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THE MAGAZINE OF
QUEEN'S SCHOOL
RHEINDAHLEN HEADQUARTERS
VOLUME 5 NUMBER 2 FEB. 1970

QUEEN'S COURIER

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General Editor: Mr. S. A. Balding

*The Editor would like to thank Mr. Gilbert and the pupils of the
Commerce Department for their invaluable help
in the preparation of the text.*

Editorial

"Pity the poor Prefects" — this cry, not calculated to evoke a warm and sympathetic response from the majority of the Third and Fourth Formers, has a certain justification behind it, for our Prefects have the probably unique distinction of occupying one of the oddest common-rooms in school history. When in 1963 the size of Queen's increased to over 1100 pupils (it has since dropped to 770) we somehow commandeered as extra classrooms four Royal Air Force trailers which had been written off by the Service, being no longer needed for carting flying-clothing or whatever their purpose may have been. After a while, three of these were released from their inadequately-performed role and reverted to storeplaces. The fourth, however, became the Prefects Trailer, now quite a famous landmark in the Upper School. It is probably the coldest, draughtiest and wettest habitation in Rheindahlen. It has been visited by Ambassadors, Commanders-in-Chief and other distinguished school guests. However much goes into acquiring better second-hand furniture and carpets, into decorating the walls with warm and gay cartoons and caricatures, the fact remains that the rain and snow come dripping through the roof, the draught whistles through the chinks in the windows and the doors often fail to open or shut properly.

Every now and then, there arrive in the school glossy brochures setting out the latest thoughts on Sixth-Form Centres, complete with studies, a coffee-bar, changing-rooms etc. Out of a sense of kindness, these brochures are quietly smuggled out of the way, before they might fall into the wrong hands and spark off a mutiny.

There is, on the other hand, a growing school of thought which holds that our young people to-day are too feather-bedded, that their characters are no longer braced by the rigours of discomfort such as their predecessors endured in the days of National Service. If there is any merit in this point of view, our Prefects, to whom the school owes a great deal (certain more junior members dissenting) may perhaps derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that the extremes on which they suffer in their rickety old home are in fact a hidden benefit on which they will look back with due appreciation in the future — we hope. In fact, who knows, the pendulum may swing right back and we shall find ourselves in the vanguard of modern educational planning. Meanwhile, on with the coat and muffler and get out the umbrella in case the rain drips on the English essay.

Stop Press

At the time of going to press, we have just been informed that, through the good offices of the Commander Rhine Area, Brigadier P. E. Crook, C. B. E., D. S. O., M. A., we are to receive an additional trailer, possibly by mid-January. Our grateful thanks to him and his staff.

STAFF NOTES

In January, 1969, we welcomed Miss S. Wright who joined the staff as Senior Mistress. She had previously served in Service schools overseas for several years and is a widely travelled and experienced person. Her most recent appointment before joining Queen's School was as Senior Mistress of the R.A.F. Changi Grammar School at Singapore. After a term during which the post of Senior Mistress had been vacant we were very glad to have her with us.

In April, 1969, Miss Bancroft, Head of the Domestic Science Department, left to get married. Now Mrs. Van Dijk, she is living at Admiral Trompstraat 105, Zwijndrecht, Holland. She and her husband, who have come back to visit us from time to time, have said that visitors from Queen's School will always be welcome to go and see them in Holland. Her place as Head of the Department was taken by Miss E. M. Merritt, and Miss J. Bott joined the Department at the beginning of the Summer Term.

At the end of the Summer Term Mr. G. G. Gibbens, M. A., the Deputy Head, left to take over the Headship of the Kells School, Whitehaven. He came to us after several years as Head of the English Department at Prince Rupert School and spent three years with us, during which his careful attention to the day-to-day routine of the school and thoughtful planning of the variety of courses which the school hoped to offer were of great value. After three years he decided that for family reasons it was time for him to return to the U. K. and we were delighted that he obtained the appointment of Headmaster of his new school during his last term. Our grateful thanks and all good wishes go to him and his wife and family.

Mr. G. Wainwright, L.R.A.M. Head of the Music Department since 1959, retired in August, 1969. His retirement unfortunately coincided with a somewhat severe illness which kept him in the R.A.F. Hospital, Wegberg, for the whole of August and part of September. However, by the end of September he was able to return to England and subsequently has not only made a complete recovery, but has obtained the post of Head of the Music Department at the Mount

Grace School, Potters Bar. All who have been connected with Queen's School in any way during George Wainwright's time will remember him as a warm-hearted and cheerful person whose ability to bring a choir up to concert pitch just at the right moment was never-failing. The Carol Service and the performances of major works under his direction became features not only of the life of Queen's School but of Rheindahlen Garrison and an even wider area. His "unflappable" bearing and his search for perfection produced very good results from inexperienced choirs who gained confidence from his presence. To him and his wife and family go our warmest thoughts and best wishes for the future.

Also at the end of the Summer Term Mr. Clive Lodge, B. A. left us to take up an appointment at a College of Further Education in Bristol. During his six years at Queen's School Mr. Lodge made an effective contribution in many directions in his quiet way. Not only was he an excellent teacher of History but he acted as Housemaster of Gloucester House, took charge of the first XV and generally played a full part in all that was going on. Recent news of him is that he is thoroughly enjoying his present post, finding the work challenging and worthwhile.

Mr. David Eastman, who left us in July, had been on the staff for six years, during which he married Miss Jean Morrison, who at that time was Senior Mistress of the Lower School. David Eastman took charge of those pupils who needed special attention in various ways and at all times achieved splendid progress with them through his sympathy and understanding. All of us here owe much to Mr. and Mrs. Eastman, but certain former pupils of the school who came directly under his teaching must now realise how much they owe to him for his patience and concern.

For four years Mr. Ernie Bell was Bursar of Queen's School. When he left us in July he had served the school with great integrity and devotion to duty, in a job which is never easy. He is now working in Northern Ireland, no doubt in a more straightforward Civil Service post than a Bursarship, and his son David who was in the Sixth Form for two years is now applying for a university place.

To all the above we extend our sincere thanks and very best wishes for the future.

In September of this school year Mr. G. Thomas, B. Sc. joined us as Deputy Head, coming from King's School, Gütersloh, where he had been Head of the Science Department. We welcome him and his family most warmly. The Bursar's post has been taken over by Mr. H. Pullan, and Mrs. M. Behan and Mr. N. Lane have also joined us. To all of them we extend our greetings and hope that the mysteries of Queen's School are not proving too elusive by now.

At the end of the Christmas Term Mr. D. J. N. Nicholls, Mr. D. Walker, Mr. F. Macklin and Miss I. Greig have left us. Miss Greig, now married to a German, is living in the neighbourhood. Mr. D. J. N. Nicholls, who for nearly nine years has taken charge so efficiently of the P. E. Department, is moving to Harrow Junior College to take charge of an equivalent Department there. The value of his contribution to the school can be measured in many ways, not only by the success of the teams under his coaching, but by the general standard of all-round performance. His masterly control of such complicated arrangements as the Inter-Schools Athletics and Swimming Championships is something which will not be forgotten. He and his wife and family will be much missed not only in the school but in the Garrison. His place as Head of Department has been taken by Mr. T. G. Baker, for so many years his running-mate. This is a most welcome appointment.

Mr. David Walker, for over six years a stalwart of the Lower School staff, has accepted an appointment at a school in Norfolk. He always gave much to the school in many ways and will be hard to replace. He and his wife, also teaching in B. F. E. S., will be very much missed. Mr. F. C. Macklin, who has now taken up the appointment of Head of the Modern Languages Department at a growing comprehensive school in Lerwick, spent three years with us, during which he made his mark as a teacher of French and Spanish, as a Housemaster and as a most companionable colleague. To all the above, we extend our sincere thanks and our best wishes for the future.

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day took place on July 4th, the Guests of Honour being H. E. the Ambassador and Lady Jackling. In the Upper School, a variety of exhibitions and displays were on view and our principal visitors made an extensive tour before having lunch in the Upper School Hall. After lunch, the school assembled in the Garrison Theatre for the speeches and distribution of prizes. The Chief of Staff, Major General T. N. S. Wheeler, CB, CBE, taking the chair and introducing the Ambassador, set the tone of the afternoon in his usual delightful and easy way. He then called on the Headmaster to make his annual report on the school year, after which he asked Lady Jackling to present the prizes and cups to the various individuals and team winners, which she did most graciously and warmly. The Ambassador then addressed the school. His speech is printed after this report.

At the conclusion of the ceremony in the Garrison Theatre guests, staff and pupils returned to the Upper School for tea which was taken

out-of-doors in perfect weather. Once again, Speech Day was a happy and successful occasion, one of which the school could again be proud.

Speech Day Address by Sir Roger Jackling, KCMG

Her Majesty's Ambassador to the Federal Republic

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, my wife and I are very pleased to have been able to join you for your Speech Day and to have enjoyed your most generous hospitality.

We have heard and seen today impressive examples of the excellent work and progress of Queen's School. Much has been achieved in many different spheres of activity over the last twelve months. Headmaster, you have already told us of all this in your admirable report. But may I say how impressed my wife and I have been during our visit here today about all you do and how well you do it. I congratulate you all, not only those who have been fortunate enough to receive prizes, but also all those whose efforts, while being unmarked by the presentation of a prize, have nevertheless contributed to the total achievements of the school. Effort after all never goes unrewarded, even if it may not always bring the outward trappings of success. By concentration of effort, whether in the classroom or outside, you can so often surprise yourself and prove to yourself that you have it in you to achieve what you may have thought beyond you. So I respectfully salute all of you — all I am sure are 'triers' in one sphere or another and if you know you have given of your best you can be well satisfied whether you have borne away a prize or not. My memories of school speech days are of occasions when we as school-boys were exhorted to standards of effort and conduct which the speaker believed appropriate to an emerging generation. On the whole, emerging generations in our confused modern world can hardly be blamed if they hesitate to accept on trust the moralisings of their seniors. Indeed, you should always be careful not to take what is said to you without reflection. Nor is it always wise to take appearances for granted.

Once there was a Customs official who during the course of his duty came across a man who for many years cycled across the border with a bag of sand on his bike. After initial enquiries and sporadic investigations the Customs official was satisfied that the man was really only carrying sand in his bag, and that this was no disguise for smuggling diamonds. It was only years later, when the Customs official had retired, that the two met again and the former Customs official was informed that the other man had all the time been exporting bicycles.

Moralising apart, I do wish to put it to you that you are standing on the threshold of opportunity, not only for yourselves but for the

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Moralising apart, I do wish to put it to you that you are standing on the threshold of opportunity, not only for yourselves but for the

society of which you are a part, and this opportunity in Queen's School, here in Rheindahlen, is all the greater because you are attending a school in a land other than your own. Many of today's problems come from man's failure to adjust his own institutions, his habits of thought and his political skill to the pace of technological advance. I would match this truism, for which I apologise, with a second: that we are too often, in our thinking about political development, the prisoners of the past and of old prejudices. W. S. Gilbert in an earlier generation said that every boy and every girl born to this world alive is either a little liberal or a little conservative. His labels today might be different but it remains true that the concepts of one's parents' generation are invariably a strong influence on one's own thinking; sound enough in many ways in that this can promise the continuity of traditions of great value. But there is the risk that some of these attitudes can be outmoded by modern circumstances, and therefore be a brake on that evolution which is the secret of progress.

We are fortunate that the British tradition of parliamentary democracy has permitted the evolution of our society from the enlightened oligarchy of the 18th century to the point at which we enjoy universal franchise without having suffered the trauma of civil war, revolution, or dictatorship during the last 300 years of our history. Indeed the vote will soon be delivered with 'A' level results! We can claim to be members of a stable and tolerant society which has throughout its history in modern times been able to recognise and implement the need for reform of that society without disturbance of its political structure. For this we can be grateful. But we have to ask ourselves whether we have adjusted sufficiently rapidly to a changing world scene.

You who have enjoyed the advantage of Queen's School, with the opportunity that is given you of seeing something of the life and people of another land, can play, each of you, a valuable part in charting our future course. You are coming to maturity in a world in which day by day the inter-dependence of nations becomes more and more obvious. Your presence here in Rheindahlen is itself evidence of this. This is a school to serve the children of parents who play their part in the operation of a joint headquarters of the greatest alliance which has ever existed in times of peace. It is a defensive alliance born 20 years ago of a threat to the whole structure of western society as we know it, a society based on a tradition of freedom of the individual, and of the concepts of the fathers of philosophy living in the Greek nation states of more than 2,000 years ago. Under the shield of that alliance the recovery of Europe from the trough of despond in which it lay after the last war has been spectacular. Now our concern is increasingly with social questions. But the effort to create a society with a fuller opportunity for self-expression must not blind our eyes

to the need to preserve that shield behind which we can seek better answers to our internal problems. A defensive system, if it is to maintain its credibility, needs always to be kept up to date. A system which has become obsolescent can be dangerous not only because of its own deficiencies but because of the false security which it can induce. The Maginot Line is the classic example. But if the technique of defence in our alliance requires continual refurbishing, constant attention must also be given to the political structure. The initial purpose of the Atlantic Alliance of providing a shield behind which Europe could recover economic health and viability has been achieved. But we are all of us aware that unless we can move on to achieve a true unity in Europe, we may find it very difficult even to hold the gains we already have. I have spoken of the inter-dependence of all countries in a modern world. The events of the last 20 years have driven home to us how true that is in Europe itself. The very growth of inter-European trade which has been one of the most remarkable developments of this last decade has underlined this reality.

Ten years or so ago nearly half our trade in England was done with the world outside Western Europe and little more than a quarter across the Channel or the North Sea. Today the position is on its way to being reversed and over 40% of our trade is with Western Europe. But it is not, of course, only a question of trade. Here again, the presence of the British Army of the Rhine and of the Royal Air Force, Germany, here on Continental soil is evidence enough of the fact that the security of our own island is bound up with the security of our neighbours on the Continent. It is, therefore, vital for us that Europe play its proper part in the world and be the influence which in terms of population, of skills, of culture and of history it demands. The nations of Europe must, therefore, find means to speak with a common voice and with all the influence to which Europe's strength entitles it. This is why our country has applied to enter the European Economic Community. I believe that in this way we will construct a partnership with our friends and neighbours in Europe which will give a new impetus and strength to the whole process of European unity and to the consolidation of the purposes and aspirations of our respective countries.

To this process, I believe our own political experience and spirit, our readiness to accept compromise on the road to progress, can be of great value, but we must be ready to accept that it is a partnership we seek to build and this is why I believe each of you has your part to play. Living on the Continent as you do, you can the better understand that the differences in custom, in system of education and in language are no barrier to the friendships and to the sharing of purpose which are the foundation of good relationships between peoples. It is yet another truism to say that there are no barriers of nationality

between the young, but I put it to you that there is nothing more helpful you can do for yourselves, for the community of which you are part, and for the greater community to which we all belong, than to take every chance you can of broadening your contacts and your friendship with the people amongst whom we live. Let us never forget our national heritage, be we English, Scots, Welsh or Irish, but let us also recognise that in this shrinking world we are part of a European civilisation, of European culture, and the survival of our beliefs my well depend on the extent to which we think of ourselves as European and, in any ways open to us, contribute to the building of a Europe which is a true community.

To those who are staying on at school I wish every success in your school careers and to those of you who are leaving, good luck in your future careers. I am sure that you will look back at your time in Germany as a worthwhile and uniquely interesting period in your lives. I would conclude by putting a special request to the Headmaster. As a gesture to mark this occasion, and as compensation for having to listen to me today, Mr. Headmaster, I feel that the pupils and indeed the staff of your school should be entitled to an extra day's half-holiday. I can see that you have all worked exceedingly hard to make this Speech Day the success it has been and I think the least you deserve is a communal prize which all can enjoy.

Lower School Notes

Our last edition of Queen's Courier gave news up to the Autumn term 1968, which we completed with examinations, Christmas Fair, massive parties and Mr. Wainwright's final Carol Service.

Since then we have travelled another year along the B.F.E.S. road with some changes to the previous regular pattern of education and its allied school functions.

It had been decided earlier in the year not to have a separate Lower School Speech Day in the autumn, as in the past two years, but to join with Upper School for a first-ever combined Queen's School Speech Day, in July. This proved a great success, and the second-year girls who acted as waitresses on that day deserve special mention — we were very proud of them.

Another new venture in the Summer Term was Lower School Open Day. This exhibition of work was assembled during the morning, when the school hummed with activity, and in the afternoon pupils conducted their own parents on a tour of the exhibition. We were pleased with the many congratulatory remarks we heard and noted that parents were impressed by our high standards of work.

Once again our lunch-time games of football, netball or hockey provided extra opportunity for most pupils to take part in exciting meetings, and against outside schools, both home and away, our school teams have shown a very high standard of performance. So far this term our girls have several wins to their credit and only one game lost. The boys started the new season against a Mönchengladbach side which had played together many times, but they could not match the precision of their opponents and so lost the game. Since then our 1st Year, 2nd Year and School Teams have improved tremendously and have only lost one more game, and that to a strong Dutch team of much older boys from Roermond.

Our 1st and 2nd Year Cross Country Races were the usual well-fought battles and we were very pleased that Mrs. Aspinall was able to present the trophies after the event.

Once more, as in the past three years, September started with a greater number of pupils than in the previous year, demanding teaching by an increasing number of Queen's Staff, such that now forty-four instruct Lower School pupils, with many teachers commuting violently between Upper and Lower Schools.

In September we were pleased to welcome Mrs. Behan, Mr. Lane and Mr. Jenkins to the staff. Miss Greig, who has been at Queen's for several years, resigned on marriage. Mr. Wainwright finally left Rheindahlen fit and well, in October, and we are delighted to hear that he will take up his new appointment in January. Our good wishes go with Mr. Walker who leaves to become Head of Science at Haveton School on the Norfolk Broads. Mr. Walker has always been a Lower School "based" teacher and we shall miss him greatly.

As we look forward to our Christmas holiday we know that examinations for 1969 are behind us, that we sold a record number of raffle tickets towards the Xmas Fair and that with sixty choristers in the Carol Service Choir yet another record has been broken.



In the Forum



In front of the Trevi Fountain. FW

School visits and journeys

ROME — 1969

It was bleak and wintry in Germany when the trip to Rome was first discussed, so I was naturally very keen on the idea if only because it afforded me the prospect of really thawing out in some decent sunshine; perhaps even as warming as that I had enjoyed for so long in Singapore, and so sorely missed.

Rome is such a beautiful, ancient, and fascinating city that it would take a lifetime and several books to impart any real knowledgeable impression of the place, but, from what I so clearly remember of my one week there, I shall try to describe its most famous aspects and how our small Queen's School party was shown them.

Our journey there was quite smooth; we left on Monday evening, 21st July, and arrived at the Student Hostel in Foro Italico at eight on Tuesday evening. The hostel was an International Student one, very large and bright, in two sections, divided by a wide main road which was usually very busy when we had to cross from our section to the section where the restaurant, café, television room and other such facilities were housed. We had to share the rooms, but they were quite spacious. Each day we rose quite early, breakfasted on those fantastic bread rolls that look enormous but consist of a leathery shell and a great balloon of air, served with strong coffee, and then met to begin the day's visits. We usually returned exhausted at about one for lunch, and then slept or rested, with the blinds down to cut out the glaring mid-day sun but windows wide open in the hope of catching any cool breezes that might occur, from about 1.30 until 3.00 p.m. Thus refreshed we would trek out again, returning for dinner around eight, followed by a short visit to the busy café attached to the restaurant, where the juke box (ugh!) held all the latest English and American discs plus some Italian pops, and then watched the television before going to bed at about ten.

On Wednesday morning we enjoyed a rare luxury for students in Rome — a coach tour of the inner city with an English-speaking guide (quite unnecessary, since I am sure Miss Poole knows Rome as well as he did, and her historical facts and English are far more accurate). At this point, for the uninitiated, I feel it essential to comment on the Roman traffic and style of driving. It's definitely a case of "once seen — never forgotten". It's really incredible. The "you know it makes sense" crew in England would have a fit if they had to cope with Italian drivers. They break every road rule ever made at great speeds, and making considerable noise while they're at it.

However, we all returned safely from our whirlwind first look at Rome, and began what was to become the pattern of things — a walk followed by an interesting battle with Italians of all types on the public transport of Rome — little, crowded green buses, to get to the various places we wanted to visit.

On Wednesday afternoon, we went into the church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, which has a chapel built in the first days of Christianity, when the baptised were allowed at the front, and the others kept at the back. The priest was most helpful, and took us into the vestry, where we saw an eighth-century mosaic. As we stood inspecting this I noticed a large red machine marked "Coke" quietly throbbing away in the corner. We also visited San Pietro in Vincoli (Saint Peter in Chains) where the fantastic sculpture of "Moses" by Michelangelo is kept. It is vast and still, and when we went in, a group of people were standing apparently hypnotised by its magnificence. One cannot help but admire the skill of the sculptor, for the figure is perfect in every physical detail, and so life-like that it is easy to believe the small dent in the right knee was made by Michelangelo in temper, when he viewed the finished figure and demanded, "Why don't you speak?"

On Thursday we saw many places. We visited the Church of St. John in Lateran, the cathedral of Rome, which was founded in 314, and given a new façade in 1735. Outside the church was a temporary platform surrounded by large Italian flags. The Italian Communist Party was planning to hold a rally in the square.

We also visited the Colosseum. I went right up to the top and took a photograph of the crumbling interior. The size of the place is tremendous. It descends in layers to the rubble-covered floor, from which rises a huge black cross to commemorate the deaths of the Christians. We also visited the Forum Romanum. This is also quite sprawling. If one goes with the right attitude, quite a lot can be gained from the visit, but if no imagination is used in viewing it, it's just another pile of dusty rubble. One photograph Jill Bennedik has, which was taken there, shows her standing on a white column, with myself busily applying plasters to my blistered feet, right at the bottom of the photograph. All that walking left its mark!

On Thursday afternoon we bought tickets for the opera at the Baths of Caracalla, which holds a famous opera season each summer. The production of Aida is particularly spectacular, so we decided that would be the best one to see.

On Friday we took a bus out to San Sebastian, to see the Catacombs. To go through, a guide is essential, for some of the tunnels are over ten miles long and all is pitch darkness. We had to wait for an English-speaking guide when we had bought our tickets. The priest

who was ushering called for Germans, French, Spanish, and many other nationalities by turns. At last we got moving — but only slowly as there were one hundred of us and it is difficult to get two people abreast in the tunnels.

We saw many things inside the small section we were taken through. The air was damp and extremely chilly (which was a welcome change from the oppressive heat outside) and the atmosphere was still and eerie. The tombs are empty of course now, but they are still forbidding to see. The tomb of St. Cecilia, whose body until this day has not decomposed, is still in the Catacombs, although her body has been moved to a church elsewhere. They still have the small digging tools and oil-dishes used by those who dug out the tombs centuries ago; plus some other pots recovered from them.

On emerging from the tunnel, our guide allowed our small party to see the church there, and then we bought some souvenirs from the shop run by the nuns there, and went on our way.

We had a pleasant walk in the evening sunlight to the small church of Domine Quo Vadis, where St. Peter (as he was about to flee Rome) is reputed to have met the vision of Christ walking towards the city; he said these words, "Lord, where are you going?" and Christ replied that he was going to be crucified a second time. Peter realised his mistake, and returned to face death. In the church there is a marble slab with an impression taken of Christ's footprints, as they were found on the spot on which the church now stands.

Saturday was chosen as our day at the beach. We went out to Ostia, which is where the Romans go for their swimming and sunbathing. Before we got down to our sunbathing, though, we visited the ruins of Ostia Antica, which are said to be better than those of Pompeii. They contain the usual straight Roman roads, and near-complete houses and shops in the set town pattern, leading to the main Forum. Several of the intricate patterns of the mosaic floors are still intact.

The Lido at Ostia is very long, and has grey (lava-rock) sand. We all got gorgeously burnt and had a marvellous time. The fact that Jill, Louise and I were almost mown down by a large pleasure boat was all a part of the fun (at least, on reflection, I think so). Miss Poole and Miss Ball seemed to have suffered more than the rest of us from the sun, even though they stayed under a large umbrella the whole time!

After the day at the beach there was a rush to get dressed up for the opera. Conceding nothing to the majesty of the occasion, we jostled with the crowds on the bus going there. Even though some of our younger members professed no great passion for things classical, they had to admit that Aida was a great entertainment, marred only by

the hardness of the wooden seats and the loud voice of the oh-so-knowledgeable American who was seated behind us. The colour, the excitement, the grandeur — they all ring horribly like clichés, but they all apply. The sets were extremely convincing, and the whole production was highly professional.

It was after one o'clock when we got out of the opera; and we had missed the second of the two buses we had to catch back to the hostel. That meant organising us for five taxis, which was expensive but fast.

On Sunday we divided into two groups for church. Miss Ball took the Catholics, including myself, to the ten-thirty Mass in the Main Nave of St. Peter's — the Vatican. That also had great meaning; but again clicking cameras at every instant ruined the dignity of it.

I had experienced some horrible twinges of pain during the Church service; and so I decided against joining the others for the afternoon's visit, which was to be the gardens at Tivoli. However, a terrific storm and driving rain ruined the plans; and they only got as far as Santa Maria Maggiore, which is the largest church dedicated to Mary.

On Monday morning we went to have a better look at the Vatican City, in particular its Museum.

St. Peter's itself holds many wonderful things, including Michelangelo's other most famous sculpture, "Pieta" — which is Mary sitting, holding the dead body of her Son. It is smaller than "Moses" but magnetic for a different reason. The face of the Virgin portrays quite inexpressible sadness; and, once again, the lines of the physiques are perfect and life-like.

The Sistine Chapel is a wonder in itself. That one man could have completed so vast a work even in a life-time is incredible.

The Museum of the Vatican would take hours to look at properly, let alone describe. The works of several important artists, such as Raphael, whose works cover three whole stanzas (rooms) abound. The Vatican Library holds the largest and most rare collection of books, manuscripts and relics in the world. One of the first we saw was the book written by Henry VIII, which resulted in the award of the title "Defender of the Faith". It was a great comfort to see that his handwriting is even less legible than my own.

Eventually, we had to leave the Vatican, having been up to the special post office, and climbed the seemingly never-ending stairs to the top of the dome, for the glorious view, the breeze, and the sense of achievement.

Monday afternoon was given to us for shopping, on which occasion Miss Poole allowed Jill Bennedik, Louise Bland and myself to go our own way, on trust. Of course, being exceptionally good at

getting lost we managed to do just that, and if you've ever tried to ask directions from a chatty 'carabiniere' who is interested in your plentiful supply of wine and fruit, when your arms feel as though they will drop off if you don't put your shopping down soon, you'll know how it feels! We all bought some leather shoes, various gifts for our families, and of course wine. Thus loaded (or over-loaded) we finally got back two hours late, having missed two buses. My blisters were worse than ever so I was glad of a hot shower and soft bed.

We had to do all our packing that night, for we were due to leave early the next morning.

Of course, the fantastically inefficient Italians managed to mess up our order for a coach to the station, which meant another five taxis, with suitcases this time. We got on to the German train at last, only to find one of the couchette-compartments that had been booked for us didn't exist. Eventually everything was settled and we were on our way home. As the train pulled further und further away from the sight of Rome, I was a little sad. I am determined to go back (I even threw the traditional coins into the Trevi fountain to ensure it) and get another look . . . and another . . . and another.

JENNIFER O'NEIL, U6

COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE

The conference was held in Cornwall School, Dortmund. It ran from Friday 24th to Sunday 26th, October. There were seven schools that took part in the conference:

King's, P.R.S., Windsor, Gloucester, Kent, Cornwall and Queen's.

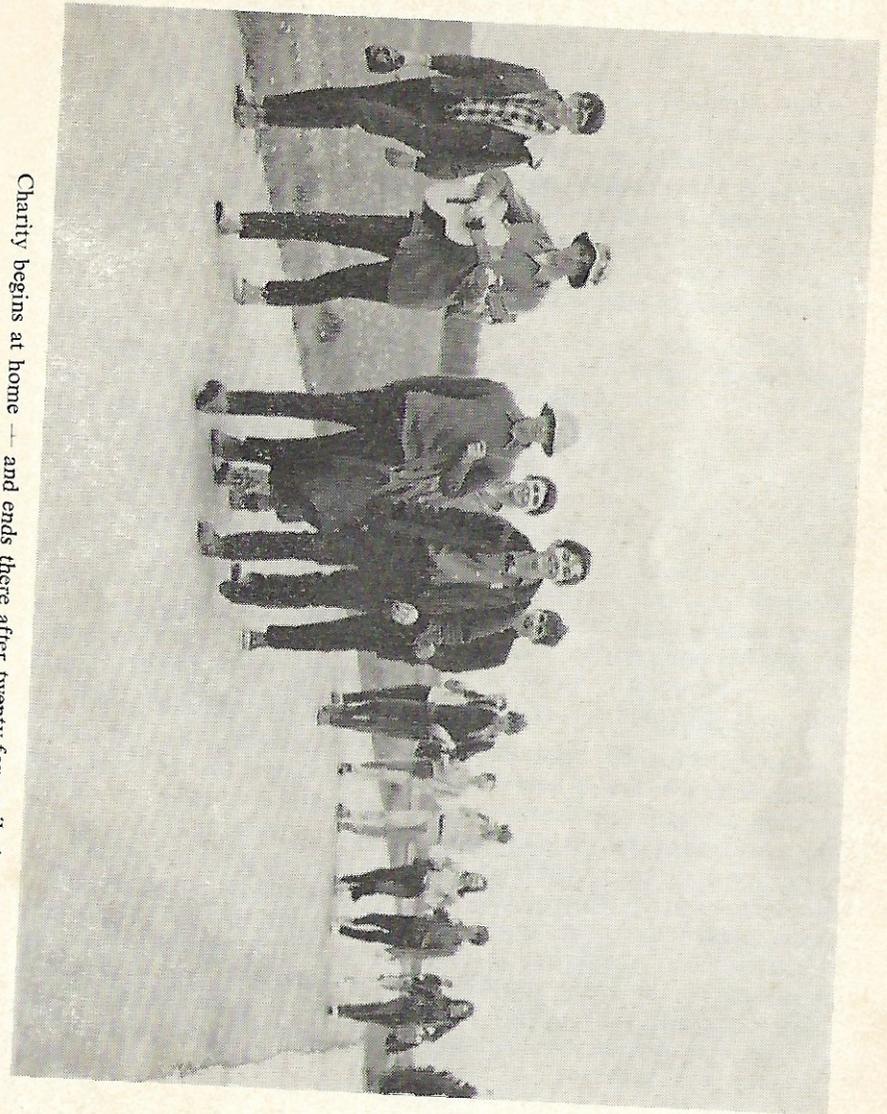
During these two days we were given talks, films, and discussions, about the shortage of food in India and Pakistan. Also about the diets of the people, and the poor conditions they have to try and grow crops in.

After we had a film and a lecture, we all went away to study-groups and were given questions to answer. The study-groups lasted from half an hour to three quarters of an hour. When our time was up we had to go back to the hall and give our resulting answers.

On the Friday evening a social was held in the hall; this was to give us a chance to get to know each other.

J. T.

Charity begins at home — and ends there after twenty-four miles!



The Charity Walk

MAY 1969

Mr. Simpson has most kindly (bless him) asked me to write an "article" on last May's Walk, for the School Magazine, and, quite frankly, I'm having pink fits over it, because I'd practically (most impractically, I should say) forgotten about it (Wot walk? etc.). My brain feels completely racked. Still, I've grovelled about in the somewhat murky depths of my memory and have emerged with a handful of assorted "facts" — some relevant and almost excusable, and some otherwise. Mostly otherwise, I suspect.

But anyhow, to cut down on printers' fees I must stop waffling and attempt to give you my account of the walk — you are advised to take it with a pinch of talcum powder.

The walk commenced at 9 a.m. on Saturday, May 10th 1969, and covered a total distance of twenty-four miles. The response was a healthy one, the walking party consisting of seventy girls, sixty boys and six members of the staff. Dress was informal.

The weather? Er, . . . fair through to middling . . . yes, quite definitely . . . um. (i. e. I've forgotten.) But I do remember that it was sunny (yes, actually sunny!) when we first set out, and I think that helped, because weather is often one of the factors that influence your mood — particularly so when you are starting out on a twenty-four mile walk. Et voilà! The sun was shining, so people felt pretty good.

Everybody had been issued beforehand with a list of printed instructions which had been compiled, supposedly, for the purpose of guiding us round the course. Now, I don't know whether it was that the instructions weren't quite clear enough or whether it was that we were just plain thick, but soon after the first few miles we found that we were, to put it bluntly, lost. I'm afraid we muttered several rather uncomplimentary things about Mr. Simpson and the bad signposting (what signposting?). So much for sunshine. Our irritability was further provoked by the early symptoms of Achingfootitis, and I began to wish that I had remembered to pack a pair of spare feet. Bottles of Ribena, elastoplasts and Johnson's Baby Powder were produced from rucksack and duffelbag and we drowned our sorrows in the foremost — a great error as I was to discover later.

Anyhow, the simple fact remained. We were Lost. How were we to get back on to the right track? How?

How? No fear! Honourable Squaw have AI Idea. Send up clouds of Johnson's Baby powder . . . Big Chief Simpson come hotfoot to

rescue. Many Squaw. Many Injun. Blimely! Big Wunder car have no Injun Trouble. Heap Big Squash but, crikey, very welcome, I assure you. Several minutes later we all bundled out of the car, thanking our benefactor who had dumped us at Checkpoint 2. "And, Lo! We came unto a Land flowing with plasters and orangeade . . ."

However, the path before us was beset by many troubles, mainly in the form of blisters. But there was one other small problem, if I may be so bold as to mention it — namely, "conveniences" or, rather, lack of them (hence the earlier reference to the Ribena). Also, why must the Germans plant their trees so darned far apart? Those pines have such narrow trunks, anyway, that you couldn't hide a bunny rabbit let alone . . . honest! At least, Epping Borough Council is more considerate. But I digress.

We dispatched the greater part of our provisions (that is, we 'ad a good nosh-up) sitting on a sort of bridge affair over a small, smelly river where we also diverted ourselves by dropping twigs and bits of breadcrust — I don't know why so many people scorn the crust; personally, I think it's the best part of the loaf — sommat t' git yer teef into m' lad etc. What was I saying? Oh yes, we also diverted ourselves by dropping things into the river on one side of the bridge and watching them reappear on the other. Winnie the Pooh all over again — you know — Poohsticks. I expect some crummy little bloke hopefully fishing several miles downstream had a record catch of applecores and empty yoghurt cartons that day. I ate a cucumber sandwich and then wished I hadn't.

As we were fighting over a bar of KitKat, several members of staff walked by in an alarmingly determined fashion. "Why can't they act their age?" somebody muttered thickly through a ham roll. "I honestly don't know what the older generation is coming to."

Appetites satisfied, or, rather, stores depleted, we trudged on still further surrounded by an aura of Johnson's Baby Powder (I expect you're sick of the stuff by now) and duly arrived at Checkpoint 4 presided over by Miss Prest who pressed us to orange squash, elastoplasts and Juicees (whoopee!) — you know, those sweets made with real glucose (instant energy and all that rot), enriched with vitamin C blah blah . . . Brandy, crutches and pep pills might have suited the occasion better. Second thoughts: probably would have killed us in practice.

By this time, we had drawn the conclusion that whilst our effort was good for the soul, it was definitely not so good for the sole. I reflected that the Naafi must have done a roaring trade in elastoplasts and — wait for it — Johnson's Baby Powder that week.

I'm afraid I can't tell you much about the last stage of the walk except that we ran — yes, RAN — across the sportsfield and through

the school gates like a bunch of raving lunatics. My sneakers have never been the same since.

I hobbled into the hall and was surprised to learn that a large proportion of the magnificent 136 had succeeded in completing the entire course — a course which had wended its way through beautiful German countryside, past field and hedgerow, wood and river, not to mention dirty great loads of agricultural ponginess — “the reek of byre“ as the poet so nicely put it. Sitting down was luxurious almost, but the orange squash wasn't (in fact, just the thought of it turns me off a bit. I've most likely got an Orange Squash Complex — a kind of psychological rebellion against obscure childhood horrors such as jelly and blanc-mange, pink icing, Noddy, red tricycles, magic colouring books, wet pants and vitamin K tablets, all of which link up somehow or other with orange squash. Yuck! Also: soft biscuits and lavender-smelling aunties with grotty budgies and stewed tea and Readers' Digests which I always used to confuse with Digestive Biscuits . . . what the heck am I prattling about anyway? I suppose I'd better shut up before I become maudlin. Bracket please, printer . . .). Thanks, man.

To return to the subject; those of us still vaguely mobile limped about cheerfully comparing blisters. Mine were pretty good — two the size of half-crowns — one per heel. Conversation scintillated, despite the orange squash, with comments such as: “Phew! I'm defeeted!“ and “How are your feet? Mine are just swell.“ Well, have you ever tried getting a pair of size six feet into a pair of size four shoes? Don't. It hurts.

A lift home, and then I managed (don't ask me how) to crawl up the stairs and into a bathful of warm water with nearly half a packet of that Radox stuff in it — specially recommended for muscular aches and pains, rheumatism etc. Now why does rheumatism always make me think of old mares? I remember once when I went riding . . . no, Mr. Simpson will shoot me for irrelevance.

But seriously though, in spite of all our minor ailments, the walk was a really worthwhile and enjoyable enterprise: worthwhile, because of the magnificent total of 9248 DM* donated by our sponsors, who I should like to thank for their generosity; and enjoyable, in that the twenty-four miles had provided us with a challenge in its own right.

It just goes to show that there are many of us who do care and when given the opportunity to show that we do, we will respond with enthusiasm. In short, the organisers, the sponsors, the walkers and the general spirit in which the walk “happened“ were great.

Encore! It was a remarkable feat!

*Distributed as follows:

The Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund for Children	£ 243-14-6
The Muscular Dystrophy Group of Great Britain	£ 243-14-6
Aktion Friedensdorf	DM 2312
Verband Deutscher Vereine zur Förderung und Betreuung spastisch gelähmter Kinder	DM 2312

VISUAL AIDS

The year 1968-69 has been one of considerable progress in the field of Visual Aids in Queen's School. It is now possible to use the Upper School hall as a cinema catering for an audience of up to four hundred persons, with little or no disruption of other activities. This was achieved by the conversion of the store at the rear into a projection room. Our equipment has gradually been improved so that now we have quite a versatile outfit, which can be adapted to our various audio and visual requirements.

Complementary to the improved facilities a “Centre“ has been set up to put the administration of Visual Aids on a more established basis. This has meant a more efficient method of booking films, loops, etc., and the reception and distribution of them. The greatly increased use of such aids by various Departments in the School has undoubtedly proved the success of the scheme. During the Spring Term 1970, although a short one, already over forty educational films have been booked by the English, Technical Studies, Physical Education, and Science Departments, all to be used as part of the various courses offered. In addition to these specialist films a regular supply of general interest films has been maintained for Film Club and general purpose use in both Upper and Lower Schools.

During this educational year we hope to improve our facilities still further and to this end a number of new film loops and projectors have already been received. Future plans also include the training of a number of projectionists and operators, whose services will be of much value as our programme expands.

P.M.

House reports

UPPER SCHOOL

CORNWALL HOUSE

The Easter and Summer terms this year have been fairly successful for the House, owing to the keen team-spirit displayed by House members.

The Intermediate Boys started well by gaining first place in the Basketball competition. Sadly, however, the seniors only managed 4th place. The football teams played well and we gained 2nd place in the 'A' team football. The annual cross-country was also very successful. In the Inters, V. Wilson gained 1st place and Cornwall also took 3rd, 4th, and 5th places. Though the senior team failed to win as a pack the overall result was Cornwall First.

We were not so successful in the Netball tournament but had some very enjoyable matches. The standard was not very great, although the team was willing and keen.

In the Athletics, the House achieved a narrow but well deserved success on a margin of 4 points. Everyone made a great effort and a high number of 1st and 2nd places were gained. A new record was made in the senior boys' 200 metres by C. Bewlay. Kevin Hyland did well, gaining 3 first places.

The tennis teams played well and won both cups.

Although we could not quite manage first place in the Swimming Gala, we finished with a very close second. Fiona Findlay and Anthony Bewlay both gained 1st places in the 50 metres backstroke and freestyle.

At the end of the last school year we lost both captains and vice-captains. Pauline Archer and Valerie Peacock are now Captain and Vice-captain of the girls, and Anthony Bewlay and Douglas Blake are Captain and Vice-captain of the Boys.

Miss Viney has taken over as House Mistress from Miss Poole, though the latter has remained an active member of the House. We are once again indebted to Mr. Stallwood for the time and patience he has devoted to House activities.

A. Bewlay (Boys' Capt.)

P. Archer (Girls' Capt.)

EDINBURGH HOUSE

The House would like to thank both Mr. Daisy as Housemaster and David Borton as House Captain for the time and patience that they have devoted to the House and thus made it a successful one.

Although we did well in both the winter and summer seasons the more successful was the winter season. Out of the three house competitions we gained two cups. We won the football and one of the cross-country cups and also achieved runners-up in the basketball cup.

The summer season was not as successful, but we achieved second place in the Athletics where we combined with the Lower School to form a joint Edinburgh. In the swimming and cricket competition we were badly placed, having done poorly.

David Irwin must be mentioned for his high standard of consistency in all the games he entered, although his high performance must be particularly noted in the football, cricket and athletics competitions.

At the end of the summer term a team representing the house was produced for the quiz competition and did well to win comfortably.

All that needs to be said now is to welcome Mr. Morgan as Housemaster on behalf of the House, and hope his stay will be as enjoyable as I am sure Mr. Daisy's was.

On the girls' side 1969 has been a moderately successful year for Edinburgh House academically, but less so in the athletics field. We won the Points Trophy and the Inter-House Quiz, though failing miserably against the staff. However, we came 2nd in hockey, 3rd in tennis and netball and unfortunately last in swimming. Mention should be made of Janet Fox-Holmes who has taken part in all the sports and is now Vice Captain. Also our thanks go to Miss Milford who has always been on hand to encourage and advise.

Gill Canning

Garry Bisson

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

Once again Gloucester House enjoyed a successful season, perhaps not as successful as the preceding year in accumulating trophies, but most certainly successful in the amount of team spirit displayed and enjoyment gained. Over-confidence among the ranks of our senior footballers led to their downfall — defeat by Edinburgh. We did, however, manage to gain second place in the senior football, due mainly to the agility of John Legry in goal, and the deadly cunning of goal-seeking Mike Keating. The Autumn term also saw the introduction of 'A' team football, the team being composed of both seniors and intermediates, in which we managed to come first. In both basketball and cricket the seniors again managed an unbroken run of victories. The intermediate boys also managed to do very well, gaining second place in football, basketball, and cricket. The cross-country competition, which was for the first time run on a voluntary basis, proved to be a

strain on our resources, but a team of eight was eventually entered with reasonable success, Barry Mead and John Read winning individual trophies.

Swimming and athletics again showed an amazing performance of team effort, and individuals were often well placed, but those final points were always as elusive as the work trophy. My congratulations to all members of the House, I hope this coming year will prove to be as successful and enjoyable.

In one aspect, however, the House did lose heavily; we had to say goodbye to our Housemaster, Mr. Lodge, a great asset not only to the house, but also to the School. This post was taken over by Mr. Macklin who is also sadly leaving at the end of this term. I am sure I speak for the whole house in wishing both every success in the future; the same success they had here at Queen's School, in Gloucester House.

For the girls the past year has been enjoyable even though we have not achieved outstanding results in the various games and sports. The teams have all played well, with one or two 'star players'.

There have been changes in the staff of the House; we said goodbye to Miss Bancroft, and Miss Ball became the new House Mistress. Miss Bott was welcomed as a new staff member. To mark the occasion of Miss Bancroft's departure, the girls contributed to a small gift, which was a set of cake forks.

In the games we came fourth in Hockey. The matches were all well played, with really good performances from Susan Ireland and Evelyn Ritchie, who were given House Colours. In the Netball, the team were third. Here again Susan Ireland played well and received House Colours. Some girls played well for both teams, although they did not receive Colours. Among these dependables are Jan Sinclair and Jane Berridge, who still play for the House. Our thanks go to all who supported the teams. In the Athletics there were some very good individual results from the Intermediates, Susanne Windmill coming first in the 100 m and 200 m and Ann Kears coming first in the discus and shot events. In the Senior events Evelyn Ritchie gained a new school record in the 200 m. Both our relay teams did very well. Only third place was gained in the Tennis Tournament, but the matches were played keenly and Colours were awarded to Susan Ireland, Gillian Bailey, Susanne Windmill, Linda Mallinson and Barbara Chance. The swimming Gala in the Summer was not very well represented by the Seniors and this was a weakness in the House teams. Evelyn Ritchie was the outstanding representative and was awarded House Colours. The Intermediates swam well and good performances were given by Ann Kears who came first in the 50 m Breast Stroke and by Christine Glynn and Heather Jamieson.

All in all the year has been eventful; and we hope that the teams this year will have as much enthusiasm and perhaps greater success.

Jennifer O'Neil (House Captain)

Susanne Windmill

Alan Rosie

KENT HOUSE

Again Kent experienced a year during which enthusiasm was not lacking in any aspect of House activities. This resulted in House teams making up for any shortage of skill and doing better than one would have thought possible. In the first year of voluntary cross-country, Kent was the only house which managed to make up a team without having to persuade house members to run!

On the girls' side, the teams proved to be very strong; both the Senior and Intermediate teams won their matches, resulting in two triumphs for Kent. The Seniors also won the hockey, and the Inters fought hard to come second in the Tennis. The teams played well and, in doing so, showed a high standard in the field of play, leading to well-earned achievements. Certain people made a particular contribution to the success of the House by taking part in every sport; they were Barbara Bulbeck, Gwen Smith and Linda Smith.

On the boys' side, football was played keenly. The Seniors started off badly, but the team grew more confident with each match, and towards the end of the competition a marked improvement in results was noticed, the defence being especially strong. In basketball, the teams were often outplayed, but rarely outspirited. During the cricket season Kent seniors lost, drew, and won one match, each time "fighting" to achieve the near impossible. Special mention should go to our American and Canadian representatives, R. Trejo and J. Lithgow, whose baseball-style "swipes" saw quite a few school team bowlers' faces go red. Mark Holding bowled consistently well but lacked another good bowler at the other end to back him up.

Kent won the Swimming and did very well in the Athletics; the strong spirit of competition shown in both of these events was most gratifying, and it was this spirit, just as much as the skill of our entrants, which ensured our successes. We hope that this will be remembered and continued next season.

Thanks should go to Miss Mathews and Mr. Kay, whose keenness, enthusiasm and occasional 'Kick in the pants', influenced Kent to a great extent.

LOWER SCHOOL

EDINBURGH HOUSE

Junior Boys

The season was not one of fruitfulness for Edinburgh. Second in athletics — third in football — third in swimming — third in cricket — last in cross-country and we will comment only on a good spirit of endeavour even if skill was inadequate. Individually this year's House Captain, Ian Falconer, won the Triple Jump and along with Burton was a member of the successful medley swimming relay team. Burton, a useful breast-stroke swimmer, was also successful in athletics, in sprints and long jump. Hames threw a trusty discus to win the junior event. Falconer and Zegveldt gained Cross-Country Colours and Lee, Wilkins, Collins, Chapman and Ridgeway gained Soccer Colours.

Junior Girls

The summer term is always busy with athletics events and swimming galas. Edinburgh did not do as well in swimming as they did in athletics, but everyone tried hard. Together with Upper School Edinburgh athletics team we managed to gain second place in the athletics competition between all four Houses.

The following girls were awarded House Colours:

Swimming

Valerie Metcalf
Anne Morgan
Linda Hayter

Athletics

Yvonne Wong
Dominique Waite
Cathy Magee

With the arrival of a new first-year group this September we hope to have a very successful year in the way of sport.

Keep it up Edinburgh!

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

Junior Boys

The year started with a sense of determination to improve on last year's performance.

In the inter-House football competition there were some very hard matches against tough opposition and the house finished second.

We had lost our star cross-country performers, but everyone ran very well and some red shirts were to be seen amongst the leaders.

Our Junior swimming and athletics were very good indeed and did more than their share towards helping the House in those events.

At the end of the year Gloucester boys played well and came second in the Junior Cricket Championship.

In academic work the House has been more successful, winning the Work and Merit trophies on several occasions.

Junior Girls

The year 1968-69 was a very successful one for Gloucester girls.

We won the Hockey Cup in the winter term and the Tennis Trophy in the summer term. A great deal of effort was put into both the Swimming Gala and Sports Day by the girls who took part. Although we did not win the trophies, we all did our best.

The good results obtained by the Gloucester girls might not have been so but for our captains who organised the teams.

Special praise and thanks of course go from all Lower School Gloucester to Miss Greig and Mrs. Behan for all their advice and backing. Without this we are sure we would not have done so well.

The following girls received House colours:

1st Year Netball

Cindy Williams
Barbara Cooper

2nd Year Netball

Jenny Meale
Joyce Harries
Sylvia Mallinson
Lorraine Ritchie

Athletics

Cindy Williams
Susan Watling
L. Kelly
J. Meale
A. McLaren
J. Harries

Swimming

S. Mallinson
L. Ritchie
J. Harries
L. Kelly

KENT HOUSE

Junior Boys

Kent did well last term, winning the swimming and the cricket shield. In the cross-country we achieved 2nd, 4th and 5th places in the 1st year, and 4th and 5th in the 2nd year. Our football team also played very well, beating Edinburgh 5-1 and Gloucester 4-1, but sadly losing to Cornwall 3-1.

I. Wood, P. Davies, and F. Davies, as Captain, worked hard in these games, with D. Fox-Holmes and I. Wood as top goal-scorers.

Altogether a good year for Kent.

F. Davies (House Captain)

Sport

UPPER SCHOOL

SCHOOL FOOTBALL — 1st XI

Football lends itself eagerly to league competition. Any match is doubly enjoyable when it is one of a series, with all the accessories of goal average, position, and comparative rival performances. We enjoy the season rather than the game.

All very basic, and well understood. B.F.E.S. secondary schools have hundreds of miles between them — regular competition is impossible. For some time our senior football programme has revolved around the November Inter-Schools Festival. A series of friendly games against local R.A.F. sections served as a build-up to the big week-end; fairly isolated fixtures made up the rest of the season.

This season Queen's were invited to enter the Rheindahlen Garrison Sunday League. We accepted and finished second in the table. The winners were a Select team, drawing senior league players from various units, so without making too much fuss, we declared Queen's the top unit!

All this was very pleasant, but the real value was the introduction to adult league football, and the opportunity for regular, meaningful matches.

At first there were problems: vague mutters that men could not fairly play 'boys' in a physical game. As the season progressed, careful supervision by managers, sensible refereeing, and swift action by the league organisers did more than settle the situation. Now there is mutual respect and mutual benefit. Queen's football programme has become coherent and worthwhile, and their turnout, exuberance and general attitude are an example to the other units.

Several friendly matches provided more than a fair share of excitement. The local derby, Queen's v Kent, ended in an honourable draw. There was so much drama and effort that there was little room for skill. An interesting game, against the local Gymnasium, was played on a bone-hard, slippery pitch. The German boys adapted their game better, and scored the only goal. Everyone agreed that the best match of the season was that against our visitors from Colchester, the Gilbert School. Their method and drive stretched us to the limit; Queen's victory was very close and most gratifying.

During the season, several individuals had their golden moments. John Read covered many miles in search of goals, and found them. Martin Randerson showed just how effective a natural winger can be. David Irwin demonstrated attractive ball control, whilst John Stall-

wood matured into an outstanding, constructive centre-half and captain. However, goalkeeper John Legry showed faultless handling and positioning with absolute consistency, and we thank him for giving the team confidence to go forward and score goals.

We must take this chance to thank the Estates Officer and his staff for providing and maintaining pitches so cheerfully and consistently. Again, we thank Capt. Randerson for the opportunity of playing in the Garrison League. His support and encouragement have brought Queen's football forward a great deal.

FOOTBALL

Under-15 1968-69

During the 1968-69 season, Queen's School Under-15 X1 were undoubtedly one of the leading football teams of the B.F.E.S. schools. The school team was unfortunate to play only three competitive matches during the last season, but all these were very good results in that our defence conceded only two goals and the forwards scored twenty-one.

The first game was against King's School at Rheindahlen. The fixture was played in quite difficult conditions, but the team mastered these to win 8-1.

Queen's played their second match in deep snow, against Windsor Boys (Hamm), and although the weather made play difficult, the team were completely dominant throughout. The result was a 10-1 victory in Queen's favour. Windsor's goal, ironically, was an own - goal by one of our half-backs.

To complete the programme we played our last game against our rivals Kent School. The game was full of incidents in the first half and Queen's led by the only goal. However, the final result was a deserved 3-0 victory for Queen's.

The following players represented Queen's Under-15 during this period.

- 1) David Warren (Cornwall) — Goalkeeper
- 2) Kenneth Knight (Gloucester)
- 3) Frederick Williams (Gloucester)
- 4) Alastair Pollock (Cornwall)
- 5) Peter Warren (Cornwall)
- 6) Kim Davies (Kent)
- 7) Patrick Duncan (Kent)
- 8) Timothy Balding (Cornwall)
- 9) Victor Wilson (Cornwall)
- 10) Raymond Chase (Cornwall)
- 11) David Foggin (Edinburgh)
- 12) Martin Randerson (Edinburgh)

SCHOOL BASKETBALL

The beginning of the 1968-69 season saw the School Basketball squad in an apparently depleted condition, but the reappearance of John Stallwood and Alan Vaughan boosted hopes considerably. We therefore started the new season with a team well acquainted with one another's 'skills'. We were entered, as usual, in the Garrison Basketball League, and embarked on a fairly successful season in which we came third in the League, but were 'knocked out' very early in the Knock-Out competition, owing to an unlucky draw.

The event of the year was, however, the Basketball Festival at Windsor Boys' School in the early spring. On arrival at Hamm an element of disappointment crept through the squad; Prince Rupert School were absent and the opposition now only numbered three, namely Kent School, Cornwall School, and Windsor until Saturday afternoon.

The results are tabulated below.

Game 1	W.B.S 58	Cornwall	13
Game 2	Queen's 41	Kent	12
Game 3	Queen's 62	Cornwall	24
Game 4	W.B.S. 28	Kent	18
Game 5	Cornwall 32	Kent	30
Game 6	Queen's 44	W.B.S.	37

The last match was the decider and consequently extremely exciting, the result being determined in the last few minutes. Congratulations to the team were summed up in the words of Mr. Nicholls: 'Congratulations to all members of the squad. This was an excellent TEAM performance. Much credit is due to all players and particularly to John Stallwood for his high standard of leadership.' All that remains is for myself, on behalf of those departed and the remaining few, to sincerely thank Mr. Nicholls for his excellent coaching and his encouraging words, and to wish him as much success in the future as he has had here at Queen's.

A. ROSIE.

JOHN STALLWOOD** (Capt.)
 JOHN READ**
 ALAN ROSIE*
 GARY BISSON
 JOHN LEGRY
 ALAN VAUGHAN
 SVIED FRIED
 JAMES LITHGOW

* School Colours Awarded

** School Colours Rewarded

INTER-SCHOOLS TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The tennis tournament was held at King's School, Gütersloh, on Monday, 15th July. The team travelled up, eight people plus luggage and two drivers, all in a mini-bus! We arrived and assembled in the gym to be allotted to our respective hostesses for the two nights of our visit. On the Tuesday we played the doubles matches; the weather was very hot, pleasant for the spectators but exhausting for the players. Unfortunately, during the afternoon Sheila Hyland injured her knee quite severely, but Valerie Peacock stepped in and played well in her place. On the following day King's School and Queen's met to play a 'knock-out' singles tournament, in which three of Queen's team got into the semi-finals and Sarah Litton went on to eventually win the contest in a very exciting final which made a successful ending to our visit.

Captain: S. Litton.

The results are as follows:

Doubles matches.

1st Windsor
 2nd Queen's
 3rd King's
 4th P.R.S.

Singles.

Winner: S. Litton (Queen's)
 Runner-up: D. London (King's)

Team.

1st Couple S. Litton (Capt.)
 P. Archer
 2nd Couple G. Bailey
 B. Twitchett
 3rd Couple L. Robertson
 S. Hyland
 Reserve V. Peacock.

Colours awarded to:

S. Litton, P. Archer, S. Hyland.

S. Litton (Capt.)

1st XI CRICKET TEAM (1968-69)

The Queen's School Cricket XI enjoyed considerable success last year, and although they did not end up very high in the Garrison League, they were always a difficult team to overcome. However, the school were very successful in their encounters against Kent School and against our own staff.

John Legry captained the side throughout, and his fine batting and wicket-keeping were always a joy to watch. The spirit with which the team played was also a great credit.

The following players represented the Queen's School XI last year:

J. Legry
J. Stallwood
J. Read
L. Espie
M. McGarry
R. Randerson
M. Randerson
M. Holding
R. Chase
J. Pott
D. Irwin
D. Borton
S. O'Brien
W. Ireland
M. Simpson
A. Pollock

R. Chase

Eighth Secondary Schools Athletics Championships

Monday, 7th July, produced weather much more suited to winter sports than to the opening of this eighth championships meet, when Queen's School staff, pupils and parents welcomed their guests from Gloucester, Cornwall, King's, Kent, Prince Rupert and Windsor Schools.

The weather conditions never favoured record-breaking performances and at times the conditions were definitely unfavourable to both competitors and officials alike. All the competitors are to be congratulated on the high standard of their performance in these conditions.

Queen's School had another vintage year, being well to the fore in both track and field and with both boys and girls. Rather than pick out all the individual performances, the most outstanding results are shown below, but the reader's attention must be drawn to the performances of John Read who won both the 800 and 400 metres, the latter in 54.7, three seconds in front of his nearest rival.

Our thanks, as the host school, are due to the many judges and officials both from the R.A.F. and the Army, and the invaluable and unheralded help given so freely by all the members of Queen's School staff; both teaching and administrative staff. Little progress could be made in a meeting of this size without the selfless help given by so many.

It would be an impossibility to run the meeting without the work done by the chair movers, track markers, equipment checkers, recorders and the boarding out officials.

Thank you

D. J. N. Nicholls
for the P. E. Dept.

1969 B.F.E.S. Champions:

Girls:

Sarah Litton Senior High Jump 4 ft. 6 ins.
Denise McDonnell Intermediate Discus 62 ft. 7 ins.
Gwen Swith Senior 100 metres 13.1 secs.
4 × 100 metres Intermediate Relay.

Boys:

Kevin Hyland Intermediate 800 metres 2mins 17.3 secs.
David Irwin Senior 100 metres 11.8 secs.
John Read Senior 800 metres 2mins 14.6 secs.
Marcus Ward Senior High Jump 5 ft. 6½ ins.
John Read Senior 400 metres 54.7 secs.

Girls:

Runners-Up:

Susan Hitchcock Senior High Jump 4 ft. 5 ins.
Elizabeth Plaskitt Senior Long Jump 15 ft. 9½ ins.
Barbara Twitchett Senior Javelin 76 ft. 11½ ins.
Susanne Windmill Intermediate 200 metres 29.4 secs.
4 × 100 metres Senior Relay 56.1 secs.

Boys:

Alastair Pollock Intermediate Triple Jump 33 ft. 4 ins.
Victor Wilson Intermediate 1500 metres 4mins 2.2 secs.
4 × 100 metres Senior Relay 47.8 secs.

Eighth Secondary Schools Swimming Championships

Once again the weather proved itself to be the strongest competitor, treating the assembled crowd to a stirring performance of rain, wind, hail, and an occasional ray of sun.

In spite of this the swimming performances were of the highest order. For a number of years records have been broken and broken again and the experts judged this to be a day when records would, for once, remain intact in the majority of events. The 'experts' were right — but only just — for out of 17 events no fewer than six new records were established, four of these by Queen's School competitors.

Although statistics in themselves can often be misleading, the results of this meeting are probably best summarised statistically: —

There were 17 events. Queen's School competitors won 11 events and came second in 5 events.

The full results relevant to Queen's School are published below. Once again the thanks of the organisers are recorded to all those officials from the Army and R.A.F. and also to all the members of the Staff of Queen's School who did so much, in so many ways, to help run the meeting.

D. J. N. Nicholls.
for the P. E. Departement.

Girls 1st place

Moira Thompson 50 metres Front Crawl 38.7 secs.
Medley Relay 3 × 50 metres 2mins 6.1 secs (new record)
Free Style Relay 4 × 50 metres 2mins 32.7 secs.

Boys 1st place

Anthony Bewlay 50 metres Butterfly 34.3 secs.
James Lithgow 50 metres Breast Stroke 37.6 secs. (new record)
Anthony Bewlay 100 metres Front Crawl 1 min. 10 secs.
James Lithgow 100 metres Breast Stroke 1 min. 29.9 secs.
Alan Eves Diving 10.8 pts.
Michael McGarry 50 metres Back Crawl 38.9 secs.
Medley Relay 4 × 50 metres 2mins 20.5 secs. (new record)
Free Style Relay 4 × 50 metres 2mins 2.6 secs.

Girls: Runners Up.

Barbara Bulbeck 100 metres Front Crawl 1min. 25.3 secs.
Linda Smith 50 metres Breast Stroke 45.8 secs.
Patricia McLean Diving 10.4 pts.
Susan Hayward 100 metres Breast Stroke 1min. 43.8 secs.

Boy: Runners Up.

John Read 50 metres Front Crawl 29.5 secs (old record 30.2)

HOCKEY — AUTUMN TERM 1969

	Goals					
	P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Against
1st XI	3	3	0	0	7	1
Inter XI	1	1	0	0	4	0

This Term we have only managed to have three matches. This is because, apart from the schools which are within travelling distance, there seem very few women's teams able to give us a game.

We had an enjoyable game against Windsor Girls School which we won 2-0. We hope to have a return match next term so that they can get their revenge! The Intermediate team also played and won 4-0.

Our other matches have been against Kent and a junior team from Düsseldorf. Next term we hope to improve our goal shooting and be a little quicker in the circle.

1st XI Team

D. Macdonnell, G. Hughes, Y. Barber, J. Berridge, J. Fox-Holmes (Capt.), L. Wark, S. Windmill, P. Archer, S. Litton, M. Fenn, L. Smith, J. Sinclair.

NETBALL — AUTUMN TERM 1969

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals	
					For	Against
1st VII	15	15	0	0	276	69
Inter VII	6	6	0	0	64	17

As can be seen by the above record, we have had a good start to the Season. September was used for hard practice. We then selected our teams, which proved quite difficult, especially where the seniors were concerned, as there were several players of equal standard. The Senior VII decided to join a Netball League. This has been very good for them as it has taught them how to cope with different types of play and varying temperaments!! This team I think is to be especially congratulated on its lack of panic in moments of tenseness. This calmness has pulled them through several difficult occasions. Well done!

1st VII Team Players:

P. Archer (Capt.), M. Fenn, D. MacDonnell, L. Smith, S. Litton, G. Hughes, S. Windmill, Y. Barber, J. Fox-Holmes.

The Intermediate team has been ably led by Ann Kears, the Captain. At the moment they are a very lively team but rather uncontrolled. Footwork needs a lot of individual attention. Jennie Meale, their centre, has just left and this leaves a very big gap in the team to be filled by someone whose energy is unflinching!

Inter VII Team Players:

A. Kears (Capt.), A. Abrines, M. Jones, J. Kelly, J. Riley, J. Harries, J. Meale, S. Currah, S. Taylor.

SENIOR NETBALL TURNAMENT — GÜTERSLOH

October 1969

On Tuesday, October 28th, the 1st VII netball team travelled up to Gütersloh in a "comfortable" army bus, with netball players from Kent School. About three and a half hours later, stiff and sore, we arrived at King's School, where the tournament was being held. On arriving we were told that we were to play our first match in half an hour, so we warmed up ready for the game.

The weather proved to be very cold, and promised rain. After our first match had been successfully played, we were taken for refreshments and to meet our respective hostesses for the night.

On Wednesday it poured! Owing to the "all-weather" courts, the tournament continued outside. Fortunately, we won all of our matches, owing to the excellent play by all members of the team, despite the unfortunate weather conditions.

Ironically, we travelled home in bright sunshine!

Pauline Archer (Capt.)

INTER-SCHOOLS NETBALL FESTIVAL — November 1969

We arrived at school to find a cheery sun and Miss Prest to greet us. We quickly changed and then helped with the arranging of benches. They were so heavy that some of our players were exhausted straight away! Gradually the teams began to arrive. Kent, King's, Edinburgh and Windsor. Gloucester had phoned to say they couldn't come, a few days previously, so Miss Prest entered a reserve team consisting chiefly of Queen's but which would give reserves of all schools a chance to play.

We began with Pauline Archer ringing the handbell like a church bell! Our first match was King's and upon encountering their 6'2" G.D., 5' Jan Kelly our Goal Attack promptly thought of fainting. After reviving her we began. It was a good match with the final score 11-2 to us.

Our next match was Windsor, who were our toughest opponents. We were equal at half time, but in the second half we pulled away leaving the final score as 11-4 to us.

After we had played Kent and won 5-1 we faced our own reserves. They were really very good, making the game quick and even. Unfortunately their centre-court players failed to get it to the shooter, so I just spent some of the game chatting to her except when the ball came down and interrupted, when either she or I just caught it, threw it, and carried on chatting.

About mid-morning, when the rest of Rheindahlen had woken up, we had quite a few spectators. There were some who turned traitor and cheered the opposite team until Mr. Aspinall, with his dog, soon put a stop to that!

On the whole it was a very exciting festival and the outcome was:

1. Queen's
2. King's
3. Reserves
4. Windsor
5. Kent
6. Edinburgh.

I am sure Queen's would not have won had it not been for Miss Prest who trained us excellently in first class netball.

Ann Kears (Capt.)

LOWER SCHOOL

INTER-SCHOOL JUNIOR SWIMMING — MÜNSTER

Queen's swimmers again did well in this gala. In the boy's events results were: —

1st places

Falconer	—	Lower Junior Breast Stroke
Bewlay	—	Junior Crawl

2nd places

Casbolt	—	Junior Breast Stroke
McQuade	—	Diving

3rd places

Beveridge	—	Lower Junior Back Stroke
Morrissey	—	Junior Butterfly

The Lower Junior Relay (O'Neil, Falconer, Kitchen, Beveridge) took 4th place; the Junior Relay (Bewlay, Piggott, Morrissey, Casbolt) were disqualified.

The Junior Relay should have been our best performance because we swam 2mins 19secs. The winners — Gatow — swam 2mins 31secs. and King's (also disqualified) 2mins 25.5secs. It should have been a new record by 8 seconds.

Nine girls took part in the Gala at Münster after keen training at school to gain places in the teams. From nine events we gained 3 first places, 2 seconds and 2 thirds.

Results were as follows: —

1st places

S. Hayward	—	50 m. Breast Stroke
P. Birnie	—	Girls' Diving
Queen's Lower Junior Relay		

2nd places

L. Tandy	—	25 m. Back Stroke
L. Hayter	—	25 m. Breast Stroke

3rd places

M. Thompson	—	50 m. Crawl
Queen's Junior Relay		

INTER SCHOOL JUNIOR ATHLETICS — HAMM

A keen team of girls represented the school at Hamm. Unfortunately, final performances were not as good as those reached in training, but we were pleased to gain two first places and five thirds. Special mention must be made of the Junior Relay Team who showed very good team work to finish first against schools with individual faster sprinters.

Results:

1st places

S. Thomas — Discus
Queen's Junior Relay Team

3rd places

S. Thomas — 65 m. Hurdles
J. Meale — 100 yards
J. Meale — Long jump
P. Timmins — 150 yards
P. Timmins — Javelin

LOWER SCHOOL NETBALL — AUTUMN 1969

The 1st year team have played one match against Windsor Girls and the 2nd years have fitted in two — against Kent and Windsor Girls.

The 1st years travelled up to Hamm during the first part of the term, excited but also nervous. They returned, very happy to have won 9-4. This was a promising start to the term and they have continued to make good progress in practice matches. We were disappointed that the Kent match had to be twice postponed, but now look forward to that next term.

The 2nd year team played at Kent and after a very close match lost 4-2. They also played Windsor Girls when they travelled to Queen's later in the term. We were well down at half time, but this spurred the team on to extra effort during the second half, and at the final score we were only defeated by two goals.

**QUEEN'S LOWER SCHOOL v
MÖNCHENGLADBACH NAT. GYMNASIUM**

This was a very keenly contested meeting. Our individual winners were:

Faulkner	(1st year Long Jump)
Timmins	(2nd year Cricket Ball)
Holder	(1st year Cricket Ball)

The fine performance of Owens, Lagdon, and Davies F. created great enthusiasm as they were narrowly beaten, and the whole crowd rose to applaud the battle between Owens and Meiren in the 800 metres. The Gymnasium proved too strong in the athletics section, and although we beat them in the soccer match the points defeat was too great to pull back.

The soccer match was narrowly won 1-0, with Haydn taking the honour of scoring. The whole team played well, and consisted of: Macumber, Haydn, Collins, Bolt, Chapman, Gale, Timmins, Lee, Wilkes, Norton, Owens, Kidney and Davies F.

Boys who competed in the athletics section were: — Young, Borton, Wilkes, Davies, Falconer, Wilson, Armstrong, Macumber, Lagdon, Davies F., Owens, Davies M., Waite, Timmins, Bewlay, Holder, Reardon, and Hitchins.

B. W. J. Lewis

LOWER SCHOOL SOCCER — QUEEN'S v KENT

1st Year Match. Queen's 4 — Kent 0

This season competition to become a member of the first-year team has been very great. There are a lot of good players — far more than we can get into one team. In fact a second team can nearly hold its own against the school team. Thus their first game against Kent was looked forward to with enthusiasm. The team took time to settle down, and never really did, — too many players out of position, or holding the ball too long, and many more goals should have been scored. McLeod had an excellent game in goal, Lee had midfield control, and Wood came to his own in front of goal. **Scorers:** Wood (2), Richardson, Wattleworth. **Team:** McLeod, Jordan, Minns, Wattleworth, Hilton, McLean, Leech, Lee, P. Davies, Richardson, Wood, **Reserves:** Chinn, Pilgrim.

2nd Year Match. Queen's 3 — Kent 1

Unlike the first year we have very few second year boys, but this does not dampen their enthusiasm. Luckily the team responded to the hard play by Bale, and the midfield play of Kelly (both new boys), and the game seemed to be fairly even. Kent tried to centre their attack around one player and it did not work, because they tended to stand and watch him. We finally emerged winners by 3 goals to 1. **Scorers:** Davies F., Bennett, Turner. **Team:** Keast, Stewart, Bassom, Gilbert, Bale, Fox-Holmes, Turner, Kelly, Lagdon, Bennett, Davies F., and Whittaker. **Reserves:** Holder, Captain, McQuade, Falconer.

B. W. J. Lewis.

LOWER SCHOOL CROSS - COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

This is a very keenly fought competition. Many boys had been giving up lunch-hour time for extra training, and this showed up clearly in the results.

In the first-year race positions were: —

1st.	Cornwall
2nd.	Kent
3rd.	Gloucester
4th.	Edinburgh

The first three individual runners were: —

- 1st. Lagdon (C)
- 2nd. Turner (K)
- 3rd. Baskeyfield A. (C)

In the second-year race the house positions were: —

- 1st. Cornwall
- 2nd. Gloucester
- 3rd. Kent
- 4th. Edinburgh

The overall result thus was: —

- 1st. Cornwall
- 2nd. Kent
- 3rd. Gloucester
- 4th. Edinburgh

The first three individuals were: —

- 1st. Owens
- 2nd. Waite
- 3rd. Macumber

The general standard of running was good, with everybody giving of his best. Boys had followed the course records and ranking lists with interest, and each one, if not a winner, set his target on his own personal standard and record.

B. W. J. Lewis.

SOCCER AND RUGBY AT WINDSOR BOYS' SCHOOL - HAMM

The junior school soccer team were lucky to force a draw in this match, as Windsor were always ahead. We took too long to settle down. The two scorers, Wood and Golbert, worked very hard with Bale and MacLean. In general the attack and defence was out of touch, with poor midfield play. Several players were having off-days, and we were very lucky to score the equaliser in the closing minutes of the game. **Team:** McLeod, Fox-Holmes, Hilton, Bale, Turner, McLean, Kelly, Lee, Wood, Leech, Davies P., Gilbert, Lagdon, Davies F.

While we were struggling to get on equal terms in the soccer match, on the next pitch an even greater battle ensued. The third-year boys' Rugby team had waited for over a year to be blooded in their field of play, since we could never find a willing opposition. The core of the previous 2nd-year rugby club boys remained, and the additions fitted in well. They had had two practice matches against the fourth years, and they soon showed up in the play. The pack led by Woods, ably supported by Lacey, gained regular possession, and time and time again the three-quarter was thwarted of scoring right on the line. Lacey scored a penalty goal and eventually Heydon, playing well at

scrum-half, made a break, but was pulled down just short of the line, but a quick pick-up by Kidney ensured a try, which Lacey converted. In the second half Windsor tried a come-back, but they never got their three-quarter line moving. Davies M. was unlucky not to score by good following-up on the wing. Heydon missed a good chance on the blind side by cross-kicking instead. If the rest of the three-quarters had run with as much direction as Young, more points would have come our way. Lacey scored a penalty goal fairly late in the game. We were blessed with good play by Owens at full-back, who covered, picked up, and kicked well, or ran with the ball, at times joining the three-quarters in attack.

The team were: — Holland, Brzezicki, Harper, Piggott, Woods, Mealing, Lacey, Smith (Stuart), Heydon, Kidney, Macumber, Young, Wilkes, Davies M., Owens, Armstrong, Childs.

B. W. J. Lewis.

Clubs

RIFLE CLUB

.22 Skooting is in many ways the most individual of sports: one is dependent on one's own skill and control; course conditions or weather play an insignificant role and the result as recorded by the target is blatantly honest, leaving no possible excuse for lack of success except personal failure. (There are also no fouls, agonising lyings-in-state or administrations by sponge-laden trainers).

In spite of this the Rifle Club continues to meet each Thursday afternoon in the miniature range of the Garrison. This year two groups of boys use the facilities alternately, and the desire for membership of the club is still not satiated.

Standard of marksmanship is not quite as high as last year, but each session shows some improvement. There is no truth in the rumour that a 'two-yard stage' is to be used for certain members.

The club is very grateful for the help and interest of the Training Officer and his staff.

J. T.

ORIENTEERING CLUB

Every other Thursday afternoon the Club Members orientate themselves to the bus which is to take them to the starting-point. At this point Miss Milford and Miss Bott give us our maps and set us off at intervals, the object being to get from there to the finish as quickly as possible on foot, hitch-hiking not being allowed. For the energetic it provides an opportunity to get in trim for the School cross-country,

while for the rest of us it is a welcome interlude from the grind of school. Local knowledge is vital in order to be successful and reach the finishing point first, a very pleasing achievement which has thus far eluded us.

Our thanks must go to Miss Milford and Miss Bott who make our orientating both interesting and enjoyable.

M. Drury U6
M. Hooper U6
R. Tolcher U6

BADMINTON CLUB

The Club has started the season enthusiastically and to date has been fortunate in having regularly available facilities. Our numbers are large, but by the willing co-operation of all we manage to give everyone a reasonable time on the courts.

During the Spring term we hope to run a "Knock-out" competition in addition to our usual activity.

Finally, we would like to thank the R.A.F. Physical Fitness Staff for their co-operation.

LOWER SCHOOL FILM ACTING CLUB

"The Mystery", a second film, was made in colour. Surrounded by thick brown fumes, retorts, tripods, bunsen burners, and with Mr. Walker at hand on fire duty, the maniacal Professor (Mark Lonsdale, 1A), is filtering a potion which makes people and things disappear. Amidst ever-thickening atmosphere and plot, the villain's sinister Texas boots appear, beautifully played by the feet of Thomas Salt, 2A. He steals the potion, now in a spray container played by a heavily-disguised flyspray, and vaporizes the professor. Armed with the spray he roams the school and causes a succession of things to disappear, including the ball during a table tennis match, the pen of David Turner (1C) whilst he is writing, the book of Shelley Stoot (2C) whilst she is reading, a bottle of lemonade of Paul Ruck (2 Alpha) whilst he is drinking from it. Michael Brzezicki, John Keast, Stephen Lacey, Michael Scott, Anna-maria Beswick, Elaine Captain, Juliet Gordon (all 2A), Peter Duncan (2 Alpha), Jackie Hooper, Carol Neck, Anne Strange (all 2B), Sally Davies (2D), Kevin McCarthy (1C) and others also disappear, but fortunately since this was a U film, no teachers. At the end of term the potion was destroyed to avoid its falling into the wrong hands, and the film shown to Lower School.

Mr. E.

LOWER SCHOOL GYM CLUB

The most encouraging thing was that so many boys wished to take part, and were all prepared to work hard.

Great emphasis was put on agility work and floorwork, and on apparatus, and the boys aimed to reach a gold, red, or green award. To achieve this, great emphasis was put on attendance, effort, and reliability as a supporter as well as a performer. At various stages approximately 15 boys did handsprings unsupported, 10 overswings and handstands off boxes or horse, but only 4 good headsprings, which seem to require extra timing and co-ordination for a polished result. Three boys did flick-flacks either without, or with minimal, support.

Three boys, — Bolt, Davies M., and Childs, — were given gold awards, eight red, and seven green.

B. W. J. Lewis

FENCING CLUB

A group of twelve boys and girls meet alternate Thursday for tuition from Mr. H. Hughes in the art of foil fencing, learning new moves and practising all forms of attacks, although we are not aggressive enough at the moment.

Fencing is an excellent sport for developing poise, timing and quick reactions and requires more effort and skill than one is usually led to believe by the ball players.

The group are becoming proficient in handling the foil, taking part in informal tournaments, and time permitting we hope to go on to the Bronze standard. There is a lot to learn but an enjoyable Thursday afternoon passes very quickly.

Gill Canning

The following clubs also met regularly:

Table-tennis	Netball	Needlework
Basketball	Chess	Pottery
Squash	Natural History	Rugby
Hockey	Typing	Embroidery

Present Staff and Prefects

Headmaster: Mr. W. B. P. Aspinall, O. B. E., M. A.

Deputy Headmaster: Mr. G. Thomas, B. Sc.

Senior Mistress: Miss S. E. Wright

Master i/c Lower School: Mr. J. W. Arthurson

Senior Mistress Lower School: Miss M. M. Sherwin

School Chaplain: Rev. C. H. Sellars, B. A.

Mr. T. H. Baker, Dip. P.E.

Mr. S. A. Balding, B.A.

Miss A. J. Ball

Miss A. E. Bareham, B.A.

Mrs. M. V. Behan, B.A.

Mr. H. Bishop

Miss J. W. Bott

Mr. P. Brindley, B.A.

Mr. L. W. Bristow, B.A.

Mr. P. J. Cocking, A.T.D.

Mr. L. H. W. Daisy, B.Sc.

Mr. P. G. Gilbert

Miss L. M. Hepworth

Miss A. J. M. Hodgson, B.Sc.

Mr. W. H. Hughes

Mr. B. R. Hunt, B.A.

Mr. T. Jenkins, B.A.

Mr. D. A. Kay

Mr. W. C. N. Lane

Mr. B. W. J. Lewis

Mr. W. A. Lonsdale, N.D.D.

Miss S. E. McAlinden, B.A.

Mr. J. J. McCallion, M.A.

Miss N. Mathews, M.A.

Mr. P. Matthews, A.R.P.S.

Miss E. A. Merritt

Miss D. A. Milford, B.Sc.

Mr. G. W. T. Morgan

Miss B. F. Poole, B.A.

Miss B. E. Prest

Mr. A. J. Reilly, B.Sc.

Mr. H. K. Roll, B.A.

Mr. D. A. Simpson, B. A.

Mr. J. A. Stallwood

Miss B. A. Steane

Mr. J. B. Theaker

Mr. D. G. Thomas, B.Sc.

Mr. J. Tomlinson, M.Coll.H.

Mr. J. Turner, B.A.

Miss M. C. Viney

Mr. K. E. Vipas, M.A.

Miss M. York

Mrs. A. Priest

Mrs. A. D. J. Plant

Administrative and Clerical Staff

Mr. H. Pullan

Mrs. D. E. Leighton

Mr. W. G. Caddy

Mrs. D. Groves

Mrs. N. Robinson

Mrs. M. Taylor

School Prefects

A. Rosie: Head Boy

J. Rhodes: Dep. Head Boy

D. Pullen

R. Randerson

J. Cole

I. Thompson

Sarah Litton: Head Girl

Maureen Berry: Dep. Head Girl

Margaret Singleton

Susan Hughes

Pauline Archer

Assistant Prefects

D. Scheinmann

D. Blake

M. Drury

M. Hooper

R. Tolcher

C. Ward

G. Bisson

Gillian Canning

Jennifer O'Neil

Valerie Peacock

Elaine Trevena

Beatrice Wilson

Linda Dewberry

Sasako Mogi

Yvonne Mayhew

Examination successes

1968: University and Training College Places

University Places

Rosemary Bagley

C. Benning

C. Bewlay

D. Borton

Barbara Bulbeck

Sally Ferguson

Z. Fried

M. Keating

L. Kilpatrick

D. Lyon

Hilary Moore

A. Vaughan

Diane Windmill

Solihull Technical College

Stafford College of Technology

East Anglia

Portsmouth College of Technology

Portsmouth College of Technology

Solihull Technical College

London

Liverpool

Hatfield College of Technology

Stockport College of Technology

Leeds

Portsmouth College of Technology

Warwick

Colleges

Patricia Dawney

Beverley Heuchan

Meriel Krill

Hilary Masters

R. Pound

J. Read

J. Stallwood

Northern Counties College

Sunderland

Seaford

Farnham College of Art

Alsager

St. Luke's

Bognor Regis

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

A: Art, B: Biology, C: Chemistry, CK: Cookery, E. English Literature, F: French, G. Geography, Gr: German, H: History, MW: Metalwork, PM: Pure Mathematics, AM: Applied Mathematics, P/A: Pure and Applied Mathematics, P: Physics, T/D: Technical Drawing, W/W: Woodwork.

'A' Level (January and June 1969)

Bagley, R.	E
Bailey, G.	E
Baird, K.	C
Bell, D.	A, P/A and P
Benning, C.	H, PM and AM
Bisson, G.	PM, P/A and P
Bewlay, C.	MW and TD
Borton, D.	A, C and G
Braithwaite, M.	G
Browne, J.	T/D and MW
Bulbeck, B.	A, G and H
Cole, J.	G
Dray, M.	E
Elven, N.	T/D
Espie, L.	T/D
Ferguson, S.	F
Fliderbaum, M.	Gr and P
Fried, Z.	C, PM and P
Henderson, E.	A
Heuchan, B.	E and G
Hitchcock, P.	A
Jack, I.	P
Keating, M.	A, E and H
Kilpatrick, L.	E and P
Lyon, D.	F
Madrell, A.	H
Masters, H.	A
Mogi, S.	Japanese
Moore, H.	E, G and H
Nappi, C.	Gr
Pound, R.	MW
Pullen, D.	MW
Read, J.	G
Stallwood, J.	G and Gr
Vaughan, A.	H and E
Verspoor, M.	Dutch
Windmill, D.	E, F. and Spanish.

'O' Level (January, 1969)

The following candidates obtained:

Three Passes

Mogi, S.

Two Passes

Bampton, N., Cowan, P., Ireland, S., Scheinmann, D.

One Pass

Archer, P., Ashworth, A., Baird, N., Bass, P., Beer, A., Berry, M., Cole, J., Crowhurst, G., Dray, M., Drury, M., Ferguson, S., Foggin, D., Foggin, P., Harris, T., Irwin, D., Maltby, F., Norris, A., Peacock, V., Pullen, D., Smith, G., Verspoor, M.

'O' Level (June, 1969)

The following candidates obtained:

Eight Passes

Ashworth, R., Baird, N., Bass, P., Beer, S., Kay, I., Saddler, S., Wark, B.

Seven Passes

Bland, L., Davies, D., Glynn, J., Logan, I., Martin, S., Mead, B.

Six Passes

Benedick, J., Bilborough, R., Fitzpatrick, A., Holding, M., Klewin, C., Lewis, D., McDonnell, P., Ward, S.

Five Passes

Barton, S., Canning, S., Fitzpatrick, M., Haynes, J., Leigh, A., Moseley, S., Watterson, C., Wong, D.

Four Passes

Balding, A., Haymes, S., Knight, S., Sinclair, J., Trevena, E., Verspoor, M.

Three Passes

Arthurson, C., Berridge, J., Bewlay, A., Bowmann, D., Bradford, G., Fitzgibbon, S., Irwin, D., Johnson, D., Ritchie, E.

Two Passes

Archer, P., Borton, K., Braithwaite, L., Bratt, P., Colclough, I., Dewberry, L., Elven, N., Hawkes, N., Homer, S., McGovern, Margaret, McGovern, Michael, Peacock, V., Pratt, G., Richardson, G., Scheinmann, D., Scott, M., Simpson, M., Strick, J., Sutton, B.

One Pass

Amundson, D., Armitage, C., Ashworth, A., Aspinall, S., Bailey, G., Bampton, N., Berry, M., Blake, D., Brooke, S., Cross, A., Drury, M., Drury, P., Espie, L., Fox-Holmes, J., Fried, A., Henderson, E., Hinds, V., Hitchcock, S., Hitchcock, P., Hooper, M., Jones, A., Krill, M.,

Maltby, F., Mayhew, Y., Mogi, S., Oldham, J., Pullen, D., Rosie, A., Russell, W., Scheinmann, R., Thurston, W., Tilford, G., Tolcher, R., Toomer, G., Ward, C., Ward, M., Weinbaum, G.

CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION (Summer 1968)

The following candidates obtained certificates

in Nine Subjects

Jordan, S.

in Seven Subjects

Denison, S., Goodman, E., Heuchan, N., Ireland, W., Lithgow, J., Locke, I., Kirby, C., Simpson, M., Smith, L., Williams, P.

in Six Subjects

Barton, A., Bolt, B., Hughes, L., Jones, A., Pratt, G., Trejo, R., Twitchett, B.

in Five Subjects

Crichton, R., Fox, A., Griffin, J., Jones, A., O'Neill, S., Pott, J.

in Four Subjects

Aspinall, J., Brennan, J., Colclough, I., Crowhurst, G., French, J., Hitchcock, S., Jones, M., O'Gorman, L., Rose, E., Stokes, E., Sutton, B., Thorpe, R., Thurston, W., Tilford, G.

in Three Subjects

Aspinall, S., Foxcroft, T., Homer, C., Hyland, S., Norris, A., Plaskitt, E., Robinson, C., Thompson, I.

in Two Subjects

Balding, A., Berridge, J., Bradford, G., Drury, P., Fitzpatrick, A., Hawkes, N., Hinds, V., Irwin, D., Knight, S., Moseley, A., Randerson, R., Richardson, R., Sinclair, J., Smith, G., Wilson, B., Wong, D.

in One Subject

Armitage, C., Bampton, N., Barton, S., Bennedik, J., Bewlay, A., Borton, K., Canning, J., Elven, N., Espie, L., Fitzgibbons S., Fox-Holmes, J., Glynn, J., Hames, S., Heywood, W., Ireland, S., Johnson, D., Klewin, K., Lea, A., Legry, J., Locke, K., Mead, B., Mogi, S., Munro, H., O'Neil, J., Pullen, D., Ritchie, E., Simpson, M., Watterson, C.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS (1968-69)

SINGLE SUBJECT EXAMINATIONS *

TYPEWRITING

Stage I

P. M. Archer, R. Bagley, P. Bratt, E. J. Bass*,
S. Ferguson*, J. Griffin*, S. Hitchcock,
S. Hughes, C. Robinson*, A. Sargeant*, G. Smith,
B. Twitchett.

Stage II

D. Henderson, M. Scott, G. Homer, A. Harries.

SHORTHAND

50 w.p.m.

L. Arnold, D. Henderson, M. Scott*.

60 w.p.m.

D. Henderson, M. Scott*, S. Homer*.

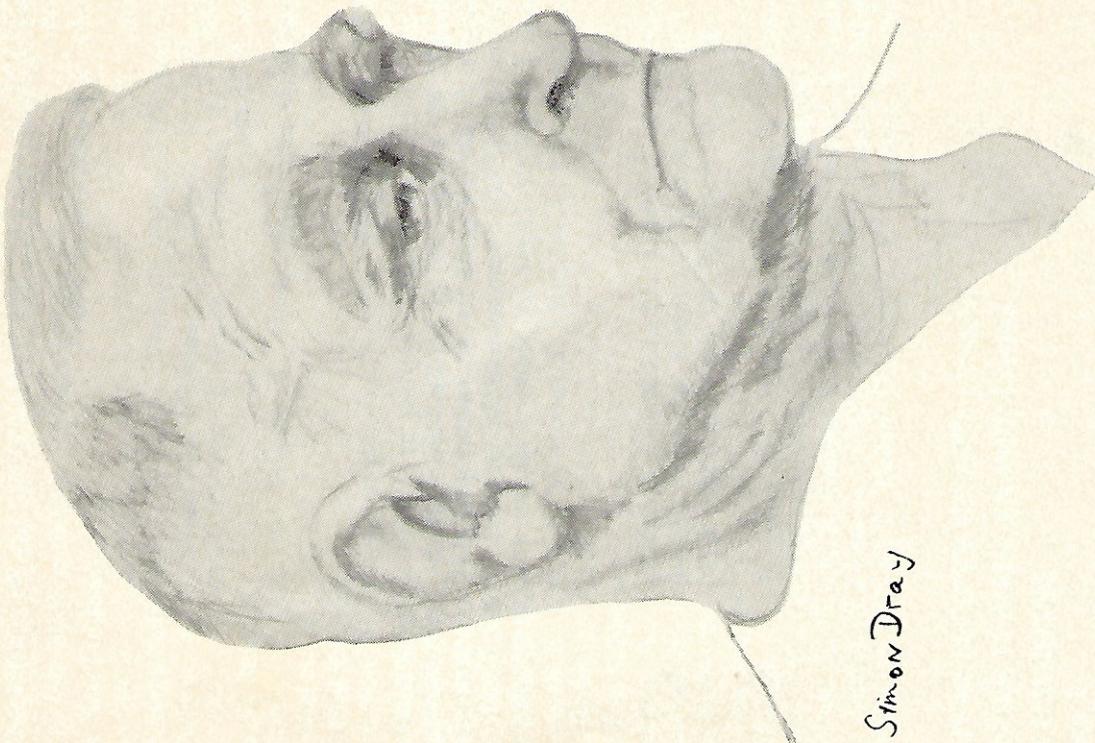
80 w.p.m.

M. Scott, S. Homer.

* Denotes 'Pass with Credit'.

THE CHRISTMAS FAIR

A great success once again, resulting in a net profit of just over D.M. 11,000. We are grateful for all the hard work that went into the preparations for the Fair and for all who supported it so generously. A donation of £150 has been sent to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund and £100 to the Home for Spastic Children, Mönchengladbach.



Simon Dray

GENERAL

SECTION

A selection of prose and poetry
representative of all parts
of the school.

A NEW SUBJECT AT 'O' LEVEL?

It was reported in the Daily Mail recently that research is going on into the possibility of introducing a G.C.E. 'O' Level course on how to live with Mum and Dad.

The following is an extract from a Specimen Examination Paper in the new Subject, prepared by the pupils of 6A/B: —

Question 1 Your parents have told you that at 16 you are not pulling your weight in the house. They tell you that your appearance is disgraceful, that your room is like a pigsty, and that you start doing some decent household chores.

Do you: —

- (a) completely agree with them;
- (b) tell them to mind their own business;
- (c) tell them that you have been studying so hard that you have forgotten about personal appearance and cannot find time to do any household chores?

With regard to the household chores, do you: —

- (a) tell them that you wouldn't want to spoil the fun of doing the housework;
- (b) tell them that they are doing a grand job;
- (c) refuse outright to do any household work;
- (d) move into the garden shed?

Question 2 Your parents want to be mod, so they go to the Youth Club. Unfortunately, the latest dance they can do is the Twist. Do you: —

- (a) deny that they are your parents;
- (b) ask them to leave;
- (c) call the police?

Question 3 You are told you are being punished for being 'naughty'. To try and get out of staying in for a week, do you: —

- (a) tell your dad he has got the shiniest bald head in the country;
- (b) threaten him, "I'm bigger than you...";
- (c) tell your dad he's got lovely teeth (forgetting they are false)?

Question 4 You are having a water fight with your brother. You are in the bathroom baling out cupful after cupful and he is in the yard. Suddenly he starts laughing. You look out and see the water has splattered all over your dad. Do you: —

- (a) say, "Hi, dad, nice weather";
- (b) throw down the towel;
- (c) run for your life;
- (d) say, "I thought you'd had a wash today";
- (e) say, "You look nice and clean."?

Question 5 What do you do when your father storms in, snatches your guitar, swings it round his head, batters the amplifier with it and then produces a long knife and proceeds to cut all the strings and stamp on it? Do you: —

- (a) say "Gee man, what a groovy noise!"
- (b) buy another one;
- (c) run outside and begin to smash up his Aston-Martin;
- (d) say, "Thank you, father, I needed that."
- (e) never speak to him again?

W. Ireland
N. Hawkes
et al.

BEAST OF BURDEN

Love is like a horse;
It can paw and tear and champ and
Snort at your heart, with its fine flying mane,
And toss the pieces into the damp wind.
Yet it can be soft, gentle, breathful, mournful,
Long, from a long way off with an infinite sadness.
Then the sleek muscles will blur,
Shiver and roll
Like the tears from your eyes;
As he
Trots away, proud rump swinging, tail swishing
Away the million unsolvable aches
As if they were but troublesome flies.
Keep away from mad horses
And love,
Avoid their cutting edges, the iron hooves
Which leave the stamp of pain on weakling flesh
That withers with age, but still remembers its
First bloom.
My spirit was willing but it rose and died within a moment.

Y. Ferguson, Lower Sixth

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

(or 'The Unfair Cop')

As I opened the thick steel door
And knelt down to peer inside,
A sparkle caught my eye,
And there it was . . . the money!
There was silver, and beautiful new notes;
They were stacked in mountains, waiting for me,
Just sitting there all clean and freshly printed.
I picked up a stack and held it tightly;
As I ran my fingers along the metal strip
An excited feeling ran through my body;
I then picked up a pile of silver
And as I did I heard a distinct tinkle
As a piece fell to the ground.
I picked it up and ran my finger along its rough edge;
I knew it couldn't be true,
And it wasn't. Because soon I felt
The unfriendly pat on the back from a policeman.

M. Butcher 3A (2A)

NIGHT-TIME

Darkness spreads its magic cloak over the country
Slowly, greedily clutching at each horizon with outstretched arms;
Gradually, the sun, defeated, sinks humbly behind the hills
Flushing the sky with pale hues of pink and gold in a last gesture
of defiance.

Still the darkness descends.
Birds and animals fall deathly silent, and bow their heads in deep
reverence;

At last all is ready; silence rises to a highest pitch,
All earth is watching, waiting;
And then, high above, a star appears in a black, silky ocean
Twinkling, shining: more appear,
And soon the heavens are alive with soft, radiant beauty.
Night-time sits once more upon his sacred throne.

G. Hughes, 5A (4A)

THE GORGON'S HEAD

(or 'Perseus, by Jove!')

Once upon a time there was a young lady (well, we will call her a lady for the sake of convenience) named Danae. Her father, for reasons best known to himself, did not want a grandchild and so, knowing the seductive abilities of young men, even on the best of young

ladies, kept Danae locked up. He had, unfortunately, not counted on the wiles of the almighty Zeus who cunningly changed himself into a shower of gold and, er, leaked through the roof. The result of this "divine intervention" was a child named Perseus. Unfortunately Danae's father was not a great believer in divine intervention, or in showers of gold for that matter, and as fathers are wont to do in these situations, he firmly and unpolitely told Danae to get the . . . out of here and stay out.

Now Danae, after many adventures, finally managed to attach herself to a king, who married her; but he too had a rather undevout tendency to disbelieve in divine intervention and in leaking roofs, and thus disliked Perseus intensely. Now he was too polite to tell him to get the . . . out of here, so he told him to go and kill Medusa, one of the Gorgons, which is a nice way of saying the same thing. By then Perseus was fed up with arguments on divine intervention, so he agreed. Being a resourceful young man, as well as being of doubtful parentage, he managed to borrow certain belongings off his divine relations (he was also a persuasive young man). These were namely a sword and a bright shield to counteract the unfortunate ability of Medusa to turn anyone who looked on her into stone, the idea being that he could watch her reflection, (a dirty trick and very immoral, but then doubtless Perseus took after his mother). From some nymphs he acquired winged shoes, a helmet that made him invisible and a magic wallet that could be adapted to carry anything he wanted. (These are three very useful articles that haven't been invented to the present day, which shows that the Greeks weren't absolute fools even if they were taken in by the reproductive powers of rain). With these aids to nature Perseus rushed down, out of the sky, cut off the Gorgon's head and flew away before he could be caught, somewhat in the manner of modern hit-and-run drivers.

The moral of this information is that before you say, "It's all Greek to me", think twice.

A. Ashworth U6 (L6)

BUS

A drizzly day, cascading light, amber light, through a
Misty blur of swishing windscreen.
The amber lights flutter over the shining road before me,
Arrowing their way above into a point
Till they are not two but one.

Now they change.
White.

We halt in a town of tall blackness —
Opaque through a blur of water —
Casing me in without, flooding me with red within.
red — amber — green.

The green passes behind me as we jolt our way
Onward through spectrums of neon.

now there are no beautiful lights.
gone.
just a straight road flashing at me with
spidery arms of bark.

A line of white lights speed towards me as they are
Set free from their restraint of red obedience.
Their eyes creep into my presence with their
Translucent ladders of spiky revolution
Blinking wetly.
They drive beneath my driver's arm
Through his body
Beside me
Behind.

a motion completed in four
with consistent regularity
advance — beside — behind — passed.

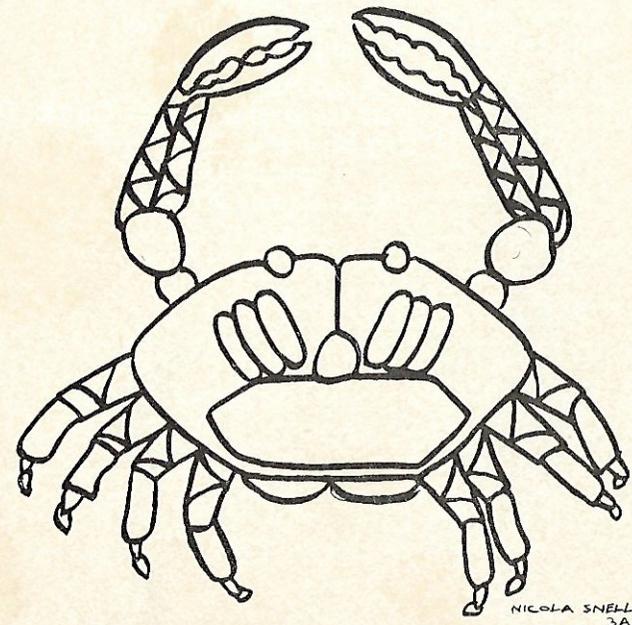
Grey light.
Natural.

From left to right, bleak flatness stretches out defiantly.
Only angry braking lights explode before me,
With the occasional twitch of amber
As a route is divided.

this intriguing monotony of escaping the
fleeting darkness of the first month,
watching columns of reflection,
pleases,
always.

N. Elven 6 Alpha (1968-9)

The above poem won the Upper School Poetry Prize 1968/9.



EPITAPHS.

This very unlucky gunfighter
Strode into the Lucky Heart;
He looked around him for a fight,
And was killed by a badly thrown dart.

This poor old lady was crushed by a bus;
She made such a fuss at being crushed by a bus,
That they crushed her by a car,
Which was better by far.

This poor, departed soul
Slipped down a rabbit hole;
She generated so much friction
That she died from severe constriction.

Here lies the body of Daisy May,
Who fell in the hay one summer's day,
She shouted and called, but she couldn't get out
And finally died from the dreaded gout.

This poor young man was going to school,
And on his way he recited verse;
He was knocked down by a speeding fool,
And he finished his trip in a hearse.

N. Turner, 5A (4A)

THE WORM

Slimy
Pink and fat
Now long and thin
And white
And brown
A shapeless creature
Blind
Who leaves behind
A muddy coil
Who creeps
At steady speed
Yet has
No limbs
No arms
No feet
Who feeds
From the rich brown earth
And eats the rotting leaves
Slips
From the tightest grasp
Or breaks
In half
Yet lives still
Undaunted
No fears has known
No tears has shed
Feels not the pain
Of sadness
A humble creature
Crawling
In the dung and dark.

N. Snell, 3A

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

(or 'I've got gastro gnomes at the bottom of my garden')

It was a stifling exam. week, and someone had opened the windows of the exam. room above the kitchens. A boy sat by the back window chewing his pencil, regardless of the Geography exam paper in front of him, and a bluebottle droned round the clock, which ticked drowsily in harmony with the many scratching pen-nibs.

The boy yawned, turned his mind back to lumbering in North America, and continued his essay about saw-mills. Presently, the smell of chips soared through the window and tickled his nose. It wrinkled appreciatively and his mind began to think not of wooden chips, but of eatable ones — crisp, golden and airy, or soggy, pale yellow bendable fingers in greasy bags, on plates, with fish! Mmm! He liked fish. His mind continued to wander over the various delicacies he rarely ate then. So many things had happened since he had begun in the new school.

Two hours later, he was feebly attempting a chemistry question which ran: "What is the chemical formula for the smell of bad eggs? How would you prepare a sample in the lab?" The only thing in the question which appealed to the boy was the word "eggs". It conjured up visions in his mind of various kinds of eggs — Scotch eggs, poached eggs, fried eggs, Russian egg. Oh, the choice was endless! His mouth watered, and there was a slight plop of saliva on to his question paper. Oblivious of all except eggs, his mind turned over the possibilities of gaining one to eat. He wondered what a duck egg tasted like, and still with this question, he handed in a perfectly blank sheet of paper — a trifle wet.

During the exam. on the following morning, a fat prefect crept in to mumble to the invigilator, who was, to the boy's horror, wearing a suit which was the colour of dark green cabbage. The prefect, Steven Tew, or "Stewy" as he was known, had gristly hands and a fattish face. This sight of stew and cabbage made the boy's stomach rumble. He hung his head out of the window for some fresh air, only to be completely enveloped by the smell of meat from the kitchen. He shuddered, and fled from the room with his hand clapped over his mouth . . .

It was amazing how the smell of bacon streaked up through that window. Almost as soon as the boy had begun his music exam, he almost saw the bacon come wriggling across to him and merge with his manuscript paper. From there it sent out great waves of crispy bacon smell, promising bacon and egg pie for lunch. The manuscript paper was adorned with eggs (previously being notes) sitting on rashers of bacon. It was too much for the boy. He grabbed the paper and

crammed a large piece into his mouth. Oh, how crisp the bacon was! For a few seconds it tasted perfect, but then he became aware of the other candidates sniggering into their exam. papers, and of the master peeping over the top of his glasses. So the boy tentatively removed the papyry mess and continued as best he could without manuscript paper.

The final straw was strawberry tart. The pastry was cooking in the kitchen, and the finished product was in the boy's mind. To his astonishment he actually saw it circling just outside the window! But a server was advancing menacingly with a bowl of custard to pour over it. The boy jumped from his seat in order to reach his slice of tart before anyone else had it. He reached out of the window, he strained and stretched, and finally stepped out of the window.

W. Bew, 5B



MEDUSA

Like stone she stands on the hill,
As lightning flashes and thunder roars,
While the wind howls and whistles its age-old song
And the rain in torrents falls,
Flogging the ground.

She stands stiff and upright,
With lustrous gleaming eyes
Glaring out across the stormy sea.

The Vipers on her head
Hiss and snap.

The Wind blows fierce and strong,
Yet still she stands rigid as ever,
As if to defy it to do its worst
As it blows her long dress behind her.

E. Captain, 3A

RIDDLE

Oval or round, cooked and bent we are all alike,
Dressed in the same uniform of brown.
Now we must face our execution;
Our many eyes cannot see;
Forward we go brothers and sisters.
Some meet a watery end as they
face steaming torrents of water.
Others are burned in bubbling oil
and emerge tall, straight and stiff
To be devoured by hungry mouths.
Who are we?

POTATOES.

K. Bulford, 4C (3D)

US AND THEM

What do they really think? I ask;
They call us a crazy mixed-up nation,
All the people under age:
The "younger generation."

"Do you see the purple fish fly by,
Towards the orange sea?
Who cares if they think we are mad;
We just want to be free."

"With this wed I do thee ring,
And place it on your foot,
Don't give in to old convention,
Or you may get in a rut."

Do they really think we are like that?
No, that is just in jest.
We care like them, we laugh like them,
We have our worst and best.

Like them, often lonely, often sad,
We cry over memory and song;
We know we're sometimes in the right,
But admit we're sometimes wrong.

And so, I could be wrong in this,
Maybe their concern is real;
Perhaps they really were young once,
And know just what we feel.

Then purple fishes soon must go,
Then we must think again,
Will we, one day, be just like them,
So very calm and sane?

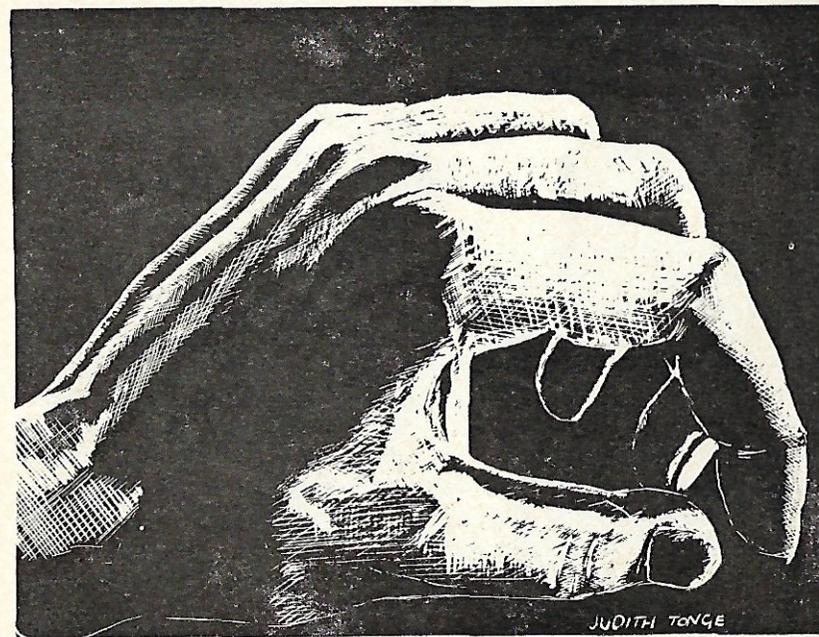
J. Black, 4A (1968-69)

The above poem won the Middle School Poetry Prize 1968/9.

HOW TO BE CONCISE

I've been accused by many men
Of saying far too much;
They tell me, "Don't say this and that,
Just cut out such and such."
So thus I tend to use my meth.
A really great new syst.
I've found my essays here dimin.
Partic. in Geog. and Hist.
If Shake. and Chauc. had used this way
They would have saved some mon.
And also saved a bit of time
In which to have some fun.
So you can save both time and exp.
(As you no doubt can see)
By neat and short abbrevs.
E.g., viz., i.e.

M. Berry, U6 (L6)



TOMFOOL CAT

I have a very unusual animal. He is not an unusual species, just a Tom Cat. It is just that he is, well, unusual. Right from the start, when Mum bought him from the market for 7/6, I knew we were in for a ball.

He was a very small, bony kitten, black, with a shattering Siamese wail and blue eyes. As soon as he had settled down he formed a habit of climbing up people's legs: not scrambling like an ordinary cat, but slowly and calmly, and with much dignity. When Mum had tattered shreds for stockings, and we all had stratched legs we decided to stop it by giving him a bash every time he decided to have a stroll up someone's leg.

Tom soon left our legs alone but he still had a strange craving for heights; so he decided to haul himself up the sitting-room's full-length curtains instead. He would do so until, of course, he reached the top. After surveying the terrifying view for a few moments, he would start up what I called his Siamese siren, until somebody fetched a ladder and rescued him. His Siamese siren, by the way, is a dreadful noise which sounds like a baby being throttled and all hell let loose. We cured Tom of curtain climbing in the same way as we did with his leg-climbing.

Now when Tom had been cured of climbing four-foot legs and nine-foot curtains he decided he might as well go the whole way. So he walked up the stairs to the landing, and looked down. It wasn't high enough for him. But when he reached the top, he looked down from the dizzying height and seemed satisfied. We were discussing how to prevent him falling, when Tom took the high dive, giving out a triumphant ear-splitting wail, which slowly diminished into a bump.

We all stamped down the stairs and upon a close inspection we found that Tom had cracked his shoulder. He didn't seem to be in much pain; in fact I think he rather enjoyed having the whole family fussing around him. That night we thought we had better give him something to make him sleep, so as to ensure a peaceful night for ourselves. We came to the conclusion that a drop of brandy would be the best thing. Of course, we all agreed that he should have only a tiny bit such as a mustard-spoonful. So, after Tom had happily slurped his way through half of his third table-spoonful, he passed out in a drunken stupor. Every few minutes he would grunt and gurgle with his tongue hanging out, and flap his three good legs wildly as if re-living his exhilarating moments of free fall.

There were some funny moments while Tom was hopping about on three legs. One of them occurred while he was drinking his milk from a soup-plate. He was finding it difficult, to say the least, because

the soup plate had a high rim, and he could not balance very well on his front leg while leaning forward. This was early in the morning, just as I came staggering down for my breakfast. Without realizing it, I stood on Tom's tail. The dozy animal must have thought he'd broken Newton's Law of Gravity, for he leaned right out over the edge of the soup plate, and with his full weight on his tail began to slurp away at his milk, with an enormous grin on his face.

When I heard the slurping, I looked down, saw that I was standing on his tail and promptly stepped off. The result, as far as I can remember, was that Tom's front half disappeared into the milk; and every time he tried to scramble out backwards his front leg slipped and he again disappeared.

I was in no position to help, of course, as I was suffering from a temporary fit of hysterics. But lucky Dad life-saved the petrified, milk-soaked animal, who was quivering violently, and wondering what had gone wrong with his discovery.

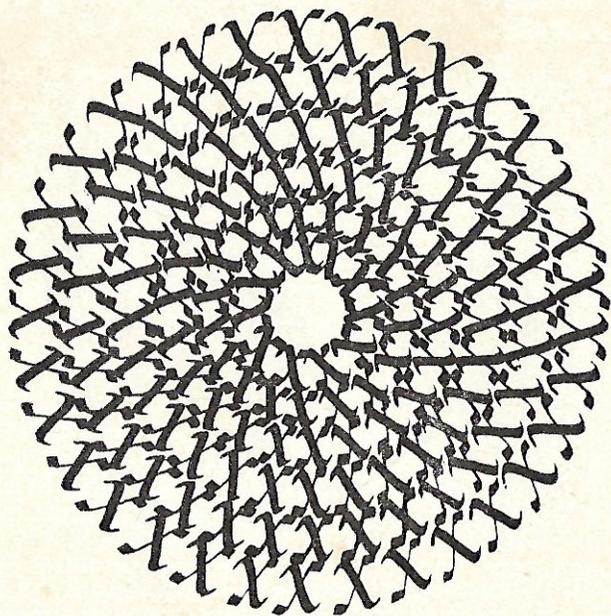
The other occasion was when we put him down at the end of the garden. Now there is a slight slope that dips down towards our house. When Tom saw he was alone at the end of the garden, he started "hop-running"; but because of the slope, and as he had to use his only front leg for the purpose of staying upright, he had no way of braking.

We were sitting at the tea-table watching him and commenting on his speed, which by this time was fantastic. It was not until he started his siren that I realized something was wrong. I jumped up and opened the French windows. Tom managed to steer himself in the direction of the open doors, while I crouched just inside like a wicket-keeper at a Test Match. Suddenly a black bundle of fluff roared into the room, and I made the best catch you've ever seen.

When Tom had recovered his breath he found he had a new craving—speed. We tried it out again and again, and each time somebody had to take turn at being wicket-keeper. One day I was in the kitchen when he went for one of his "runs". This time I thought I'd let him stop under his own steam. As he roared through the open door, I distinctly remember the look of horror on his face as he shot across the room, about three feet high, and came to a sudden stop against the open wall.

This undoubtedly cured him of his crazy speeding habits, and he gradually recovered the use of his leg. He now spends twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, sleeping. But every now and then he will flap three legs in reminiscence of the good old days.

M. S. Robinson, 6A



MARY PETTIFER 2E.

THE PROPERTIES OF A TRIANGLE

(after reading 'Naming of Parts' by Henry Reed)

Today we have the properties of a triangle;
Yesterday we had Pythagoras Theorem,
And tomorrow we will be doing indices and surds.
The birds flutter from branch to branch,
not having a care in the world.
And today we have the properties of a triangle.

Today we have the properties of a triangle;
If two sides are the same it's called an isosceles.
All angles add up to 180° .

The lawn mower drones lazily in the field;
Wisps of newly cut grass fill the air,
And all the angles add up to 180° .

Today we have the properties of a triangle;
The area is half of the base times the height
And this is the way to divide a given line into a given ratio.

The bee busily buzzing from flower to flower
Going about his daily chore of collecting pollen
And today we have the properties of a triangle.

D. Warren, 5B (4B)

HARD BUT?

Her face was so hard,
But yet, so soft;
Her cheeks were red,
But still, so old.

Her face was so hard,
But her intentions so good;
Her wrinkled face,
And weary eyes.

Her face was so hard,
But only because
She was nearing
Eternal sleep.

S. Davies, 3C²

AFTERMATH

Shining spangles and brilliance are
The last glance the crowd get at
The fireworks this November; but
The sight is one of beauty and dazzling sparks.
The crowd takes its leave
Stealing softly into the shadows;
All that is left is a red glow,
Blackened grass and the soft hissing of
The rain on the embers.

Julie Walker, 1A

DREAMS

Visions float past on the breeze like soft golden rose petals
Falling, drifting, swirling cushions of colour
Always ready to appear in a moment of unforeseen bliss,
In pearly hues of sweetness:
Or to disappear suddenly into the fathomless depths

of sullen reality.
G. Hughes, 5A (4A)

VERY ODD NUMBERS

(or 'The Maths Department Strikes Again')

1. Two ducks in front of a duck, two ducks behind a duck, and a duck in the middle. How many ducks?
2. There are twelve pennies in a dozen. How many halfpennies are there?
3. One train leaves Edinburgh at 2.10 a.m. travelling at 40 m.p.h. A second train leaves Edinburgh for London half an hour later travelling at 45 m.p.h. When it passes the first which is the nearer to London?
4. Can you make fourpence of two coins, one of which is not a 3d bit?
5. Three men, Hill, Hall and Hull are by profession doctor, docker and dentist (not respectively), and one is by hobby a philatelist, one an ornithologist, and the other a campanologist. Hill lives halfway between the dentist and the philatelist. Hull visits the dentist regularly. Hall beat the ornithologist at darts. What are the hobbies of the three men?

CLAWS ANALYSIS

Her tail twitches, and from the blackness of her face two slits of shining green can be seen which grow until they are huge beautiful eyes. A leg moves and then another and she begins to extend her body until it is long and thin. Her tail waves slowly. Then she closes up, arching her back and wrinkling her silky fur-covered skin. Her eyes are slits again, hiding her thoughts behind them. She begins to move. Her body glides, her legs slinking along beneath her.

N. Snell, 3A

A whisker twitched and her tail flicked softly; a low purr seemed to drop from her throat, while all the time her eyelids stayed firmly shut. One of these eyelids opened and the pupil shrank in size immediately and then grew again as it slowly accustomed itself to the light. The other eyelid opened and there was a repeat performance with the pupil. Her mouth slid open and gave forth a tremendous yawn, while her fore-paws stretched out in front of her, bending her back inwards. Then, as though she were checking the last outward parts of herself, her ears cocked back and then came forward again.

She sat up and began washing, first her back then her legs and paws and stomach and lastly her face.

Her wakening completed, she leapt lightly from her chair and went to find her morning drink of milk.

L. Piggott, 3A

MIDNIGHT FEAR

The clock struck twelve and all was still,
The old man lay in bed.
He heard a tapping at the pane,
And lay there as if dead.

He thought of all the things he'd heard
About the prison on the hill:
The tolling bell of men escaped
"They're dangerous — they'll kill".

The glass pane cracked, the window broke,
The curtains touched his bed;
No one will know what entered there,
For soon he will lie dead.

Peace and calm music lulled the air,
In heaven it would seem;
But no! Listen, the birds' dawn chorus;
Relief . . . , it's all a dream.

Susan Fox-Holmes, 3A (1968-69)

DEATH

Death is a transportation,
The soul is moved to bliss;
Death is a relief
From the suffering of mankind;
Death is a finale,
The grand ending of life;
Death is a restoration
Of truth and love;
Death is an act,
God's answer to our prayers;
Death is a beginning
Of eternal life.

P. Jenner, 2A (1968-69)

THE EVENING

Evening was coming, dusk drew near,
The emerald green hills turned to gold;
The sun now sank low on the hills in the west,
Turning in colours of pink and coral, yellow and gold.
The sun looked like a ball of fire hung low in the heaven.
Suddenly everything was bathed in a light of pink and gold;
This gave mystery and delight to the evening.
Birds sang for the last time in sweet song,
Flowers closed their petals against the cooler evening air,
Darkness came down silently and the moon rose high in dark
evening sky;
The twilight had come and the moon bathed everything in a ghostly
silver light.
The first stars shone out of a black velvet heaven;
A owl hooting far away told me evening had gone and night had come.

J. Faldon, 4D (1968-9)

THE TIGER

I lived in the swamplands of Trai in India. The light wind rustled through the trees, parrots screeched and monkeys chattered as I walked through the undergrowth. A small deer bolted past me. I gathered my legs under me and sprang with terrible force and landed on its back, and buried my fangs deep into its throat. Blood spurted out of its throat, and with a sickening death-cry it sank to the ground in a heap.

I tore at the meat in a frenzy. I subconsciously heard a twig snap, but did not look round. The only thought I had was to fill my belly with the warm flesh of my prey. I heard a sharp click as a safety-catch was lifted off from a '50 express rifle. Next second an agonising white-hot pain shot through my shoulder. I was hurtled to one side with the great punch from the expanding bullet.

I was on my feet in an instant, and dragged myself on to a rocky ledge. As I reached the top, a puff of dust sprang up in front of my eyes, marking the impact of the bullet. I half limped, half ran to the stream into which I plunged for the cooling waters, to relieve my pains. As I lay there I was conscious of the water washing my fevered wound. I did not see the hunter raise his rifle for the third time . . .

Suddenly a blinding flash and a red haze filled my eyes, a roaring filled my ears, the ground seemed to spin under my feet; I knew I was falling, falling for eternity. Then the last spark of life left my body.

R. Rose, 4T (3C)

SPACE

Scientists look with reverent eyes
Seeking that elusive sight;
Ever upward yond the skies
Praying for that astral light
Transporting men to celestial glory
In some far and distant place,
Showing the world that wondrous story
Of Man's victory over Space.

Human failings cast aside
Computer figures placed on record,
The heavens' secrets opened wide,
Success all around their main reward,
Three small giants made the flight
In man-made capsule full of grace,
Margin of Error so very slight
Proves that Man has conquered Space.

K. Hart 4E (1968-9)

FLIGHT

The moth goes closer to the fire,
Entranced by the light and heat.
Hypnotised by instincts old,
It flutters nearer its ghastly fate;
Happily unaware of doom,
It flicks between the hungry flames.
Then curiosity drives it nearer to the fiery heart;
And then . . . a trickle of carbon marks the spot
Where the fateful moth flew to his death.

Mark Lonsdale 2A (1A)

THE DANCE

A town hall, shabby and dingy
In the mist-muffled gleam
From the thin, upright street lamps.
Shadowy figures pass,
Drawn, like pins to a magnet,
Into the hall.
Snatches of sound escape,
Surprising the unsuspecting, icy air.
The door is flung wide —
Noise, making the ears tingle and throb;
Heat, like an impenetrable barrier across the threshold.
This strange sanctuary for the young;
Feet shuffling, stamping, tapping;
Bodies swaying, twisting, reeling,
Wavering, tossing, bending, sweating,
In the semi-darkness;
The air filled with vibrating,
Pulsating, twanging, crashing,
Throbbing sound;
The incessant beat intoxicating
And thrilling the listener.
Yet soon the figures begin to drift away
Into the cold night.
Only a few stragglers remain and the magic has gone.

Susan Saddler L6 (5A)

FRUIT NOT FORBIDDEN

Hanging there outside my window
Just there for me to touch and feel,
To slide my fingers over its smooth surface,
To coddle its splendour and its grace,
Who had the right to take and eat this apple
That took all of Nature's skill to make.

John Keast 3A (2A)

JUSTICE

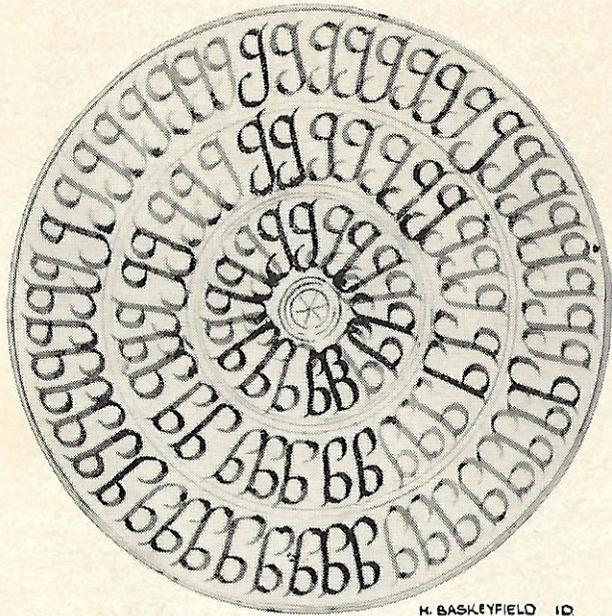
The vixen looked up in agony, her eyes pitiful, almost begging the farmer to finish off the work he had wrought to her torso. He glanced at her casually and strolled off, leaving her to die slowly. The vixen licked her fatal wounds again; the pellets had entered her body in tiny holes, but had flattened out, leaving vast gaps in her other side.

She wondered, as she died, why he had picked on her; all she had done was to take two chickens to feed her five cubs. At least they would have sense to keep away from the farmer's chickens after this.

As the farmer returned home, thinking about the war which was coming to an end, a fighter came screaming down, flame spurting from its wings. The farmer ran for hopeless cover, only to be flung to the ground by the impact of the shells. He rolled in agony while the pilot gave him a flippant glance and flew off to his homeland.

The farmer now gave up his struggles and waited to die. He wondered why the pilot had done this to him; he was only out doing his job, nothing more. Just before he died, he noticed the vixen lying beside him, with a look of bewilderment on her dead face. He suddenly realised that he, too, would die like her, with a look of bewilderment on his face.

C. Arnold 3 Alpha



H. BASKETFIELD 10

POETRY

SPECIAL

A selection from the writings
of Margaret Singleton, Upper Sixth,
with an illustration by the writer.

THE QUARRY

A huge yellow crater blasted into the hillside;
Its edges sudden and severe;
Its slopes precipitous, clifflike;
And down a hundred feet or more below
It cradles a pool of dark, unmoving green —
How deep I cannot tell —
But its very stillness for bodes.
And near its dusty brink grow
A few straggling cornflowers and poppies,
Solitary windblown cornstems —
Reminders that here once grew a field of wheat,
A field that would be gold and rippling even now
If not for the efforts of these toiling men.
Men dwarfed by their towering machines,
They're working on the other side today —
Hear the far distant purr of engines in motion;
See the stark outlines of their massive mechanical dinosaurs,
Harshly conspicuous against the ever-deepening blue,
And observe how the long, hinged necks pivot and crane stiffly skyward
Or swing ponderously across from left to right
And then, as if on sudden impulse,
Jolt heavily down upon their prey,
Their cold metal jaws hacking greedily into the mountain of gravel.
It seems their hunger is insatiable.
I stood and watched at the quarry's side
Till the dusk came creeping softly in;
But, before I turned to leave,
I took coarse lump of granite with many jagged facets
And hurled it out far into the emerald calm below;
Listened to the bated breath of silence
As I watched it fall like a dying bird;
Saw the bright, brief plume of water spring up
As it rudely broke the surface,
No longer green, but shimmering silver for an instant;
Then heard the splash that it made on contact, a sound slightly delayed,
Yet startlingly loud in the quietness of the darkening quarry.
I wondered
That, despite the roughness of its form,
The ripples it produced were still completely round and smooth,
Flawless, concentric rings of gently rocking movement
Spreading slowly outwards
To cover the whole pond's surface
And lap the foot of the yellow cliff now cast in shadow.

And then I found a second stone —
A perfect stone as smooth and as white
As the egg of a kingfisher but larger
For it almost filled the entire palm of my hand.
And it lay there
Hard and cold.
But it seemed to belong, somehow,
For it fitted the curve of my outstretched hand so well
And instinctively my fingers curled about it.
It was to be mine — not theirs
(Not to be interred in tarmac like the rest).
And so I have brought it back with me.
It is mine.
And even now as I still clutch it in my pocket
I am newly aware of the fact that it has become warm
In my living grasp.

THE GODDESS

She walks —
She walks when the moon rides high and full
And men die at the touch of her hand,
For the touch of her hand
Is as the brand to the bull,
Her embrace is death
And her breath a squall.
The tender flesh conceals a calloused heart;
Her tears run sweet, and yet her lips are salt.
She hears only the waves in an ocean of moonlight,
A pale chrysalis shrouding a moth of night.
Waiting —
Her arms and thighs, gigantic
In the shadows,
Reach for you . . .
Now feel that soft caress
Become a stranglehold, a grip, a vice;
The warm, comfortable darkness
A tortuous fire of ice
Freezing the flow of pleasure
To a sharp icicle of pain;
For that is the anguish in her loving . . .
She walks —
She walks when the moon rides high and full
And men die at the touch of her hand.

NEFERTITI

The beautiful one is come —
Carved from ice by sharp steel,
Set upon a pedestal of cold stone,
A breath of north wind in her hair,
A glittering diadem.

How could any tears ever fall from these dispassionate eyes
Or any happiness curve these unmoving lips?
Does the heart ever quicken its beats
Or does it lie like a lump of lead in the snow?
No-one could ever tell —
For all the loves, the hates, the laughter and the griefs
That once echoed in the wilderness of her fenced-in heart
Have died upon her face.

Now behold Nefertiti, the woman of ice!

"I, Nefertiti, am made of ice, not stone.
Hold a flame to me and I will weep warm tears."

Now behold Nefertiti, the woman of water!



WISHING

Wishing:
Just in the mood for wishing —
Wish on the wraith of a fading rainbow;
Wish on the wisp of a waning moon;
Wish on the shadow of a sigh; the flash of an eye,
And the ghost of a lonely ghost of a lonely ghost.

THE SONG OF THE LIVING

It is the Song of the Living
That has its roots in those of trees,
The druid-ghosted groves and chattering spinneys
Once alive with the rustle of fluid-voiced blackbirds
And the sudden surprised pheasant
That clattered from out the beds of dock and nettle.
The air is sickly with the scent of meadowsweet
And heavy blossoms of elderberry —
The tree sat waiting for the King
In the dusking day
For the sun has gone
And the nightingale calls her three sad notes
Long and high
To the risen moon.

And there a lover met a lover
Drugged by the warm scent, the sensual tunes of evening;
They met whilst the end of a day
Was still twinkling slightly
Through the ever-restless leaves of young aspens
When a breeze sprang up
And sent the dapples swaying and dancing
Across her perfect, moonpale shoulders,
Their cheeks together softly side by side
And quivering through the long golden waves
That tumbled about her breasts.

"And I laid myself down last Midsummer Eve
By the elderberry tree
To see the King and all his train
But the King did not pass by."

I never saw his deep and wonderful eyes;
Neither did I hear the thin music of silver trumpets
Nor the high flutes played by companies of nightingales,
But the strange flocks of the night came wailing
To us and us alone.

And as I lay in wait
Not He but he came treading softly through the magical ferns.
I heard a voice so low and sad caress the twilight grove
And whisper through the dankness of the moss,
The grass, the dark earth of the drowsy forest,
The words of a song of long ago.
So I called to him and he came to me
For happily we were the hinds of Solomon
Drowned in a tide-foam of surging meadowsweet.

But where is he now?
I cannot tell, for the hungry ferns have swallowed him up —
Made him invisible to the eyes of mortals,
Yet still I hear him go crashing through the crackling bracken,
The grass parting on either side of him as he flees the glade
And the air is full of a dust of fernseed.

“And I laid myself down last Midsummer Eve
By the elderberry tree
To see the King and all his train
But the King did not pass by.”

Silence called to him and he went to her
And happily they were the hinds of Solomon,
The trees of the forest
Whose roots are those of the Living
Whose roots are those of the meadowsweet
Whose roots are those of the fern
Whose roots are his

Whose roots were mine.

BLACKBERRYING

Today we are going blackberrying,
So equip yourself with a good, strong polythene bag —
No, NOT a paper one —
It'll go all soggy
And the blackberries will fall out of the bottom
And you'll lose them.
And, whatever you do,
DON'T put that polythene bag over your head
Like that silly boy next door.

“Can we cut across the fields?”

Well, yes, I suppose so,
But we'd better keep to the edges
Just in case.
You see, the farmers might not appreciate
Size one wellington bootmarks all over their fields.
Besides, there COULD be a bull grazing on the stubble
At the other end that we don't know about
And you're wearing your new T-shirt today as well,
So we'd better be careful.

“There's lots here!”

Now, you must always remember
To CHECK your blackberries as you pick them
Just to make sure that they haven't got any maggots in them,
And there seem to be quite a lot of maggoty ones in this patch.

How are you getting on?

“I've scratched myself.”

Never mind, stop whimpering.
We'll put something on it when we get back . . .
Look, I thought I told you to save your blackberries
Until teatime,
But you've gone and eaten them all.
Well, it's no skin off my nose
Because I'm going to wash mine
And have them with sugar and cream
When I get back home
And I shan't give YOU any.

“I think I've swallowed a maggot!”

I TOLD you to check them.
Still, I don't suppose that
Just one tiny little maggot will do you much harm —
At least, I shouldn't think so —
You've had practically everything except German measles and mumps,
And, anyway, blackberries are supposed to be very GOOD for you . . .

"I feel all sick . . . can we go home?"

THE COLTS

April morning:
Trees of pale and timid whispering green
Hedge the quiet fields in.
Today comes soundless as a newly-formed mayfly
Fluttering, blinking in nervous glimmers
Through restless leaves.

The sun stirs
And light ripples golden through the air.
The bud swells and morning opens like a flower,
Suddenly awake
And whinnying with foals —

Erratic colts that clumsily galumph
By staid and stolid mares that nod and munch and stare impassive.

Then it's:
Helter-skelter joie-de-vivre tag and catch-me-if-you-can!
Crazy with life
They zigzag the field from gate to gate,
Splayed legs spinning,
Bottle-brush tails flicking,
They patter the ground with miniature hooves,
Their raggedy manes defy gravity;
The colts bound high and leggy like springbok,
Clever and delirious,
They prance and reel to the green and heedless
Song of the Living.

AFTER THE LAST FIGHT

I wished for peace,
And now it has come to this:
A fallen dove with a broken wing
And the ultimate destruction of all I ever knew
Or dared to love;
The final burden of human grief
To be borne by me alone.

Better I had died with the Past
Than to have been tormented
By these terrible songs of goneaway and desolation;
Better I had followed my companions to oblivion
Than to have experienced this unsupportable misery
Of the knowledge of everything made meaningless, futile,
By a single deadly blow.

Now time is measured only
By the throbbing of the one heart left beating,
The pathetic sobbing of the last living creature,
Whimpering, grovelling, waiting for the Death of Deaths.
Alone with the tortured trees
Imploring in the bleak greyness,
Their twisted arms raised in silent gestures of despair.

I have a dream,
And in this final dream
I walk by some empty shore
And hear the mournful ululation of the ocean
And the sad cries of seagulls winging ghostly skyward —
These sounds whipped to a fury by the pounding waves,
Rising and filling every hollow —
Echoing and re-echoing —
Reverberating deep in the gaping caves.
Then, thrown screaming and howling across the ravaged plain,
They tell their stories of anguish to the impassive dust —
Tales of intolerable suffering,
Terrible agonies and the wretched despair
Of the Last Fight —
That dark, sudden, unprecedented swoop of the hideous vulture
They had reared from a fledgling.

Who could have foretold
That with its monstrous claws,
Its sharp, cruelly curved beak,
It would rise relentlessly against them
To wrench limb from limb,
Sinew from sinew,
And so utterly destroy them?

Who could have foreseen
This dreadful barren wilderness that it would leave in its wake —
A long unending silence punctuated only by the ever-fading syllables
Of one miserable, faltering heart?

I alone with the weeping wind.