

# SPUR

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# THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK HIGH SCHOOL

"To each his need; from each his power"

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# SCHOOL COUNCIL

*Chairman:* T. Horler, Esq.

*Staff Representatives:* E. Parry, Esq., H. A. Pratt, Esq., A. C. Riley, Esq.,  
R. J. Whitehouse, Esq.

*School Representatives:* House Captains or their Deputies plus

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<i>Miltons</i>	A. J. Brown	J. J. Ketchell	C. R. Hughes	G. S. Whiter
<i>Newsoms</i>	C. B. Mayer	I. S. Evans	C. L. Grylls	T. R. Moore

## EDITORIAL

*"Give more . . . Get change."*

Once again descends the ancient mantle of reactionary reflection, and the aged Muse climbs out of her classical groove. Making a temporary switch to an avenging Fury, she rampages at the heels of new intrusions upon her fast-disappearing province. But to no avail is her every struggle. D-Day came and went. New Pence, the bane of mathematical pedagogy, the plaything of the Better Tomorrow, are now safely at the helm. The gnomes of Raynes Park Tuck Shop count their shiny new shekels in decimal heaps, and the School computer, if it worked, would undoubtedly emit ecstatic whirrs of decimal pleasure. Teacher now rears his ugly head from the dust and debris of the classroom to confide sinister Decimal secrets to the bosom of budding youth. "Give more," he breathes in a calculated whisper. "Get change."

And change we do. No longer will the merry ball be bandied in our tennis-court. No longer shall we gaze with revolted admiration at the knobbly knees of the flaunting abecedarians. No longer will the singing racquet be raised aloft to the sparkling heavens. Alas! Alas! No

preservation order is to be placed on our architectural masterpiece of creosote and corrugated rust where the trusty velocipede weathers the storm. Biology, 'tis rumoured, gathers to her skirts her narwhal's tusk and froggy brood, and prepares to flee her wonted seat we know not whither . . . because she spoils the view. All yields place to the new "Youth Wing," and All-Weather Playing-Surfaces are the modern thing. Oh for the bulldozers, cranes, and engineers! Oh to see the Biology Lab. crumble to a red-brick heap! Oh for the jolly crackle of burning wood! Down with tradition! Up with the Youth Wing! Raynes Park Riot Police and Wimbledon Number Two Strike-Force mass their ranks to eject with fire and sword the protesting demonstrators from the playing fields of Oberon, which is to be decimated right in the proverbial teeth of gubernatorial opposition jealously guarding our interests. Upon the hitherto Elysian fields will re-echo the playful screams of bonny infants. But who cares? Progress must progress.

From the foregoing, the attentive reader may possibly have deduced that a considerable building programme is being undertaken in the Borough, which is to involve our premises in great upheaval. The relentless march of brick, steel, and concrete is matched by social progress within the School. Since our comprehensive changeover we seem to have won far more inter-school competition trophies than ever before in the School's history, and pupils of national fame stroll the corridors. Little-known bands of courageous runners give up making mud-pies and bring home the S. L. H. Densham Cup. Piccalilli is excitedly 'brandished in library debates, and more, and more sixth-formers' cars are blocking the roads of neighbouring residents. The hellish coffee brew bubbles in sinister seclusion in the A.P.L. The hymn-book bows down to Negro spirituals and enthusiastic guitarists. The atmosphere would seem one of thriving prosperity.

*"Give more . . . Get change."*

Academic efforts rise to new heights. Leaning in his one-armed chair, the non-striking, non-cruising teacher enjoys the fruits of de-fused connectors and artistic graffiti on the walls, and shivers in hopes of early retirement as the icy air whips through the jagged windows in sweet, refreshing breezes. On we march into our glorious future as Aristophanes' Frogs leap about the shambles in out-dated classical glee. Amidst the jungle rises the pride of Raynes Park High, the yellow symbol of the New Order—"Raynes Rise."

Some previous editors have voiced grave doubts about our comprehensive future, while others have been decidedly optimistic. The humble opinion of this Fury, however, is that she should retire to her ancient groove in despair before the pneumatic drills arrive.

A. J. Brown, 62.

## SPURANA

Now that we have evolved into a delicate bi-annual thanks to the inevitable financial pruning, events tend either to have passed over Lethe without being recorded or to become so much part of the past that any reference to them seems superfluous or appropriate more to a history than a Mrs. Dale offering. Nevertheless amongst the happenings of the last six months we are especially pleased to recall some of the achievements of our inmates.

Particular congratulations, therefore, go to A. E. Marsh on his election to an Open Scholarship in English at Christ Church, Oxford; to P. Sutton and M. Loxton on gaining places at, respectively, Worcester College, Oxford, and Pembroke College, Cambridge; to T. Spencer on being selected to represent England in Under Fifteen Association Football Internationals; to A. S. Hutchison on being invited to attend trials for the Scots Cross-Country Squad; to P. M. Brack on his selection to represent the Borough at the Outward Bound School in Devon; to A. Feist and M. Harrison on gaining places in the Surrey Under Fifteen Rugby Squad.

In the prevailing egalitarian atmosphere we must be careful about much special reference to individuals, but quietly we should like to mention that the following have gained awards: C. R. Hughes, S. W. Stone, J. G. French—Beaverbrook Bennett Prizes for Geography; D. P. Wharton—Sir Cyril Black Prize for Religious Knowledge; J. G. French, D. Barrow, C. Grylls for Commended Work; P. Berry and A. E. Marsh—Old Boys' Association Prize for work on the 'Spur'; G. H. Roberts and J. Chappell—Stephen Hall Prize for General Studies.

At the end of the last academic year the inevitable statistics were produced to show that the Advanced Level average pass rate was between 70 and 75%, the general Ordinary Level rate was 75%, with an average of 5.4 passes for each first-time victim. What inferences are to be made about the more habitual sufferers is not clear. One C.S.E. candidate was catapulted straight into the Sixth and five others returned to take up arms against the G.C.E. troubles. Nineteen Sixth-formers found their way to Universities; seven went on to educate themselves further, and twelve secured posts requiring for the most part professional training.

Comings and goings have been limited. Our arrivals consisted of 75 boys who became, without any overcrowding, 3 I, J, and K. Mrs. Cripps joined the office in January and, while we welcome her, we also commiserate with her on being almost immediately and certainly unceremoniously transfixed with a brutal volley of decimal points. Who, we wonder, managed to conceive the humorous problem of 44p for a week's lunches and 9p for a single meal. What joyful reconciling!

Mrs. Cripps took over from Mrs. J. Ingram who was appointed as Secretary at a neighbouring school and deserves our best wishes and thanks for coping with the intricacies of the School Fund. In January the Scout Hut witnessed a presentation to Mr. Sidney Simmons of an oil painting and a wrist watch—a very grateful tribute from the many Scouts who had benefited by his work as Group Scout Leader over the last four years.

Attendance at School during the Spring Term has been interestingly varied. Thanks to the oil supply failure. Third Formers found themselves enjoying a brief, unscheduled 'break from it all' and others participated in a prandial orgy of sandwiches. Shortly afterwards another party was whisked away on the Mediterranean itinerary. Would as many partake of a similar peripatetic education outside term-time? Shortly - and this time vacationally - two Hockey tours will bully-off to Holland while Austrians will be benefiting - one hopes they appreciate the honour - by the arrival of our skiing party. A.T.C. cadets will be bringing colour to R.A.F. St. Mawgan in Cornwall for a more economical expenditure.

Less lengthy sojourns have been made in a Car factory that was actually operating, the Imperial War Museum, Art Galleries and on an R.N. frigate, but perhaps the most distinguished invitation received by the School was to attend the Unveiling by H.R.H. Prince Charles at Church House, Westminster, of a plaque to commemorate the 25th Anniversary of the United Nations.

Visitors have been numerous, including the Mayor of Merton and the Borough Education Officer, twelve theological students from Wells, a party from the George Buechner Gymnasium in Darmstadt, two members of Her Majesty's Inspectorate and a group from the Staff College at Camberley.

The Sixth Form have once again benefited greatly from many interesting talks from visitors whom we list below and thank for their help.

They include Patrick Keatley, Esq., Diplomatic Correspondent with the Guardian; Derek Cooper, Esq. - 'Truth and Journalism'; Rear Admiral Anderson - 'Defence'; Reverend P. Oestreicher - 'Church and Politics'; Dr. Donald Gould - 'Medicine of the Future'; N. Royds, Esq. - 'Advertising'; H. Douglas, Esq., Reporter with the Sun - 'Newspaper Organisation'; Professor Boyd, F.R.S. - 'Science and Faith'; and Miss Barbara Hickmott - 'Women's Liberation Movement.'

Frequent weekly visits by outside employers have been made at Monday lunchtimes to help pupils keen on finding out about careers, and our thanks to Mr. Balfour, the Principal Careers Officer, must be given for arranging such an interesting series.

Old Boys and visitors who have experienced the congenial atmosphere and advantages of Oberon Sports Ground will have been — or will be - shocked by the news that, among the numerous effects of the present

educational policies, one distinctly unattractive probability is the loss in the not so distant future of much of this site for the erection of a Primary School. Much more imminent is the disappearance of the School Tennis Court when the Youth Wing is started. Surely, before it goes, the surrounds will be renewed and painted!

Of the modern wonders in behaviour and language Unisex seems well to the fore and would seem to be the only answer to Mr. Aldersea's choral problems. He finds an increasing treble vacuum, and only the starry-eyed are likely to be convinced that local liaison can easily effect the removal of the difficulties. Nevertheless his annual Christmas pranks materialised successfully with the customary festive fare - a melange of cakes and ale and the more austere diet.

An innovation has been the Bridge Team, one which with great élan swept into fourth place out of fifteen schools in the Preliminary Round of the Daily Mail Cup. Needless to say this indoor occupation provides no worries about location and time of practices. Perhaps Alexander Pope foretold their appearance - Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band, Caps on their heads . . . . .

Finally, the Parents' Association have also been active. After the successful Hi-Day for which they were mainly responsible - in excellent September conditions - and at which £700 was raised, they have been generously providing valuable gear - including most of a fifteen-seater Transit Minibus - for the School's varied activities. Apart from that they have assembled for their A.G.M. and listened to a talk given by Dr. A. J. Hemming on "The Adolescent in the Permissive Society" - the last two words of which must be one of the best modern oxymoronic expressions.

## SCHOOL COUNCIL ?

I do not really know why I was asked to write this, or about what I am expected to write. To give a brief résumé of the past few months meetings would be impossible, for, as anyone who has attended a meeting will know, there is thorough discussion (perhaps at times too thorough) of anything and everything.

It might be profitable to ask what the School Council has achieved. The answer must be, in material terms very little indeed. There is, despite a host of suggestions, confusion at the Tuck Shop during break; we will not, despite an annual request, be allowed to see the menu of the next week's school lunches, nor will we shorten the lunch hour - and I could go on and on.

I suppose that to put these forward as failures is unfair, because they have failed for quite understandable reasons, but there are important

matters which have failed because of the ineffectiveness of the School Council. I am talking of suggestions put forward which have been rejected because either the Headmaster or the L.E.A. is unwilling to implement them. For example, why cannot members of the 6th year leave School when they have no more periods that day? And why is Oberon, despite requests for improvements some years ago, still one of the worst sports pavilions in Surrey?

Of course the trouble is that the School Council is an advisory body, conceived at the height of the Student Power Movement as a conciliatory gesture to any would-be revolutionaries. What a good move that was! At one stroke the main complaint of dissenting students, - that of having no say in running the schools - was removed, yet, by its being merely an advisory body, power remained firmly where it had always resided. Who really thinks that a motion against compulsory Cross Country qualifying which has been forwarded will achieve anything? No, an advisory body is doomed to be ineffective if it will produce controversial suggestions.

The important word there is 'controversial.' The position of the Headmaster can be understood when he is faced with a resolution dealing with what is to be done during school time. What I cannot understand is why suggestions with which no one disagrees are ignored by the authorities.

The case I am really referring to is Oberon. Why do we have to tolerate a changing room which is too small for the number of people using it, and which floods when the all too few showers are left running for more than a few minutes? Oberon is a disgrace. The "improvements" of a few years ago did little to alleviate the miserable conditions prevalent there. It is about time the voice of the School Council was heard, and not ignored.

I said that in material terms the School Council had achieved little, but the discussion that takes place at the meetings is useful in presenting the other side of any argument, and this must be weighed against the ineffectiveness of the Council. On the whole I think the exchange of ideas and views and enlargement of outlook outweigh this frustrating ineffectiveness.

D. W. Evans.

## HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

Having trod the boards at Raynes Park in various travesties and produced two resounding flops, it seemed only rough justice that I myself should eventually be observed on two dark, successive November nights creeping like snail unwillingly back to school. When I came through the



door on the first night, I got a sympathetic burst of applause. 'Poor devil' the clapping hands seemed to say, 'five plays he's got to sit through; two nights' hard labour, without hope of parole or mitigation. I wonder how they hooked him?' It was done very cleverly. They asked me in April, and in April you're convinced that November will never come.

However there I was, equipped with a gross of pencils and enough paper to write the Hazlitt canon. Alone. Not quite alone now I come to think of it. My old friend, Peter Smith, was sitting on one side of me - he'd seen me at work as a producer and had come along to find out if I was equally ineffective as a critic. And on my left, like a benign jailer was the Headmaster. Escape was out of the question.

Strangely I enjoyed my two nights as a captive judge and jury. The level of confidence and competence, both in acting and production was remarkably high; I was entertained - what more could one ask? The choice of plays was ambitious and there was a great deal of ingenuity used to overcome the deficiencies of the stage and the limitations of budget. Having done it myself, I have the utmost sympathy for anyone who elects to stand up in front of his mates and to pretend to be an actor. It requires imagination and bravery of a high order - to my mind an altogether more unnerving ordeal than trying to convert a try on the rugger field. So, if my criticism sounds fulsome, it's only because I have the greatest admiration for anyone mad enough to get his shining morning face mixed up in a house play. And now to detail:

#### NEWSOM'S

#### THE SQUARE FELLOW, *Brendan Behan.*

A very strong cast working on a very difficult play. The lighting was well handled and in the main the diction was extremely good. The play contained an excellent piece of stagecraft - the moment of the hanging - and two notable performances from John Francis as the Hangman and from his assistant, Christopher Higgins. Jonathan Chappell's production was taut and benefited from simple and effective staging. A worthy winner.

#### GIBBS

#### THE BRIG, *Kenneth Brown.*

The success of this appalling story of brutality lies in the ability of the cast to work as a team and this they did splendidly - for this reason it would be invidious to single out any one performance for praise. The blackouts on which the play relied to mark the passage of time were skilfully managed and throughout the play the pattern of movement was particularly effective. C. Brammall's production and R. Earl's lighting were matched by a fine cast.

## MILTON'S

## THE DWARFS, *Harold Pinter.*

The disadvantage of having a small cast is that the burden of acting instead of being distributed is concentrated on three players. Bill Sell, Khalid Ishmael and Charles Hughes acquitted themselves well, and the unreality of the action and the obsessional quality of the dialogue came through at times. The lighting was eccentric, but perhaps this was due to under-rehearsal. I found the production disturbingly episodic and disjointed but, in the main, admired the courage of the attempt and sympathised with the failure to carry it off.

## HALLIWELL'S THE LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER, *Thornton Wilder.*

Not being an admirer of T. Wilder, I had to fight to become involved. This was probably the most ambitious of all the plays chosen and, as they say, the higher you leap the harder you fall. Ageing is a very difficult thing to achieve when you are young and there was a credibility gap between what my eyes saw and what I was supposed to see. John Bridgeman's characterisation was well thought out and he was the only actor who really aged during the entire play. The lighting was rational, but, as in Milton's play, it could have been done more skilfully. It wasn't until half way through the play that I became fully acquainted with the concept of exits and entrances and by then it was too late for me to sort myself out. As I say, the higher you leap . . . . .

## COBB'S

## THE WATERS OF BABYLON, *John Arden.*

Although it was welcome to hear sound effects for the first time, they tended to dominate the action and they announced themselves all too audibly as electronic recordings. There was a lot of masking on stage and some of the movements were indefinite enough to suggest that they were either under-rehearsed or not rehearsed at all. The only laugh of the two nights came from the policeman played by R. Sinclair who deserves mention for unwittingly stealing the show. The best characterisations came from D. Stone and R. Feline, and I shall remember for some time to come the brilliant fall by M. Clark (Cassidy). The production was fairly ad hoc, but I must say, after all the damning, that it was a damned sight better than the last play I produced for Cobb's thirty years ago!

\* \* \* \*

We are very grateful to Mr. Derek Cooper for both his two nights' labour as the Adjudicator and this very helpful, succinct, and down-to-earth report of the Competition.

# HOUSE NOTES

## COBBS

*House Captain:* P. Couper.

*Vice-Captain:* M. Pickstone.

*Rugby:* The overall results - we finished fourth - were disappointing, owing mainly to the old problem of lack of natural talent. However I am sure that everyone enjoyed his yearly jaunts with the oval ball, as team spirit in all three groups was good. Mention must be made of Jones for his great efforts to raise a team in the Colts.

T. Williamson.

*House Drama:* Everybody acted well; the few stage and lighting staff did an excellent job, but we did not win - against my better judgement!

I. FORDHAM.

*Cross Country:* When the qualifying was completed, we were lying second, but only two points in front of Halliwells. In the races the best performance was put up by the Juniors, who won their section taking first, second, and fourth places. Overall we finished second beating Halliwells by a fairly large margin.

S. Brown.

*Gymnastics:* In the Gymnastics we reclaimed the 'stolen' Cup and won our first for the year. Two clear-cut victories in Seniors and Juniors resulted in over-confidence in the Colts, who allowed the dreaded Newsoms to catch up over 70 points. However the lead set by their predecessors proved too much and we somersaulted home.

K. Merton.

*Debating:* At the time of going to press, Cobbs definitely look like finishing fifth, a few marks behind Miltons. A consoling thought is that we will have a very strong team for next year's competition.

M. Pickstone.

*Basketball:* The Seniors played well, but owing to lack of support and players we did not finish high in the league. The Colts played very well winning two matches and ending second in their section. At present we are fourth overall, with Third year matches to come.

I. Fordham.

*Chess:* We have played two matches so far, winning one and losing one. The Juniors have played well, but the Seniors have been handicapped by a lack of talent. The Competition is wide open and we could finish anywhere from first to fifth.

*General:* The first half of the school year has not been as successful as one might have hoped, but at least we improved on some of last year's results.

P. Couper.

## GIBBS

*House Captain:* C. Brammall.

The first six months of the new school year has already brought out some outstanding achievements for us. Probably the best performance was in the House Drama Competition, as this has been one of our weaker points in recent years. After about two months of ranting and raving by the producer (myself), we came second - only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points behind Newsoms - with our play 'The Brig.' I should like to thank the cast and my able assistant, R. S. Antonowicz, for their hard work and help in the production.

In Rugby we did very well. In the Seniors we proved last year's wins were not flukes by actually winning some more games. In the end we came second and thanks must go to Antonowicz and Feist for bringing together the teams.

Cross Country is unfortunately not our most popular sport especially with the Seniors! We just did not have the runners, and we came fourth. However, S. Arthur must be congratulated on often getting blood out of a stone!

Gymnastics being a non-qualifying competition, we did not have a great deal of success. However we were always improving, moving from fifth to fourth to third and our gallant teams must be congratulated for their effort. A special mention must go to H. Prestidge who took part in the Senior Competition at short notice and in borrowed kit. Thanks must go again to Antonowicz for his hard work in this field.

All in all, I have been very pleased with the way things have gone and are going. Our duty day - Wednesday - is undoubtedly the most difficult to manage, being the Senior Games Day, and I feel Fiest has dealt with its problems, more than adequately.

The 'leaders' in their various activities have gone about their duties with cheerful industry and have not had to bully people.

As always, the whole House is indebted to the housemasters for their efforts in all activities. At the moment we are second in the Cock House, and, of course, I should like to see an improvement in this by the end of the Summer Term.

C. Brammall.

I feel Chris Brammall is justified in feeling satisfaction with the work he and his loyal team have been and are doing. I want to thank them all for striving so successfully to maintain the best traditions of our House and even to go beyond them. I also want to thank the general membership for the way in which they have supported the efforts of their Seniors.

H.A.P.

## HALLIWELLS

*House Captain:* J. Leonard.

*Vice-Captain:* P. Ward.

The first half of the academic year marked the turn of the tide for us, for it was full of promise for terms to come. As it is, we have not come first in any of the Competitions yet completed, but we stand a very good chance of winning the Chess Cup and are still in the running for the Debating Cup.

The year started tragically in the House Drama. We presented "The Long Christmas Dinner" by Thornton Wilder. It was a shame that the Adjudicator did not understand the play until it had finished, for, if he had, Halliwells would surely have achieved a position more deserved than the fourth position which we were given! Everybody involved deserves thanks for giving up so much time and effort, exceptional performances being given by J. Bridgeman, J. Dow and O. Muirhead.

The Chess team is in a leading position at the moment having beaten both Cobbs and Newsoms 12-8, and it seems that M. Szymanski will collect the Chess Cup for us at the end of the Competition.

The Debating Competition, this year, has been of the highest standard for many years, the highest scores for a long time being gained by Gibbs and Halliwells in which we proposed that "this House believes that life is like a jar of Piccalilli" and for which we gained 187 points. Although we lost the debate, this score should set us up for second position.

We performed admirably in the Cross Country this year to finish third largely owing to the immense effort of the Fourths, who won their section, and the spirit of the rest of the House in packing the upper-middle

positions in the race, thus ensuring our high final position. It was an overwhelming pity that all those who could have qualified before the race did not do so, but thanks are due to those who gave up their time and put in an effort to qualify and run for the House.

We had, however, not a very successful record in the Rugby, finishing last. Hockey is still in progress but we have not started very hopefully.

## MILTONS

*House Captains:* S. Young and R. Sharpe.

We have exhibited our usual lack of prowess in the Competitions of the last two terms. This is largely due to the fact that most people in the House seem to spell 'commitment' to these competitions C-o-n-v-e-n-i-e-n-c-e. There is a granite wall of apathy and indifference which must be broken down if Miltons are to take their rightful place as Cock House.

With regard to the results of the Competitions we displayed our usual mediocrity. However, there were exceptions: in the House Plays we came third, although according to many authorities it should have been higher, and my thanks go to R. Barford for producing the play. In the Senior Rugby Competition, although we only had eleven players, we won three out of four matches. If we had had a full team . . . . . In the Debating Cup Competition, this term, under the leadership of A. Brown, our team won both its matches, but will probably be placed only fourth on points. In Basketball we are lying second equal, with the Junior Competition to come.

Finally I should like to thank, in particular, S. Young for organising the teams for Rugby, Basketball, and Hockey; J. Marjoram for Gymnastics and K. Randall for Cross Country, and to beg all the House for a more concerted effort next term, particularly in such fields as qualifying for Athletics and Swimming.

R. Sharpe.

## NEWSOMS

*House Captain:* D. W. Evans.

We are now half way through the year, and although only a few of the House Competitions have been completed we have a substantial lead in the Cock House.

The Autumn Term saw the commencement of a variety of competitions, Chess, Tennis, Basketball to name but a few, but it saw the completion of only two: Drama and Rugby. Our play 'The Quare Fellow' by Brendan Behan was superbly produced by J. Chappell. All the cast gave their best, and to pick out anyone in particular for mention is perhaps unfair, but at the risk of being unjust to others I should like to mention the hilariously touching performance of Hangman Francis and Assistant-Hangman Higgins - these two will surely remain in the memories of all who saw the production. This was a well deserved win for our Drama Department.

On the Rugby field we were no less successful and we achieved the distinction of being the first House not to concede a match in any age group, and to score 184 points and have only 14 scored against us. D. Lloyd led our Senior team to victory, but no less well spent was the time he devoted to training our younger teams.

Cross Country was another success. Qualifying, although lower than in previous years, was still higher than in other houses, and so on the actual day we were ahead by almost 200 points. The Third and Fourth year teams were both second by a mere handful of points, and the Seniors, though lacking their captain, won, taking the first three positions. Thanks go to S. Hutchinson for his strenuous efforts in organising our teams.

These three competitions involved a great part of the house, but just as important, although they do tend to be neglected, are the competitions involving only a few people from each year group.

Among these was the Gymnastics in which we failed to retain the Cup for a second year, but came second owing to a good team effort led by T. Spencer.

The only other Competition to be completed was the Debating - in which we were again second to a very strong Gibbs team. A. Shephard led our team well, and his fine debating gave us second place.

All the other competitions are still in the balance - Basketball looks like ending favourably for us; Chess and Tennis should give us quite respectable positions. So all in all the prospect of retaining the Cock House for another year must be good as long as we do not sit back and wait for it to come to us.

During the last few months the House has lost a number of people who have made great contributions in a wide range of House and School activities. M. Russell, the all-round athlete, has left to go on to Teachers' Training College. P. Sutton, musician-extraordinary, has gone prior to his Oxford career, P. Metcalfe, a stalwart member of Rugby and Basketball teams, has also left; J. Slater who during his few months here participated in many activities has moved on to the Continent. We wish them all well for the future.

On the other hand a welcome return was the all too brief visit of Mr. O'Driscoll, whom we hope to see again in the near future.

Thanks finally go to the W.P.H., J.G.S., M.M., and J.G.F. for their support in all our activities.

## COCK HOUSE COMPETITION (to March 1971)

	Cobbs	Gibbs	Halliwells	Miltons	Newsoms
Rugby ... ..	1	6	0	3	10
Drama ... ..	$\frac{1}{2}$	6	$\frac{1}{2}$	3	10
Cross-Country ... ..	6	1	3	—	10
Gymnastics ... ..	7	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	—	4
Basketball ... ..	2	4	—	$\frac{1}{2}$	7
Chess ... ..	$5\frac{1}{2}$	—	$5\frac{1}{2}$	2	$\frac{1}{2}$
Debating ... ..	—	7	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	4
Totals ... ..	22	26	$11\frac{1}{2}$	9	$45\frac{1}{2}$



## KINETICS

A long time ago now a group from the 'Sixth Form spent an extended General Studies' period at the Hayward Art Gallery. Winter is not usually the time for school trips, and the steady drizzle made the Shell Building and the Royal Festival Hall the epitome of urban drabness. Inside the gallery a different spectacle was awaiting us. After a dutiful turn round the Celtic Exhibition, we plunged into the flickering darkness of the Kinetics Exhibition, where Science and Art had combined to produce an unforgettable collection of artistic oddities.

Some of the exhibits were intensely serious: to stand in front of a panel of ever-changing colours of light, as big as a door, is not an enjoyable experience. The colour is almost 'blinding, and the brain is aware of nothing else but colour: it fills the mind, then the body, then somehow becomes a noise as well as a sight. The most serious, horrifying and nightmarish contraption of all was a pyramid of mirrors with one of the sides taken off. A machine at the back of the pyramid was projecting colours and patterns inside the pyramid. When you leant over the rail and looked into the pyramid, there was a mirrored infinity of the pattern, and a mirrored infinity of yourself, apparently trapped behind the rail. It was a colossal, hellish prison, with nothing but other prisoners above and below you, to the right and left of you. The sight of ten thousand volts jumping across two quivering and rattling wires had a deadly fascination.

It is not often that works of art make you laugh out loud, but the satirical comments on industrialised society on the roof of the building were extremely funny. One ridiculous machine, frail in construction, was working with enormous vigour and energy to throw water in various directions through a hose. It worked by means of a rickety wheel struggling blindly on with its ageless task. A more sinister, but equally amusing exhibit, consisted of two enormous fluorescent blobs sitting on the floor, which, while slowly changing their garish colours, seemed also to change their size. They had the aspect of pulsating yet harmless aliens.

One could go on describing the exhibits. Far better, I think, to note that Kinetic Art is here to stay, and there are bound to be even more astonishing exhibits in the future. The Hayward Gallery opens in the evenings as well as during the day, and I would advise anybody who wants a really original evening to go to the next Kinetic display.

A. J. Shephard, 6A2.



# PERSONAL CONTRIBUTIONS

WHO, EXCEPT POSSIBLY THE POSTMASTER GENERAL, WOULD REFUSE TO SHAKE HANDS WITH ONE OF THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERS?

*P. Szanto, 6Sci.1.*

As we search through the cob-webs of our memories, something stirs at the mention of the 'Great Train Robbery.' The bare facts are recalled from the oblivion of time: one of the greatest robberies ever, one of the richest rewards; a superbly planned and executed operation worthy of old 'Monty' himself!

Beyond the first, conditioned revulsion at the mention of a deed frowned upon by our successful society, one cannot do anything but admire the skill, courage, and daring which these men exhibited to carry off such an amazingly complicated manoeuvre with a minimum of time and danger. Everything was prepared and organised, and an army of men moved with the precision of clock-work soldiers. Of all people, perhaps the Postmaster General particularly, must admire this precision, as he could well do with such smooth organisation within his own empire.

Obviously the leaders of our society, and those who have benefited most from its mode of operation would frown upon this action. They would interpret it as a direct affront to their supremacy, and to their world of cotton wool. And quite rightly so! Here were people who had used their intelligence, and, by diligence and hard work, had succeeded in bettering their financial standings. Such a line could easily be found in any capitalist doctrine. However they committed one grave error. They stole the money, which was about to be burnt, from a governmental institution, instead of devising a scheme whereby they could rob workers quite legally. Thus the thinking person who has been able to break through the conditioning barrage which is thrown up at him continuously from all sides would look favourably upon these gentlemen who had demonstrated quite openly the blatant inequalities which must exist in any capitalist system. Conversely the 'Have and Holders' (to use a term of Shaw) of our Society would clamour, as they have done, for the sternest possible action to be taken against an enterprise of this nature.

One cannot, however, argue that the Robbery served as a glowing example to the starving millions. Most people have been led to believe that these robbers were violent ruffians who were robbing Society, and hence the ordinary man, of millions of pounds. The injury to the driver was vastly over-played and publicised to this end, and the whole campaign was partially successful in whipping up a witch-hunt for these unfortunate star-seekers. However the people who realise the effect of the monetary matters connected with this affair see that no-one was robbed of anything, save the incinerator men of a day's work, the air of a bit more smoke, and the Post-Office of a magnum of pride.

Having approached the problem from a purely economic aspect, we now turn to the humanitarian reactions which may largely govern an individual's attitude to such a robbery. Obviously many people were repulsed by the use of violence, but we see so much of this on our newspapers and television screens that we have become largely deaf to the pain of one man amongst the cries of so many millions. Many people realise that the bulk of the men who made up the group were not blackguardly cut-throats and thieves, but ordinary men in the street, who had led ordinary family lives, until the temptation of quick riches waned their acceptance of common morality. How many of us, faced with the opportunity of life-long riches after a history of squalour and a bleak future would turn down such an opportunity? Should we be responsible for ruining the lives of a number of men and their families just because of a momentary 'indiscretion'? Obviously the 'Have and Holders' will reply that an example must be made of these men in order to dissuade others from imitating their aims. However, many people will argue that in a victimless crime of this nature they would like to shake hands with the robbers, pat them on the back, and say, "Hard luck, lads — you played the game well and lost. No hard feelings," and let them sink once more down into the morass at the bottom of the pit whence they came.

The Train Robbers — Robin Hoods of our time? Not quite, but we admire them all the same.

*The above was an entry in the Headmaster's Essay Competition.*



## DEMO!

*C. Dodd, 5c.*

At nine o'clock on a very wet Sunday morning, the telephone rang. Dragging myself out from bed, I picked up the receiver.

"4628."

"Hello, Clive, Rudi here. Can't stop, just bring some waterproof clothes and some sandwiches, and meet me by the Clock Tower in half an hour."

With those few words, he hung up. I knew that something was on, as Rudi did not usually become excited easily, but experience had taught me never to argue with Rudi when he was excited, as he could be extremely irate. I had respect for Rudi, and 'obeyed his every command' without question, although I did not really know why: he was just that type of person.

Thirty minutes later, I arrived at the Clock Tower to see Rudi and about twenty or so of his university friends. They were all dressed alike: some had sandals, some shoes, but mainly they wore battered faded jeans and dirty-looking anoraks. These factors, combined with their long, bedraggled hair, unshaven faces, and wire-rimmed glasses gave them the appearance of typical university under-graduates.

Rudi did not seem to notice me as we walked away from the Tower; he was busy talking with one of his friends about the freedom of the individual in today's capitalistic society. Rudi had always been like that: he jumped at the chance to become involved in any type of political discussion, but would always keep firmly to his beliefs and would not listen closely to any other view.

I did not even know the purpose of my journey, but, if Rudi deemed it necessary, then it must be for a very good reason. As we walked along the streets I began to dream of joining the thousands at a Vietnam Peace march, swaying with the mass as the police charged us again, or sitting outside the University because the Dean had forbidden us to ride our bicycles along the University footpath. My dreams were shattered, however, when a tall, fuzzy-haired monstrosity wearing a red arm-band on his left arm and white band with the word 'Peace' on his right, informed me that one of Rudi's friends had been thrown out of his lodgings as he had not paid the rent for the past two months because he had been fined twenty pounds for cheating British Rail out of a six and six pence return from Victoria. This news came as a heavy blow to me. The waterproof clothing, I had thought, was to protect me from the water-cannons that the police would bring in as we moved towards the American Embassy, but I could

see no purpose in wearing it at all now. Disillusioned and downhearted, I walked along with the crowd, who, by now, were chanting slogans such as 'Freedom.'

'The rights of the individual must be protected,'

'Down with the capitalistic landladies!'

One bespectacled youth was even shouting 'Ban the bomb!'

Turning right by the drinking fountain, we came to a house that looked rather like one of those Georgian maisonettes, and Rudi cried out, 'That's the one.'

Immediately, the thirty or so people who were with me rushed to the steps of the house. Not caring to be left behind, I quickly followed. Rudi took command at once:

'Geoff, you take your division to the left of the house; Peter, you take yours to the right. I shall stay here in the middle with my lot. Jan should be along with the placards any minute now.'

No sooner had he said those words than a very battered Volkswagen turned the corner and screeched to a halt some two yards behind me. A great cheer arose from the party as a girl with long, black hair tied back with a coloured head-band, and wearing tight jeans, and a loose-fitting sweat-shirt jumped from the front of the van and ran to the side. Pulling open the doors, she took armful after armful of placards from the van. Everyone rushed to the van, and like kids with a new toy, struggled to take the biggest placards. I sat where I was, but suddenly a heavy hand thrust a placard into mine. It read, 'believe it or not, 'Death to Capitalists' as if these were the only words they knew. After all the placards had been taken, a chant of 'Capitalist Landlady - Out!' arose from the group. By this time I was a little tired of the word 'capitalist.' A few moments later, a plump lady, whom I thought to be the landlady, opened the front door. She was wearing a tattered dress, over which was tied a greasy apron. Her hair was piled up in a towel. A cigarette drooped lazily from her mouth. As she folded her arms, she looked the typical figure of defiance.

'Go on, get out of it, you long haired louts,' she said, 'or I'll call the police!'

'There she is,' cried Rudi, 'a prime example of one who wishes to stop the rights and freedoms of youth. She cares only for money. One of our brothers, in carrying out a survey, did not pay her for two months, only two months, and she threw him out. She must be punished.'

At these words the poor woman slammed the door, and the group, incited by Rudi's speech, rose to their feet, waving their placards.

'Landlady out — Rudi in!' they cried.

One of the group was confused by all the excitement, poor chap, and forgot where he was. He proceeded to shout, "Ho, Ho, Ho, Chi Min. American Imperialists get out of Vietnam!"

This carried on for about ten minutes before a police car arrived outside the house. A burly policeman, about six foot six in height, stepped from the car.

'Alright, you lot, you've had your fun,' he said in a deep voice. 'Go back home and get your mother to cook you some dinner.'

Rudi was rather alarmed at this, as were all the group. Rudi again became the centre of attraction when all eyes focused on him.

'You win this time, Fuzz,' he said, 'but we'll be back, you'll see.'

'Well next time bring Mummy,' said the policeman, 'and get your ruddy hair cut.'

The group then followed Rudi as he moved slowly from his position at the front of the house. The landlady cautiously peeked her head behind a curtain, as Rudi said to his friends, 'Don't forget the placards. We might need them later.'

As the group followed Rudi back to his luxurious penthouse flat, conveniently furnished for him by his rich, capitalistic father, I walked slowly away, downhearted, disillusioned and worried. I turned right at the drinking fountain and wandered depressingly down the High Street, as the light rain began to fall.



## QUESTIONS

*C. Hughes, 4E.*

At last, the great day had come. The Fuhrer had recognised my great services to the Reich; all those reports on German buildings, German armies and their services to humanity had not been in vain. I had at last been picked by the S.S. and I was speeding down a steep mountain road, in the back of a Mercedes-Benz. The trees flashed by, and the world slowly revolved backwards as the car's wheels pushed on towards the buildings, gleaming in the hot sun like mirrors, now only a few hundred feet below us. We drew up to the gates; a few short words disturbed the unusual

silence, and the gates opened, as everything did in Germany, quickly and efficiently.

The car pulled over, and the Commandant greeted me. I got out of the car and walked over the gravel with him, towards the bunk houses. The gravel crunched beneath my feet, reminding me of just how silent the place was. I looked around as I went: the camp was quiet, it was clean and it was efficient, but, most of all, it was German.

We went in the bunk houses, which were incredibly tidy. The Commandant said that they were the living quarters for the work gang — a statement which I was astonished at. These Jews and Poles normally made the place a pigsty — but here, there was not even a sheet out of place, not a speck of dust — it was tidier than most S.S. quarters.

I reflected on this as I walked over the lawn towards the boilers. The whole place was unhealthily clean — it was the sort of obtuse cleanliness which might exist in a butcher's slaughter-house.

In the boilers, there was at last a fragment of sound to be heard. The men were raking out and stoking the boilers, so they did not hear us as we entered. One of them was laughing, and he said, 'The Reich will soon have more gold than the rest of the world put together — thanks to our generous friends, the Jews.'

At this they both began to laugh, but stopped instantly at a cough from the Commandant. There were eight boilers, scrupulously clean and driven by fans, each fan with four teeth, four hungry teeth biting on nothing, itching to get at someone, the Jews, perhaps, but being held back by good solid German steel — the Jews should be grateful.

As we walked back over the lawn, I asked the Commandant why all eight boilers were being used in such weather — were they burning the dirt and filth which was missing from the rest of the camp? He replied in the affirmative.

'Yes,' he said, 'we have much dirt and filth.' The word 'filth' bit the air, and echoed viciously, almost reflecting off the polished surfaces of the camp. Above us, the flag hung limp in the breeze, as the sun moved across the clear sky. The sun was like a huge hour hand, relentlessly ticking away the seconds, moving slowly on, marking time, as the thousand year Reich slipped by — seconds falling like sand in an egg timer.

Just then a train pulled into the yard by the north fence, and the truck doors opened. Out poured a sickening sight, hundreds of Jews, dirty Jews. The Commandant said that they were going to have a bath, and pointed to an underground building. We followed them over there as they were harshly shoved and pushed towards the steps of the underground buildings. I looked at them — they were tired and hungry; they were hollow-faced, and many of them were hardly human — one could not help

pitying them. As those capable of work were singled out. I thought more about that — they had no right to rule themselves, or be rich, but surely they had a right to live. These were the Jews who wanted the Promised Land. Well — they had found it — Germany was the Promised Land, and the Germans were the chosen people!

Even as I was thinking, the typically efficient machine, the well-oiled and programmed S.S. had herded all the women, children, and cripples into the bath-hall. The doors clanged to, and the place returned to its deadly hush. Presumably, the Jews would come out clean and ready for camp life. Just then, a van with a red cross on the side drove over from the road. A man got out with three canisters, and, after putting a gas mask on, he opened them and poured each one down three tubes which I had not previously noticed. I presumed that the green powder was a type of soap.

It was then that doubts first assailed me. What kind of soap would make necessary a gas mask? Such a soap would scour not only the body but maybe the lungs as well. Maybe it would end the Jews' troubles in more ways than one.

We then walked over to the river, several hundred yards away, across the sun-dried grass. I gazed into the murky water, where all the camp waste was ejected. The war machine was utterly inhuman: men were fed with orders and produced death, and the world was fed with war which produced chaos. I looked into the waters and more doubts arose — were these the waters which made the Jews' 'eventual bath?' Other questions entered my mind. What did really happen to them? Where did they go? Why did the Red Cross man use a gas mask? I at last decided that I had to ask some questions, in spite of what I had seen happening to those who doubted the S.S. I turned to the Commandant, determined to get some answers, but he appeared to have seen that coming.

'Any questions?' he asked —

I looked into his face — his smiling face; into his eyes — his eyes — his eyes.

'No, no questions,' I mumbled, and slowly walked away.

As I walked back, the rushing waters seemed to shriek at me, tugging at my soul, and the spray was a pointing hand, accusing me, accusing me, and the sun's rays beat heavily down upon my back.





## C.A.T. 666 SQUADRON REPORT

*Winco. Mac, 6A1*

It is with great pride that I am able to record the Squadron's victory in the County Marksmanship Contest. Despite a very hard fight put up by the opposing teams, 666 Squadron killed 15 Royal Navy cadets, seriously injured another 22 and put 3 more in hospital with minor injuries, thus beating the other teams with a magnificent lead of 6 dead and 3 injured.

A trip to a foreign country was the prize which was awarded to them, and they set off three months ago for the country of their choice, Russia, with all expenses paid by the K.G.B. They ought to have returned two months ago, but the K.G.B. inform us that their flight was unavoidably delayed and has since been diverted to Siberia. They did say, however, that during the flight they would provide our cadets with some interesting programmes to watch on the 'plane's T.V.

To turn to graver matters: it appears that the C.A.T. is quickly losing members and is indeed in danger of becoming extinct: apparently, according to the latest polls, 90% of unisexuuls now prefer the Guides to the Man's Life of the A.R.F., make-up tends to become smudged while parachuting down to Earth was one of the main reasons given. It would indeed be a sad thing if the A.R.F. had to stop training men to kill and drop bombs on others, and I hope therefore that we can revive an interest in the C.A.T. among members of the school. I am sure of one thing, however, which is that if the C.A.T. does disappear from the school, we shall receive letters from retired wing-commanders all over the country demanding that we 'bring back the C.A.T.'



## SEQUEL TO 'A DAY IN THE LIFE'

*D. A. McCulloch, 6A1.*

Tony closed the door silently behind him. He wanted to be alone with his thoughts. 'I just want to be alone' he thought. He leaned back on the door, raised his eyes to the ceiling, then thrust himself across the room to collapse on to the bed, thinking of . . . . nothing. His mind was a blank. He lay back, closed his eyes, opened them again, staring straight into the light. He closed them; looked at the tiny flash which seemed to be inside

his brain, followed it across. Once more he opened his eyes to the stabbing light, once more closed them. He turned on one side. Now his head was full of rushing thoughts. He looked straight ahead, though seeing nothing but the images in his brain, those searing, tearing images, always of Alan.

Those images were horrible: Alan, whose head had always been so full knowledge, now staring starkly up in astonishment — perhaps even as in madness. His mouth hung limply open, gormlessly. And there was the blood: as he looked, he watched a small, bright globule set up a trail across Alan's pallid cheek and trickle slowly on to his neck, to hang, suspended, for an eternity, before hesitantly, reluctantly, bowing to the force of gravity. 'Perhaps,' Tony thought, grotesquely, 'Newton could have discovered gravity by observing dying men.'

He shook himself — or did he shiver? He felt shaken by the harsh realism of what he had just witnessed. His eyes had been fixed on the wall but he had not noticed it. His mind had taken control of his eyes. He had actually seen Alan lying in front of him.

'What's the point of it all?' he asked himself, and knew instantly that he should not have. Such questions were better ignored, better left conveniently on one side.

He got up and poked his head through where two curtains overlapped. Then he wished he hadn't. He didn't know what might be out there, in the dark. Suppose a face were to appear? Suppose he were to witness something supernatural? He had the oddest feeling that somehow his head was now separated from his body, and withdrew quickly, though immediately he stood once again in front of the curtains he knew to what primitive, superstitious emotions he had given way.

He sat on the floor, a little nearer to the drawer where he kept his clothes.

Was it his fault that Alan had died? After all, he had dragged him out into the riot, he, Tony. He had been one of the College's foremost student-power leaders. He had suggested that they hold a demonstration — but wasn't he simply reflecting the views of the students?

Was it one of the 'responsibilities of power' which the lectures and others kept going on about that he should bear the guilt of his friend's — his friend's — death?

He rocked himself to and fro a little. That was a comforting motion. He could almost forget he was alive when he did that.

The next day Tony went to College. The mood there was no better. Everyone was feeling embarrassed, students and lecturers alike, and the atmosphere was like a living breathing, thing which lurked round every corner, at every confrontation with anyone he met, and he supposed it was

the same for the others. There were sudden silences, at times, the reasons for which no-one could really fully explain. Everyone was strangely passive, and, if two people's eyes met, even for an instant, there was a renewed feeling of guilt, of embarrassment.

Tony was really glad to get away from College that day.

\* \* \* \*

Tony carelessly flung the door of his room open, though carefully catching it before it knocked on to the bed, remembering that it was 'wrong' to be noisy and aggressive. Then he slowly and deliberately closed it behind him. This time he went straight over and squatted by the chest of drawers. There was uneasiness at College now if demonstrations were seriously discussed, but the terrible isolation of that other day was burned into his memory. People forgot more quickly than one would imagine. Fortunately or unfortunately?

He resorted to rocking backwards and forwards gain. Then he realised that he had been thinking of nothing while he was rocking. He thought what a pleasant sensation freedom of the mind brought: Just to think of . . . nothing.

At College Tony behaved reasonably normally, but he found that, on returning home, his thoughts would more often than not turn curiously morbid.

'Tony?' people would say. 'I think he was a bit stunned by what happened, you know, with the National Guard, but he's recovered now. Time's a great healer, and, the young are more resilient, you know. Everyone gets over it sooner or later. He's alright, though his work standard has dropped a bit.'

He rocked again, but this time felt strangely empty and unsatisfied.

\* \* \* \*

Tony opened the door of his room and walked in. He shut the door behind him. The portal to infinity: that's what his door was like. College wasn't what really mattered in life. It was life which mattered.

He hadn't been going to College regularly any more for some time now. There were other experiences to be had.

He went to the curtains and stuck his head through, looking out at the sky. It seemed a benevolent kind of sky. The darkness enveloped him, womb-like; his mind, his 'id' was free to roam wherever it chose. He thought of the people in the other houses. How many of them were looking out at the night? Before houses were invented, men had had to share part of themselves with the sky: it had been an omnipresent part of their life, their thought.

But infinity was so much better than the night sky. It went so much

further. It was like another consciousness. You could reach out for it and not be restricted even if you couldn't actually reach it.

His head rejoined his body in the room. Infinity. It was time for his journey to begin. His body made the appropriate movements and the drawer revealed its contents. In a way, the contents of the drawer were bigger than the drawer itself. His hand manipulated the syringe. All aboard for a circular tour to infinity!



## THE TWENTY MINUTE WAR

*A. Connell, 5C.*

Twenty minutes.  
Just twenty minutes, to murder a world.  
"We won't use them," they said.  
"They're a deterrent, nothing more."  
But they weren't, and they did.

Their "Deterrent" turned into a weapon.  
In the frightened anguish over a patch  
Of sand, half a world away,  
They used them.

Radar had been listening, metal-eared;  
Missiles, Safeguarding Systems, and Sentinels  
Waiting for what would never come,  
But did.

They launched their missiles.  
In the following false dawn,  
The sky was stained red with the blood  
Of an obliterated people.

The bombers released their merciless load;  
Noisy detonations, and silent deaths.  
They left a ruin as they went  
And met a ruin on return.

Twenty minutes,  
Twenty minutes to change the continent's face.  
To turn the soil to radio-active dust.  
Twenty minutes to murder a world.



*A. J. Shephard, 6A2, has composed the two poems below.*

**DUE TO LACK OF INTEREST, TOMORROW HAS BEEN  
CANCELLED**

Common enough, I know, to want to give.  
'How much?' now is the question I must ask.  
If I have only twenty years to live  
Should I damn the rest or slave at the task?  
Will I say, 'I tried, and by a fraction  
Insignificant modified the strife?'  
Or will I explore through private action,  
And die still living the last human life?  
My desire to do both starts with your kiss.  
With you I give and live: would like to move.  
The sky will always burn as blue as this,  
And life can be, with help, more than a chore.  
What will the polluted future demand?  
'Give your most' is the only safe command.



## I SAW A TRACTOR PULL DOWN A NORTHAMPTON OAK

There is a walk I sometimes make:  
It takes me half a day  
By the time I've drunk a glass  
And put my shoes away . . . .

The summer blues and blurs the sky  
And makes me shirt-loose hot;  
Beside the one-fifth water mill  
I slip the urban knot.

Swing-rope-wet feet and knotted rope —  
I laugh, lie, climb and run:  
How bursting is the rural me  
Foot-drying in the sun!

Over a gate and a railway line  
Is a first-thirst sandy way  
Through a field big enough to think across  
On a suitable day.

The insect buzz is dark-cloud loud  
Beside the conker trees,  
But Harlstone firs, tall, dark and quiet,  
Shut off the summer breeze.

Re-urbanised, I dream my song:  
But in the future, how?  
On my small bit of countryside  
They're building houses now.



## LIFE

*J. D. Bridgeman, 6A2.*

I look out of my window; I pick up a book;  
I read a newspaper; it's not far to look.  
Aspects of life are not far away —  
They're all very evident — every day.  
And I look and I wonder . . . . .

The riots, the deaths, the war and the strife,  
We accept them quite plainly; after all it is life.  
But stop and consider; do not make a sound.  
How would you like it, six feet underground?  
And I look, and I wonder . . . . .

The names are innumerable, the Greeks and Czechs,  
The Blacks, Jews and Arabs, now who will be next?  
Your mother, your father, your son, even you;  
The assassin's decided — there's nowt you can do.  
And I look, and I wonder . . . . .

But next time you read in the paper of pain  
Of murders, of bombings, of the crash of a train.  
Don't pass the thing by, saying 'what can I do?'  
Or, 'It's much too horrible — can't possibly be true.'  
You look, and you wonder . . . . .



*R.A. Keefe, 6A2, has provided the following three poems.*

## TWO GIRLS

Two girls  
ten yards in front  
one blonde and one brunette  
both in trousers  
one black one claret  
think im following them  
but im  
going  
to the library.

## FUTURE BOOGIE

Have you thought where you will be  
At fifty-five?  
Will you choke with cancer?  
Will you be alive!  
Will you work on hovercraft  
In Coventry  
Or will you work in a protein farm  
On the bottom of the sea?

Will you live on Venus, Saturn,  
Moon or Mars?  
Will you lead an expedition  
To the stars?  
Will you stamp out artificial  
Thyroid glands  
Or will you hold a laser-pistol  
In your hand?

Will you have to wear an  
Aqua-lung on land?  
Will you change the world's fate with  
Your own bare hands?  
Will you still be waiting for the  
Final flash  
Or will you glow bright crimson from  
The fall-out ash?

Will your mind be locked inside  
A grey machine?  
Will you explore places which no  
Man has seen?  
Will you sleep in ice till life is  
Fit to live  
Or will you gobble rice picked from  
A rusty sieve?



## WHATS EATIN' YOU, BOB?

Prologue One: I shatter the frosted world/window,  
Muddy water swamps my mind/room.

Prologue Two: Money and speed, overgrown weeds,  
Happiness grows with the shrinking of greed.  
Envy and greed, spiralling needs —  
Grow peace and friendliness. Truth is the seed.

A race of warm bi-peds cannot stop multiplying,  
But does all it can to eliminate dying;  
A man in a Daimler, continually lying,  
Thinks if it costs money it ain't worth the trying.

Men in white collars with two different Bibles,  
And everybody preaching and nobody joyful;  
A child in the grip of a razor-sharp pebble,  
And hard rubber bullets convert no real rebels.

Everyone talking and nobody listening:  
A G.I. in Asia is cooling and glistening.  
America's deserts with missiles are bristling,  
But true peace won't come till the thick air starts whistling.

Men with grey faces more friendly than neighbours,  
And men with no pride in the fruits of their labours;  
And only a pauper will do you a favour  
For stiff men with clip-boards just watch your behaviour.

Scanty-clad maidens designed to sell copies,  
And newly-found experts on everyone's hobbies,  
And gay plastic wrappers attracting dumb shoppers,  
And steering-wheels sweat-gripped by frothing queue-hoppers.



# SOCIETIES

## THE CHRISTIAN UNION

It is sometimes asked why people waste their Friday lunchtimes by attending Christian Union meetings; several replies may be forthcoming, but I believe that the three given here are the most important and relevant. Although it may shock some members of this establishment, a few of the Union's regular attenders come because they enjoy the meetings. Have you ever attended the Christian Union for two or three weeks? If your answer is 'no', how have you the right to say our meetings are boring?

A second reply to the former question may be that some members consider it their duty to attend; this is scriptural for throughout the entire New Testament, the need for communion and fellowship with other believers is strongly stressed. An evangelical, a Christian who considers the Bible as the word of God, cannot deny that Christians must join together for study, discussion and prayer—what better place is there than a church and Christian Union? My sincere advice to a Christian who does not attend a church is to join one before it is too late, before you take on too many other commitments and neglect the vision of Christ you experienced formerly. Surely, the easiest way for you to meet with other believers is by coming to Christian Union meetings—you will always be very welcome.

The third and final answer relates very much to the second: it is the underlying principle of our faith. If a mathematician is asked for the justification of a definition, he may well reply 'because it works, and is useful'. That is my justification for my belief in the Lord Jesus Christ being the Son of God, who died to pay the penalty for my sin, and your sin, your wrongdoing. Once the New Testament is accepted as truth, everything that happens may be explained and reasoned; a purpose is seen in life—and in death. If you believe this, then consider for a moment: Jesus Christ gave His life for you—will you not give a Friday lunchtime for Him?

J. J. Leonard.

## CLASSICAL SOCIETY

This Autumn Term's meeting took place in the very middle of the electricity dispute, the result of which was that in order to save time and avoid the dismal prospect of a totally dark meeting the new Secretary was not allowed his first chance of reading the minutes.

# your G.C.E. is your FIRST qualification

In banking you can qualify further — for challenging, influential and well paid work. You would take the examinations of the Institute of Bankers and become an Associate of the Institute. In Barclays you would have courses at the Bank's training schools at successive steps in your career and from 21, with your additional qualifications, you could be eligible for transfer to the Management Development Programme, with a minimum starting salary of £950. Barclays, Britain's most progressive bank offers you maximum scope for advancement. If you are under 25 and have a minimum of 4 G.C.E. passes at 'O' level, including English and Maths — better still if you have 'A' levels — post the coupon below.

## BARCLAYS

I have.....G.C.E. passes at.....level and I would like to discuss my possible career in Barclays. My age is.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

To: The Local Directors, Barclays Bank, London South Western  
Local Head Office, P.O. Box 491, 22 Chelsea Manor Street, Chelsea,  
S.W.3.

The greater part of the evening was taken up with a reading of Aristophanes' comedy "The Clouds." A version of the play written slightly earlier than the one which we possess was performed in March, 423 B.C. (the time of the great festival of Dionysus). Unfortunately it met with little success, and Aristophanes was very disappointed, since he considered it his finest comedy to date. As a result he revised the play considerably: this is the version which has come down to us.

The main purpose of the play was to make an absolute mockery of the 'New Science' and the 'Sophists' who, at that time, were numerous in Athens. As a representative of this movement Socrates was chosen, although it is not certain whether Aristophanes bore him any real grudge, or whether he just represented a typical, modern scientist to the average Athenian. Socrates, portrayed as a preposterous character who sits all day in a basket inside his 'Thinkery,' decides that he will take on as a pupil, Strepsiades, an ordinary Athenian who is married to an aristocratic wife and who has incurred many debts thanks to his son Pheidippides' extravagant expenditure on horses. His purpose in seeking Socrates' education was to learn the new sort of 'logic,' the one which teaches swindling rhetoric and which can win any court case, even against creditors. Strepsiades, however, soon gets thrown out, on the grounds of being utterly incapable of learning. But, undaunted, he sends along his son, Pheidippides, and Socrates agrees to teach him instead.

There follows a competition between 'Philosophy' (the old-fashioned, very severe form of education) and 'Sophistry' (the new, immoral type of education). Both sides fight very hard, but are, eventually, defeated by overwhelming public opinion: Philosophy yields to Sophistry.

Once Socrates had finished with Pheidippides, he looks a typical, modern, pasty-faced, disputatious youth. Strepsiades is delighted and immediately goes and rebuffs two of his creditors. His luck, however, reverses when Pheidippides begins to beat him, saying that, just as he used to punish his son for being naughty, so now his son will punish him when he is naughty, and with more justification, for being older, he ought to know better. Strepsiades is defeated. He curses the day he set eyes on Socrates, and with the help of his slave, Xanthias, burns down the Thinkery. The play ends in uproar as Socrates and his students emerge choking from the Thinkery and rush off stage hotly pursued by Strepsiades and Xanthias.

In many scenes there is uproarious comedy which had the whole meeting splitting their sides with laughter. The evening was enjoyed by all, and thanks are due to Mr. Carter for the immense amount of work he did in typing out the script and allotting parts for the reading for without this such a meeting could not have been held.

A. Maguire.

## BRIDGE SOCIETY

Until fairly recently, the 20th of February, to be exact, Bridge was known only as the card game which is played all day in the Sixth Form Common Room. Since that date, however, School Bridge has become organised, and a team consisting of P. Couper, D. P. Wharton, S. Arthur and P. Russell, entered the 'Daily Mail Schools' Bridge Cup. We were fourth out of a total of 26 schools entered, although only 15 appeared on the day. This result was all the more remarkable when one considers that this was the first time the team had played any seriously competitive Bridge.

Attempts were made to arrange matches against other schools—Sutton High, Nonsuch, and Surbiton High being approached. All, unfortunately, cried off, although matches are more than likely to take place during the Summer Term.

D. Wharton.

## THE SPUR PRESS

Since our last report was published, we have moved from occupying half the Pottery Room to having our own premises in the "Technical Block". We have not written a report for many years owing to what we considered excessive censorship of our reports. However, the time has come to bury the hatchet. Since then we have lowered our prices, but quality has not suffered.

As some people no doubt have never heard of the Spur Press, some information about the guild now follows.

Founded in 1938 to print a School magazine, the 'Library Review', the society gradually tackled other work, including School Play programmes and Christmas cards. 'Library Review' was replaced by the 'Oberon,' which has itself been discontinued.

The Spur Press produces thirty or more orders a term, ranging from hand cards to intricate menus and programmes. By its thirty-third year of existence, it has established recognition from many people outside the school - not to mention parents and other visitors. Complaints about work are rare.

We now have seventy type-cases and six working presses, together with a fully comprehensive range of type.

As members work voluntarily, all profits from orders printed help to purchase more equipment.

We have a few vacancies on the waiting list, and any potential printers would be welcome any lunch-time or after school (no experience necessary).

A limited number of orders can be accepted each term, but will customers please give their orders well in advance?

R. A. Keefe (Senior Foreman).

R. J. Emery (Foreman).

A. T. Isaacson (Foreman).

## 565 SQUADRON — A.T.C.

Meeting times: Friday 1900 hrs.

During the Summer holidays three members of the squadron spent one week in the Windermere Adventure Training Centre, in the Lake District. Many of the famous mountain peaks were climbed, such as Sca Fell, and Helvellyn. Two nights were spent under canvas, and everybody concerned thoroughly enjoyed himself.

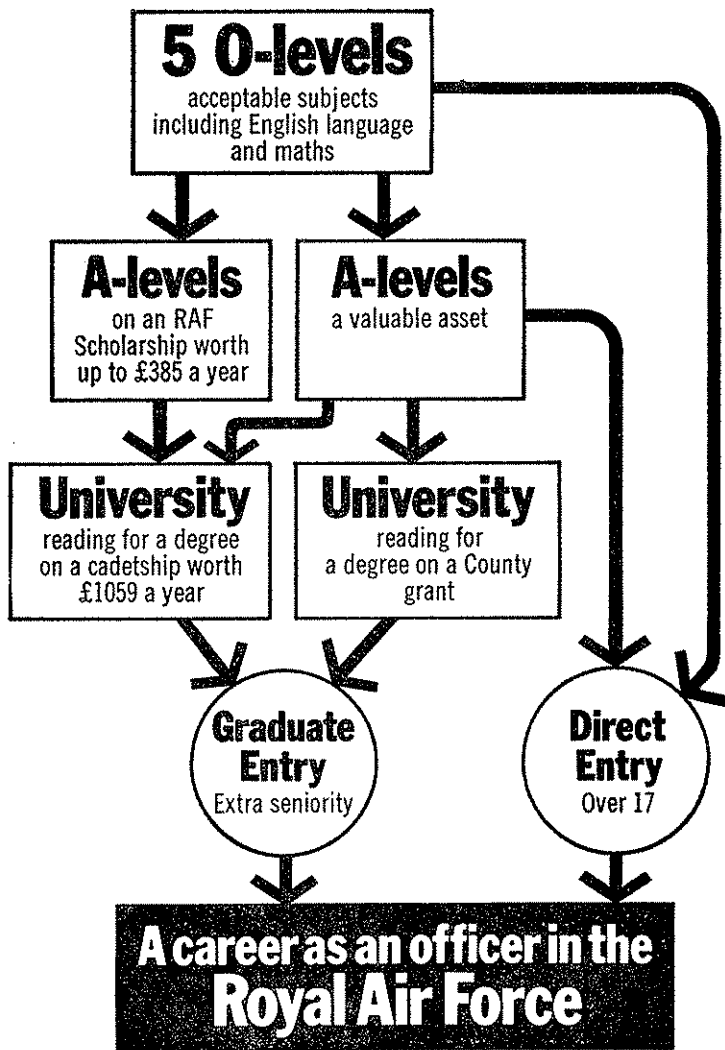
This term the Squadron played in the 1st round of the Spitfire Cup Competition against 1254 Squadron from Godalming. Unfortunately, last year's success in reaching the semi-finals was not repeated owing to the Wing Rugby trials being held on the same date. Nevertheless the Squadron Football team gave a good account of themselves, but lost 0:2.


Sgt. Metcalfe, yet again, reached the top in gaining his second Corps Blue for Rugby, a considerable achievement, and everyone in the squadron wishes to congratulate him.

Also in the latter part of the term, an eight-strong team was sent in for the Wing Cross-Country Championships on Epsom Downs. The weather was, as usual, foul, with a freezing wind and snow at times. None of our cadets was chosen, but their competing was gratefully acknowledged by other members of the squadron.

Flying this term was on Dec. 12th, when ten cadets went to R.A.F., White Waltham, to fly in Chipmunk aircraft, and all will be looking forward to the next detail on Sunday March 7th.

Three weeks beforehand twelve cadets were taken by Flt. Lt. Jeffs,



 If you are interested — in flying, engineering, logistics or administration — now is the time to do something about it. Your careers master has full information and, if you like, he can arrange for you to meet your RAF Schools Liaison Officer; this is quite informal, and an excellent way to find out more about the RAF.

Two more ideas: Write to Group Captain E. Batchelar, RAF, Adastral House (25ZD1) London WC1X 8RU, giving your date of

birth and details of your present and expected educational qualifications; or pick up some leaflets at the nearest RAF Careers Information Office — address in phone book.

**Royal Air Force**



Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Needle to R.A.F. Kenley for Air Experience Gliding. Each cadet had three, three-minute launches, and we were glad to see three new cadets to gain experience..

Two cadets, last term, went on Courses; Flt. Sgt. Pilkington took a Flying Scholarship, the first cadet to gain this scholarship. He has now both his Gliding and his Flying Scholarship; Snr. Cadet Sharpe went on a Gliding Scholarship course in November. Unfortunately the weather was against him as well as others on the course, and after eleven launches he had to return, but he will be informed later when it will be possible for him to return to Swanton Morley to finish the course, and, we hope, to pass.

Thirteen cadets faithfully turned up at Richmond Park to ride in a Sponsored Cycle for Squadron funds, and among all the cadets a sum of £33.00 was raised, which is to be spent on visual aids and entertainment equipment to be selected by the cadets.

This year it is hoped that a team from the Unit is to be entered for the Wing Shooting Competition, the first time since 1967. Meanwhile members of the Squadron have attended one meeting at Pirbright Army Camp where the squadron goes .303 shooting and, from the cadets who attended, three have shown a good standard of shooting which should put us in good stead for the Wing Shoot. There is regular shooting practice on Saturday mornings at the Territorial Army Hall at Stonecot Hill.

Whilst on the subject of rifle shooting, I should like to mention that three more cadets have gained their A.T.C. Marksmanship badges on Saturday mornings. This requires a 1" group at 25 yards with a .22 bore rifle. These cadets are: Cdts. M. J. Davies, M. Ky, and J. North. This brings the number of A.T.C. Marksman badges in the squadron to 16 with Flt. Sgt. Pilkington achieving his R.A.F. Marksman badge.

Examination Results are as follows: Cp. Marsh (Credit), Cdt. Sharpe (Credit), Cpl. Davies passed their Senior Cadet, Cdts. Saunders (Credit) and Lane (Credit) their Leading Cadet Examinations.

Promotions this term were made as follows: Cpl. Martin to be Sergeant; S/Cdts. Marsh and Davies to be Corporals.

I should like to express my thanks and those of the other members of the Squadron to Mr. Needle for giving up so much of his time to take shooting on Saturday mornings, and for transporting cadets to and from every outside meeting we have attended.

Finally I would finish on the important point of new membership: Cdts. Burt and Catlin, Fraser and Blackmore have recently joined the Squadron and in the short time they have been here they have all obtained a high enough standard of proficiency to be able to join fifteen other cadets at R.A.F., St. Mawgan, in Cornwall during the Easter holiday. The Squadron has a fair number of members, but we urgently need more to avoid disbandment, so if you have any urges for any of the activities mentioned above please join. It is up to you. We hope you make a wise choice and should like to see you at one of our next meetings in the School Hall.

I. H. Davies (Cpl.)



# CHESS

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

*Captain:* C. Higgins.

*Hon. Secretary:* M. Szymanski.

The Club has been running well this season, six new sets having been obtained and the membership having increased to over fifty.

The teams have been fairly successful, particularly in the London League where there have been some surprisingly happy results. They did not, however, fare so well in the Sunday Times Competition, the Seconds losing by 0-6 in the First Round, and the Firsts by  $\frac{1}{2}$ - $5\frac{1}{2}$  in the Second Round.

## RESULTS

	Sutton	Surbiton	Tiffin	Hillcroft	Purley	Kingston	Kingston	Battersea	St. Joseph's	Wandsworth	Glyn	Hampton	John Fisher
<b>FIRST SIX</b>													
P. Couper	1	1	1	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	1	1	1	0	1	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	1
A. Brown	1	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	1
H. Rees	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	-	0
C. Higgins	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	0	-	1	0	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	0	1	1
P. Szanto	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	1	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	0
S. Arthur	0	0	0	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	1	0	0	0
Others	-	-	-	0	0	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	0	-	1	-	1	-
<b>Total</b>	<b>4-2</b>	<b>1<math>\frac{1}{2}</math>-4<math>\frac{1}{2}</math></b>	<b>2-4</b>	<b>5-1</b>	<b>3-3</b>	<b>3-3</b>	<b>5-1</b>	<b>2<math>\frac{1}{2}</math>-3<math>\frac{1}{2}</math></b>	<b>1-5</b>	<b>5-1</b>	<b>1-5</b>	<b>3<math>\frac{1}{2}</math>-2<math>\frac{1}{2}</math></b>	<b>3-3</b>
<b>SECOND SIX</b>													
P. Russell	1	-	0	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	0	-	0	-	1
M. Szymanski	1	-	0	-	-	-	-	-	0	-	0	-	0
M. Lea	-	-	-	-	1	-	-	-	0	-	0	-	-
T. Waller	1	-	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	1
S. Messenger	1	-	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
S. MacLachlan	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	-	-	-	0
I. Hope	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	-	0	-	0
Others	0	-	1	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	-	-	0	-	0
<b>Total</b>	<b>4-2</b>		<b>1-5</b>		<b>3-3</b>				<b>1-5<math>\frac{1}{2}</math></b>		<b>0-6</b>		<b>2-4</b>

### UNDER FOURTEEN SIX

T. Waller	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	-	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-
S. Messenger	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-
I. Hope	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	1	-	0	-
S. Lindsay	-	0	0	1	-	-	1	0	-	1	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-
C. Whitton	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	0	-
D. Bray	-	0	-	-	-	-	1	0	-	0	-	0	-
Others	-	0	0	2	-	-	0	0	-	0	-	0	-
Total		1-5	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -4 $\frac{1}{2}$	6-0			3-3	2-4		3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 $\frac{1}{2}$		1-5	

Others who have played:

First Six: M. Szymanski, T. Waller, S. Messenger, P. Sutton.

Second Six: M. Pickstone, S. Murphy, D. Evans, P. Males, S. Lindsay.

Under Fourteen Six: P. Norton, M. Broughton, J. North, O. Muirhead,

L. Masterman.

Three members of the School team have played for the Surrey team. A. Brown, P. Couper, and C. Higgins played for the Under Eighteen team, and A. Brown and P. Couper also played for the Surrey Over Eighteen team, having reasonable success in their matches.

### C.E.W.C.

The C.E.W.C. Student Committee in Merton has been, in a sense, 'underground' this year. Instead of the very visible activities of past committees, such as sponsored walks and dances, this year's group of Sixth-formers from Merton's High Schools has been hard at work making an investigation into the aims and objectives of the C.E.W.C. Some of the Fifth formers reading this article may have filled in our questionnaire, which was tackled by over a hundred students in the Borough. The standard of comment was impressive, and we could not help noticing the enthusiasm with which many of the questions were answered. It is clear that people in our schools are really concerned with the problems of our polluted, over-populated, politically split world.

From our investigation we discovered a considerable interest, and a growing one, in the conferences and debates which are organised by C.E.W.C. Recently there has been a junior conference on Denmark, and a senior debate with the motion 'Extremism in politics is a necessary evil.' The lively speakers were successful in making a great number of people very hot under the collar, producing many comments from the floor. These debates will certainly continue, providing, it is hoped, constructive entertainment.

February the 15th saw the departure of the Student Committee for Paris. Merton Education Authority, with the co-operation of the High Schools, made this trip possible by paying two-thirds of the cost. The purpose of our visit was to see for ourselves the U.N.E.S.C.O. headquarters in Paris, and to meet some French High School students who belonged

to a U.N.E.S.C.O. club, the French equivalent of C.E.W.C. The trip was an enormous success. We saw the sights, patronised innumerable cafes, attended a strike meeting of a High School, and returned reluctantly to Victoria laden with French produce - wine, grapefruit juice, hot pants, an L.P., books, paintings, and two plastic penguins. The Committee hopes that future committees will have similar opportunities.

A. J. Shephard, 6A2.

## SPORT

### RUGBY

*Master-in-Charge:* E. Parry, Esq.

*Captain:* S. Young

*Vice-Captain:* M. Healey.

*Hon. Secretary:* R. Sharpe.

#### RESULTS

OPPONENTS	1st. XV	2nd XV	3rd XV	U.15 XV	U14 XV
Shene	28-9	9-6	—	0-45	3-46
Gunnersbury	14-29	13-19	—	—	—
Langley Park	21-0	20-5	—	14-14	3-52
Wimbledon College	16-3	11-27	—	0-30	0-51
Ottershaw	17-3	24-6	—	—	—
Surbiton	6-9	—	—	—	—
Carshalton	—	—	—	15-3	11-27
Sutton	14-12	11-9	—	—	—
Pelham	38-0	—	—	25-6	22-9
Glyn	11-3	28-6	—	25-3	26-11
Thames Valley	17-6	—	—	10-13	31-16
John Fisher	11-3	0-31	—	0-49	0-32
Guildford	3-22	0-0	6-35	—	—
London Oratory	18-3	30-11	—	9-14	0-24
Rutlish	6-19	0-18	—	5-35	27-6
Chiswick	3-9	6-6	—	0-25	11-8
Beverley	13-3	25-11	—	9-5	5-46
Belfast	0-28	—	—	—	—
Hampton	0-12	0-23	—	0-44	8-42
Old Boys	3-33	3-9	—	—	—
Wandsworth	—	—	—	—	0-35

#### RECORDS

Played	19	15	1	13	14
Won	11	7	0	4	5
Drawn	0	2	0	1	0
Lost	8	6	1	8	9
Points for	239	180	6	112	147
Points Against	206	187	35	286	405

## FIRST FIFTEEN

This season has been one of mixed fortunes, with the team showing their great potential against strong sides such as John Fisher, but then playing disappointingly against weaker sides.

The pack was very young and inexperienced, but, with good coaching, a keenness and determination grew, which earned us plenty of useful ball in the loose. The line out play was sound, with some outstanding jumping by Kelly, and, despite the inexperience, the pack gave the backs a valuable supply.

However this ball was not always well used by the backs. At times they were slow moving, but, when they got into top gear, they showed their true potential, especially down the wings, where Healey and Feist were particularly penetrating.

Undoubtedly the problem throughout the season was consistency. The first match, against Shene, was played in very wet conditions, but we managed to play some good rugby and beat them convincingly. The following game was against Gunnersbury, who inflicted a rather heavy and well deserved defeat on us. However out of the next nine games we won eight, our only defeat being in a very exciting game against Surbiton which we were unlucky to lose by 6-9.

Our best match was undoubtedly that against John Fisher. We travelled to their ground facing a strong team with an impressive, unbeaten record. Against a much heavier pack our forwards battled bravely for only a moderate amount of possession. Nevertheless the backs played exceptionally well to run in three tries, and put up an excellent display of tackling and covering.

The last part of the season was disappointing as we won only two out of the remaining seven games. The most distressing defeat was against Chiswick. We had plenty of possession but failed to find the penetration apparent in the earlier matches.

Practices this season have been well attended and have enabled us to work out plenty of tactics. I am sure that it was the willingness of the boys to get together regularly that has earned us the moderate success we gained this season.

The side has been a very young one, and with the prospect of as many as twelve of the team returning next year the outlook for the 1st's is bright.

The team was picked from:—

Vipond, Metcalfe, Wood, Healey, Seeley, Feist, Hosier, Holmes, Russell, Sharpe, Willcox, Szanto, Antonowicz, Kelly, Kensett, Young, Mayer, Lovell, Lloyd, Fordham, Dodd.

Full colours— Re-awarded to: Young, Healey, Sharpe.

Awarded to: Kelly, Seeley, Hosier, Mayer, Holmes, Szanto..

Half colours— Awarded to: Willcox, Dodd, Lovell, Vipond, Wood.

## UNDER FIFTEEN FIFTEEN

*Master-in-charge:* P. Nicholls, Esq.

*Captain:* A. Jones.

*Vice-Captain:* A. Feist.

The season started off badly with a heavy defeat from Shene, but after a second loss we managed to draw with Langley Park. This encouraged the team to greater efforts, and three amazingly skilful and successive victories followed. Our fourth victory and a celebration promised by Mr. Nicholls were now sought but this did not come until late in the term when we beat our greatest rivals, Beverley. Some of the later results are best forgotten.

Some effective individual play came from Feist, Harris, Harrison, and Spencer, while particular mention must be made of Slater who, though only in this country for five months from the States, showed natural ability and became our regular hooker.

Practices were well attended, and I should like to thank all the team for their co-operation and Mr. Nicholls, especially, for instilling even more enthusiasm into an already spirited team.

The following have played during the season: Feist, Foster, Harris, Haibatan, Ishmael, Daley, Totterdell, Stephens, Murphy, Jordan, Martin, P., Nicholls, Purie, Harrison, Dow, Slater, Spencer, Marshall, Mugg.

## UNDER FOURTEEN FIFTEEN

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

*Captain:* J. Adams.

In terms of results, this season's have been rather more successful than last year's but we could have done better. We won five and lost nine games.

The team suffered three heavy defeats at the beginning of the season, but we then found our form, beating Pelham 22—9.

Once again we beat neighbours Rutlish and also Thames Valley, both convincing victories.

The forwards gladly welcomed some extra weight in the scrum and all their efforts were rewarded by some fine running from Eager, Moore, and Sainsbury in the threequarters. Davies (M.) hooked well throughout the season.

The new boys picked up the laws of the game very quickly, and Bradley found himself a regular team place, becoming top scorer.

Finally, I should like to thank Mr. Smith for all the work he put into raising a team and varying the training for the enjoyment of all who took part.

Those who played were:—  
Adams J., Adams T., Bradley, Burt, Davies M., Eager, Lamb, Leith, Mason,  
Moore, Norton, Plumb, Port, Sainsbury, Watson, Anthony, Devine,  
O'Sullivan, Allen, Shaw, Amon, Morgan, Jones, Brudenell, Masterman,  
Bray, Elliott, Broughton.

## CROSS COUNTRY

*Master-in-charge:* M. C. Gleed, Esq.

*Captain and Secretary:* D. W. Evans.

Both teams have had an outstandingly successful season, each losing only one match, and having success in open competitions. With only three weeks of the season remaining we are top of the League in both age groups, and look unlikely to be dislodged.

The Seniors began the season with a disappointment. An incomplete team lost to Roan by a couple of points, but in the following weeks we beat Surbiton and Selhurst at home, and Beverley on their flat course around the strike-bound sewage works. The next match, against John Fisher, was crucial — it was an away match, and we almost failed to reach Purley as the coach did not arrive. However we did appear rather belatedly and we had a most successful morning. A. S. Hutchison won the race over the rough ground over the remains of Croydon Airport, and, as the rest of the team packed into the first ten positions, we beat John Fisher on their own course, always a very difficult thing to do.

We had an easy win over Tiffin at home, and an even easier win a fortnight later over last year's champions, Wallington, on their flat, fast and not very well marked course in Beddington Park. In all three races we took the first six places.

Next came the Merton Championships on Wimbledon Common, in which the Seniors excelled themselves. In the Under Seventeens I. Evans was third, and the team first. In the Over Seventeens race, over a very testing five mile course. A. S. Hutchison was first, as was the team.

The Under Seventeens also had some success in the Selwyn Trophy — finishing in second place after the two races on Epsom Downs.

The Autumn Term ended with victories over Sutton Manor and Glyn.

The Spring Term was just as successful — perhaps even more so — for as well as beating all our League opponents, we reversed our only defeat in the previous term by overwhelming Roan on their hilly course in Greenwich Park.

One of the outstanding performances of the season was winning the Judge Cup on a cold Wednesday afternoon in Richmond Park, and taking the Cup away from Whitgift. All the team ran well in this race, packing four scorers in the first eighteen in a good class field.

The success of the team has been due to its strength in depth — our leading seven runners could all be relied upon to be in the first ten or so places.

A. S. Hutchison is to be congratulated on running in a Scottish trial, and, had it not been for injury, it is very probable he would have run for his country.

The Colts began their season in striking fashion with a convincing win over Roan. This set the pattern for the rest of the season and the team went from strength to strength: Sutton, Beverley, and Selhurst were disposed of in quick succession with C. Hughes and S. Stone establishing themselves at the front of the field. However John Fisher proved too strong though the defeat spurred the team on to greater efforts, and aroused a determination to reverse the result in the return match in the Spring term.

The Selwyn Trophy yielded a creditable third place, but having only four to score did not give the opportunity for the full use of the team's talents.

Wallington were well and truly informed on the flat grassland of Beddington Park that the League Shield would not stay with them.

The Merton District Championships, contested by all the High Schools in the borough, brought out the best in our runners, who won very convincingly.

A strong Kingston team was overcome on the hilly course around the Thatched House, and the match against Glyn at home was probably the fastest ever, providing a fitting climax to the Autumn term.

The early return matches of the Spring term against Surbiton, Kingston, and Beverley confirmed the previous results, and the team headed towards the top of the table. In the rain and gelatinous mud of Selhurst another impressive win suggested that M. Petrides and D. Wright would be challenging for top places in the team during the rest of the season.

After the match with Trinity — a good win — the team went for a swim, a pleasant change from a shower.

The most important match in the Spring term was the return with John Fisher. A cutting north-east wind edged with snow set the scene for their toughest test. Four Raynes Park runners packed into the first five, then came seven Fisher runners, and after them, at long last, the rest of our runners. Surely we had lost? A few moments' calculations however yielded a four-point victory for Raynes Park.

Finally I should like to thank those intrepid souls who have made our home fixtures possible by marking and time-keeping; Mr. Forrest for his support, and Mr. Gleed for training the teams on Mondays and for organising the matches on Saturdays.

The following ran regularly:—

COLTS—G. Catlin, C. Hughes, J. James, P. Males, R. Newman, T. Moore, G. Nagle, A. Orr, S. O'Sullivan, M. Petrides, S. Stone, A. Taylor, T. Wells, C. White, D. Wright.

SENIORS—S. Baker, S. Brown, D. Evans, I. Evans, J. Goddard, A. S. Hutchison, G. Ives, M. Mannan I, S. Newton, K. Randall, M. Mannan II.

RESULTS

Autumn Term Match	Age Groups	Result	Individual successes
v. Roan (H)	O.15	Lost 41-39	D. Evans 1st
	U.15	Won 27-51	T. Wells 2nd
v. Surbiton (H)	O.15	Won 26-57	A. S. Hutchison 1st
	U.15	Won 33-45	C. Hughes, T. Wells 1st
v. Beverley (A)	O.15	Won 10-41	D. Evans, A. S. Hutchison 1st
	U.15	Won 21-67	C. Hughes, S. Stone, T. Wells 1st
v. Selhurst (H)	O.15	Won 29-52	A. S. Hutchison 1st
	U.15	Won 32-48	C. Hughes 1st
v. John Fisher (A)	O.15	Won 34-47	A. S. Hutchison 1st
	U.15	Lost 47-35	C. Hughes 2nd
v. Tiffin (H)	O.15	Won 21-63	D. Evans, A. S. Hutchison 1st
	U.15	Won 6-30	C. Hughes 1st
Selwyn Trophy I	O.17	—	D. Evans 9th/28
	U.17	2nd/9	S. Newton 9th/65
	U.15	5th/14	C. Hughes 9th/95
	O.15	Won 21-63	D. Evans 1st
v. Wallington (A)	U.15	Won 27-59	C. Hughes 1st
	O.15	Won 35-43	A. S. Hutchison 1st
v. Kingston (A)	O.15	—	C. Hughes 2nd
	O.17	Won 21-67	M. Mannan
Selwyn Trophy II	U.17	2nd	S. Newton 6th
	O.15	3rd	C. Hughes, 8th
	O.17	1st/3	A. S. Hutchison 1st
Merton Championships	U.17	1st/5	I. Evans 1st
	U.15	1st/6	M. Petrides 2nd
	O.15	Won 27-57	D. Evans 2nd
v. Sutton (A)	U.15	Won 31-54	C. Hughes 1st
	O.15	Won 34-46	A. S. Hutchison 1st
v. Glyn (H)	U.15	Won 27-56	C. Hughes 1st
	O.15	Won 24-56	A. S. Hutchison 1st
v. Surbiton (A)	U.15	Won 31-55	C. Hughes 2nd
	O.15	Won 17-46	D. Evans 1st
v. Kingston (H)	U.15	Won 25-57	C. Hughes 1st
	O.15	Won 6-21	D. Evans 1st
v. Beverley (H)	U.15	Won 21-69	C. Hughes 1st



v. Selhurst (A)	O.15	Won 28-55	D. Evans 2nd
	U.15	Won 26-56	C. Hughes 1st
v. Wallington (H)	O.15	Won 22-56	A. S. Hutchison 1st
	U.15	Won 28-58	C. Hughes, S. Stone 1st
v. Roan (A)	O.15	Won 27-57	A. S. Hutchison 1st
	U.15	Won 30-48	C. Hughes 1st
Surrey Schools	O.17	Merton 4th	S. Newton
	U.17	Merton 3rd	I. Evans
v. Trinity (A)	O.15	Won 30-48	D. Evans 1st
	U.15	Won 29-51	C. Hughes 1st
Judge Cup	O.15	1st/13	S. Newton 9th
v. John Fisher (H)	O.15	Won 32-46	D. Evans 2nd
	U.15	Won 39-43	C. Hughes 1st

### HOUSE COMPETITION

Again Newsom's won the Cup. Qualifying was very low in the fourth year and the Seniors, but the standard of the races was quite high.

### RESULTS

House	3rd Year	4th Year	Seniors	Qualifying	Total	Final Pos.
Cobbs	389 (1st)	291 (3rd)	259 (2nd)	490 (2nd)	1429	2nd
Gibbs	204 (5th)	185 (5th)	230 (3rd)	435 (4th)	1054	4th
Halliwells	303 (3rd)	318 (1st)	179 (4th)	488 (3rd)	1288	3rd
Miltons	228 (4th)	248 (4th)	57 (5th)	375 (5th)	908	5th
Newsoms	383 (2nd)	292 (2nd)	325 (1st)	672 (1st)	1674	1st

### INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

#### 3rd Year (43 runners)

1. M. Petrides (C) 16m. 48s. (Record 16m. 35s. M. K. Lucas, 1967).
2. D. Wright (N) 16m. 50s.
3. A. Orr (C) 17m. 21s.

#### 4th Year (29 runners)

1. S. Stone (C) 16m. 06s. (Record 15m. 35s. M. K. Lucas, 1969).
2. C. Hughes (M) 16m. 19s.
3. T. Wells (N) 17m. 23s.

#### Seniors (21 runners)

1. D. Evans (N) 20m. 49s. (Record 20m. 35s. A. S. Hutchison, 1970).
2. S. Newton (N) 20m. 58s.
3. J. Goddard (N) 21m. 17s.

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