

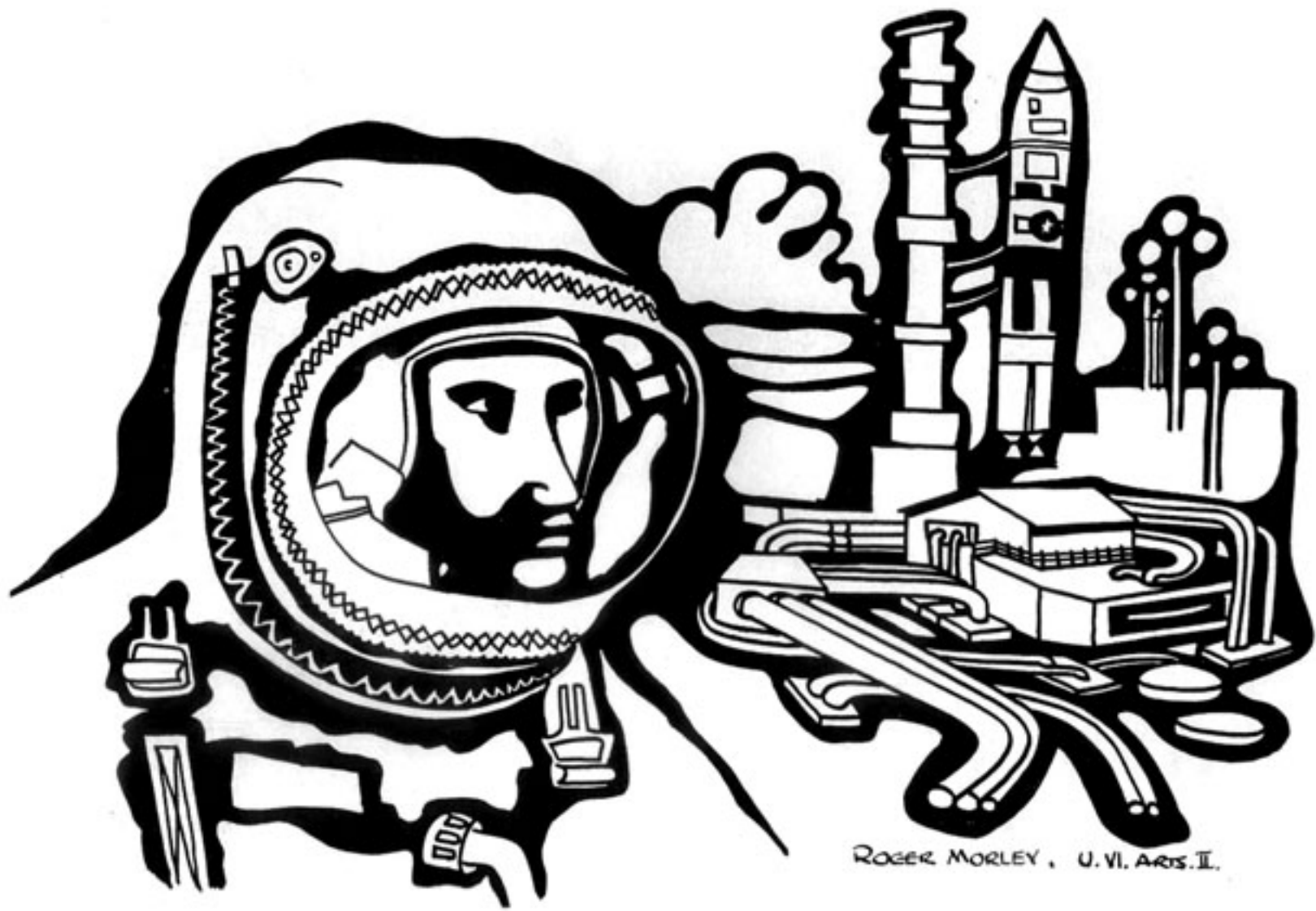


# The Mill

**MAY 1967**

THE MAGAZINE OF THE  
JOHN RUSKIN GRAMMAR SCHOOL





ROGER MORLEY, U. VI. ARTS. II.

*"Whenever the arts and labours of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do, honourably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man. In all other paths by which that happiness is pursued there is disappointment, or destruction: for ambition and for passion there is no rest—no fruition. But, ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry worthily followed, gives peace. Ask the labourer in the field, at the forge, or in the mine; ask the patient, delicate-fingered artisan, or the strong-armed, fiery-hearted worker in bronze, and in marble, and with the colours of light; and none of these, who are true workmen, will ever tell you, that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one—that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, till they return to the ground; nor that they ever found it an unrewarded obedience, if, indeed, it was rendered faithfully to the command—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—do it with thy might.'"*

*Extract from "THE GENIUS OF JOHN RUSKIN"—  
Selections from his Writings. The Mystery of Life and  
Its Arts, p. 345.*

## **EDITORS**

**BUSINESS MANAGER**

**LITERARY ADVISOR**

M. NIGHTINGALE, N. W. WILLIAMS;

N. H. KHAMBATTA, K. McDONALD.

Mr. I. F. STROVER

Mr. R. F. V. WOODARD.



## NEWS MISCELLANY

We are pleased to welcome two new members of our governing body: Councillor H. G. Whitwell, and Mr. A. W. Adams, who happens to be an old boy of the school.

On October 7th we had a visit from the Chairman of the Education Committee, Councillor Mrs. Bray, who stayed to lunch and spent the rest of the day with us.

Our annual Bulb Planting Saturday was October 22nd when the weather held fine and once again many parents attended and made their much valued contribution towards the beautifying of the school grounds.

Among the University successes we are always pleased to report we should like to give special mention to the winning of two University 'blues'—both in one year, and the first the school has ever been associated with. The first was by Michael Noakes, now in his third year at Lincoln College, Oxford, who was awarded his soccer blue. A large party of about 160 boys and Staff attended the match at Wembley on December 7th. The other success was by Stuart Smith, now in his third year at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. This was for lacrosse, but unfortunately the match—at Oxford—coincided with our half-term holiday and no school party could be organised. But Cambridge won handsomely.

Founders' Day Service was held on Thursday, January 12th, when the Bishop of Croydon gave the address. Speech Day which followed, on the 20th, is reported fully elsewhere.

The end of this term will see the completion by Mr. Lowe of 21 years as headmaster—a span of office that has almost exceeded that of both his predecessors. How the school has grown and prospered during his headmastership is a story that will keep, but to mark this occasion one of the editors sought an interview with him which is reported on another page. May we offer here our congratulations to Mr. Lowe and wish him many more years of continuing success.

Another 'long service medal' that should also be awarded should go to Mr. Smith, who this term completes 25 years at the school. Congratulations to him and best wishes for the future.

We hope to continue to bring out the magazine early in the Summer term instead of at the end. This will have many advantages—not least that all senior boys will have their copies before they leave school. A noticeable new feature is the appearance for the first time of advertising. We much regret having to do this really—but increased costs have forced our hands. The advertisements, however, are all concerned with careers and therefore should be of direct interest to boys and parents. We hope to follow them up in our next issue with an article by one of the Youth Employment Officers.

We should like to thank all contributors, but regret that some very interesting poems and stories had to be excluded because of a shortage of space. In particular we would mention: R. Irving, VU; R. Maile, VM; R. Morley, U.VI Arts II; G. Niemann, IVU; D. Reynolds, L.VI Sc.A; and J. Tyler, IR.

We should also like to thank those who entered for the photographic competition, the winner of which is R. Maile (VM).

### Holiday Dates:

Spring— Close May 25th (Thursday).  
Re-open June 5th (Monday).

Summer—Close July 21st (Friday).  
Re-open September 5th (Tuesday).

### AVE ATQUE VALE

At the beginning of the Autumn term we welcomed the following new members of Staff:

Mr. L. F. Grindle, B.Sc.	Economics.
Mr. T. M. Rees, B.A.	History.
Mr. D. Richardson, B.Sc.	Chemistry.
Mr. J. Rowlands, B.Sc.	Economics.
Mr. C. Whitehead, M.A.	General Arts Subjects.

Mr. G. G. Lewis, B.A., and Mr. P. Grey, B.Sc., also joined as part-time members of Staff.

At the end of term we lost the services of Mr. Grindle, who had been offered the post of Lecturer in Economics at Regent Street Polytechnic, and of Mr. G. C. Beebe, B.A., Second Modern Languages Master since January 1963, who left to take up the Headship of King David School, Liverpool. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Beebe for his inspiring and methodical teaching, for his work in arranging foreign exchanges, for his wise counsel, and for the humanity and dignity he brought to all occasions, public or private. Our loss will be Liverpool's gain: we feel King David's School will be in good hands.

At the close of the year, Mr. Nunn left us temporarily, on a year's exchange with an Australian teacher, Mr. T. Brentnall, B.A., whose lively manner, keen humour and residual sun-tan have already made him an attractive presence in our community.

Mr. Beebe was replaced in January by Mr. J. G. Lee, B.A., and Mr. Grindle by Mr. I. F. Strover, B.Sc. To both we accord our sincere welcome, as we do also to Mr. M. R. Weaver, who is giving general help here prior to going up to Oxford.

## SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held this year on Friday, January 20th, when our guest speaker was Lord Bowden of Chesterfield, Principal of the University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology, and former Minister of State, Department of Education and Science. We were also honoured by the presence of His Worship the Mayor of Croydon, Councillor Maurice D. West, J.P., and Mrs. West, who kindly presented the prizes. Others present on the platform included members of the governing body, representatives from the Education Office, and head teachers from other grammar schools in the borough. Councillor Sparrowe took the chair.

After his opening remarks Councillor Sparrowe called upon the Mayor to say a few words. Councillor West expressed his pleasure at being present and his high regard—and that of the Town Council—for the school. Despite all the educational changes that were being planned and being carried out he hoped that the school would continue in its present status.

In his annual report Mr. Lowe recorded a year of high success in the academic field. There had been 87 per cent successes among the 93 advanced level candidates, with 27 distinctions and ten grade 1 special paper ratings. Forty-four boys entered upon degree courses, eight gained entry to colleges of education and 24 Old Boys obtained university degrees during the past year. 'O' level results, he thought, were 'probably quite good'.

The year was more notable for its cultural than its sporting achievements, said Mr. Lowe. The first and second soccer XIs had good seasons and the first cricket XI an average one. On the cultural side, both junior and senior plays were of high standard. A concert of modern music and a school concert also took place during the year.

A further aspect of School life was the process which Mr. Lowe described as 'letting the world into the School, and the School into the world'. For a number of pupils, with examinations over, it included part-time or limited full-time employment.

Mr. Lowe said: 'We live in a restless age, when young people grow up quicker, demand more and are able to look after themselves earlier. And I am all for it—providing the activities are creative and the employment not a mere evasion of the primary responsibility of qualifying for future usefulness.'

Lord Bowden began his address by congratulating the Headmaster on an inspiring report. It was obviously a lively School where boys enjoyed and profited from their opportunities.

It was fashionable to say that education was important. And it was quite true. Its cost would confirm this. Only the Defence Department spent more. But it was the same everywhere. There had been a dramatic growth in educational spending all over the world, even in the poorer states of the Far East and in the developing countries in Africa.

Education was valued so widely for two main reasons. First it was necessary if man was to enjoy and understand the world; and secondly, the economic growth, the prosperity of a country depended upon its education system.

The world was changing rapidly, and here Lord Bowden gave some interesting examples. More kinds of clothing fabrics and fibres had been made available since the war than in all previous centuries put together. As for computers, while the earliest types, operating in 1939, did their work 300 times faster than a man, in 1950 they did it 1000 times faster; now a computer could do in 10 minutes what would take a man all his working life. Other figures he gave were these: three-quarters of the scientists who had ever lived were alive to-day, and two-thirds of the discoveries and inventions ever made had been made since the end of the war.

In every occupation, not only in industry, for instance, but also in agriculture there was a need for education—and especially a scientific education. A century ago we were the wealthiest, but also the most illiterate country in Europe. But to-day a wealthy country must be an educated country. Our existence depended on our skills.

The best brains, therefore, must be trained young. Selective methods of education were traditional in Britain—and John Ruskin boys were some of the favoured and fortunate few, with unlimited opportunities but also great responsibilities. The cynics said that in the nineteenth century education was necessary chiefly 'to govern the Sudan': to-day it was necessary to enable us to compete with others in the world. And keeping up meant continuous study: study all through a man's working life. In less than ten years any student would be out of date, so there must be continuous research and refresher courses.

Such was the challenge to the leaders of the future—such as would come from a school like John Ruskin. He was sure, Lord Bowden concluded, that the challenge would be accepted.

Votes of thanks were made by Mr. Balme, Vice-Chairman of the Governors, and by Stephen Keech, Captain of the School.

## PRIZES

### FORM PRIZES

IK .. ..	1st Kimber, A. C.	2nd Billings, A. J.
IN .. ..	1st Simmons, A. J.	2nd Young, D. C.
IR .. ..	1st Tidd, P. E.	2nd Coppard, P. J.
		2nd Bragg, K. G.
IIIH .. ..	1st Fulcher, J. E.	2nd Laffin, M. J.
IIIM .. ..	1st Neiles, K. D.	2nd Kerr, A. M.
		2nd Regan, T.
IIIU .. ..	1st Hill, R.	2nd Deacon, G.
IIIH .. ..	1st Goy, N. M.	2nd Bennett, F.
IIIP .. ..	1st Wilsher, J. C.	2nd Reeves, D. I.
IVU .. ..	1st Pache, J. E.	2nd Brewer, J. V.
IVG .. ..	1st Whittle, S. B.	2nd Gibbs, B. K.
IVM .. ..	1st Beecraft, B. G.	2nd Sanders, L. R. S.
L.VI Sc. B. ..	1st Rough, A. G.	
L.VI Sc. Alpha	1st Place, J. S.	
L.VI Sc. A. ..	1st Tickner, K. J.	
L.VI Arts I ..	1st Simmance, R. B.	
L.VI Arts II ..	1st Marriott, M. W.	

### ORDINARY LEVEL SUBJECT PRIZES

English Language .. ..	Cheek, C.
English Literature .. ..	Collingridge, M. J.
History .. ..	Reeves, S. W.
British Constitution .. ..	Williams, N.
Geography .. ..	Hansbury, D. K. A.
French .. ..	Bance, C. J.
Latin .. ..	Casperson, J. H.
Greek .. ..	Richardson, D. J.
German and French .. ..	Wilcox, R. W.
Mathematics .. ..	Dixon, D. J.
Physics .. ..	Reeves, S. W.
Chemistry .. ..	Casperson, J. H.
Biology .. ..	Sears, S. C.
General Science .. ..	Benn, C.
Commerce .. ..	Benn, C.
Art .. ..	Smith, G. C.
Music .. ..	Elliott, L. J.
Handicraft .. ..	Sherwood, J. J. E.
Technical Drawing .. ..	Winter, D.

### ADVANCED LEVEL SUBJECT PRIZES

English .. ..	Poole, C. R.
Geography .. ..	Reynolds, R. J.
History .. ..	Rose, D. C.
French .. ..	Charles, A. E.
German .. ..	West, M. D.
Pure Mathematics .. ..	Priest, G. G.
Applied Mathematics .. ..	Roberts, A.
Botany .. ..	Searle, R. F.
Geology .. ..	Wenn, J. M.
Physics .. ..	Bates, A. N.
Chemistry .. ..	Tremain, K. E.
Zoology .. ..	Ead, R. D.
Art .. ..	Smalley, J. C.
	Whitfield, M. E.
Economics .. ..	Gerlach, R. H.

Music .. ..	Watson, P.
	Fisher, D. E.
	Dains, P. W.
Technical Drawing .. ..	Ford, M. J.
British Constitution .. ..	Shuff, P. S.

### SPECIAL PRIZES AND AWARDS

Magazine .. ..	Pierce, G.
Verse-Speaking—Junior .. ..	Mackenzie, D. L.
—Middle School .. ..	Ford, M. B.
—Senior .. ..	West, M. D.
Creative Writing .. ..	Nightingale, M.
Music—Junior .. ..	Auckland, G.
R.S.M. Certificates—	
Grade VII Merit (Pianoforte)	Greenhalgh, H. C.
Grade VIII Dist. (Pianoforte)	Fisher, D. E.
String Music .. ..	Loveday, M. J.
General Progress (presented by	
Rotary Club)—Senior .. ..	Poole, C. R.
General Progress—Junior (pres-	
ented by Capt. L. H. S. Bishop)	Robinson, H. G.
Stanley Prize for Art .. ..	Simmons, P. M.
Stanley Prize for Science .. ..	Pache, J. E.
Dramatics—Senior .. ..	West, M. D.
	Greenwood, M.
	Taylor, P. F.
—Junior .. ..	Johns, I.
	Spiller, G.
Thesis Prizes .. ..	Bailey, C. V.
	Relf, D. G.
Philips Mathematics Prizes ..	Abbott, P.
	Bates, A. N.
	Ford, M. J.
	Hammond, J.
	Ford, M. J.
	Tickner, K. J.

### THE JOHN RUSKIN COMPANY (A.C.F. AWARDS)

Ruskin Stick of Honour (presented	
by the Officers) .. ..	C.S.M. R. J. Broome
Marksman's Cup (presented by	
Capt. R. N. Alexander) .. ..	L/Cpl. F. Baker
Recruit Cup (presented by Capt.	
L. Bishop) .. ..	Cdt. R. Adcock
Clark Proficiency Trophy .. ..	Cpl. I. Looseley
Recruit Marksmanship Trophy ..	Cdt. D. Parkyn

### WILLIAM FIELD MEMORIAL PRIZE

Bates, A. N.

### JOHN RUSKIN OLD BOYS' WAR MEMORIAL PRIZE

THE W. P. DAVIES CUP .. ..	Gerlach, R. H.
THE WEEDON CUP FOR CHESS ..	Jezeph, P.
THE ENDEAVOUR CUP .. ..	Dyer, T. N.
	Gamma House

# ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITIES, 1966

Abbott, P.	Brunel University	B.Tech.Hons. Mathematics	
Baker, L. E.	College of Estate Management	Estate Management	
Bates, A. N.	University College, London	Mathematics	
Chappell, E. L.	Brighton College of Technology	Applied Physics	
Critchley, D. V.	Hatfield College of Technology	Computer Science	
Daines, P. W.	Trinity College of Music	G.T.C.L.	
Damerell, S. F.	Brighton College of Technology	Civil Engineering	
Drewett, P. L.	University College, London	Anthropology	
Dunn, B. J.	University of Manchester	Chemistry	
Dyer, B. R.	University of Exeter	German/French	
Ead, R. D.	University of Manchester Medical School	M.B./Ch.B.	
Fisher, D. E.	Trinity College of Music	G.T.C.L.	
Ford, M. J.	Loughborough University	Civil Engineering	
Gee, A. B.	Loughborough University	Electrical Engineering	
Goodman, L. G.	Queen Elizabeth's College, University of London	Special Physics	
Graham, P. M.	University of Durham	Mathematics Hons.	
Green, P. H. (Left 1965)	University of Southampton	Electronic Engineering	
Gerlach, R. H.	University of Bristol	Economics and Statistics	
Hammond, B. W.	University of Exeter	Economics, History and Statistics	
Hammond, J.	University of Manchester	Mathematics	
Harman, G. K.	Imperial College, London	Mathematics	
Harper, T. T.	University of Reading	Modern Languages	
Hawkins, C. C. (Left 1965)	Brighton College of Technology	Applied Physics	
Hollidge, M. J.	Manchester College of Commerce	Law	
Jezeff, D. H.	Brighton College of Technology	Civil Engineering	
Lambert, M. D. (Left 1965)	London School of Pharmacy	Pharmacy	
Loveday, M. J.	Royal College of Music	G.R.S.M.	
Love, R. C.	University of Lancaster	Economics	
Macmillan, D. T. G.	City University	Mechanical Engineering	
Marsh, R. J. (Left 1965)	University of Nottingham	Mechanical Engineering	
Maynell, C. A.	University of Durham	Physics	
Morgan, C. A. (Left 1965)	University of Newcastle	Mining Engineering	
Pankhurst, W. K.	Guildhall School of Music	G.G.S.M.	
Poole, C. R.	University of Lancaster	Hons. Politics	
Reeves, P. D.	City University	Civil Engineering	
Searle, R. F.	University of Bristol	Hons. Zoology	
Shove, A. T. (Left 1965)	London School of Economics	Economics	
Sloan, C. A. C.	University of Kent	History	
Smalley, J. C.	Architectural Association School	A.R.I.B.A.	
Tonkins, P. K.	University of Nottingham	Combined Honours Zoology and Botany	
Turner, J. A.	University of Reading	Hons. Zoology	
Wenn, J. M.	University of Bristol	Geology	
White, A. (Left 1965)	University of Southampton	Aeronautical Engineering	
Whitfield, M. E.	St. Martin's School of Art	Diploma in Art and Design	
<i>1965 ENTRIES (not previously reported)</i>			
Almond, D. P.	Brighton College of Technology	Applied Physics	
Bellamy, R. D.	Northampton College of Advanced Technology	Civil Engineering	
Farmer, H. M.	Northampton College of Advanced Technology	Electrical Engineering	
Thomas, J. P.	Brighton College of Technology	Applied Physics	
Weight, T. M.	Brunel University	Mathematics	
White, J. M.	Woolwich Polytechnic	Electrical Engineering	

## ENTRIES TO COLLEGES OF EDUCATION, 1966

Bell, J. E. J. Bognor College	Art
Beverton, H. L. West Midlands College	Dramatics/History
Houghton, R. D. St. Mary's College	Physical Education
Nicholson, G. C. (Left 1964) Portsmouth College	General Arts Subjects
Pearson, J. C. Borough Road College	Mathematics/Physics
Shaw, C. A. Newton Park College	General Arts Subjects
Smallwood, P. L. R. St. Mary's College	Physical Education
Tyler, B. J. Goldsmiths' College	Physical Education

## DEGREE RECORD, 1966

Bailey, A. B.Sc. (Upper Second Class Honours) Zoology	University of Hull
Biddle, A. R. B.Sc. (Third Class Honours) Engineering	Northampton College of Technology, University of London
Brightwell, J. B.Sc. (Second Class Honours) Zoology	University of Newcastle
Canfield, S. P. B.Sc. (Upper Second Class Honours) Physiology	University College, London
Crane, P. D. B.A. (Second Class Honours) History and Political Studies	University of Hull
Davies, A. M. Diploma in Design (Second Class Honours)	St. Martin's College of Art
Emmerson, G. A. B.A. (Second Class Honours) Russian	School of Slavonic Studies, University of London
Foster, A. W. B.A. General	University College of St. David, Lampeter
Hammond, P. J. 1st Class in Part 1B of Mathematical Tripos	Trinity Hall, Cambridge

Hinchliff, M. D. National Diploma in Design	St. Martin's College of Art
Jeffery, D. R. B.Sc. (Second Class Honours) Civil Engineering	Regent Street Polytechnic
Jestico, J. V. B.Sc. (First Class Honours) Physiology	Middlesex Hospital Medical School
Lewis, M. B.Sc. Mechanical Engineering	Battersea College of Technology, University of London
Littlechild, B. D. B.Sc. (Upper Second Class Honours) Civil Engineering	University of Nottingham
Lowe, M. E. B.Sc. (Second Class Honours) Mechanical Engineering	University of Leicester
McDonald, J. M. B.Sc. (Second Class Honours) Economics	London School of Economics
Mottram, K. J. B.A. (Upper Second Class) Combined Honours French and Spanish	University of Birmingham
Patterson, A. W. B.A. (Third Class Honours) Modern Languages	St. Catherine's College, Oxford
Pope, R. A. B.Sc. (Second Class Honours) Civil Engineering	University of Durham
Sale, A. A. B.Sc. (Upper Second Class Honours) Chemistry	University of Leicester
Sparks, R. W. B.A. (Second Class Honours) French	North Western Polytechnic, University of London
Ure, J. C. B.Sc. (Second Class Honours) Economics	University of Hull
Wenn, R. V. B.Sc. (Upper Second Class Honours) Biochemistry	University of Bristol
West, C. R. B.A. (Upper Second Class Honours) French	University of Southampton



## PROFILE:

### THE HEADMASTER



Everyone in Ruskin knows Mr. Lowe. We see him every morning at Assembly; we know him as the Headmaster. He has, in fact, been this for twenty years, yet it is surprising how little the School really knows about him. From his talks at Assemblies and in lessons something can be gleaned; he likes Nature, he likes people, he likes poetry and he likes

a well-turned phrase or a witty story. These preferences are, of course, the product of his life, and to find what gave rise to them it is necessary to begin at the beginning.

Somehow it is hard to think of a headmaster as a little boy; be that as it may, John Christopher Lowe was born in Shrewsbury in December 1909 'in a house with a street number, like everyone else, including our present Queen', as he puts it. He was the second of three sons. During the First World War the family moved further into the country, where Mr. Lowe had what he evidently regards as an extremely happy, indeed privileged, boyhood, 'close to the sights and sounds of Nature, close to the river, close to earth and air and trees'. A church primary school and the local County Grammar school provided his initial education. 'I only gained one prize,' he told me, 'and that—a copy of "Pride and Prejudice"—was for verse speaking.' He had become an 'ardent fisherman and a fanatical cricketer', had acted 'not very well' in one or two school plays, and had tried to write for the magazine 'with moderate success only'. Nevertheless he was at Birmingham University by 1927,

### PREFECTORIAL

At the outset our numbers swelled to 30—a record, and conditions in Div. A have now and then been akin to those in the Black Hole of Calcutta, with equally black coffee being administered to those prefects sleeping off the effects of the night before!

Div. A, although appearing outwardly serene and calm, has not always been the haven of peace and quiet that might have been expected. Many lively discussions have occurred within its four walls. (We all hope there's no truth in the rumour that walls have ears!)

Encounters with Coloma escalated, culminating in a lively Christmas meeting where the Christmas spirit was

had graduated with First Class Honours in English in 1930, and, on the Research Scholarship awarded on his Degree, proceeded to an M.A. in 1932, gaining the Constance Naden Medal for the best thesis in the Arts Faculty. During his last two years he also played cricket for the University, then for Derby Club and Ground. Subsequently he played regularly for Wickham Park C.C. and captained our Staff team each week. His graceful cover driving and googly bowling were sadly missed when he reverted to his boyhood sport of fishing.

Successive posts as assistant English Master at Bemrose School, Derby, and Willesden County School, and of Senior English Master at Birmingham Central Grammar and Wallasey Grammar Schools took him to 1946, when he became Head of Ruskin in its old building in Tamworth Road. 'We all did eight years' hard labour there,' he said, 'before moving up to Shirley.'

Mr. Lowe describes his sport of fishing in Izaak Walton's phrase, 'The contemplative man's recreation', and if Mr. Lowe is himself to be described in a few words it is as a 'contemplative man'. This can be traced directly to his country upbringing, for he says he is often happiest when alone, as he is able to find in his surroundings and the thoughts going through his mind all sorts of pleasures and interests. Physically alone, he is not spiritually so.

Apart from 'ungracious people', Mr. Lowe would state only one positive dislike and that was Pop Music. Before you turn away in disgust muttering darkly about 'squares' and killjoys, let it be added that he dislikes 'pop' not for its sound but for its effect on people—the 'de-humanisation' and mass hysteria into which some fall when in contact with it. Mr. Lowe likes a person to be a person; he likes individuality and the graces of life. When I asked him what he thought of life generally and his own in particular, he quoted Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici' at me: 'My life has been a miracle of thirty years'—or in my case fifty-seven. A life can be outwardly as dull as you like, but to the individual who is actually living it, it is always full of interest and full of mystery.'

N. H. KHAMBATTA (LVI ARTS II)

much in evidence!

Christmas also saw the arrival of the wall-poster era. Mart's record sleeves filled the empty spaces whilst Tony's wall calendar caused much speculation and comment. The verdict? Highly successful!

Bridge is without doubt the major activity, the card tables well and truly proving their worth.

We would like to thank Mr. Ratcliffe for taking the photograph. Incidentally it is only thirty-five—thirty-sixths complete; Anton was away at the time!!



# HAMLET

Those of us who are now in the School must count ourselves extremely fortunate that we have been able to take part in, or to witness, the performance of one of the greatest of plays, last December. Had the production been a failure, something of value could have been gained; but when it was a triumphant success, we can only thank a kindly Providence that this was done in our time. When these words are read, the immediate impact of the play will have inevitably lost its force. But in the memories of most of us, it will remain unforgotten in ten, twenty, perhaps fifty years. In this production, 'Hamlet', instead of being a 'set book', or 'on the syllabus', became what it was and is always, a towering pinnacle of a play, awesome and overwhelming. How much better for us all, too, to have taken some part in it, on or off the stage, or to have just seen it, than to have been taken to see even the finest of film presentations of it.

'Hamlet' needs no analysis or exposition from me. It has been the subject of the keenest critical writing by a dozen outstanding dramatic critics over the last two hundred years. It contains everything, high drama, profound psychology, horror and tragedy, simple humanity, humour, all bound into a supreme work of art by great poetry. Every ambitious actor hopes to tackle this most difficult of parts at least once in his career.

Knowing this, we must pay tribute to the courage and confidence first of Mr. McElroy, whose vision and determination made the play possible, and second, of Maurice West, for daring to match himself against all the greatest actors, past and present. Myself, I had doubts about the wisdom of the enterprise. I had hoped that this year's play would be contemporary, a Pinter, Wesker, or Ionesco, perhaps. But another costume play, and, above all, 'Hamlet'? Could it possibly come off? We all know now that Mr. McElroy was right—and I was wrong.

The production as a whole was always a delight. Dozens and dozens of small details stand out, in the main parts, and in the subsidiary ones. Hamlet's play with the recorder, in his speech to the Players, and Osric's affected manner at the duel, must serve as examples. In the first half, the pace was steady, and gave time for the innumerable details to make their impact. It was only in the second part, especially as the duel scene approached, that this steadiness was felt to be rather too slow. A greater dramatic urgency would have made the duel scene more of a climax than it actually was—though it was played beautifully. The grouping of figures in the various scenes was always effective. Full use was made here of the resources of the magnificent set. All the threads of this complex play came over clearly to the audience. The main impression left was of the play as an extension, heightened but natural, of life as it can be and sometimes is—not a touch-me-not, remote kind of high classical drama, which the Greek tragedies, and productions of Shakespearean tragedies, sometimes tend to become. This is entirely consonant with the present-day style of acting and production, David Warner's Hamlet serving as an example.

Maurice West's Hamlet was by any standards remarkable. He and the producer clearly fitted each other like a glove to a hand. His command of the range of the part was unfailing. His movements were easy and natural. His stature is small (I had feared that this might spoil him for the part), but he dominated the stage whenever he was on it. He spoke his wonderful lines clearly and intelligently, without ranting. The soliloquies dropped naturally into place, without being pushed too far out of their context. It was only in the speaking of the poetry that a little of the fullness of beauty and maturity was lacking.

Of the other main parts, Paul Barnard's Horatio was sympathetic and effective. Martin Greenwood's Claudius improved with each performance. His movements tended to be stiff, and sometimes leaden-footed, and he was not always quite happy in positioning himself. Yet he brought his own interpretation of roughness and frustration to the part; and he showed well, by the nervous mannerisms of hand and of speech, the anxieties and twinges of conscience beneath the surface of the King's mind. A beautifully studied piece of acting came from Graham Fridd as Polonius. Every gesture, every nuance of his voice was right, as the foolish old courtier. Peter Taylor made a brave effort at the difficult part of Gertrude. Michael Ford, the youngest of the leading actors, showed us an Ophelia who was truly feminine—we quite forgot he was a boy. In the mad scene, he brought an element of horror and tragedy which for the moment matched the quality of Hamlet himself.

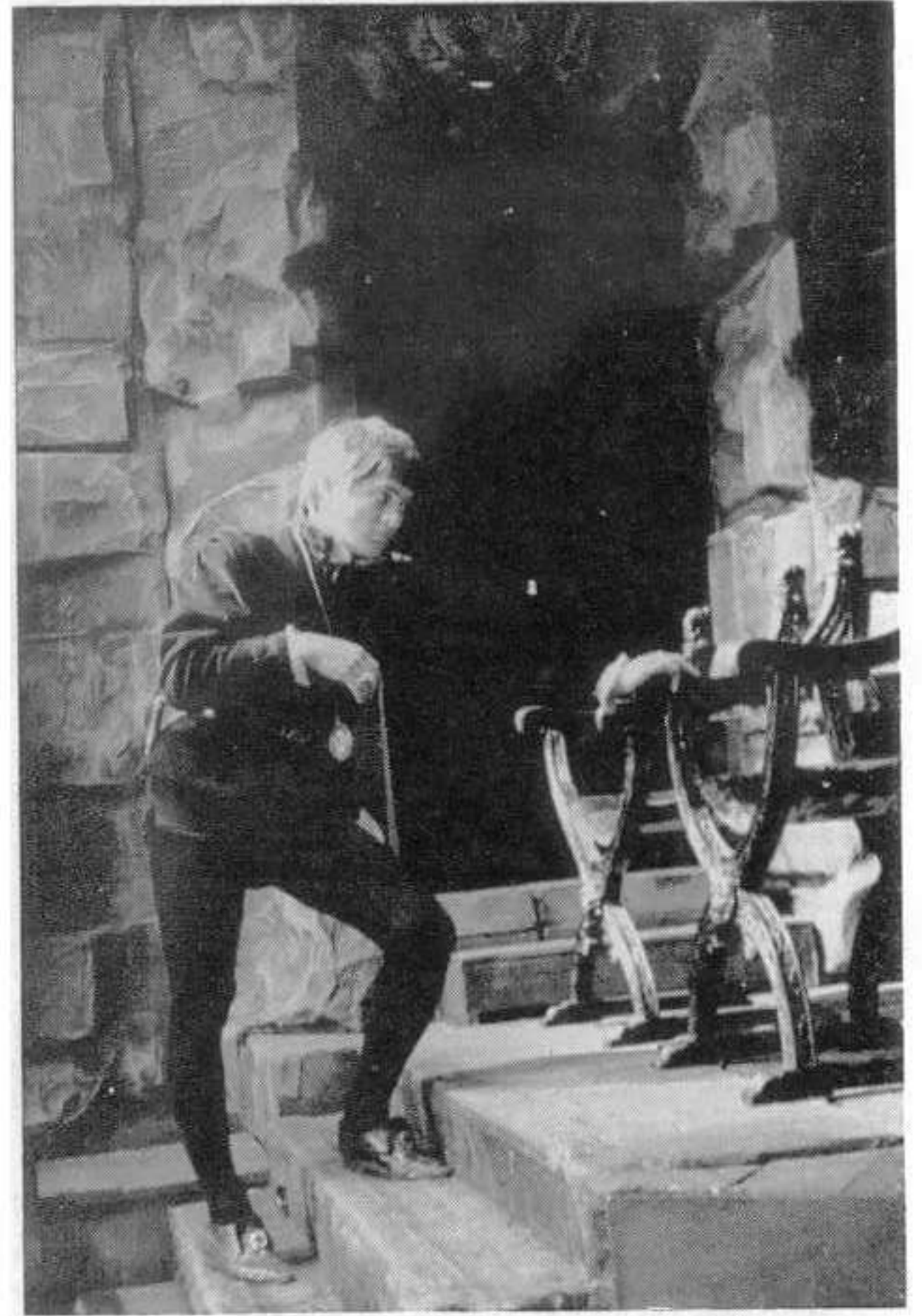
It is not possible to mention all the cast. All contributed with their best. Ones who stand out in the memory, after the principals, were Richard Simmance as the Ghost, Ian Johns and Brian Gibbs as the Gravediggers, and Robert Broome as a tall and dominating Fortinbras.

Mr. Gee's unforgettable set made a tremendous contribution to the success of the production. Of all his sets that we have known in twenty years of school plays, this was surely his finest. The lighting of Michael Palmer and his team was excellent. Over 800 different changes of lighting in the course of the play were carried out faultlessly. The other departments back-stage, stage management, sound effects, music, the construction of the set, costumes, and make-up, all performed their tasks competently and smoothly.

So—we have to bid farewell to a splendid production. It was a staggering task, involving over 70 boys and at least 15 members of Staff. Like a masterpiece of music, a great play is a creation of the moment, gone when the final curtain falls. What has come out of this complex and time and energy consuming enterprise? Something in the truest sense educational, I am certain. All who have worked in, or seen, this production have gained something of more real and permanent value than comes from the normal academic routine of the School. For this we owe Mr. McElroy, and all his team of actors and craftsmen, a deep debt of thanks.

A. L. M.





*R. Wilcox.*



## THE FIRE RAISERS

Max Frisch in 'The Fire Raisers' presents an unequivocally alienated view of modern man, that we as audience to the action are necessarily compelled to keep at arm's length, to see objectively, and think about unemotionally. The severities of Frisch's intentions would have daunted any common producer: at no time would I have wished myself in Mr. Wiseman's position as producer of 'The Fire Raisers'. The difficulties of the play itself, coupled with merely a few weeks in which to see the production mount the stage, made Mr. Wiseman's job an extremely difficult one. Nevertheless the challenge was faced; and met with considerable success.

The actor who most forcibly confirmed the success of the venture was, of course, Khambatta as Schmitz. For an actor of little experience, Khambatta did remarkably well, drawing on considerable resources of imagination to present a performance that suggested beyond doubt that he knew what the play, and of course his part in it, were all about. He has obvious talent and feeling for the drama, and from his performance in this production it seems he has much to offer. Fridd's Biedermann was not quite so successful, but of course the part demanded much more subtlety than any other in the play. Fridd had seen, and did manage to convey, Biedermann's essential bourgeois quality; but because he was not sufficiently on top of his part, he did not realise the *development* of Biedermann's character during the course of the action. Biedermann, while essentially a small man, tries at least to be big, only *becoming* undone as the play unfolds. Fridd's Biedermann was a small man, unnerved, from the very beginning; thus his performance, while competent, lacked subtlety.

While Fridd was not able to entirely see Biedermann's full character and its relevance, the chorus also seemed to lack the complete sense of what they were there for. Perhaps if their lines could have been broken up and the chorus members allowed to emerge as individuals, then the urgency and alertness of their position could have been realised. They lacked the life and the dramatic hardness that the chorus in this play needs. They are, after all, there to warn us of the perils and evils which lurk beneath the surface appearances of society, and they should have been instrumental in creating the tension between audience and action, in being the driving force itself behind the play.

The flaws in the choral work of course only serve to highlight some of the unique problems facing any school

production of 'The Fire Raisers'. The play should be terrifying in its effects; it can only be so if the players (and so in turn the audience alike) see the relevance and significance to modern man of the play's several levels of meaning. And how does the producer of 'The Fire Raisers' communicate to the young and inexperienced (inexperienced in life, it must be remembered, as well as in acting technique) the full implications of a play which satirises severally, and at once, President Benes of Czechoslovakia, the rise of Hitler and the events that led up to World War II, as well as the imminent possibility of a modern nuclear war, all in reference to the modern Everyman? The answer of course is that one does not communicate this, because largely one cannot; it means, after all, providing the information that otherwise would have been gained through an awareness of the political history of modern Europe.

Nevertheless, even if this production lacked the potency of the play's full significance, it was highly successful on the comic level: 'The Fire Raisers' is comic-grotesque, after all. The comedy reached its height when Schmitz and Eisenring were together on stage. Brown as Eisenring, like Khambatta, 'saw' his part very clearly, and his performance indicated that he has considerable potential as an actor, although he still has much to learn about voice production on stage. Some very carefully controlled and subtle comic acting came from Maurice West, who even in the tiny role of Doctor of Philosophy made a great impression. No one of course could compete with West's wide acting experience. It was these performances primarily, with considerable support from Jennifer Corbett as Babette Biedermann and Claudine Martin as Anna, that contributed to make an evening spent watching 'The Fire Raisers' such an entertaining one.

It was this quality which made the production, however partial, an achievement; and one considerable enough to nullify adverse criticism. Criticism is lamentably easy compared with the doing; and the creative energy that goes into a dramatic production is highly demanding. As I said, I did not envy Mr. Wiseman's worries and burdens as producer of this play; but I do, now, admire what he made of them. That 'The Fire Raisers' was produced at all successfully can only be recorded as a compliment to Mr. Wiseman.

G. G. L.

## KNOW YOUR STAFF

Interest in this feature has been maintained at such a high level that it has been decided to continue it for another edition, with a fresh set of questions. Last year's masters were Dr. T. T. James and Mr. D. J. Rees.

(1) Do you consider the school assembly should be compulsory, and that it is a valuable part of school life?

*Mr. I:* Our society is based upon the Christian religion, therefore school assembly should be compulsory until a boy can argue cogently reasons why he should not attend.

*Mr. J:* (a) Certainly. (b) A valuable part? An invaluable part. I fully support the State in its insistence on R.I.—a certain amount of it—being compulsory in schools, and that the day should begin with a corporate act of worship. The idea of assembly is to start the day right. Education is spiritual, mental, and physical. The spiritual should come first. It is hard for boys—even adults—to get life into perspective—and to remember that it is better to be good than to be clever. It's nice, of course, to be both.



- (2) How do you think academic standards at this Grammar School have changed in recent years?

*Mr. I:* Academic standards change only over a considerable period of time, and I don't really feel fit to answer this question after so few years.

*Mr. J:* That's assuming they have. And what is 'recent'? No, I don't think they have much, not in the last five or six years: they have been uniformly high for many years. There is a wider range of studies now, more boys in the Sixth, more admissions to University including several to Oxbridge. Overall, I should like to think that there is a gradual improvement of standards going on all the time; but that is not to say that some of our best individual results might not have occurred any time during the last 15—20 years.

- (3) Do you think it is a good thing to form political opinions whilst still at school?

*Mr. I:* If a person must have political opinions I don't very much mind when he forms them, or how, so long as he doesn't try to force them upon people who can live happily without them. There are much more important matters to have opinions on than politics.

*Mr. J:* Yes, a very good thing. The sooner you start to think seriously the better. But I don't think the political bug will catch the average boy before he is about 15. And his opinions will form and re-form. The great thing is to hear both sides, and don't be automatically against authority.

- (4) Whom do you consider to be the best dramatist of the twentieth century, and why?

*Mr. I:* Shakespeare. A product of the twentieth century? I find no one dramatist completely satisfying. A play is composed of many parts, and many writers excel in one of several of them. More than most I admire the dialogue of Arthur Miller, but his construction is frequently undramatic and lacking in unity. I like the humour of Durrenmatt, the insight of Pinter and the sheer theatrical emptiness of Coward.

*Mr. J:* Shaw. No doubt. On his own. But the twentieth century is only just over half gone and others are emerging.

Why? That's different. For his intellectual brilliance, his versatility, his audacity, his prophetic vision. How's that? I'm not used to examinations now.

If you want post-war names, Christopher Fry, Tennessee Williams, Anouilh are notable. But I don't go for the ultra-moderns. If there is a party going to see *The Staircase* 'include me out'.

- (5) What are your favourite hobbies and pastimes?

*Mr. I:* I now content myself with watching sport rather than playing it. I have written some eminently rejectable plays, and apart from pasting rejection slips in a scrap-book I would enjoy amateur dramatics more, if only they weren't so amateur.

*Mr. J:* Pottering about the garden, odd-jobbing about the house, reading, watching some TV, seeing sport. Motoring perhaps is my latest love—like Toad's, but without, I hope, his ultimate misfortunes; seeing Britain on four wheels—and stopping occasionally to test hotel standards.

I. Looseley and R. Wilcox (L.VI Arts I)

## WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR MAGAZINE?

With the current trend to categorise individuals, it was decided to include in this edition, a survey of pupils' opinions of the School Magazine. Clive Sparks and I, under the 'paternal' guidance of Mr. Woodard, at last managed to produce a series of questions ranging from the reading habits of the School once they had cast greedy eyes over the cover of the magazine, to whether surveys such as this interest them. As it was, taking a 10% random survey of the School, 59% said that the results of such surveys did interest them.

These results were only achieved after days of extensive programming of my co-inquisitor, who finally regurgitated a set of statistics which then had to be explained to those without the benefit of O-level maths.

It was found that 13% of those pupils chosen from the lower school never even read the magazine at all, but on the whole it was noted that 80% of both lower and upper school read only those articles which appealed to them. Of these no doubt to the disgust of the less active of the school, 40% wanted more emphasis placed on sports contributions, but to show that the English Staff were not forgotten, 34% decide that more emphasis should be placed on creative writing and book reviews.

On being asked the leading question on the functions of the magazine, in which they were asked to put in what they thought was the order of importance: the GCE results, to make known the activities of the school and finally to show the literary talents of the school in general, 33% with pre-conceived ideas stated that the GCE results were not so important as opposed to the other achievements and literary talents. It is a very debatable point but perhaps one should place equal emphasis on all of them.

Finally, on being asked what they would like to change, many replied that more publications would be a good thing, or even perhaps a separate edition dealing with records and achievements, and another dealing with the literary contributions. As was to be expected, a pupil from the lower school, obviously aware of the intellectual education supplied by various newspapers, asked for strip cartoons and crosswords.

M. Collingridge and C. Sparks (L.VI Arts)

(As a result of this survey we have decided as an experiment to omit the GCE results in order to include three additional sports features and more creative writing.—Ed.)



## THE WOOD-ALLEN REPORT

## IN MY OPINION

## CLAUDINE MARTIN

We decided, this year, to carry out a survey based on films and the cinema industry. Using a list of the 22 most popular, post-war, British and American films for sixth-formers (as published in the *Observer*) we asked a random choice of our Upper School questions on their likes and dislikes in this field.

Of the 22 films, only seven had been seen by the average sixth-former and, of these, a few, we suspect, were viewed on television, and in one case, *Shane*, seen at school. The film seen by the greatest number of boys in the survey was *Lawrence of Arabia*.

An interesting feature revealed by asking our subjects to place the films they had seen in their order of preference was that *Shane* and *High Noon*, although seen by many boys, were not very popular with them—perhaps a sign of changing tastes? These are the top ten films from the *Observer* list,

John Ruskin Grammar School has, in the past years, built an academic tradition. G.C.E. results have improved annually and the number of University entrances has increased.

The VIth forms have virtually doubled in the last few years alone, as more and more boys are encouraged to pursue further education.

But should academic success alone be the main concern of the Senior School? The purpose of education is to instruct and, more important, to prepare. This preparation should, of course, involve academic tuition, but a pupil should also succeed in realising all his particular talents (academic or otherwise) and in discovering his role in society. One feels that at the moment too much emphasis is placed upon academic rather than 'social' success. Too many boys are forced to leave school because of academic failure, without having developed other talents. In particular an aptitude for social work is never exploited.

Cette année nous avons grand plaisir à accueillir à l'école une jeune Française comme assistante.

Venant de Louviers en Normandie, elle est maintenant étudiante à l'université de Rouen. Là elle étudie la langue et la littérature anglaise et aussi les institutions de l'Angleterre.

Ses études lui ont donné des occasions de voyager à l'étranger qu'elle aime beaucoup. En l'année 1960 elle a reçu une bourse d'études de l'American Field Service et elle est allée étudier pendant une année en Amérique où elle a habité chez une famille américaine et est allée à une High School. Puis, il y a cinq années, elle est venue en Angleterre avec un groupe d'acteurs de Louviers qui ont joué des extraits de quelques-unes des pièces de Molière.

Mlle. Martin est très grand amateur de théâtre. Elle est allée pendant une année à un cours d'art dramatique à Rouen et après pendant quelques mois au T.N.P. (Théâtre National Populaire). Cependant, ce n'est pas très facile à devenir un acteur amateur en France. Il y a des troupes théâtrales régionales, mais c'est assez difficile à y entrer. Aussi les petites troupes amatrices sont beaucoup plus rares qu'en Angleterre.

according to our six-formers:

- |                                       |                     |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Lawrence of Arabia.                | 6. Morgan.          |
| 2. Tom Jones.                         | 7. Dr. Strangelove. |
| 3. Lord of the Flies.                 | 8. High Noon.       |
| 4. The Magnificent Seven.             | 9. West Side Story. |
| 5. Saturday Night and Sunday Morning. | 10. Shane.          |

Turning now to more general questions on the British cinema industry we then asked our subjects whether they thought facilities in cinemas were adequate or not. The majority thought they were good enough, and backed up this view by also stating that they would not be prepared to pay more for improved amenities. Finally, the opinion of John Ruskin sixth-formers is that our present system of film censorship is too severe.

C. M. Wood and H. J. Allen (U.VI Arts)

Consequently many pupils may fail to fulfil their vocation. Education should make a pupil conscious of such a vocation and provide the means for him to develop it. There is a real need for school organisations to take a more active part in external social work.

This would provide a valuable social service as well as utilising talents fully.

Basically this must stem from a widening of the present School curriculum (which in turn is determined by University syllabuses). Perhaps the introduction of subjects which are traditionally confined to Universities, such as sociology, might help to bridge this gap between the academic and the social. Though the emphasis should be on the practical rather than the theoretical. Certainly this will involve drastic changes in educational methods as well as in curricula. But it is only in this way that the full aims of education can be achieved.

M. Nightingale (VI Arts III)

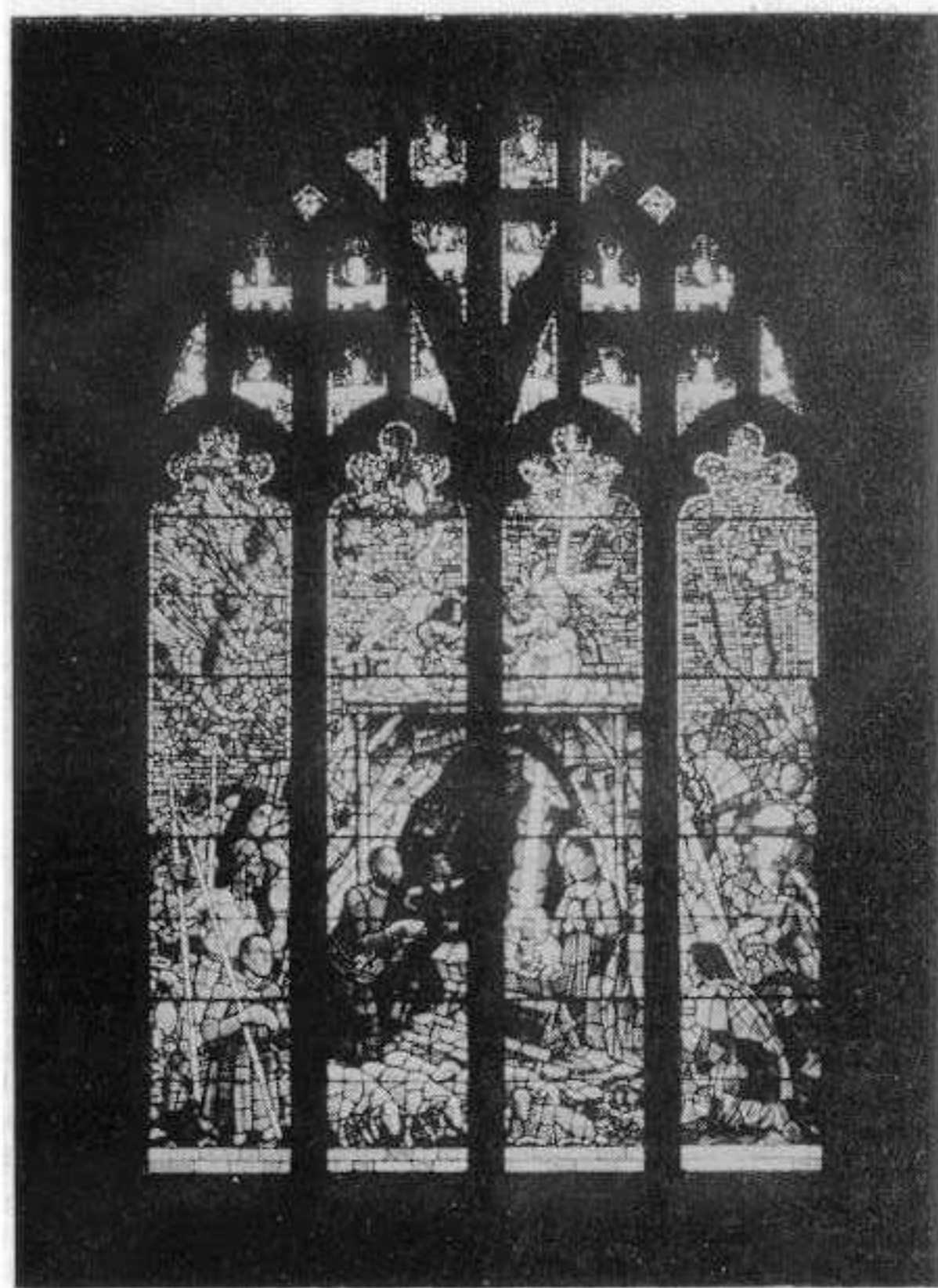
Ce qu'elle aime jouer le plus au théâtre, c'est la comédie. Elle aime le théâtre des dix-septième et dix-neuvième siècles, particulièrement Molière et Musset dont le dernier est pour elle le plus grand auteur dramatique français. Elle dit que les auteurs de ce genre sont meilleurs que des auteurs modernes parce que leurs personnages sont si vraisemblables tandis que les dramaturges modernes étant plus intéressés par les idées leurs personnages deviennent irréels. Il est mieux de lire ces pièces modernes que d'en jouer un rôle.

Son troisième grand amour est la mode. Elle confectionne ses propres vêtements et elle aime aussi le dessin. Elle dit que la mode moderne est belle mais qu'elle est encore en transformation. La mode évolue continuellement et ce changement, comme tout changement, lui plaît.

C'est une femme très moderne qui, me semble-t-il, fait partie d'une nouvelle France qui ne suit pas aveuglément le Général comme la génération précédente. Elle aime beaucoup les changements de cette époque. Elle ne s'inquiète pas de l'avenir. Elle vit pour aujourd'hui et elle veut essayer tout au possible.

A. Charles (VIA III)





*R. Maile, VM.*



*Mr. D. J. Ratcliffe.*



## COMMON-WEALTH UNIVERSITIES

### AUSTRALIA

Having matriculated and gained university entrance, an Australian student may enter one of the 14 or so universities in the Commonwealth of Australia. Of this number, seven existed in pre-war years and these were established in the capital cities of each state—a centralised system which is gradually giving way to regional university centres within the states. To-day New South Wales has six universities (three in Sydney), Victoria three, and the remaining states, including the Capital Territory, one each.

As elsewhere in the world, the demand for more universities is urgent; hence at present entrance and scholarships are extremely competitive. Students in their final year of High School take the Higher School Certificate or Leaving Certificate Examination in six subjects. This examination is the basis for university matriculation and awards of Commonwealth Scholarships, and others from industry, which pay fees and text-book allowances for the most successful students.

Success means three-plus years as 'STEWED-ANTS'! The public, looking in from the outside, see them as irresponsible, irreverent adolescents living in an ivory tower. Those within the university community see themselves as freethinkers, ignited by the challenge to seek and solve, burners of midnight oil! They enjoy inter-varsity sport competitions, 'Rag Day', society debates, the publication of the university censor dodger, protesting against protests! Is this different from Britain?

Differences do, however, exist. Although courses offered are as varied as in Britain, the degree pattern is much broader. A B.A. degree requires that nine units are completed in three years. It is usual that four subjects be taken and examined in the first year, say English I, History I,

Economics I and Philosophy I; in the second year, three of these are chosen—English II, History II and Economics II; in the final year the student majors in two of these—English III and History III. If a student is selected for an honours degree he completes an additional honours year, specialising in one of his major subjects. There is a trend towards greater specialisation in some universities where up to six units of one subject may form the basis for a specialized B.A. degree.

A second feature is that Australian universities provide tertiary education for several hundred Asian students—here oriental meets occidental in a healthy environment of equality and mutual respect. Academic staff is also internationally flavoured with Australian, British, Asian and American dons.

Finally an interesting feature of three Australian universities is the External Studies Departments at New England University and Macquarie University in New South Wales and Brisbane University in Queensland. These provide courses entirely by correspondence to students too distant from a university centre or fully employed adults who wish to attain a university degree. Lectures are received through the post, assignments are returned, holiday schools are attended at the university and examinations are supervised by local clergymen. The success of this facility may be measured by the comparable results attained by 'external' and 'internal' students and the sense of belonging which soon develops in the far-flung external students in Singapore, New Guinea or Broken Hill—thousands of miles apart. This is an achievement of which these universities are proud—and justly.

T. Brentnall

### NEW ZEALAND

Universities in New Zealand stem from the British tradition but they have a distinctive character of their own. Degrees are broader in content and organised more along American lines with units or stages in each subject which are passed by annual examinations. Degree courses are similar in length to English degrees.

There are seven universities catering for a population of about two and three quarter million. The proportion of the population attending university is one of the highest in the world. Agricultural degrees, involving advanced science studies, are a distinctive feature of two universities, and reflect the importance of primary production in the country's economy.

Entrance to university is obtained either by passing the university entrance examination or more commonly by the controversial system of accrediting, based on individual school assessments. Access to higher education is not as highly competitive as in Britain, except in entrance to the two medical schools where there are only a limited number of places. Failure rates among first and second year students are disturbingly high, possibly because of the relatively

liberal entrance requirements, but degree standards are comparable with those in Britain. Close links are maintained with British universities and a large proportion of the teaching staffs are either British graduates or New Zealanders who have done post graduate work in Britain, New Zealand does suffer from a significant 'brain drain' due to the attraction of higher salaries abroad, notably in America, Australia and the United Kingdom.

Since 1960 there has been a great increase in university building and student numbers have risen at an ever increasing rate. Already there are signs that more stringent entrance standards may have to be applied in the near future.

Student life seems to be the same the world over. The annual capping or 'rag' week provides an opportunity for students to run riot and for the civic fathers to pronounce stern moral judgments on modern youth, but most of the activity is harmless. Graduation ceremonies retain traditional British ritual but are nevertheless boring and lengthy affairs. Drug-taking doesn't appear to have become a notable habit but student social life is every bit as promiscuous as in Britain. Rugby is the major sport and university



sides are always of a high calibre, partly because graduates continue to play for university teams long after their student days are over. 'Blues' are awarded in all sports but they don't carry the same prestige value as in Britain. Politically, students are rather apathetic, perhaps because most of them are reasonably well provided for, but in recent months certain pressure groups have campaigned vigorously against New Zealand's involvement in Vietnam.

New Zealand universities do not seem to have quite the same individuality that distinguishes many British universities, nor is there any hierarchy of rank as between 'Oxbridge' and the 'red bricks'. Instead, universities in New Zealand seem to reflect the spirit of equality that has been such a dominant feature of social and political life in the country in the last seventy years.

C. Whitehead

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#### UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

This is a student, a budding Von Braun of psychology no doubt; he sprawls on the sunburnt grass, looks out to sea and ponders over the national thoughts of the day: paranoia, Alma Mater's constant thread of psychedelic influx, how to fix his T.-bird. Drainpiped in cord and colour this is U.B.C. From the undergraduate 'Bird Calls' directory to the Psychological Herbarium, life can be enjoyed, or expounded but never ignored, with fraternities to care for the mis-

guided, it's a resort for every mentality.

The vaulted buildings twist and distort in an International Prism, generate academic ambition and courageously seek to assert their own importance, become inconspicuous in size. The new city hall in the distant twilight heralds man's ingenuity, accepts the clamours but yields its magnificence to the smoke-filled rooms of campus society.

D. Orange

## REVIEWS

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### 'INSIGHT'

'Insight', by Dr. J. Bronowski, is a scientific book based on a television series but is by no means a text book. Valuable both to scientists and artists, it sets out to discuss a very wide range of scientific thought, often cutting across conventional scientific boundaries.

He says in his introduction that this is a 'book of ideas', the strong and stimulating ideas which underline science in the twentieth century. However, these 'ideas' do not seem correlated and we could not find a central theme even though he attempts to explain it in the last chapter. Even so, the main theme, as he states it, seems obscure to us.

He divides the book into five parts with each part subdivided into three chapters, but even here there is no link between the themes of each subdivision (e.g., for his theme of order and disorder he chooses the eye, word codes and coronary thrombosis in man).

The technical presentation is good. The text is well interpolated with photographs which are not divorced from the text. The subjects used for illustration are not dealt with at any length or detail and should be understood by any intelligent layman (except the relativity experiments which stumped the reviewers).

Dr. Bronowski believes in one culture making no distinction between science and art. Considering this the book should be read by artists to discover (maybe for the first time) the way in which scientists think. They may be pleasantly surprised to find that scientists use creative thinking just as much as artists. The scientist will find it absorbing reading, widening his knowledge.

R. Eastwood and K. Tremain (3rd VI)

### 'OTHELLO'

The recent film version of 'Othello' was produced by Sir Laurence Olivier and also starred him. Olivier's performance was polished as usual, but he tended to overact, so that it became stylised and unbearably mechanical. He obviously failed to interpret Othello's character, and wanted continually to stress that he was black/negro by rolling his eyes during close-up camera shots and walking barefoot. What Olivier failed to convey was that Othello is as good as any white man, and indeed is better than most in this play.

By far the most successful performance in the film was Frank Finlay's Iago. Even though Iago's part had been cut severely (presumably so that he would not detract from Olivier's performance) his brilliant acting still outshone that of Olivier. Iago's villainy was curiously tinged with the pathos of his own jealousy to give a balanced performance, which seemed far more interesting than the traditional way of playing him as a completely wicked character.

Maggie Smith provided a sympathetic but uninspired Desdemona, excelling only in the later scenes with Othello including the final bedroom scene.

The film was not produced on a very lavish scale. The set for the first scene in Cyprus made no attempt to simulate reality but was more like the setting for a conventional stage play. It seemed that the possible advantages of the film, as opposed to a stage production, were not fully exploited, while the advantages of live theatre were lost on the screen. The difference between the two worlds of Venice and Cyprus was well brought out, however. It was a memorable film nevertheless, partly because of the impact made by the final scene, although its success should perhaps be attributed to the play itself rather than the production.

A. G. Boyes and P. Barnard (U.VI Arts I)



## SPORT

### STEVE KEMBER

This School has always been able to supply at one time or another, talented people in the field of sport. Not least of these is Stephen Kember, who, showing a natural talent while playing for Ruskin's football teams, now has gone on to become one of Crystal Palace's most promising players.

Although he has an ability not many people share, he nevertheless cannot and does not take life easy. He has to perform a constant and rigorous training, starting in a normal week with a 'hard work' session, to Thursday, dealing with the technical side and discussing Saturday's opponents, and on Friday with sprinting.

On Saturdays he takes it easy with a pre-match meal at the Selsdon Park Hotel, and for those with a strong stomach, it always consists of steak and rice pudding. From the time dinner has ended to the time he goes to Selhurst Park for the game, he relieves pre-match tension, which is obviously heightened as the players key themselves up both physically and mentally, by playing snooker or cards.

On one point he was very emphatic: one must always have good relations with one's own team and the opponents even though both can sometimes be frustrating.

I think it soon becomes obvious to people like myself who talk to Kember about football, that he lives for the game. He talks of the exhilarating feeling he gets through playing for the crowd. It is not only the emotional and mental benefits that Stephen Kember gets from the game. Football has rewarded him with popularity, a new social life and, above all, money and a new car. It has also given him opportunities to travel to Europe.

He says himself that he could never be happy in any other career but is already looking about him for a new vocation for when the time comes that he can no longer play professionally.

Nevertheless, with his life consisting of sport, he does not tire of it and in his spare time he still plays cricket and now golf, and no doubt enjoys it and puts his full effort into doing it well—as he does with his football.

M. J. Collingridge (L.VI Arts I)

### BAGGATAWAY

The sticks more like wooden cudgels; the ball, a stone wrapped in hide; the teams, two opposing Indian villages. Not the traditional setting for a game but this is North America and the game is baggataway—early ancestor of lacrosse.

The purpose of the game was supposedly to score a goal and the price of defeat was high. Many injuries would be sustained in the course of a *mêlée*, some fatal and the chief of the winning village in victory gained another wife (that of the losing chief). Sometimes days passed before a score was made, but then fatigue and anxiety would be forgotten in the triumphant celebrations that would then take place.

In those days the field of play was a clearing in a forest or a vast plain between the villages, and the goals would be

placed in the centre of each village. In the modern game the playing area is restricted to natural boundaries but more common now is the 'line game' as used in football, etc.—but even now it is still possible to have trees within the field of play. It is this apparent lack of petty laws, as found in so many of to-day's games, that gives lacrosse its basic raw character.

Lacrosse is unadulterated, perhaps rough, but as so often occurs in the more robust sports this is wiped out by the off-field air of friendliness and good humour.

So if a fast-moving, skilful, 'team' game appeals to you and you like sport in the raw and are not afraid of making many friends, why not try lacrosse . . . soon!

P. Jezeph (U.VI Sc. A)

### ANYONE FOR SKI-ING?

On the 31st March a small party will leave for a ski-ing holiday in Champéry, Switzerland, under the leadership of Mr. Graham.

Although the main aim of the trip is to learn how to ski (most of the party have not been on skis before), a holiday of this kind is of course a most valuable experience in one's education.

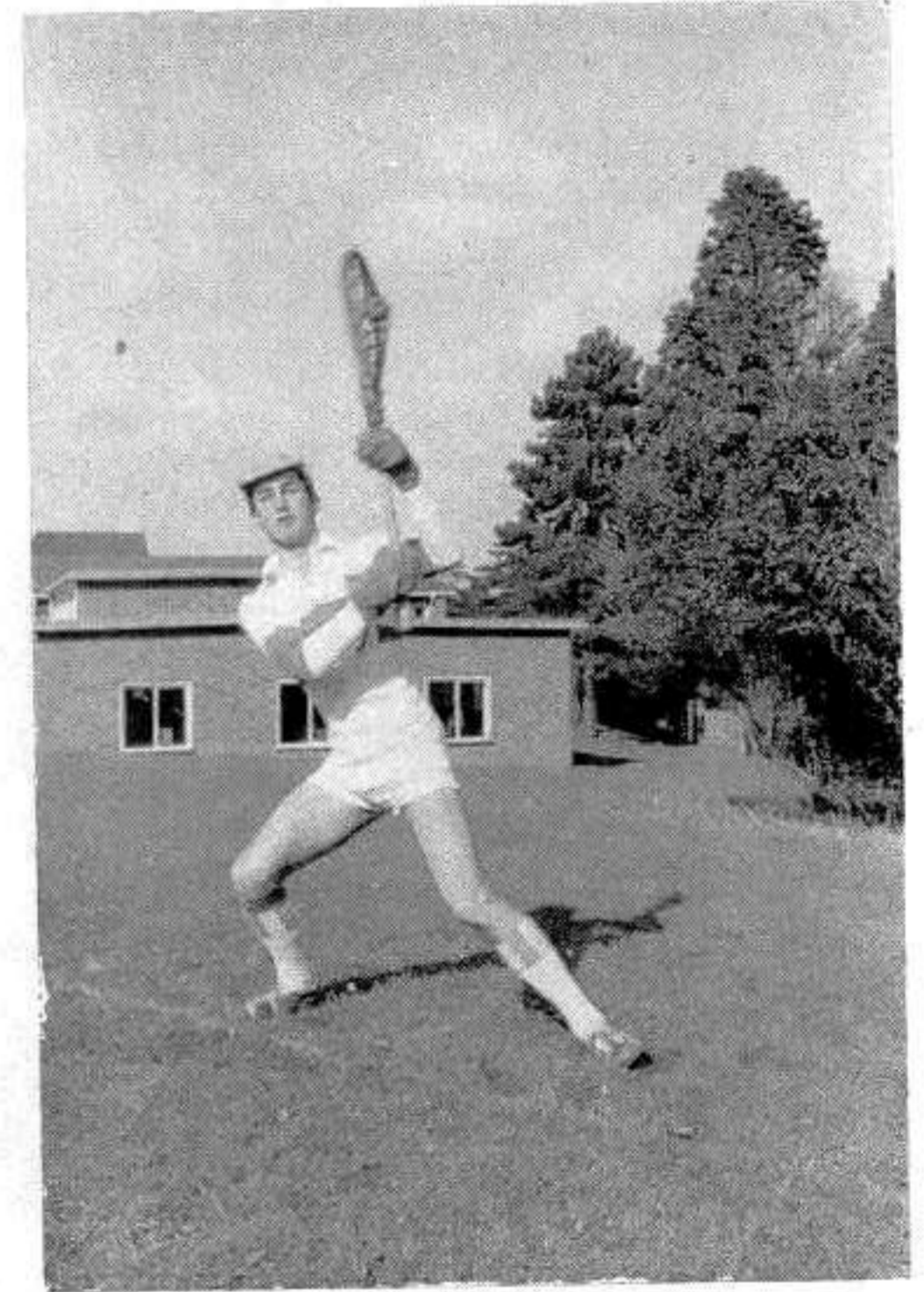
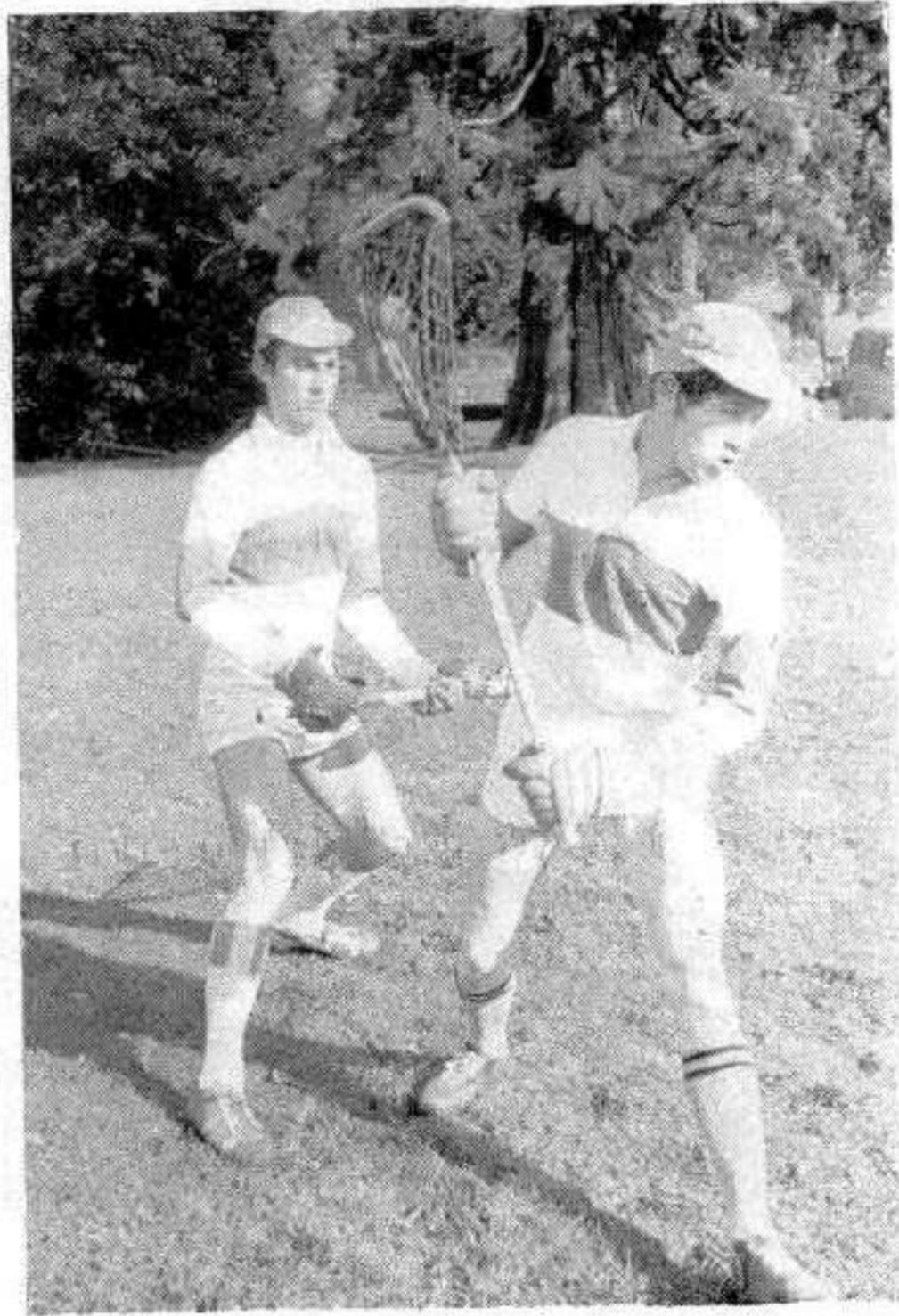
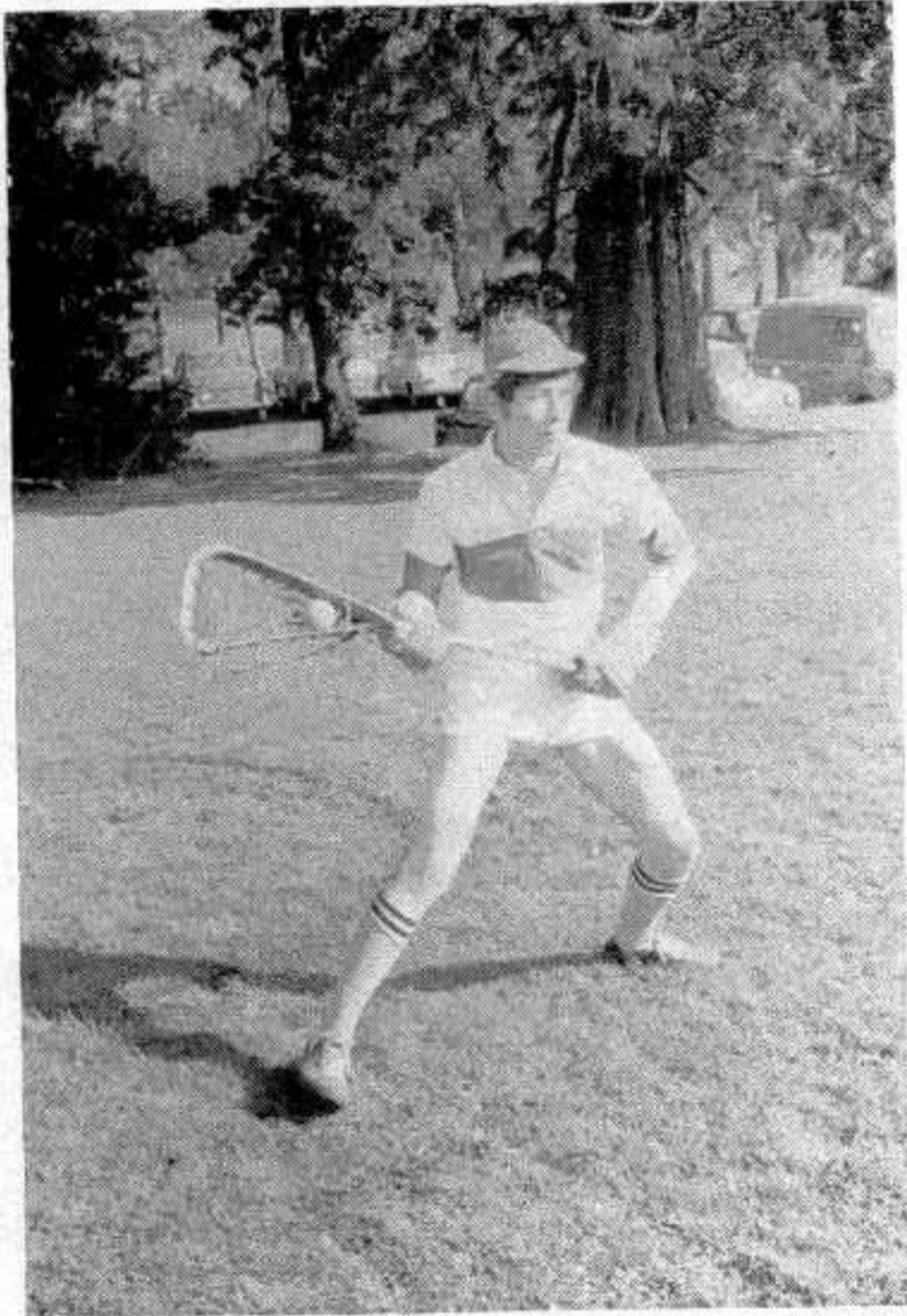
To stay in a cosmopolitan hotel, drink in the wonderful mountain scenery of the Valais, soak up the health-giving

sun and air of the Swiss Alps, will probably not contribute much to 'O' and 'A' level results (we may speak a little French!) but I am quite sure we will all come back with a broader outlook on life. This is real education.

Mr. Smith and I hope to take a larger party next year. Why not keep this in mind and book early for your holiday of a life-time!

N.G.





*Mr. D. J. Ratcliffe.*





L. DANIELS L.VI. ARTS. III.



## THE ADVENTURES OF FATMAN AND DOBBIN

All is quiet in Scoffem City, or is it? In a quiet backstreet shop many strange things are happening.

The baker is passing his cakes to a man pointing a hamburger at him. 'Remember, Bunny Baker, any stale cakes and this hamburger goes off.'

Meanwhile back in Sane Manor, Bruce Sane and his faithful horse Arkle are towing Aunt Chariot around the garden.

'Sir,' called Alfred stepping out of the stately manor, 'It's the Fat Fone.'

'Oh,' replied Bruce dismounting. He hustled into the manor and picked up the Fat Fone:

'Commissioner Boredom here, Fatman. It's Mr. Hamburger, he's held up a baker's shop with one of his 60 calibre hamburgers.'

'Right, Commissioner, I'll fetch Dobbin from the Dob-stable and ride right over.'

Arkle (alias Dobbin) was resting in the Dob-stable from his hard ride around the gardens when Fatman entered.

'It's Mr. Hamburger,' said Fatman as he lifted his enormous weight on to poor Dobbin below.

Two Dob-seconds later, they arrived at the commissioner's office in Scoffem City.

'Ah! Fatman and Horse Wonder,' said the commissioner gleefully as they came galloping through the door.

'Have you any clues, commissioner?' asked Fatman.

'Only this hamburger which he left behind,' replied the commissioner.

'That may be a vital clue,' said Fatman seizing the hamburger. He turned Dobbin around and galloped back to the Dob-stable. Once in the Dob-stable Fatman put the hamburger into the Fat-analyser and waited for the result.

'Aha,' exclaimed Fatman, '13% fat! That means it could only have come from Hammy Hamburgers and Co. Ltd. in the High Street.'

Jumping on to poor old Dobbin again, they rushed off to Hammy Hamburgers and Co. Ltd. in the High Street. Fatman fixed anti-gravity horse shoes on Dobbin and with Fatman on his back he trotted up the side of the building to the room where Mr. Hamburger hid out. The room seemed deserted as Fatman and Dobbin trotted around it. When suddenly, 'Holy gas mains,' exclaimed Dobbin clicking his hoofs together as a hamburger, hissing knock-out gas, landed in front of him.

'Now I have you Fatman,' came a voice from the other side of the room. 'You will soon be unconscious, then I shall make a giant hamburger of you and horse wonder.'

'That's what you think,' replied Fatman taking two tablets from his futility belt.

'Here Dobbin, take this anti-hamburger gas tablet.'

'Bah, it's not working,' came the voice. 'Come on Cake, Sponge and Beef. We haven't lost yet.'

BAM! ZOK!! CAPOW!!! etc. While Fatman squashed Cake and Sponge, Dobbin kicked Mr. Hamburger and Beef around the room.

At that moment Commissioner Boredom and Chief Sahara entered the room.

'Ah commissioner, glad to see you. We have just caught Mr. Hamburger and his fine floured flans.'

'Good work, Fatman. We'll take care of them from here, and lock them safely away.' And Fatman and Dobbin trotted out of the window and back to Sane Manor.

P. Farmer (VU)

### THE GARNETT FAMILY

Alf Garnett is a London docker,  
As everyone will know,

His son-in-law's a Tory mocker,  
Which maddens Alfie so.

Mike doesn't work, he spends his time,  
Combing down his long fair tresses.

Alf always calls him Goldilocks,  
And says he should wear dresses.

Else is thick and rather fat,  
When eating she's quite rude,

She really needs a cricket bat,  
To shovel in the food.

Their conversation is quite crude,  
Some say it will not do,

When Alf is angry with his wife,  
He calls her 'silly moo'.

R. M. Tomlin (IK)

### A THOUGHT ON VIETNAM

The peasant dies to fulfill the leader's beliefs.

The hypocritical General

Who prays for Blessing at night

And kills the innocent at dawn.

A metallic blur screams across the vivid sky

Like a maddened Valkyrie,

Unleashing its destructive load

Upon the paddy fields,

Already blackened by the futility of war.

A grey old man wanders aimlessly—

His thoughts shattered by the explosion of conflict.

His country now belongs to them.

Just who are they?

South by day, North by night.

What does he care?

They are not worried about him.

Why choose to fight on his land?

The harvest is due in now.

What is there to harvest?

No rice, just death.

G. Pierce (IIIW)



Many had forgotten its existence—but I was not one of them. It was one of the greatest pieces of engineering in the world, and was highly successful to begin with. However, it developed a fault which could not be corrected; so it was closed down. But the world's first completely automatic Nuclear Power-station, built on Dartmoor, still stands today—a huge monument to man's ingenuity.

I decided to go and have a look at it for myself, and so I secured my bicycle and the sandwiches my mother had prepared for me and set-off towards Dartmoor, which was a considerable distance from my home.

I found no difficulty in getting there, but was understandably tired when at last I came to the end of my journey. The sight which presented itself to my eyes was truly breathtaking—it was the largest thing I had ever seen. Of course, I had seen newspaper photographs of it, but its gigantic size was not all that apparent. At the heart of the building was a huge towering sphere, as white as the discontinuous line down the middle of the road I had just travelled along. I stared at it for what must have been ten minutes or more.

The wind was beginning to blow harder now, and I decided to seek some protection from it; my wind-protector was a large elm tree, behind which I squatted—all the time, my eyes fixed on the abandoned power-plant. I chose to remain squatting as the grass was still damp from the cloud-burst the day before. The sandwiches were certainly tasty and filling, and for the next quarter of an hour, I ate heartily.

The building was quite unguarded, but naturally the main entrance was firmly locked. On walking all the way round the building, I discovered that there was no other way in except down a deep flight of steps which led to a small door which was padlocked on the outside. I prided myself on being rather expert at picking padlocks, and so set to work on the one in question. The lock was stiff, but fortunately it gave; the door opened with a good hard push, revealing a somewhat extensive room, presumably housing the air-conditioning machinery.

A large shute, more than four feet square, was one of the first things which caught my attention. I made for it without really thinking why. Inside were rungs leading upwards, which I climbed rapidly. They led up to a long square metal corridor from which, on either side, smaller corridors, similar to the one I was standing in, branched-off. My shoes seemed to make an immense amount of noise as I walked along, and the noise echoed down the passage. I really had no idea which branching-passage to follow, so I chose one at random. I crawled along on hands and knees, and at last I saw light shining through a grill at the end of the passage. Try as hard as I could, I couldn't shift the grill, but through it I could see a large room, much larger than the one by which I had entered the building and much more elaborate than the first; there were enumerable machines—some with large tape-spools inside, and some with large display panels.

Suddenly it dawned on me that, although there were no windows to be seen, it was light. I looked up at the ceiling and saw thousands upon thousands of fluorescent lighting strips! And yet this building was supposed to have been

closed-down.

I crawled back along the passage into the main corridor and hurried down to the next minor passageway. I came to the grill and with a little persuasion it gave way. Ten feet separated me from the floor, but this was no time to hesitate: so I jumped. The pain I endured during the next few minutes was excruciating—I had twisted my ankle, and sat on the floor for some time nursing it. Finally, I stood up, and took a long look at the machines and computers that surrounded me. The machinery was far from 'dead': indeed the tapes were rotating at high speed, and the display-panels were flashing different sequences of coloured lights on their screens. I was startled by this, for on arriving at the first grill the machinery was quite motionless—I was also becoming a little scared at the thought that these computers had started to work, apparently all by themselves.

Everything was pure white, except for the floor which was red and remarkably shiny: in fact so shiny that it produced a wonderfully-clear reflection of the room. The gentle humming of the machines seemed to comfort me, and I started to explore this scientists' paradise; I noticed that round three sides of the room, about seven feet above the ground, there was a small gallery with a guard-rail right the way round its outer edge. On the far side of the room, there were two massive doors over which was a sign 'MAIN DOORS'. I left the room and went down a small passage; at the end was a double-door which, to my amazement, opened quite suddenly. On the other side of the door was an immensely complicated laboratory, with 'red-hot caves', electron-microscopes and other equipment which I could not recognise at all. The doors at the opposite end of the laboratory swung back as I approached them. The bright light from the other two rooms gave way to dim red light. I had half a mind to go back, but as the passage straightened-out, I saw a shaft of light. I inspected it, and found it to be a square vertical shaft of glass, on the nearest side of which was a pair of double-doors. I realised it must be a lift-shaft. I pushed the button by the side of the doors, whereupon the whirring of an electric motor could be distinctly heard.

At last the doors admitted me into the lift, and I was going up!

I noticed that the glass was particularly thick, and that air was being admitted to the cage by means of a filter in the ceiling. The lift eventually ceased climbing. The doors slid back, and I found myself in a long room painted in a most striking red with no other way out than the way I came in. The heat in the room was quite overpowering, and I soon found out why. Along the walls were a number of small round portholes, through which I was able to see nothing—until I pressed the tab underneath the window. Through that little window, which was several feet thick, I saw what I took to be the reactor, which was inside the huge sphere. My view was limited by the hot air inside causing distortion, but it was quite apparent that the reactor was still working at fever-pitch, for the inside was almost at white-heat.



I needed no prompting to return to the lift, and no sooner was I inside the cage than it started descending rapidly, leaving my stomach at the top of the shaft. The swiftness of its motion was almost as if it were out of control, and at the same moment the light in the shaft began to fail; it flickered on and off in a frenzied manner. The cage slowed to a jerky halt. The motors operating the doors cut-out suddenly fulfilling only half their task of opening the doors—I gave the door one wrench and it moved just far enough for me to squeeze through the opening.

Perspiration covered my face and hands as I ran along the dimly-lit corridor. I rammed my way through the doors at the far end. The lights in the laboratory were also failing. Something terrible was happening in the building—I had no idea what it was, and certainly had no intention of finding out. I stopped in the main control-room. I had entered easily enough, but how ever was I going to get out? The wall was perfectly smooth, and I had no rope with me. A low rumbling began—it was soon accompanied by a shaking of the whole building. My heart beat savagely, thinking became extremely difficult and undefined—the lights pulsed in a haphazard rhythm. I tried running to the main doors but kept slamming into the machines.

Before I was able to reach them, the rumbling increased to deafening proportions. I was on the verge of a black-out, when, as the shaking seemed to have reached its ultimate strength, the main doors were thrust open as though they were made of cardboard. I was just about to make a run for it when I realized to the full extent what I was seeing. Outside there was absolutely nothing! No ground, no sky, nothing. Whether I was in a state of delirium, or whether I was actually interpreting what I saw correctly I could not be sure. The air was being extracted through the doors at a terrifying rate, and it was all I could do to keep hold of the machine I was hugging. The doors closed a second or two later with a resounding ring that reverberated throughout the entire building.

The trembling died down, and the lights ceased their irregular behaviour. I then passed out.

When I came to, my heart had calmed down to its normal rate but it took me a little time to recall exactly what had taken place. I stood up and looked about me for some means of finding a way out; I found what I was looking for. My eyes were drawn to a grill just above the gallery; I climbed the ladder to the gallery and came to the grill, which, to my relief, was simple to remove.

I crawled along the passageways and down the chute, and finally out of the building. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw the state of my bike—it was rusty! I rushed over to it. I couldn't understand it at all—I hadn't long had it, and now it was old and no longer shiny. My heart was racing again now; I sat down on the ground. It was bitterly cold, my head ached, and, although I tried to resist it, I began to cry.

The bike, though rusty, was still rideable, and with tears trickling down my cheeks, I mounted it and started off home.

What I saw on my journey completed the strange happenings. It was evening and becoming dark, but even so I could see the houses from the road. They were dark; no sign of life could I see anywhere. I hadn't remembered seeing them on my travels. My mind could not adequately cope with these phenomena, and I cannot clearly remember anything else that happened until I arrived home. I tried the door—it opened: the scene hit me, like a brick smashed in my face. There was no room beyond the door—no walls either—no-one to greet me. I seemed to be choking and I wanted to be sick, so very sick.

Something glistened in the ruins. I picked it up. It was my mother's latch key, and I was all alone.

P. Jeffery (L.VI Sc.A)

### BIRTHDAYS

Why celebrate barbed age's passing  
In drown of drink and crowd?  
Why hear a wedding knell laughing?  
When young, age: when aged, youth  
Our changing wish.  
Our child paper-crowned with hopeful self-deceit,  
Our man sweet-bitter in salt forgetfulness,  
Beauty ages  
But our blissful child knows not beauty then.  
For five calls for fifteen.  
But twenty cries for lost ambitions;  
At twenty-one I feed on despair,  
At twenty-five I weep ambitionless,  
For thirty I drink my health—  
Away.

R. Weaver (L.VI Arts I)

### PRISON

He sat there,  
Prisoner 243,  
Address, Death House, Sing Sing State pen.  
He thought  
About being lonely,  
One can be lonely in a crowd,  
Solitude does not affect everyone,  
Loneliness is when you have to do  
Something that no one else can do for you,  
Like walking through that small door,  
And sitting in the chair,  
And feeling,  
Feeling the stimulation of nerves, the stench of death.  
Death wouldn't be lonely,  
Unless the brain still worked.  
It's thoughts that make one lonely.

R. Hill (IVU)



## THE FALL

Ava could never understand Winston's secret. To her it was childish and contemptible. But it was Winston's *raison d'être*.

There was nothing at all remarkable about Winston. In fact he was uncommonly ordinary; a typical product of suburbia. He might have been either a salesman or a civil servant, though his pride in appearance suggested the latter. He considered he was a successful man, and Ava would certainly not let herself think otherwise. Nor was his obsession with matches particularly unusual. After all, the world was a mine of pyromaniacs, as Ava constantly reminded him. The fact that he put this obsession to a constructive purpose made him all the more conventional. His matchstick-models embodied the typical instincts of the mature male. They satisfied his constructive and creative impulses.

So it was that Winston lived, in dreams of conducted tours around 'Bryant and May's', (with the possibility of free samples) and of America where matches were given away. He sneered privately at 'penny-books' and worshipped 'Swan Vestas'.

Ava resented Winston's preoccupation with his models. She considered that any normal wife would. Frequently, she tried new ways of coaxing him from his childish hobby—for that was all it was to her. She tried being angry, sympathetic and once even took an interest herself. But Winston remained oblivious. Despite her subtleties Ava could not get through to him. She could not completely possess and control him. After a while she gave up and lapsed into haughty indifference.

This suited Winston because he was on the point of fulfilment. Soon his ultimate glory would be complete. It was a scale model of the GPO tower—perfect in every painstaking detail. This alone kept Winston sane.

He had been working secretly for eight weeks and three days, interrupted only by coarse insults from the jealous Ava, who occasionally erupted from her uninterest with a fire and venom that Winston rarely experienced. Winston did not care about Ava. His *piece de resistance* was nearly complete. Only the scenic gallery was unfinished. With pursed lips he patiently manipulated his matches with a pair of tweezers. The pungent smell of glue pierced his un-twitching nose. He was senseless and mute. He stirred only to breathe and pick up virgin matches.

When these final hour-like minutes had passed, Winston flopped back on his chair, displaying a broad Jewish smile. For some time he sat in a stupor. Incredible though it seemed his model was complete. The exact copy of his furtively scribbled plans. Plans he had formulated from his expensive, yet priceless, visits to the real thing. His head span. He felt like a planet revolving around his sun. The sun stood aloof, majestic, illuminating the drabness of the inky loft.

After some time, Winston was able to bring himself to move his model to its accustomed hiding place. He revelled in the ecstasy he would enjoy in hours to come. He would spend

years silently watching and studying his creation. It was more than a model. It represented a part of his mind—the sane part.

Reluctantly, he left the loft. The aluminium stairs creaked and echoed under his trembling feet. As usual, he was oblivious to Ava's jibes and slept without dreaming. His dreams were real now.

At the office his routine was lost. All sense of time left him. Soon after leaving the next morning, he found himself on the doorstep, fingering his waistcoat pocket for his keys. But as he opened the door his heart dropped. He heard muffled sobs from the bedroom. Shattered by reality, he was suddenly conscious of an atmosphere. He became empty. His buttocks sweated and he felt his breathing quicken. As his hands stiffened his brief-case fell to the floor. He fumbled up the stairs. All too soon he reached the entrance of the loft.

He stood, incredulous, for several, sweat-soaked minutes, gazing at the heap of broken matches on the floor. He bent down and felt their splinters in his trembling hands. His first thoughts were of reconstruction but he knew this was impossible. His eyes blazed and his ears sang. He suddenly convulsed, blabbering, on top of the coffin of ideas. With water stinging his lips he hammered his fist violently on the impassive remains. They seemed to squirm and crackle. But after the physical urge had deserted him, he thought. His thoughts were disjointed. Yet he knew that his life now was meaningless. After an hour or so, he slowly raised his aching body from its grave. He went down the now hard and soundless steps and into the bedroom. Ava lay sprawled on the floor. Matted hair crawled across her wrinkled face. The flood of tears made her glisten. She "ate" her numb lips nervously. Her sore mouth gaped as she muttered between sobs.

"I'm sorry, sorry . . . do you hear? I didn't realise . . . I was so annoyed . . . You and your bloody models . . . you b . . . Just a bit of notice, that's all I ever wanted . . . It's not much to ask . . . is it? I just wanted a normal life with a normal husband . . ."

Oh God! Winston, don't just stand there looking like a corpse! . . . It's your own fault . . . God knows I've tried . . ."  
She relapsed into her mournful sobbing.

Winston had now recovered. The sight of this pitiful creature had moved him. For the first time he felt compassion. His desire for individuality which he had harboured unknowingly, was gone. It left him relieved. He felt satisfied. At last he realised he was insane, and was happy. Momentarily he felt the teeth of convention biting him. But it no longer hurt. He liked it. He liked himself. He liked his wife. He stroked her splintered face soothingly.

"It's all right, my dear. There now . . . don't worry . . . you're quite right . . . It was only a stupid hobby . . . I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry."

M. Nightingale (VI Arts III)



## THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

'It is a known and proven fact that the human has always been able to use a small fraction of the human brain.'

These were the words of Johann Gordan, the famous scientist of 1984, who had tried an Elixir for opening up the brain to its full extent. But he died before he completed his task. Now in the year 2084, John Wilson was making the same experiments.

His guinea pig was to be George Darten. He was a huge man of immense strength.

Soon the day came for the start of the experiments. George was put into a massive, steel-lined cell. This was in case he went mad and killed Wilson. Then the mixture was injected into Darten who started twitching and rolling as if struck by some mysterious disease. Soon Darten lost consciousness and started to dream. He dreamt about the time when he was in hospital at the tender age of a day. He heard the doctor talking about him:

'He's a very sturdy boy, isn't he, Nurse Collins?'

'Yes, Doctor Evans,' replied the nurse.

But it was not long before he had regained consciousness. He immediately asked to see his birth certificate.

'The nurse in charge was Nurse Collins and the doctor was called Evans,' George announced systematically.

'Yes, correct—but how did you know?' asked Wilson.

'Because I dreamed about it when I was unconscious,' said George.

'B . . . B . . . But that means that the mixture worked!' murmured Wilson.

'Sure the mixture works but I want to try another dose—just to make sure,' countered George promptly.

'But it will probably be dangerous to try another dose,' replied Wilson.

'Just give me that dose,' said George, a broad smile of assurance creeping across his face.

Wilson administered the second injection—somewhat reluctantly—and this time George slipped into unconsciousness almost immediately. When he awoke, he heard Wilson muttering, 'I hope he's all right.'

'Don't worry, John, I'm okay—just a bit dizzy,' said the 'guinea pig', forcing the words from his lips. Wilson rushed forward.

'How could you possibly know what I was thinking?'

'Telepathy, I suppose,' replied George. 'It can't be anything else.'

Suddenly George collapsed. Wilson could see that the man was dead. So his immediate task was to use an advanced X-ray machine and derive the cause of the death. The instrument could look into his inner ear and there lay the answer. It was completely cracked. George must have picked up everyone's thoughts at once—hence this damage. Wilson immediately destroyed the Elixir because he realised it was much too dangerous for humans. But he could not help thinking that one day maybe someone would be able to perfect this Elixir . . .

S. Lewis (IR)

## DEATH OF A NUMBER

Black curtains were drawn over Tom Smith's life,  
His windows were blotted out; and in his eyes  
Death was recorded.

Tom Smith; died of illness; tenth of July.

Death recorded; life, useless, forgotten.

He left no money, no family nor any property.

He left no will, as he had had more in life.

He lived a nonentity, his welfare assured,

He died in obscurity, his burial secured.

May his soul rest in a welfare state.

J. A. Coulter (IVS)

## A SCHOOL OF THOUGHT

The changeover had been frightening, but now it was just strange.

To the small child it was confusing—posters all over the place, long radio and television broadcasts, special newspaper editions. Then strange men appeared in the streets, calling on all the houses—very polite but frightening.

When they came to his house his mother had been very frightened, and held him close, as if in protection.

Several of the menfolk had 'gone to school'—the television man with the friendly face and cold, hard eyes, had said they had to learn new ideas.

The new teacher was pleasant, but she smiled with her mouth and not her eyes.

The policeman on the crossing outside the school had gone, and there was a friendly young man, who gave them sweets, because the ice cream van that used to wait outside had gone—on holiday.

Television programmes had changed and the children's programmes were different too. Nice young girls in smart silver-buttoned uniforms showed the children how to play games—like asking God for sweets. But God didn't want to play—no sweets came. Yet when they played asking their Leader, sweets came through the post. So they stopped playing with God, and they stopped going to church on Sundays.

Once you were used to the change it was pleasant—although the cinemas and bowling alleys were shut down. Our Leader always had big games on Saturday instead, and you played soldiers, marching around and saluting and learning all the best ideas—so as to be good members of the State.

Meanwhile the parents stayed at home in a helpless agony as the simple minds of their children were turned away from them.

R. Nichols (VM)

## A GRAVE

The wet smell of potent earth

Sweetened the grave.

For a moment, death seemed as fruitful

As life,

Lush, warm

Resting in the comfort of maturity.

M. Nightingale (VI Arts III)



## THE GREASER MEET HUMANITY

... When Davy woke up, his eyes did not open, his limbs did not move and his heart was not beating. All the same he had woken up from his sleep.

'Where the 'ell am I?' he thought. 'Where's me bike and me 'elmet? Janie? Where you gone? Janie! Janie!'

He could not speak aloud, but his mind still translated his thoughts for him. The one vital difference was that he could not regulate his senses. When he spoke, the words became distorted—and there was this constant, hollow echo drifting in the atmosphere. It was just like being in a hospital. Everything was echoing . . . echoing . . . echoing.

'I'll kill that driver. Slowing up on the outside lane. No respect fo' ruvvers! 'Oo does 'ee fink 'ee is? Couldn't 'ee see me motivating? Only goes down to twenny on the outside lane! I asks yer!'

These thoughts fluttered through his mind but he understood absolutely nothing of what he was 'saying'. Beforehand, he could talk and people would return the compliment by speaking to him. If he saw a CND sign, something inside him always used to say, 'fight, boy, fight!'

Things had been such fun a moment ago. The thrill of accelerating into the nineties. The kick Davy had always got out of seeing that needle bobbing around the hundred mark. Took skill to drive at those speeds! The times he had bulldozed his way past those 'fat —s' in their Rolls. The thrill of those summer winds parting to let this all-conquering youth through! But now all this was gone—like the wind . . .

Then there had been those 'rumbles' down at the Club. Many's the time he had been up before the judge for 'creating a disturbance'. Those immortal words: 'This young hoodlum is a menace to society. David Thomas Quick, I sentence you to . . .' He had always managed to land the same judge—Davy had once asked him if he wanted to be secretary of his fan club, but he had not been interested.

'Where's Mick? Slasher . . . and 'arry . . . Cass? And the . . . the . . . boys? Wher'are yer? What about going to the Suite tonight, Tom? O' come on—whatsamatta with yer? Stevie—that you—Stevie! Say somefing, please! Jus' fer me! . . . me! . . . me!'

What had gone wrong with his life? Now there was no-one to talk to—communication was impossible. Who was listening—no-one!

He had always been so popular too. 'Ol' Davy's a good bloke—I tell yer, mate.' That's what they had always said. Even his little brother Johnny had hero-worshipped him. All the girls had fallen for him. None of the lads had a chance when Davy was around. That was Davy, all right!

He couldn't stand this enveloping emptiness. There was not even some old man to hurl insults at—no-one. 'For Gawd's sake, I can't stand this much longer!'

Then something occurred to him. Perhaps he was dead. 'No! Can't be! Where's Janie? Janie! Still—if I'm dead, I bet she is too. Always 'ad bin accident-prone! No! I ain't dead—people our age just don't die! I mean . . . mean to say! It's a dream—that's it—a dream!'

'If it is a dream then, David, wake up just to make sure. It's not a very nice dream to have in your mind all night.

Besides, we don't want anyone here who is not sure of himself. After all, it might have a bad effect on the other patients! Go on, David, prove it . . . prove it . . . you silly child!'

Surely this was a nightmare? All Davy could hear was this sinister echo and the sneering voice coming out of the darkness. He tried to move but he couldn't—there was nothing to move. He tried to touch himself but he couldn't—what was there to touch? He tried to see something, but, try as he may, there was only a blankness before his eyes: just like an empty television screen. 'Gordon Bennet, I wish someone would —y well turn on the set! A tele's there t'be looked at—but yer must 'ave a pictur' . . . otherwise, there's no point—I mean . . . yer gott'ave a pictur'!'

'ANSWER ME . . . ME . . . ME, WON'T YOU? ARE YOU HERE OR IS IT JUST A DREAM . . . DREAM . . . DREAM? COME ON, BOY ANSWER ME . . . I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY TO WASTE ON YOU. I'VE GOT OTHER CUSTOMERS IN FACT, IT'S BEEN A VERY GOOD DAY TODAY—SHOULD HELP THEIR POPULATION PROBLEM IMMENSELY! HURRY UP . . . UP . . . UP!'

Davy tried to move his hand. His hand—where was it? Time was running short. He felt an invisible force slowly descending on him. The buzz-like echo was gradually whittling his resistance away. 'F' Gawd's sake, where's me 'and. It must be there—it must . . . must . . . must.' He tried to speak to see, to touch, speak, see, touch, see, speak—nothing just emptiness. Then the terrifying voice rifled his desperate efforts.

'ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING? YOU CAN'T, CAN YOU? IF I WANT YOU TO SPEAK—AND I DON'T—I CAN GIVE YOU BACK YOUR VOICE—YOUR INNER VOICE. BUT I'M NOT. OH! YOU JUST REFUSE TO BELIEVE THIS IS HEAVEN—ALL MY HUMANS WERE MADE LIKE YOU—YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION, ALTHOUGH YOU LIKE TO THINK SO. YOU'RE TRYING TO FIND THAT FRAIL, LITTLE THING, YOUR BODY. BUT IT ISN'T THERE, IS IT? YOU CAN'T SEE, YOU CAN'T TASTE, YOU CAN'T TOUCH, YOU CAN'T BREATHE. ALL YOU CAN HEAR IS ME AND A BUZZING. YOU POOR, LITTLE HUMAN. YOU'VE HAD YOUR LIFE AND NOW YOU'RE FINISHED—I DON'T WANT YOU ANY MORE. YOU WERE ANOTHER FAILURE—YOU'RE ALL LIKE THAT. STILL NOW YOU'VE GOT AN ETERNITY OR TWO TO DO . . . NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING . . . HA! HA! HA! I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR STAY! . . . NOTHING . . . NOTHING . . .'

The voice seemed to run out of control, but Davy was looking for the control panel. He could not, however, find himself. An eternity of nothing! What a joke.

K. McDonald (L.VI Arts I)

### THE CLOCK

The clock upon the mantel shelf,  
Ticking away all by itself.  
It does not have too much to do,  
Ticking away all day through.  
Time is an enemy as well as a friend,  
Time means that good things come to an end.  
The clock that tells you it's time to roam,  
Will tell off the hours until you come home.

P. Blake (1R)



### OSTRICH

I saw an ostrich eat her child today,  
I observed her but when she looked my way  
And found I could see the lie of the land,  
She suddenly buried her head in the sand.  
Another ostrich had seen this slaughter  
Involving his grandson and his daughter,  
But even though he knew the lie of the land  
He buried his head in the comfortable sand.  
Tomorrow I'll see an ostrich orchard:  
No roots, feet free, but all the eyes buried;  
Someone'll have to kick them up the behind.  
After all, I can't do it, I haven't the time.

M. D. West (VI Arts III)

### ALLPLACE STREET

In Allplace Street, with those dim street lights,  
And the fog is swirling all around,  
Deadening even the loudest sound.  
It is then, my friend, (if the time is right),  
You'll see what walks there on such a night,  
Men say.  
It's as dark as Hell on Allplace Street,  
For ghosts and apparitions meet.  
If you have to go, then don't go alone,  
Because no strength of will can ever atone  
For the help you'll gain, in this awful place,  
From a kind and friendly, familiar face,  
Men say.

I. A. Coulter (IVS)

### LONELINESS

The philosopher's love,  
The lover's retreat,  
For the quiet thoughts of great men,  
And the caressing of humbler spirits.  
The wordling's bane,  
The guilty's hate,  
Despised by the pleasure seeker,  
And disliked by the townsmen.  
Loneliness preserved for the love  
Of philosophers and lovers.  
Loneliness preserved for the hate  
Of the wordling and the guilty.

M. J. Laffin (IIW)

### MORNING TRAGEDY

The only sounds to be heard were the lapping of waves  
against the old stone quay. The sea-weed, forgotten by the  
receding ocean was left stranded on the sea wall. Here and  
there lone seagulls dived and climbed through the early haze  
of the new summer sky. The white-washed, stone-cottages  
of the village hugged the cliff-base as a child clings to its  
mother for protection. The villagers somehow felt safe with  
the walls of solid rock behind them.

Slowly, the small port rose from its slumbers to try once  
more to eke out a living in its never-ending battle with the  
powers of the sea. On the wooden tables in the little cottages  
fading, thin women placed fading, thin table cloths, which  
would hold a meagre breakfast. Now the number of gulls had  
increased and the sound of the waves was joined by the sound  
of men talking, and pots and pans being clashed together as  
the meal was prepared.

The sun formed a golden web hanging in the sky and the  
early morning haze had now disappeared. Small barefoot  
boys ran up and down the beach shouting and screaming and  
generally hindering the menfolk who were preparing for a  
day's work. Back in their cottages the womenfolk cleaned  
and scrubbed, singing while they worked. They had every  
right to sing: the morning was sun-drenched, the children  
were out playing and the men were preparing for fishing.  
The only problem they had was tomorrow's food and that  
could wait for a while.

Up on top of the cliffs the green grass swayed gently in a  
soft, sea breeze. Two children picked buttercups but, tiring of  
this, ran off to find some wild blackberries to supplement their  
scanty breakfast. From the cliffs a splendid view of the  
'harbour' entrance was to be seen. But no-one was there to  
see it. And the sun still hung in the sky.

It was an indescribably beautiful morning, no-one could  
deny it. But mornings never prophesy afternoons.

A heavy squall sprang up. The once blue, calm sea was  
whipped into a sinister, angry, green mass. The waves rose  
and fell to enormous heights and deep valleys. The small  
fishing smacks of the men stood no chance. The tiny fleet was  
tossed from wave to wave as the sea toyed with its prey. Then  
the sea grew impatient and called out for the boats to be  
pulled into the depths by clutching fingers. Then the meagre  
catch was returned to the sea—with interest.

Later, the sun went down and the sea was calm, and the  
children stopped laughing.

S. Keyes (VM)

### BELIEF

The assassin stands in the bare corner  
Clutching his Crucifix in a sweaty palm,  
While the priest mumbles away with incessant monotony.  
The hammering of wood in the courtyard becomes unbearable.  
He turns to look at what will be his last earthly shelter.  
The bamboo table that has so often witnessed this scene  
before.

The walls wet with age not sorrow.  
The lice-ridden blanket holding no warmth.  
His stomach heaves violently  
At the thought of what is to come.  
He is not scared of death  
But of what is to follow.  
The assassin was fighting for a cause  
But knew not the implications.  
He, like Christ, was fighting for freedom  
And the cross he held was the key.

G. Pierce (IIW)



### LONELINESS

The chairs in my room are empty and bare,  
I look at them, but there is nobody there.  
I gaze out the window,  
There's no one to see,  
Nobody, Nobody, No one for me.  
In my loneliness I sit and stare,  
But there is Nobody, Nobody, No one there.  
S. Hawkes (IHU)

### OBITUARY

The death of John B. Hicklebecker caused great concern in the nation. This self-made millionaire controlled half of the country's industry and his unscheduled departure might well have caused a good deal of turbulence on the stock market.

Luckily, however, John D. Hicklebecker was very much his father's son, careful and methodical in everything. He handed over the funeral arrangements to Drab and Downham (Undertakers) Ltd. (upon whose efficiency he knew he could rely) and settled himself down to the task of stabilising his late father's massive corporation. He worked hard but, by the day of his father's funeral, the market was still fluctuating disturbingly. John D. Hicklebecker was a worried man as he drove through the gates of his family cemetery.

It has already been mentioned that Drab and Downham were efficient. The word 'efficient', however, is a grave injustice to this enterprising company. They had constructed a temporary office building, alongside the expectant grave, and filled it with all the gadgets necessary for the smooth running of a large company. On top of this they had carried out the more usual duties of collection, delivery and housing of the body.

When all the guests were assembled, the family priest began to mumble and (before long) the four pall-bearers started to lower the coffin.

It was at this point that it happened. From out of the prefabricated office a distraught young woman appeared with a bundle of white strips of paper draped in Roman style around her.

The live Hicklebecker (as his father would have done in happier circumstances) summed up the situation immediately. He recognised the white substance as ticker tape and from the secretary's face he judged that the news was bad.

He acted quickly.

'Get that box back up,' he ordered, indicating the coffin.

This he sat down upon, and gathering his staff around him, he quickly collected and assessed all the available information and issued orders suitable to overcome the dangerous situation. This meeting lasted half an hour and at the end of that time he rose and turned to his secretary.

'Now, where were we, Miss Brown?'  
She consulted a notebook.  
'Ashes to ashes, sir.'  
'Thank you, Miss Brown. It's all yours, Father.'  
As the priest restarted, the coffin sank once again into the ground.

J. Coulter (IVS)

### FENCE TREADING

I have trod fences through the Summer,  
Spent my passing time in crossing boundaries  
From one field to another,  
Leaving still the fences standing  
Until one stronger than I may come  
And break them down.  
I have passed from field to orchard,  
Treading harshly on the fences,  
Softly on the gentle turf and stubborn stone.  
The apple trees will never cross  
From orchard to field, so I have thought  
On why they waste their wire on fences,  
And of how good it would be if everyone  
Trod fences.

P. Barnard (U.VI A.I)

### INSOMNIA

Soft, soothing sleep, repulsed in waves, recedes  
And leaves me mentally aware—  
Rejected, yet desireable, it bleeds  
From me. Tempting, caressing snare  
You'll catch me not  
Tonight.

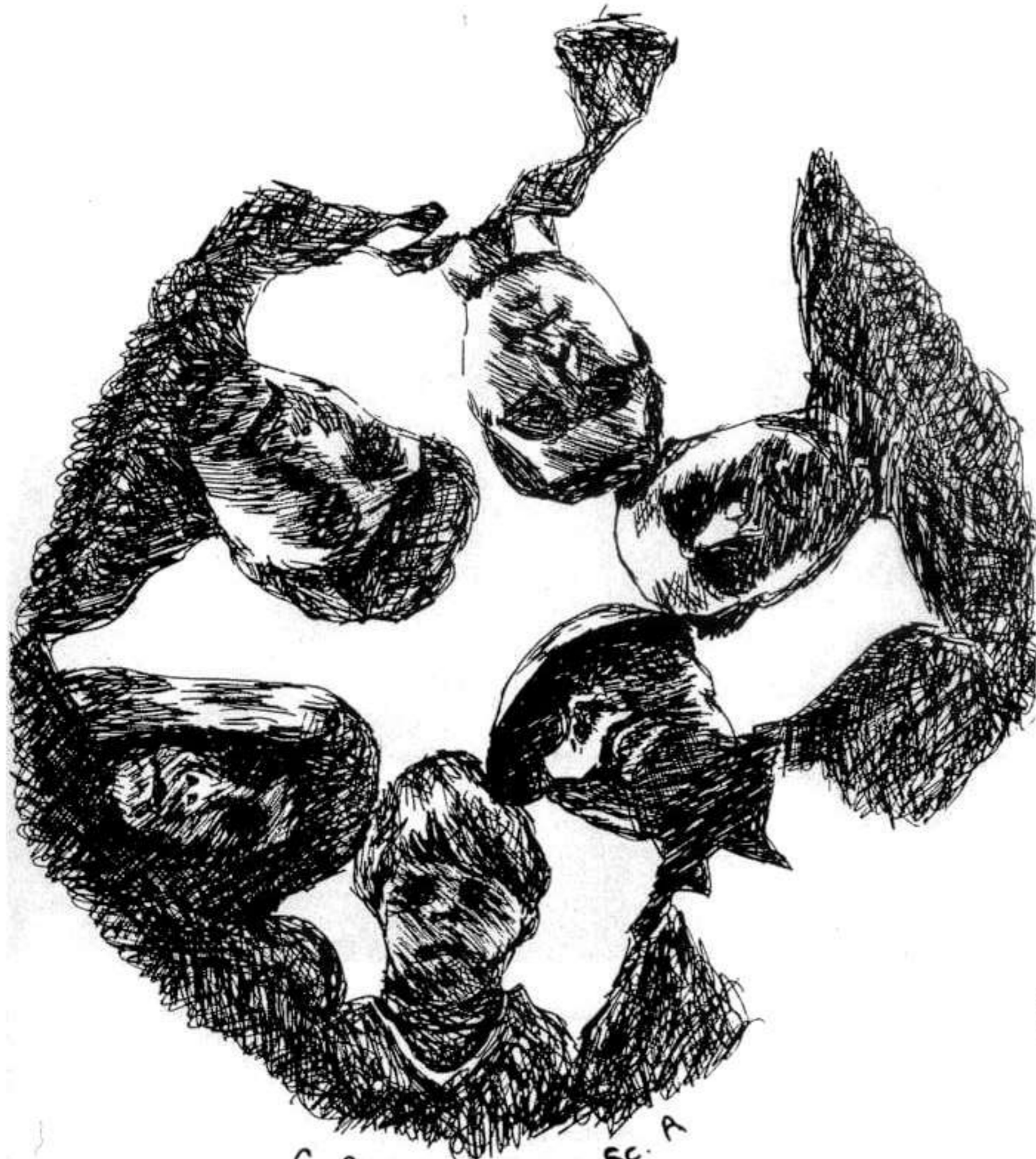
R. Paynter (VI Arts III)

### THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN

The flag falls down, the line advances,  
The eager runners grab the chances  
To reach the gully through the mud,  
Across the stream with splash and thud.  
Then up the hill with sprightly step,  
This is the start, they're not tired yet!  
Now, steadily, a constant beat  
Echoes from their running feet,  
Through the wood, over a stile,  
And pounding the road for a weary mile.  
Much slower now, the pace is slack,  
The leader fades, then from the pack  
A runner streaks with forceful might  
And passes all, to win outright.

D. Bryant (IJ)





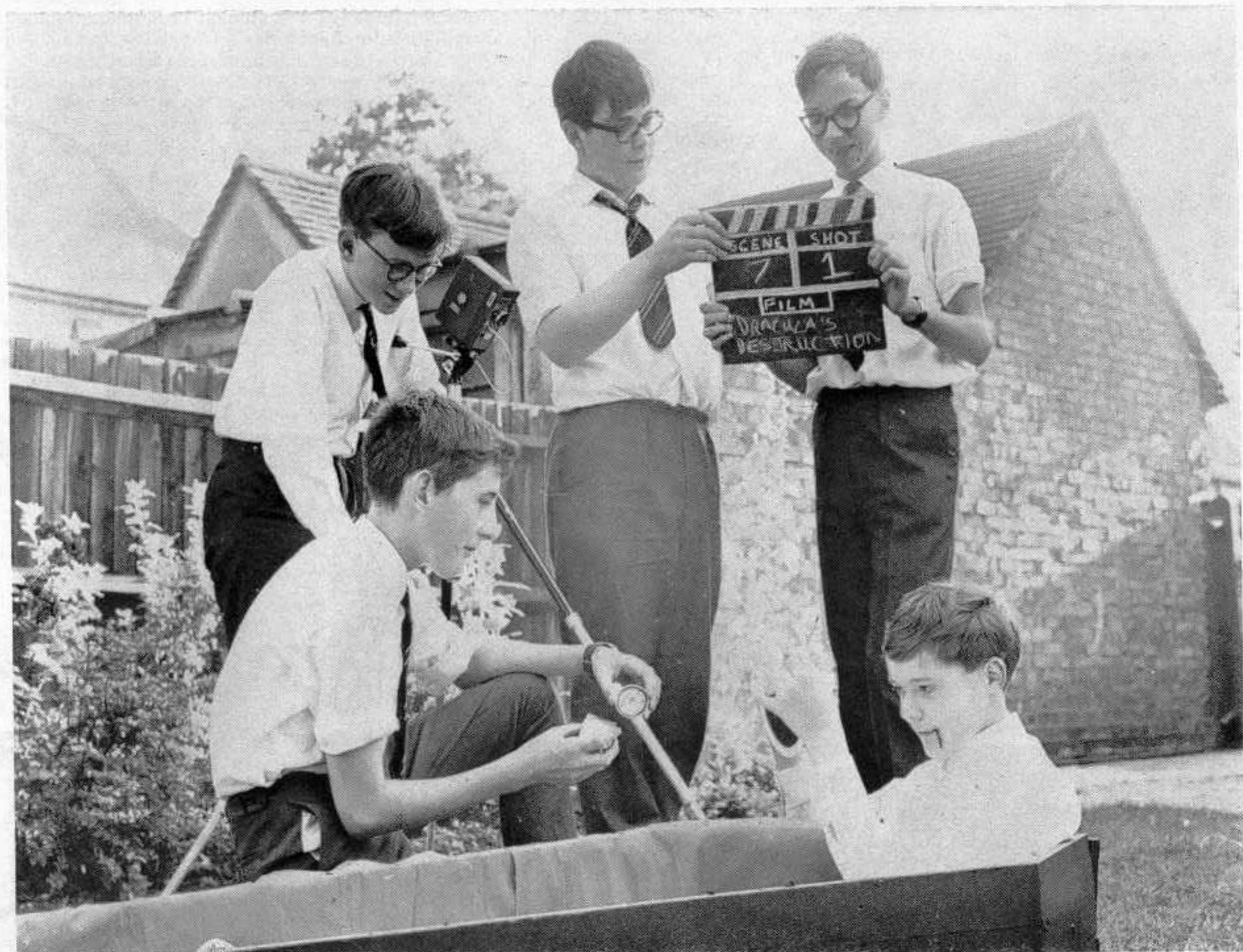
G. SMITH. L. VI SC. A



N. Fallows.  
L VI Arts I



## FILM MAKING



*By courtesy of the 'Croydon Advertiser'.*

Our film unit formed in 1961 did not immediately turn its activities to movies. Our first productions consisted of film strips which took the form of drawings made on 35 mm film. These, although not artistically brilliant, boasted colour and a complete sound track. The first was called 'Auntie's Troubles' and this was followed by 'James Bond', the latter winning us a cup in a competition. 'Dr. Solar', a science fiction story, was the last of these early efforts.

Then in the summer of 1964 we turned our eyes to the movie world and completed our first movie film, 'The Amateur Scientist', with equipment, a very simple script and a fairly cheap budget. Our film unit grew larger in numbers

and equally in enthusiasm. It was, however, necessary to build an exterior set and to use elementary cinematographic tricks which puzzle our audiences even now. When we see this film we cringe at the mistakes and at the shaky camera work; nevertheless we always look upon this film with the pride that comes from creative activity.

Our equipment had increased almost threefold but we still had only the basic essentials when we made 'The Forest of Fear', which was later merged into our first film, the finished product being called 'The Professor'. It involved shooting 'on location' which gave us more experience and enjoyment.



Then, just after Christmas 1965 we drew up the plans for our most ambitious and expensive film, 'Dracula's Destruction'. This film was to take over nine months to make. We began some interior scenes in early March and filmed several times on location. Then, we started to build an interior set and ran into difficulties. The scene was a castle dungeon and the garage seemed the most likely place. We obtained some simulated store wallpaper and covered the garage doors on the inside with it. Our next requirement was a coffin. This took a whole morning to make but was eventually set in its allocated place. On went the make-up and the costumes and then we discovered our mistake. It was one of those rare hot days in summer, and our asbestos-covered garage roof which was impossible to touch made the garage intolerably hot. 3,000 watts from our lights and no ventilation made grease-paint run and tempers fray. Not wishing to wait another day, we delayed filming until the evening. In due course we finished these shots, which included a precarious duel-scene, and the coffin was transferred on to the roof.

Some days later a notice appeared in a shop window. 'Coffin For Sale, One Previous Owner'. This was intended to be a joke, but within days the *Croydon Advertiser* came to investigate, taking pictures and making notes. The result was a picture of us in action and an explanatory column. The story of our film was also printed in *8mm Magazine*. This was our first publicity but more was to come. Several weeks later some considerable space was given to our exploits in the *Daily Telegraph*. We received letters from India and Pakistan as a result of articles in an Indian Daily Newspaper and the British Information Service Pamphlet.

All enjoyment has to be paid for, and unfortunately the cost of our films is high. This, to some extent, is offset by the fact that one film takes a long time to complete and our resources have time to accumulate. At the present moment we have one film in the planning stage and are intending to make a documentary of our activities.

F. Ashford, C. Gosling (VU)

## CARNABY STREET

It was 3.15 in the afternoon and I was feeling down in the dumps.

As we were having no family holiday at the coast or abroad, I had to be content with occasional day trips. This was one of them. Here I was, in London, accompanied by my parents, who had just given me a guided tour of Selfridge's 'Do-it-Yourself' department.

As we walked slowly towards Regent Street I was suddenly transfixed to the ground, for there I was, looking the sign 'Carnaby Street' straight in the face. I had heard of it, of course, but never dreamed of ever seeing it. A figment of the imagination it must be. Then something snapped, I sprinted across the road narrowly missing an on-coming vehicle.

I felt a pang of apprehension. After all, cream trousers and a green 'T' shirt seemed quite conspicuous and out of place among the leather jackets and denim jeans.

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a mass of colour gesticulating violently on top of a van. 'Poor devil!' I thought, for I recognised it as a fellow human being.

A small crowd was watching his demonstrative actions. I moved nearer and I slowly realised that it was a young man in a wig and covered in make-up, advertising a floral suit. To my consternation he soon stopped his antics for I would have liked to see more of this extraordinary fellow who was

willing to dress up like a feminine harlequin and to dance like an agitated pierrot in public to earn his money.

The crowd dispersed slowly, talking about the exhibition they had just viewed, leaving me in the litter-strewn street. I looked around in amazement. Where were all the boutiques? This couldn't be Carnaby Street! I walked into the nearest boutique which was full of cigarette smoke and Americans. I picked up a Union Jack. 'How much?' I asked. 'Two quid,' came the nasal reply. I gave a guffaw which I tactfully turned into a cough. Some creaking stairs led me to a mini-basement that contained the latest in men's underwear.

I left the boutique as quickly as possible. Long-haired youths walked the streets for no purpose at all except that somebody might notice them. There was a foul smell that seemed as though it came from regularly deposited garbage. I felt as though I was about to be violently sick. It seemed futile to stay. I would get no enjoyment if I remained. I left disillusioned. The many shops I had expected were four or five boutiques where outrageous prices were paid for junk. The colourful people who were supposed to be in and out of Carnaby Street were leather-jacketed 'Yobos' who lounged about discussing 'the bomb' whilst chain smoking.

Altogether, the supposedly swinging Carnaby Street was a grim realisation.

G. Pierce (IIW)

## THE ADVERTOCRACY

His name was Alfred Browne, and he was born in the year 1960, on 12th July to be exact. As he grew older it was clear to his friends that, like his parents and their parents before them (*ad infinitum*), Alfred Browne was fast becoming a member of the 'Advertocracy'.

As a young boy of six he always ate 'Johnson's Bulls-Eyes', since he too wanted to become a member of the Bull

Dog Breed. One rarely saw him without a packet of 'Pamish's Jelly Mixtures', for it was these that made his mouth water and kept him refreshed. His childhood ambition was to join the Army, so it was only natural that he should, at the tender age of eight, possess 'an exact replica of today's most advanced Army rifle; built-in durable plastic inclusive with bayonet, ammunition and functioning sights—fully guaranteed and safe even with the roughest children'. With the advent of his



twelfth Christmas he pleaded with his parents (after all, who really does believe even in the much advertised Father Christmas?) for a two-wheeler bicycle, made, of course, by Samuelson and Co., 'THE sellers of adult-styled bikes for the Younger Man'.

When he left school at the age of 16 where should he work but in an Advertising Agency, where he soon learnt how to effectively distinguish between genuine and artificial Advertisements. He sat his Advertising examinations and passed with flying colours and was thus certified a member of the Advertiser's Guild, and a fully-fledged member of the 'Advertocracy'. When he experienced his first cigarette it was not 'the man-sized Player's Tipped', but a Consulate, 'cool and clean as a Mountain stream', and it was for this reason that he held down his fit of choking, knowing full-well that it was a deficiency in himself and not the cigarette that had caused it. On purchasing his first car it was from James Stedman and Sons Ltd., 'the sellers of guaranteed, safer and

personally tested vehicles'. He always used National Petrol and Oil (for he, too, wanted to be 'a get-away person'), and his tyres were always Firestone, since it was these (and only these) that claimed 'the rubber holds the road!' His marriage was arranged through the Everyman, 'quicker than quick', Marriage Bureau, but although this was 'the only foolproof method of reaching matrimony', Alfred felt sure that it was his smoking Havana Cigars ('for the attraction of beautiful young women') that had brought about this happy union. Throughout his life he drank 'clear, cool ale' and 'the bitter with the bite'—he was a real man! His children, too, soon acquired the knowledge he tried to pass on to them, in turn joining the ranks of the Advertocracy.

When, at last, he passed away, Alfred Browne was buried (in a 'genuine, hand-made, teak coffin' made by Willoughby and Sons) and given 'Direction to Perfection'.

R. J. Broome (U.VI Arts I)

## LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

Dear Editor,

I have now been teaching at Sydney Technical High School (in Forest Road, Bexley, N.S.W.) for nearly a month. I am very fortunate to have been appointed there, as it is one of the best schools in the metropolitan area. Nearly all the state schools in Sydney are comprehensive and co-educational, but the 'Tech. High' is an exception, being a selective school of 1,000 boys. Children transfer from primary to secondary school at the age of twelve, and go to a high school in their local area. A few schools, of which the 'Tech. High' is one, are allowed first pick of the pupils in their district. Boys may also come from further afield if their father or brother attended the school, provided they reach a certain standard. Selection, such as it is, is based purely on pupils' primary school record, and the system seems to work very well. Like Ruskin, the Tech. High started life earlier in the century in the centre of the city, and moved out to new buildings a few years ago. The standard is high, although there is quite a wide range of ability; the classes are large, averaging forty, and there is no streaming. Fortunately the boys are well-behaved and quite manageable, which is apparently not the case in some Sydney schools! I am enjoying the teaching, but finding it rather taxing, as the Geography syllabus is quite different from what I have been used to—there is far more emphasis on the social and economic aspects, and hardly any systematic regional work. I have been given a large slice of the fifth and sixth form teaching, and this is keeping me very busy. There are a number of differences in school organisation out here which take some getting used to; for example, there is a small staff-room for each department instead of one large one, so that one doesn't get to know many others on the staff very well. There are no forms and form-masters as we know them in England—the boys are in sets for every subject, and at the beginning of each day (8.50 in our case) go straight to first period without any assembly or registration. The odd absentee is easily overlooked, it seems—but the staff don't

get away with a day off, as they have to sign on and off each day! There are eight forty-minute periods per day, with a lunch break of only forty minutes, during which everybody has sandwiches (or pies from the school tuck-shop), since there is no meals service in Australian schools. I must say I miss a proper meal and a good breathing-space in the middle of the day, although the telescoping of the timetable means we finish the day at the pleasantly early hour of 3.5 p.m. Incidentally, the Headmaster and Deputy Head, who look alike, are both named Brown, a fact which causes some confusion. The Head Boy, for the second year running, is also surnamed Brown—but I am assured he was democratically elected!

I have found the Australians very hospitable, and I have been taken out or entertained on several occasions. The Exchange Teachers' Club has organised a number of excursions and other functions, including a very pleasant harbour cruise and a two-day conference. These events have helped me to keep in touch with the other exchange teachers who came over on the boat with me. All thirteen of us who are spending our year in N.S.W. have started off in the Sydney area, and we are given the option of a move after one or two terms if we wish. My Head of Department has been twisting my arm to make me say I will spend the whole year in Sydney, but I haven't finally decided yet. However, Sydney is a good jumping-off point for tours, and that is one factor I shall have to take into account before asking for a move. I have already made plans for a number of trips during school holidays: over Easter I am going on a tour of Tasmania (flying from Sydney to Launceston), and during August all thirteen of us 'exchanges' have booked to go on a 6,300-mile coach tour to Darwin, Alice Springs and Woomera. This will take three weeks, and much of the time we shall be camping out and doing our own cooking. In May I hope to visit Queensland and the Barrier Reef (we have ten days holiday then), and at the end of the year some of us plan to spend two or three weeks in N. Zealand before returning home.

Martin Nunn



## SOCIETIES

### BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Our first meeting, a visit to Betchworth, was held early in the Autumn term. Near Betchworth lime works we investigated the chalkland area of recolonisation as opposed to the established chalk sward at Box Hill. Two films followed this visit: 'The Living Pattern' and 'The Unseen Empire'.

Bulb planting, this year, was held in late October and was a great success as was the 'Fungal Foray' at Box Hill. In November Mr. Kay went to Westerham with the junior section to study freshwater ecology.

February saw a visit to Down House, the home of Charles Darwin, by the sixth form. In March two more films were shown, 'The Rival World', about the material damage insects do and the fearful part they play in transmitting disease; and 'The Ruthless One', about the life cycle of the locust and the damage it does to crops. These were followed later in the month by a talk on eel worms and the damage they do to potatoes. During March Mr. Kay paid a return visit to Westerham. The meetings for the rest of the year were devoted to the ecology of various areas, and we also visited the Botanical Gardens at Kew in the summer.

It had been suggested for some time that the Biological Society should produce a journal of its own. In December therefore, we succeeded in printing 'Biotype'. We look forward now to many more issues of this magazine.

Our thanks to Mr. Kay and Mr. Green for their assistance.  
J. R. Clarke (Secretary)

### BRIDGE CLUB

The new school year saw the humble beginnings of the Bridge Club. The game has, of course, been played at the school previously (particularly by the Senior boys in lunch hours and breaks), but now it has been organised a little more and there is a definite time and place for it.

Not only is the game a useful social asset and one that is easily enjoyed, but if required it can be taken to a very high level and exercise the best of intellects!

We meet every Monday and Thursday after school in the library. We hope membership and interest will grow.

D. Richardson

### GO CLUB

Since the tragic and untimely departure of our beloved founder, Mr. A. R. Hudson, B.A., to greener pastures the Go Club has continued to . . . continue. Our fame has spread as far as Bristol and Manchester and there are signs of the game catching on in the Orient—particularly as two of our members are shortly leaving for the East to spread the culture. Recently our supremacy has been challenged by a number of clubs in south England, including the Beecham Research Laboratories, but as yet none of these has proved itself.

Despite the feeble attempts of (a) the Chess Club to steal our intellectual members, (b) certain members thereof, who shall remain nameless (e.g. A. G. Boyes), attempting unsuccessfully to learn the game, we still maintain well over 50% match success.

### FIFTEEN SOCIETY

Once again the Society's annual dinner was held at the Ship Hotel in the High Street. More than 40 members (present members and old boys) and guests attended this function on Thursday evening the 29th December, 1966. The occasion proved enjoyable and served to bring together present and past members again. Brief speeches were made by an old boy, John Ward, and our illustrious chairman, Mr. Murray.

Meetings held this year have covered a wide variety of subjects, and have allowed great scope for discussion. The full programme has been:

A speaker from the Socialist Party of Great Britain, speaking on the aims of his party.

Dr. T. James, present music master at the school, who gave a lecture on music at Mr. Murray's house. This meeting proved to be a highly successful social occasion as well as an interesting lecture and discussion.

Mr. John Dean, on 'Not Seeing the Wood for the Trees', a lecture on current economic problems.

Dr. Bewley, from the staff of Tooting Bec Hospital, on drug addiction.

Mr. Woodward, member of the Humanist Society, on Humanism.

Mr. Radice, member of the Fabian Society, on Fabian politics.

Mr. S. N. Bharadway, on Hinduism, a lecture which covered all the basic doctrines of this belief.

Mr. Simms, a Croydon Probation Officer, on his work in the Probation Office.

And Mr. Dickinson, art editor and cartoonist of the magazine *Punch*, on his work for the magazine.

The Society is greatly indebted to all these speakers for the enthusiasm they have shown in speaking to the Society, and leading discussions, which have always been lively although not as heated as they used to be. Our thanks must go to Peter Watson, secretary for the past year, for the excellent programme which he has organised and for all the time he has devoted to the Society, and to Mr. Murray for his seemingly inexhaustible support, without which the society could not be run successfully.

P. Barnard (Secretary)

### FENCING CLUB

Since the last report, the Club has had a quiet, though steady time. At the beginning of the year, an influx of promising juniors brought the Club numbers to the highest it has yet been.

During the Winter term we had an exciting return match against Alleyn's School, Dulwich, and the first team were unlucky to lose the very last hit of the match on which everything depended.

Internally, the general standard of fencing continues to improve and recently a small amount of sabre fencing has been done, to give the Club more scope.

All in all, the Club, though still young, shows promise for the future, and we are deeply indebted to Mr. Ratcliffe for all the time and effort he has put into it. G.P. (Capt.)



## HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Although this year, attendance at meetings has been somewhat lower than in previous years, nevertheless this society has continued to flourish. Undoubtedly the best attended meeting was that at which Mr. Hudson, an ex-master of this school, delivered an illustrated lecture on Persia. His observations and attitudes were coloured by the richness of his own experience, and his personal reminiscences of his holiday in the above country added to the interest and enjoyment of all. At the first meeting of the year Mr. Humphries, Secretary of the Norbury Archaeological Society, talked on the subject of the London to Portslade Roman road, a talk which stimulated general interest in local history. This interest was further developed at the latest meeting of the society at which Mr. Cox gave a very amusing and enlightening lecture entitled 'Surrey Communications'. Once again we must thank Mr. Murray for presiding over meetings and encouraging interest in the Society, and also all those members who have regularly attended society functions.

N. Williams (Secretary)  
H. Allen (Treasurer)

## LITERARY SOCIETY

Unfortunately many of the functions of the Literary Society have been absorbed by the Dramatic Society. Several combined theatre trips have taken place, including frequent visits to the Ashcroft Theatre, as well as more ambitious outings (see Dramatic Society). Involvement in the productions of 'Hamlet' and 'The Fire Raisers' has prevented any meetings except for a symposium on satire and a 'Brains Trust', both of which had limited attendance. Despite Mr. Woodard's enthusiastic support the Society is in danger of complete extinction, but he hopes to extend it to the Middle School soon.

M. Nightingale (VI III)

## JUNIOR LIBRARY

This year the main feature of the Junior Library has been the number of more expensive books which have been introduced, such books as 'The Pictorial History of Magic and the Supernatural'. Only in for a short time, they have been enthusiastically glanced at or read many times. The larger books are intended for the reader with more promising abilities; there is a general interest when books based upon the 'Supernatural' are introduced into the library. There is an excellent selection of good novels, ranging from the best short stories to the lengthy science fiction books. Most of the books on our shelves Ruskin would have classed as 'books of the hour', such as 'The Flowering of the Middle Ages'—an expensive book with numerous, lavish, colour plates. But we have the usual 'White-Elephants' the idiosyncracies of past masters.

D. Hintze, M. Hollington, M. J. Laffin

## DRAMATIC SOCIETY

'Hamlet' has been consuming most of the society's time. Having lasted from Christmas to Christmas (or thereabouts) it has tended to overshadow any other activities. Improvisation proved successful and moreover essential background work for the production, providing a necessary nucleus of people who could work as a *company* rather than a 'disembodied' society. An added factor in the true realisation of such a company's existence outside the strict bounds of a school play has been the fortunate and long-awaited use of the old Music Room as a Drama Centre (where we hope to create a little theatre of its own) where productions on a far lesser scale may be staged within more encouraging surroundings . . .). It has demonstrated its priceless value also for the most recent play, 'The Fire Raisers', and with luck may prove invaluable to healthy school life.

Out of School there have been several organised trips to see plays performed by professional companies—most notably being 'Henry IV, Part One' at Stratford, and less notably 'The Winter's Tale' at the Cambridge Theatre. Another Stratford excursion to see 'The Taming of the Shrew' has been arranged and visits to similar establishments proposed.

Thanks must go to those to whom thanks are due—namely, Mr. McElroy, Mr. Gee, Mr. Wiseman, Mr. Ratcliffe and Mr. Woodard.

M. D. West (VI Arts III)

## LIBRARY

This year the library has been as usual fulfilling its all-purpose function as a reading room, private study centre, examination room and societies room. The unfortunate tendency towards this all-purpose aspect of its use, which has been a development over some years, is inevitable in this school which has regrettably increased in number without an expansion of sixth-form facilities.

The buying policy this year has again been to concentrate on purchasing text, reference and classical works in preference to novels and general literature, the demand for which, it is felt, can be more generally satisfied at a public library. It is also notable that this year's grant for library purchases has been extremely generous, a trend that it is hoped will continue.

Notable additions this year, and there are many volumes falling into this category, have been a set of the 'Focus' French Encyclopedia, 14 large and lavishly illustrated books on art, and a large selection of works on applied science.

Our grateful thanks are due this year to the many Old Boys who have donated books to the Library, (a practice which is commended to the attention of the sixth form) and also to Mr. Pearce.

M. R. M. Holdstock  
(Librarian)





**A SOCIETY  
AT WORK**



*R. Wilcox.*



*Mr. D. J. Ratcliffe.*

**— AND ANOTHER**



### MUSIC NOTES

Last summer, the Music Department moved from its old residence to the two rooms on the mill pitch, thus allowing musical activities to flourish more than ever. Despite the walk from the main school building, the move has been popular among the ever-growing number of musicians.

Last year's musical successes were followed up by popular innovations, the first being last July, when a recital of twentieth-century music was given by Dains (Piano), playing six short dances by Hindemith and others, Fisher (Organ), performing Messiaen's "Dieu Parmi Nous", Loveday (Violin), who, accompanied by Dains, gave renderings of Bloch's 'Nigun' and Six Rumanian Dances by Bartok, Pankhurst (Piano), opening the recital with Rachmaninov's D minor Prelude, and Simmance (Piano), closing with Ireland's 'Island Spell' and the Toccata from Debussy's 'Pour le piano'. A large audience attended, to hear what the press acclaimed as 'a stimulating venture by five players of strong technical equipment and musical ability'. Owing to the popularity of this new occasion, it has been decided to hold a 'concerto' recital in July, which, we hope, will be well supported.

The Carol Service was again held in St. John's, Shirley, with the choir singing items from Handel's 'Messiah' and many hymns and carols. It was held twice (another innovation!), once for the school, once for parents; we never expected so many to attend the latter, and so this experiment will be repeated next Christmas, seeing that parents are anxious to participate in and support all the school's musical events.

Inside the school, music is expanding in all fields: the choir now numbers eighty, the orchestra fifty (what a change from ten, four years ago!), the record library has had some valuable additions and the number of books available has increased astonishingly. Recently, a wind class has been formed and has been entirely successful since eight players—Badcock and Gosling (flutes), Greenhalgh (oboe), Ford, Jefferson, Reeves and Trowell (Clarinets), and Harman (Horn)—have been selected for the Croydon Youth Wind Ensemble.

Again, Friday is a hive of activity in the Music Room; the ready-formed piano class numbers eight and is taught by Peter Dains, who has kindly lent us his time to further this sadly-neglected part of music in the school.

At the time of going to press, everyone is preparing eagerly for the approaching concert (17th March). The main item is Vivaldi's Gloria in D for choir and orchestra. In addition to the orchestral works (among which are Handel's 'Royal Fireworks' Suite and Dvorak's Sixth Slavonic Dance) and solo items, the new feature is the 16th century corner with the Madrigal Choir and a quartet for three recorders and harpsichord. (This is the first time a harpsichord will appear on the school premises, but not the last!)

Finally, I wish to thank Messrs. Cook, Hasler, Jay, Kastner, Kay, Murray, Ratcliffe, Rees, Richardson, Weaver and Whitehead for devoting their time to the many musical functions, and particularly Dr. James and Mr. Butterworth, who, with their relentless insistence on perfection and performance, have made all these functions possible. More and

more members of staff are now taking part in Music Room activities, and I hope to see boys with any trace of musical ability, or interest in music, in the Music Room.

R. B. Simmance (U.VI Arts I)

### ECONOMICS AND SOCIAL STUDIES SOCIETY

The first meeting of this re-vivified society went down as a veritable success. Attendance was very high, and our speaker, Mr. Cloones, of the North Thames Gas Board, delivered an interesting and instructive discourse on the 'North Sea Gas Discoveries'. He also managed to prompt some very interesting questions in the discussion which followed. The second meeting, several weeks later, was also well attended. Mr. J. M. Wood, Parliamentary Secretary for the Co-operative Union, gave us an eloquent and extremely useful talk about Government Fiscal Policy. Since then, however, we have been somewhat dormant, but now the exams are out of the way, if there is evidence of sufficiently high demand for more activities, the supply will be forthcoming (without an increase in price).

C. M. Wood (Secretary)

### SCRIPTURE UNION

Since the last edition of the magazine, two changes have occurred to the leadership of the Ruskin Branch. At Christmas 1966 Mr. Nunn left for Australia on a year's exchange. We look forward to his return next December. In January N. Hammond left school and J. Williams took over the duties of secretary.

If we report only the Spring Term's activities this is because these have been typical of any term in the life of the S.U. We have had two films ('Conflict in the Sky' and 'City of the Bees'), a Soundstrip, three speakers, a Filmstrip, a discussion and a Bible Study. Also there was an 'Any Questions' answered by four members of staff, which was followed up by an 'Any Answers' meeting. Next term's programme will have been published by the time this appears in print. Try it for yourself!

A.J.H.

### WHIST DRIVES

Despite a small increase in the admission price in November—our first for over 10 years—attendances have remained consistently high. On two occasions this season we have had more than a hundred present. For our Christmas Drive, when prizes are more attractive and more numerous, 121 people turned up. This, of course, we expected. But in January, normally a time of moderate attendances, we had a total of 110 present which speaks as well for the enthusiasm of our patrons as for the unusually good weather at the time.

With so many other distractions available, it is most gratifying that we are able to continue enjoying the support of so many friends.

There are still two Whist Drives yet to be held, and we confidently expect that this season will be our best yet.

D.E.T.



AND ANOTHER —



*Mr. D. J. Ratcliffe.*



### SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

The Society's meetings in Autumn were many and various. A visit to the Meteorological Office at London Airport was arranged for early October and proved to be very interesting. An illuminating lecture was given later on in the term by a visitor from the Atlas Lighting Co. The talk, under the title 'The History of Lighting', dealt with the development of lighting systems from prehistoric to modern times.

Electronics was featured in two meetings. The first was the showing of the film 'The World of Semi-conductors', which was of great interest to many members. The second was a lecture given by Marconi Instruments on digital counters. The Winter term's programme began with a series of three films, two on unusual photography and the third on an oil-well fire. The programme will be continuing with a lecture by Morganite on micro-electronics. Our thanks go to Mr. Chaundy for his continued guidance in running the Society.

A.C.M. Misson

### THE RUSKIN COMPANY

The year began with memories of an interesting, if rather wet, Summer Camp on Salisbury Plain, which included various demonstrations culminating in the firing of an Honest John ground-to-ground missile on the Larkhill artillery ranges. Although the number of recruits was low this was compensated for by their keenness and the enthusiasm of Pl. Sgt. Harvey.

Early in October a party of 17 cadets, headed by Capt. Maggs, gave a demonstration, on behalf of Southern Command, for County Youth Officers of the South of England, at Frimley Park Training Centre.

News was then received of the amalgamation and re-organisation of the Home Counties Brigade, which has meant the loss of certain companies in our Battalion and the addition of others to form the 3rd C/Bn. The Queen's Regiment.

Lt. Ratcliffe has continued to instruct and organise .22 shooting on the school range, whilst Cpl. Baker has been appointed Captain of the Bn. Full Bore shooting team, which, as usual, includes several members of the school company.

Although the Surrey A.C.F. Swimming Gala has become an inter-Battalion (as opposed to a Company) competition, we provided more than 75% of the team, winning the Senior Trophy and sharing the Junior. Similar successes were recorded in athletics.

We must once again extend our thanks to R.Q.M.S. Regester, who has continued to instruct the Junior N.C.O.s in the use of modern weapons. General training has been efficiently carried out by Pl. Cpls. Benn, Misson, Harper, Taylor and Winter, who have been ably supervised and led by Pl. Sgts. Lucocq and Harvey. The Armoury Staff,

Cpls. Tomkins and Baker, and L/Cpl. Adcock has made a valuable contribution to the running of the Company, as has the Signals Section under Cpl. Looseley.

As in past years, Capt. Maggs and Lt. Ratcliffe have commanded the Company with a vigour and expertise which should lead to the successful conclusion of the current year.

R. J. Broome, C.S.M.  
R. N. Hall, C/Sgt.

### CHESS CLUB

Despite the pessimistic view expressed by Priest in last year's magazine that Go was gradually replacing chess, it has been chess that has attracted more newcomers. It has been played throughout the School from the first-formers of Lab. 3 to the older dwellers of the Prefects' Room. The team itself, despite being re-organised, has been victorious in all its matches this year and I hope this success will continue. The Weedon Cup was won by Dyer (U.VI Sc.A) and the club congratulates him on thus obtaining the School chess championship. Finally, I should like to thank all those who participated in making the Chess Club so enjoyable this year, giving special mention to Mr. Cripps for his support and encouragement.

*Results.*

Staff .. ..	W. 9—0
Ashburton ..	W. 7—1
St. Joseph's ..	W. 16—14
Ashburton ..	W. 8—0
Selhurst .. .	W. 16—8

A. G. Boyes (VI III), Secretary

### CHRISTIAN UNION

There were several interesting meetings during the winter term. P. Taylor gave an interesting discussion on 'The End of the World' which was thoroughly and competently handled. Another of the seemingly never-ending supply of 'Fact and Faith' films was shown called 'The Voice of the Deep' in September and N. Hammond gave a report of the Croyde camps. In the Spring term, several of last term's meetings which had to be postponed because of small attendances (due mainly to the school play) were brought forward. On one such occasion the Rev. Brian Galliers gave us a talk on the 'Church in America' which provoked many questions. Attendances seem to have risen slightly but we would still like to see many more people at the meetings. One welcome feature of our meetings is the presence of Coloma's Christian Union'. This exchange of visits has proved most successful and has helped to bring the two schools into closer co-operation for the good of both.

Finally I would like to thank the committee and Mr. Maggs whose advice and guidance has proved of inestimable value.

G. Guthrie (L.VI Arts II)



## FOOTBALL 1966/67

This was not a good season, although First XI results were better than I had, at first, feared. With the departure in July, 1966 of almost all our First Team players, virtually a new team had to be found.

Fortunately Charles returned to School for a Third-Year Sixth course, and, as Captain of Football, grouped around him an eleven which improved steadily throughout the season. Good defensive play and good approach work were, however, frequently brought to nought by poor finishing and lack of thrust from the forwards.

It was a refreshing change to find from among our Lower Sixth entrants from other Secondary Schools, three players who were able usefully to fill places in our teams—Hicks, Hart, and Heard-White were most helpful newcomers for our team building during the season.

First XI from: Charles, Rowland, D. Heap, H. Allen Hicks, B. Lawn, R. Litchfield, C. Chapman, R. Couchman, Hart, Kitts, Heard-White, Brierley.

Our Second XI players are to be commended, not upon any special successes, but upon having combined together into a useful side, turning out Saturday by Saturday to enjoy some very good games.

Here I would mention that our 1st and 2nd XI's could always be very much stronger than they are.

Regrettably, however, there are boys in the School, with considerable footballing ability, but who are completely lacking in a sense of loyalty or of service to the community, and who place their School last in their list of priorities.

All the more credit then, to those players who are ready to give of their time and the ability in fulfilling the obligations arising from our very good programme of matches.

Our Middle School team made the briefest of appearances in Croydon and Surrey competitions, and it was pointless even to enter the team in the London Competition.

To think that but a few season ago we took it for granted that we should gain one or more of these trophies.

Lowe and Blake of the First Year, Ellis and Wilmer of the Third and Fourth years respectively, played for the appropriate Croydon Schools XI's.

Figures for the Season ended Easter 1967:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XI	23	10	3	10
2nd XI	16	7	3	6
3rd XI	20	8	3	9
4th XI	13	6	0	7
5th XI	15	7	0	8
6th XI	12	3	2	7

## LACROSSE

*Lacrosse News*, March 1967. Quote:

"... and I do not detract from my assessment that the Ruskin senior team is the best school team in the South of England."

Junior Lacrosse Editor

The season 1966/67 will no doubt be remembered as a vintage year for lacrosse in the school. Not because of the number of trophies won, (we have already been knocked out of the Junior Flag, a trophy we have held for the past three

years), but because of the general standard of play, particularly in the senior team. Many of them have already established their places in club teams.

One game in particular, played on a foggy, cold and wet day in November, will remain in my memory for many years. It was played at Lloyd Park when every other pitch on the park had been declared unfit to play. The match was played against, or rather *with* (and I stress this point), our old rivals Croydon L.C., made up largely of Selhurst School players. This tremendous game was played to a standard that would put many professional matches to shame and it reflected sportsmanship with keen competition, friendliness with no quarter asked or given, and the entire game was played virtually without a referee.

At a time when one hears so much criticism of the conduct of players I can't help but admire Lacrosse as a game which is beautifully simple in concept and which has not yet been spoiled by professionalism.

I congratulate the senior team on the way they have developed the game in the school. May I wish those who are leaving this year the success that they deserve.

Team: P. Irving (Capt.), Rann, Rogers, White, Harper, Benson, Tams, S. Cattle, Winter and P. Jezeph. Special mention should be made here of Geoff Cattle. Although he has been unable to play for the school this year his record of service to the game and the school should not go without comment.

In the Junior School more boys than ever have joined the ranks as school players. Although our record is not very impressive, some very enjoyable games have been played.

At Under-16 level, the school lost against Hillcroft Comprehensive in the semi-final of the Junior Flag competition.

Five players, Benson, Brooks, Tams, Potter and S. Cattle are training with the South of England squad and playing for their places in the South v. North match Hurlingham on 15th April.

## Lacrosse Results

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
Senior	9	5	3	1	90	52
Junior	13	8	4	1	111	76

N.G.

## BADMINTON

The last twelve months have seen a slight but inadequate revival of interest in the game. A small, keen nucleus meets from 5.30 to 8.0 p.m. on Wednesdays, whilst the rest make but occasional use of even the mid-day sessions. Two fixtures only have so far been played. The first was won—against Beckenham School (for girls!); the second, against Selhurst, was lost. Other fixtures are planned for the near future, including one with the Staff.

Team from: P. Jezeph (Capt.), R. Paynter, R. Broome, P. Muir, S. Place, R. Locke, D. Cowin.

A.J.H.



## GYMNASTICS

### Festival of P.E. 1966

The weather was kind to us this time, and the Festival was able to take place out of doors as planned. A large number of parents was present and enjoyed an evening to the success of which very many members of staff and boys contributed. The House Gymnastics Championship was won by Alpha with Delta second and Gamma third. The Senior Individual Champion was D. Orange for the second year; the Junior Champion was B. Wetheridge. R. Brett and P. Hildersley were the respective runners-up.

Winners of other events were: (Archery) J. Wenn; (Fencing) G. Priest; (Table Tennis) R. White and G. Roderick; (Tennis) R. Houghton and R. Lawrence; (Badminton) P. Jezeph and R. Paynter (Benchball) Beta; (Softball) Alpha; (Basketball) Delta; (Volleyball) Gamma.

During the year the Gymnastics team has competed in the Surrey School's Gymnastics and Trampoline Championships. It is now training for the Croydon Schools' Trampoline Championships. Representatives have been: C. Terry, S. Broder, P. Hildersley, D. Fox, A. Grimstone, K. Chaplin, P. Coppard.

A.J.H.

## SWIMMING

The most important recent development in this sport has been the acquisition of a weekly training session in the Crystal Palace 50 metres pool where we have had the use of two lanes. It is hoped to continue and even extend this facility next year.

We entered a full team for the Surrey Grammar Schools Championships for the first time, and the finals were reached by: N. Johnson (6th), R. Harper (4th), D. Mosley (2nd) D. Keech (2nd) and the Junior Medley Relay Team (4th). In the Croydon Schools' Intermediate Championships, D. Mosley (3rd and 6th), N. Johnson (4th), B. Wetheridge (1st and 6th), D. Keech (1st), P. Collins (3rd), K. Bates (5th), Breast Stroke Relay Team (2nd) and Medley Relay Team (disqual.) were finalists. Last term we were narrowly beaten by Sutton. This term the First Year Team has beaten Selhurst, Fairchildes and Ashburton, and the result of a full scale triangular match with Selhurst and Ashburton was: Seniors, 3rd; Intermediates, 1st; Juniors, 2nd; Match result, 2nd.

The Inter-House Gala will take place later this term, when newcomers T. Harris and D. Reigate should do well.

R. Harper, Hon. Sec.

## HOUSE NOTES

### ALPHA HOUSE

This year, as always, we have been highly successful in many fields. In Cross Country high positions were reached by many, attaining an overall result of second place. Especially commendable performances were made by Brierley, Chapman and Hart in the Senior race, Humphrys in the Intermediate race, and Ellis and Davidson in the Junior race.

Alpha House came second in the Senior Basketball, but could only manage fourth place in the Junior Basketball.

Yet again we were beaten into second place in the Endeavour Cup by a very small margin.

Next year perhaps with more effort from every Alpha House member, we could reach greater heights.

P. Buck

### BETA HOUSE

In recent years, Beta has been rather down in the dumps. We hope that this has been due to a basic lack of talent rather than indifference on the part of house-members. To succeed one *must* have enthusiasm but enthusiasm alone does not win a race! This year Beta has begun the difficult climb back to the top. It will only succeed if you, yes YOU, pull your weight and follow the examples set by such members as Rook, Couchman, Ball, Little, A. W., and others, all of whom have combined keenness and enthusiasm with talent to give us success. You may say: 'Rubbish—we came last in the Endeavour Cup race.'

This is true; but in the last week of counting, our house-points flooded in—if only this flow had been kept up all year!! Check your pockets and dig out those long-forgotten house-point slips and let's have more house-points

from *everybody* all the time. Don't leave it to those few loyal supporters!

Evidence of our revival was given by the Junior Basketball team which was placed first equal with Gamma—a good achievement and we congratulate the team. We have seen a similar improvement in our Cross Country team, with the Intermediates placed first in their section.

This is your House, and it is up to YOU to put Beta in the forefront again. We look forward to hearing of more Beta successes from now on!

S. J. Keech

### GAMMA HOUSE

'Man will have most certainly landed on the moon' before Gamma's superiority is seriously challenged.

The Endeavour Cup (our only failure last year!) was regained in November—giving the house an encouraging start to the year. This success was marred however by having the most deductions for late arrivals. Our performance in the Cross Country races was also encouraging; having individual winners in Gridley, Todd and Lawn (1st equal) in the Junior, Intermediate and Senior races respectively, and also winning the Junior race and overall competitions.

Both the Junior and Senior Basketball tournaments fell to Gamma; the teams consisting almost entirely of school representatives.

With such fine Junior strength Gamma's run on the crest of the wave should continue for many more years.

It is a custom to mention names at this point but after such a fine team effort I can merely say:

'Congratulations to everyone!'

P. Jezeph



### DELTA HOUSE

This house is not doing as well as it could. There is much support in the lower forms for the house, but this dwindles almost to nothing further up the school. However, we came a good third in the Endeavour Cup.

Congratulations must go to the lower school Cross Country teams who performed very well, and to the Basketball teams, although we came third in both events.

At the time of writing, the Swimming Gala approaches and with it the hope of regaining the trophy. It is up to you how well we do each year, for without your united support this house can do nothing. Finally, our thanks go to Messrs. Chaundy, Hasler and Maggs for their continued support in running the house.

A.C.M. Misson

### INTER-HOUSE FOOTBALL RESULTS

Junior		P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
1st	Gamma ..	3	1	2	0	2	1	4
	Beta ..	3	1	2	0	2	1	4
3rd	Alpha ..	3	0	3	0	1	1	3
4th	Delta ..	3	0	1	2	1	3	1

*President:* J. C. Lowe, Esq., M.A.

*Chairman:* R. G. Simmons, Esq.,  
143 Hazelbank Road, London, S.E.6.  
Telephone: HIT 2166.

*Treasurer:* R. J. Harris, Esq.,  
19 Harewood Road, South Croydon.  
Telephone: 688 2224.

*Acting Secretary:* R. J. Bayley, Esq.,  
14 Farnborough Avenue, South Croydon.

I am glad to report that School leavers are still joining, and membership is quite high. I hope to see many more people joining the Association direct from the School, and we feel the presence of a young committee with, perhaps, new ideas will encourage this. I for one would like to see a greater link than at present between the School and the Old Boys.

### SECRETARY

Owing to his many activities, our Secretary Ron Pidgeon, has been forced to resign, and R. J. Bayley is acting in his place. I would like to place on record my sincere thanks to Ron for all his good work.

### ANNUAL DINNER

The dinner this year will be held on April 21st at The Blue Anchor, South Croydon, and I predict a most enjoyable evening for all those who attend. This seems to be the highlight of the Association's year, and I hope as many Old Boys as possible will attend.

### Senior

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
1st Gamma ..	3	1	2	0	2	1	4
2nd Beta ..	3	1	1	1	3	2	3
3rd Alpha ..	3	1	1	1	1	1	3
4th Delta ..	3	1	0	2	2	3	2

### INTER-HOUSE CROSS COUNTRY RESULTS

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Junior	Gamma (90)	Delta (122)	Alpha (152)	Beta (164)
1st Year	Delta (237)	Alpha (296)	Gamma (342)	Beta (351)
Intermediate	Beta (102)	Gamma (120)	Alpha (128)	Delta (194)
Senior	Alpha (97½)	Gamma (148)	Beta (148½)	Delta (150)
Overall Results	Gamma	Alpha	Beta	Delta

### INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING

The results of the House Competition at the Swimming Gala were:

1st	Alpha (182)
2nd	Beta (180½)
3rd	Delta (176½)
4th	Gamma (149)

### CHALLENGE CUP

I am very glad to report that last year the Association regained the Cup, and this was formally presented to our Chairman by the School Captain at the Annual Dinner.

The dates for this year's events are as follows:

Football	April 15th
Shoot	April 20th
Cricket	July 8th

N.B. The Basketball is still to be arranged.

Please come along and support our teams. A warning to the School—the Association Football team is at present lying fourth in the Thornton Heath and District League, First Division.

### SCHOOL GYM

I would like to point out that the School Gym is still open every Thursday for the use of *any* Old Boy, whether paid up or not.

### DERBY DRAW

As usual, the Association is running a Derby Draw with generous prizes. Tickets are available from the Treasurer and I hope for your support.

One final word here, if you know you have not paid your subscription, please send this along, as these two items are the only source of income for the Association.

R. J. Harris

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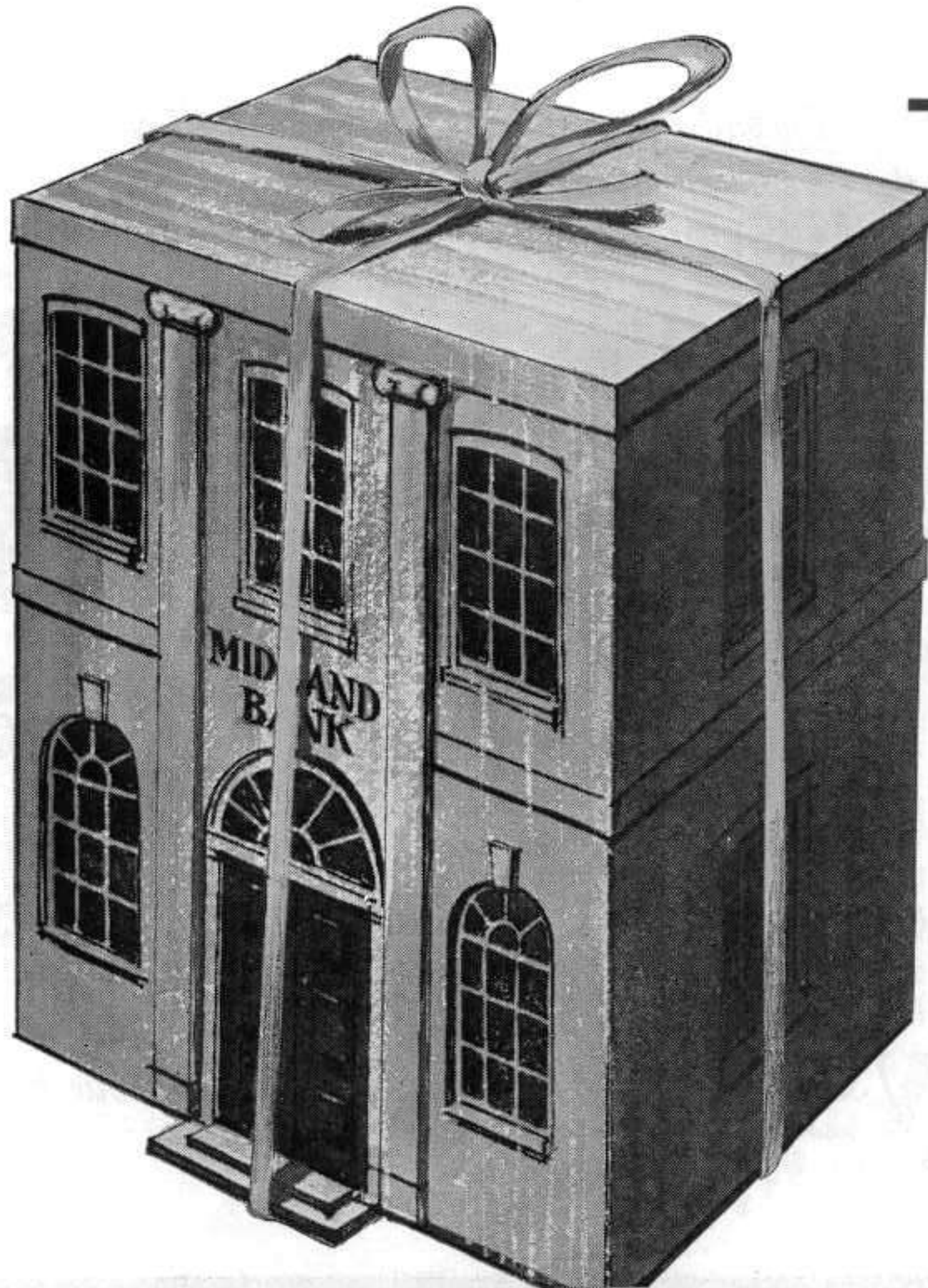




# If we gave you a Bank to Manage

(AND AT LEAST £2,100 A YEAR)

## —could you do it?



An ever increasing number of our Managers are in their early 30's, and earning at least £2,100 a year (managerial posts in the Midland carry salaries up to £5,000 and more).

If you have a good G.C.E.—preferably with 'A' levels—you would probably qualify for study leave to prepare for the Institute of Bankers examinations. You could also qualify for Special Grade which means an increase of £200 p.a.

After you've reached managerial level? Given ability, ambition, and of course, a bit of luck, you needn't stop there. The top jobs in the Bank are open to you.

*Interested? If so, we would like to see you. Simply write, giving us a few details of your academic career, to:*

**STAFF MANAGER**



# Midland Bank

**HEAD OFFICE, POULTRY, LONDON EC2**





# A Career in the Bank

*Never before have opportunities for young people been as promising as they are today in Barclays Bank.  
Here is a brief outline of the career that awaits them.*

The Bank wants young men of character and integrity, with a good standard of general education. Given these qualifications and an aptitude for the job, there is no reason why a bright young man should not find himself a Branch Manager in his thirties, with a salary upwards of £2,165, and the chance of doubling his pay by the time he is 50. Looking ahead he could be one of those Managers whose salary exceeds £5,000 a year—a man with a big job, full of interest and responsibility. A

goal worth striving for; and those who reach it will have a pension at 65 (without any contributions on their part) of £3,000 a year or more. For the early years there's a minimum salary scale for satisfactory work; £360 at 16 to £1,085 at 31 with a year's seniority for a good Advanced Level certificate and three years' for a degree. From 21 onwards merit can take the salary well above these figures; if the early promise is maintained, the salary at 28 can be £1,280, instead of the scale figure of £955.

*For further particulars write to The Local Directors, Churchill House, 33 Dingwall Road, Croydon. CR92YA*

**Barclays Bank** *Money is our business*

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# A life of opportunity and adventure

## Yours in today's Royal Navy

**If you are a boy or girl who wants something more than a routine, day-to-day job read on.**

**Today's Royal Navy has a vital, world-wide role to play—with new ships, new weapons, and more nuclear power. It offers you an assured and rewarding future.**

**Officers.** If you are aiming for a degree, 'A' levels or 5 or more 'O' levels you could well qualify for a permanent or short service commission as an officer in the Royal Navy or the Royal Marines. And there are schemes which can help to pay your school and University expenses too. Find out more.

*Even if you are only 14, you should enquire now!*

**Ratings.** As a seaman, specialist or technician, the Royal Navy can give you a good, secure trade with good pay and excellent prospects. And you can join at 15. Or, at 16, you can become one of the Navy's soldiers of the sea in the Royal Marines.

**W.R.N.S.** As a Wren in the Women's Royal Naval Service you can work with officers and men of the Royal Navy. You'll have rewarding, worthwhile work to do. And you'll lead a happy, active life—with the chance to go overseas.

**Q.A.R.N.N.S.** Keen on nursing? In the Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service you can have a varied nursing career with the Royal Navy, at home and overseas.

For full details of the career which interests you, write to—

**The Royal Naval Careers Service (25OW1)  
Old Admiralty Building,  
Whitehall, London, S.W.1.**

Please give your full name, age, school and qualifications achieved (or expected).

**Royal Navy**



*Joint Services' Hovercraft*



# Lengths ahead!



With Martins Bank, you could be a Manager in your 30s, a man of standing in the community, whose advice is sought on every aspect of business and financial matters. From there on, the highest management positions are wide open if you have the

ability and determination to achieve them. If you have 4 'O' Levels or 2 'A' Levels, find out what a career with Martins Bank could offer you. Write to the District General Manager, Martins Bank Limited, 68 Lombard Street, London E.C.3. *Send the coupon now.*

To The District General Manager,  
Martins Bank Limited,  
68 Lombard Street, London E.C.3

*Please send me details of careers  
with Martins Bank*

Name.....

Address.....  
.....  
.....

**MARTINS  
BANK   
LIMITED**

Basic salary scales:

16 years of age with 4 'O' Levels	£370 p.a.
18 years of age with 2 'A' Levels	£525 p.a.
21 years of age with a Degree	£900 p.a.



# How to start a brilliant career with your bright new G.C.E. passes

## Get in touch with Westminster Bank right now

*Even if you're not sure you like the idea of banking, you owe it to yourself to study the job market thoroughly before you decide.*

There are dozens of jobs open now to every school leaver. Not all of them amount to *careers*. Westminster Bank offers a *whole range* of interesting careers that go far beyond counting money and book-keeping (and nowadays, we get computers to do most of that for us).

### **It's merit that counts**

We really look after our people. You can earn £370 p.a. at 17 with 5 'O' levels. £560 p.a. at 19 with 2/3 'A' levels. Where applicable a large town allowance of £30 p.a. is paid. At Branch Manager level, you'd *earn at least* £2,200 a year. Our range of Managers' salaries extends

to £6,500 p.a. and beyond. Our Executives earn much more.

It's merit that counts at Westminster Bank. And we *train* you—to the very highest professional level. As a Westminster man you'll be at the front of your profession, helped at every turn by the bank's interest in your welfare. For example, we want our staff to be property owners—so we help them buy their own homes. How many careers include that sort of fringe benefit?

### **What to do about it**

Ring the Manager of your local Westminster branch, say that you are leaving school this year, that you have seen this advertisement, and that you'd like to talk. He'll quickly arrange to see you.

Or fill in the form below and post it off. It brings you a short, informative leaflet telling you more about careers at Westminster Bank.

To: District Staff Manager, Westminster Bank Ltd.,  
South-West District Staff Office,  
Bridge House, Baldwin Street, Bristol 1.

Sir: Please send me your leaflet "An Invitation to you". I am.....years old, plan to take.....'O' levels,.....'A' levels and want to know more about career opportunities with the Westminster.

NAME .....

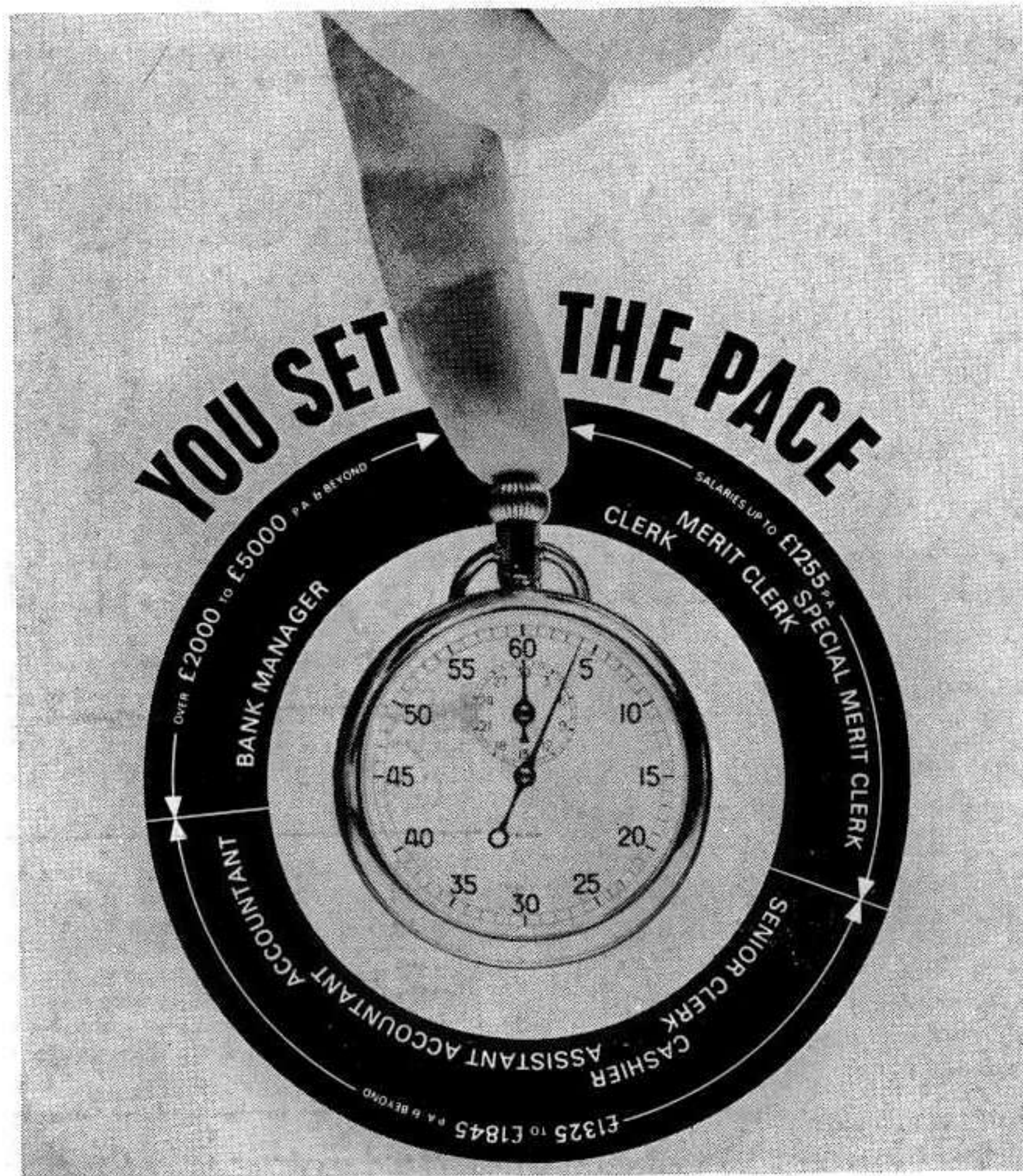
ADDRESS .....

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How fast you get on in the National Provincial Bank depends on how good you are. The capable and ambitious man can be earning £655 per annum (£805 in Central London) at the age of 20 and £1,000 per annum (£1,150 in Central London) at 24. Outstanding men are achieving administrative positions in their late twenties in which salaries progress from £1,325 to £1,845 per annum and beyond. These lead to Managerial appointments where salaries range from over £2,000 to £5,000 a year and more. The opportunities of achieving Managerial status are excellent. Practical training is given in day-to-day Banking, commerce and foreign trade, whilst further training is given on special courses at the Bank's Residential Staff Colleges. If you have a good G.C.E., preferably with 'A' level passes and are interested in a rewarding career, please

write to the  
 Staff Controller, National  
 Provincial Bank Limited,  
 P.O. Box No. 34,  
 15 Bishopsgate, London,  
 E.C.2.



National  
 Provincial  
 Bank  
 Limited





# A career as a CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT

offers:

## OPPORTUNITY:

On qualification you can expect a starting salary of between £1,400 and £1,500 a year in the London area (commencing salaries will normally be less in the provinces). Opportunities are open to you in practice, in industry and commerce, education or a variety of other walks of life. It takes three, four or five years to qualify as a chartered accountant, depending on the level of education you have reached. This, your age and the district in which you work will govern your salary during training.

## VARIETY:

Accountancy is not a dull or monotonous profession. Many problems, each requiring a different solution, occur every day and it is often necessary for the chartered accountant and his articled clerks to travel extensively, sometimes abroad.

## SECURITY:

Chartered accountants are always in demand. They can be sure of employment and opportunities for advancement whatever the political situation or the state of the business economy.

*The booklets "Why not become a Chartered Accountant?" and "See a Chartered Accountant" issued by The Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales will tell you more.*

*Send for copies to:*

The Secretary, The Institute of Chartered Accountants in  
England and Wales,  
City House, 56/66 Goswell Road, London E.C.1

Please send me copies of "Why not become a Chartered  
Accountant?" and "See a Chartered Accountant"

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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