

**SPUR**

**AUTUMN 1970**

NOVEMBER, 1970

# THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK HIGH SCHOOL

"To each his need; from each his power"

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## SCHOOL OFFICIALS

### *School Council:*

<i>Chairman:</i>	T. Horler, Esq.
<i>Staff Representatives:</i>	A. W. Matthias, Esq., H. A. Pratt, Esq., A. C. Riley, Esq., J. S. Wyatt, Esq.
<i>School Captain:</i>	S. L. Murphy.
<i>Upper Sixth:</i>	M. S. Russell, C. E. Scrase.
<i>Lower Sixth:</i>	D. W. Evans, P. B. Feist, A. J. Shepherd.
<i>Fifths (A, B, C):</i>	G. J. Hammett, D. H. Rees, P. Szanto.
<i>Fifths (D, E):</i>	P. Collis, W. A. Hutchison.
<i>Fourths (F, G):</i>	J. L. Marsh, P. S. Simmons.
<i>Fourths (H):</i>	M. A. Alderson.
<i>Thirds (I):</i>	C. R. Hughes.
<i>Thirds (J, K):</i>	J. E. St. A. Smith, D. C. Sycamore.
<i>Seconds:</i>	G. R. Catlin, M. D. Hunt.

## SPURANA

Old colleagues and pupils of Mr. H. E. Rudgley learnt with sorrow of his death on July 16th in the Isle of Wight where he had retired in 1964 on relinquishing his post of Librarian and Senior Historian after seventeen years at Raynes Park. We ask Mrs. Rudgley to accept our sympathy.

"Danton's Death," postponed from the Autumn Term eventually reached the boards from March 18-21, when the crowd scenes, especially, suggested we possessed a nucleus of genuine revolutionaries who hardly needed any direction. Thanks are due to all who made the play possible, particularly to Mr. Poulter for his translation and to his co-producer, Mr. Carter, and him for their extended labour. May we also thank the Headmistress of Ricards Lodge for again permitting a contingent from her school to bring an essential quality to the production.

The School Concert Choir under Mr. Aldersea's direction, achieved prominence at St. Mary's, Wimbledon with an evening of Passiontide Music. Musically we have also been entertained over a period by almost clandestine House and, more public, School rehearsals for, respectively, the Inter-House Music Competition, and Mr. Aldersea's annual summer macedoine in which some moderately firm kernels were ringed by fringe fruit of a somewhat riper quality.

The School's two main, annual cultural competitions were concluded. Mr. Basil Wright was again kind enough to judge the varied range of film entries for the John Robbin's Prize which he presents and which, this year J. H. Bulmer and M. A. Warner have shared. The L. A. G. Strong Prizes which Mr. Charles Wrinch generously provides, and the entries for which he judges, were won by G. H. Roberts in the senior section with his poem,

"Spring Song," and by C.R. Hughes in the junior with a selection of War Verse. Additional prizes were awarded to M. M. Mannan and A. T. Isaacson for, respectively, a short story and a verse collection.

Instead of what was becoming the usual post-examination project period, this year, owing to the completion of the C.S.E. and G.C.E. inquiries by, respectively the third weeks of May and June, a new scheme was chiselled out. Several boys left with rapidity, no doubt for lucrative realms; others stayed on to serve useful purposes; a few began tentatively an Ordinary Level course and others after an industrial acquaintance commenced at least as tentatively a lower sixth programme. Two days were set apart so that almost everyone had the opportunity of acquainting himself with something "outside."

In one more attempt to keep up the revs in the eternal, progressive, extra-curricular race, we have let in our first clutch of gubernatorial trainees geared to a scheme of automobile tutelage. Mrs. Fincham, the Headmistress of Bushey Primary School, deserves our sympathetic thanks for putting at our disposal, for this purpose, her playground as a temporary autodrome. The only differential is the seventeenth birthday.

The Parents' Association have been extending their sphere, and, apart from witnessing a Karate Demonstration by Mr. F. Dukes and his team, have organised a Jumble Sale and Musical Evening. Now, they are adventurously planning a suitably comprehensive programme for the Hi-Day Autumn Fair at school in September for the presentation of which they mainly are responsible.

Further in the future we can look ahead to a possible 1971 erection on the campus. In the place of our lawn tennis court we may possess a Youth Wing containing accommodation and equipment vital, it is believed, for today's swinging youth. The amenities would be shared by the School for the more diurnal occupations, and the Youth Groups for the more vespertine pursuits.

Sixth-formers have continued to enjoy a variety of lectures from visitors whom we name below with their topics and thank for their interesting entertainment. They have included:—

C. Moorhead, Esq.: "I.T.N. News."

W. Brooker, Esq. (Principal of Wimbledon College of Art): "Business of Painting."

Rev. G. Bennett (St. John's, New Malden). "The Church in Chains."

R. Robinson, Esq. (Senior Probation Officer, Merton).

B. Wright, Esq.: "India and Ceylon."

Rev. D. Reeves (St. Peter's, St. Helier): "Morden."

J. Hopkins, Esq. (Old Boy): "Theatre and Television."

Sir George Sinclair (M.P. for Dorking): "Race and Politics."

Paul Vaughan, Esq.: "The Pill."

On 11th May, the School acted as hosts for the C.E.W.C. Junior Conference on "Mexico" — with appropriate live illustration.

## STAFF NEWS

At the end of the Spring Term Peter Smith, who had taken on part-time teaching of science, was forced to tender his resignation owing to ill health. Both at the dinner held specially in his honour, and at the school many fine words were said in tribute to his long service. Suffice it is to say now that an article of appreciation has been contributed by Mr. Robert Robinson. I am glad to be able to report that Mr. Smith is seen quite frequently at the school—at most of the functions—and we hope his visits will long continue.

At the end of the Summer Term we were sorry to see another of our long serving members of staff leave for retirement. This was Mr. P. O'Driscoll, Housemaster of Newsoms and Head of the Geography Department, who had served since April 1945, and through those years at the school given a quiet, self-effacing contribution to so many of the school activities. It was a fitting tribute to his work that Newsoms should win the Cock House for the last five years and, this year by their greatest ever margin. The School will certainly greatly miss his quiet wisdom and strong support, and to his wife and him go our best wishes for a long and happy retirement in Somerset.

Also departing, although technically for only a year's sabbatical leave to study for a Diploma at the Institute of Education, London University, was Mr. David Aldridge, Head of the P.E. Department, who for over four years had done so much to organise and strengthen athletic activities in the school. His work in instilling a fine spirit in Rugby in all the teams and his coaching of Basketball in the winter had been much commented upon, but probably his most successful contribution has been the increasing number of fixtures for, and the success of, the athletics teams. His geniality and the good comradeship which he fostered in any team with which he came into contact will be sorely missed, and our good wishes go with him in the future wherever this may lead him.

The School was very fortunate in being able to appoint in Mr. Smith's place, Mr. Graham who arrived in this country from Australia, looking for some teaching experience prior to a tour of Europe and the Americas. We were very pleased to have his services, to learn from him much about Australia and Australians, and to benefit from his expertise in Science, in Mathematics, and on the games field. We wish him every success in the future.

At the end of the Summer Term several members of the part-time staff also left. Mrs. A. J. Kirman after giving nearly five years' service to the School will certainly be missed, especially by senior pupils in the English Department and in the General Studies Groups, who benefited greatly from her lively teaching and enthusiasm for literature. Mrs. B. Loudon, who had helped with Modern Languages for a year also left. Mrs. B. Gibb, who quickly gave energetic help in our remedial work, was unfortunately forced to resign, as her husband is leaving the district. All these ladies richly deserve our thanks and good wishes.

Finally, at the end of the Summer Term one would wish to record the thanks due to the two Assistants who served during the year: Mlle. Naïma Trabelsi from Tunisia and Herr Frank Schön from Munich. They have both returned to their own countries to further their studies and we hope their stay in England was enjoyable and helpful. Their place has been taken this year by Mlle. Saïah from Paris and Herr Zarbock from Bonn, to whom a cordial welcome is extended.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term the School welcomes on the Staff Mr. P. E. Nicholls, an Old Boy of the School, who has been serving at both Garth and Eastfields Schools, to take over the P.E. Department for at least a year in place of Mr. Alldridge; Mr. J. G. Forrest, from Oxford University with recent overseas experience, to teach Chemistry and Physics; and Mr. M. Malone, from Sussex University and Beverley, to teach mainly Geography and World Outlook.

On the part-time Staff Mrs. S. M. Wigmore will be taking English and Mrs M. Bremner helping with the remedial work.

We look forward to the contributions that all the new Staff will be making to the school life and hope that their stay will be long and happy.

## PETER SMITH A MEMOIR

*Robert Robinson*

There was a hint of the country in our suburb, for you could play in fields that had yet to be built on. White roads spread through a wilderness of pear trees dying in the brambled gardens of older, larger houses. Trolley buses drew up at bus-stops, sighing quietly as the brakes went on. In Adela Avenue the fences smelled of creosote at the proper season, and boys boasted that they owned bicycles with twenty eight inch wheels. In middle age we walk through the streets of such a suburb, and re-experience for an instant a feeling of security deeper than any we have known since. For in the days I speak of, we had pulled the place over our heads, like a counterpane.

And then the Romans came. They set up camp in a redbrick wilderness, at the raw edge of our quiet lives, between two factories and a by-pass road. They were strange men who seemed to arrive not on trains but in old cars or on bicycles. Many wore hairy suits glowing with exotic dyes, and their coloured shirts and woolly ties were intimations that something dreadfully unsettling might take place.

One had been in Africa, one wrote novels, another was rumoured to have been discovered on top of a cupboard, crosslegged, and throwing books at the boys below in illustration of some obscure scriptural thesis: the discovery had been made by the leader of the colonists — one Garrett, habitually to be seen in a bookie's overcoat with ginger stripes — and all he had done was grin, as though spontaneity was something he took a deep interest in.

The invaders had refused to do the respectable thing and borrow a school song from Hymns Ancient and Modern: they'd importuned a Modern Poet — someone you'd never heard of, a man called Auden — to do one for them. Instead of supplying themselves with a school motto in the usual way (a raffle through old copies of *The Boys' Own* in search of instant recipes, suitably digestive, but impossible of application) they plunged their hands into the burning fiery furnace and brought out a proposition that was indecently practical — *To each his need, from each his power* (in after time, visiting aldermen were to wriggle when they found the phrase on their lips at speech days: they knew its provenance was disreputable — Marx, no less — but were not able to fault its logic).

And the badge, the standard, that these radicals marched under featured neither a dicky bird nor a portcullis — instead, an arc with two parallels, and a flash of lightning, cast in metal and dipped in chrome.

Ugly but unforgettable — an earnest that these men were able to rejoice, even in the shadow of a fishpaste factory: an affirmation of their willingness to live in the present. Small wonder that mothers snatched their sons indoors (or sent them for sanctuary to the nuns at Rutlish.)

Easily the most dangerous looking of the subversives was a man who added to his inflammatory shirts a pair of green corduroys and a beard. There were those who said that he was the Russian ambassador, posing as an instructor in chemistry. It was plain that he had adopted an alias, for who could believe that a man who so resembled Mephistopheles could really be called Smith? At various times, and according to his whim, he would arrive at school on a push-bike, in a three-wheeled motor-car, and (most alarming of all) on a motor bicycle that stood twenty hands. As an indication of his open-mindedness, he made it a rule to drive these vehicles neither on the right-hand side of the road, nor on the left, but straight down the middle. Roaring along Grand Drive, his beard flying in the wind, and dressed as for the mediaeval games at Sienna, he was a marvellous advertisement for all that was dislocating.

Of course, chemistry is his subject, and he taught it with enormous meticulousness and great success. But in a profound sense, the subject was incidental — other, lesser mortals might *need* a subject, but Peter supplied a liberal education by the simple fact of his presence. It was a kind of mediumship — a capacity to arouse anticipation, as though his own personality were an earnest to the young that the world was a landscape of infinite colour to which the only response was enthusiasm. He put you in touch with pleasure—whether working on a play, or giving you the elements of shove ha'penny (or even playing golf; hissing through his gritted teeth, he still says "I'm going to lay it dead," addresses the ball left-handed, and with a peculiar crab-like swing, knocks his trolley over.) He was the frontier of possibility, the lens through which you caught glimpses of a country far beyond the by-pass road. Perhaps he doesn't know it, but as teachers go, he was a magus.

I think all this was able to happen because he had singled himself out. He felt his own identity, and gave expression to it. I don't mean he endorsed himself, I don't even mean that he was certain of himself, I mean only that he was willing to be *somebody*. And I believe that those who have been able to accept an identity on their own behalf (however tentative, however unsure) are the only ones in a position to help others to do the same. The rest can give us very little, having withheld it from themselves.

I stole into the school grounds one Saturday afternoon, a year or so ago, walking secretly, as though to be caught out playing the voyeur to my own past might be considered sentimental. I squinted at the architecture of the new buildings and tried to re-create the image of what it had been like all those years ago, when the Romans first came — squinting as though into a stereoscope, whose third dimension was Time.

And then as I walked down the path by the brook I saw something which was so like a cliché I knew it must be true. A sapling of twenty years thickness was growing through the ruins of an air-raid shelter. The last time I'd seen that air-raid shelter, I'd been in it. It had been so new that the walls were rough with the drops of concrete that had fallen from the mason's trowel. It was so red and raw that nobody supposed it would in time acquire a past. And the bird which dropped the seed from which the sapling grew was in the egg.

What I realised then came as a surprise — welcome, though not wholly comfortable. That Raynes Park is strange and new, all over again. That it is going to be another sort of school — and like the first Raynes Park, it instils the same apprehension, it evokes similar alarm. The Romans are coming again — and I must hope that in their ranks there will be such

liberators as the ones I remember, such men whose stature is a guarantee of freedom. Will the new Raynes Park have the good fortune — can it possibly hope for such luck? — to find Peter Smith, all over again? Someone whose life's work is to be found in the identities of the hundreds of boys who were and are his friends — lodged in them like a particle that will germinate for ever? The world has besieged our doors, the men in woolly ties are gone. Auden and Isherwood are two other people. But Peter remains, and because of him I sometimes say to my wife: "When I was young, I thought the world would be full of such heroes."

*Mr. O'Driscoll's successor as Common Room Paterfamilias, Mr. Riley, has kindly contributed the following.*

## "P. O'D"

So the old order continues to change. By the time this appears in print we shall all have wished Mr. O'Driscoll every happiness in his retirement.

It is over twenty years since I first came to know "Paddy." One of my first recollections of him was the penetrating quality of his voice. In those days the Art Room, as it was then called, was next to the Geography Room, which is now the History Room, and the Art Room was the present Geography Room! Such was the power of Paddy's voice that all my Art students had a dual lesson, Art and Geography.

This was not the only penetrating quality P. O'D. exhibited. His clear insight was an invaluable asset in the Common Room. As a true Irishman he displayed a remarkable tolerance of his English and Welsh colleagues and his wit had all the characteristic earmarks of his people.

P. O'D. was a man of many qualities — it is not generally known that during the last war working for Naval Intelligence he had been responsible for very important geographical surveys of the China Seas. When he came to Raynes Park these qualities were put entirely at the disposal of the School, which was all the richer for them.

In his own subject, Geography, he was ever open to new ideas which he kept in true perspective, whilst the House of Newsomes can be rightly proud of their House Master who led them to so many victories.

He played a most valuable part in the sporting life of the School as the Hockey and Rugger enthusiasts will well confirm.

At Raynes Park we are very jealous of our reputation which we regard as being rather special. It is in no small way that Paddy O'Driscoll has contributed to that spirit: indeed he was one of its chief architects, and we all owe him a great debt.

All our good wishes now go to Mrs. O'Driscoll and Paddy for a long and happy life in their new abode in Somerset.



# HOUSE NOTES

## COBBS

*House Captains:* M. Williamson and A. Marsh.

There seems little point in searching for excuses for our indifferent display in the House Competitions this year. We eventually finished a miserable fourth although we had the potential to challenge Gibbs for second place. There have been, of course, extra problems to overcome, but the recent and unprecedented attitude adopted by most of the House has been one of fatalism with the inevitable result that we have managed just two notable achievements — our lowest place in the Cock House Competition for over a decade, and a failure to win a Cup or Shield.

This term has overall been no more successful than the previous two but we attained a respectable second in the Tennis, for which Leyland is to be congratulated and thanked. The Tennis, however, is a competition fought out by half-a-dozen talented individuals, and this is why we did so well. The other three activities of the term unfortunately demand full participation from all year groups, and they reveal the intangible ability of a House to work as a team: hence our lack of success.

Sheer lack of talent prevented us from doing well in Cricket, despite the efforts of the three team captains, S. A. Brown, Gaffney and T. Williamson, who made full use of the meagre resources at their disposal.

In Music a moderate number of people acquitted themselves well, and we actually won the Orchestral section. We finished third overall, which was as good as we could expect when faced with the strong musical talent of Gibbs and Newsoms. In fact, we were only three points behind Newsoms and in these days of arbitral condemnation it is naturally our opinion that we were judicially robbed of second place.

On the Sports Day we came a very close third to Gibbs, proving that there was no lack of athletic ability in the House. The slightest effort in qualifying would have ensured us of second place overall, but this was obviously too much to ask.

The same applies to Swimming: the Gala is largely a question of talent, but qualifying requires effort, and it is this which we have been unwilling to give. Thanks are due to Bolt and Williamson for organising the last two competitions; they deserved better support.

All we can do now is look to next year. Most enthusiasm and exertion has come from the Juniors, and the Second Year in particular contains a strong contingent which should provide a useful basis for the future. The rest of the House certainly has latent ability. In addition, we are fortunate in having five keen, athletic members of the tutorial body whose various talents and interests cover a very wide range. Our thanks to them for their uncomplaining work throughout the year, and especially to our new Housemaster who has tackled his difficult task with jubilant fervour, and who seems to have settled into the House swiftly and comfortably. We wish him better fortune next year.

## GIBBS

*House Chairman:* P. Smith,

*Vice-Chairman:* G. Roberts.

This has been a fairly successful year, with notable triumphs in some fields and disappointments in others. Overall, we finished easily second in the Cock House Competition, beating Halliwells by a wide margin, but coming behind Newsoms by an equally wide one.

Activities during the last six months have been as follows:

*Cross-Country:* Despite much hard work by K. Oatway, a lack of Junior runners and good performances from Cobbs forced us into third place.

*Hockey:* The Juniors, whose team comprised entirely school team players nevertheless managed to come second to Newsoms. Similarly, the Colts were favourites, but finished third. The Seniors therefore had to win all their matches, and very nearly succeeded, losing only narrowly to Halliwells.

*Basketball:* The Colts led by Vipond won their section, and the Seniors under Feist won enough matches to put us joint first with Newsoms.

*Swimming:* A lack of experts, who seem very scarce in Gibbs, kept us down to fourth place. Our thanks to Antonowicz for his work.

*Music:* Our margin of victory was considerably larger than we had been expecting, and was not entirely due to Chappell's absence!

*Athletics:* Qualifying points helped us to beat Cobbs and gain second place. Marshalls enthusiasm was much in evidence.

*Cricket:* The Seniors did well, yet only gained fourth place, as did the Juniors. Prospects for the future are bright, since the Colts, led by Kelly, won their section.

*The above notes were handed to me by Peter Smith to "finish off."*

It has been for me a happy year. (How could it be otherwise?) We have of course missed the inimitable Cecil, but the move of our H.Q. from his Studio, so long our "home", to the Music Room proved less painful than I had anticipated. In fact it was peculiarly appropriate in a year when the House was in many ways on the crest of a musical wave. Peter and Geoffrey entertained as well as inspired us with their musical assemblies which, according to Ignite, were a considerable improvement on H.A.P.'s previous efforts — much to his relief. We shall miss Peter and Geoff sadly, but with Andrew Maguire backed by Richard Whitehouse, our new and, by a very happy chance, musical House Tutor we ought to more than hold our own musically next year. In any case the Music Room is already relaxed Gibbsian — partly, no doubt, because most of us can sit down.

I want to thank all our "leaders" without exception for their cheerful hard work and all our "led" for their high degree of generally cheerful participation. We do, of course, owe a special debt of gratitude to Peter and Geoffrey for the splendid way they tackled a year full of new

challenges, I want to thank, too, Jim, Wyn and Richard for their unfailing interest in every single student in their tutor groups.

We look forward with confidence to next year led by the inspired common sense of Christopher Brammall and the quiet effectiveness of Paul Feist.

H.A.P.

## HALLIWELLS

*House Captain:* S. L. Murphy.

*Vice-Captain:* M. P. Healey.

Although third position in Cock House is an improvement on last year, it still falls short of expectations. Cricket was the most successful of the summer activities with both the Seniors and Juniors doing exceptionally well. Swimming was quite encouraging, and there is hope of even better results next year. Athletics turned out to be the most dismal activity of the term for Halliwells with the Seniors largely to be blamed, and while it is accepted that examinations take up a great deal of time and energy, there is still really no excuse for such an apathetic display. Tennis was again rather disappointing, but there is a great deal of talent down the School, and next year should prove more fruitful. The Music started off very well and after the first day's performance Halliwells looked set for the Cup, but, despite a good follow-up, we were beaten into fourth place

Muirhead deserves special mention for a notable victory in the Novices' section.

Next year can be Halliwells year — but not without determined and all round effort and co-operation from every member of the House.

## MILTONS

*House Captain:* P. Hanson.

*Vice-Captain:* A. Hickish.

Congratulations! This Summer Term has been our most successful for some time. We proved to be the best House in the summer, winning two Cups for Swimming and Cricket.

In Swimming, we provided the shock of the tournament, beating the hot favourites, Newsoms, into second place, Sharpe showing what an efficient captain he really is. It was an all-round effort, as was our victory in the Cricket in which the Seniors excelled themselves by winning their section.

Unfortunately we were not able to maintain such high standards in the remaining Competitions. P. Berry tried to rally enough support and enthusiasm to improve our chances in the Music Competition, but lack of co-operation prevented any success, though the Vienna State Opera Orchestra seemed to show an interest. Unfortunately, the Athletics Cup eluded us again, owing to the lack of all round sportsmen, though S. Young

again showed that his sporting ability will be a great asset to the house next term.

In conclusion, I would like to thank Mr. King for his invaluable advice, enthusiasm and leadership, and Messrs. Carter, Wyatt and Naunton for their added interest. At last we have shown that we are not just another team to be beaten, but a house that can and will win Cock House.

## NEWSOMS

*Captain:* M. Russell,

*Vice-Captain:* D. Pinnock.

Once again the House has done itself proud by winning Cock House, making it the fifth year in succession. This term saw the climax of the Competition with our winning by 20 clear points, our greatest ever margin.

During the prolonged nature of the Tennis Competition, the team played with spirit, but could only manage third place, though this in itself is not a discreditable result considering the oppositions' strength. Thanks go to C. Mayer for his leadership and D. Wharton and S. Jensen for their doubles partnership.

Though seemingly strong in Cricket, we came up against our toughest rivals in the first round of the Seniors, and ended in third place. The Junior and Colt teams supported well and we gained third place overall. Enthusiasm was shown by all in games and practices alike with some fifty members attending House nets.

Running parallel with our Cock House wins are our Athletic triumphs, as we breasted the tape far ahead of any other House in this year's Competition. Age-group captains set good examples on the day and in qualifying under the Pheidippidean leadership of D. Evans.

The Swimming Trophy was again closely contested. This year it went to the outsiders, Miltons, who beat us by 50 points, the score given to the winners of a relay. Despite a disqualification in the Colt medley relay, the team swam hard to finish a close second. C. Staines acted well as Swimming Captain, drumming up many useful Friday night qualifiers.

The annual contest between Gibbs and us for the Music Cup went Gibbs way this year. Paul Sutton, however, is to be congratulated on achieving second place for us when J. Chappell was struck down with glandular fever only a week before the competition. As usual the highlight of the competition was the House Orchestra piece.

The "High Point" for many was the House Supper, for which we are indebted to Mr. Anstes for allowing us to use his premises and keeping the cost as low as possible. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the cuisine of Mr. Anstes and the repartee of Mr. Holmes and Co., but amid the gay frivolity came the announcement of Mr. O'Driscoll's retirement. This was viewed as a great loss to the House considering his 17 years of devoted

service during his 25 years at this school. His quiet, ever-present support in his leadership won its just desserts in this fine run of Cock House victories and, while we wish him every happiness in his retirement, we also wish his successor, Mr. Holmes, the best of luck, and hope he receives the same support from the House as was given to Mr. O'Driscoll. As a tribute members of the House, past and present, donated towards a pair of silver topped, crystal decanters which were presented to Mr. O'Driscoll at the last House Assembly of the term.

D. Pinnock

*Saying goodbye is always emotional even when planned. I have gained much from Newsoms over the years and it is a particular joy to me to see the House firmly entrenched at the top with good prospects too, of remaining there. My very best wishes for 1970-71 and the future.*

P. O'D.

## COCK HOUSE COMPETITION 1969-70

	Cobbs	Gibbs	Halliwells	Miltons	Newsoms
Rugby ... ..	0	6	3	1	10
Hockey ... ..	1	4½	4½	0	10
Cricket ... ..	0	1	6	10	3
Althletics ... ..	3	6	1	0	10
Cross-Country ...	6	3	0	1	10
Swimming ... ..	0	1	3	10	6
Tennis ... ..	4	7	½	0	2
Basketball ... ..	¼	5½	2	½	5½
Gymnastics ... ..	4	2	½	0	7
Chess ... ..	4	2	7	0	½
Debating ... ..	0	7	2	½	4
Music ... ..	2	7	½	0	4
<b>TOTALS ...</b>	<b>24½</b>	<b>52</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>22¾</b>	<b>72</b>

# PERIPATETICALLY

## THE SKI TRIP TO AUSTRIA

The eighteen members of the ski-ing party met on platform 1 at Victoria Station on the 4th of April. The train left on time and soon we were in Folkestone. Clutching all our luggage, we boarded the "Maid of Orleans" to Calais. After a fairly good crossing we reached Calais at 5 o'clock. We boarded the train and prepared for a long journey. Most of us in the party spent the night in the dancing-car which the French National Railways kindly provided. Next morning at 8 o'clock we arrived in Bludenz from where a coach took us to Brand which is about eight miles distant and a small winter sports resort. We arrived at 11 o'clock on the Sunday morning and were taken to our chalet. As there were no ski-ing lessons on that day, we explored the village, were kitted out, and some of us tried to get the hang of ski-ing. To our surprise our meals were not in our chalet, but in the Scesaplana Stüble, a school dining-room.

On the following day ski-instruction started. Most of us managed to fall over without difficulty. The lessons were from 10 to 12 o'clock and continued from 2 to 4 o'clock. In spite of the slopes being termed "nursery" some of us found them less than easy to negotiate. Our ski-ing instructors were very patient and guided us to the best of their ability. After only eight lessons we were ski-ing down the mountain side, although our style was rather cramped! By Friday we were ski-ing down the mountain without difficulty and often went up and down more than three times in a session.

In the evening there were a few entertainments such as the discothèque, bowling alley and shooting gallery. There was also a dance in the Scesaplana Taverne, with a registered Spanish Band playing every night.

When the day of our departure dawned, we were taken, by Dormobile, down to the train at Bludenz where we were told that they were very sorry that there were no dinners but two breakfasts each. Thanks to Mr. Parry, however, we each had a roast chicken dinner in the train's dining-car. After another hectic night in the dancing-car we arrived at Calais and boarded the ferry which took us back to Folkestone. After a long wait at the Customs we were soon on the last lap to Victoria by train, glad to be home.

Many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Parry who with a smile kindly endured our company and ski-ing. We all look forward to returning to Austria next year.

T. Stott, 3I, P. Norton, 2M.

## EXO 3

The Oxo building, that stands on the Thames at Waterloo, seems like a tall, thin brother to the short and broad Hayward Gallery. These two buildings typify for me the state of London, a few extremes with plenty of interesting mediocrity trapped between. The Oxo building is a masterpiece

of failure; presumably it is meant to act as a functional advertisement hoarding: it succeeds in my mind as being a four-sided tower, with, on each face three green windows successively shaped as a circle, cross, circle. The Hayward Gallery however is a piece of relatively modern sculpture in concrete containing an Art Gallery. The one is grotesque and useless, the other interesting (beautiful?) and functional.

One morning in July a group of 5th and 6th formers arrived at the Gallery having been told they were going to visit three exhibitions, two here and a third at the 'Tate'. The **interesting mediocrity** was the exhibition of silk-screen Kapra prints. It took one thirty minutes to view over 100 pieces, my attention being drawn by only a few. There was a collection of four prints exhibiting that phallic skyline, New York, each being embellished with quotes of Wittgenstein, that eminent philosopher of the first half of the twentieth century! Another item was a huge plastic-covered slide, four feet by six, of a pair of lips; they gave me the impression of an age of giants (American Sanitary Inspectors); kiss once, then discard.

The second exhibition was **sublime**. "Continuum" was a collection of four-dimensional art objects, the fourth dimension being time. A wall panel was continually changing colour, not completely, but in sections at different angles and in bands, like a 'Mackerel Sky' in the colours of an oil film; evacuated tubes and spheres of different colours were changing in brightness accompanied by a weird mental music, the sound of one's brain working. One could have sat in the darkness for days and come back for more—to see a single eye projected on to a moving piece of irregular material. The eye 'was' and, in seconds, it became a 'was-not,' everything rather than a something.

The **ridiculous** was at the Tate Gallery. Our third exhibition was Claes Oldenburg: soft everything—soft typewriters, soft car engines, soft telephones, soft golf clubs. One thing amused: an Inter-Continental Ballistic Lipstick. It had form, colour and structure. The rest was just soft!

M. Loxton, 6M2.

## **TO RICHBURY AND CANTERBOROUGH or THE RAIN OF THE ROMANS**

When rosy-fingered dawn poured forth her torrential waters, the more classically-minded amongst us embarked on a 53-seat mechanical chariot, all decked in pink. The party was paedagogically led by the fleet-footed Carter, PO'D, the Orangeman, and Matthias the Bold. Alas! a plague of flies was at once unleashed upon us. These unsuspecting flies remained the constant target of our bold young warriors. The coach progressed! "On, on to Richborough," they cried, as well they might, but the bold Matthias summoning all his strength, cut off all hope of escape and slammed shut the mighty door (squashing a fly in the process).

As all our learned readers have ridden in coaches before, they will know what a waste of time it is describing the journey. As we neared Richborough, tension mounted (and when he had got up, excitement grew). We planned our surprise attack upon those Romans, visualizing their retreat into the territory of British Railways. But, forsooth, being of noble blood and quick wit, they had cleared out eighteen centuries ago, and we had to be content with viewing their ruins.

After this abysmal failure we sought sanctuary in St. Augustine's Abbey at Canterbury. A fat lot of help that was! Open-air abbeys and torrential rain are not the perfect ingredients for satisfying our sanctuary-seeking minds. After half-an-hour we swam for our lives and eventually took refuge in our fortunately "unholey" chariot (even the same one we had before).

Finally, on behalf of the entire army, we should like to thank the three masters involved.

With most reverend apologies to Homer,

A. N. ONYMOUΣ.

The combined authorship of this pearl of wisdom relinquishes all claim to liability.

## CAMBRIDGE AGAIN

Our party, consisting of 41 boys from the whole school, Mr. Gleed and the Headmaster, left on the coach at 9.05 in pouring rain. The journey took just over three hours.

We walked to Pembroke College, the Headmaster's, where we had lunch inside as the rain was still falling. Afterwards, until the rain halted, we were told about the history of Cambridge. Mr. Gleed then showed us his college, Peterhouse, and Little St. Mary's Church, to which it was originally joined. This is one of the oldest colleges and, when we went into its hall, he claimed it had the best food of all colleges.

The sun eventually came out, and we walked through many of the courts, of which no two seemed of the same architectural style, and saw some of the modern constructions looking rather out of place amongst 400-year-old buildings. At about four o'clock we walked away from the main body of colleges to the newest Churchill, which was entirely different. It was not fenced and it had a new, spacious dining-hall, just as inviting as those of the older colleges.

Next came the fun on the punts. We had an hour along the 'Backs,' with an attractive view of the colleges. We had a pole but were not too successful as one novice stuck his firmly in the mud and let go; another lost his when he lodged it in a bridge. Most people were soaked by their own efforts or those of others.

On our way back to the coach we passed Trinity with its statue of King Henry VIII holding as a sceptre a chair-leg.

Our journey home took only about two and a-half hours, enabling us to reach our own Alma Mater by 8.45.



## WINCHESTER AND SALISBURY

This year it was the fate of those two beautiful old market towns to be invaded by a huge pink coach carrying fifty irreverent youths branded R.P. Our intention was to make a sojourn in each city, paying particular attention to any cathedrals that might happen to be in the vicinity. To confuse the inhabitants our fanatical pedagogues had planned to visit the towns in non-alphabetical order, and our driver, who later turned traitor, duly arrested his effeminate vehicle in Winchester High Street beside a statue. This piece of sculpture was obviously a misplaced relic from Stonehenge, which we believed to be somewhere in the region of Salisbury Plain. Opinions differed as to the historical figure represented. Some declared the bow legs bore a resemblance to those of Alfred the Great, an affliction brought about by his sitting at his Round Table for so long; but eventually an inscription was found which referred to 'burnt cakes,' so it was agreed that the statue was of King Arthur. J.S.W. walked off in an appropriately academic huff.

Two hours were spent in Winchester Cathedral, though unfortunately a few people's watches went peculiarly wrong, and they inadvertently left the Cathedral earlier than they should have wished. The interior of the building lacked a unity of style, but certain areas of it received genuine admiring comments from most of the party. The Norman transepts, choir-stalls, and wall paintings were particularly fine. A few of us persuaded an enthusiastic guide to show us the crypt, which is under water for two-thirds of the year, and the experience was surprisingly dramatic. Lunch was then taken in various estaminets.

The firmament then yielded forth its plenty, and so the exposed area of Old Sarum was not visited. W.P.H. did, however, obligingly point out a field which, he said, was Old Sarum. Unfortunately we were not close enough to be able to see in what ways it was any different from Oberon.

Salisbury Cathedral, with its slender marble pillars and intricate stonework indicative of the Gothic explosion (so we were told) was admired by most, though it lacked some of the atmosphere of Winchester. 'Brian' Mayer felt sufficiently inspired to pass a comment on an ancient tomb which had recently been painted in bright colours. His loud observation that it bore more of a resemblance to a garden gnome than a sacred figure attracted the attention of an American party. It also invoked the wrath of a verger who was showing them round the 'quaint littl' ol' church.' This sepulchral stalwart piously demonstrated to the camera-happy onlookers how unruly students should be dealt with by ordering our astonished compatriot to 'get your 'air cut and get out.'

The time before tea was spent by most people on the river Avon. The first batch of wet-bobs returned from their hour's crab-catching and oar-retrieving just as W.P.H. ventured out into mid-stream. The folly of his ways was soon made clear to him when several people stood on the bank and ruthlessly threw buckets of water over him. He was forced to retaliate by splashing his attackers with his oars. This full-scale 'fracas' was inter-

rupted by an angry boat-keeper. The said attackers dispersed, thoughtfully suggesting to the boat-keeper what his immediate movements should be. A saturated W.P.H. made off to enjoy his remaining fifty-eight minutes on the silken waters. Tea in the inevitable.

On the journey home certain of our number, desirous to indulge in a small quantity of liquid fare, discovered that 'Heinrich Himmler is alive and well and driving coaches.' They were forced to forgo their alcoholic beverages, and the driver was treated to a chorus of the Nazi Anthem every time his vehicle sailed past a potential oasis.

We all extend our thanks to W.P.H., J.S.W. and A.C.R., for the pleasures and benefits of the jaunt.

A. Marsh, 6A2.

## ACQUAINTANCE WITH INDUSTRY COURSE

For the second year in succession members of the Fifth Year, having completed their public examinations, undertook a week-long "Acquaintance with Industry" course. The Fourths were this year involved in an innovation—a parallel course which is considered independently and later.

On the first day, Monday, the whole Fifth Year assembled in the Geography Room to be given by the Headmaster a general summary of the course and then to hear talks from visiting speakers about the world of business in general.

The aim of the course, we were told, was to give us first-hand experience of the spheres of employment which we had elected to see, at a time when some of us would be drawing to the end of our school careers. It was hoped that as many as possible would find that their choice of work suited them, but the course would prove an equal success even if the contrary happened in every case.

After this introduction, the first of these talks was about 'Big Business' and Industry, and how and why it operated, after which the importance of the trade unions was explained. To conclude the morning's proceedings, both speakers faced questions from the floor. In the afternoon the format was repeated with two different speakers talking about Banking and Advertising.

On the whole, interest was maintained throughout the day (despite rather cramped conditions and a great deal of noise from traffic outside, which made the talks rather difficult to hear, especially at the back), and the sharpness of the questions to all four speakers reflected this. Even though, to many people, the day had little bearing on the course itself, the items were nevertheless interesting as being of general information.

For the next three days everyone went out to his assigned visits. Some stayed in the same place for all three days, while others made different

visits each day to places which were loosely connected. For example some went to visit places of Further Education, such as Wimbledon Technical College, Imperial College; others to government departments—Borough Surveyors, Department of Social Security; many more visited nearby private concerns—Fosters, Mullards. In fact, one of the most striking points about the course was the variety, ranging from Banking to Brewing, from Aeronautics to Computers.

Finally, on the Friday, everyone returned to school to finish off the course with a discussion about how well its aim had been achieved, and whether the course was enough of a success to merit repeating or modifying. Then, after a business game in the morning, we split into groups of a dozen or so, to discuss with visiting Careers Officers any problems arising from the course, and then finally we all came together to end the course with a discussion, at which some lively comments were made and some important points arose.

However, as all opinions were only personal ones, were restricted to a small minority, and were contradictory in nature, it is difficult to draw any solid conclusions about the success of the course, and one can only record the opinions most often expressed.

For example many felt that their guides were too co-operative, and tried to show them too much, leaving them no time to take it all in, while others, at different places, found that they were largely ignored, and that no effort was made to help them to appreciate their visits.

There was similar disagreement over the length of stay. Some felt that they were moved off somewhere else after only a superficial look, and would have liked to stay three days, while others who were due to stay three days in the same place felt that they had seen all they could by the end of the first day. One hopes that these problems with particular visits will be sorted out by next year.

Two important points which did arise were that many people, mainly those to whom the visits had been a disappointment, would have liked a second experiment; this can however be remedied by fourth-year visits now that they are being provided. Another important point was that we were not given long enough to decide our choices, but told to rush them off in five minutes—a grave error in view of the importance of the course.

No really universal difficulties arose, however, and therefore the course as a whole seemed to be a success—in spite of these problems with particular visits. It proved valuable to many who have been convinced of their future employment, and to many for whom one line has been entirely ruled out. Great thanks are due to Messrs. Matthias and Parry, who put so much effort into arranging these visits and making the project a worthwhile one.

D. H. Rees, 5B  
(hindered by P. J. Szanto, 5B).

Here follows the experience of two who sought their acquaintance at—  
**WIMBLEDON SCHOOL OF ART**

On arrival, we were whisked upstairs to a classroom on the second floor, occupied by a tutor and six students, each doing something different. We were split up into pairs, and I was set to do life-drawing, with Magsud Mannan. As we were setting up our equipment, the tutor told us that the model would be with us in a short time. We looked at one another uncomprehendingly. In a little time the cupboard door was flung open and the model appeared, wearing nothing but "time" in the shape of her wrist-watch. Our confusion and embarrassment were at first obvious—we were not prepared for such an encounter! The model, a coloured lady of ample proportions, struck up a suitable artistic pose and we began to draw. After our initial embarrassment we settled down to our work and tended to forget that the model was an actual person. She gradually became just a "thing"—an object composed of curves and shading and correct proportions. She was fairly pleasant and bright, but the job obviously bored her, for she kept on dropping off to sleep. She would sit on the edge of the bed and from time to time fall asleep and, as she did so, she fell forward, awoke with a start, and smiled apologies all round.

The first day we were left to ourselves, but on the second a kindly old professor came in and explained shading and proportions to us. A girl student also joined the group of "life-drawers." The atmosphere was pleasant and friendly, totally relaxed and informed. The class was fairly quiet, the silence being broken only by the snores of the model.

For most of us the visit only confirmed our desire eventually to attend an art school regularly. At the end of the three days we had no wish to return to normal schooling, and began to wonder what possible connection our visit had with 'Acquaintance with Industry'!

C. Injge, 5C.

## **FORM FOUR TOMATION**

Morning talks and films:

**Monday: Film** about motor industry—reasonable sort of film pointed out impressiveness and speed and size of motor industry and mass production.

**Talk** by L. C. Saunderson, Esq., about manufacturing process—strong feelings of indifference as it seemed unlikely that more than a few, if that, of us would be going into commutators, and such interesting professions as screwing in dashboards.

**Tuesday: Film** about Banks and Banking—interesting but did not go very deep and really stated common knowledge, but well presented, perhaps. **Talk** by J. D. Simmonds, Esq., about Finance and the Economy. Probably the most interesting of the talks. Facts and figures flourished for an hour. Good speaker.

**Wednesday: Film**, Development of Telecommunications: interesting in parts but rather outdated although only about five years old—shows how we have progressed.

**Talk** by L. Box, Esq., of G.P.O. Telecommunications. Explained, corrected, and enlarged upon what the film said. Talked about space satellites and new improved cables among other things.

**Thursday: Film** about Distribution of agricultural goods but showed how methods of distribution and selling are the same for any commodity. Showed packing, management, delivery, etc.

**Talk** by C. Belsham, Esq., from Bentall's, about Retail Distribution. Perhaps one of the more interesting talks; a good speaker.

**Friday: Question Time** with Youth Employment Officers and explanation of work and/in industry.

#### **Afternoon visits:**

**Mount Pleasant Sorting Office:** Seemed to have somewhere a grain of interest but somehow it eluded a lot of us. Enjoyable visit on whole, though. Free tea.

**King Edward G.P.O. Building:** One spark of interest in the afternoon glimmered reflective from the oncoming mail train (the only one of its kind in the world). Free tea.

**IOL Putney:** We wandered into a mysterious blue and white environment, hazed with eighty-column punch cards and a myriad of mechanical brains. Closed-circuit televisions flourishing in a seemingly infinite maze of sealed-off rooms throbbing with computer life. Free tea.

**B.A.C. Weybridge:** Bits of aeroplanes strewn throughout the whole area of the corrugated iron sheds. Concorde and One-elevens were being constructed. Free tea.

**Fry's Metals:** We walked past the security gates into a stockpile of bars of bronze, lead and silver-like alloys. The smelting furnaces roared with furious flames. Free Tea.

**Manoplastics:** About two score machines of the same type, but with different moulds producing varied shapes, sizes and colours of plastic. Two dozen stereotyped zombies stamping seemingly meaningless designs upon plastic shapes.

Other visits were to: Telephone Exchange, Euston Station, Watcliffe Co. Ltd., Foster Transformers Ltd., Mullards, British Shipping Federation, New Merton Board Mills, Vactric Control, A.C. Cars.

**Conclusions:** Not bad really and well worth having, BUT, as a suggestion for next year, what about including a visit to somewhere where we could see managerial staff at work as opposed to the visits which took place this year, which were completely concerned with work on the shop floor?

#### **Thanks to:**

Messrs. Matthias and Parry for arranging the week.

Other members of Staff for taking visits.

The speakers and firms visited.

J. Leonard for working the projector.

I. Parker and A. Isaacson of 4F for writing this.



Telegraph Tree by S. Pearce 5c.



Recumbant Figure by S. Pearce 5c.

# SOCIETIES

## CHRISTIAN UNION

This will be my last opportunity to write on behalf of the daftest society in the school—the one that still believes in old claptrap Christianity. Of course everyone knows we're mad, stupid, idiotic . . .

. . . On July 8th, a number of Christian Union members, plus H.R.N., attended the Inter-Schools Christian Fellowship's Annual Conference in Camden Town Hall, this year's subject being "Christianity and Psychology." The talk, by Prof. Malcolm Jeeves of St. Andrew's University, knocked squarely on the head the old fallacy that psychology has explained away Christian experience, and concluded that psychology can no more be used to disprove or prove Christianity than can chemistry or electronics or any other science. Maybe we're not mad after all!

The other main event this term was the week-end house-party chez les Brunts in Godalming. The way in which J.A.B. and his wife, surrounded by three noisy children and a dozen or so larger, and consequently noisier, C.U. members and Old Boys, still manage to retain their sanity is an annual miracle, and we are grateful to them for putting up with us. During the week-end, John Salisbury and I narrowly failed to invert a skiff in the river Wey and find out whether we could swim fully clothed; Andrew Maguire and John Goldsmith won the croquet tournament; Michael Boxall managed to lose *both* oars simultaneously; Geoff Roberts turned temporarily(?) into a convincing dropout, and John Leonard gave the longest "short talk" on record.

Our regular meetings on Tuesdays and Fridays have been of high quality, though disappointingly attended. As our Prayer Secretary says, "Many 'regular' C.U. members have not been too regular of late." As usual, the film meeting proved the exception, and "God of the Atom" was seen by over seventy people.

The Junior C.U. concluded its existence with a somewhat random though profitable series of meetings about practically everything. Owing to the infinite wisdom of the London Borough of Merton, there will from now on be one Christian Union only for all members of the school. We hope that present J.C.U. members will find Senior meetings to their liking.

It has not been possible for a variety of reasons to publish C.U.M. this term, but an issue will appear in October. May I therefore take this opportunity to announce the composition of the, largely, new committee necessitated by the departure of Michael Boxall, Geoff Roberts and me to various establishments of higher learning. The full list reads as follows:

John Leonard (Leader), Andrew Brown (Secretary and C.U.M. Editor), Andrew Maguire (Publicity Secretary), John Goldsmith (Treasurer), Paul Sutton (Prayer Secretary).



Finally, may I thank all C.U. members for the support they have (usually) willingly given me over the past two years, and wish those that remain all success in proclaiming the one Message that people need more than anything else.

P. Smith.

## CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Spring Term meeting saw an illustrated talk about Pompeii by Mr. Fredriksen of Worcester College, Oxford. Pompeii started life as a Greek colony. After it came under Roman control prosperity continued until the earthquake which warned of the disaster of 79 A.D.

The main theme of the talk, however, was the development of Roman domestic architecture as illustrated by buildings at Pompeii. Limitations on height caused by the type of concrete used to construct the walls led to the development of the Atrium house. This consisted of a large hall surrounded by the rooms of the house. Air and light entered, and smoke left through a hole in the roof known as the impluvium.

Atrium houses also suffered from size limitation owing to the difficulty of spanning large spaces with a roof. To overcome this there was added a courtyard which was surrounded by further rooms. The idea was based upon the Greek "peristyle," but the purely Roman atrium remained the social and religious centre of the house.

Finally, the speaker traced the growing importance achieved by the Artisan classes. This manifested itself in the increasing number of conversions of old houses into workshops and snack-bars. The same trend is also shown in the blocks of flats which were built at Ostia not far from Pompeii in the same period.

P. Horton.

The speaker at the Summer Term meeting was Mr. C. R. Shoebridge, an Old Boy, who is now studying at London University. His subject was 'Early Christianity.'

The main purpose of the talk was to explain why in so short a time Christianity became such an influential religion, for it seems strange that one man, Christ, was able to have such a great influence on history.

The God-fearing men at Jerusalem arranged themselves according to the Sanhedrin under the leadership of James the Just. Of these the Sadducees were the most influential, and the Pharisees were successors of the wisdom teachers of old. The Jews believed that their Messiah would free them from the Romans and become a powerful King.

The spread of Christianity was made easy by the communication afforded by the Empire, for the Romans allowed Judaism and saw nothing harmful in it. Also, at this time, there was a hunger for religion; the old

gods such as the Olympians now seemed inadequate and a need arose for new beliefs. Everybody was interested in horoscopes and astrology and the more intelligent were acquainted with Stoic and Epicurean philosophies. For ordinary people, however, there was no real form of religion except for certain mysteries and these of course only had limited membership. Thus Christianity seemed the most adequate religion to these.

Christianity took a great leap forward in the time of Nero, for then Christians were persecuted in large numbers and in a most unwholesome fashion. This made people feel pity towards Christians, and more notice began to be taken of them.

With Christianity's spreading it was necessary to have some form of organisation. Thus arose the offices of Bishop, Elder and Deacon, and a set of rules which were laid down around 65 A.D. By the turn of the First Century the four gospels had been written and the seed of Christianity was growing into a bush which would spread into an indestructible tree.

A. Maguire.

## SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

This term has seen the completion of the new control panel for the low-level loops. Alterations in the track layout and the construction of a goods yard at Oberon have also been carried out.

The attendance, though not large this term, has been adequate to carry out the work in hand. Work planned for next term includes the construction of a low-level main line terminus.

We should still like to hear from any father who would be willing to assist in supervising our meetings at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday evenings.

D. Slater.

## MALE VOICE CHOIR

Our one production this term has been Schubert's "Song of the Spirits," a work in eight parts, which made it necessary to call on the services of certain distinguished Old Boys, as well as to draft new members. The performance proved extremely successful, and I thank all who took part for their efforts.

The M.V.C. will in future be run by A. Maguire. I hope that he will learn from it as much as I have.

P. Smith.

## CHESS CLUB

*Master-in-Charge:* B. Cosens, Esq.

*Captain:* P. Couper.

*Hon. Secretary:* A. Brown.

This is the 'quiet' part of the year as far as the Chess teams are concerned. Overall they have been rather unsuccessful and have all finished below the middle of their leagues. There have, however, been many successful individual performances, and P. Couper and D. Rees were selected to play for the Surrey Senior team.

In the Knockout Competition this year most of the first team players were drawn against one another in the early rounds and only one reached the semi-finals. The final placings were: 1st P. Couper, 2nd A. Samad, 3rd T. Waller (best Junior), 4th P. Horton.

I would like, on behalf of the members, to thank Mr. B. Cosens for the time he has given up to help run the Club.

P. Couper.

## SPORT

### HOCKEY

*Master-in-Charge:* M. J. Shaw, Esq.

*Captain:* M. W. Bellamy.

*Hon. Secretary:* S. K. Smith.

Despite several cancellations owing to the inclement weather, this has been a very successful season for all the School teams. It is pleasing to find that the standards in the Senior School continue to rise and all three Senior sides have had remarkable successes. The overall record for inter-school games continues to improve and one wonders when it may be halted:

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals For	Goals Agst.
1968	73	25	11	37	108	141
1969	56	23	12	21	132	109
1970	61	38	3	20	163	95

# ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

## THE THIN SHIELD

*M. Mannan, 5E.*

The sky was changing its colour as the evening took its first step. The dry, cool Monsoon breezes rubbed gently against the outskirts of the Thar Desert, whispering to themselves of the tragedy which they had witnessed.

The pale sky with its faint diamonds looked down piteously at the dark, hungry, exhausted small figure struggling across the plains, carrying me in her arms. This tearful figure belonged to Salima, my sister and a village girl, whose life, family and friends had been drowned by the few previous days of unrest in the Sub-Continent.

The trouble started when we, the Moslems, would not accept the idea of the powerful Islamic minority being governed by the Hindu majority. During the year of 1947, after many struggles between the Hindu and Muslims, an agreement was made for the partitioning of two separate nations; the Union of Pakistan and India.

The hopes and disappointments of many people were accompanied by a tragic sequence of riots, violence, and brutality. The division of India caused, perhaps, the greatest migration of innocent people in modern history. Countless millions of refugees fled from violence, carrying only a few of their possessions.

Salima could remember the day of the partition's announcement, the climax of the aggression, and the brutality between the two dominant religions.

As she cried, her every silent tear told the story, and in her eyes were stored the reflections of the burning, slaughtering and looting of our neighbours and our friends. Our small, obscure village was entirely wiped out by the aliens. The only survivors were we two.

Salima grew tired of carrying my young body and sat down on the silent particles of sand. Suddenly her imaginations turned the ugly plain of the desert into a paradise, and she visualized in front of her a romantic paradise, as she began to think of Yakub.

She remembered our fortunate escape from the horrors which our

village experienced and how we had managed to take shelter in a dark barn in another village, and how, on the dawning of the next day, our slumber was disturbed by a man's voice.

I shall never forget the events that followed: Salima began to tremble as the dark, erect figure moved towards us. I was tired and stayed where I was, but Salima stood up. I could hear her heart-beats that echoed through my ears like a charge of wild horses. She waved her hand about in the air in order to grip me as our opponent began to advance towards us more rapidly.

But when Salima and our opponent observed each other more closely, their expressions changed and were somewhat relieved. It was Yakub, our old village friend and once the Romeo who occupied Salima's young heart. He came close to her and peered at her face, which was now flaming with colours.

Salima?" he asked gently.

Salima gave a small embarrassed nod and her face reflected the happiness and love which was once again stored in her.

She had forgotten our situation until I rudely interrupted, asking her where was Mother. I think I hurt her feelings, and she burst into a sob.

Yakub held her small, thin body in his strong arms and soothed her. For the first time since their friendship he held her and dared to come close to her, but I suppose she didn't care, because he made her feel secure and wanted. For the first time after the disastrous events, happiness returned to her, although it took me some days to forget my family. We were sure that we were now secure.

During the few days in that village I often irritated Salima by reflecting on our lost family. Salima often tried to soothe me by explaining very carefully, "Oh, Ahmad, they have gone on a long journey; they'll be back."

Often at night I heard her sobbing silently as the horrors of our village haunted her.

Many odd people who had suffered the same consequences as we had gravitated to our present settlement. They said that they wanted security and heard rumours about us. In a few weeks over two hundred of them had congregated there. Yakub became extremely worried, not because he didn't have enough food to feed them, but because of the danger this situation aroused. After many days of thinking and figuring, he decided to take us all to Pakistan. He made long speeches to us, telling us his full plans, which were to reach Ambala by foot and then take a train.

Then the great day arrived, a day that will always be in the back of my mind. Women and children sat huddling together in ox-pulled carts, and some sat on the mules, but the majority walked. We were well endowed with fruit which was kept covered with wet cloths to prevent over-ripening. Water buckets were hung on either side of the carts.

The sun had started to decline when Yakub called for a halt near a stream, which was covered with luxuriant foliage. We had just stopped when assaulting noises reached our ears. Suddenly panic flared and the atmosphere became crowded with screams and cries. The Hindu rebels poured on us like waves on a sandy beach.

The mothers rapidly scrambled their children into the carts and, as I remember, some actually drove away. The men stayed and defended their unfortunate party with whatever weapons they could find. It was a vicious fight, as many were either stabbed, beaten or seriously bruised.

Salima and I were once again lucky. We hid in the thick bushes. Although I tried many times to free myself from Salima's strong grip and fight the aggressors, she was persistent not to let me go. Slowly the quietness returned to our battlefield. Salima got up and went towards a falling figure. From where I stood I could see the blood-stained sand and hear the groaning of the dying; in the midst of all this sat Salima with Yakub in her lap. I went towards them and found Salima crying. Yakub was dead, as were scores that now occupied the field. Salima shivered as if she felt the agony Yakub's departing soul had endured.

Salima got up and controlled her crying. She took her veil and covered Yakub's dead, cold body. After she had given a last look on the surroundings, she took hold of my hand and started to walk.

As night crept stealthily out of its lair in the east, so there we were resting in the desolate plain. Salima was still travelling in her thoughts when I started to count the brightening stars in the heaven above. It was getting dark, and everything appeared gloomy and frightening. I got up from her lap and told her to take me home. She stood up, looked at me for a few minutes pensively, and started to walk.

For a few minutes, I think, I fell asleep. Suddenly Salima's excited voice woke me up; I was in her arms. She put me down and cried aloud:

"Look, look, thank God—the train!"

I still didn't see anything but heard the hissing noise. We began to run towards the noise. Then out of the dark fog emerged the front light of the engine; then slowly all the rest. The train came to a halt, the driver having seen our waving arms.

We began to run even faster, when suddenly Salima fell. I went towards her and asked her silent body to get up. She did not move. The soul of this

thin, brave body had left its home. The cheerful conductor somehow made me board that train and from then after looked after me.

Sometimes when I travel in that part of the country I imagine the silent, cool body lying on the ground as the soft winds rubbed against it.

*M. Mannan* received a prize in the L. A. G. Strong Competition for this story.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE . . .

*D. A. McCulloch, 5C.*

Alan turned over, bringing his knees up to his chest. He pulled the pillow down over his face; wondered what terrible crime mankind had committed to deserve such an awful punishment as having to get up in the morning. In a spasm of energy he discarded the pillow and, pushing the covers down, ejected himself with a groan forcibly, still only semi-conscious, from his womb-like place of nightly repose.

It was fully an hour later, when he had arrived at the College, that he was finally rid of the last clinging vestiges of slumber and realized, marvelling, that the instinct to rouse himself and walk down to the College was so strong that he had accomplished the deed whilst still mentally asleep in bed. He thought to himself what a wonderful thing Nature was—and then, collecting his thoughts and returning to the thought processes of the sociologist he was, began to analyze his actions of the morning. He likened himself to Pavlov's dogs: was the human body a mere machine, with a regulating brain, or was there something more in a man, something indefinable, something which some people had called, rather obscurely, 'mind', the ability to comprehend good and evil and reason between the different shades of both?

As he went into the first lecture, his thoughts naturally turned to his friends at the College, foremost among whom—in the masculine category—figured Tony, the everlasting Tony. Tony, he pondered, was one of those people who know instinctively the right thing to do in a given situation, in any environment. Tony was never at a loss for something to do or say. Alan sometimes wished that he were Tony, but always he reasoned that the world consisted of individuals, whose independent actions made it the interesting world it was—to a sociologist, anyway. His, Alan's, life was a hunk of clay to be moulded by Alan's mind—with respect to what foreign opinions he allowed to filter in—into a life ruled by Alan's personal conceptions of right and wrong.

'Tony lives his life and I live mine,' he thought, 'and anyway, our abilities are interdependent: the world, like a beehive, relies on each

member of society to play a unique part, with each job complementing another. What Tony has in natural socializing ability, I make up for in my knowledge of sociology. He ploughs the field, and I can advise him, like the tractor and the farmer. Tony has faults too, of course. He can become fanatical over issues about which he has strong feelings, whereas I believe 'Moderation in all things' is ultimately the best course.

"Hi!" broke in the familiar tone. It was Tony. "Mind if I come into your dream? You've been ignoring me these past few minutes, as though you're in a trance or something. D.P. hasn't come in yet, so I - - - oh! Speak of the devil! Meet you outside afterwards: I want to talk to you." And with that he departed to fill the emptiness of his seat for the imminent lecture.

It seemed to Alan that D.P. droned on for even longer than was his wont. Alan thought how pitifully worthless it was. Nobody ever listened to D.P. and, in fact, his lectures were so utterly boring that the students could not even be bothered to talk amongst themselves, and endured them as an inescapable fact of life.

Alan was lucky in that he seemed to have a natural flair for D.P.'s side of the sociology course and so was able to ignore him as far as possible, thus being one of D.P.'s few 'successes,' although the lecturer had hardly anything to do with it.

"Perhaps it's because I'm tensed up waiting for the exam. results," reasoned Alan, "that I seem to be in a more philosophical frame of mind today. I must get that book from the library: 'The Environmental Factor in the Educational Development of E.S.N. and Working-class Children.'"

Alan would be a sociological researcher after he left College. Everyone, including the Principal, who had taken a great interest in Alan's future and had assumed an almost parental attitude, had said that with his intelligent grasp of and intellectual approach to that subject, he would excel in that field. Alan was pleased about that.

The lecture ground slowly to a halt, as D.P.'s always did, and Alan walked slowly out. They had a recess now, and Tony came running up beside him.

"Hey, have you forgotten already? I wanted to talk to you, remember? Man, what happened to you last night? You got yourself high or something? Hey, now I'm forgetting! I want you to come to a demo. that the kids are holding today about 'Nam. Come on, it'll get you out of that stupor. Coming?"

Alan was drawn outside and found himself at the front of a crowd of student demonstrators. They seemed to have gone wild. Alan was alarmed. He was a sociologist. He'd read about crowd psychology and what could happen. He found himself weaving about, evading the wild thrashings of hazy figures around him, over him, under him. This was a riot.

Shots rang out. Screams rent the air. A dramatic silence fell. The National Guard had been called in. It was they who dragged Alan's body, punctured with bullets, from the scene of the riot. The blood trailed behind.



## A DESERTED SITE

*S. Pearce, 4F.*

The scaffolding rises, stark against the sky. Now the clock's hand has passed the six o'clock mark. No swarms of distant tiny figures are high on the new building—they have gone. No transistors, shouts of fury, and mechanical monstrosities break the silence. They have gone.

A dog barks in the distance.

The workmen's huts are locked tight against vandals and thieves. Who, anyway, would want to steal earth-encrusted tools, or an old, rusted primus? Perhaps they would take the kettle.

Wind force one. A rope in a pulley creaks quietly, gently.

The great useless ditches are dug no longer. It is right—no one could see to dig. Who wants to, anyway?

It is hot—the bolts of the scaffolding loosen fractionally. The ground is dry and crunches beneath the feet; no grass or flowers grow. The ground isn't fertile—it will be. A lorry full of topsoil arrived, noisily, during the working day. No one unloaded it, and it remains, parked and useless, during the sleeping night hours.

The first star appears—in the West.

Time slows, but the clock in the workmen's canteen, excited by the darkness, races by itself during the night. It is locked in. Why? One packet of tea, unopened, two packets of sugar, one unopened, one opened, one half-empty bottle of Camp coffee. Who would want that useless selection?

The daytime joints gradually dry out, satisfying the thirsty air.

A pair of lights, one red, one green, move slowly and silently across the sky.

A pair of eyes, glowing, speed across the site: a cat, lost maybe. A loud noise follows—a cat-fight. Five lighted windows—not for long. Everyone's asleep: lucky everybody.

Someone forgot his coat. Why? It hangs, flapping occasionally, on a girder, fifth floor. Better watch that in case someone steals it. Who would want to?

The dog barks again, more softly. Even dogs pay homage to the silence of the night.

Very softly a tap drips. Someone else (of course) forgot the washer he wasn't bringing.

Only one light remains—a small red light. A fire. By its light a hut is shown.

What a job.

Nightwatchman.

Never again.

Not me, anyway.

## SPRING SONG

*G. H. Roberts, VI Sc. 3.*

“Now the green blade riseth”  
(and the tennis ball strikes it down again).  
Now the buried grain grows,  
Shoots up, and flowers,  
Now the earth is dry to sit on in the sunshine,  
I shall sit and bask, lie and laugh,  
Now that Spring is here.

Now, the darkness past,  
And the rain, the snow of depression  
Gone, for ever (until next November),  
Even when it does rain,  
And the cricket stutters shimmers,  
Cools, clouds, and is called off,  
In my mind I shall still be light  
Now that Spring is here.

Now the morning light will wake me early,  
But with joy, not reluctance to rise,  
I shall face the day,  
Work, sing, talk, laze, and play  
As though my energy could never end;  
It will take much more now to tire me,  
And, when tired, I can rest  
And still be awake, alert, not  
Exhausted,  
Now that Spring is here.

Now! Yes, I shall still sit and read Bonhoeffer,  
But no longer in my own prison, kept alive  
Only by the example of his faith,  
Ever in Spring,  
My own—effusing and fluid,  
A Walt Whitman phantom—  
Is sparked, lit up, neon-flamed;  
No! No!—Natural, sun-powered!  
I shall spurn the God of Winter  
And shout, “God is dead, long live God!”  
Now that Spring is here.

Now, in the heat of the day,  
I shall sit in the quad.  
With a group round a guitar  
Which gently lulls;  
Showered by those above,  
We can just turn and laugh with them,  
Before they join us in informality—  
Rapport so much better  
Than untidy, dark, scattered, padded chairs  
In a sixth form common room  
With a radio blaring—no more!  
Not now Spring is here.

Now my overcoat is left,  
Even my jacket clings  
And my tie holds me in.  
If I ride, or walk, or (worse) run,  
Then my sweat may spoil . . .  
—But I have shirts that are light,  
Deodorants are in the ads.,  
And—water is free, isn't it?  
It is no trouble, more a delight  
That clothes seem irrelevant.  
No fear of catching cold  
Here, under the blossom,  
In the pool amid gay shouts  
Now that Spring is here.

Now in the cool of the evening  
I meet you,  
And skipping together,  
Swinging arm in arm,  
We go on our way.  
You smile,  
You in your bright summer dress;  
Hand in hand  
By the pond, in the park,  
Watching the swans (and their friends!)  
Seeing the twinkle of sunset on shimmering liquid  
Turn to the twinkles of myriad stars;  
The sculling moon rises  
And glides, upward, deceptively beautiful.  
Not cold and distant and damaging  
Now that Spring is here.

Now I shall say, "I love you",  
—I won't mean it, and this time  
You'll know,  
You won't misunderstand and draw back.  
Oh, I should never have said it before,  
In that dark winter room  
Where all was deadening depth  
And its seriousness made you afraid.  
This time you will laugh  
And reply in kind as we share the joke,  
Treating love—the impostor—as servant.  
At our feet, incessantly softly,  
Washing again and again,  
The waves gently lapping  
Take all our trouble away  
As we come together again  
Now Spring is here.

For this poem *G. H. Roberts* was awarded the L. A. G. Strong prize.

## WAR POEMS

*C. R. Hughes, 31.*

### A CHANGING SCENE

Standing on the windswept shore,  
I see the sandy beach,  
I see the surf, the loneliness,  
The birds far out of reach.  
  
I see the wildly-thrashing surf,  
And my mind goes back in time;  
Back and back it goes, until  
It reaches man's worst crime.

On that night, we left the boats,  
And floundered through the waves,  
O'er the sandy ground we tripped,  
To reach the far-off caves.

Across the beach we stumbling ran,  
While bullets flew like hail;  
Until at last we reached the cliffs,  
Where we sheltered from the gale.

Now as I look there, down on the beach,  
It's hard to believe men died in the surf,  
It's hard to believe men died on this beach,  
To give the place new birth.

## HIROSHIMA

A flash, a bang—  
'Twas all we saw—  
Hiroshima's death,  
A city no more.

A massive cloud,  
The raging heat;  
The city's destruction  
Was complete.

The scorched walls,  
The darkened sky,  
The prayers to heaven,  
Wondering why.

The silent crowd,  
The utter death,  
Alive no more—  
A city's last breath.

## JUST A TINY BUTTON

Just a tiny button pushed,  
And it goes across the sky.  
The only thing that's certain,  
Is that someone else will die.

It's taken so for granted,  
No one wonders why.  
The only thing that's certain,  
Is that someone else will die.

Just a thousand buttons pushed,  
And they go across the sky.  
The only thing that's certain,  
Is that everyone will die.

## FOUR CLOUDS IN THE SKY

Four clouds in the sky,  
Three were white,  
The fourth blocked the sun,  
And made it night.

Four clouds in the sky,  
Three were round,  
One was a mushroom,  
That sprang from the ground.

Four clouds in the sky,  
Nature made three,  
But man made the other,  
Across the sea.

Four clouds in the sky,  
One sent death,  
While Nature watched  
Man's last breath.

*C. R. Hughes* was awarded the Junior Prize in the L. A. G. Strong Competition for a series of War Poems, from which the above are a selection.

## THREE POEMS

*J. D. Bridgeman, L.6A.*

### ODE TO A SKINHEAD

Walking down the road one day,  
I espied a skinhead, to my dismay;  
'Big he was—and muscular too,  
With broken teeth and nose, it's true.

I perceived this fellow from afar  
And I'd left my hatchet in the car,  
But, walking on, as calm I could,  
I put on my glasses; I thought I should!

He leant against his garden wall,  
A regal fellow—broad and tall;  
His boots were red; his braces brown;  
His cropped little bonce, the best in town.

I walked on by without a sound,  
My eyes fixed firmly on the ground,  
But, as I passed, I heard him say,  
“ 'Ere mate, it's bloody hot today! ”

“ Er, yes,” I said, and moved on fast—  
An argument I wanted last.

I had no axe or gun on me  
And, minus these, it's no fun, you see!

But moving further down the street,  
This yob kicked out with both his feet.

“ Oi, you,” he said, “ you unsociable git,  
You come 'ere, or I'll bash you a bit! ”

His English caught me by surprise,  
And, turning, I gave him my reply,  
“ Dear sir,” I said, “ I mean no harm,  
But do that again, and I'll fracture your arm.”

He came and grabbed me by my shirt,  
Saying, “ You want agro, you filthy squirt? ”  
But then, as he raised his foot to kick,  
I heard a voice, warm and slick.

A lady appeared quite near the gate—  
Had I been saved or was it too late?  
She looked at this skinhead and solemnly said,  
“ Eight o'clock, Jonathan—time for bed! ”

#### 4RH

One doesn't consider Hate as a force  
Till it becomes one's possession—in due course.  
One cannot determine Hate's true rôle  
Until it has gnawed at—or been absorbed by one's soul.  
It dissolves in one's mind, in one's shattered physique.  
It rots a man's virtues; they're replaced by a streak  
Of abhorrent distaste and sickening grief.

For someone outside to grasp this idea  
Constitutes revulsion, constitutes fear.  
It's not possible to destroy—it cannot be done;  
It remains there, embedded, servile in one.  
It needs understanding, it requires man's respect.  
Because it is evil, it destroys—it infects;  
We all feel it sometime—our body it wrecks.  
It's just that I felt it first . . .

#### LITTLE OLD MAN

Poor old man,  
Little old man,  
Forgotten relic of the past—  
Did it seem that a modern world was not for you?

Poor old man,  
Wizened old man,  
Antiquated creature of long ago  
In your tattered mack and dirty hat,  
Did it seem that a modern world cared not for you?

Poor old man,  
Lonely old man,  
Forgotten relic of the past,  
Did it seem that a modern world had not time for you?

Poor old man,  
Frail, sick, ignored, unkempt, pitiful old man,  
Unintelligible carcass of pre-war meat,  
Who never quite recovered from shell shock,  
Whose poor brain's just a big mental block,  
Whose body's become a worn-out old crock,  
Did it seem that a modern world had rejected you?

Poor old man,  
Dead old man,  
Is that why you threw yourself under that bus?



## I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK!

*P. Meller, 6A1.*

I sit here and eat my toast,  
But what is that?  
The skirting's cracked and gnarled, inviting mice,  
And the dirty walls are alive with lice  
As the insects eat the old woman's face  
As she lies on the floor, but

Pass the marmalade, please.  
I sit here and eat my sandwiches,  
But what is that?  
The blast of a sawn-off shotgun  
Maiming an innocent bank clerk  
And the yell of pain and despair  
As the acid bites hard, but  
Pass the coffee, please.

I sit here and eat my pie,  
But what is that?  
Only the rumble of a starving Biafran's belly  
Dying in the slow but inevitably  
Painful premature stages of emaciation,  
Suffering the lack of humans' care, but  
Pass the sauce, please.

I sit here and eat my cheese,  
But what is that?  
Oh, only another commie  
Dying halfway across the world—  
Why should I bother?  
Nothing to do with me, but  
Pass the pickles, please.

## FAIR CITY OF ATLANTIS

*A. T. Isaacson, 4F,* entered, with other poems, the following three for the L. A. G. Strong Competition, gaining a prize for his contribution.

The fair city of Atlantis  
(with towers,  
citadels,  
fortresses,  
spires,  
castles,

higher than the  
Empire State Building  
and the  
G.P.O. Tower  
put together;  
streets,  
lanes,  
roads,  
highways,  
paved with  
glittering gold;  
buildings  
covered with  
shining silver;  
all the people  
happily walking,  
running,  
strolling,  
riding,  
travelling,  
departing,  
wandering,  
journeying,  
roving,  
arriving,  
rambling,  
through the  
not too crowded  
streets,  
lanes,  
roads,  
highways;  
all the people  
happily talking,  
mumbling,  
shouting,  
chanting,  
crying,  
whispering,  
in the  
buildings,  
streets,  
lanes,  
roads,  
highways,  
that are named after

anyone  
who happened to want a  
building,  
street,  
lane,  
road,  
highway,  
named after  
him,  
her,  
them)  
did not know its fate.

### THOUGHTS OF A SOLDIER FIGHTING IN A WAR THAT HAS BEEN OR IS BEING FOUGHT

“Oh to get away from this bloody war!  
No-one likes killing, friend or enemy,  
I'm sure when it started no-one foresaw  
All the pain and terror that was to be.”

“Oh go away, you stupid idiot—  
You know I don't want to have to shoot you.  
If you don't go, I'm sure I'll get it hot  
From the sergeant—mind you—that's nothing new.”

“Why can't they stop war while they have peace talks  
Instead of letting helpless millions die—  
Innocent people go out for their walks  
But never return to their homes alive?”

“Why was I ordered to burn down that house?  
It wasn't in the way of anything.  
Oh if only I wasn't so conscious  
Of this war, I'd be a man of fighting.”

### NIGHT

6 o'clock—  
night already,  
doesn't take long to come nowadays.  
One day  
it'll come and never go,  
or go and never come,  
perhaps.

## HOCKEY continued.

In London and Merton Competitions, our teams have again done well, but to achieve success in the higher standards of hockey in Surrey we still have some way to go. County representation has been achieved by no fewer than nine boys, and our congratulations go to them.

We have for the first time spent some time in preparation for Sixes Competitions and great experience has been gained for next season by a rather young side from entries to the Blackheath and Merton Hockey Clubs' and Surrey Schools' Sixes.

At Oberon, John and Peggy Warner have worked very hard and enthusiastically for us all the season and we thank them and the umpires from Merton Hockey Club. Finally, a thank you to M. Bellamy for leading the side and arranging a very successful first Hockey Supper, and to S. Smith who has worked as hard and cheerfully as any secretary could do.

### Representative Honours:

Surrey 1st XI—I. D. Brewer.

Surrey U.16 XI—T. I. Seeley, J. R. Kerse.

Surrey U.15 XI—C. Vipond.

London 1st XI—G. Bartlett.

London U.16 XI—P. Orr, A. Gagen, A. Miles.

London U.15 XI—G. Brown.

### Trophies from Open Competition:

London Schools Senior Hockey Cup.

London Schools' Hockey Festival U.15 Trophy (joint winners with Owens).

Merton Schools U.13 Trophy.

Merton Schools U.15 Trophy.

Colours: M. W. Bellamy, R. J. Dudman (both re-awarded), S. K. Smith, C. B. Mayer, P. B. Feist, G. Bartlett, G. Hammett, D. C. Milnes.

Half-colours: S. Murphy (re-awarded), P. Meller, D. Pinnock, N. Holmes, T. Seeley, M. Healey, J. Bates, J. Kerse, R. Antonowicz, M. North, S. Young, M. Loxton, A. Marsh, P. Metcalfe.

M.J.S.

## RECORD OF TEAMS

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals For	Goals Agst.
1st XI	18	13	2	3	64	16
2nd XI	9	7	1	1	23	9
U.16 XI	7	5	0	2	21	9
3rd XI	4	3	0	1	8	5
U.15 XI	9	5	0	4	21	19
U.14 XI	8	2	0	6	11	20
U.13 XI	6	3	0	3	11	17

## LONDON KNOCK-OUT SENIOR CUP

1st Round—Preston Manor 8-0  
 2nd Round—Wallington 2-0  
 3rd Round—Winchmore 6-1  
 Semi-Final—Southfields 4-2 (after extra time)  
 Final—Crown Woods 3-0

## SURREY SCHOOLS FESTIVAL

U.14		U.15 Sixes	
Reeds	0-2	Reads	0-0
Eastfields	0-2	St. George's	0-2
St. George's	0-1	Kingston	0-4
Trinity	2-0	Trinity	0-0

## LONDON SCHOOLS HOCKEY FESTIVAL

	Group		Semi-final		Final
1st XI	Wandsworth 1-0 Owens 0-0 Preston Manor 4-0 Thames Valley 3-0		Forest Hill 2-1		Crown Woods 0-1
U.15 XI	Tulse Hill 2-0 Elliott 0-0 Eastfields 3-0 Winchmore 2-0 Hillcroft 0-1		No semi-final		Owens 1-1
U.14 XI	Salvatorian Coll. 3-0 Sir Wm. Collins 2-0 Crown Woods 0-1 Wandsworth 6-0 Kynaston 3-1				
U.13 XI	Elliott 2-0 Tulse Hill 2-0 Salvatorian Coll. 6-0 Eastfields 1-1				

The U.14 and U.13 XI's were second in their groups to the finalists.

## MERTON SCHOOLS HOCKEY CUPS

U.15 XI v. Eastfields	W 3-1		
U.14 XI v. Eastfields	L 0-2		
U.13 XI Group:			Final
Cranmer Middle	7-0	Eastfields "A"	2-1
Eastfields "B"	4-0		
Pollards Hill Middle	2-0		

## INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES

	1st XI	2nd XI	U.16 XI	U.15 XI	U.14 XI	U.13 XI
Whitgift	3-2					
Reigate	3-2		1-0	4-0		
Eastfields	3-0		1-2	3-1	0-1	0-2
Southfields		5-3				
Rutlish			3-0	3-2		
K.C.S.	0-1	1-2	3-1	2-4	2-5	
Royal Russell	1-0		8-0		3-2	4-0
Wallington		1-0				
Trinity	0-2	1-1	2-4	4-3	1-2	
Watford		2-1	3-2			
Langley Park	4-0					
Eastfields					0-1	0-3
Trinity				0-2		
Owens	5-0	4-0	1-2	1-2		
Royal Russell					5-1	4-3
Windsor		4-2		4-2		
Merton H.C.	1-2					
Kingston	1-1	1-0		0-3	0-1	0-8
Staff	2-1	4-0	3-2			

We also have been pleased to welcome and play two touring youth sides from the Continent:

Melle College (Belgium)	W 6-0
Apeldoorn (Holland)	D 2-2

## HOUSE HOCKEY (points)

	U.13	U.14	U.15	Seniors	Total
1 Newsoms	8	7	8	6	29
2 { Gibbs	2	5	4	12	23
{ Halliwells	3	3	1	16	23
4 Cobbs	5	0	2	6	13
5 Miltons	2	5	5	0	12

## FIRST ELEVEN

*Goalscorers* (including Festival games): Dudman 17, Murphy 11, Brewer 8, Hammett 7, Healey 5, Mayer 4, Bellamy 3, Kerse 3, Smith 3, Feist 2, Bartlett.

This season has been another successful one for the 1st XI although the weather badly affected the number of games played. The only really dismal loss of the season was a 2-0 defeat by Trinity—the only side to beat us last year—against whom the Firsts showed little of their true ability and produced a poor overall performance. Merton Hockey Club and King's College also managed to overcome us, but, on both occasions, only by the odd goal.

The season did, however, have its many bright spots with large wins over Langley Park and Owens, an exciting draw with Kingston, a game we were unlucky not to win, and fast-moving, entertaining games against Melle College (Belgium) and Apeldoorn (Holland). These two foreign sides with their more fluent type of hockey, gave the 'Firsts' a chance to show their true potential. The tackling was hard, the covering good, the pace fast, and there was a great deal more passing than dribbling. It was this

last consideration that caused the team more problems than anything else this season. Both forwards and backs seemed to have something against cross-field passes, being much more content to push the ball straight upfield or to dribble until dispossessed. Defensive play was also suspect at times. Too often there was indecision amongst defenders, especially in the circle where no team, however good they might be, can afford any relaxation. This lack of decisive movement often spread to the other end of the field where the forwards also often lacked the thrust to put the ball in the net. Nevertheless, as the season progressed and players came to know one another's play better, the standard improved, until by the time it came to sort out the cricket kit again, most of the faults had been ironed out and the team was finally playing as a unit.

This term also saw the completion of the first-ever London Hockey Cup, and after a thrilling, well-deserved semi-final win in extra time against Southfields, the team beat Crown Woods by 3-0 in the final to win the Cup. In the London Schools Hockey Festival, however, the 'Firsts' were not quite so successful and, after conceding only one goal in the first five matches, they were defeated in the final by a revenge-seeking Crown Woods by a single goal.

The 'Firsts' this year has been a more settled side than usually and finished the season with several pleasing wins. The fixtures have been more varied than previously with cup and tournament matches, and games against foreign sides as well as the normal fixtures. This variety of opposition has made the season much more interesting, and I should like to thank S. Smith for all his hard work and for deputising for me in my absence, and M.J.S. for the time and effort he has put into training and coaching this year's team.

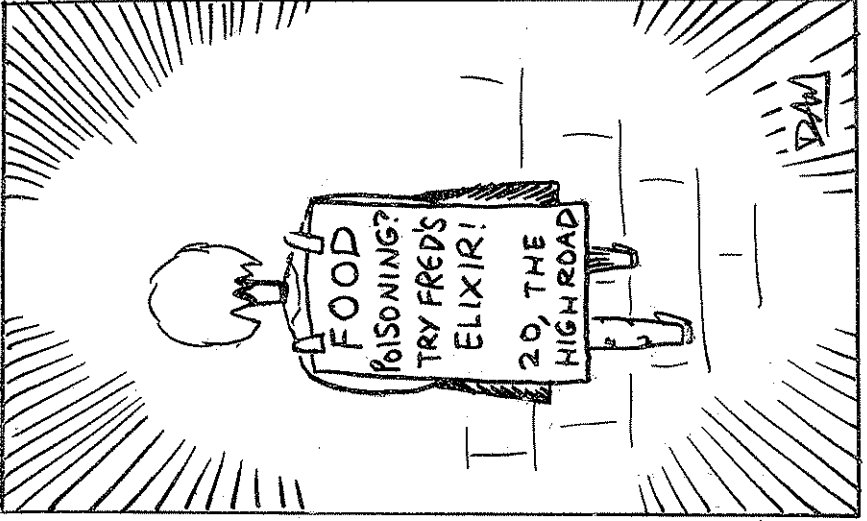
Regular first team players have been: Bartlett, Bellamy, Brewer, Dudman, Feist, Hammett, Healey, Holmes, Mayer, Meller, Milnes, Murphy, Seeley, Smith.

M. Bellamy.

## THE CONTINENTAL TOUR

After the success of the 1969 Easter Tour another was organised for this Easter. This tour was confined to Holland, thus cutting down on the amount of travelling. Spending eight out of the ten nights on tour with Dutch families proved to be an inexpensive and extremely enjoyable holiday for all concerned.

The School minibus again proved its worth—carrying nine passengers, plus the bulk of the luggage and kit. The minibus was accompanied by the cars of J.G.S. and M.J.S. The party is very much indebted to them and to B.C. and Mr. Tony Harris for their driving and organisation throughout the tour.



D. A. McCulloch, 5c, has provided the cartoons.



**DAM**: ON SAFARI.

I DO WISH YOU WEREN'T SUCH A  
NOISY EATER, SMITH..... SMITH??!!



### TOUR DETAILS (Scorers in brackets)

- Mar. 31 Leave Raynes Park 7.30 a.m., Hovercraft to Calais. Travel to Antwerp.
- Apr. 1 Leave for Deventer. Minibus stopped by police en-route. Played against Deventer in afternoon, 2-1 victory (Mayer, Brewer).
- " 2 Travelled to Zwolle and played mid-afternoon. 2-2 draw (Cocks, Dudman). Dance at clubhouse in evening.
- " 3 Unofficial match against Zwolle girls, 4-0 win. After a typical Dutch lunch left for Nijmegen.
- " 4 Visited Nijmegen town in morning. Defeated Nijmegen 4-0 in afternoon (Smith 2, Hammett, Bartlett). Dance in the evening.
- " 5 Visited Arnhem for three hours, then continued en-route for Eindhoven, arriving one hour late—minibus ran out of petrol.
- " 6 Visited Philips factories in the morning; played Eindhoven E.M.H.C. in afternoon, 4-0 victory (Smith, Cocks, Dudman, Brewer). Dance in the evening.
- " 7 Visited Evoluon—pavilion owned by Philips, concerned with man's evolution—suffered first ever Continental defeat in school hockey, 0-1, by H.T.C.C. Eindhoven.
- " 8 Departed for Breda, playing Breda after lunch at clubhouse; second defeat 1-2 (Hammett).
- " 9 Left for Brugge, shopping in Brugge during afternoon. Night at Youth Hostel. Sleep disturbed by noisy Dutchmen and active A.C.
- " 10 Left Brugge for return crossing to England, arriving Raynes Park 10 p.m.

### TOUR RECORD

Played 6, Won 3, Drawn 1, Lost 2. Goals for 13, Goals against 6.

Goalscorers: S. K. Smith 3; R. Dudman, A. Cocks, I. Brewer, G. Hammett, all 2; C. Mayer and G. Bartlett 1 goal each.

Despite the two defeats I feel this was still a very successful tour. The teams combined well, except in the last game, and played some extremely fluent hockey.

S. K. Smith.

### SECOND ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge:* W. P. Holmes, Esq.

*Captain:* S. K. Young.

*Goalscorers:* Young 9, Hammett 4, Healey 3, Kerse 2, Marsh, Williamson, Leyland, Murphy, Bellamy.

The Second Eleven has once again proved itself one of the most consistent sides in the school, having lost only one game. The team was centred on a strong defence early in the season, and tended to lack any real punch in attack. The forwards never managed to dominate their opposition, and failed to take the chances they had created for themselves.

However, matters were improved when young blood was introduced into the side from the Under Sixteens, and several good results followed.

Windsor were confidently defeated, and to supply a very satisfactory finish to the season, Kingston were beaten by a last-minute goal after a fluent, exciting game.

Nobody can, however, really be singled out for special mention, since the team has played very much as a team. The spirit of the players has also been very good, and everybody has seemed to enjoy himself.

Those who have played for the team are: Antonowicz, Bates, Blakeburn, Bellamy, Finch, Hammett, Hays, Healey, Holmes, Kerse, Leyland, Lloyd, Lovett, Loxton, Marjoram, Marsh, Meller, Metcalfe, Miles, Milnes, Murphy, North, Petley, Pilkington, Pinnock, Russell, Sharpe, Williamson and Young.

Finally I would like to thank W.P.H. for the inspiration and enthusiasm with which he has coached us. S. Young.

Though he singled out nobody for mention, I am certainly going to single out him, for the good record of the side is a tribute to the steadiness of his leadership. No fewer than twenty-eight players represented the Seconds at one time or another, and he marshalled their varying talents with effect. He also heads the list of goal-scorers with nine to his credit, the result of long rehearsal at short corner technique, a system which brought in another four goals from other players.

W.P.H.

### THIRD ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge:* P. O'Driscoll, Esq.

*Captain:* D. Pinnock.

*Goalscorers:* Hays 5, Pilkington 2, Lovett.

Owing to wet weather, fixtures were reduced to four matches only, of which we won three and lost one, narrowly, to Owens School, who were fortunate enough to borrow two players from Kingston G.S., whereas we were one short. Poor finishing resulted in only three goals against Royal Russell School, while gallant defending off the line by P. Russell kept their tally to a single goal. On a stodgy pitch we made hard work of beating Langley Park 1-0. Our best victory was that against The Staff, when our forwards took their chances well in a hard match. Stout defence by Roberts and Pilkington, plus spectacular goalkeeping by Devine under strong pressure helped to conserve our narrow lead, while the Staff failed to convert two penalties. Pilkington, Petley, Russell and Hays matured noticeably in the course of the four games, enthusiastically supported by other team members.

Those who played were: Pinnock (Capt.), Devine, Pilkington, Hays, Lovett, Cossey, Russell, Marjoram, Petley, Lovell, Leyland, Horton, Roberts, Miles, Couper, Wiles, Chapman.

D.K. Pinnock.

## UNDER SIXTEEN ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge:* P. O'Driscoll, Esq.

*Captain:* N. A. Holmes.

*Goalscorers:* Kerse 8, Hays 5, Russell 3, Miles 2, Cossey 2, Lovett.

This year the season lasted but half-a-term: the team then split up, Seeley and Holmes to the Firsts; Bates, Miles and Kerse to the Seconds, and the rest forming the nucleus of a winning Third. However, a successful season was had by all in both results (winning five matches out of seven) and enjoyment—team spirit has been high with the minimum disagreement and no moodiness!

Selected from a core of fourteen players, the team began the season well, winning four matches against a variety of elevens. After defeating a mediocre Rutlish Firsts by three goals, the team went on to defeat K.C.S. Thirds convincingly and Reigate Under Sixteens by the odd goal. Then came the most convincing win by 8-0 over Royal Russell Seconds, followed by our first—somewhat unlucky—loss against our bogey team, Trinity School Under Sixteens. A good win against Watford after being two goals down, preceded the final match of the season against Eastfields 1st XI, lost by the odd goal.

With the loss of last season's regular goalkeeper, Orr, West (generally) and Devine showed themselves very capable. Bates and Lovell played efficiently at back, as at half-back did Holmes, Miles, and Kerse, all cleverly and sensibly during the season. Seeley, as always, has been the backbone of the forward line, his brilliant but unselfish play resulting in many of the goals. Hays, the most improved player, has at times been very dangerous in the circle (particularly in a hat-trick against K.C.S.). Cossey proved a tricky left wing and industrious inside forwards, Russell and Marjoram, have both played well. Petley and Lovett also helped to fill in gaps.

Our thanks are due to Mr. O'Driscoll for his advice and encouragement, to J. Bates for his competent financial management, to the Misses Turpin and Gingles for their constant support in all weather. Finally our congratulations to T. Seeley and J. Kerse on their selection for the Surrey Under Sixteens.

N. A. Holmes.

## UNDER FIFTEEN ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge:* H. A. Pratt, Esq.

*Captain:* C. Dodd.

*Goalscorers* (including Festival matches): Hosier 17, Onraet 5, Vipond 3, Brown G., Wood, Willcox, Sell.

Despite the bad weather which (apart from festival games) allowed only six matches to be played, and the injuries suffered by several of our stalwarts, the team's results this season were quite respectable.

In the London Schools' Hockey Festival the team scored top points in its division with three wins, one draw, and one loss. This meant facing Owens in the final—a team which had beaten us 2-1 earlier in the season. Vipond scored for us but the result was a draw. It was a very hard game in every sense of the word! This result meant we shared the Cup with Owens and for the third time in succession the team has held the Cup.

In the Merton Hockey Festival, which had to be postponed till this term, we played the final against an old rival, Eastfields. Hosier, Onraet, and Sell scored our three goals and we won 3-1, but though this was not such a hard game as that against Owens, it was by no means an easy one.

The team has played very well together, but individual mention must go to Hosier who has been the mainstay of the forwards; Vipond, whose individual skills have amazed us all; Wood, who has shown great skill in firing in crosses from the wing and who has been extremely well backed-up by the firmness of Marsh and G. Brown who have played solidly throughout. Gagen has had a good season in goal and has been greatly assisted by Gaffney, Kelly, Onraet, and Willcox. Bradford, Elliott, and Pearson, apart from those already named, also played.

The team would like to thank Mr. Pratt, whose ceaseless energy and support has kept the team together when under pressure. C. Dodd.

I should like to express my appreciation of the unfailing support I had from the team, and, in particular, since he cannot very well say it himself, to say what a magnificent spirit was shown by our Captain. His firm and responsible leadership was one of the team's greatest assets.

Well done, all!

H.A.P.

## **UNDER FOURTEEN ELEVEN**

*Master-in-Charge:* J. G. Smith, Esq.

*Captain:* T. Harris.

*Goalscorers* (including Festival games): Spencer 10, Jordan 5, Weller 5, Feist 4, Harris 2, Campbell, Mugg.

The season did not start at all well and we lost our first three games. Our next match was against Royal Russell who found us in good form and were defeated by 1-5. With our next game being cancelled, we played Royal Russell again, but this time they were more determined, only narrowly losing by 2-3.

Then came the match we really wanted to win—against Kingston. No one person can be singled out; everyone played magnificently. It was a great disappointment when Kingston scored with the last hit of the match to give them victory.

In the London Festival the team played very well in winning four out of five matches to finish third.

The Surrey Festival was the biggest, and our results this time were not so successful. We won one and lost three of our matches, which put us in seventh place.

The very last match of the season was against Eastfields in the Merton final. Unfortunately we did not produce our best Hockey and lost 2-0 a match which we might easily have won.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Smith for the time he has given up to coach and watch us.

The following have played: Martin, Harris (9 games each), Stephens, Jordan, Weller, Dow (8), Mugg (7), Jones, Feist, Campbell, Spencer, Haibatani (6), Philpott (5), Hughes, Silburn (3), Dodson N. (2), Frohnsdorff (1).

T. Harris.

## **UNDER THIRTEEN ELEVEN**

*Master-in-Charge:* B. Cosens, Esq.

*Captain:* T. Adams.

*Goalscorers* (including Festival games): Currie 11, Barrow 10, Eager 9, Davies 3, Burt 2, Adams T., Port.

This term saw our introduction to hockey. We began by losing to Eastfields, but made a good recovery in our next match, beating Royal Russell by 4-0. Since then we have only been defeated twice.

We entered three festivals, the first being the London Schools' tournament. We finished joint first in our group, tie-ing with Eastfields, but they entered, and won, the final because of their superior goal average.

In the Merton Schools Festival we had more encouraging results. On winning our group, we went on to beat Eastfields in the final. We therefore became the first holders of the Cup with a splendid victory of 2-1.

Towards the end of the season we took part in the Surrey Schools Festival. The competition was very strong, and although we didn't reach the final, we played well, our biggest defeat being against Parkside, the group winners.

Kingston were our final opponents, defeating us by 0-8, thanks to a much more experienced team.

The following played this season: T. Adams, J. Adams, Morgan, Sainsbury, Mason, Allen, Curry, Burt, Eager, Barrow, Plumb, Davies, Broughton, Port.

T. Adams.

# CRICKET

## FIRST ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge:* B. Cosens, Esq.

*Captain:* P. J. Metcalfe.

*Hon. Secretary:* M. Boxall.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
14	3	3	8

RESULTS (School's score first):

- v. Battersea: 122-4 dec.; 29-7 (Hanson 6-15).
- v. Eastfields: 28-0; 27 (Hanson 4-12, Bartlett 3-4).
- v. Surbiton: 177-7 dec. (Bellamy 79, Hanson 47); 178-7.
- v. Hampton: 149-9 dec.; 43-9 (Boxall 3-17).
- v. Wimbledon College: 116 (Hanson 60); 70.
- v. Westminster City: 95-7; 203-6.
- v. Rutlish: 59-9; 156-9 dec.
- v. Bec: 121-6 dec. (Hanson 59); 85-9 (Hanson 5-53).
- v. Purley: 119-9 dec.; 111-8.
- v. Shene: 132-5 dec. (Barford 44); 90-4.
- v. City Freemen's: 134-9 dec.; 131-5.
- v. Old Boys: 122 (Bellamy 42); 190.
- v. Staff: 53-2; 50 (Boxall 4-15, Hanson 3-13).
- v. Reigate: 35; 87 (Holmes 7-16).

Blessed with fine weather for practically the whole of the summer we completed a fairly successful and most enjoyable season. With half the side experiencing this standard for the first time, one wondered how the first match against Battersea, who are reputedly strong, would go. However, in a rain-affected game the side responded well to the indifferent conditions, scoring runs quickly and fielding well. Having humbled Battersea and comprehensively beaten Eastfields, we met what proved to be our first difficult opposition—Surbiton. Excellent batting by Hanson and Bellamy put us in a strong position but, as our bowlers soon discovered, it is fatal to bowl short on a good batting wicket and Surbiton won the game in the final over. Next Hampton, another strong cricket school, just avoided the fate which befell Wimbledon College, in the game following theirs. Excellent catching and fielding characterised both of these matches, while Hanson's batting was outstanding in both cases.

For the first time we 'met our masters' in the following match against Westminster City, who, having amassed over 200, left themselves only one and a-half hours to bowl us out. Perhaps the most disappointing game was still to follow—against our local rivals, Rutlish. Many of the side complained about the uneven nature of the pitch, yet, if one side can score 150 runs (Rutlish did), there is no reason why two should not. Two 'cliff-hanger' draws followed, against Bec and Purley, and a non-event match with Shene, who refused to chase a reasonable total on a good wicket. Without Hanson and Bellamy, and our 'keeper, we faced Freemen's, who nearly overhauled our total, yet, in this situation, with a weaker side our other members came to the fore. The Old Boys proved to be too strong, although Bellamy gave the best batting display of the match.

For much of the season the wickets had been hard and dusty, but, unfortunately for the Staff the damp wicket I had felt the team would do well on finally emerged one Wednesday late in July. The Staff were shot out for fifty, and it was one of the most professional displays of bowling and catching in the season. Only nine possible catches went up—eight were held, some quite brilliantly. Thus the final game at Reigate was both an anti-climax and, comparatively speaking, very disappointing—however it was the first time our batting had failed while Holmes provided the best bowling figures of the season.

The results and averages speak for themselves, Hanson emerging as a fine all-rounder, but one factor has no clear statistics—namely, fielding. It was always sound, and more often than not, outstanding. Saving twenty or thirty runs in the field greatly affected the results of many of the closer games, and was one of two factors which helped to make the season a good one. The second factor was the keenness which everyone displayed in every department of the game—'where there is a will there's a way'!

Finally, I believe the season could not have gone so well without the help, in organisation, of Mr. Cosens and, so important, the preparation of wickets at Oberon by Mr. Warner, for which I, and the rest of the team, are very thankful.

Oberon teas are always appreciated at least as highly as those at other schools, and this is a tribute in itself to Mrs. Warner's efforts on our behalf. We should like to thank her most warmly, and also D. Norman for devoting so many of his Saturday afternoons to helping us in many ways, not the least in his office as scorer.

Finally, the following have on varying numbers of occasions represented us: Metcalfe, Bellamy, Hanson, Young, Barford, Bartlett, Boxall, Holmes, Miles, Russell, Healey, Wiles, Williamson (T.), Mayer, Marsh, Lovell, Roberts, Norman. P. Metcalfe.

This year's cricket has been both enjoyable and successful. All sides have done well, none more so than the 1st XI under the captaincy of Peter Metcalfe. Throughout the season he encouraged and maintained a really vital spirit in the side and set a high personal standard of performance and sportmanship. The response of the team to this example was excellent, and play of a high standard, especially in the field, was a regular feature.

B.C.

#### LEADING AVERAGES

BATTING:	Inns.	Score	Not out	Runs	Av.
Hanson	11	65	2	493	55
Bellamy	9	79	—	186	20.6
Holmes	6	19*	4	35	17.5
Boxall	8	23	2	90	15
Wiles	10	24	1	116	13
Metcalfe	13	27*	2	134	12.2
Mayer	10	35	3	72	10.3



BOWLING:	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Av.
Hanson	149.4	61	298	36	8.3
Holmes	75	18	226	20	11.3
Boxall	88.3	30	263	15	17.5
Bartlett	83.4	16	278	13	21.4
Metcalfe	32	2	158	7	22.6

CATCHES: Barford and Bellamy 8, Young 7 (Wkt.)

## SECOND ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge:* J. S. Wyatt, Esq.

*Captain:* A. E. Hickish.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
	11	3	6	2

RESULTS (School's score first):

- v. Battersea, abandoned: —; 69-6.
- v. Staff, drawn 25-2; 49-9 dec.
- v. Surbiton, won: 55; 25 (Holmes 6-7, Healey 4-7).
- v. Hampton, lost: 52; 119-8 dec.
- v. Wimbledon College, lost: 95; 121 (West 6-43).
- v. Rutlish, lost: 39; 113 (Healey 5-33).
- v. Bec, won: 153; 111.
- v. Purley, won: 68-7; 67 (West 5-36).
- v. Shene, lost: 76; 78-2.
- v. Old Boys, lost: 90; 175-5 dec.
- v. Reigate, lost: 84; 85-2.

The first three matches of the season promised well, with two draws and a win against Surbiton. As the season continued, however, we began to feel the effect of our lack of batting form, and, whereas the team showed themselves as having the better bowlers in most games, our inability to score runs resulted in a large crop of losses. Even our bowling form was not to continue, two of our best bowlers leaving after the examinations, and another two being required to play for the Firsts. However, this was not before we were able to obtain two wins—against Bec and Purley—in consecutive weeks.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Wyatt for his continued encouragement, and, as was often required, his understanding and sympathy.

The following played during the season: West, Marsh, Meller, Dudman, Healey, Pinnock, Horton, Kerse, Holmes, Roberts, Miles, Lovell, Lovett, Vipond, Seeley, Francis, Kelly, Sell, Hutchinson, Samad, Merton, Rand, Afzal, Haibatani.

A. E. Hickish.

Captaincy of the second eleven is never easy, and Hickish had more problems in selecting teams than are usual. Thanks to him for his unflinching cheerfulness, energy, and perseverance in this task.

J.S.W.

## UNDER FIFTEEN XI

*Master-in-Charge:* M. J. Shaw, Esq.

*Captain:* G. Brown.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Abandoned
	10	4	5	0	1

## RESULTS (School's scores first):

- v. Battersea, abandoned: Battersea 74-8 (Kelly 4-21).
- v. Eastfields, won: 87-8; 86-6 dec. (Vipond 18, Smith 3-10).
- v. Surbiton, lost: 43; 137 (Sell 26, Beckett 5-43).
- v. Hampton, lost: 55; 114-9 dec. (Vipond 3-40, Beckett 3-33).
- v. City Freeman's, lost: 60; 61-5 (Gaffney 15).
- v. Rutlish, won: 101; 83 (Smith 27, Brown 19, Beckett 18, Vipond 5-2., Beckett 3-1).
- v. Bec, won: 69; 60 (Gaffney 24, Kelly 3-21, Beckett 3-14, Kensett 3-11).
- v. Purley, lost; 81; 82-5 (Vipond 29, Kelly 3-23).
- v. Wimbledon College, lost: 31; 32-1.
- v. Reigate, won: 108-6 dec.; 64 (Gaffney 28, Kensett 22, Brown 17, Beckett 16, Beckett 5-20).

Although outclassed again by Wimbledon College we have played reasonably well, and convincing wins over Rutlish, Eastfields, and Reigate have shown that the team can show its true ability when it has determination. The spirit has been high throughout the season:

Bowling has been the main strength of the side, but it has been a great pity that the batting has not improved since last season. Beckett has proved to be a successful multi-purpose bowler and has taken most wickets. Kensett, one of our newcomers, has shown great promise and has bowled well. Kelly has had a disappointing season with the bat, but has been very successful with the ball. Vipond has again been the spearhead of the attack; bowling well within himself, he has again achieved success by moving the ball considerably and has taken his share of the wickets. Gaffney has been the most reliable batsman but lacks many strokes which only practice will teach him. Sell, Vipond, Kensett, Kelly, Brown (G.), Smith and Beckett have all contributed on occasions to the runs.

The fielding has improved throughout the season, and fewer catches were dropped or missed. The position of wicket-keeper has been so much a problem that even the captain has taken his turn, but in the end Davies became the main choice. Other regular members of the team have been Szymanski, Amin (G.) and Saunders.

We should like to express our gratitude to Mr. Shaw who has put so much time and effort into the well-being of the team.

## UNDER FOURTEEN ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge:* B. Cosens, Esq.

*Captain:* S. Jordan.

### RESULTS:

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
	10	2	6	2
v. Battersea: School lost by 9 wkts.				
v. Eastfields: School lost by 29 runs (Grylls 5-15).				
v. Surbiton: School lost by 48 runs.				
v. Hampton: School lost by 5 runs.				
v. Rutlish: School lost by 5 wkts. (Curry 38).				
v. Bec: School lost by 5 wkts.				
v. Purley: School won by 34 runs (Jordan 5-9, Spencer 4-8).				
v. Shene: Match drawn. Shene 85; School 77-9.				

- v. Wimbledon Coll.: School won by 4 wkts. (Stephens 40, Daley 5-12).  
 v. Reigate: Match drawn. School 153 (Spencer 86, Ishmael 22); Reigate 73-4.

This season has been the team's most successful. Although we did not get off to a good start, towards the end of the season players began to find their true form and produce pleasing results.

With more players to choose from this year, we were able to form a more talented squad, and soon new members were coming into the team.

Many players produced good performances. Harrison played well behind the stumps, and Jordan and Spencer provided lively opening bowling. Spencer also did well with the bat, and finished the season with an excellent 86. Weller also made a name for himself with some really superb close-to-the-wicket fielding, and Daley showed himself to be a rapidly improving bowler.

The team was comprised of: Jordan, Feist, Grylls, Spencer, Silburn, Harrison, Stephens, Daley, Ismail, Ishmael, Haibatán, Weller, Frohnsdorff.

## UNDER THIRTEEN ELEVEN

*Masters-in-Charge:* N. T. Poulter, Esq., J. W. Davies, Esq.

*Captain:* S. J. Curry.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
10	5	1	4

RESULTS (School's score first):

- v. Battersea, won: 56-4 dec.; 54 (Wright 31 n.o. and 4-7).  
 v. Eastfields, won: 72-4 dec.; 46 (Curry 48 n.o. and 5-21, Lamb 4-21).  
 v. Surbiton, won: 36; 24 (Curry 5-12, Wright 2-6).  
 v. Hampton, lost: 41; 42-4.  
 v. Bec, lost: 60; 61-4 (Wright 29).  
 v. Purley, lost: 21; 23-5 (Wright 3-7).  
 v. Shene, won: 116-5 dec.; 24 (Sainsbury 49, Curry 31 and 3-9, Wright 4-10).  
 v. Wimbledon College, won: 119-5 dec.; 83 (Curry 53 n.o. and 6-19).  
 v. City Freeman's, drawn: 100-6 dec.; 44-8 (Curry 55 n.o. and 7-14, Wright 22).  
 v. Reigate, lost: 16; 17-1.

The results reveal a wide fluctuation in performance this season, which reflects the mercurial character of the team. It has produced the best and the worst scores of an Under Thirteen Eleven in recent years; it has crumbled in the face of very modest bowling after the loss of a couple of quick wickets, yet it has fought back with real spirit to win matches that seemed irretrievable. That all this has occurred without any relation to the quality of the opposition indicates substantial and varied talent together with an, as yet, limited grasp of its nature and an inadequately common-sense approach to its use. If this seems harsh, it is only so because a side that possesses more all-round promise than any other junior team for a very long time deserves to be judged by the highest standards it could reach. They have indeed improved considerably on last season's record and it was somewhat unfitting that the term should have to end with a crushing defeat

by Reigate, who were beaten so handsomely the year before. Fortunately the team's enthusiasm is such that they seem willing to accept that cricket is a game where you go on learning from bitter experience for as long as you play it.

Individuals have distinguished themselves. Curry has scored nearly 250 runs, and his batting has a command and assurance far beyond his years. Sainsbury's wicket-keeping gains in value for the team as it loses personal flourish; as a batsman he has a lot of potential, but in common with many other members he takes risks too early in an innings. Wright's batting makes up in power for what it lacks in subtlety, while his bowling will be more effective when he obliges the batsman to play a greater percentage of the balls. Lamb possesses ability in all departments of the game and could make himself into an asset to the team. Above all, the fielding has never lacked keenness, even when mistakes have been made. In this, Curry has set a good example and has been ably supported by Port, J. Adams, and Eager in particular.

It is encouraging that we have had so many players to call on, for during the season the following twenty have appeared in the team: Curry, Wright, Sainsbury, Lamb, Morgan, Greig, Broughton, Thomas, Port, T. Adams, J. Adams, Mason, Barrow, Middlemiss, Davies, White, Eager, Shaw, Whitton, Jones.

### **"OBERON" SINGLE WICKET COMPETITION**

The second contest for the Oberon Trophy took place on July 12th.

As early as the first round, surprise results were occurring, not the least being the downfall of last year's winner, R. Barford, to J.G.S. There was much fine cricket being played, and in this early round there was a close contest between P. Russell and an eventual finalist, M. Boxall.

The highlight of the second round was the match involving P. Metcalfe and A.T.G., which produced 51 runs of 32 balls. The School Cricket Captain emerged the winner after a close game.

So far in the Competition, M. Bellamy had been playing well, and was justifying his position as favourite. It was no surprise to see him in the semi-finals, where he was joined by J.G.S., M. Boxall and B.C. Here M. Boxall had a comfortable victory over B.C., and M. Bellamy came through after a replay against J.G.S.

The final game proved to be exciting and close, with Bellamy batting second and obtaining the runs required towards the end of his permitted overs.

The "Oberon" trophy, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Warner last year, was presented by Mrs. Warner to the winner.

#### **RESULTS. Semi-Finals:**

J.G.S. 25, Bellamy 25.

Replay: J.G.S. 8, Bellamy 9 not out.

Boxall 21, B.C. 9.

#### **Final:**

Boxall 23, Bellamy 24 not out.

J.G.S.

## STAFF CRICKET

The great enthusiasm of the Staff for cricket has not been rewarded by the success it clearly deserves on the field! Unfortunately, when it came to the crunch, we suffered from a dearth of talent. It is only fair to say, however, that we now have a very strong fixture list compared to that of previous seasons.

Two types of result were possible: if D.F.A. made runs we drew the match; if D.F.A. played his normal game—we lost. The side was skippered by B.C., who displayed verve and skill, especially in delaying tactics; he handled so many temperamental artists very well, being firm with the senior professionals, encouraging the youngsters, yet remains silent about his value to the side—on occasions.

D.F.A. proved himself a fine all-rounder. This sportsman was the mainstay of the batting, indeed what a player he must have been before age caught up with him and his temperament deteriorated! He scored 100 not out against Bec and 56 against Pelham. Of the other batsmen, M.J.S. flailed gallantly and made a great 50 against the Parents. He also stealthily pulled the political strings in the background so much that he was elected Captain for 1971. L.R.K. and B.C. gallantly took the shine off many a new ball, often without using the bat, and occasionally managing a 22-yard gallop—relatively speaking.

We had no real bowlers in spite of what E.P. says about his spearheading of the pace attack—most of his spears were bent, unfortunately. B.C., D.F.A., J.W. and "AIBO" also had a regular "wheel"; J.W. actually took a couple of wickets eventually; A.T.G. did not. The presence next year of P.E.N. should cure our bowling weakness. The fielding was as abysmal as ever, although L.R.K. took some good slip catches—indeed one effort would have graced Lord's. J.G.S. kept wicket brilliantly as well as terrorising square-leg umpires, especially when they were asleep.

The highlight of the season was our unbeaten tour of Bournemouth—we defeated King's Park C.C. on a wicket resembling corrugated iron. Many new social stars emerged, notably Mr. R.K., who now performs daily on Bournemouth beach every hour, on the hour. The minibus was nursed into a thirsty submission, and the Bishop of Twickenham gave us his autobiography. It was pleasing to note J.W.D. mastering our basic bragging clichés so essential to a good player. Our only other victory was at the expense of the Parents' XI to whom we extend our profuse apologies for this accident, especially after such an enjoyable tea; it was a most pleasant match.

The School 1st XI beat us "comprehensively", the true culprit being a Jekyll and Hyde wicket. Heavy defeats were also suffered at the hands of Adventurers C.C., Hampton G.S. Staff, and Shene G.S. Staff.

Our thanks, particularly my personal thanks, go to Mr. and Mrs. John Warner for the wickets and teas; without them the team would be defunct. Our thanks also to Miss Sheila for scoring and keeping us in our places, and to B.C., D.F.A. and J.G.S. for helping to confuse "admin." New terms

and words in vogue included: "Let the facts speak for themselves," "Top of the averages," "Scrap the averages," "Phyllosan," "Moratorium," "Playing for the side."

Anon.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Abandoned
11	2	4	4	1 only (surprisingly)

#### RESULTS (Staff's score first):

- v. School 2nd XI, drawn: 49; 25 for 2.
- v. Old Boys, abandoned: 141 for 9 dec.; -.
- v. Pelham Staff, drawn; 116 for 7; 103 for 7.
- v. Bec Staff, drawn: 149 for 6; 121 for 9.
- v. Hampton Staff, lost: 139 for 6; 229 for 6 (25 overs each).
- v. King's Park, won: 112; 95.
- v. Shene Staff, lost: 131 for 6; 132 for 3.
- v. Adventurers, lost: 71; 72 for 1.
- v. Middle School XI, drawn: 94 for 5; 107 for 2 dec.
- v. School 1st XI, lost: 50; 53 for 2.
- v. Parents, won: 122 for 6; 121.

#### LEADING AVERAGES.

##### BATTING (5 innings to qualify):

	Inns.	Not out	Highest score	Runs	Average
D.F.A.	10	2	100*	281	35.13
M.J.S.	9	1	51	146	18.25
E.P.	11	3	40*	128	16.00
A.T.G.	7	2	31	73	14.60
B.C.	9	1	42	98	12.17
L.R.K.	11	0	33	116	10.54
J.M.	5	0	20	38	7.60
J.G.S.	9	2	22	46	6.57
A.J.H.	6	1	9	17	3.40
J.W.D.	8	2	6	20	3.33

##### BOWLING (5 wickets to qualify):

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
D.F.A.	42	2	199	18	11.05
E.P.	61	12	203	13	15.60
B.C.	36.1	2	154	9	17.11

## ATHLETICS

*Master-in-Charge:* D. F. Alldridge, Esq.

*Captain:* G. G. Marshall.

*Secretary:* D. W. Evans.

RESULTS	Age Groups Competing	Track Points	Field Points	Total Points
School	U.14, U.15	235	185	420
Eastfields	U.17, O.17	212	152	364
Pelham		183	129	312
School	U.14, U.15,	213	186	379
Beverley	U.16	179	138	317
Pollards Hill		131	91	222
School	U.14, U.15,	199	100	299
Garth	U.16	167	94	261

School Chiswick	U.14, U.15, U.16	—	—	2nd 1st
School Rutlish	U.15, U.16, O.16	171	155	326
K.C.S.		182	123	305
		144	101	245
School Shene	U.15, U.16, O.16	229	145	374
Heath Clark		153	132	285
		150	130	280
School Wimbledon College	U.15, U.16, O.16	193	159	352
Wallington		196	107	303
		142	113	255

Merton Schools: Juniors 4th/7.  
Intermediates 1st/7.  
Seniors 1st/4.

Surrey Grammar Schools: 5th equal/19.

Merton Relays: U.15 3rd/7.  
U.16 1st/7.  
O.16 1st/6.  
Overall 1st/7.

Surely this has been our most successful season for years. In School matches we have been unbeaten except against Chiswick when the groups were limited to those under sixteen. In the Borough Championships we retained the Intermediate and Senior Trophies, and in the Relays we were overall winners; in the Surrey Grammar Schools Meeting we were in the top third, and several boys represented Merton in the Surrey Schools' Championships. During the term several records were broken.

The season began with an Inter-Form Meeting in which 2M beat 2C, 3I beat 3J and K combined, the Fifts overcame the Fourths, and the Upper Sixth succumbed to the Lower. Inter-School matches began with a convincing win over Eastfields and Pelham. Later on a victory over Shene and Heath Clark was accompanied by one over the weather as we finished slightly ahead of the rain which in past years has been near to ending prematurely this meeting. Rounding off the season with the defeat of two normally strong Athletic schools—Wallington and Wimbledon College—was a satisfying experience.

Some outstanding individual performances were registered during the term—not merely from record-breakers, but also from those who were often called upon to compete in the place of absentees and proved to be an invaluable reserve force.

Amongst the Seniors, "Captain" Marshall deserves particular mention for his fine efforts in the Surrey Schools Championships and commiseration on not being selected to represent the County in the All England Meeting. As some compensation, however, his name is in the "books" as the current holder of the School 800 metres record and the impressive winner of the 400 metres Hurdles in the Surrey Junior Championships. Goddard and Newton have done consistently well in the middle distances.

In the Colts, Stephens established an outstanding record of 5ft. 1in. in the High Jump and also "Tripled" extremely well. I. Evans has led the middle distance runners, and Harris has pole-vaulted valuably.

Petrides (M.), Moore and Catlin in the middle distances, Adams (T.) and Plumb in the sprints, have all run well as Juniors, and made their team strong for its size, numerically-speaking.

Without our ground at Oberon, without officials, and without coaching, our successes could not have been realised. Our thanks, therefore, sincerely go to Mr. Warner for his work in maintaining the jumping areas and track in fine condition despite the very wet start to the term when mud was the main commodity; to the Staff who appeared regularly to act as officials; to D. Norman, who became the established Recorder; to Mr. Gleed for his coaching twice a week and for regularly packing his pistol; and an especial "thank you," Mr. Alldridge, for the countless hours you spent in coaching the teams, and arranging and organising the matches. Your enthusiasm will certainly be greatly missed. Good luck in your new sphere!

Full Colours were awarded to Evans (D.), Feist (P.), Marshall, Newton, Randall, Scrase and Tovell.

Half Colours went to Evans (I.), Mannan (M.) and Young.

D. W. Evans.

## HOUSE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

Contrary to popular belief, it does not always rain torrentially on Sports Day at Motspur Park. This year, on 6th May, we were blessed with an amazingly sunny afternoon, which made the occasion enjoyable for both competitors and the many spectators who supported us. We hope the parents and other visitors were glad that they came and that they will come back for more next year.

Major changes were made in these, the first, High School Sports. First, the meeting was held early in the term, enabling Houses to call on the services of those Seniors who with the earlier examinations might otherwise have left before a July date. Secondly, Qualifying continued throughout the term, producing something of an anti-climax—and the possibility that the recipients of the John Garret Trophy at Motspur Park might have it wrested from them by others whose Qualifying had been more rewarding. In fact, this never looked as if it would happen. Thirdly, owing to the metric switch on the track and the reduction of the five sections to three age groups, many of the old records and names vanished. In some cases, however, venerable gentlemen may see their names attached to performances they cannot recall achieving: this is due to the 'fiddling' of track records, or perhaps, in the official jargon, more correctly, to the converting of times to those that might have been recorded if the original distance had been the corresponding metric measurement. In field events, we remained true Britons for one more year.

The standard of performances was high, and many exciting and close events were witnessed. The domination by one particular House was again manifested—very clearly. Can this be continued next year?



## RESULTS

### UNDER FIFTEEN

Event	Record	1st	2nd	3rd
100 metres	Lusby '64, 11.8s.	Feist (G), 12.8s.	Plumb (N)	Jones (C)
200 metres	Lusby '64, 24.9s.	Feist (G), 27.1s.	Brambley (M)	Plumb (N)
400 metres	Hall '64, 57.1s.	Gardner (G), 63.4s.	Philpott (N)	Catlin (C)
800 metres	Lucas '68, 2m. 15.4s.	Spencer (N), 2m. 17.2s.	Petrides (C)	Stallard (C)
1500 metres	Evans '67, 4m. 35.1s.	Catlin (C), 5m. 7.4s.	Hughes (M)	Stone (C)
75 metres Hurdles	Marshall '66, 12.2s.	Brown (C), 14.2s.	Harris (G)	Harrison (N)
Long Jump	Hosier '69, 17' 11½"	Spencer (N), 16' 6½"	Petrides (C)	Silburn (G)
High Jump	Stephens '70, 5' 1"	Stephens (H), 5' 0½"	Brambley (M)	Eager (M)
Triple Jump	Blakeburn '66, 35' 10"	Brown (C), 31' 5½"	Haibatan (M)	Sycamore (G)
Shot	Thomson '64, 38' 11"	Daley (N), 28' 7"	Stott (H)	Murphy (C)
Discus	Thomson '64, 119' 4"	Hughes (M), 87' 8"	Moore (N)	Murphy (C)
Javelin	Feist '67, 130' 9"	Jordan (G), 75' 3"	Nicholls (H)	Moore (N)
Relay	—	Newsoms, 53.3s.	Gibbs	Halliwells

### UNDER SEVENTEEN

100 metres	Colombo '64, 12.0s.	Wood (N), 12.4s.	Hoyle (M)	Bruce (N)
200 metres	Colombo '64, 23.2s.	Hoyle (M), 26.1s.	Gagen (N)	Maguire (G)
400 metres	McCubbin '64, 54.7s.	Fordham (C), 55.6s.	Holmes (M)	Evans (N)
800 metres	Fordham '69, 2m. 6.3s.	Fordham (C), 2m. 8.6s.	Goddard (N)	Arthur (G)
1500 metres	Ainger '66, 4m. 25.0s.	Newton (N), 4m. 29.3s.	Evans (N)	Kelley (C)
Long Jump	Antonowicz '69, 15.7s.	Hosier (M), 15.8s.	Vipond (G)	Isaacson (H)
High Jump	Cocks '67, 19' 2½"	Bates (H), 16' 7"	Hosier (M)	Merton (C)
Triple Jump	Nicoll '69, 5' 5"	Slim (N), 4' 10"	Bruce (N)	Vipond (G)
Shot	Butcher '66, 40' 7"	Patty (M), 38' 4½"	Maguire (G)	Bates (H)
Discus	Thomson '64, 142' 9"	Kelly (G), 31' 11½"	Holmes (M)	Arthur (G)
Javelin	Standish '65, 151' 9"	Davies (H), 89' 4½"	Heath (G)	Marsh (C)
Relay	—	Anstes (N), 106' 9"	Wood (N)	Elliott (C)
		Miltons, 49.9s.	Newsoms	Halliwells

## OVER SEVENTEEN

Event	Record	1st	2nd	3rd
100 metres	Casselton '51, 11' 2s.	Russell (N), 12.1s.	Roberts (N)	Boxall (G)
200 metres	Spanos '65, 23.2s.	Antonowicz (G), 25.3s.	Francis (N)	Pinnock (N)
400 metres	Nelson '65, 51.9s.	Marshall (G), 52.6s.	Murphy (H)	Feist (G)
800 metres	Onslow '65, 1.59 m. 5s.	Marshall (G), 2m. 7.2s.	Evans (N)	Mannan (C)
1500 metres	Marshall '66, 4m. 13.9s.	Evans (N), 4m. 29.2s.	Randall (M)	Smith (C)
110 metres Hurdles	Whitamore '66, 17.0s.	Williamson (C), 19.6s.	Antonowicz (G)	Tuley (C)
1000 metres Steeplechase	Marshall '68, 3m. 1.0s.	Mannan (C), 3m. 11.3s.	Newton (N)	Brack (H)
2000 metres Walk		Staines (N), 11m. 4.2s.	Tovell (C)	Sycamore (G)
Shot	Thomson '66, 46' 8½"	Healey (H), 35' 5"	Marsh (H)	Young (M)
Discus	Stacey '55, 142' 1"	Hammett (C), 95' 8"	Young (M)	Williamson (C)
Javelin	Emmerson '57, 162' 8"	Marshall (G), 94' 11"	Barlett (C)	Scrase (G)
Long Jump	Francis '56, 21' 2½"	Feist (G), 17' 9"	Roberts (N)	Meller (N)
High Jump	Mawer '63, 5' 9"	Rand (H), 5' 3"	Barlett (C)	Antonowicz (G)
Triple Jump	Eastwood '62, 43' 4¾"	Russell (N), 37' 1½"	Bellamy (H)	Blakeburn (H)
Relay	—	Newsoms, 47.7s.	Gibbs	Halliwells

## POINTS

	Cobbs	Gibbs	Halliwells	Miltons	Newsoms
Under Fifteen	204	186	110	120	222
Under Seventeen	122	126	128	140	216
Over Seventeen	182	198	162	98	212
Totals for Sports Day	508	510	400	358	650
Qualifying	821	853	735	785	982
Final Totals	1329	1363	1135	1143	1632

## HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

The Gala was held at Wimbledon Baths on Monday, 22nd June, 1970. It resulted in an unexpectedly decisive win for Miltons House. The five Houses started off within eighty points of one another after the Qualifying and by event nine were running level within twenty points. Then Miltons steadily moved ahead of the favourite, Newsoms, mainly because the former was the only House that managed to enter adequately correct swimmers of the Butterfly Stroke in the Junior, Colt and Senior races. Miltons finally clinched its victory by winning two firsts, three seconds and a third place out of the six heavy-scoring relay events.

The Cray Swimming Cup was then graciously presented to the Miltons Swimming Captain, R. C. Sharpe, by Miss M. D. Belton, M.B.E.

The most noteworthy feature of the 1970 Gala was that new records were established in nine events. In all fairness and without detracting from the very fine performance of the four Junior record-breakers, it should be pointed out that third year boys were competing for the first time in Junior events.

FREE STYLE

Event	Lengths	Record	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	Time
Minor	1	Russell (N) '64, 19.1s.	Jones (G)	Eager (M)	Leith (N)	Norton (C)	—	22.6s.
Junior	1	Russell (N) '65, 18.2s.	Nicholls (H)	Newman (M)	Jordan (G)	Maughan (N)	Waghorn (C)	18.1s.*
Colt	2	Russell (N) '66, 41.0s.	Bradford (C)	Hoyte (M)	Gagen (N)	Buckland (H)	Kelly (G)	41.4s.
Senior	2	Russell (N) '69, 40.0s.	Russell (N)	Marsh (H)	Fordham (C)	Hickish (M)	—	41.1s.
BREAST STROKE								
Minor	1	Castling (G) '59, 27.3s.	Kille (H)	Mofun-Smith (C)	Burt (N)	North (M)	Mount (G)	30.1s.
Junior	1	Castling (G) '60, 25.1s.	Petrides (C)	Foster (H)	Newman (M)	Smith (G)	Martin (N)	28.1s.
Colt	2	Saunders (N) '52, 51.7s.	Ketchell (M)	Szymanski (H)	Gagen (N)	—	—	66.6s.
Senior	2	Flude (C) '67, 52.4s.	Patty (M)	Murphy (H)	Mayer (N)	Scruse (G)	Williamson (C)	58.5s.
BACK STROKE								
Minor	1	Staines (N) '64, 25.1s.	Jones (G)	Davies (H)	Leith (N)	Petrides (C)	North (M)	28.0s.
Junior	1	Stevens (N) '54, 24.6s.	Brambley (M)	Stephens (H)	Harris (G)	Grvlls (N)	Brown (C)	23.5s.*
Colt	2	Bradford (C) '69, 47.4s.	Bradford (C)	Pearson (N)	Pearce (M)	Guy (G)	Szymanski (H)	46.8s.*
Senior	2	Staines (N) '68, 48.7s.	Staines (N)	Antonowicz (G)	Sharpe (M)	Ward (H)	Mannan (C)	47.1s.*

PLUNGE

Open	Betts (G) '57, 67' 2½*	Chappell (N)	Hickish (M)	Williamson (C)	Buckland (H)	Antonowicz (G)	40' 0"
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DIVING

Open	Bolt (C)	Pearce (M)	Anstes (N)	Harris (G)	Stephens (H)
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BUTTERFLY

Junior	1	Bradford (C) '69, 22.5s.	Nicholls (H)	Harris (G)	Newman (M)	—	—	19.5s.*
Colt	1	Bradford (C) '69, 22.2s.	Pearce (M)	—	—	—	—	30.2s.
Senior	1	Hill (N) '63, 22.7s.	Anstes (N)	Sharpe (M)	—	—	—	21.9s.*

MEDLEY RELAY

Junior	3	Gibbs '60, 75.4s.	Halliwells	Miltons	Gibbs	Newsoms	—	75.6s.
Colt	3	Gibbs '62, 68.0s.	Miltons	Halliwells	Cobbs	Gibbs	—	78.9s.
Senior	3	Gibbs '61, 63.3s.	Newsoms	Miltons	Cobbs	Gibbs	—	62.2s.*

FREE STYLE RELAY

Junior	4	Gibbs '60, 93.6s.	Halliwells	Gibbs	Miltons	Newsoms	Cobbs	90.5s.*
Colt	4	Gibbs '62, 81.2s.	Miltons	Newsoms	Cobbs	Halliwells	Gibbs	87.9s.
Senior	4	Gibbs '61, 78.0s.	Newsoms	Miltons	Halliwells	Gibbs	—	76.0s.

\* New Records.

## TENNIS

*Master-in-Charge:* T. Horler, Esq.

*Captain:* L. Leyland.

### FIRST SIX

Without doubt this has been one of the most successful seasons for the First Six for some time. Outside Cup Competitions the team lost only two matches. In the League we won all our matches—against Rutlish, Tiffins, Trinity and Sutton Manor—the last-named being a particularly notable victory, since they had been the League winners last year. By winning our section of the League, we were luckily drawn against the weakest of the other three teams present—Surbiton. We beat them in a very close match, thus avenging a defeat earlier in the season. In the final, however, Glyn proved far too good for us.

One of the ingredients that contributed to the team's success was, I am sure, the fact that, when we were at full strength, we had a team of three pairs that were equal to one another in terms of tennis skills. Thus, even if one of the three pairs played below par, the other two pairs could be relied upon to carry the team through. The team did not possess a true first pair as such, and this weakness was exploited by other teams, especially in the Surrey Finals, but our strength in depth usually more than compensated for this.

Throughout the season R. Finch and G. Bartlett in particular played outstandingly, and they will undoubtedly continue where they left off next season.

M. Bellamy and N. Bolt deserve special thanks not only for their high standard of play but also for their willingness to play at all, when examinations were so close. Lastly, G. Roberts, perpetual motion himself, merits an award for having the audacity to keep getting that ball back over the net by whatever means possible.

Mrs. Warner, for supplying much-needed refreshments, and Mr. Horler for all that he does in the way of transportation and organisation, deserve special thanks.

The following played: Bartlett, Bellamy, Bolt, Couper, Finch, Kerse, Leyland, Marsh (A.), Mayer, Oatway, Roberts (G.).

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