢鄉裏。

## 新界同學底苦樂

四級丙 鍾啓誠

廣九列車對於我們住在新界的同學可算關係太深切了。我們每天靠它載着上學，也靠它載着回家。它的旋輪像是我們的腿子，車頭的大燈也像是我們的眼睛，噴氣是我們的呼吸，响就是我們的怒吼，車裏每個結構都像是我們體內的器官，每一行動也都像都屬於我們自己的。由于乘坐太多，路途諳熟，如果車上有人問起我們現在車行到什麼地方的話，我們不用望望窗外，便毫不遲疑的告知他，可能沒有些兒錯誤。

我們最認爲不滿的，就是路局方面所編的開行班次，和我們校方上學放學的時間不大相接，像跟我們開玩笑似的，每天乘着上學的那班車總是太急促，拚命趕到學校還要過鐘，尤其在天氣稍熱時，更是滿頭大汗。可是放學時則又覺得餘暇太多，即使在街上逛到厭倦，或在車站念熟兩篇書，也還未到開車的時候。



人，也有益於大眾的事業。這就是說，可以負荷一種既適合個人的興趣，而又有利於社會的需要的工作。這樣，個人的生活固然得到解決，對於社會和人類也有貢獻。所謂「已立立人，已達達人。」就是這個道理。

可惜有些人，只知爲己，沒有關心到大眾。他們以爲工作的目的，是在於養父母，畜妻兒，求功名，耀祖先。他們只顧爲個人家庭打算，却忘記整個社會。另一種人，他們只知道追求物質上的享受，過着紙醉金迷的生活；吟風弄月，喝酒賭博。從沒有想到社會利益上去。這種人徒然食息於宇宙間，沒有盡過一點做人的責任，社會對於他們，只不過是多了一些蠢蟲罷了。

另一種是逃避黑暗社會，所謂獨善其身的人。這種人，他們看見社會紛亂的情形，便心灰，便失望。於是對一切缺乏興趣，把自己看得渺小無用，對社會認爲毫無希望，把人生看得黯淡沒有前途；放棄做人的責任，更談不到人生的義務了。這一種自甘墮落的人，實在和自殺差不多。

以上所說的三種人，他們的人生觀，都是不正常，不振作的。處在我們這一個時代，實不該有這樣的看法。要知道社會是要靠羣體來維繫的，如果每一個人都只爲本身打算，因而逃避現實，那末，社會的組織必變成爲一盤散沙，無力抵禦危險勢力的襲擊了。

所以我們必須承認，每一個人都應該將自己的能力放到社會的組織之中，把自己獻給社會，服務人羣。那末，在全體得到幸福以後，個人的生活幸福，才有寄託。

歷史給我們的昭示正多，古往今來無數的革命家、科學家、藝術家等，他們終身服務人羣，過着千辛萬苦的生活；雖然他們各自做着各種不同的工作，但他們爲人羣謀幸福的目標却是一致的。他們都是爲着社會的繁榮和利益去奮鬥。他們的信條就是：「人生以服務爲目的」。

隨便舉兩個例——我國的國父孫中山先生，他因爲生長在一個專制紛亂的時代，感到自己和民族，受着滿清專制壓迫的痛苦，於是便立志推翻它。以解除民族痛苦，拯民生於苦海爲己任。抱着百折不撓的精神，從事革命。奮鬥了四十餘年，卒能完成偉舉，把幾千年的獨夫專制政權，一變而爲民主政體。這一種捨己爲羣，服務社會的精神，贏得千秋後世的歌頌和敬仰。又如偉大發明家愛迪生，畢生努力去研究科學，埋頭苦幹。發明了很多造福人羣的東西，使

人類的的生活，日趨完善安適。這種豐功偉績，也永垂不朽。

所以我們每一個人，都應該立定堅強的意志，充實自己，認識社會，拋棄個人主義，和社會保持密切的關係，以天下爲己任。這是現代人必須把握着的。我們要知道一切的享受都是取給於社會，在現代社會關係複雜的時代，人間彼此息息相關，少數人的縱慾奢侈，足以危害大眾的幸福和安全。因此，我們不能爲了個人的慾望，去妨礙大眾的進步。反過來說，我們爲了大眾的安全，應該犧牲個人的幸福以至一切。這樣，人生才有意義，社會才有進步！

一個人從呱呱墮地，吸進了第一口氣起，便開始踏入了世界，走上了人生的途徑，這就是「生」。做完了「一切工作，直到他呼出最後一口氣，便又離開了塵世，這就叫做「死」了。

凡是人，有了生的開始便一定有死的結束。無論是智、愚、賢、不肖；或貧、富、貴、賤，也免不了最後一次的呼氣——死。然而須知道，生是生了，但生存在世界上的時間是極短促的，普通至多也不過一百年，而在這百年中所幹的事，不是好，便是壞，好的流芳百世，壞的便遺臭萬年了。所以一個人到世上來走一轉，生便要生得有意義，死也要死得有價值。

聖人孔夫子一生奔走勞碌，周遊列國，辛辛苦苦去傳揚他的道，希望拯救世人，他雖然免不了「死」，但却得到「萬世師表」的尊崇。秦檜，這名字人熟識了，他作威作福，誤國誤民，竊據高位，謀害忠良，當時確是榮華富貴極了，但死後只留得個臭名，真是毫無意義。

文天祥爲國効忠，不願屈身事敵，從容就義，正氣凜然，令後人敬仰，孫中山先生，爲國爲民，奔波勞碌，不事家人生產，至死仍以國事爲念，他雖然賈志以終，但他的精神永垂不朽，這樣的死就是死得有價值。至若那稍有些不如意便輕生自殺的人，未免死得太沒出息了。不但得不到別人的同情，反而要受人家的譏笑。

總之，生，要生得有意義；死，要死得有價值，那才不愧「生」，也不負「死」！

## 生 與 死

二 級 己 李 汝 珍

爲自己的借鏡，從事補救。那妄信天才的毒素，便深深地印入自己的腦海中。又有些同學，本來是相當努力勤謹的，但他們聽到些關於人家有天才的故事，例如有人說，某君將一篇文章過目一次，便能背誦如流等，起先是嚮往人家的聰明，跟着便對自己的能力懷疑起來。漸漸地，更埋怨自己爲什麼不像人家，說自己是沒有多大希望的。有了這樣的不滿和苦惱，以前的良好學習精神，當然被掃除淨盡。

以上兩個例子，都是因爲妄信天才，而致自己葬送了自己，是非常愚蠢，非常可悲可惜的。同時，如果人人都抱着這種錯誤的觀念，那嚴重的情形，實非我們所能想像的。

然則世界上究竟有沒有天才這回事呢？有，但如鳳毛麟角，少之又少。而完全單靠天才成功的，更簡直絕無僅有。歷史上有豐功偉績的人物，很多都只是中庸之才而已。其實，如果我們想精於某學科，我們必先屏除依靠天才，或恐怕自己沒有天才的錯誤觀念，將自己全副精神集中在那科，經過一個長時期的不斷研究和探討，自然會對該科有認識有心得，完全不會感到困難了，而這就是獲致成功的最好方法。

愛因斯坦教授是一位極有名的數學家，同時有「原子之父」之稱，但他在中學時，數學並不好，他有今天的成就，絕不是靠天才，而是靠那自發的努力和堅強的自信。我們要記着，成功的大路，是堅忍奮鬥者所踏出來的，天才不過是一個配角罷了。

## 談 孝 道

二級乙 曾玉松

孝爲百行之先，是中國數千年來固有的道德。孔子說：「孝弟也者，其爲人之本與？」可見孝的重要。古時虞舜孝感動天，其後又有漢文帝親嘗湯藥。他們因爲孝順，所以能够齊家治國平天下，而成功爲中國歷史上有名的人君。尤以前者列入爲二十四孝之首，後世傳爲佳話。

父母養育我們，以至於自立，其間的劬勞，非我們做子女可能報答於萬一。所以我們對於父母怎可以不孝順？假如對父母不孝，那麼根本就談不上進一步來齊家治國了。孟子說得好：「不得乎親，不可以爲人，不順乎親，不可以爲子。」那麼看來，一個人不孝順，就沒有做人的資格了。

那麼，我們應該怎樣孝敬我們的父母呢？在我看來，我們應該至少做到下列四點：

(一) 養父母之體——這是奉養父母的口體，使他們能够過着舒適的生活，享着優游的晚年。

(二) 順父母之志——最重要的，是精神的奉養，那就是順父母之志了。其要點計有：(1) 須要順從父母的意旨。(2) 須發憤上進，以無負父母對自己的期望。(3) 遇了父母有錯過之時，要怡顏柔聲以諫，切不可陷父母於不義。

(三) 不辱於父母——不辱有兩種：一種是身體髮膚，受之父母，不敢毀傷；一種是不做出喪德敗行之事，以玷辱先人。

(四) 使父母名垂不朽——以上所說的不辱是消極的，這裏所說的使父母名垂不朽却是積極的。假如我們學業有成，將來對國家社會，甚至對全人類有偉大貢獻，這樣便可揚名聲，顯父母了。

## 個人與社會的關係

二級丁 鄧鈺潮

社會是由人類組織而成的，每一個人，都不能脫離社會而單獨生存，必須過着羣居的生活。

一個人既然不能脫離羣體的社會，一切便不能不依賴社會。社會發生了變動，個人的生活必定同時動搖。所以個人的幸福原是包括在社會的幸福之中。如果沒有社會的幸福，個人的幸福也就絕對沒有單獨存在的可能。同樣社會的危險不安，也就是個人的危險不安了。

明白了社會和個人羣有着這樣密切的關係，那麼，改良社會，把它安排得較合理一點，該是每一個人都應負的責任。換句話說，就是每一個人都應該把自己的力量貢獻給社會。

但是，我們必須知道，當我們準備將自己的力量貢獻給社會，爲人羣服務的時候，必先要充實自己。充實自己的途徑可分兩方面——一是德行；另一是學識。具備了這兩種條件，才能肩負得起改良社會的重任。如果本身毫無道德知識與技能，對個人的立身與謀生尙感勞德，又焉能有餘力貢獻給社會呢！因此，我們首先必須認識自己，然後更進一步認識社會。法幹既有益於個人

漫畫、油彩和水彩。

在芸芸畫類中，各有其特長與表現，因為家父是一個西洋水彩的畫人，耳濡目染的關係，所以我對水彩畫的認識，比其他較為清楚，這裏且讓我簡短地談談自己認識較深的水彩畫吧！

水彩畫，顧名思義，是水和彩所混成的畫面，水量的控制和色彩濃淡厚薄的配合，自然是有很大的關係。水量太多則使畫面浮薄，過少則易於焦結。至於彩色的處理，配合上更是不容易的事，用色過於美麗，就很容易有華而不實的毛病。反之，又會感到沉鬱不快的暗晦。

筆法也佔了一個很重要的地位。因為從筆法上，作者的技術不獨可表露無遺，而且能增加畫面上的生氣。至於構圖的好壞，常能增減畫面的美麗。

所以一幀精美的水彩畫，非要配合適當的水份、調協的色彩、熟練的筆法，加上超卓的構圖不可。

水彩畫的優點是明朗、華麗而柔和，而且工具簡便，山水樹木，樓房村舍，人物花卉，果疏翎毛，都是寫作的題材。但水彩畫是不適宜大幅的描繪，久經日光的影響又易於褪色，所以在畫壇上的價值，或比油畫較為遜色，但就技術上的表現來說，却比油畫來得精妙啊！

## 服務人群為人生最崇高之工作

三級度 謝少卿

「生產人的是父母，造就人的是社會。」由這兩句話，可以知道人類斷不能離開群衆而獨立，無論何時何地都需要別人為你服務，和需要你去做服務人群。

耶穌的教義：「非以役人，乃役於人。」就是勸人對社會多多服務。

歷史上的偉人，都是對社會盡最大的義務，而不是享最大的權利的。例如愛迪生發明燈泡和留聲機，人類得了不少的益處；瓦特發明蒸氣機，使交通和工業大大改良；摩士發明電訊，加速了消息的傳達，增強了各地的聯絡；巴律西看見當時的陶器粗陋，要去改良，不幸失敗多次，生活也因此貧困，但他努力的初衷，毫不改變，結果得到最後的成功，而使陶器的製作，獲得大大的改善；居禮夫人發現鐳，使人類獲益不少；伽里略發明望遠鏡，來觀察天象，結果發現了月球、木星、太陽和土星等的真相，對於科學的貢獻，真是不少；密

勒教授發明DDT殺蟲劑，對於社會公共衛生，實有很大的幫助；費祿來教授、秦因博士繼續佛勒明的研究，出產大量盤尼西林，救活了不知多少奄奄待斃的病者；威廉士不怕任何艱難，到處宣揚基督教義，發揮服務精神，他認為所有人類，既然都是上帝的兒女，便不應該有階級觀念，還要本着「人生以服務為目的」這個信念，替所有的人類服務；孫中山先生奔走了幾十年革命，過着艱苦、冒險的生活，目的在使中國能成爲一自由平等的國家，人人都能過着和平康樂的生活。這些偉人用盡氣力和心血來尋求他們的理想，目的是什麼呢？爲了自己的享受嗎？不是；爲了自己的名譽和權利嗎？也不是。在他們心目中，只有一個觀念，那就是「服務羣衆爲人生最崇高之工作」。

我們既然了解服務是人生的天職，就應當忠誠服務；至於服務的條件，就要有「修己善羣」的修養；修己是從個人來說，每個人從小就要做自我修養的功夫，養成良好的學行，然後再進一步做善羣的工夫，糾正人羣的錯誤，幫助他們踏入至善的境域，同時灌輸「服務羣衆爲人生最崇高之工作」的觀念給他們，使人羣能夠共同努力，將這個世界改造成爲一個完善的人間樂園。

## 不要輕信天才

二級甲 何曦光

天才和努力都同是被認爲能達到成功的兩種因素。而在這二者中，大部份人都迷信天才而屏棄努力。在他們的心目中，天才乃是從天而來，是成功唯一的「本錢」，有了天才，便可袖手而成功。反之，如果發現自己沒有天才的話，那末甚麼都完了，用不着想其他辦法，惟有怨天尤人。

這毛病在學生中非常普遍。舉例來說：數、理、化等都是須要花些腦筋的學科，當同學們一打開第一頁的時候，看見滿是冗長的數字，難記的公式，便不期而然地對它們發生了厭惡，不肯細心忍耐去學習。但愈不去學，便愈趕不上，等到考試不及格的時候，便嗟嘆說：「誰叫自己沒有天才？」既有了這種成見，久而久之，其他各科的「天才」，也會因爲他們自己不肯用功而埋沒了。於是年考的報告表上，可能只有體育一科及格。這樣看來，難道他們真的成有體育的天才？大概不會吧。最不幸的，就是當他們看見別的同學有很好的成績時，他們只徒然羨慕人家，並不立心向人家學習，找出人家成績好的原因，以

我校有見及此，因定「修己善羣」四字爲本校校訓，不特意義深長，實在是切中時弊的真相灼見。

我們身爲本校學生，緬懷學校當局垂訓的至意，蒿目社會的艱危，益感一己責任的重大，我們當知如何秉承校訓，奮發努力，以完成這艱巨的責任，那是我們朝夕警惕勿忘的啊！

謹獻芹蕪之見，願與各位同學共勉！

## 我對文章習作底經驗

四級丙 曾佐中

我記得對寫作開始發生興趣，是在小學五年級的時候，那時我正醉心於一些通俗的歷史小說——如水滸傳、三國志演義等書。所以在作文時，總是喜歡套用一些自己認爲最好的文句。在今天看來，那不過是空洞乏味，不着邊際的詞句吧。

及至進入中學階段後，以前讀舊小說所得的作文資料，已不能滿足自己底需求，於是進一步閱讀現代名作，如巴金、魯迅、老舍、朱自清等的作品，都成爲自己愛好的讀物。這些作品，不但在文字上有着它的價值，而且題材非常現實，對於我作文有着很大的幫助。

記得在初學作文的時候，只注重文字修飾的功夫，却忽略了內容底充實，所以寫出來的文章，內容總覺得非常空洞。後來對此雖已畧有所認識，但又苦於材料缺乏，仍舊無法充實。有時有了好題材，也不能運用好的詞句來表達自己的中心思想。這種缺憾，一方面是由於自己的寫作能力較低，不能暢所欲言；另一方面是由於自己對社會實際情況了解不深，常識太少，故作文時便無從下筆。

爲了要提高自己的寫作能力，由去年起，便開始學寫日記，因爲它的內容大部份是從實際生活中吸取得來，可以供給我們許多新鮮、生動的寫作資料。不論在學習或其他事態裏，只要我們肯去觀察，去體會，寫作的資料便會源源而來。經過了一個時期之後，我發覺寫日記會把我的作文程度提高，起了不少的作用。單就造句運詞方面，已比初寫時熟練得多了。

在過去，自己總是認爲多看一些文學作品，便可以寫成好文章，因而畧忽

了自然科學、史地之類的價值。現在才知道這是一種錯誤。因爲，假如一個作者對社會情況一些也不了解，和缺乏科學知識，這樣他的作品內容會充實嗎？所以一篇好的文章，除了要有好的文句之外，更重要的便是要有充實的內容。這些內容，都是要多看書報，和從生活經驗上日積月累而得來的。

此外，文章的結構也很重要。過去自己寫文章，總是信筆所至，從不研究它的結構，故寫來非常散漫。現在可不同了，每在動筆之前，必先作一番思考，研究了什麼應該寫，什麼值得寫，妥爲安排，然後動筆。絕不隨便寫上一些空泛的話，以免損害了文章的價值。這是我在文章習作上的一些小經驗。

## 讀秦士錄後

三級乙 陳礎淇

魏禧曰：「天生異人，必有所用之。」吾獨不以爲然。蓋古今英豪，成大功立大業，亦時勢使然耳。不然，雖有霸王之勇、諸葛之智、王佐之才，亦未必能揚名當世而垂勳於後也。孟子曰：「雖有智慧，不如乘勢，雖有鎡基，不如待時。」三昧斯言，曷勝慨惜！

鄧弼具經世之才，倘得時遇，吾知其必能叱咤風雲，而立勳萬里之外，使諸蠻夷不敢正視吾大中華，而欺吾中國之無人也。乃竟目爲狂士，儒生且恥與近；使干城之器，空具銅筋鐵肋，毀棄泥塗，槁死蒿下，良足悲矣。

然弼尙得宋濂爲之傳，使其名不與草木同腐，是亦不幸中之幸也。今之懷抱奇才，竟遭時棄者多矣，安得有宋氏之筆，而爲之傳哉！

## 談談水彩畫

三級戊 靳美琪

畫是人類共同所喜愛的，無論孩童、成人或老人看到一幅他們所喜愛的畫，臉上立刻會顯露着愉快、羨慕和滿足的表情。是的，人類對於美術興趣的發展，從遠古言語尙未能一致的時期，用簡單象形的圖畫來表達意思起，漸漸地：如席勒·斯賓塞（Spencer）的遊戲說，柏拉圖的模仿說，希倫（Hirn）的表現說和席勒·格羅斯（Gross）的裝飾說，圖畫由簡單不完整的原始象形圖案，年積月累地發展成今天的畫。

畫，大概分爲：素描（包括木炭、鉛筆、鋼筆、墨筆和水墨。）、木刻

其次，還要多練習「有代表性的基本問題」——「熟能生巧」，這是衆所週知的道理。習題多做了，經驗也自然豐富。不過，這樣做起來，時間可要花不少。這代價未免太大了。折衷的辦法，就是多做有代表性的基本問題——在許多同一類的問題中，選擇一些最能給與定理運用機會的來做。把它記錄下來，有空時再練習，詳細研究它的解法和步驟。這樣，遇到相類似的問題時，就容易得多了。

許多時候，一條題目往往會有幾個解法。所以，做完了習題，還要檢討一下——如果一條問題，我們懷疑它還有別的解法時，就不要以一個解法爲滿足。應該再接再厲，去找出其他的解法。這個解法，要是比原來的更簡單清楚，那自然是最大的收穫。就是不及原來的，或是經過一番思考還找不出別的解法，也有很大的收效。因爲動過了一回腦筋，運用過許多定理，腦子就會在不知不覺中，鍛鍊得比較敏銳。

好了，現在讓我們談談做習題時應注意的幾項：

冷靜的頭腦是最重要的——未着手做問題時先要小心地詳細地看清楚題目，需要解答些什麼，才可以動手去做。切不可匆忙地大畧看過就做。這樣常常會產生很大的錯誤。看完了題目之後，就要：

作圖——解答問題，作圖是非常重要的。所作的圖，應該務求正確，清楚，而且還要畫得大一點的。好的作圖能使問題中主要的關鍵容易看出，幫助解答問題不少。不好的作圖，不但在解答問題時，沒有幫助；而且常常會把我們的思考，引到錯誤的地方。例如：題中只說三角形，切不可畫成等邊三角形或等腰三角形，應該畫成最普遍的不等邊三角形。不然，麻煩就會多了。

然後就要把條件列明——做習題時，要看看作圖，又要看看題中的條件，既麻煩又困難。最好的方法，是把條件清楚列在圖上。例如題中說等腰三角形，圖畫好了，就要在相等的兩邊加上符號來表示。這樣常常可以得到許多的提示，而且看圖思考，也很便利。

有時候，問題一時解答不來，可以用假定的方法——先假定問題經已解決了，然後推溯上去。看看在什麼條件下才產生這樣的答案。再設法去研究證明那些條件的方法。一步步的推溯上去，就可以找出問題的主要關鍵了。

如果平日肯下點工夫，做問題時小心一些解答，幾何是沒有什麼困難的。

## 談談我們的校訓——修己善羣

四級乙 陳威能

道德是立身之本，才能是處事之基，所以我們不欲立足社會則已，否則必欲從道德學問的修養着手。易經裏面有說：「進德修業。」論語又說：「修己以敬。」這是我們做人的起碼工夫，也是生存在社會的必要條件。

然而所謂修己，並非徒託空言，而是必經身體的力行，才能進於至善，而欲求進於至善，首在格物致知。明白一事一物的道理本源，自能應乎情而順乎理，一切作爲，不致和情理相逕庭。

尤其處在今日文明進步的社會裏，人心的虛偽險詐，常千百倍於往昔，其所以誘使我們陷於罪惡者，亦千百倍於往昔。若不明是非，辨利害，審善惡，識邪正，一經墮落，便超拔無由，不特貽誤我們的終身，斷送我們的前途，而且影響社會的安寧，擾亂公共的秩序。其關係的深切重大，是不能以道里計算的。

由此說來，我們已經明白修己的重要。可是我們也要明白修己的意義，並不是以「獨善其身」爲已足，所以不能存着俗語所謂「各家自掃門前雪，莫管他人瓦上霜。」的自私自利思想，而是應以自己的至善，去影響他人，這就是善羣的工作。孔子說過：「己欲立而立人，己欲達而達人。」我們苟能以自己的懿行美德，去感召羣衆，使他們潛移默化，進而易俗移風，這樣世界便可進於至善至美的境界。大學所謂「修、齊、治、平。」荀子所謂「羣道當則萬物皆得其宜。」便是這個道理。

綜上所述，我們修己的最終目的是在善羣，而欲善羣就必先修己，這是互相連繫而不可分離的。可是社會上不少律已就輕以約，責人就重以周的人，自己的行爲就放蕩不羈，而對他人的責備就振振有詞，他們掛着善羣的幌子，滿以爲自己是衛道的英雄，結果徒然惹起人們的反感，弄至心勞日拙。所以我們應要明白欲善羣就必先修己的道理，盡量把自己嚴正起來，再進而感化他人，才能收到效果。孔子說：「其身正，不令而行，其身不正，雖令不從。」這道理一點也沒有錯。

由於道德觀念日漸陵替，社會風氣日形頹敗，有志之士，怒然憂之，然而補救的方法，必先從培植青年道德觀念着手，亦爲目前社會刻不容緩的急務。



## 學生習作 論·說·文

### 志

四級甲 黎耀明

嘗讀史載秦始皇出遊，項籍見之，曰：「彼可取而代也！」劉邦見之，曰：「大丈夫當如是。」之二子者，皆懷遠大之志，故卒能協力亡秦，而取其天下。可知立志與事功互爲因果，志在斯，行在斯，其得亦在斯也。孟子曰：「夫志，氣之帥也。」以故志一立，即如三軍之立帥，能進攻退守，而志尤勝於帥，故曰：「三軍可奪帥也，匹夫不可奪志也。」

是以人不可無志，無志則如三軍無帥，行動茫無主宰，猶疑靡定；安能作戰？雖然，戰未必勝，猶志之未必成，惟作戰非必勝方立帥，猶事之非必成方立志也。勝與不勝在乎作戰之表現，故事之成敗，亦在乎行爲之表現。只須所立之志不爲空誇，輔之以努力，則得志爲當然之事，不得爲偶然耳。例如既努力耕耘，何愁無收穫乎？雖然，如立志「挾泰山以超北海」之類，超過已能力所及；則又當別論，蓋此爲幻想，永無實現之可能也。以故吾人立志圖事，必先有其真實之依據，以不超過已現有能力及爲原則，然後逐步擴張其能力範圍；如吾今日祇識製簡單之鐵器，本吾現有之少許機械常識及經驗，逐步鑽研，則將來複雜之機器亦可製矣。幻想者則如全無機械與科學常識，而妄欲製原子彈，其失敗也明矣，此志與幻想之區別也。惟有時立志亦未必成。蓋志雖立，仍須具其他成功之必需條件，以爲之助。如上所言，志等於帥，然有帥尚須士兵之合作，方能制

否則必致一敗塗地。故立志非尚空談，必須輔以行

動；行動尤須堅毅不撓，及研求實施之計劃與技巧，方能冀其有成也。

然在某種情形下，立志所爲之事業，或不能在生時全部成功，惟不可以此瑟縮不前。因所立之志，若屬輝煌遠大，如國父孫中山之救國救民一類革命運動，以事體重大，非一蹴可幾，而未能目睹其革命之全部成功。他如七十二烈士等之實志以歿；雖未能目睹成功，然能發揮其意志及精神，喚醒後進以繼其志；俾得終竟全功，不亦卓然不朽乎？故有時立志，見其應爲者則矢志爲之，不能必其有成，如此方不致因失望而變志也。

他如立志有爲者，若以一時之成功，驕矜自滿，亦終招失敗而已。觀乎！吳王夫差，初欲滅越復仇，庭呼勵志，何其堅決也。及其據越王歸，自以爲大功告成，於是荒淫逸樂，縱敵患生，卒致國破身亡，爲天下笑。故有志者須持志不懈，戰戰兢兢，常抱自強不息之旨，始克永保成功也。

## 解答幾何的幾要點

四級甲 田延昆

在學校的科目裏，數學通常是被認爲最困難的。尤其是幾何，許多同學都視爲畏途。爲什麼呢？主要的原因就是幾何的性質和其他的科目有很大的分別。歷史，地理，只要記熟其中的事實就行了。解答問題時，不需怎樣動腦筋。幾何可不同了。雖然，它也有定理可記，但解答問題，却不能單靠熟讀定理這麼簡單，還要懂得怎樣去運用它才行。於是，就不能不動動腦筋了。幾何的難處就在這裏。

怎樣才能使我們對幾何容易學習些？我想把個人的意見提出來，和同學們研究研究。首先談談平日要下的工夫，然後再說解答問題時要注意的幾項。

學習幾何，最主要就是能把定理純熟運用——對於定理，除了徹底地明瞭它的內容和證明的方法外，更要注意定理的特點。這樣，到運用時就能給我們很大的便利。設個例子：在完全明白「連三角形兩邊中點之線，必與第三邊平行，並等於第三邊之半。」這定理和它的證法之後，要注意的特點就是：「中點」，「之線」，「平行」和「之半」這幾處。解答問題時，遇着一個具有上述中某種特點的三角形時，就可以聯想到利用這個定理來解答，不致茫無頭緒了。

(五) 校服

本校爲使學生服裝劃一起見，特規定各生穿着校服。

男女生冬季校服，均爲配有校徽之棕色絨外衣，白襯衣，紅領帶；惟女生穿灰絨裙，而男生則穿灰色絨褲。至於夏季校服，男生爲白襯衣，白長褲，紅領帶，校徽；女生則爲配有校徽之白衫裙及紅領帶。

(六) 設備

本校目前一切設備，均向英皇中學借用，使學生于求學方面，得莫大之裨益。

該校設備完善，計有課室二十餘，每室均有風扇、暖爐等設備，另化學、物理、生物室各一，健身室一，內設更衣室、浴室等。

(七) 體育

本校不但注意學生品格之修養及智育之發展，同時並倡導學生作種種體育活動；惜場地不敷，後幾經設法，始于一九五四年十一月廿三日，獲陸軍總部之許可，借用界限街陸軍球場，供學生作各項體育練習。茲將一年來辦理之經過，畧述於後：

甲、運動會

本校于十二月十五及二十兩日在加路連山南華體育會舉行週年運動會預賽及決賽。賽畢，由教育司高士雅主持頒獎。

乙、各項比賽

社與社間經常均有足球、籃球、乒乓球等比賽。本校女子籃球隊曾於十二月十八日與庇理羅士

隊在本校球場作友誼賽，本校隊以十六比十四分獲勝。

一月廿一日，本校籃球隊與英皇中學隊作友誼賽。結果二十分對十八分本校勝。

在四月間，本校舉行全校男子乒乓球單打比賽，結果四乙陳榮中獲冠軍，四甲何子樑獲亞軍，二丁劉鎮堂獲季軍。

(八) 衛生

本校及醫務處對莘莘學子之健康也深爲關注，經常由醫務處派員到校主理各項衛生措施：

十月廿五日 到校爲學生注射預防腸熱針。  
十一月三十日 注射防癆針。  
十二月十六日 爲全體學生檢驗體格。  
十二月七日 第二次預防腸熱注射。

(九) 音樂

本校爲提高音樂水準，特有合唱團與口琴隊之組織。前者由本校教員領導，後者由劉牧先生訓練。合唱團成立未及一年，于本屆香港學校音樂節之比賽中，名列第四。

(十) 游藝

一月二十一日，本校舉行聯歡會，節目豐富，其中之獨幕喜劇「原子理髮室」最爲精采。又曾于去年十月廿三日，邀請嘉蘭道博士及其團員蒞校表演精湛魔術及印度古典舞。

(十一) 旅行

本年度各班會舉行旅行多次；荃灣，銀礦灣，小松林，大帽山等，均有彼等之足跡。對於教育性之參觀，亦舉行多次；如最近巴頓先生率領學生參觀美艦「中途島」號及啓德飛機場

等是。

(十二) 視聽教育

本校經常獲教育司署派員來校放映教育影片，故對視聽教育，亦能顧及。

二月十日 放映「衛生教育片」。  
三月十日 放映「衛生教育片」。  
四月廿三日 放映「安全第一」之交通常識片，並由警務署派警官蒞校講解。

(十三) 秩序

本校學生在紀律上尙稱良好；學生進出教室，必以單人行列，靠左行走，並盡量保持靜默。此種精神，即在校外亦可窺見。想社會人士，亦曾獲親本校學生于電車站、巴士站及小輪碼頭等，自動列隊候車候船之情形。

(十四) 童子軍

本校爲培養學生爲人羣服務之精神起見，正着手組織童子軍，由巴頓先生負責。學生之志願參加者，爲數頗衆。

(十五) 徵文獲獎

本校學生對外界所舉辦之各項徵文比賽，甚感興趣。一九五四年中國學生週報舉辦之助學金徵文比賽，本校四級乙學生蔡復光獲高中組第一名，三級己學生梁立增獲初中組第十名。

(十六) 致謝

本校蒙英皇中學借用校舍及設備、陸軍總部借與運動場供學生作體育練習；並蒙各熱心人士及家長致送運動會獎品，其對本校之愛護及協助，實深感激，謹致謝忱！

# 本校一九五四——五五年度校務概況

## (一) 成立

本校成立于一九五四年九月六日。因位于洗衣街與太子道交界處之校址尚在建築中，故本學年暫假英皇中學校址上課。

本校于成立之日，全體員生，齊集禮堂，舉行成立典禮。署理教育司毛勤先生蒞校訓話，勗勉學生勤奮向學，嚴守紀律，創造良好的傳統。

## (二) 教職員、學生

校長：張維豐

教員：顯 東 (副校長)

文壯期 李福遠 祁 爾 李 龍

凌尙道 麥萬健德 巴 頌 陳繼新

鄧棟銓 談鶴年 鄭錫光 劉祖儼

繆綺君 鄭慧新 譚國始 蘇粵海

曾淑嫻 孫寶元 李嘉戎 何婉穎

溫慶翁 章致祥 洗度絲 龐楊潤餘

單潔霞 張馮寶中 史超活 戴國材

江紹賢 潘慧桃 曾慧芬 譚祖基

鄭毓舜 梁 恆 余綺芬

袁浩標 (書記)

劉碩發 (書記)

郭應機 (實驗室管理員)

郭煒民 (一月十五日調任萬師)

何伯平 (三月三日調任英皇中學)

本校學生人數共七七三人 (男生五五八人，女生二一五人)，分爲下列二十一班：

班級 班主任 正、副班長

四甲 顯 東 胡詠智 譚顯堂

四乙 祁 爾 黃宗熿 譚國明

四丙 凌尙道 廖道安 郭錦祥

四丁 麥萬健德 陳愛羣 譚穎華

三甲 鄭錫光 鄭世華 何子剛

三乙 李 龍 何敬謙 廖觀強

三丙 巴 頌 陳啓鏞 林榮光

三丁 劉祖儼 鄭爲善 曾育英

三戊 孫寶元 張嘉偉 黎煒良

三己 鄭慧新 張冠粵 姚寶培

三庚 會淑嫻 郭鳳屏 曾昭英

三辛 繆綺君 劉端儀 陳靈健

三壬 鄭毓舜 麥蓮愛 梁惠蘭

二甲 李慕戎 黃國典 朱 樂

二乙 何婉穎 李耀森 林國熙

二丙 溫慶翁 李志成 洗蘇鴻

二丁 章致祥 黃文邦 劉漢明

二戊 洗度絲 陳維揚 夏布里

二己 潘慧桃 陳麗卿 陳若清

二庚 單潔霞 何乃明 陳多慶

二辛 張馮寶中 周惠全 王佩華

## (三) 領袖生

何志強 甄萱澤 (領袖生長)

何子樑 鍾桂蓮 (副領袖生長)

胡詠智 黃允明 譚顯堂 韋振輝

陳益中 郭錦祥 陳愛羣 譚潔玲

## (四) 社的組織

本校爲使學生分組從事各項體育競賽起見，故有各社之組織。每社設社監三人 (由教員担任)，社長三人 (由學生担任)，負責推進各該社之一切事宜。

本校現有四社：

社名 社監 社長 旗色

(一) 忠孝社 孫寶元 胡慧樂 黃

鄭錫光 劉焯卿

繆綺君 葉瑞麟

(二) 仁愛社 祁 爾 蔡養雄 紅

凌尙道 甄萱澤

會慧芬 廖道安

(三) 信義社 鄭慧新 何子樑 棕

江紹賢 李梅蘭

單潔霞 梁錫光

(四) 和平社 劉祖儼 李漢銘 藍

章致祥 鄧愛羣



免玷辱嘉名。戮力同心，共創優良之傳統。並應以 女皇陛下盡責服務之偉大精神，奉為典範，實踐躬行，期臻於真善美之境。蓋唯能敬護學校，始能榮耀其身，異日出而用世，蔚為有用之材，庶不負各方對本校之期望也。

(二) **遵守校規** 敦品勵行，進善之基，欲求德業有成，首重品格訓練。余嘗定「修己善羣」四字以為校訓，並頒示各項規章，藉以輔導各生發展自治之精神，陶冶盡責之美德，此種訓練，不特有助於學生本身之進修，且可提高管教之效率，故校訓所示，實為學校生活之重要目標，誠以「修己」為善羣之基本工夫，而「善羣」則為修己之自然結果，願諸生勵學之餘，講求修身之道，充實應有之準備，以為將來服務社會兼善同羣之基。

(三) **尊敬師長** 學生德業之培成，端賴賢師之啓導，蓋師長歷驗宏富，識慧亦深，樂輔所需，循循善誘，諸生應多所問難，以求進益，更宜體念其關切之誠，事之唯謹，尊敬之道，首貴遵從，如上課依時，專志向學，摒絕外騖，毋怠毋荒，養成自習精神，多作有益活動。而尤應注意者，本校課程，雖以英文為主，但對於中文，仍須並重，期能發揚我國固有之學術，促進東西文化之交流，進而對世界文明，有所貢獻。

(四) **發展身心** 學校主要作用，厥為發展全能，欲求達成此項目標，對於各種活動，均予以方便訓練之機會。諸生可盡量利用校中一切設備，以鍛鍊身心，使手腦各部，獲有均衡之發育，庶幾精神煥發，體格日強，不特個人生活，深感愉快，則將來膺荷艱鉅，亦足勝任裕如。

今新校不日落成，行將遷入，有現代化之校舍以利藏修，有優良之師資以為誨導，更有最新標準之完善設備，以供研習之需；諸生得求學其間，可謂叨益獨厚，而業有未精，德有不成者，吾弗信也。瞻望前途，光明無限。諸生應知本校締造之由，奮勇邁進，憑信心以探求興趣，本毅力以克服困難，務期日漸有功，達成理想；並藉衆擎之力，促使本校地位日進昭隆，庶足膺榮寵之 御名而無愧耳！

## 懷創校·勉諸生

張維豐

學校具有陶鑄青年品德之宏功，且可改造下一代之命運，故其締造經過，至足紀存。然創業維艱，推展不易，以言建校，理亦相同。欲其後果昭成，基業永固，必賴羣策羣力，共克困難，堅毅不移，方可有濟。

溯本校之籌設，肇源於一九五三年。本港教育當局，鑒於九龍一地，中等學生，年有遞增；而男女兼收之官立中學，尙付闕如。爲謀適應需求，特乘 英女皇加冕大慶，決定撥資二百餘萬，擇地於太子道與洗衣街交界處，廣袤凡十五萬方呎，以興建新型英文中學一所，隨即加緊進行，並呈奉 女皇陛下欽准以御名名校，期以年納千名學生之偉大教育計劃，紀念加冕之盛，是則本校創立之動機，其蘊義至深且厚！

旋以新校興建需時，而各方學子，升讀正殷，爲免學業久疏，乃提前在去秋九月六日假英皇書院校址於下午上課。開學之日，署理教育司毛勤先生親臨致訓，殷殷以「勤學、守規、敦禮」三事見勗，促勵吾人竭忠所事，創樹良模。而聖誕節前舉行首屆校運會時，亦蒙 教育司憲高士雅先生蒞場頒獎，勉諸生以運動之益，應與課業並重，嘉言玉律，膺佩不忘，具見層峯期望本校之殷，益感教化使命之大，當思奮勵精誠，促其實現，求無負上命之關垂。

數月以還，本校同人，循此鵠的，悉力以赴，若組織各項活動，計劃其他設施，藉以發展學生身心，培養優良品德；惜以經綸初創，並無蕭規可隨；幸蒙 教育當局督導有加，校中同寅，熱心職事，而諸領袖生與各班班長，亦彼此協力服務，志尤可嘉。今者校務日進，漸有表章，同學之間，相處融洽，不論校內校外，均能奉禮守規，誠足引以爲慰。然十年樹木，百年樹人，來日方長，多待努力，爰擷舉四事，共勉圖成。

(一) 敬護學校 本校獲有特權，奉准以「伊利沙伯」爲校名，備覺榮寵，自應隨時隨地，各盡所能，以確保令譽。積極方面，表現良好言行，以提高學校地位；消極方面，不作失德之舉，以

# 序 言

伊利沙伯中學創印校刊，余忝書弁言，良感欣快！

校刊之爲用，不僅若明鏡之常能正確反映學校本身之生活與精神，抑亦可極力鼓勵年青學子探求思想與想像之新園地，藉此發抒意見，以滿足個人及團體之需求，進而獲致教育之宏效。

該校創設，時日雖短；然證以工作表現，足膺

女皇陛下之御名而無愧，異日遷臨新校，巍峩黌舍，設備新型，行見對本港教育前途，定有偉大之貢獻。深信本刊內容充實，必能與該校他項活動所培育優良品學之成果，互相媲美，爰祝其有成，而樂爲之序。

教育司高士雅

# 創刊號 一九五四至五五年

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顯 東先生

文壯期先生

譚國始先生

史超域女士

李慕戎女士

學生：何智強

何子標

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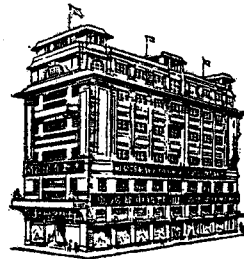
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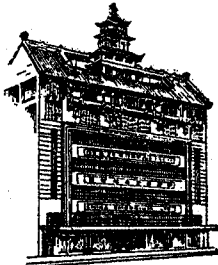
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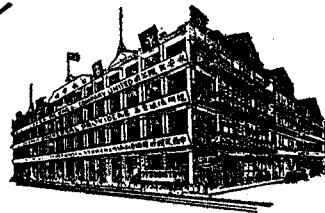
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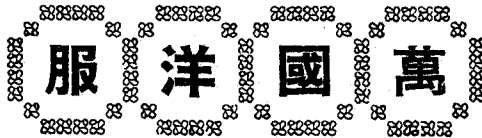
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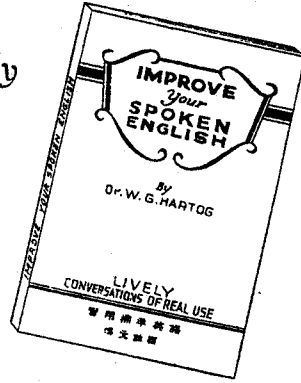
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三〇六四  
三三六一

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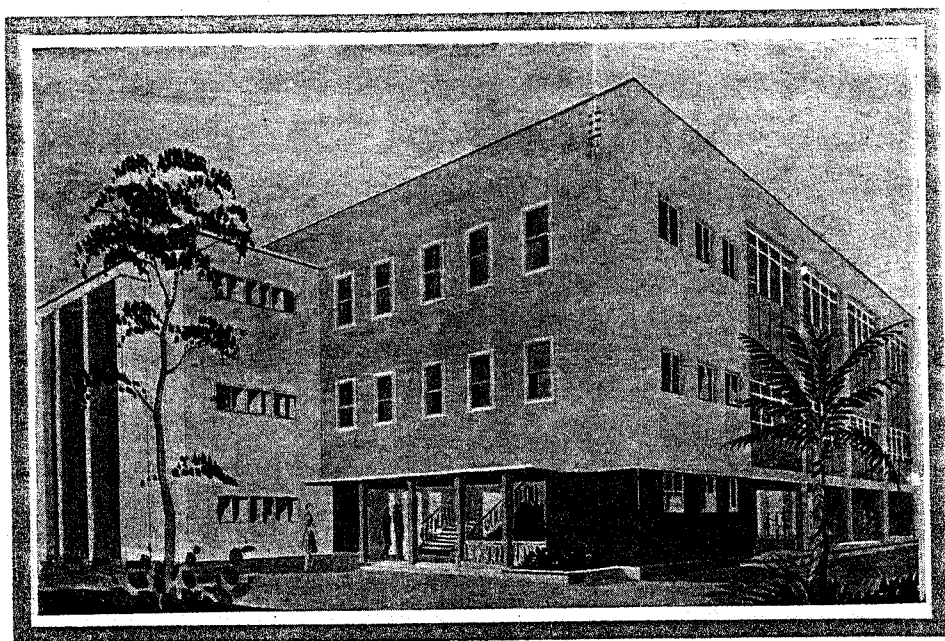
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