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EDITORIAL

Janus has never for long been the only magazine produced by Woolverstone. at the moment it is accompanied by two others which appear with much greater frequency than twice-yearly Janus. This desire to produce and contribute to magazines inspired us to re-consider our "image", coupled with the continued grumbles about the school magazine-that it's forced down our throats, that it is boring, dull, or "not worth the money". First, it is a sad example of a school which is not interested in itself. It may be unfashionable to be patriotic, but surely these grumblers cannot be that ashamed of themselves. (If they are, no doubt a letter to "Number" would serve to tell us why.) Second, it is known and appreciated that a team or club report is seldom of more than passing interest to those not involved, but there are very few who are not concerned with any of the articles in the front half of Janus. Finally, Janus is a professionally produced magazine which is read by many people outside the school. The alternative, a magazine produced from entirely within, might be cheaper, but a publication of this sort demands time and skill beyond our scope.

The main school magazine has a definite primary function, to record the progress and achievements of the community. Janus, like most of its contemporaries, has an "Original Contributions" section. Even these articles are limited in scope, as they must retain their interest when published some time after being written. Ephemeral arguments over current politics and world affairs cannot be delayed by infrequent publication, and it was because we felt a need to voice these arguments that school newspapers have appeared.

Having a duty as chronicler of school affairs, Janus has to conform to an established layout. Great variation in its appearance is impossible, as the material received is perennially of, the same kind, so we would beg those among us who "grucche and stryve" to re-consider their criticisms and realise that a Janus is an essential part of our own or any active school.

P. EMBERSON

School Notes

Departures from the Staff

Mr. Colin Eldergill, who has been teaching Chemistry here for two years and was assistant housemaster of Johnston's until he married recently, left for Canada at the end of the Easter term with his wife. We were very sorry to see them both go, but can perhaps comfort ourselves with the acquisition of a new status symbol: we have contributed to the Brain Drain.

Mrs. Griffin, house matron of Hanson's since 1960, and Mrs. Morter, after four terms as assistant matron in Sick Bay, also left at the end of the winter term, and we would like to wish them both every good fortune.

Arrivals

We welcome in their place Mr. P. R. Skailes, who read Natural Science at Downing College, Cambridge, where he also swam in the free-style relay team, and has been teaching Chemistry for the last three years at Elizabeth College, Guernsey; Miss Dobie, who was previously a house matron at Cranleigh School and King Edward's coeducational boarding school, and is still remarkably cheerful after a fortnight in Hanson's; and Miss Watson, who comes to Sick Bay from Darford Training College (where Ann Packer was trained).

Mr. J. F. Harper, a Natural History enthusiast from Imperial College, London, is here for a term teaching Biology, standing in for Mr. Corner, who is recovering successfully from his eye troubles but is not yet back in the saddle.

Mr. I. O. Evans, housemaster of Hall's House for twelve years, retired from the House in January: Mr. Bryan Middlebrook succeeds him there. Mr. Evans' long spell as a housemaster can be safely said to have formed a major contribution to the successful growth of the school. He and his family are now living in the relative tranquillity of Holbrook.

Mrs. Poole claims to have enjoyed being temporary house matron of Hanson's in the Easter term.

We much enjoyed the company in the Easter term of Mr. John Abbott and Mr. David Wallington from the Cambridge Department of Education: they lived in Hanson's and Halls' respectively, and were a great asset. We wish them luck in their teaching careers-Mr. Abbott will be teaching English at Rickmansworth Grammar School, and Mr. Wallington History in Kenya.

Appointments

J. Beavan has been appointed Head Boy in place of S. J. W. Crawford, who concluded his career here by producing the opera "The Emperor's New Clothes" -establishing a very favourable precedent for entrusting a full-scale school production to a boy in the School.

B. Weaver was Captain of Rugby Football in the Easter term. R. K. Cracknell has been appointed Captain of Cricket; B. Clark, Captain of Sailing; P. McNair, Captain of Athletics.

Prefects for the summer term are:

A. Cowan, M. Pearson (Berners'), R. A. Salisbury, D. J. Lee (Corner's), S. E. Blackman, C. N. G. Delves, M. Clarke, B. Weaver (Halls'), B. Clark, P. McNair, D. Odell (Hanson's), B. W. T. Page (Johnston's), J. Beavan, P. Harrison (Orwell).

Congratulations to:

C. A. Webb, on being awarded an exhibition in History to Selwyn College, Cambridge.
 P. Davies, on playing twice for the England Schoolboys' Under-15 Rugby XV against Wales.
 Dr. Hassall Smith (ex-staff) on his appointment as Lecturer in History at the University of East Anglia.
 Mr. Ian Richardson (ex-staff) on his appointment as Head- master of Bancroft's School.
 The editors of "Number", for absorbing so much material which would otherwise have been an embarrassment to Janus.
 The editors of "Blueprint", if it still exists.

Innovations

The one that hits the eye is that the sixth form now enjoy freedom of choice of sports jackets.

The sixth form now wear brown corduroy jackets.

There is a new prefects' room among the nissen huts.

The school's tennis facilities have improved a lot-there are now two hard courts and two grass courts (still hardly excessive for a boarding school of this size).

A concrete launching ramp has been constructed down at the Hard; the school's sailors did the initial digging.

Athletics has had a boost too-there are new long jump and high jump pits, and ground has been made available for a new 440 yards track-though this will not be usable this season.

During the Easter term eight members of the lower sixth form spent a week at Stowe School, in exchange for eight Stoics. This arrangement, which was generally rated a great success, is elaborated on in an article later,

Due to popular demand the performance was repeated on February 26th. This time music was provided by the In Sect and a folk group from the High School.

Both socials were well attended and it is hoped to hold others in the not-too-distant future.

Our thanks are due to the girls who came and the boys who helped with setting out and clearing up the library. The boys responsible for the catering, the invitations, the loan of record players and records also deserve thanks. I am not going to mention any names because I will get "done" by those I leave out. We must also thank the masters who allowed us to use the library.

D. MONK.

THE STOWE EXCHANGE

The idea came from an article on a state school in a week-end colour supplement. The school in question was Woolverstone Hall and the idea came to the Headmaster of Stowe Public School, whose plan was "put into action" during the first week of February, 1965. Eight boys from each of the two schools "swopped lives".

Set in grounds twelve times the size of Woolverstone's, and backed by financial support equally huge in proportion, Stowe naturally had things to offer that three Woolverstones combined couldn't. Included in the long list of sports played at Stowe were those of the huntin', shootin', fishin' variety, and squash and fives (after this exchange how can Woolverstone survive without some squash courts?).

The school itself is centred on one huge impressive building which is surrounded by much less imposing buildings (I do not include the chapel) which provide living and teaching accommodation. Inside the "main" building is a large domed hall which miraculously accommodates all six hundred of the school (with room for a few more hundreds too) who assemble there before meal-times and at other crucial moments in the daily routine. The school gathers in the chapel for morning prayer and Sunday services. the chapel is large enough to necessitate the use of loud-speakers-something which added to my impression of the impersonal atmosphere which contrasted so strongly with that of Woolverstone.

However, it is not buildings, scenery, nine-hole golf courses and extensive facilities which make a school. All the boys at Stowe were friendly and very much at ease-the general atmosphere being cheerful and relaxed.

Academic training seemed to be secondary to sports and other recreations (with which boys are occupied six times a week); the squash courts were more pleasant than the classrooms, which were drab and filled with out-dated furniture. The laboratories, however, were extremely well equipped. Teaching methods too differed from Woolverstone's. Inevitably contact between master and pupil is less, class discussion is at a minimum and the opinion of some Stowe and Woolverstone boys was that in general Stowe's teaching methods were slightly behind.

If discussion was lacking in the classroom, it certainly wasn't outside. I attended a talk on Freud's theories; one of the boys read his paper on the subject and was occasionally interrupted by questions which often led to lively discussion. Some of the staff were present and all the formality between staff and boys which was so evident in the classroom vanished completely.

The school prefects play a more important rôle at Stowe than they do at Woolverstone. Also important are the Stowe equivalent of house prefects. Whereas at Woolverstone boys are given privileges for being in the sixth, at Stowe the privileges tend to be spread less evenly and are given to those who are "authorities" of one kind or another. Prefects have the power to beat younger boys, and although this sounds reminiscent of the earlier notorious methods of education, I was assured that this power was never abused.

Monday afternoons are passed in the pursuit of military pastimes under the auspices of the C.C.F. This gentle art is semi-compulsory and does not enjoy universal popularity with the school; the attitude of the objectors (not conscientious) may be described as one of "healthy cynicism".

The exchange was a total success in that many illusions on both sides were broken; we hope that the exchange will become an annual event and that Old Stoics will send their sons to Woolverstone.

I. McEWAN

House Notes

The Easter term has seen some fine individual achievements- notably those of A. Cowan, as School Captain of Badminton, M. Lockett in the School Cross-Country, and P. Davies in the world of Rugby, but by and large these have not been backed up by a full effort from implicated parties. In some cases, where lack of ambition has prevailed, some people have preferred not to participate. I can only assume that their "adult" life will revolve around the "prop" of the National Assistance. Good luck to them. It is needless to say that achievement does not come without effort, as was seen in the Bombay Ball Tournament. I hope that any degree of lethargy will not spoil the summer term.

Michael Pye left us at the end of the Christmas term, and I would like to offer a somewhat belated "thank-you" for all that he did, both in the House and in the School, a considerable amount, and wish him luck in September, when he goes to Nottingham.

Congratulations to those members of the House who took part in the School Opera and Jazz Concert.

Congratulations also to the House Staff who, under the guidance of Mr. Shakeshaft, have survived yet one more term, and I hope that their efforts in future terms will meet with support rather than resistance.

R. A. PIERSON.

CORNER'S

In many ways Corner's has changed in the last ten weeks. It is pleasing to see people doing more for the House and themselves, a marked contrast to the air of complacency which had been apparent.

In the games sphere, team spirit ran high this year, and I think we gave a good account of ourselves. Congratulations to all the team, and especially the Sevens team which played so hard. I think that special mention should be made of A. Barron, his touch-line conversions and plucky play. The junior rugby teams played well, and our thanks to them for the work they put into training and playing.

It was very encouraging to see so many people from Corner's taking part in the Opera, G. Barta playing the part of the Emperor and P. Carlile singing well in the part of the Princess.

Looking to the future, with a good proportion of the 1st and 2nd VI sailing teams, we hope that other houses will see only our transoms next term.

Corner's offers many opportunities to its members, but these can never be fully realised unless all of us are prepared to contribute individually for the benefit of us all.

R. SALISBURY.

HALLS'

At the end of the autumn term Mr. Evans retired from the House, after twelve years as Housemaster, together with his wife who for the last four years was our matron. Mr. and Mrs. Middlebrook succeeded them. The previous term saw the departure of Mr. Woollett and the arrival of Mr. Sadler as the assistant Housemaster. We were most fortunate in having Mr. Wallington, from Cambridge, for this term.

The term was very eventful: a House concert, a few House debates and a House exhibition., the standard was most encouragingly high in all three-thanks to the efforts of Sister Hamon for the first, the fifth form for the second and John Daish and Sebastian Randall for the last.

In the Inter-House Rugby, the Senior XV narrowly failed to retain the Twickenham Trophy. The Junior XV did not fare so well. Again, in the Sevens' Tournament the trophy eluded the Senior team but they firmly grasped the wooden spoon.

All the upper sixth have gained provisional places at universities or further education establishments; Terence Stancliffe distinguishing himself by being awarded a place at Trinity College, Cambridge, a year early.

Several members of the House left last winter: John De Rocha, who will be going up to Newcastle, Paul Coverley, and Christopher Snuggs who is now at Emanuel School. The House wishes them future success.

Finally, the House thanks Mr. and Mrs. Middlebrook for all they have done for the House, and Mr. Sadler, Mr. Salmon, Mr. Wallington and the monitors for helping them.

S. E. BLACKMAN.

HANSON'S

We have had several changes in staff during the last two terms. At the end of the Christmas term we lost Chris Webb, our splendid head of school and house, also our matron, Mrs. Griffin, who after six years of service has left to become house-mother at a teachers' training college. At the end of the spring term we lost John Abbott who made a big contribution to the House in his term here. We wish them all success for the future.

At the end of the Christmas term the House went carol singing in Chelmondiston, and despite the weather raised five pounds for Oxfam, an encouraging effort. Our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Hutton for their hospitality.

The Easter term saw some mixed House efforts. In the cross-country the juniors got first place, P. Laughton coming second, the other juniors all excelling themselves. The seniors, however, could only manage fifth place, only McNair did justice to himself by coming third. In the rugby the juniors came third, a fine effort considering the comparatively large number of first and second formers. I am sure they would like to thank David Roberts for taking up so much of his time to help train them. In the Sevens they found themselves outclassed by Orwell after winning their first round game: this was only to be expected.

The senior team excelled themselves. They faced the distinct possibility of finishing last in the table, but in fact finished fourth after beating Corner's and Orwell. All credit to Peter McNair in who so ably captained the team. House colours, an innovation, were awarded to P. McNair, D. Roberts and B. Clark in view of their fine play for the House. In the Bombay Ball, the team miraculously reached the final, beating Johnston's II and Corner's en route. After taking the lead in the early part of the game, Bemers' speed and ability eventually led to a victory for them, but all credit to our team.

Finally, our thanks to all the House staff, Mr. Goetzee, Mr. Poole, Mr. Abbott, and not least to Mrs. Poole who acted admirably as House matron last term. We welcome Miss Dobie as permanent matron this term.

B. CLARK.

JOHNSTON'S

This year the House has finally achieved sporting success. (I say "finally" because usually we finish a very close second.) I of course refer to the Twickenham Trophy and I would like to congratulate the Senior House team on a very fine series of wins, and I'm sure the House would like to thank Cracknell for all the work he put into the training of both the senior and junior teams. While the seniors went on their way to eventual victory, the juniors were putting up a fantastic show of tackling and defensive rucker against the much better sides of Orwell and Corner's. Against the rest they showed great potential and mention of Anthony Mitton, who captained the side, and Andrew Dodgson should be made. Though they only won two matches, next year they should field a very competent and talented team and I wish them every success.

In the seven-a-side competitions this year we were not quite as successful as we have been before. In the junior competitions our team struggled to a win over Orwell II in extra time, to meet Corner's in the semi-final, and though they again held out desperately against a much better team, Corner's finally scored to halt any other further advance in the competition. In the Bombay Ball disaster struck in the form of two broken collar-bones and consequently though we reached the semi-final, six players could not hold the seven Bernerites and we were knocked out in that round.

In the cross-country this year our senior finished first but again our juniors' position was fifth and our overall position was third. Mention should be made of very good runs by S. Dodgson, Copeman, and A. Brown who all finished in the first ten.

While still on the sports side, congratulations to A. Brown on receiving his rugger colours and I'm sure the rest of the House would like to join me in wishing Page and Brown a speedy recovery.

But let's not forget the other activities. During the Christmas term the House again went about raising money for their end of term party and I would like to congratulate the House on their spirit and willingness to help raise this money.

The general opinion was that the party was the most successful the House had ever had and I would like to thank Mrs. Malden, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Eldergill, and the sixth form for making it such a success.

Also during last term the House went into Ipswich carol singing to raise money for charity and thanks should go to Sayeed for organising the "choir" and to Mr. Hyde for again providing the transport.

I think just a brief word should be said about the opera. In this just over a third of the House took part which I think is very commendable and I hope before long we shall see a House concert emerge from all this talent.

Also, while on the "arty" side, many thanks to Paul Templeton for organising the House's first art exhibition which was highly successful and again a great deal of skill and potential was exposed. I hope this will show the way to many more and again congratulations to all concerned.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Hyde, Mr. Cox, and Mrs. Malden for their devoted loyalty to the House, the running of which at times has proved quite a problem, and I'm sure that the rest of the House would like to join me in congratulating Mr. Eldergill on his marriage. We are very sorry to see him leave and wish him every success in Canada.

S. JONES.

ORWELL

This spring term has proved beyond doubt that people are happiest when they are busy-even though their activity be highly organised. To sit in a dormitory playing cards may be entertaining, but it is frequently a result of boredom and leads to no constructive end. Some boys initially did not like the "St. Matthew Passion", yet they admitted afterwards that the performance was an exciting experience., there can be few boys who do not find a sort of satisfaction in cross-country running, even though the actual exercise be painful to them. It is reasonable, therefore, that a large number of boys should be forced into something which they may not necessarily like, as with House rugger teams, for the benefit of the few. For the majority will undoubtedly gain from the experience, and the enthusiasm which develops forms a House spirit.

House spirit is a difficult thing, for it is generally written in inverted commas and branded as a platitude., yet it exists, and once begun it continues to nourish the energy which created it. This term, Orwell House had a glut of House spirit. Not only did we win the cross-country and junior rugger cups and present three contrasting House concerts, but also we held an exhibition of art and handicraft which displayed a fantastic range of unexpected talents. Almost every single boy has been involved in at least one of these enterprises.

The resulting atmosphere has led to considerable happiness, and co-operation from almost all quarters of the House. For the initial enthusiasm and the guiding experience we can thank only our housemaster. The spirit prevalent this term has made an important addition: as well as animals and gardens, House bikes and a House tent, Orwell now has a House Ghost which will haunt it for a long time.

S. CRAWFORD.

Ist XV

v. Ipswich Magpies	(H)	Lost	5-18
v. Streatham Colts	(H)	Won	19- 5
v. R.G.S. Colchester	(H)	Lost	21-24
v. Northgate G.S.	(H)	Won	35- 3
v. Norwich	(H)	Won	31- 5
v. R.H.S. Holbrook	(H)	Won	20- 6
v. Woodbridge	(H)	Won	11- 3
v. St. Joseph's	(A)	Lost	6- 9
v. Framlingham	(A)	Lost	9-16
v. Culford	(A)	Won	3- 0
v. Wymondham	(A)	Lost	5-22
v. Harwich & Dovercourt R.F.C.	(H)	Won	23-11
v. Ipswich R.F.C. Juniors	(A)	Won	8- 3
v. Old Woolverstonians	(H)	Won	13- 9
v. Nantyglo G.S	(H)	Drew	0- 0

On the whole this was a good season for the 1st, perhaps marred by occasionally inconsistent play. Those matches we did lose were by no means massacres - in fact, if we had converted just two of our seven tries against Colchester we would have won the game.

Only five of the team will be leaving at the end of this year, and I think this augurs well for next season, for by then we should have a really first-class team.

Our pack remained the equal of any we met, excepting Wymondham, who outplayed us on the day, despite the fact that we lost Webb, our cornerstone, midway through the season. A solid front-row of P. Jones or Clouter, Paul Templeton and Weaver, together with a hefty second row of M. Clarke and Harrison, provided plenty of power for the tight. The back row of McNair, Cracknell and Brown proved most efficient, particularly in defence, when the covering was often superb.

Unfortunately, the loose play was rarely up to standard, people often being content to just stand around the ball hacking at it. This will have to be remedied before next season comes round.

At scrum-half Randle could usually be relied on for a good service to the threes. On their day, the threes were match-winners. When Snuggs left midway through the season, Cowan moved to fly-half, and from there his sure handling started many a movement. Mackay and Davies, in the centre, both proved themselves throughout the season, although I think that a little more self-confidence would not go amiss. I must congratulate Dayies, a little belatedly perhaps, on being capped for England U-15's against Wales. Let's hope his collection of caps soon grows.

Lockett and Martin, on the wings, are both extremely fast runners, and this we put to good advantage on a number of occasions, notably against Colchester, when six of our tries were scored from the wings. Roberts' handling and kicking, particularly under pressure, were excellent, and his covering averted many a nasty moment.

Looking to next season, I hope we can avenge this season's defeats - I think that we should have the team to do it.

Finally, our thanks to David Laughton for touch-judging, and of course, to Mr. Evans, our indefatigable coach.

BRYAN WEAVER.



P. Davies, England Schoolboys' Under 15 Rugby XV, 1965

2nd XV

It is lamentable that so many schools do not take their 2nd XV's seriously enough, for it is from here that 1st XV players usually emerge. We have had a very young team this year and there seems to be an abundance of talent. Perhaps it is significant that Philip Davies, who has now won a place in the England Under-15's team, played for us throughout the first half of the season before we lost him to the 1st XV.

With all this wealth of talent, there seems little reason for the low scores recorded in some matches. This is the main fault of the team, complacency. The younger portion of the side had been used to scoring fifty points in a match during their time as members of the Colts team and seemed unable, at first, to realise that scores of this order would not be forthcoming in the older age-group. This seems to have been remedied after our only defeat, against Felsted, and one wonders if the result might not have gone the other way had the lesson been learned earlier.

A large part of our success must have been due to the good deal of possession we gained from the set scrum and acknowledgements are due to the front and second rows for their work. The back row's work was confined mainly to smothering opposition attacks and as a very useful weapon for attacks on the blind-side of the scrum.

The halves and three-quarters, while their passing was not always perfect. were generally the main scorers of the team. The lack of a real line-out player in the team led to our playing open rugby and this resulted in their having a great deal of work to do. One hopes that this trait towards open, attractive rugby will continue and that next year's success will be greater than last year's.

Finally, our grateful thanks to Mr. Watts for his unfailing support and encouragement and my apologies to all those I have insulted and bawled at during the season.

Played 16 Won 14. Lost 1. Drawn 1.

R. CLOUTER.

3rd XV

v. Ipswich R.F.C. Colts 11	(A) Won	8- 6
v. R.G.S. Colchester 3rd XV	(A) Drew	6- 6
v. Wymondham 3rd XV	(H) Won	11- 0
v. R.H.S. 3rd XV	(A) Won	20- 6
v. St. Joseph's 3rd XV	(A) Won	45-10
v. Ipswich School Senior Colts	(H) Won	23- 0
v. Felsted 3rd XV	(H) Won	3- 0
v. Culford 3rd XV	(H) Won	12- 3
v. Ipswich R.F.C. Colts 11	(H) Won	9- 6
v. Sudbury R.F.C. Colts	(H) Won	40- 0
v. H.M.S. Ganges Ist XV	(H) Won	22- 0
v. Sudbury R.F.C. Colts	(A) Cancelled	

Played 11. Won 10. Drawn 1. Lost 0. Points for 199. Against 37.

The success of the 3rd XV this year can be attributed to the large number of reserves that we had to fall back on in case of injury. This is borne out by the fact that 26 people represented the team during the season. Almost every position was duplicated by someone equally as good in the 4th XV.

I think our most enjoyable game was the one against Wymondham in which we saw some good pack and threes work. The scores against Sudbury and H.M.S. Ganges were the result of moving the ball about and playing fast and relatively open rugby.

There is not really much else to say because the results in almost all cases give a good indication of the nature of the game. I would like to thank Barry Clark for his help in the running of the team and, of course, all those people who played for the team and made the season so successful. And, of course, I would like to thank Mr. Cox whose strenuous exercises must have helped us go undefeated this season.

The following represented the team: Humble, Lingard, Page, B.Clark, Hellawell, Danek, Hindle, Matthey, Hunter, Skinner, Cleverly, S. Jones, Blackman, Wood, V. Windle, Delves, Sander- son, McEwan, Muir, Morel, Angele, Sayeed, Szoblik, D. Windle, Chamberlain, Barron. Howell and Hawkins.

S. JONES.

COLTS XV

v. Colchester R.G.S.	(A) Won	11- 9
v. Norwich	(A) Won	45- 0
v. R.H.S. Holbrook	(H) Won	17- 3
v. Woodbridge	(A) Won	22- 3
v. St. Joseph's	(H) Won	28- 0
v. Felixstowe S.M.	(A) Won	21- 5
v. Wymondham	(H) Won	11- 5
v. Copleston	(A) Won	13- 3
v. Felixstowe G.S.	(H) Won	17- 3
v. Copleston	(H) Won	28- 0
v. Felixstowe G.S.	(A) Won	22- 6

This was the last season that the team will play together and it was good to see them win all their matches.

Although all the victories were a fifteen-man effort, I cannot help but mention Shadbolt, who scored nineteen tries during the season, and Barron, who scored points by kicking or by tries in every match. The team's best performances were against Woodbridge, Wymondham and Copleston. The Wymondham match was the only one we looked like losing, but due to some very hard tackling and some very good play by Roberts and Barron, at open-side wing forward and blind-side wing forward respectively, we managed to win.

After this victory the team unfortunately became a little over-confident and the last match of the term was not played with the determination that had been put into previous matches. However, by the beginning of the next term the team was back to its usual form and won the two matches of the term. I think the whole team would like to congratulate Barron, Radford and Grigor, who were picked to play for the county.

The following people represented the Colts XV: Barron, Copeman, Dodgson, Edwards, Graham, Grigor, Roberts, Robinson, Radford, Pickering, Sharp, Vance, Shadbolt, Arrundel, Cotterell and Gawel.

M. V. GODFREY.

UNDER 14 1st XV

Played 14	Won 14.	Drawn 0	Lost 0.	Points For 600.	Against 17.
Chief try scorer: Laughton 38.					
v. Ipswich	(H) Won	60- 0	
v. Holbrook R.H.S.	(A) Won	30- 0	
v. Woodbridge	(H) Won	60- 0	
v. St. Joseph's	(A) Won	9- 5	
v. Northgate G.S.	(A) Won	29- 9	
v. Felixstowe C.M.S.	(A) Won	49- 0	
v. Wymondham	(H) Won	80- 0	
v. Culford	(H) Won	20- 0	
v. Felixstowe G.S.	(H) Won	69- 0	
v. Westbourne	(A) Won	46- 3	
v. Copleston	(H) Won	49- 0	
v. Holbrook R.H.S.	(A) Won	34- 0	
v. Ipswich	(A) Won	36- 0	
v. Holbrook R.H.S.	(H) Won	29- 0	

2nd XV

v. Ipswich	(A) Won	28- 0
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600 points for and 17 against speaks for itself. We were a very powerful side and in only one game did we meet any side that offered reasonable opposition. This was against St. Joseph's whom we played away and beat by three tries to a goal.

Cotterell at fly-half, the captain, was the pivot of our attacks. His handling and dummying were excellent and the three-quarters were given a field day. This was largely because the forwards gained psychological and physical domination early on in the game. Goodman was a tireless pack leader and Mitton a power in the line-out. Tudor at scrum-half gave an impeccable service from Beresford's fine hooking and Knight at full-back tackled most courageously. It would be fair to mention everybody because everybody played well. Let me therefore record the team and offer my congratulations on a great season:

Knight, Egan, Lewis, Ahmad, Laughton, Tudor, Cotterell, Goodman, Beresford, Mitton, Horwood, Tyler, Richards, Moon, Matthey also played several games.

N.C.

UNDER 13 XV

v. Norwich	(A) Lost	3-17
v. St. Joseph's	(H) Draw	0- 0
v. Wymondham	(A) Won	15- 3
v. Felixstowe G.5	(A) Won	20- 0
v. Ipswich	(H) Won	6- 0
v. Westbourne School	(H) Won	26- 0
v. R.H.S. Holbrook	(A) Won	8- 0
v. Felixstowe G.S.	(A) Won	6- 3
v. R.H.S. Holbrook	(H) Won	3- 0
v. R.H.S. Holbrook	(A) Won	8- 3
v. Ipswich	(A) Won	27- 0

2nd XV

v. Ipswich	(H) Won	27- 0
v. Ipswich	(A) Won	28- 0

The basic trouble with this year's team was that they lacked the thrust and the determination to cross their opponent's goal-line. This weakness is reflected in the scores. When they did embark upon a match with determination, however, as in the second match against Ipswich, they were capable of playing very good rugby. This match was certainly their best.

The pack always played a hard and fast game and often won possession, despite the fact that they were usually lighter than their opponents. Howell hooked well, and Egan, Galpin, Summerbell and Morri were good in the loose.

Behind the scrum Dodgson was a lively and intelligent scrum- half, and he linked well with Harber at outside-half. Each acted as captain during the season. The centres were good in defence, but lacked the necessary thrust and penetration in attack. Ash also played well in many positions behind the scrum.

This team must make a much more determined effort next year, they must take far more notice of their captain's commands and make fewer comments on the field about each other's mistakes.

The 2nd XV played well in both their games and have some promising players for next season, notably Lacey and Gush.

Team from: Ash, Dodgson, Harber, Harrison, Morris, Frise, Rayner, Collisson, Howell, Egan, Morri, Summerbell, Howard, Marson, Isaacs, Fishwick, Coduri, Abels, Parperis, Turner.

I.H.C.W.

BOMBAY BALL TOURNAMENT 1965

First Round: Halls' I 8, Corner's 10; Hanson's 8, Johnston's II 0; Johnston's I 16, Halls' II 0., Berners' 12, Orwell 5.

Semi-final: Corner's 5, Hanson's 10., Johnston's I 5, Berners' 13.

Final: Hanson's 3, Berners' 16.

Losers' Semi-final: Halls' I 21, Johnston's II 0; Halls' II 0, Orwell 15.

Losers' Final: Halls' I 6, Orwell 3.

Although it was rather too hot for the players, the afternoon's weather was very pleasant for spectating and supporting, and the first round ties were kicked-off under the scorching sun. The biggest surprise of this round was Corner's 10-8 victory over Halls' I; and although they were beaten in the next round, this was a great achievement. Having lost this game, Halls' I went on to win the "Losers' Final" 6-3 over Orwell.

Berners' met Johnston's I in the "Winners' Semi-final", and, thank to brilliant threes-work, won 13-5. Incidentally, both of the Johnston's teams lost a player through injury, and did very well to play on as they did.

Then came the "Winners' Final", in which a good Hanson's side met Berners'. Although Hanson's scored first, gradually Berners' piled up the points, and won 16-3. This was a great final to end an excellent afternoon's sevens, and when the Headmaster presented Cowan with the 'Ball' I'm sure everyone present felt that Berners' deserved to retain the trophy.

RAYMOND WATSON.

INTER-HOUSE CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP FEBRUARY 3rd, 1965

House Positions	House Points		Total
(1) Orwell	Seniors 135	Juniors 163	298
(2) Berners'	Seniors 142	Juniors 178	320
(3) Johnston's	Seniors 128	Juniors 217	345
(4) Corner's	Seniors 180	Juniors 175	355
(5) Hanson's	Seniors 311	Juniors 149	460
(6) Halls'	Seniors 361	Juniors 348	709

INDIVIDUAL POSITIONS

Seniors		Juniors	
(1) Lockett	23m. 7s.	(1) Ashton	15m. 20s.
(2) S. Jones	23m.16s.	(2) Laughton	15m. 52s.
(3) MacNair	23m. 42s.	(3) Eagle	16m. 00s.
(4) A. Brown	23m. 51s.	(4) P. Matthey	16m. 10s.
(5) Neale	23m. 59s.	(5) MacKay	16m. 15s.
(6) E. Matthey	24m.10s.	(6) Ahmed	16m. 25s.
(7) S. Dodgson	24m.17s.	(7) Knight	16m. 28s.
(8) Davis	24m.36s.	(8) A. Dodgson	16m. 31s.
(9) Nazeer	24m.36s.	(9) London-Williams	16m. 32s.
(10) Copeman	24m.37s.	(10) Drury	16m. 33s.

First, congratulations to Lockett on winning the Senior cross- country for the third year running, and to Ashton on his fine run over the Junior course.

Congratulations also to Orwell House on putting up a fine team effort to win the cross-country cup. Though Johnston's House Seniors and Hanson's House Juniors came first in their respective sections, their overall position will show us that it is a team effort that is required.

I would like to see a slightly keener approach to the Inter- House and this would, of course, include much more training than is usually done, on a team basis.

Nevertheless, I think mention should be made of some of the good races that were run by some members of the 4th form, especially of those who came in the first ten and who turned in some very good times for the course, which tended to be rather sticky in places.

S. JONES.

OLD WOOLVERSTONIANS' CRICKET CLUB

1964 Results:

v. Rootes. Won by 5 wickets.

Rootes 134 for 9 dec. O.W's 135 for 5.

v. Wimbledon Village. Won by 5 wickets.

Wimbledon Village 99. O.W's 100 for 5.

v. Wates. Won by 61 runs.

O.W's 192. Wates 131.

v. Commoners. Won by 5 wickets.

Commoners 65. O.W's 66 for 5.

v. Rootes. Abandoned due to rain.

O.W's 109 for 9 dec. (Dibbin 44). Rootes 6 for 0.

v. Old Manorians. Won by 38 runs.

O.W's 115 (Taylor 41). Old Manorians 77 (Waughman 5 for 19).

v. Jervis Bay Old Boys. Won by 155 runs.

O.W's 227 for 7 dec. (Dibbin 78, Taylor 56, Workman 46). J.B.O.B. 72.

v. Old Elysians. Lost by 38 runs.

Old Elysians 136 (Wilds 5 for 34). O.W's 98 (Coutts 48).

v. Wimbledon Village. Won by 83 runs.

O.W's 136 (Workman 61). Wimbledon Village 53 (Wilds 5 for 27).

v. School. Lost by 8 wickets.

O.W's 65. School 68 for 2.

v. Wormley. Won by 46 runs.

O.W's 117 for 5 dec. (Dibbin 47). Wormley 71 (Taylor 5 for 16).

The officers for 1965 are: Captain-D.Dibbin.
Vice-Captain-B.Workman.
Secretary/Treasurer-T. Carr.

It is hoped that Mr. R. Mayes will see his way clear to becoming President of the O.W.C.C. Life Honorary Membership has been extended to and accepted by Mr. B. Middlebrook and Mr. G. H. Bailey.

Would any school-leavers interested in playing cricket please contact me. Terence Carr, Sec./Treas. O.W.C.C., Pegasus Club, Burntwood Lane, S.W.17. Tel.: VAN 5347.

T. CARR (O.W.)

Report to Mao-Tse (1)-Tung-in-cheek by Hamish Geraint Carruthers Cloudy-Moon, (Pekin's never-had-it-so-easy spy), on the Woolverstone Hall (2) Cross Country Race, held on Wednesday, February 3rd, 1965 (16th year of Ping Pong Calendar).

Dearest Permanence,

MASS RALLYING is an Oriental Suffolk, no less than a Chinese People's art. [Confucian aside: the essence of the MASS RALLY is that the mass rallies-from what is not clear. In the case of the English it is from their depressional winter. Hence the poet Browning's "Don't cast a clout till Mao is out" and the well-known Chelmondiston adage: "Weather is the opium of the PEOPLE." English conversation testifies to the cutting brilliance of this saw-but Hamish digresses and promises non-self (and hair shirt) self flagellation with local cat-the Ip Switch].

This particular MASS RALLY (long live organiser Liu-Ho- Ha-Ha-Ha!) occurs in the paddy of Woolverstone; bourgeois non-weeping willow country, ceramic skies and blue blood. Berners' (derivation: where workers were burnt, supine indicative) is an oriental air strip blasted by revisionist winds from the Kremlin (over the L.C. Sea).

For the MASS RALLY the boys are stripped nearly naked and, from the expressions on their little capitalist faces, are clearly being forced out into the open (being dragoned as Lung-Can-Sur would say). I swear that I saw political officers at work in the dormitories.

The boys look very coolie in their short pants. They are tattooed with pimpled geese. Some wear hair over their ears (to hide transistorised microphones? One can only ask: are the Stock Exchange spies? The MASS RALLY is to pass through peasant holdings. Will the long-haired boys not be gathering peasant reactions en route?)

Let us follow MASS RALLY from Berners'. First Coolie Hut very primitive [Confucian aside : strange but all families in it are of eleven and half of each family so weak that they must sit down for photographs-and stranger: no mothers-deported?].

Next Hut a pig sty; no other word.

And so past flat, green fields (firing squad practice ranges?) with black and white gibbets at each end. Now, down long slope with friendly cat PAINTED on window. Hamish not deceived into thinking boarding kennels-clearly cunning conning tower of submarine pen disguised (English habit) as medieval castle! Here, stranger event. Several coolie runners dragged away by invisible guards-to be branded? Definitely saw smoke rising from bushes! And heard Brand Name!

And so past salt marshes (for marshes, read mines), past peasant hut. Long-haired leader definitely gave sign to peasant girl!

Up bracken slopes, glared at bemusedly by beaters (typical capitalistic, rural occupation), long-tailed peasants (the masters' cast-offs) and Kulaks with a grouse.

And on to the funnel, where red-legged (long live everything red, including the Mongolian and break-away, non-revisionist, Kazakstani, immature, Flamingo, experimental, breeding-station!), and, as I was saying . . red legged, they are given numbers.

Who but the English, YOUR PERMANENCY, would end a race on land in a funnel?

Yours,

Hamish Geraint Carruthers Cloudy-Moon.

(1) Pronounced as second Tse in Tse-Tse-Fly. Long live Independent Tanzania's workers' communes and down with the WHITE RICE!

(2) Woolverstone Hall is PEOPLE'S PALACE-bit like Foochow only Foo-ier!

L.J.H.

SAILING

For the first time the club had interschool fixtures in the autumn term.

Results**First VI**

		School	Opponents
v. H.M.S. Ganges	(A)	48½	26
v. Greshams	(H)	40½	38
	(A)	41¼	37¼
v. Old Boys	(H)	38¼	38¼

Cadet VI

v. Old Boys	(H)	34¼	43¼
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Unfortunately our would-be captain was required on the rugby field for most of the matches., but the generally inexperienced team sailed well. and-most important-each member was reliable. Another factor which helped to produce these results was the friendly and co-operative atmosphere in the team and in the club in general. If this atmosphere is maintained in the future, comparative results should always be achieved. Members who sailed were: Coote and Lee, Young and Salisbury, Winter and Darling, Clarke and Pye.

As a result of the greater emphasis being laid on team sailing, individual results were not spectacular. Some good places were recorded in individual races of the winter points series of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, but they were not consistent.

Since sailing stopped in November, the boatwork gangs have worked very fast and efficiently, and as a result all the boats are ready for next season in very good time, leaving plenty of time to do a great deal of work on the patch of ground near the land belonging to the school. This will be concreted in the holidays, making conditions for the sailors much better than they have ever been. Finally, many thanks must be extended to Mr. Allchin for his tuition and especially to Mr. Poole for the great work he has done for the club in all spheres.

N. DARLING.

BADMINTON CLUB

The club has flourished during this season, with more people taking advantage of the facilities offered. I hope this continues.

This season we have had more matches than in any other season. This is due to our obtaining fixtures with St. Joseph's and Culford, with whom we have been trying to arrange matches for many years.

We have had a difficult job making a third pair but when this was overcome Snuggs left us. So we had to find another second pair. This was overcome by bringing in Hindle. The team has at last settled down to give some good displays after a mediocre start. Nazeer, in the first pair, has been reliable as ever and should go far with a good effort. In the second pair, Hunter and Hindle are too erratic, but can bring out great displays when required to. Hellawell and Green started off rather shakily but have pulled together and made quite a good pair.

I must thank Mr. Shakeshaft for his help and encouragement to make this a good season (viz. the fish and chips).

School representatives:- Nazeer, Webb, Hunter, Snuggs, Green, Dury, Hellawell, Hindle, Locket and Cowan.

Results: Played 12, Won 8, Drawn 1. Lost 3.

A. COWAN.

FENCING**Results-**

v. Ipswich High School	(H)	Won	11:5
v. St. Monica's	(H)	Won	10:6
v. Mills G.S.	(A)	Won	6:3
v. Ipswich High School	(H)	Won	12:4
v. St. Monica's	(A)	Won	9:7
v. Mills G.S.	(A)	Won	7:2

These results cover the last two terms. in which the standard and number of people reached a peak

from which it has, inevitably, somewhat declined. The peak was at half-term last winter when a display was arranged for the parents. We are indebted for the help given by Caroline Miszwesha, who has also presided at all our matches, her mother Madame Pérégat and her husband Christopher. Our thanks also to Barry Clark who has now resigned his position as fencing captain, having done so much for school fencing.

We have several permanent sides against whom we fence, and we hope to obtain more fixtures when we have fought in the East Anglian competition which is later this term.

Finally, our thanks to Mr. Goetzee and Mr. Ramsey, who have generously provided transport when needed.

The following have represented the school:- N. Darling, I. Daye, P. Hayes, J. Peaple. D. Staff. P. Finch. B. Clark.

P. FINCH.



“Here’s he that would take from you all your power” a scene from Coriolanus

Drama and Opera

CORIOLANUS

This was a most ambitious production of one of Shakespeare's lesser known plays, and both the cast and production team are to be congratulated on a most worthy performance. As a play one felt that it could easily have become laboured, but largely due to Mr. Hutton's handling of the continuity, one's attention was never allowed to wander.

An outstanding feature of the production was the use of the centre of the hall for certain scenes, especially those involving the crowd, when the audience were made to feel they were actually participating. The battle scenes, too, were well staged, when one considers the limited area available, though one felt that the combatants might have taken a leaf out of the crowd's book and let themselves go a bit more.

The challenging title role of Coriolanus was performed most competently by Roy Clouter, although it was felt that his performance lacked conviction at times, mainly through lack of acting experience. He failed to dominate the stage at some of the most dramatic moments, through his inability to shrug off the sulky attitude which was admirably suited to a majority of the play.

The polished performances of Simon Crawford and Victor Boddy as the two tribunes aroused a feeling of hostility most effectively. Mention must also be made of Larry Howe's Menenius, a most convincing old man, and of Colin Mackie's Volumnia, an extraordinarily impressive performance of such a difficult part by a fourteen-year-old boy. It was felt that Eric Dury really understood and 'lived' the part of Aufidius, but it was unfortunate that his looks and mannerisms tended to make him remain rather young. Gabriel Barta dominated the stage as Cominius, sometimes to excess, and he spoke the part, especially the verse, very well.

The sets were the most elaborate yet staged at Woolverstone, and Mr. Mackenzie and his group, and the stage gang, must be congratulated on their achievements. One minor criticism was that the rostrum in the centre of the hall was too high in relation to the stage, resulting in the stage being masked at times when the action took place both there and in the hall. It was a pity that the lighting failed to make the most of the staging, though some of the efforts did come off. Unfortunately the final scene, which would otherwise have been most effective, was spoiled by the lights being dimmed too quickly.

It is sad to realise that this was Mr. Hutton's last production here at Woolverstone, and We should like to record our gratitude to him for so many hours spent in advising and guiding the casts of the considerable successes for which he has been responsible. We wish him similar successes in his new appointment.

B.S.S

DRY ROT

Some good clean fun (apart from the odd lavatory joke) from the Whitehall Theatre enlivened the middle of the Easter term. "Dry Rot" was a great success, and the idea of a staff play an exciting innovation. "It's wonderful," a brash adolescent remarked afterwards, "what the staff can do without any help from the boys.

Mr. Neil Clayton's production was admirably slick and efficient, and he had a pretty talented cast: Messrs. Watts. Middlebrook and Allchin in particular had the school in fits, not only because they were those three people making fools of themselves but because they were accomplished actors. Colonel Thomas and gormless philanderer Salmon excelled too, but I think the outstanding performance, apart from my wife's, was Mrs. Clayton's - a most soigné landlady, she dominated the stage.

Having said, and meant, which, and, having applied for a visa to the prefects' room, I must add that I wish a better play had been chosen. I don't mean anything highbrow, good heavens no, they'll be expecting us to grow our hair long next; but the fact must be faced that in farce, between the set pieces, the rot is generally pretty wet. No doubt after this successful trial run the common room will move on to greater things.

P.H.H.

THE EMPERORS NEW CLOTHES

Unless one is a fanatic it is never easy to make up one's mind about opera. There is a feeling, as someone once said, that "Opera makes the worst of both worlds", that neither the music nor the drama can get its full measure of concentration. I am inclined to think that this is a particular danger of school productions of this notoriously difficult art-form. The difficulties are increased, too, by an all-male cast.

Yet thought that "The Emperor's-New Clothes" was a considerable achievement. In the first place it is a new opera, produced on this occasion without benefit of precedent, and very much in the modern musical idiom. Secondly it was produced by a member of the Sixth Form. Thirdly, it involved a cast of seventy-two and an orchestra of twenty, all of whom came from the school, so that in the true sense it was a school production. Finally, it was designed, staged and costumed with remarkable taste and elegance.

I thought the big weakness lay in the chorus. Though they looked good they lacked "body" in the musical sense and, above all, a sense of mobility that might have come had feminine help been to hand. The solo singing came through better. Gabriel Barta proved a sonorous Emperor and Peter Carlile his tuneful and attractive daughter, but it was Larry Howes and his fellow villain Paul Finch who took the honours, at least in the performance I saw. In both their cases the musical and dramatic combination came across convincingly. Graham Hoad and Graham Forster also did well in meeting the demands of music whose tempo and pitch were fiendishly contrived.

Much of the success of the opera was, of course, due to the orchestra and its handling by Mr. Salmon. Most of the score might well have tested the best at Glyndebourne and yet the orchestra stuck valiantly to the task which, after initial rehearsals, must have been as rewarding to them as it

was to us.

In all, I enjoyed this venture enormously. It will not, alas, be possible to see and hear another of Simon Crawford's productions - here at least - nor of Larry Howes' performances, but I sincerely hope that we shall have more operas in the future, staged by the same family of designers and painters and again dressed to scintillation by Miss Kynaston-Shaw and her helpers.

But, please, cannot we also bring on the girls?

M.W.

THE FOURTH FORM REVUE

Some hidden talent was certainly discovered by Larry Howes for the fourth form revue, "Go, Fourth", at the end of the spring term and it was ably exploited in the casting of the parts.

The material was original and extremely amusing, despite the predominance of sketches in the Pinter style, and involved no discernible padding.

The pace and co-ordination within and between the various sections were slick and the fourth form overcame the technicalities of stage production well.

Indeed it is not necessary to qualify any comment on this achievement by a fourth form, for it was a remarkable accomplishment for anyone and our congratulations must be given to the cast and their producer for entertaining us so efficiently.

R. D. DAVIES.

Societies and Activities

SEA CADETS

With the end of the Spring term, the period of relative inactivity ceases. Nevertheless, any suggestion that nothing has happened would be far from the truth.

The Admiralty inspection in October proved to be the best yet and the unit was awarded its second efficiency burgee as a result. Examination results were not quite as good as in the past but the work and efficiency of the unit is not judged on this alone. There has been a lot of shooting with the help of Mr. Ramsey; in the National Postal Shooting League, the unit was considered good enough to be placed in Division 3 out of 16 Divisions of six teams each; we have also done well in the District League and Knock-out competitions. The team has included LS. Daye, LS. Daish, AB. Collis, AB. Hotz de Baar, OS. Austin, OS. P. Richards.

There have been two major exercises: the first was with Ipswich unit who "raided" the school grounds and, unfortunately for us, achieved most of their objectives; nevertheless, it was much enjoyed by all who took part. The second was held in the heath country near Woodbridge, providing a welcome change from the ice house and the ferns.

During the Easter holiday, L.S. Sayeed and L.S. Daye took their Petty Officer's examination at Portland and came first and second in the class of 12, a very commendable achievement. LS. Pearn, AB. Daish and AB. Randall went to Arbroath for the Air Badge course and also passed well.

There is considerable doubt whether the unit can continue to exist next term. A new Commanding Officer has to be found, but even if the search is successful, this is only a temporary solution to the whole problem of the efficient functioning of the unit with limited staff. I am very grateful for the assistance of Mr. Goetzee and Mr. Poole, and for the enthusiasm of the senior cadets, past and present.

Stop Press (28.5.65). It has been officially decided that the unit is to be disbanded.

A.P.A.

MUSIC NOTES

Last term saw one of the most successful Music Circle Concerts to date, the programme varying from jazz and folk-song to Haydn trios. This term's activity has been largely centred on the opera and on House concerts, though there were several visits to Civic Concerts in Ipswich.

S.CRAWFORD

COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION IN WORLD CITIZENSHIP

The Society has had a successful year. The film show and five talks on topical issues in world affairs were, in the main, well attended. The aim of the committee, at the beginning of the Christmas term, had been to hold regular meetings at which particular aspects of current affairs could be discussed, in open forum, with a qualified speaker who would lend authority to the discussion. This was achieved.

A film show began the first term's activities. The first reel, "The United Nations Security Council", showed this organisation at work; examples included the Congo crisis. The second film, "Men Against the Sea", dealt with the Dutch flood disaster of 1953, revealing how international aid was so quickly and effectively forthcoming. "Beni-Abbes", the third film, concerned the progress being made by man in developing the deserts for agriculture. "Traders in Leather" gave a colourful survey of the Moroccan leather trade and the show was concluded, in lighter vein, with a short cartoon.

The first of our talks, "The Meaning of Independence", was given by a speaker from the C.E.W.C. in London. Although the speaker tended to concern himself solely with his own ideas these were sufficiently thought-provoking to encourage the lively discussion which was to be such a happily prominent feature of this meeting and future ones. The second talk, "The Trades Unions and the Labour Party", was given by the Labour candidate for Colchester, Mr. Charles Williams. As a qualified economist his talk was extremely enlightening. He dealt adequately with the structure of the Unions and the present problems concerning them, questions were answered very well and without too great a political bias. The last of the Christmas term meetings concerned the colour problem in the United States. A young American lawyer, incidentally an Olympic gold medallist, gave an extremely good talk on this vital and delicate issue. His talk was heard by the large audience it merited.

"The Defence of this Country" was the subject for the first meeting of the Easter term. Mr. Christopher Tugendhat, a leading writer for the Financial Times, gave an authoritative talk followed by ample discussion. To conclude the year's sequence we had a talk on Anglo-American relations. A record attendance of one hundred and thirty squeezed into the library; the presence of a party of girls from St. Felix was more than welcome. The talk, given by Mr. Fredesburgh from the English Speaking Union, was very revealing and carried the authoritative weight of the great experience of this man. A pleasant social afterwards rounded off both meeting and year very well.

Thanks must go to those members of staff who kindly conveyed and entertained our guests so well, and also to those devoted artists who painted all our publicity posters.

DAVID ODELL

ARTS SOCIETY NOTES

There have been two films in the last two terms, "The Seventh Seal" and "The Devil's Eye", both directed by Ingmar Bergman. Since the abandonment of fellow members, the meetings have been less successful, mainly because a number of speakers have cancelled visits at the last minute. However, last term the Arts Society sponsored the Music Circle Concert and also a music and poetry meeting.

S. CRAWFORD.

DEBATING SOCIETY 1964/65

A promising year- but not a first-class one. On the whole debates were well attended but the standard of speaking, both from front and floor, was not as high as it might have been. A good debate is one with lively discussion from the floor but this is only possible after provocative main speeches; ponderous ill- prepared recitations are not conducive to sparkling oratory from the floor.

The first debate, "Modern Youth is More Decadent than ever before", was well supported. Though the proposition, Laughton and Clark, were defeated heavily their speeches provoked good response from the floor while Howes and Dury provided strong opposition. "Socialism is Outdated" was the next debate and although the election was in the offing we had hoped that ideals and not politics would become the main issue: fortunately this was the case with Howell and Bartlett defeating Finch and Young. The floor speeches, with exceptions, were rather poor.

Masters' debates usually prove popular. "Every young person has the right to make his own mistakes" was no exception. With Mr. Thornbery and Webb proposing the motion and Mr. Cromarty, our president, and Stancliffe in opposition the main speeches were the best we were to hear. The motion was carried. The last debate of term, a balloon debate, was well attended. Robinson- Thelwell was ejected first. Sullivan-Woody Guthrie second, Fisk- Alfred E. Newman third and Hayes-Sherlock Holmes won.

To conclude the Christmas term came the annual Public Speaking Contest. Congratulations

must go to Howell for his witty, but slanderous, attack on the senior school which won him the cup. J. Sullivan was runner-up with Daye third. Jackson, as winner of the term's floor speaking contest, received his prize while J. Sullivan received the runner-up prize.

In the first debate of the Spring term the house deplored the prospect of euthanasia with J. Sullivan and Hawkins proposing and P. Sullivan and Robinson as opposition. At the next debate, "The Woman's place is in the Home". we were fortunate in having the girls of Bransom's with us. Hamilton and Boddy proposed the motion and were opposed extremely ably and confidently by two of the visitors. After some good speeches from the floor, both light-hearted and serious, the vote was evenly split and the Chairman cast his vote with the ladies. A short social followed and rounded off a very successful debate-an event to be repeated. The last debate of the year, "The public schools do not justify their existence", was not a classic example of good debate. Barta and Wing-Davey provided strong opposition to a weak proposition from Young and Daye. The motion was heavily defeated. Public speaking is very important, it is not easy but it is the duty of the senior part of the school to set a high standard in debate. This it did not do.

Finally, thanks must go to Mr. Cromarty for his unfailing assistance throughout the year and also to Larry Howes for his support from the floor-we wish him the best of luck in his debating at Cambridge.

D. ODELL.

THE PRINTING SOCIETY

The Easter term has seen the expansion of the Society, both in terms of room and printing equipment. As a result of increased activity, including the printing of the tickets and programmes for the School Operas, the Society is also on a firm financial footing.

The standard of printing has also been raised to a satisfactory level by conscientious efforts from all members, and through a training scheme for junior boys, initiated at the beginning of the Easter term, it is hoped to improve this standard further.

At the end of the term a few of the members were lucky enough to attend an auction, from which vast quantities of material were bought, and contacts made with other printing works. The Society is deeply indebted to Mr. Mackenzie, whose progressive ideas have greatly helped the Society.

R. A. PIERSON.

Y.F.C. NOTES

The activities of the Y.F.C. during the past year have been largely routine, broken only by visits to the sugar beet factory and the County Rally. We successfully sold a number of christmas trees last term, and are at present rearing three pigs on which we hope to make a profit

Little else of note occurred apart from the mysterious death of our late lamented duck, and, of course, the recent great gran'daddy of all Y.F.C. burn-ups to which the local fire-brigade were kind enough to give their attention.

We still have a large amount of ripe manure for any members of staff who would like some for their gardens this coming summer. It costs nothing and will be delivered free of charge.

A. CHAMBERLAIN

THE TRANSPORT CLUB

The 1964/65 Season has been very successful and there have been regular meetings every weekend. I have not advertised the fact before, but, for anyone interested, membership fee is 6d. per term but in the summer term it is free.

During this season we have been able to show a total of seven films to the school: three in the Christmas term, "Elizabethan Express", "Overhaul", "Shepherds Bush to Zurich"; and four in the Easter term: "Blue Pullman", "Locomotive Jubilee", "London's Bus Week", and "They take the High Road". There was a reasonable attendance at these films which was highly encouraging.

There have been many talks during these two terms: "Concorde", "London Transport", "Railways in the West of England", "The London Midland and Scottish Region", and there was an outing, during which a few members conducted a survey of the public transport services in Ipswich. This was very successful. but it would have been more enjoyable had it not been raining and bitterly cold. There has also been a Public Speaking Competition for members during this past term.

Finally, there is a vacancy for a master to help run the Transport Club. Any applicants will be taken into serious consideration.

DAVID G. P. LAUGHTON.

CAR CLUB

Few people seem to realise that the Car Club even exists, and those that do seem to think that it is some kind of "clique" which achieves very little apart from washing the odd car. This year, however, we have visited the B.R.S.C.C. racing car show in London, and a small party went into Ipswich to Howes Garage, and were given a conducted tour of the workshops, spraying plant, and show-rooms. Two very interesting trips.

Financially, the club is 'sound'. We still claim to be the only self-supporting club in the school. With the money we have bought new tools, spares, and other equipment necessary to our 'working' trade. In the coming summer we hope to visit Snetterton and perhaps a factory, and widen our servicing facilities.

R. E. SALISBURY.

Q-CLUB

Q-Club has been very well attended this term, although we have not had very many meetings because of other activities, such as the Staff play and the opera. Earlier in the year we ran an essay competition, from which Parperis emerged the winner, with Rayner and Morri runners-up.

Next term we are hoping to start a Second Form Newspaper, and arrange a barbecue. We are very grateful to Mr. Watts for giving us so much of his time.

M. BULL.

ANIMAL CLUB

Animal Club at the moment consists of 1st and 2nd formers in Hanson's. We keep animals and are putting on an exhibition at Whitsun. Later next year we hope to enlarge our club. This term we are going to try to catch some animals and study them for a week before letting them go. We would be pleased with any donations. If you wish to make a donation, please try to see either J. Bull, treasurer of our club, or Mr. Goetzee.

C. A. COLLIS

NORTH WALES '65

An activity little-known to the majority of the school is an annual Easter climbing trip to North Wales by a party from Orwell, led by Mr. Thornbery. However, this year, tradition was broken, for firstly a member of another house accompanied the trip, and secondly, it is being reported to the School.

The 1965 party, four in number, Mr. Thornbery, John Beavan, Barry Clark and myself, left London at seven o'clock on Easter Monday morning. Half-past one saw our arrival at Capel Curig, a small Welsh village, dominated by the huge granite slabs of the Snowdon Range. Almost at once climbing began, for after having established base at "Dolgain", a farmhouse with the most comfortable beds in Wales, the party left for the infant slopes of Little Tryffan. Unfortunately, the wind was blowing with such force that it made any attempt at ascent impossible. Luckily, this was the only climb which was stopped by adverse weather conditions. The second day dawned bright and clear and two climbs, The Pulpit and the North Buttress, were successfully accomplished with little mishap. The next day was as fine as the first and once again two climbs, The Home Climb and The Sub-Kneifian Ridge were completed. One particularly interesting pitch in The Home Climb was one, underground, in which the climber must slip into a crack in the ground, wriggle down to a ledge, and if he still has any wits about him, squirm under a pile of fallen rocks jammed in the crack and "chimney" up to the glorious fresh air. The third day was perhaps the most exhausting I have ever spent. Yet again two climbs were attempted, the Redstone Buttress and Brisly Ridge. The Buttress itself was a comparatively relaxing ascent, although graded difficult. Brisly Ridge, however, proved a very different matter, for it was not so much a walk as a climb. A walk can be graded into many different categories, and Brisly Ridge must be about the most arduous one could attempt. Most of it was a hard grind up steep grassy slopes to the Ridge itself, and the rest, a mixture of a scrabble up large scree and a heave up vertical rock faces. The view from the summit was more than ample reward for our efforts.

On the last day we climbed the Idwal Slabs and Lockwood's Chimney, both of which demanded much from our now considerably exhausted limbs. The Slabs were virtually sloping blocks of smooth rock with few hand-holds and even fewer "belay-ing" points, resting places to the uninitiated. The rock itself on this day was even more dangerous, owing to a heavy rainfall the night before, which made the surface more like an ice-rink than a rock-climb. Fortunately, no major mishaps befell us. Lockwood's Chimney, a huge crack up which one must wriggle, was a fitting end to a glorious week, for

here we found a new rock, some form of conglomerate, and consequently valuable experience and new techniques were found by all. Mention must be made of the breath-taking view which awaited us at the top, for it must truly be one of the most magnificent view-points in Wales.

Ask a rock-climber why he does it and you will inevitably receive the rather hackneyed answer, "because it's there". But in retrospect this is perhaps the perfect summing up of a climber's aims, for the object is simply to climb a mountain because it's there.

G. HOAD

Original Contributions

JOANNA

I took Joanna to a night-club the other night. Meg and George, Pam and Phil were there. It had been coming a long time, I knew that - they never have liked us - but what sparked it all off was Joanna absent-mindedly putting her ash into Meg's saucer. - They started with a few random shots. "I do think you might have used the ashtray, Joanna dear." - "Darling, you've scattered the ash all over the table!" - "Just look at the tablecloth." - "And my dress!" Joanna said nothing. So they opened fire with their machine guns. "I suppose it'll come out in the wash . . ." - "They probably get their tablecloths filthy dirty sometimes." - "Has anyone got a handkerchief?" - "No, but you could try blowing it off." Still Joanna did not respond. So they brought up their light artillery. "I hate people who just throw their cigarette away where they happen to be, don't you?" - "Yes, I've had some terrible holes burnt in my carpets that way. But then if one has the money to buy a new carpet or a new dress every time one has a cigarette . . ." - "Someone once ruined my best evening suit like that." Joanna kept her self-control. Finally they had to fall back on their heavy cannon. "Do you ever use ashtrays, dear?" - "No, she makes do with saucers." - "I think this must be the first time she's seen an ashtray." - "I don't suppose they have them where she comes from." That deserved a medal and a hand- shake, that really did. Of course it was too much - she got up sobbing and rushed out.

Me-I said nothing all through. And even now all I could find the miserable guts to do was to glare at the four of them in turn and stalk out. And that was that.

So the next morning I did some searching and found a bit of courage and went to see George.

He showed me in fairly civilly, I'll say that. But when I said "About last night . . ." you could just see it all turning to ice. "Yes. Sit down." It took me a minute or two to get the next sentence out. "I . . . I think you should go and apologise to Joanna." - "Oh yes." - "I think you behaved like cruel children." - "Of course." - "You treated her like a savage." - "Terrible." I thought he was a monster. Then he said something. Coldly. Icily in fact. Only it was without scorn or anger. Just a plain statement. "You and your slum girl can take your company elsewhere. We don't want you in our set. Now get out."

Of course I did.

For a time I thought of going round to see Phil's girl Pam- the more gentle female temperament, I thought, might have helped.... But she's catty at the best of times. So I decided not to make myself even more angry. I waited.

A couple of days later George was taking the others for a drive to St. Albans in his Rover. As it was Sunday, I guessed Bayswater Road would be fairly deserted. So I made friends with a small boy of about five in Hyde Park, and took him for a walk along Bayswater Road. Then they came, doing about forty. I timed it pretty well. The child went under neatly between the front and rear wheels. George thought he'd run over a cat and drove on. When I read that he'd been charged with manslaughter and the others with complicity, I went round to Joanna, told her the truth, and waited for the smile. But she burst out crying. and, slapping my face, ran out; so I left.

I felt terrible. I couldn't understand it: she had been shamefully treated and insulted openly by George, but when she heard that he was in the dock and the others with him she threw a fit. Then I got a note which she must have written straight after I left, because there were tear stains on it. I thought she had been crying for me until I read the note. "I don't want to see you, or hear about you, or think of you ever again. You are a horrible criminal. That child was perfectly innocent. Didn't you feel anything, you brute?" Yes, I had as a matter of fact. Hatred for George. But I didn't get that bit about the child.

I had done it for Joanna, but she didn't want it. So, feeling a bit pointless. I went to the police and told them.

GABRIEL BARTA, LOWER SIXTH.

PRISONER OF CONSCIENCE

The light shines through,
 And covers all,
 Its colours reflect from each
 palissade,
 And bring life to my soul,
 I look out,
 and feel
 An overwhelming desire spring forth
 But the light recedes back through
 the aperture
 And I am left to my retrospections
 As if a vision came and
 left me none the wiser.
 This could recapitulate
 The pre-eminent virtue on
 this macrocosm
 Freedom of Speech.
 Yet in this so called world
 Which is no more so than:
 The squalor that shrouds a slum
 Men with power
 Try not
 To make this world a better place
 But emulate themselves
 With their intimates
 And we go to ruin.
 SO LET US SPEAK,
 AND OVERTHROW THESE TYRANTS.
 Yet we dare not
 Or my fate may befall you.
 The world is not round
 It is a small, bleak, dank room
 Which encloses us in its influence.

C. MORRIS, SECOND FORM.

REVOLUTION IN SCHOOL

In recent months the fate of a North London comprehensive school has again brought to public notice the controversy over progressive education. As headmaster of Risinghill since 1960, Michael Duane instituted a novel attitude in a state school, based on a belief that education was not merely the soaking-up of facts by children but the perception of the pupils' abilities and interests, which were then made the keystones of tuition. This conception of the teacher-pupil relationship was drawn mainly from A. S. Neill, the first major pioneer of progressive education in Britain. But, of course, Neill's Summerhill is a private establishment and his staff is subject to him, Duane had the unenviable task of winning over his assistant staff.

Nevertheless, he was successful. To meet the objection that large schools preclude personal contact between the head and the pupils, he created six houses of about 150 children each. In class the lessons are centred on the pupils. This entails the revaluation of discipline. "It is the lazy teacher who uses the cane," said Duane, making the complementary points that perhaps the best teachers have (seemingly) utmost chaos in their classes. Thus, the pupils are seen as persons whose interests and

motives need fulfilment not extinction. Corporal punishment and public expulsion are both rejected as ultimate weapons against the child, a necessary preliminary to a mutual trust and the sharing of problems.

There is in Risinghill discrimination neither by sex nor by race. So successful has the inter-racial revolution been that this year the prefects elected as head boy and head girl a West Indian and a Creek Cypriot. Mrs. Joan Evans, the Chairman of the School Governors, put particular emphasis on this generally: "Islington has a large population of immigrants, mainly Cypriot and West Indian, and this is reflected in the composition of the school. By employing teachers of different nationalities, including Greek- and Turkish-speaking men and women, Mr. Duane has shown the children how to

live in a multi-racial society." (quoted: Anarchy 48 pp. 53/4.)

Academically, the School has also improved. "In the first year only 16 pupils entered for the G.C.E. examinations. Only five passed in any subjects. Last year 57 entered and 30 passed. In addition, for the first time, sixth-form pupils passed "A" level examinations and for the first time two won places at university" (ibid).

More important, however, is the development of the whole outlook of the pupils. This has been seen in the fall of pupils on probation from seven per cent to one per cent and in the almost non-existent number of pregnancies. But the real effect is in the growth of self-respect and the acceptance of responsibility by the children. This has been taken on freely. As Duane said, he would not be willing "to force middle-class values and attitudes on to a child whose whole background is not of that type". The result is children with a respect for education that is seldom found in "working-class" schools.

Yet Risinghill is doomed. It is not full. There is great antipathy to coeducation in the area. So the L.C.C., in extremis mortis deleted this noble experiment. Perhaps the real reason was a fear that Duane's philosophy was too successful. After all, what he was saying, in short, was: you are people, and education (or politics or religion or whatever) exists to serve you. A not-too-subtle deduction from this would be the redundancy of government in the form that forces systems on its subjects. But Risinghill, or a similar school, ought to be kept as an experiment. For the present spate of school building and the extension of the comprehensive system demands, as the Newsom Report recommended, such a start in educational re-thinking.

DAVID POOLMAN (OW).

PROGRESS

I step from the shore of the scurrying pavement
And wade as a victim through the grey-channelled sea,
Avoiding these ogres that flesh and blood churn
And hound shark-like, dangerous at every fell turn.
I squirm like an eel and twisting I swim,
Swim to my island so lonely and bleak,
Imminent death pervades with grim chill,
In the sea of illusion 'round the grey upstart hill.
So small and so bleak, bathed in green light,
Amid all the roar. I shelter by night.
Huddled, afraid, raped by rejection,
I keep my eyes fixed, afraid of ejection.
glance 'cross the ocean sea people fast hurrying.
Striving to find my haven so sparse.
If only they know its utter dejection,
They'd never seek its frightful subjection.
wait and hope for the rescue I crave,
Watching the water and turn of the tide.
The slow changing lights taunt like cheap tarts
And I lean 'gainst a lamp tree and scream in my heart.
I look overjoyed at the surging of people
And my light turns from green to welcoming amber.
I leap to my feet and happily tread
Safe from my island as light turns to red.

HUGH A. HAWKINS, LOWER SIXTH.

THE TERROR OF IT

Marlene and John were running. Running to safety. Running away from danger. Suddenly they came to a ravine, about 30 yards wide, with a rope stretching across. This rope was the link between life and death. Behind them were the bloodthirsty Arabs, and they were catching up quickly. John made a quick decision and then motioned Marlene to follow him. Then he jumped onto the rope and began to swing across. Marlene followed.

Suddenly there was a tearing sound. John looked back and saw the Arabs viciously hacking at the thick rope. Sweat began to pour off his face, they had about 25 feet to go now and at this point it didn't look as if they were going to reach the other side.

"Hold on!" yelled John.

At that moment the rope broke and the two fugitives were swinging towards the cliff face. Nearer and nearer, faster and faster. John threw his legs forward and braced himself as they both

collided hard against the cliff.

A sharp scream pierced John's ears and he looked down only to see Marlene failing, falling onto the jagged rocks below. He turned his face away from the bloody end of his girl friend and thought of his own peril.

Looking back at his pursuers he saw that one of them had brought up an old musket. Sweat was now pouring madly off his face. That Arab had one shot, surely he can't miss. John began to climb up the rope. Fifteen yards from the top he heard a shot and immediately felt a stabbing pain in his back where blood was seeping out. He kept climbing, heedless of his injury, until his hand reached the top, then with a sigh of relief he pulled himself over the top and fainted.

People came running up to him and John picked himself up. "Well done," said Marlene, kissing him.

"Cut," shouted the producer to his cameramen. "I don't know why but you always seem nervous before a stunt act, John."

N. BALDWIN, THIRD FORM.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CRIMINAL BEGGAR

Nel Crown staggered into the street, putting a very pronounced limp on his right leg and definitely doing his best to stagger along like an old navvy who is beyond his time and absolutely helpless.

Nel had staggered into the street life like this for five years, since he had been sacked for neglecting his job in a car factory.

Now he was reduced to a mere beggar sitting in the streets and doing his best to act his part. Yet it was surprising how much he made each day. Nel was quite good at acting—he had dabbled in it with one of London's many theatrical companies, and he could sit looking so absolutely forlorn, and pitiful, that passers-by just could not resist donating a shower of copper and sometimes silver to the 'poor lame man'.

Every morning he limped towards the market place and took up his position, on an ancient tin which he kept there. He would lay his aged hat on the cobbles and put on a woeful face. After about two hours he usually had about five or six shillings, and he would tip the assortment of copper and silver into his tin (whenever he did this he retired to a safe place so that no one could see his secret hoard).

By dinner-time the tin was about half-full, and he'd go to the cheapest café and buy chips and sausages and a drink of weak tea. If he was feeling rich he'd buy curried rice and lemon tea (this was extremely rare). After the meal he was usually left with about 14s.

For the rest of the afternoon. Nel would hang around in parks, and at the entrances to fashionable society resorts, such as theatres and cinemas.

Of course, he kept an alert eye out for patrolling police, and, of course, for the suspicious characters who would jump at any signs of money. Nel always managed to avoid the latter as he did not look exactly rich.

In the evening he would retrace his way to the hovel where he dwelt with a couple of fairly shady characters.

Nel was always back by any time between 6 and 8 o'clock. When he was back, he would take a short bread and butter tea, and then think back to the old times when he was in the money, and optimistically maybe, forward to new times with promises of a better life, and a good, well paid job. He would think about his money, too. (Nel now had about £500, quite a lot from the results of minor robberies, on households, round the town.) Next year, he would leave the dishonest life of a criminal, and move into flats and a job.

Eventually, when the bells chimed out 11 o'clock he retired to rest in preparation for the next day.

I. REDWAY, FIRST FORM.

SHORT STORY

As the last flush of pink faded in the western sky, heralding a slight chilly breath over the countryside, he laid down his pen with an air of finality. A small grunt and a barely audible sigh were the only indications of life as he sat, immovable, leaning over the rough table.

At last, with a small exclamation, he raised himself and went over to the door, by which lay a faded towel, rolled untidily into a bundle. He stooped quickly, taking the bundle, and pushed open the door which squeaked loudly in harsh protest.

He did not shut the door, but walked on down the earthen path, his eyes never leaving the ground, his hands deep in his pockets, the bundle tucked away under a jerseyed arm. He passed through a gap in the wire fence. where an old gate-post stood rotting away. As he passed it, he took a

lump of the rotting wood away in his broad hand, crumbling it thoughtfully as he walked. His walk was more of a strolling gait than anything else. His shoulders were large, and possessed the characteristic slope of one who has laboured long hours over a desk.

His clothes were shabby: the green pullover hung about him loosely, the arms too long, the middle too loose. His trousers were too large and creased, his shoes salt-stained canvas.

His face fitted the picture-and yet did not quite. The clear blue eyes shone unblinkingly from beneath the bushy black eye- brows. The skin was leathery and tanned, the beard thick and black, making his even teeth yet whiter as he chewed his lower lip.

He stumbled once or twice on the many small stones strewn over the lonely little path, which wound its way forlornly over the impassive countryside.

He listened only to the wind, moaning softly through the swaying branches of the trees, tall and black against the darkening sky.

"He stood and stands alone,
The crag of self-sufficiency
Is his, the essence and the light."

Only these thoughts, tumbling over each other like impatient Waves trying to break on the beach, occupied his mind. Only these thoughts! They filled him, possessed him, drove him on towards the tiny haven he had once found, long ago.

Suddenly, he was there. Round the sharp curve. and into the sight of the small beach, nestling in the shelter of two large hills to windward.

He broke into a run, pulling impatiently at his clothes. He paused only to pull off the canvas shoes, and stand, the pile of clothes at his feet, feeling the cool breeze caress his naked body.

Then, slowly, just as the last rays of light faded, he entered the sea, deaf to the crashing of the surf, filling himself with the soft moonlight playing gently on the restless water.

He sank lower, until his head only was visible, and swam gently away towards the opposite shore, small ripples spreading out behind him as he moved forward.

He swam thus for some time, then turned on his back, and looked up into the black nothing of the night sky. Then the moon broke through again, and once more the water was alive and moving, lapping gently around his ears, rocking his still body gently side to side. His eyes remained fixed on the moon, watching the wisps of cloud drift agelessly across its face.

Soon complete relaxation was his. and he felt himself being gently wooed into something like oblivious sleep. Then there was no sound, only the rocking of his body, and even that seemed to slow down, and finally cease completely, until he was just- suspended in a timeless sphere. The wind seemed louder now, but came in waves of sound, which gradually faded away into oblivion.

Then there was nothing, but it was not an absence of some- thing., it was a full realisation. To wake after this would make a mockery of cruelty.

So, as the night faded into day, so did he, never once moving. The mists of morning still swirled over the surface of the lake, when from the opposite shore a child, playing in a garden, shouted to his mother that he had seen an animal on the other shore.

His mother came, and saw it was clothes.

Soon, as morning grew on, and the mists faded, a small group of gaping people gathered round the lifeless huddle of clothes. They all knew whose they were. The characteristic green pullover, the baggy trousers. There could be no mistake.

"He should never have gone in at night," said the policeman, shaking his head.

"Rather him than any other," said someone. The rest nodded their heads in assent.

"Yeah, he was a queer un.

"He never did itothin' for nobody."

He never did nothin' for nobody.

B. MITTON, FIFTH FORM.

AN UNDERGROUND STATION

People smoking. People eating. People sleeping. People talking. People reading. People sitting. All kinds of people all packed together on the platform. A big group of people chattering by the edge, along comes a train and in everybody rushes. You're hustled and hustled from each side of the train. You find there aren't any more seats, never mind. You'll have to stand. You try to read a newspaper but you just can't keep it still. You're glad when at last the train stops at your destination, for away from the smells, the talking, you go. The doors begin to open with a hiss and a judder. Out you step, onto the platform, up the stairs you climb and return once again to the outside world.

G. SYRETT, FIRST FORM.

IRISH LABOURER'S LAMENT

Dedicated to T. O'Halloran

In London's big city
 Where wages are pretty
 And the building trade's booming and raring to go:
 Like a foolish young spaleen
 I worked for MacAlpine
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 I thought I could suffer
 All England could offer
 When I tore up my roots from the soil of Mayo,
 But I really went barmy
 In Sir Robert's Eighth Army
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 If you've seen in the movies
 How the Israelite captives
 Slaved at pyramids and temples for Egypt's Pharaoh,
 Then you've some intimations
 Of our operations
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 All London we overran
 Like the wild hordes of Genghis Khan
 Or sometimes Napoleon's retreat from Moscow,
 Swanned round each new skyscraper,
 Like the midgets round Gulliver
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 We crisscrossed St. Pancras
 With ditches like Flanders
 And shifted High Holborn halfway to Soho;
 We decambered Camberwell
 And face lifted Clerkenwell
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 In Dalston a spell we had,
 We left it like Stalingrad,
 Then we moved out to Stepney to put on a show,
 What we did there was finer
 Than the Great Wall of China
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 Like a baboon in Chessington,
 I've climbed all kinds of scaffolding
 I've worn frogman's gear in the borough of Bow;
 I've been hoisted on cranes
 And dragged up and down drains
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 With mole, ant, and spider tricks,
 Rarefied acrobatics,
 Sure I wasn't Mike Murphy but Mike Angelo;
 I did all but set foot in Rome
 To out soar St. Peter's Dome
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 The winters were cruel,
 Even strong oatmeal gruel
 Couldn't stave off Siberia from Southampton Row;
 In duffle and parka-
 You'd think 'twas Alaska
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 In summer we'd sweat
 Till our vests were soaked wet
 And we wished it was right back to forty below;
 As we worked hot macadam

Like lascars in Aden
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 Overtime, Rowton Housing,
 Hard graft, harder boozing,
 Loud drills and cement-dust with never a blow;
 Lots of Paddies and Micks,
 Excavators and picks
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 The mixer kept turning
 And my insides kept churning
 With wallop and wads and wild Woodbines and so
 In the Islington region
 I lost name, rank, religion
 With hods. concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 Refused absolution
 For alcoholic confusion,
 Turned away from the church with episcopal blow.
 Then excommunication
 For excess fornication
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 Of rackets I've had my fill
 Since I took the pneumatic drill,
 Cement and my destiny are linked now, I know;
 I relinquished my Bill of Rights
 When I first saw those building sites
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.
 (Though I don't mind admitting
 I enjoy demolition,
 I love watching it swaying and tottering to go,
 Then the great roar it raises
 Like thundering Jasus
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.)
 So be wise like the Limeys
 And other Cor-Blimeys
 Never work for Sir Robert MacAlpine and Co.
 For he's far worse than Wimpy
 He'll drive you to Scrumpy
 With hods, concrete-mixers, alive, alive Oh.

S. PARPERIS, SECOND FORM.

"O.K. YOU LOT, RAP IN!"

"Good night, Florriebunder."

"Good night, sir," comes the gruff reply from the dark recesses of the Hon. J. Morri's bed. As soon as the lights are turned out and the door closes, the dormitory erupts into a chaos of flying slippers and pillows. This is the beginning of a typical night in the junior dormitory. Orwell House, Woolverstone Hall.

"Who wants to hear a short horror story?" asks a poor book-worm wishing to share his knowledge of how to change a man into a wolf.

"What's it called, 'Noddy'?" General cackle. The same poor creature again asks:

"No, seriously, who wants to hear a story?"

A series of animal-like cries fill the room in answer. The said book-worm rummages in his drawer for book and torch. Onto this torch is attached a number of wires which make up the "Anti-Beavan" gadget. When the door opens it breaks an electrical circuit which turns the torch off.

At this point if one does not wish to listen to the story, one generally relapses into a state of coma. only hearing snatches of the, er, "blood chilling" story. Sometimes you will hear a certain phrase. and thinking of a witty comment you exclaim it to your fellows. The reaction to this is a slipper in your eye and a chorus of interjections not suitable for your innocent little ears.

Then, just as the reader gets to the climax, the door bursts open and the bespectacled countenance of our celebrated house prefect appears from behind it.

"O.K., you lot, rap in!" comes the curt order.

"If I hear another word from you rabble I'll have your lights out early for a week."

He is just about to go when he hears the racket the other half of the dormitory is making and stomps through to deal with them.

"Hey, what are you doing out of bed?"

"Me?" comes the surprised reply from an angelic little figure holding a pillow.

"Yes, you, go and see Mr. Thornbery!"

Silence reigns throughout the dorm. as prefect and prisoner go out. As soon as the door shuts a buzz of conversation starts up. A few minutes later the "deceased" comes back.

"How many did he give you?"

"Did it hurt?"

Comments like this are asked for a few minutes and then the dorm relapses into silence. One is then left to one's dreams thinking about what tomorrow has in store for one. Lessons.

I. F. TURNER, SECOND FORM.

THE FIRST TIME

My fingers, numb with cold, slowly turned the door handle. I pushed it open and stepped nervously over the threshold into pitch black. Now! I said to myself, go back, before it's too late! But a small voice inside me said, "Go on, where's your courage?" With these contradictions buzzing through my mind, I walked steadily, yet timidly, along.

Just as I was about to congratulate myself on being so fear- less, my hand hit something cold, clammy and metallic. Shirking back in absolute terror, I tripped over what seemed to be a rung and went flat on my back. I lay there for what seemed like hours. I must go on, I must go on! I kept saying to myself.

Reluctantly I picked myself up from the hard boards and carried on. Every second I expected to feel again the utter horror of that clammy metal, to be tripped up. But no, I was lucky. I saw ahead of me a light and forged forward to it. Groping in the darkness, I found the doorhandle, turned it and pushed and was bathed in a pool of light. Pressing myself against a wall. I gave out a huge sigh of relief. Thank goodness! I had completed my first dormitory duty!

P. B. RAYNER, SECOND FORM.

THE MEETING

It was dark-almost like night-although the time was only four in the afternoon. The thick black clouds hung heavily overhead, and, as the youth glanced skyward, he began to wonder if she would come after all. The arrangement had been, "Turn up whatever the weather", and so he decided to wait.

As his gaze travelled toward those formidable black clouds which seemed to be imprisoning him, so close were they, his mind went back to a similar day, on the same street corner, eight years ago. He saw the cloud break, the sudden torrentious downpour; he saw the crowds of people all trying frantically to reach shelter, he saw a boy and a girl, both just thirteen, being almost literally thrown together by the sudden rush. As they waited patiently for the rain to ease up a little, they fell into conversation, which led to the discovery that they lived in the same street. This in turn prompted further meetings, which at first were little more than a joke, but which eventually caused them to have a really deep feeling for each other, though neither knew it.

It was not until one night three years later, by which time the meetings had become regular and almost automatic, that there occurred something which brought their love to light: He was waiting at the usual place, at the usual time, and was surprised when she did not come round the corner, and even more surprised when, fifteen minutes later, there was still no sign of her. It was a fine, clear day, and he could think of no reason for her absence. After a few moments' hesitation, he made up his mind to go to her house and find out what was wrong.

He was let in by a sour maid, who informed him that she was "sulking in her room like an infant", and led the way there. "That's where she is!" said the maid, "and if you can get her to see sense I'll be much obliged to you, I'm sure!"

His knock was answered by a choked "come in", and when he did it was to see a small room which was terribly untidy in comparison with the rest of the house, which was, as far as he had seen, all neat and tidy. There was a bed in one corner, and the girl was sitting on it, head in hands, sobbing gently.

"Hallo," she said through her tears. "I didn't want to tell you, but now I suppose I must. It will cheer me up to get it off my chest, anyway."

He had a vague feeling that she had heard all that the maid had said outside the door, and replied: "Tell me what? What's wrong? I don't know what you're talking about!"

"No, I don't suppose you do," she said more brightly. "It's just that my father's going to Australia on business for a few years, and he wants to take the family with him. and I'm being silly about it like the fool I am, when it isn't all that bad really."

He could tell by the way she said it that the last part of this was not true, and that she was trying to seem indifferent to please him. "But how wonderful," he said, though he felt the opposite. "The climate is much better than stuffy old England, and I'm sure you'll enjoy life there much more than you would here. Though I can't help feeling that I'll miss you. I say!" he added on a sudden inspiration. "Let's go out on a really big spree, and make the most of the time we still have together." This they did, and, returning at ten past eleven at night, moneyless and thoroughly happy, she told him that she would be leaving in two days' time, and he promised to be at the airport to see her off.

He remembered the fond farewell, her waving to him from the top of the steps, the aeroplane bearing her off to a "new life" in Australia . . .

A clap of thunder interrupted his thoughts, and he looked at his watch as he raced to the canopy under which he had met her. She was not late yet, but he pulled out the crumpled letter which she had written to him to tell him of her return, and to ask him to meet her there.

Then he heard footsteps-familiar footsteps. He heaved a sigh of relief and held out his arms to embrace her.

"Hallo," she said. "This is my husband, Michael."

C. J. FERRIS, THIRD FORM.

WHERE FROM SPACE?

Alexei Leonov is a man who will be remembered. His "swim" in space from the Russian Sunrise 2 made us talk. Incredibly for the English, more so than did the snow which fell on the official first day of spring! It certainly makes one wonder in what way, how quickly, and to what end science is leading us.

The way in the past could be understood. A hairy, dirty, smelly, paleolithic type finding great delight in bashing in his mate's head with a stone, discovers one use for stone! It was simple, anyone could do it., it was a directive. They all picked up stones., they all made use of them. Today all the simple things have been done. The advances are made by others to make us move quicker at doing less. Take, for example, the car: made for us to get home as early as possible-so that we can watch "Blue Peter"? Surely, that's not the idea. An advance that steps up the pace and length of life, but takes away its richness and fullness, is like the bird that flies around and around in ever decreasing circles until it disappears . . . Such a one is a recession to living. Not the opening of new visual delights, nor the bringing together of people ,continents apart, for they were done first years ago. Instead the technocrats squeeze things up and break them down to the smallest possible part, to find there are tinier things. So off they go again. Picture them in the sunshine, surrounded by beauty-Yet what attracts them, but a dank, dark cave. The further in they go, the smaller and darker is the cave. The more infinite the different ways.

This is atomizing. Not what the space-fiction heroes do. It is the grandeur of the rattling penny-farthing, ridden by the frock- coated, top-hatted, diminished to the characterless, small-wheeled bicycle, popular tomorrow with the bowler-hatted types. The proud polish of the walnut and mahogany "steam" radio cast away for the plastic polish of the transistor loudly sulking in someone's pocket. We were told blood gives us our life, Now they say the answer to life is D.N.A. Well, that was yesterday: today it's R.N.A. Two miniscule, biological structures which have so many complex parts that in order to study them man-sized models have to be made. Molecules within molecules. Atoms within atoms.

Moreover, this atomising is carried on at a tremendous speed, the rate of which increases as more complications arise. The period of time it took from the first propellered-aeroplane flight to the first jet-aeroplane flight was something like forty years. In a quarter of the time there was rocket flight; and from Major Gagarin to Colonel Leonov-half that time again. A man of 70 today did, at 20, have great pleasure in scratching his back on a backscratcher at the road side. In fifty years time a 70-year-old won't have a road side along which to walk. And he will be too busy doing nothing to have time to scratch his back.

Aldous Huxley's philosophy in his "Brave New World" may not equal Solomon's, but test-tube babies will certainly be scientifically possible. Politically it will be very practical. And, based on Man's apathetic standards, universally acceptable. However, pop songs also have their philosophy, and from one is the most fitting end: "The world is just the same, you'll never change it."

V. J. GILBERT (O.W.).

SWINGING

Should it chance that a man deprive his fellow-being of the pleasures and pains of life (be it by asphyxiation, fire-arm, sharpened [-blunt if no other be available] instrument or bare-hands men, by the application of their extensive moral codes, deem it fit that the active of the two parties shall either be cast in prison for the remaining (or most of the remaining) years of his life, or, according to the wise decision of the most learned gentlemen of the court, the "passive" of the two parties be avenged and his oppressor (assaulter, indignant cuckold or psychopath) be hanged by his neck until (completely) dead, and that God shall be called upon to grant forgiveness on the wretched man's soul (if he dare possess such a holy attribute, for it would require a callous (and therefore soulless) man to take, nay, even contemplate taking, the life of his contemporary-one of God's own sons (I exclude daughters for who would take their lives except in decent foul play?); for murder is wicked, violent, anti-social deed - not recommended in the Ten Commandments, or even condoned by commercial television.

The murderer deprived of liberty.
 He receives no sympathy.
 The press report,
 The press distort.
 The public gloats.
 They need scapegoats.
 Good material for the Sunday papers-
 Football, misfits, maniacs, rapers.
 "He sees no light!"
 "We'll hang him dead!"
 "It serves him right!"
 -That's what they said.
 "No, that's what they say!"
 "You mean victimisation still exists today?"
 "Yes, in clouds of vapour
 (from the Sunday paper)
 It rises, spreads and infects-
 Overpowers the intellect.")

It is not pessimistic to deduce (from reliable sources, of course) that the number of murders committed nowadays, in a given time, greatly exceeds murders committed in the same given time (and place or area) several years ago and furthermore one could hardly be labelled pessimistic were one also to deduce that the alarming increase in this violent pastime is not altogether (or even the minutest part) attributable to the (equally alarming, the Oxfam representative might add) rise in population and furthermore if one were only even slightly perspicacious (and educated) one might tentatively draw the conclusion-on considering the two previous deductions-that some other factor (unknown hitherto but to be determined by careful logic) is at work in producing this undesirable increase.

Prisoner listening for his fate.
 Shall he be sent, or must he wait?
 The sentence.
 Now he faces death.
 In his cell pervading sorrow
 Of all the men who were hanged tomorrow,
 Of those, spared the blank years
 Of prison and more bitter tears.
 But didn't you know hanging is banned?
 We've put in your hour-glass plenty of sand.
 You spend your life in a solitary cell,
 But never you mind, we only wished well.

IAN McEWAN, LOWER SIXTH