



spectrum

1963

SOUTHGATE COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

SUSSEX WAY

COCKFOSTERS

HERTFORDSHIRE

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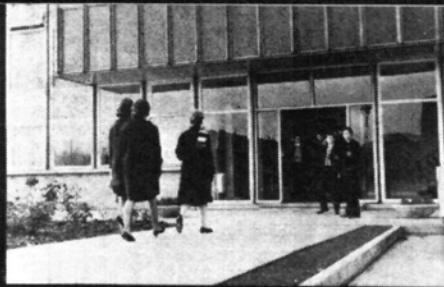
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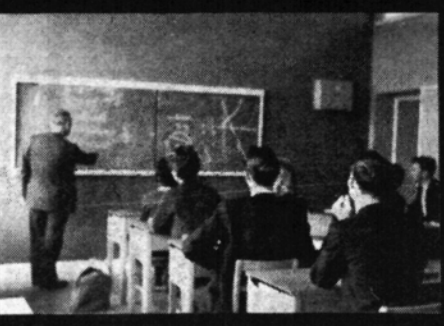
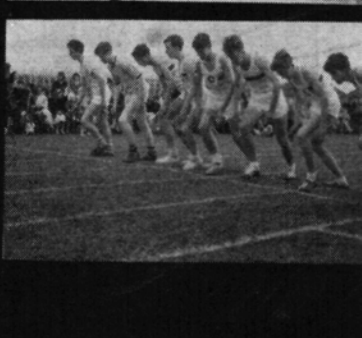
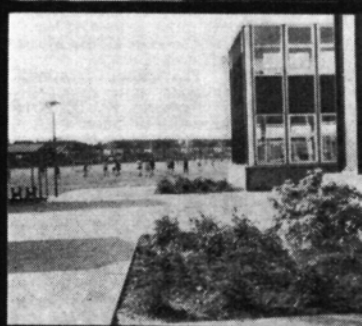
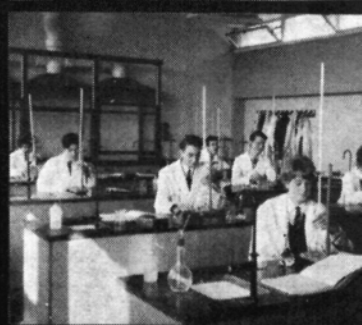
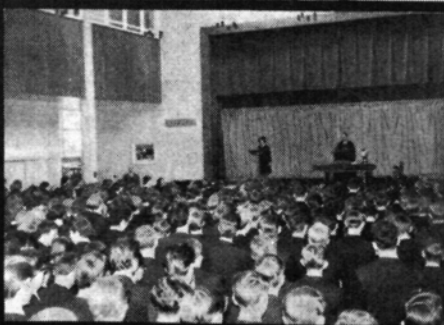
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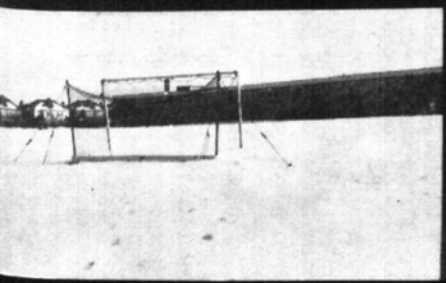
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THE MAGAZINE OF
SOUTHGATE COUNTY
GRAMMAR SCHOOL



spectrum





THE YEAR IN BRIEF

September

A few senior pupils attended the film *Henry V* at the Academy Cinema. 60 senior pupils and members of the Dramatic Society attended *Julius Caesar* at the National Youth Theatre.

October

40 members of the fifth and sixth forms attended Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* at the Old Vic.

The S.C.M. conference was held at Edmonton County School. 24 senior members of the school attended the Ford Lecture at the Albert Hall given by Sir Kenneth Clarke on *Michaelangelo*.

The Upper Sixth Classics Set attended two lectures on *Strabo* and *Greek Drama* given at the London Branch of the Classical Association. The *Merchant of Venice* was seen by 60 members of the fifth and sixth forms at the Old Vic.

The Inter-House Music Competition held on the 18th was won by TRENT HOUSE.

The police examined several first-formers for the cycling proficiency test.

Professor W. D. Wright gave advice to the Sixth Form on University entrance.

November

The Upper Sixth Classics Set attended a lecture on *Lucretius* given at the London Branch of the Classical Association.

Members of the Fifth and Sixth Form History Sets attended a lecture on the Industrial Revolution given at the Historical Association.

A party from the school attended a lecture on Optical Effects given at Strand Electric.

The Kokoschka Exhibition at the Tate Gallery was visited.

The Sixth Form Society were present at Jonson, Chapman & Marston's *Eastward Ho!* at the Mermaid Theatre.

Spectrum' committee's Annual Dinner was held in the Mermaid Restaurant.

The Dramatic Society saw Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* at the Aldwych Theatre.

The Hansard Society's Brains Trust on Parliamentary Government, attended by several members of the senior school, was held at the Central Hall, Westminster.

The Armistice Day service was held on 11th November.

The Junior Speech Day was held on 28th November.

The Senior Speech Day was held on 29th November.

December

Members of the Dramatic Society visited Christopher Fry's *Curtmantle* at the Aldwych Theatre.

25 members of the school attended the Middlesex Schools' Orchestra Christmas Concert at Hornsey Town Hall.

20 senior members of the school visited the Academy Cinema to see *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

40 sixth formers visited Her Majesty's Theatre to see Fielding's *Lock up Your Daughters*.

The Inter-House Dramatic Competition held on the 14th was won by TRENT HOUSE.

The usual form parties were held, and the fifth and sixth form Christmas Social was a great success.

The Prefects and the Middle School each went carol singing and the total result was £9.12.1d. for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

The end-of-term carol service was held on 18th December.

January

Southgate Youth Employment Officer gave a talk to the Fourth and Fifth forms.

February

The Sixth Form Society visited the Old Vic to see *The Alchemist*. Four people were entered for the Latin and Greek Reading Competition.

March

Saturday 9th, was the scene of the Dress Rehearsal for the School Play.

The London Branch of the Classical Association gave a schools lecture on Pompeii.

The School Play, *Julius Caesar*, was presented on the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of March.

The Inter-House Cross Country was held on the afternoon of the 20th, and the Middlesex Grammar Schools Cross Country Race

at Northwood on the 27th.

The Sixth Form visited the Aldwych Theatre to see *King Lear*.

April

The Dramatic Society's Annual Dinner was held at the Hong Kong Restaurant, and afterwards the members went to see *Oliver* at the New Theatre.

The Staff v. School Hockey Match was played, and resulted in a win for the staff.

Miss Hyde took a party of girls to Spiez, Mrs. Harston a band of middle school girls on a ski-ing holiday in Switzerland, and Mr. Ingham a boys' party to Italy.

May

On Friday 3rd, there was a meeting for all parents of the girls who went on the ski-ing trip.

Some thirty members of the sixth form returned from a field course at Boggle Hole, in Yorkshire.

A recital by Brass Instruments and Orchestra attended by junior pupils, was held at Arnos School.

A meeting for the parents of girls who went on Miss Hyde's trip to Switzerland, was held on the 16th, to show slides and souvenirs.

Six members of the sixth science form, visited the Royal Society.

A party from the sixth science form, visited the National Physics Laboratory at Teddington.

Commonwealth Day was celebrated on Friday 24th, by a half-holiday.

The parents' meetings were held in two sessions, the first on the 28th, and the second on the 30th.

The Schools Athletics Sports were held on the afternoon of the 29th, the weather keeping fine.

The school photo was taken by Panorama.

June

G.C.E. 'A' level began on Monday June 10th, and 'O' level on the 17th.

A meeting was held for all parents of new entrants to the school. The finals for the District Sports Field Events, were held at Winchmore School.

July

The third form Art group visited the Tate and Design Centre.

The North Middlesex Grammar Schools Swimming Gala was held at Wood Green Baths.

The Fourth Forms went on an Outing to Hampton Court, and the Fifth Forms either on a trip to Hatfield House or Salisbury Hall.

The Fourth Form Art Group went to the Royal Academy and Design Centre.

The Second Forms had an Outing to Windsor, while the Sixth Forms passed a pleasant day in Coventry.

The Track Finals of the District Sports, and the North Middlesex Grammar School Sports, were held at Broomfield Park Track on successive days.

A Fifth and Sixth Form Social was held on the evening of July 11th.

There was a visit by girls, to the Pathology Laboratories at Barnet General Hospital.

The Annual Leavers Service was held at St. Paul's Cathedral on the 12th July.

The North Middlesex Schools Association Swimming Gala was held at Wood Green Baths.

The Outdoor Entertainment—'The Seasons'—was held in the Courtyard on the evenings of the 15th, 16th, 17th July.

The Staff v. School Cricket Match resulted in a win for the school.

The finals of the Middlesex Grammar Schools' Swimming Gala was held at Marshall Street Baths.

On Wednesday 17th, in the morning the Middlesex Grammar Schools' Athletics Finals were held at Chiswick, and in the afternoon the Schools' Annual Swimming was held at Wood Green Baths.

The Staff v. School Tennis Matches were held and resulted in a win for the Staff.

On the 18th July, the Headmaster gave his final address to the School Leavers.

Throughout the school year, visits were made to the Science Lectures at the Royal Institution.



THE YEAR AT SOUTHGATE

The Westpole clay is being moulded.

Three years ago, many were the platitudes expended about a change of building bringing a change of heart and fresh fields seeing fresh glories. We were exhorted, patronised and made to feel grateful and in turn we were sceptical, disillusioned and bewildered by the rootlessness of it all. Character was lacking; we didn't belong and regretted the old Fox holes. But the prophets have been proved true. That weird alchemy of new place and new personalities has indeed effected change. There is a new image of the school abroad, not merely as a result of our physical home but, if character is to be judged by action-reputation and self-regard, from the quickened spirit and reinvigorated attitude reflected in pupils and staff alike. The change of mood is a subtle one but now, three years later, one can sense rising standards everywhere, a growing regard for what the school is trying to achieve and a greater willingness to take the plunge and take part in whatever's going.

In practically every aspect of the school's life in the year under review, September 1962 to July 1963, this is clearly manifest in greater activity and added success. The all-round academic results have never been bettered, the cultural renaissance flowers abundantly, the social activities of the school are legion and there has been a great deal of fruitful thought in the senior school and staff rooms about our aims, functions and responsibilities as a Grammar School.

* * *

PHYSICALLY we are establishing our identity on the bricks and mortar. Every part of the building is in use continually, often to Mr. Bray's chagrin at times, with meetings, extra tuition groups, practices and special lessons. All the nooks and crannies are now well regulated for their diverse nefarious goings-on and the patterns of the new way of life are being reinforced with occasion and incident. Structurally the teething problems seem nearly to be over. The hall floor has resisted aquatic propensities and those doorways susceptible to falling out have fallen out. In the Spring the landscaping of the lawns and surrounds was completed, the rose gardens and flower tubs bordering the front entrance looking particularly attractive in the summer term. Inside also more character has been given by the various welcome donations of framed prints that look rather fine around.

Soon the Entrance Hall is to have a permanent display of African Art set in glass cases, another gift to the school.

During the year the balcony lurched, groaned and then resettled, flexing under its new burden of the Prefects' Rooms, completed in the long holiday. Now we're in, "piano, cups and all". The fund raising efforts of our unselfish prefectorial ancestors has given us these two fairly spacious cabins on the sunny south of the building. One, edged by a new cabinet and choc-a-bloc with a wild assortment of jumble sale arm chairs, is used as a rest room-cum-sanctuary-cum-coffee bar-cum-debating house, similar to its predecessor—which with unseemly haste the Dramatic Society appropriated for a theatre workshop. The other has been pleasingly equipped as a Prefects' Study Room, earnestly used as such even during the Palmy Court hours of Mr. Blatchford's violin beginners' classes next door.

* * *

ACADEMICALLY there has been cause for much congratulation. The results were outstanding, with an 88% subject pass at Advanced Level and a 75.9% subject pass at Ordinary Level. The 'O' level passes are an all-time record for the school and the 'A' level passes bettered only once before under a different system. The School applauds L. Holford-Strevens on his award of an Open Scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford, to read classics and wishes well those sixth formers proceeding to university and the senior pupils moving on to various colleges of further education. The results from those just completing their college years has been particularly encouraging this summer.

* * *

CULTURALLY the School has been in ferment. Apart from the founding of the Sixth Form Society with its talks, debates, film shows and theatre visits and its junior co-optimist, the Middle School Society, as well as the Junior Debating and Play Reading Societies, there have been rehearsals for something or another from September to July. Over a third of the school must have sung, acted, played an instrument or worked backstage

at one dramatic public occasion or another. In the Autumn term the House Music and Drama Festivals were separated for the first time, which resulted in two highly enjoyable mornings of entertainment with adequate talent to maintain a healthy state of competition.

In the Spring Term the Dramatic Society presented a full-blooded production of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Staged in 'epic' proportions by an enthusiastic team, it received an embarrassing wealth of acclaim in press and public, sufficient to spur on the Society's current undertaking, a special celebratory production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in honour of Shakespeare's quatercentenary, with a subsequent tour of S.W. Germany. 'Ambition is not made of sterner stuff' it would seem, for this will be the most unusual and original production the school has yet presented and the first co-educational trip abroad, as well as the largest, which also has to include the transportation of a collapsible Globe Theatre! The Ides of March past, one would have expected a dramatic lull. But the devil makes work for idle hands at Southgate, particularly the Dramatic Society's and before the blood stains were dry on the apron stage another noble enterprise was drawing forth the tears and sweat. Words and music were the focus of this outdoor, end-of-term entertainment, loosely bound by the theme of *The Seasons*. Though only one of the three performances was held in the open-air of the courtyard, this fund raising venture gave a pleasant vent to the variety of talents throughout the school.

Nor was the written word forgotten. Mr. Turtill and his teams produced several form magazines while the school magazine under a new name, new format and with many new ideas went to print for the first time since pre-war days. *Spectrum* was warmly received everywhere and well commended at the Exhibition arranged by the newly formed National Association of School Magazines at Hamilton House. The layout and Symposium were especially appreciated plus the fact that it is entirely a Sixth Form project. This year's edition is even more lavish than last; only lack of finance prevents a fuller record with more creative contributions—as it is, we must depend upon good sales of the School Christmas card, a new *Spectrum*-product, to help our precarious costs. Please don't forget us when you buy your annual eight dozen in Woolworths. As always the magazine is greatly indebted for their most ready assistance to Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Atherton, two veritable angels—in disguise.

* * *

SOCIALLY the ramification of school activities seem boundless. Away from it all, three groups from the school invaded the continent during the Easter holidays. Miss Hyde led a party of senior girls on a relaxed two weeks in and around Spiez while Mrs. Harston, on a

more energetic venture, introduced a party of third form girls to the art of ski-ing, also in the Swiss Alps. Meanwhile, Mr. Ingham was taken on a tour of Northern Italy by a party of senior boys. Judging by accounts, thereafter told and whispered, all were highly successful and a due credit to their organisers. With a more serious intent, a combined party of Geographers, Zoologists and Botanists went on a field study course at Boggle Hole on the Yorkshire coast under the leadership of Miss Carter and Mr. Ingham during the summer. Besides being extraordinarily good fun, such trips are of invaluable academic experience and it is hoped that they will become a regular feature of Advanced level studies.

Trips and visits were made throughout the year by various forms and groups to a host of places. The end-of-year outings varied from country rambles led gallantly from behind by Mr. Morris, to trips about Windsor and Hampton Court and a visit to the new Coventry Cathedral, efficiently planned and effectively executed by Mr. Reynolds. As the school's unofficial master of the revels, we are also grateful to him for acting as Master of Ceremonies for the year's Fifth and Sixth Form Socials, all highly enjoyable, and for his valuable support to the Form Christmas Parties.

* * *

REFLECTIVELY there has been a deal of celebration throughout the year concerning much of the life of the School. Last year's successful changing of the House names and the form of the Magazine has encouraged more re-thinking. In the Autumn term study groups from the Sixth Form, led by members of Staff, discussed school rules, the spirit of the Senior School and the responsibilities of staying on after the Fifth. In the Summer the Staff thrashed out the problems of General Periods and an 'all-round education', the new 'Use of English' papers and less academic courses for those in the Sixth not concerned with University. The results of all these are recorded elsewhere but incidentally they have helped the growing awareness for thought and discussion in the school which was well substantiated by the range of outside speakers that addressed different groups throughout the year. One practical result has been that the Prefect System has taken on a new look. The number of prefects has been greatly reduced and a new order of sub-prefects created. The theory has been to try to make the position of prefect more meaningful, giving greater privilege and expecting a higher level of leadership. Sub-prefects are under probation for a period to test the suitability of the person for the position. Results so far would suggest that the change has been justified. Even milk duty has a new aura about it, as carefully following the Milk Board's new 10 point instruction chart on how to open a cardboard carton of milk, boys find that with a

little misapplied suction it can fountain attractively over anyone within close enough range.

* * *

ATHLETICALLY the story of sport proved a monotonous one of atrocious weather and the familiar lament on the small size of the school when split co-educationally for team selection. However, Mrs. Harston is instilling method and spirit into girl's sports with daily training sessions which are beginning to flourish and bring results. A handful of enthusiastic boys did well in the Middlesex School Sports at Chiswick Stadium which was heartening. Inter House sports should always be an encouragement to those who would not otherwise be in a team. But behind many events, notably the swimming gala, is a sorry tale of the roping-in of anyone available, irrespective of ability. What is further alarming is the general deficiency of boys in the Southgate area. The first forms currently have over a two-thirds proportion of girls to boys. Already this is telling in the weak football results and as the forms work their way through the school, especially if this trend continues in future years, it will be reflected in all school activities, including the classroom.

* * *

FINALLY to the Staff. Some of the success of the year is obviously due to the stability of the old team and the various enthusiasms communicated. There were only two changes. We should like to congratulate Miss J. M. Culpeck, who left us at the end of the Easter term to take a Lectureship in Domestic Science at Gloucestershire Training College and Mr. J. Warburton who left us at the end of the last summer term to become Head of the Language Department at the new Southgate Technical College. Miss Culpeck has been with us for eight years, valiantly combating the tea urn and hoards of fancy cakes at innumerable social occasions, as well as undertaking the demanding task of making and managing

costumes for several big school productions. Mr. Warburton departs after seventeen years of loyal service to the school, having, as our chief invigilator, charge of all external examinations sat in school and spending countless Saturday mornings refereeing boys' games matches. We should like to thank them both for all they have contributed to the life here and wish them every happiness and success at their new posts.

During the year we were very pleased to welcome Mademoiselle Bernard as French assistant, Herr Thier as German assistant and Dr. Böden, from Frankfurt, who studied and taught with us for a while. We hope they will take good memories of us back to their home countries. In the summer term we were without a Domestic Science mistress and were grateful to Mrs. R. Curley who helped us with part-time teaching. In September we warmly welcomed Mrs. J. Hamblett as Head of the Domestic Science department and Miss J. Carter to teach French and some German. Already they are both well involved with school activities, which is much appreciated. Other members of staff are also happily involved. We congratulate Mrs. Courtman, née Jackson, Mrs. Davis, née Harvey and Mr. Davison (nay) on their recent marriages and Mr. and Mrs. Day and Mr. and Mrs. Turtill on the births of second sons, Andrew and Stephen.

* * *

Thus can we rejoice. It has been a vintage year and our self-congratulatory tone is not mere vain-glory. Yet laurels are not for resting on. The spectrum range reflected herein is coloured with weaknesses and as well as strengths. These will be obvious. But what is particularly encouraging from the year in retrospect is that it does not promise to be one in isolation. It was an all-round achievement by many and their drive or example continues. The current year promises to be as eventful as the past one; plans are being fulfilled and challenges met.

The Westpole clay is being further fashioned.

P. D. S.

"I'm sick and tired of adolescents! And don't quote that in the Magazine."—Mr. Day.



Join our anti-Christmas-Commercialization campaign.
Support a new venture, patronize an original "Spectrum" product, and
BUY A SCHOOL CHRISTMAS CARD

comprising photographs of the school, apt quotations and an envelope—all for 4d.!

First reactions: "Strike a light"—Mr. Roberts.
"Rumbustious and basic"—Mr. Davison. "Are they jiving?"—Mrs. Wood.



SPEECH DAY



IN CONTRAST to the previous year's "double-bill" of two year's prizewinners and a biennial report of activities, 1962 distinguished itself by offering a Junior and a Senior Speech Day. Happily for the choir, orchestra and platform party present both evenings, our guests contrived to be interesting in very different ways.

The Chairman of the Governors, Alderman Mrs. Ruth Winston, welcomed our guests on each occasion and was particularly well qualified to do so on the first night—Junior Speech Day, as our speaker, Lady Hunt, was a school-friend of hers. As the weather had not then made itself a significant talking point and the Hall not fulfilled its earlier promise in this respect, Mrs. Winston was able to talk appropriately of school and speech day memories shared with Lady Hunt.

The following item by an ever-growing orchestra and choir was Gordon Jacobs arrangement of the haunting *Brother James' Air*.

In his selective report, the Headmaster spoke of the manifold activities of the school—these had been so well and fully represented in the enterprising 1962 edition of *Spectrum*. Academic results had outstripped last year's record by 8% in "O" level passes and 9% in "A" levels. Holford-Strevens was congratulated on his scholarship and Britain's need for more and wider further education was pleasingly reflected in the number of our leavers passing on to Universities and other forms of further education.

The school's cultural life was developing firmer traditions year by year. No less than 14 theatre visits had been made—varying from the sixth form visit to Chichester to the peculiar brand of musical staged at the *Mermaid*. The new-fledged interest in the theatre proved itself best of all in the outstanding success of *The Rivals*, and tribute, echoed by the *Times Educational Supplement*, was paid particularly to the producer team of Messrs. Davison and Day.

The memorable prefects' concert *Cavalcade* was financially successful to the credit of £20, but at this point the tone of the Headmaster became severe and he forcefully stated how much he regretted that, despite such valiant efforts, the prefects were little nearer having their dream realised. The cost of building the prefects' rooms rose every year and plans made three years before, meant nothing until a further £200 were found. Mr. Forrest felt that this situation should be seriously reconsidered.

In a lighter mood, the Headmaster spoke of the success of the Junior Latin Group in the Classical Association's *Chariot Races* and in a modern idiom, made a commercial break to promote *Julius Caesar*, then

under rehearsal in odd corners of the school and later to more than justify the Headmaster's faith in its promise.

The most dramatic event of Speech Day, however, was when Mrs. Winston stood up after the Headmaster's report to confirm that a surveyor would arrive on the following Monday and work on the prefects' rooms would begin as soon as possible. Our thanks are now due to those who treated the case so fully and enabled the job to be completed within six months.

After an interlude by the young recorder group, Lady Hunt presented the Junior prizes. Then, excusing herself by saying that there was nothing worse than being offered good advice when there was no chance to answer back, she went on to fascinate her audience with her memories of expeditions to Greenland and high places. With charming informality she painted a vivid picture of the satisfactions of damp, chilly tents, festooned with foot-wear, of harrassing spine-chilling days on slippery rock-faces. "Everything was awful . . . and we so enjoyed ourselves!" Lady Hunt's final thought rang true as she said that the knowledge of difficulties surmounted is the basis of feelings of satisfaction.

Professor Webster took a complementary line of thought in his speech the following night as he spoke of his own attitude to difficulties during his school life. He remembered struggling with Virgil, unwilling to admit defeat, then gradually as difficulty was overcome, finding new pleasures and satisfaction in it. Youth, Professor Webster said, was the time to dream one's dreams, to pursue ideals, to broaden one's outlook and interests and, rejecting second-hand Art with its copies and commercialism, become a new race of patrons of the Arts. All this, a Greek ideal, was the responsibility of the Grammar school boy and girl.

Votes of thanks were proposed by Mr. P. H. Crew and Professor W. D. Wright, whilst the Head Girl, Branwen Davies, thanked Lady Hunt, and the Head Boy, Boon, Professor Webster. With phrases of *Funiculi* being hummed here and there, the audience dispersed into the night, surprised by the cold and dark after the warmth and light of the Hall.

MISS V. RICHARDSON, B.A.



EXAMINATION RESULTS 1963

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP: L. A. Holford-Strevens. Open Scholarship in Classics, Christ Church, Oxford.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

* denotes a grade A pass (equivalent to a distinction)
 Capitals denote a pass at Advanced Level. Small letters denote a pass at Ordinary Level.

(a) Art; (b) Biology; (c) Botany; (c) Chemistry; (d) Domestic Science—Cookery; (en) English Language; (el) English Literature; (f) French; (gy) Geography; (dg) Geometrical and Mechanical Drawing; (g) German; (gk) Greek; (hm) Handicraft—Metalwork;

(h) History; (ha) Human Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene; (l) Latin; (m) Mathematics, Pure; (mc) Mathematics, Additional Pure; (md) Mathematics, Applied; (mu) Music; (py) Physics; (z) Zoology.

January 1963

Upper Sixth.

R. H. BEEDEN, *en*.
 JENNIFER HARWOOD, *ha*.

Lower Sixth.

N. R. BORTHWICK, *fr, m*.
 MARY BUCHANAN, *l*.
 SUSAN CHAPMAN, *en, el, f*.
 R. E. CHILD, *f*.
 A. P. FLEET, *c*.
 CHRISTINE A. C. GRIFFITHS, *f*.
 J. T. HAIGH, *en, el, hm*.
 C. W. HICKS, *en*.
 D. W. HODGSON, *gy*.
 B. A. KING, *en, gy*.
 J. LAWSON, *f*.
 R. A. LUCAS, *el*.
 R. A. MOSS, *g*.
 C. J. PANTHER, *en*.
 G. G. PARKER, *en*.
 JANET PARKER, *en, m*.
 T. C. PATTEN, *by*.
 F. M. ROSAMOND PENNY, *el*.
 LINDA PESTELL, *en, py*.
 ANGELA F. PRESCOTT, **en, *el*.
 M. H. SCOTT, *en*.
 P. D. SMITH, *en*.
 JANE V. WHITE, *en*.

HILARY SANSOM, *EL, GY, M*.
 P. L. SMITH, *C, M, MD, PY*.
 M. T. SOTRIOU, *m, PY*.
 DAVINA L. SPICER, *EL, F, G*.
 I. SWINBURNE, *C, m, PY*.
 P. R. SWINSON, *B, GY, Z*.
 P. C. TANNER, *M, MD, PY*.
 G. R. WATSON, *c, M, PY*.
 I. R. WEARING, *M, MD, PY*.
 BRENDA M. WILLIAMS, *B, Z*.

Lower Sixth.

CHRISTINE M. BARHAM, *mc*.
 N. R. BORTHWICK, *dg*.
 R. T. BUCKENHAM, **mc*.
 MARGARET CAJOT, *a, h, ha*.
 R. E. CHILD, **dg, mc*.
 INGRID, EASTMAN, *l*.
 JEAN M. FINLAY, *ha, *mc, md*.
 J. R. S. GOULD, *en*.
 C. C. GRAHAM, *dg, mc*.
 D. J. HINDS, *mc*.
 K. U. HOWICK, *gy*.
 ROSEMARY JERROLD, *f*.
 BETTYANN LANGHAM, *g*.
 J. LAWSON, *mc*.
 R. A. LUCAS, **dg*.
 R. I. MILLAR, **mc*.
 G. G. PARKER, *mc*.
 JANET PARKER, *el, f, h*.
 T. C. PATTEN, *mc, py*.
 LINDA PESTELL, *md*.
 ANGELA F. PRESCOTT, *a, g*.
 H. M. RABBIE, **mc, *PY*.
 M. H. SCOTT, *mc*.
 P. D. SMITH, *mc*.
 L. E. WEBB, *py*.
 JANE V. WHITE, *gy*.

M. A. FORD, *en, el, g, h, m*.
 J. FORDHAM, *a, by, c, en, el, f, m, py*.
 P. W. FULLER, *en, gy, hm, m*.
 ANN P. GALLOWAY, *en, el, gy, h*.
 SUSAN N. GARRETT, *en, el, f, h, m*.
 J. GIBBS, *a, c, en, el, f, *m, *md, *py*.
 LESLEY GLOVER, *a, en, el, f, *gy, g, *h*.
 R. S. GOODERE, *by, *c, en, el, f, l, m, py*.
 J. V. GOODYEAR, *by, *c, en, el, f, l, *m, py*.
 PAMELA J. GOUGH, *a, en, el, f, gy, g, *h, m*.
 G. J. GRIST, **c, *en, el, f, l, *m, *md, *py*.
 D. J. GROSSMAN, **c, f, gy, m, py*.
 P. J. HARDCASTLE, *c, en, el, f, hm, *m, md, py*.
 JANET C. HARVEY, *a, en, f, gy, m*.
 R. P. HARVEY, **c, en, el, f, g, *m, *md, *py*.
 CHRISTINE HAYES, *a, en, el, f, gy, h*.
 C. HAYWARD, *by, c, en, el, f, m, py*.
 SUSAN B. HILLS, **by, *c, *en, el, f, l, *m, py*.
 R. D. JANES, **c, en, el, f, g, *m, *md, py*.
 D. H. L. JONES, *h, m, md*.
 BERYL K. JOYCE, *a, by, en, el, gy*.
 D. E. KENT, *c, en, el, gy, *m*.
 R. K. KINGSNORTH, *c, en, f, *m, *md, py*.
 M. I. LAMBERT, *by, f, gy, h, m, md*.
 DIANA M. LEE, *by, *c, *en, el, *f, l, *m, py*.
 LINDA M. LEIGHTON, *dc, en, el, f, gy, h*.
 C. J. LINGWOOD, *by, c, en, el, f, *m, md, *py*.
 P. LUETCHFORD, *by, en, el, f, h, m, md*.
 W. L. METCALF, *el, gy, h*.
 M. E. MEUR, *gy, h, m*.
 HEATHER A. MITCHELL, *by, en, el, m*.
 R. MULLER, *en, el, f, *m, md, py*.
 CHRISTINE E. NEWMAN, *a, en, el, gy*.
 R. A. NURSEY, **c, el, f, gy, m, md, py*.
 ALISON M. ORCHARD, *en, el, f, gy*.
 CHRISTINE L. OWEN, *by, en, el, gy, h, m*.
 J. C. OYLER, *en, f, m, md*.
 G. J. PEARSON, *en, el, f, h, m*.
 M. A. PEARSON, *a, by, el, gy, *m, *md, py*.
 YVONNE M. PIKE, **c, dc, *en, el, f, gy, h, *m*.
 BARBARA C. PLATT, *a, by, en, el, *f, g, h, m*.
 FRANCES E. POOLE, *by, *en, el, f, *h, l, *m, mu*.
 MARGARET A. PORTER, *a, en, el, h, m, md*.
 THELMA A. POWER, *a, dc, en, el, f, gy*.
 J. L. REFFELL, *gy, m, py*.
 A. M. ROBERTSON, *by, en, m, md, py*.
 R. S. ROBERTSON, *a, gy*.
 VALERIE A. ROBINSON, *by, dc, en, el, f, *g, h, *m*.
 TESSA E. ROGERS, *en, el*.
 J. R. RUST, *by, el, f, gy, m, py*.
 CAROLYN RYALL, *en, el, f, gy, g, gk, h, *m*.
 C. N. SIDE, **m, md, py*.
 DIANNE E. SMITH, *by, *c, en, el, f, l, *m, md, py*.
 P. A. SMITH, *by, c, en, el, f, *m, *md, *py*.
 PENELOPE J. SWINBURNE, *by, *c, en, el, *f, g, *m, *md, *py*.
 PATRICIA TAYLOR, *c, *en, el, f, l, *m, *md, *py*.
 YIANOULLA THEOPHILOU, *by, c, en, el, f, m, py*.
 J. R. THISTLEWOOD, *by, c, en, el, m, md, py*.
 SUSAN A. TOOPY, *by, c, en, el, f, gy, *m*.
 PAULINE K. TULL, *by, en, el, f, gy, h, l, m*.
 CHRISTINE TURGEL, *a, en, el, f, h, l, m, mu*.
 SUSAN E. M. TURNER, *a, el, gy, h*.
 D. A. UNWIN, *el, gy, h*.
 CAROL C. VICKERY, *by, *en, el, *f, l, m*.
 O. G. WALTERS, *a, en, el, f, gy, h, m*.
 N. A. WELCH, *c, en, el, f, hm, m, md, py*.
 S. WILLIAMS, *en, f, gy, g, *h, *m, md*.
 R. WILMINGTON, *en, el, f, gy, *m, md, py*.
 JANET O. WRIGGLESWORTH, **en, el, *f, gy, gk, *h, l, *m*.

Midsummer 1963

Upper Sixth.

R. M. BARFOOT, *C, M, md, PY*.
 R. H. BEEDEN, *C, M, MD, PY*.
 J. BENNETT, *C, py*.
 G. T. BOON, *C, *M, *MD, PY*.
 A. J. BRADSHAW, *Z, GY*.
 F. W. BROOKS, *C, M, MD*.
 CAROL S. T. CALVERT, *EL, F, G*.
 JANET F. CLARK, *el*.
 I. R. COLOUHOUN, *EL, F, GK, L*.
 BRANWEN R. DAVIES, *EL, GK, L*.
 D. H. DAVIES, **C, *M, *MD, PY*.
 JOSEPHINE C. DEXTER, *A, EL*.
 R. C. DOBBS, *b, C, Z*.
 SUSAN M. FRIEND, *F, GY, G*.
 HAZEL GRIST, *el, gy*.
 K. A. GUNN, *M, MD, py*.
 KATHERINE L. HARRIS, *A*.
 JENNIFER HARWOOD, *h, m*.
 MARY E. HEASMAN, **EL, *GY, ha*.
 L. A. HOLFORD-STREVEN, **EL, F*.
 R. W. HUDSON, *M, MD*.
 J. ELIZABETH JONES, *EL, *GY, H*.
 ELIZABETH C. KETTLE, *EL, F, GY*.
 P. N. KITCHING, *B, C*.
 A. R. MARVELL, *C, *M, *MD, PY*.
 LINDSAY E. ORCHARD, *M, PY, Z*.
 R. J. PETTS, *L*.
 S. A. RENOVOZE, *B, GY, Z*.
 S. N. ROBERTSON, **M, MD, PY*.

Fifth Form

LINDA M. BAMPTON, *a, en, el, m*.
 D. H. BARNES, **c, en, el, f, g, *m, md, py*.
 MARGARET A. BEARD, **en, el, *f, gy, gk, *h, l, m*.
 PENELOPE A. BIDDULPH, *a, en, el, f, g, h, *m*.
 M. I. BIRNBAUM, *by, c, *en, el, f, *h, l, *m*.
 P. J. BODDEN, *by, c, en, el, f, gy, m, py*.
 I. J. BRADSHAW, **m, md, py*.
 GILLIAN E. BROOKMAN, *a, by, en, el, f, g, h, m*.
 ALISON S. BUCKNER, *dc, en, el, f, *m, md, py*.
 BARBARA BURLEY, *a, by, en, f, g, m*.
 ANN E. BYFORD, *a, c, en, el, f, m*.
 MARGOT B. CARNIE, *en, el, f, g, h, m*.
 VIVIAN A. CARTWRIGHT, *f*.
 ANGELLA J. CHADFIELD, *el, m*.
 CHRISTINE M. CHAMPION, *a, en, el, h*.
 E. CLEMENTS, *a, en, el, f*.
 JANICE A. COLLINS, *a, zn, el, f, g, *m, mu*.
 BRENDA A. COOK, *c, en, el, f, g, *m, md, py*.
 A. M. COWBURN, *gy, m, mu*.
 ANN C. DAVIES, *a, c, en, el, f, *m, md, py*.
 R. C. DEAL-HOY, *by, en, el, f, gy, *m, *md*.
 MARGARET G. DEANE, *by, en, el, f, h, l, *m, *mu*.
 S. N. DEANS, *c, el, gy, *m, md, py*.
 M. E. E. DEGAUTE, *en, f, gy, *m, md, py*.
 SUSAN DUNN, *en, g, m*.
 P. A. FARRANT, *a, m*.
 PATRICIA FAULKNER, *a, by, en, el, gy, m, md*.
 JANET E. FINNIGAN, *dc, en, el, f, gy, g, m*.
 D. J. FINNIS, *a, by, en, el, f, gy, m*.
 LYNETTE M. FISHER, *a, en, f, m*.

PRIZES FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR 1962-63

FORM PRIZES

1E Catherine J. Eva, Ruth C. Peters.
1W J. Pickford, Veronica E. Fraser.
1R Barbara A. Goodman, P. Marriage.

2C P. A. Winslow, Josephine M. E. Labinski.
2B T. J. Pike, P. M. Prashner.
2A Sandra Finnis, C. Page.

3C A. A. Galis, M. Barnett.
3B Linda S. Rose, D. Turner.
3A Katherine J. Stanford, Margaret S. Shaw.

4C Sandra R. Ballon, C. J. Le Good, R. H. Learner.
4B J. W. Montier, G. M. Burton.
4A D. A. Earle, Gillian D. Friend.

5ths Prize (for the best all-round performance in G.C.E. at 'O' Level)
G. J. Grist

Special Merit Prizes: Margaret A. Beard, M. I. Birnbaum, R. P. Harvey, Susan B. Hills, R. D. Jones, Diana M. Lee, Frances E. Poole, Penelope J. Swinburne.

6th Form Subject Prizes.

6B English: Ruth A. Stanford. Geography: Ann G. Harding. History: Rosemary S. Harland. French: Maureen E. Overall. Pure Mathematics: Jean M. Finlay. Applied Mathematics: D. J. Hinds. Physics: H. M. Rabbie. Chemistry: H. M. Rabbie. Botany: L. E. Webb. Zoology: Hilary A. Cave.

6A English: Elizabeth C. Kettle. Geography: J. Elizabeth Jones. Classics: Branwen R. Davies. French: L. A. Holford-Strevens. German: Carol S. T. Calvert. Pure Mathematics: S. N. Robertson. Applied Mathematics: G. T. Boon. Physics: A. R. Marvell. Chemistry: D. H. Davies. Zoology: Lindsay E. Orchard.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Geometrical Drawing: Ann Robinson, Sandra Finnis, C. D. Jepson.
The 'Ingram' Handicraft Trophy: R. E. Child, R. A. Lucas.
Music: Margaret A. Deane.
Art: Christine Hayes; Thelma A. Power.
Domestic Science: Janet F. Clarke.
Physical Education: P. L. Smith, Penelope A. Biddulph.

The 'Richard Bell' Prize: D. H. Davies.
The 'Fairfield' Prize: Susan M. Friend.
The 'Pater' Memorial Prize: Mary E. Heasman.
Scholarship Prize: L. A. Holford-Strevens.
The Head Boy's and Head Girl's Prizes:
G. T. Boon, Branwen R. Davies.

UNIVERSITY ENTRANTS 1963

R. H. BEEDEN: *University College, University of London.*
BRANWEN R. DAVIES: *University of Sussex.*
D. H. DAVIES: *Imperial College, University of London.*
L. A. HOLFORD-STREVENES: *Christ Church, University of Oxford.*

J. ELIZABETH JONES: *University of Hull.*
A. R. MARVELL: *University of Manchester.*
LINDSAY E. ORCHARD: *University of Nottingham.*
S. N. ROBERTSON: *King's College, University of London.*

PUPILS PROCEEDING TO FURTHER EDUCATION 1962-63

R. M. BARFOOT: *Enfield College of Technology.*
PENELOPE A. BIDDULPH: *Pitman's College.*
R. B. BLOYCE: *Southgate Technical College.*
J. A. BLUNDELL (left 1962): *Enfield College of Technology.*
YVONNE S. BOWDEN (left 1961): *Gipsy Hill Training College for Teachers.*

ALISON S. BUCKNER: *Tottenham Technical College.*
CAROL S. T. CALVERT: *City of London Secretarial College.*
VIVIEN A. CARTWRIGHT: *Southgate Technical College.*
ANGELLA J. CHADFIELD: *Southgate Technical College.*
JANET F. CLARKE: *Gloucestershire Training College.*
JANICE A. COLLINS: *Southgate Technical College.*

BRENDA A. COOK: *Harrow Technical College.*
R. E. COVE: *Southgate Technical College.*
ANN C. DAVIES: *London College of Secretaries.*
R. C. DOBBS: *Borough Polytechnic.*
SUSAN DUNN: *Southgate Technical College.*
INGRID EASTMAN: *School of Nursing, St. Thomas' Hospital (for 1964).*

P. A. FARRANT: *Southgate Technical College.*
PATRICIA FAULKNER: *Southgate Technical College.*
S. A. FOX (left 1962): *Enfield College of Technology.*
SUSAN M. FRIEND: *City of London Secretarial College.*
SUSAN N. GARRETT: *Ealing Technical College.*
PAMELA J. GOUGH: *Southgate Technical College.*

JANET C. HARVEY: *Southgate Technical College.*
KATHERINE L. HARRIS: *Shenstone Training College for Teachers.*
MARY E. HEASMAN: *City of London Secretarial College.*
ELIZABETH C. KETTLE: *Hockerville Training College for Teachers.*
R. K. KINGSNORTH: *Brighton Technical College.*
LINDA M. LEIGHTON: *Southgate Technical College.*

P. LUETCHFORD: *St. Thomas' College, New Brunswick.*
GILLIAN M. MCARTHUR: *School of Nursing, University College Hospital (for 1964).*
J. C. OYLER: *Southgate Technical College.*
JANET PARKER: *Palantype College.*
G. J. PEARSON: *South Herts College of Further Education.*

YVONNE M. PIKE: *Tottenham Technical College.*
MARGARET A. PORTER: *St. Albans College.*
VALERIE A. ROBINSON: *Southgate Technical College.*
HILARY SANSOM: *Matlock Training College for Teachers.*
P. L. SMITH: *Sir John Cass College.*
P. M. SMITH: *Liverpool College of Advanced Technology.*

M. T. SOTIRIOU: *Sir John Cass College.*
DAVINA L. SPICER: *City of London Secretarial College.*
P. C. TANNER: *Enfield College of Technology.*
I. R. WEARING: *Enfield College of Technology.*
BRENDA M. WILLIAMS: *London Hospital School of Physiotherapy.*

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Dr. Z. Galis, a specialist in tropical diseases, who is at present working in Lagos, has generously presented the school with a fine collection of Nigerian native work. The collection consists largely of wood and horn carvings of animals, birds, fish and human figures, from a variety of locations, and it is hoped to be arranged for them to be on permanent display in the school.

The parents of L. A. Holford-Strevens have presented a picture to the school in gratitude for their son's fine academic record.

Councillor W. A. Macgregor, a governor of the school, has presented a cup for the Middle Cross Country Championship.

Gifts of books and money from Robert Bloyce, Maureen Coulson, Frances Ernsden, Lesley Glover, Judith Grindley, Kathleen Harris, Janet Harvey, Yvonne Pike, Hilary Sansom, R. J. Spring, Alan Strudwick, Maureen Trueman, Ann West.

CHARITIES

The U.N.I.C.E.F. weekly collections this year amounted to £116 16s. which was given to the Southgate division of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

Contributions to Charities during the year.

St. Dunstan's	£2 0s. 0d.
National Spastics' Assoc.	£1 5s. 0d.
Children's League	10s. 0d.
Chest and Heart Assoc.	15s. 0d.
Marie Curie Fund	8s. 0d.
British Legion Haig's Fund	£1 11s. 6d.

NATIONAL SAVINGS

Total amount of year's savings	£1,027
Number of savers in the Group	304

THE SIXTH FORM

THE
HEADMASTER

spectrum profile



L. A. Holford-Strevens

DURING last year a considerable amount of discussion took place about the sixth form. This led to a greater awareness of what the objects of a sixth form should be and how we could make the best possible use of the facilities available to us to attain these objects. They might be summarised as:-

- (a) specialized study of two, three or four subjects,
- (b) general education to compensate for the dangers of specialisation,
- (c) learning to grow up.

Last year the Sixth Form Society came into being and after the inevitable teething troubles it showed signs of developing into a worth while venture which might do a great deal towards achieving (b) and (c). We hope it will be supported by all members of Form VI and flourish accordingly.

This year two fundamental changes have been made in the Sixth Form. In the first place a qualification of at least four passes at Ordinary Level (except in special circumstances) is now necessary to secure entrance to Form VI. It has been found that the policy of allowing pupils to attempt Advanced Level work without previous good 'O' Level results has far too often been disastrous. If a weaker pupil begins Advanced Level studies and at the same time attempts to bring the Ordinary Level failures up to pass standard we have found time and time again that he is attempting an almost impossible task. The general policy, therefore, will now be that those who do not qualify for Form VI will spend another year in a fifth form and retake their Ordinary Levels at the end of the year.

In the second place the organisation of the Sixth Form General Periods has undergone a radical change. Our discussions produced unanimous agreement that too few Sixth Form pupils realise how important these are becoming in Sixth Form education throughout the country. Once again we also felt that we were not making the best use of the facilities available. To take one example the groups have often been too large for effective discussion to take place. The Sixth Form has therefore been organised into four groups for the General Periods and a scheme of studies for the whole year has been drawn up. The word "studies" is perhaps too mild a word for it is essential that sixth form pupils should take an active part in General Periods, both vocally and on paper. Without such a responsive attitude this full educational value will be lost. As for the Sixth Form Broadcasts, these will in future be recorded on tape and only those will be used which fit into the planned syllabus.

It is hoped that all pupils will take the fullest possible advantage of these arrangements. Though the Universities, Colleges and Professions are still demanding good Advanced Level results, which implies a continual belief in the value of specialization, there is clear evidence that more and more emphasis is being put on general education as well. In the Sixth Form of today we have to provide for both these vital essentials.

B. M. FORREST, T.D., M.A.

HOLFORD-STREVS entered the school in September 1957 and was immediately promoted to form 2A. He took Latin at "O" level at the age of twelve and passed with 88%. In September 1958 he entered 3A and began Greek and by the time he was in the fourth form he was doing Latin and Greek with L6 Arts. He was greatly interested in other languages on his own and in July 1960 at the age of 14 he took "O" level Greek and passed with a Grade 1. In the fifth form he was taking all his classics with U6 Arts and at "O" level in July 1961 passed with five distinctions. At the same time he took Latin and Greek at "A" level and achieved Grade 1 in Latin.

Once in L6 Arts he was a finalist in the Greek reading competition, and was the captain of the school in the Civics Quiz against Enfield County. At the age of 16 he took his "A" levels and passed Ancient History with a Grade 3 after only one year's study. He also passed Latin and Greek with distinctions in each and was awarded a State Scholarship.

In 1962 he entered the upper sixth, won the Lauder Essay prize and was elected to an Open Scholarship in Classics at Christ Church, Oxford. In July 1963 he passed "A" level English with a distinction and French with a Grade B.

Holford-Strevens' achievements also ranged to drama. He was in *Julius Caesar* and also performed in the *Seasons*.

Leofranc Adrian Holford-Strevens,
That was the name which he had (nay, hath)
Help me, O Muse, to describe in verses
This quite ineffable philomath.

Visu mirabile Holford-Strevens,
Satchel on satchel around his head.
No one has answered the vital question;
Did they stay on when he went to bed?

Polyglot, logophile, Holford-Strevens,
All will remember his glottal stop.
Latin, Greek, Russian and sometimes English;
Learn any more and he'll go off pop.

Singer mellifluous Holford-Strevens,
Lachrymose threnodies trilled with vim.
Those who were standing near in Assembly
Often were moved as he sang the hymn.

Scholarly, studious Holford-Strevens,
Learning the dictionary for a laugh;
Bibliomaniac. Some have wondered
Now that he's gone who will teach the Staff.

Cricketer, Thespian Holford-Strevens,
Umpire omniscient, batsman's bane,
Prophet frenetic when saying soothingly.
When shall we look on his ilk again?

D. V. DAY, B.A.

SUCCESSSES GAINED BY OLD PUPILS

NORMA G. ARMSTRONG, B.Sc.: Post graduate Certificate in Education.
 DR. G. BULLEN: Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry.
 ROSEMARY CAPLIN: State Registered Nurse.
 C. L. CHAPMAN: Associate Member of Institute of Civil Engineers.
 ANNE M. DELL: First Class Honours in Part I of the Classical Tripos, University of Cambridge; also awarded a college prize and elected to an Alma Blakeman-Jones Scholarship.
 JOSEPHINE DOLAN: Member of the Royal College of Physicians.
 P. E. ELSOM: Associate of The New Era Academy in Public Speaking.
 M. V. FENTON: Pass, First Class, in Part I of the Higher National Diploma in Electrical and Mechanical Engineering.
 JUDITH M. GRINDLEY: Studley College Diploma in Dairying.
 C. INVEST: Passed third B.D.S. Exam. at Royal Dental Hospital; Certificate of Merit for Medicine and Surgery.

J. F. INVEST: Passed Second Year Exam. for General Science, Laboratory Technician.
 A. J. LEWIS: B.Sc., London, First Class Honours, Chemical Engineering and winner of The William Peck Book Prize.
 MARJORIE E. NELSON: Secretarial Certificate with four distinctions, Hendon College of Technology.
 R. F. PARTRIDGE: B.Sc., London, Second Class Honours, Upper Division, Physics.
 J. A. REED: B.Sc. (Econ.) London, Second Class Honours.
 A. J. ROBERTSON: Higher National Certificate in Chemistry.
 DIANNA J. RUST: Diploma for Secretarial Studies, Regent Street Polytechnic.
 SYLVIA J. STEVENS: B.A., London, Second Class Honours, Upper Division, Classics.
 MAUREEN J. TRUEMAN: City of London College Secretarial Diploma with one distinction.
 P. A. WELCH: National Certificate of Building.
 K. W. WILFORD: B.A., Manchester.
 R. WILFORD: Diploma for Youth Service and Leadership.

SPORTS RESULTS 1962-63

GIRLS' GAMES

HOCKEY	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1st XI	3	1	2	—
Under 15	3	2	1	—

Inter House Championship: BRAMLEY

TENNIS	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1st VII	6	1	5	—
Under 15	4	2	2	—

Inter House Championships:
 Senior: CHACE Junior: TRENT

ATHLETICS
 Senior Championship: Christine L. Owen
 Intermediate Championship: Brenda A. Cook
 Junior Championship: Patricia A. Foley

SWIMMING
 Senior Championship: Susan A. Tooby
 Intermediate Championship: Delia W. Hopkins
 Junior Championship: Jeanne P. Bannin
 Inter House Championship: HADLEY

NETBALL	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
3rd Year	3	2	1	—
2nd Year	4	2	2	—
1st Year	2	1	1	—

Inter House Championships:
 Senior BRAMLEY Junior: TRENT

Championship Shield, Girls' Games:
 BRAMLEY HOUSE.

BOYS' GAMES

FOOTBALL	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
					For	Against
1st XI	9	1	6	2	14	39
2nd XI	11	1	10	0	12	45
Form IV	14	9	5	0	56	33
Form III	14	5	7	2	22	44
Form II	14	5	6	3	37	39
Form I	15	10	3	2	64	26

Inter House Championships: Six-a-side—
 Senior: BRAMLEY Senior: BRAMLEY
 Junior: HADLEY Junior: BRAMLEY

CRICKET	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
2nd XI	6	0	2	4
Form IV	2	2	0	0
Form III	7	4	0	3
Form II	5	1	2	2
Form I	6	6	0	0

Inter House Championships:
 Senior: BRAMLEY Junior: BRAMLEY

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING
 Senior Championship: P. D. Smith
 Intermediate Championship: S. N. Deans
 Junior Championship: R. J. King
 Form I Championship: P. J. Holman
 Inter House Championships:
 Senior: HADLEY Junior: TRENT
 Intermediate: HADLEY Form I: HADLEY

SWIMMING
 Senior Championship: I. Swinburne
 Intermediate Championship: M. Emmerson
 Junior Championship: T. J. Pike
 Inter House Championship: CHACE

ATHLETICS
 Senior Championship: P. L. Smith
 Intermediate Championship: W. Spiers
 Junior Championship: G. L. Wynne
 Inter House Championship: HADLEY

BASKETBALL
 Inter House Championship: HADLEY

INTER HOUSE MUSICAL COMPETITION

Adjudication:

MR. L. H. BAGGARLEY, MR. G. BLATCHFORD,
MR. R. S. SMITH.

IN PREVIOUS YEARS the House Music Festival was held in conjunction with the Drama Festival but it was decided that the two should be separated to include an extra compulsory item for the choirs. This year's choice was *Brother James' Air* and the adjudicators for the competition were Messrs. Baggarley, Smith and Blatchford. We present below their own notes as the most reliable description.

The competition was won by TRENT HOUSE with CHACE as runners-up.

The Inter-House Musical Competition

Adjudicators' Notes

HADLEY HOUSE

Choir Conductor—Jane Kitching.
Accompanist—Sylvia Pearce.

Choir: "Brother James' Air."

A good start—steady rhythm—perhaps time too consistently strict and more room should have been given at the end of verses—soloist good but suffering from nervousness—uncertain at the beginning of verses—words not always clear. Conducting good—accompaniment very good. Unfortunate expression of acute misery on the faces of some.

Marks 18

Second Choir Item: "Waltzing Matilda."

Generally similar. That extra vitality needed was missing. Attack uncertain but improved as the song went along. Presentation good but bass voices weak.

Marks 16

Individual Item: "Fantasia in D Minor"—Mozart.

Piano—Margaret Davies.

Difficult item for a young pianist needing a mature approach. Experience would no doubt improve on a very good attempt. Time often erratic—pace and rhythm often overlooked—Mozart's original phrasing sometimes ignored. But a valiant effort showing considerable improvement in this young player, deserving the Junior Cup.

Marks 19

Concerted Item: "Lullaby of Birdland" and "Midnight".

Most enjoyable—timing and rhythm excellent—balance good but amplifiers often caused unwanted vibration—introduction of electric guitars to the House Music Festival is an experiment worthy of praise.

Marks 20

TOTAL 73

CHACE HOUSE

Choir Conductor—Susan Friend.
Accompanist—Margaret Deane.

Choir: "Brother James' Air."

A very good start—good soloist—arrangement good—the choir kept well together to a clear beat but the music moved too much in strict tempo—verses uncertain in beginning and end—diction not very good—there was too little difference in tone and phrasing though the soloist was rather better than the choir which, though strongly led did not show up as well as previous practices would have suggested.

Marks 15

Second Choir Item: "Bay of Biscay."

Another good start—intonation excellent—diction still weak, and this item should have sounded more boisterous—very good accompaniment by Margaret Deane—generally enjoyable.

Marks 18

Individual Item: "Carnival of Venice."

Clarinet solo by Susan Friend.

A mature performance—the variations were a little overlong for their musical value but served to show off the instrument and player as they were meant to do. The phrasing was excellent with very good accompaniment. Remarkable performance, winning the Senior Cup.

Marks 23

Concerted Item: "Fairings."

Vocal Duet by Hilary Sansom and Hazel Newby.

A good choice. Both voices kept well in tune though the lower voice was sometimes a little too quiet. Diction reasonable although some words were lost. All told, a most enjoyable item.

Marks 19

TOTAL 75

TRENT HOUSE

Choir Conductor—Janet Clarke
Accompanist—Daphne Pearce.

Choir: "Brother James' Air."

Good beginning and solo with excellent intonation and phrasing—rhythm reasonable but too much at the same tempo—some of the singers nervous of the top notes and the diction was rather weak. The conducting was good but somewhat uncertain.

Marks 19

Second Choir Item: "Westering Home."

Interesting choice—again the top notes doubtful but the rhythm was good and the song was sung with a vitality often missing. Awarded the George Mitchell Cup.

Marks 19

Individual Item: "Prelude in D Flat."—Chopin.

Piano—Christopher Pearce.

Notable performance. Excellent tone graduation but the decorative passages were not neat or accurate enough. He also allowed the pedal to "bump" very frequently. This, together with a few wrong notes generally spoilt the otherwise enterprising performance.

Marks 21

Concerted Item: "Minuet in D."—Handel.

Unaccompanied Recorders.

A most valiant effort—well balanced with a good rhythm and intonation though not always working together. Perhaps needed a conductor to link them up.

Marks 20

TOTAL 79

BRAMLEY HOUSE

Choir Conductor—Branwen Davies.
Accompanist—Mary Crane.

Choir: "Brother James' Air."

Imaginative arrangement with a very good solo and duet. Excellent intonation and contrast but the diction was poor, many words being run together. Too hurried, and though the pianist tried hard she seemed nervous.

Marks 20

Second Choir Item: "Li'l David Play on Yo' Harp."

Rhythm not strong and the pitch a little uncertain at times, though the diction was good and the two clarinets (in the absence of a piano) tried hard. The senior boys produced little tone and in spite of the excellent presentation the lack of rhythm with its accompanying sense of progress towards a climax caused the item to fail.

Marks 16

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Individual Item: "La fille aux Chevreux de Lin."
—Debussy.

Clarinet—Frances Poole.

Difficult choice demanding great tone control and careful phrasing. All these requirements were met in a most mature performance. This exquisite piece was most enjoyable and the player and her accompanist (Rhian Morgan) are to be congratulated.

Marks 22

Concerted Item: Two short pieces,
"Chorale" and "Serenade" by Haydn.

Once again unaccompanied recorders but not nearly as certain and controlled as the Trent group. More precise timing needed and a conductor might have helped.

Marks 16

TOTAL 74

INTER HOUSE DRAMATIC FESTIVAL

Adjudication:

MISS L. M. HYDE, MR. H. A. DAVISON, MR. D. V. DAY

During the riot and lynching of Cinna the poet in the school production of *Julius Caesar*, our guest of honour one evening, the Assistant Director of the National Youth Theatre, turned to the Headmaster clutching half a stale cottage loaf and in his inimitable way said, "Gee, this is terrific. I've never been hit by a loaf of bread before." While we as judges of the House plays did not expect to find ourselves at the back of the hall the recipients of any strange missiles the various casts wanted to impress upon us, we did hope to be captured by something of that spirit of the theatre, that imaginative touch which overcomes the inadequacies of talent and equipment and makes you want to turn to your neighbour with the kind of enthusiasm expressed in "Gee, this is terrific."

We were not altogether disappointed in what we experienced. All the plays had something to offer and gave the responsive audience no cause for universal fidgeting. There was much of promise and, of course, much scope for higher standards. It was that nebulous quality 'the spirit of the play' which we were most concerned with—an approach that we should most vigorously like to foster in school drama. A producer must feel and understand the qualities of his play so well that he can imbue every aspect of the production with that distilled essence which lingers on the palate of the audience long after they have left the theatre. Once this magical quality has been found then it must be reinforced by every dramatic means possible, with all the critical moments highlighted in that spirit until the climax is reached. Whether it be ebullient comedy or traumatic drama, it must be good theatre.

Bramley (51%) turned *The Affected Young Ladies* from comedy to farce. Branwen Davies, Juliet Thickett and Ian Swinburne exhorted their cast to race about in colourful rig-out, gabble their lines and play the whole thing for sheer good fun. In this they were successful although much was lost while the audience was still reacting and audibility was poor. Hill and Goldman gave a splendid Laurel and Hardy act; Gammon and Gray looked clean and upstanding; Sandra Ballon and Melanie Sar ingeniously mixed Girton and Dolittle, and Ellis and Julie Fisher gave usefully sharp character sketches.

But the spirit of the play really lies in a mannered and stylized eighteenth century sense of affectation which was too much to ask for in the inexperienced; neither costumes and set nor acting was able to satisfy these stringent demands.

Chace's choice (65%) was a far more workable proposition even if rather weird in content. Dick Beeden's production was crisp and purposeful; he knew how to work a highlight and gave us several good theatrical moments. The setting of draped grey curtains was admirable for the ethereal location and the candidates for the other world were all distinctively drawn. Christine Ward's cheery and homely London Mum, Carolyn White's peacefully joyous Nun, Pat Camis's bouncy, horsey Betjemanite and Lawson's potentially good Rev. were all successfully recorded in Tharrel's Judgement Book. He himself was played as pert and nicely irritable by Ravalde. Le Good's lunatic really needed more madness, he lacked Hadfield's edge as the Boy. But it was Cullen who held all together. He has both a good voice and an arresting stage presence and was well able to manipulate the serious and ironic aspects as *The Man who wouldn't go to Heaven*.

Trent (67%) fielded a diligent production team. Janet Clarke, Catrina Reid and Peter Smith showed an attention to detail in movement and setting which eventually just won them the day. Though the final effect of *The Devil his Due* was more fuzzy than Chace's incisive outlines and actually had more faults, we appreciated the imaginative and thoughtful attack and the blurring helped the remote village dream-like atmosphere. Sandell began his year of raucous rôles with a competent but patchy central performance as the doctor, edgy and shifting. He had good backing. His evil genius, Stutter, proved a delightful, chuckle-headed, cherubic Father Higgins giving perhaps the best performance of the morning. Anne Marsh and Corinne Goodman, appropriately as gossips, were convincing. Jennifer Stone's dispenser was bustling and true-to-life, Meredith's policeman solid and trad. and Hedge's priest diffident almost to extinction. But the element of supernatural was not quite as eerie as was required. Margaret Shaw was too white as the white witch and Taylor as the name part made an entertainingly displaced commuter, lanky and Londonish, but lacking the essential demon. And that was the heart of the matter.

Hadley's *Stand and Deliver* (43%) was less happy. A skit more than a drama, it is a pastiche of all the Highwayman ilk of plays and too childish for the audience. Jane White and Tony Bradshaw also lacked available talent for the cast and were unable to make their actors speak up and react to events. The set, however, had some good touches and costumes were well worked. Goodman made a brave attempt at the Highwayman but lacked variety and Hill tried well as little Trigg but needed more cockiness. Sally Sumpster, Sheila Scott and Suzanne Berman as the ladies fluttered and trilled rather uncommunicatively and White, Crow and Finlay rapidly brought all to a thankful conclusion without too much fuss.

Generally it had been a successful morning's entertainment; there was no acute embarrassment. It was an experiment to try separating the dramatic items from the Music Festival and it came off. It was also the first time that the casts were limited to members of the fourth form and below, with producers from the sixth, and the range of contributors from first to fourth formers was warmly encouraging. Trent House well deserved the applause when their representative received from one of our governors, Councillor A. V. Stapleton, the first award of Malcolm Fenton's recent gift, the Absolute Cup.

H. A. DAVISON, B.A.

JULIUS CAESAR

by
William Shakespeare

Expectation was high. 'House-full' notices flanked the doors—1,700 tickets having been sold ten days before the first night. A host of telegrams breathed good-will from the library notice boards and a wall of photographs in the Hall promised action and excitement. Costumes had been hired from Stratford-on-Avon and the Old Vic; the set looked impressively solid on several levels and elaborately propertied. Framing the stage were two dominating columns and an outspread eagle, while fronting the new apron extension was a relief of Caesar in triumph. Backstage, beads of sweat broke out on sun tan make-up, over half the senior members of the school anxiously awaited the end of the overture, strident music in evocation of Republican Rome. Lights dimmed and blacked, the audience rustled their eight-page, lavishly designed programmes, and the trumpets sounded. "Hail Caesar! Hail Caesar! Hail Caesar!" echoed from seventy raucous voices. Lights exploded into brightness and the cast surged across the stage, a rejoicing Rome.

Our critic comments . . .

One records with great pleasure one's delight and excitement in watching this production but perhaps, too, a certain amount of guilt is attached. Will one be regarded as a paid stooge chanting uncomprehending praise, or worse, as a hypocrite who automatically praises the work of the establishment while he knows it to be of inferior quality? After all, we got wildly excited about *The Rivals* last year, didn't we? Can the same team pull off another resounding triumph in a play so utterly different? "Yes" is the simple answer.

If the producers hoped to short-circuit comparisons by this device, they failed. The cognoscenti made the comparisons and found both productions indubitably first-class, with *The Rivals* a shade more consistent while *Julius Caesar* had greater moments and more of them.

What we believe is known in some quarters as 'the visual entity' was wonderfully realised: stately columns—magnificent friezes—glorious armour and insignia and in particular a stupendous blood-flooded death of the sacrificial victim Cinna, the poet. The mob always get their man, or some other man, and they prefer to hew his carcass rather than carve him as a dish fit for the gods. A great scene, this. The litter in the forum, however, right at the beginning with garlands and wind-swept leaves looking tatty at the approaching storm, in a murky light with brilliant flashes and sonorous rumbles intermitting, good though it all was, derived one felt from the fine American film version.

Certain features of this production were quite superlative in quality: the crowd choreography, the conception and execution of the moves, the nauseous sentiment of the many-headed multitude varying between cowed silences, raucous roaring and dedicated bestiality with the individual portraits of smart-alec cobbler Haslam and Christine Griffiths coming straight from

A Tale of Two Cities, the 'orrible little sophisticated 'erbs of Sandell and Stutter all this was lively, compelling, and authentic. Grim-visaged Peter Smith in some magnificent last moments incarnates, the tastefully produced programme tells us, the triumph of Caesarism. Shakespeare on the side of dictatorship? If so, the less Shakespeare be. Philosophically, the producers' view can be vigorously challenged if not utterly destroyed but it was a most impressive coup de theatre. Let's get to the principals, though.

Boon was a very good Caesar but perhaps a little short of what one had hoped. He was likeable, soft, vain, shrewd, superstitious yet the magnificent potential was never quite realised. Nature was above Art in this respect—no nasty nuances intended however.

Beeden was a handsome, pleasantly roué, athletic, effortlessly affable "one of the boys." Nothing was easier to understand than his hold over the crowd. He roared with sincere belligerence and found his political touch in the process. Shakespeare's Antony, this. Angela Chadfield was a commendably anguished Calpurnia while Jane White's opportunities as Portia were much greater.

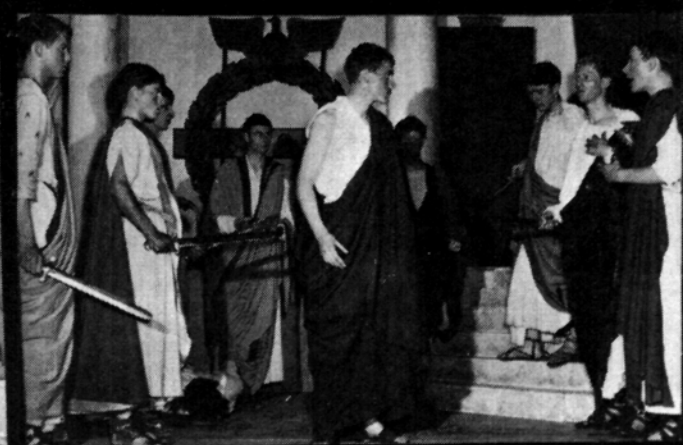
She took them with controlled enthusiasm. She looked good, acted quite unselfishly and inspired pity and respect. This was a performance of depth. Her team work with Duncan Hinds was of a high order. This young man's Brutus was a glorious example of what hard work, selflessly applied intelligence and actor-producer co-operation can achieve. Hinds' biggest drawback was his lack of inches—he was a sturdy little larch beneath the sensuously swaying poplar of Paul Smith. Hinds conveyed integrity, humility with its absurd egocentric core—so Brutus-like, and the huge blundering daftness of which only a well-disposed intellectual dabbling in the dirty pools is capable. His team-work with Smith was surprisingly good.

This young Cassius produced a performance which no-one else would have thought possible, even Mr. Davison and Smith himself. We were given a shrewd, sensitive, bitter creature who commanded our sympathy for his unquestionable talent and aspirations to power. Here too was a human brother who believed in and sincerely, ceremoniously pledged friendship "the wine of life." His excessive sense of guilt at his insensitivity to Brutus' fortitude about the death of Portia was superb. Sometimes the Smith tongue was recalcitrant but nevertheless the great histrionic metamorphosis was achieved—part and player were one.

There were many arresting little portraits which cannot be mentioned but the whole production cohered, everyone contributed to a most powerful unity of effect. A tremendous success this, and we must now await the result of the Davison-Day alchemy, sorely needed one suspects for *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

J. MELTZER, B.A.

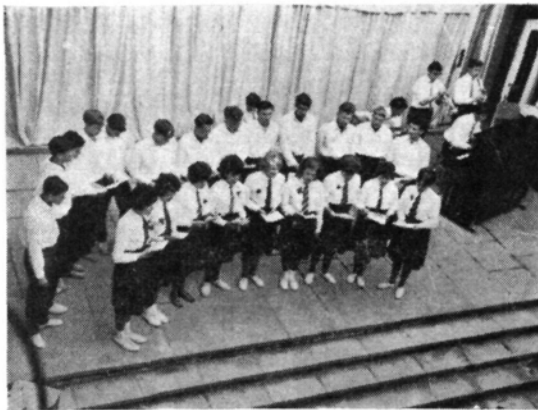
"Well kids, it was just fab. You kept the ball rolling, it just swung all the way through."—*Critic from the National Youth Theatre.*



The Seasons

IN ORDER that we should not sink even lower into the existence of the "suburban cabbage" which is so often attributed to us, an evening of music, poetry and drama, (experimental—as the programme hastens to assure us) was held in mid-July and performed in the school quadrangle. This entertainment *The Seasons* proved an admirable supplement to the school play, and confounded once and for all the supposition that the dramatic talent of the school is either reserved or non-existent.

The evening was divided into two parts, the first night's programme proving surprisingly long—3½ hours in all. But the variety of the items and the added interest of the poetry and jazz group made boredom an unlikely



possibility. The first season, Summer was dealt with by the highest authorities, Shakespeare, Dylan Thomas, the amiable nonsense of Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky*, and John Betjeman's *Hunter Trials* performed most convincingly by Barbara Platt. Other memorable examples were set by Hazel Newby's violin solo and a delightful Mexican Folk comedy.

Music was the keynote (joke?) in the performances on Autumn, contributions coming from such widely spaced poles as clarinet duets of Mozart and Schumann, and a possibly more popular rendering of the Haymakers Stomp from the Wolverines jazz group. Any pent-up tension was then released in the harvest hoe-down from the sixth form, the riotous atmosphere being increased by the balloons and streamers thrown from the balcony.

During the interval the audience was sated with hot dogs (edible and canine) biscuits, cups of tea and bicarbonate of soda on the lawn outside the canteen. The cosmopolitan appearance was mainly due to the tables and sun shades provided by the Pelican Cafe. These, contrasted with the grim-looking sky gave rise to much hollow laughter among optimistic members of the school, and it was unfortunate that two of the three performances had to be given in the school hall. The one outdoor performance that was achieved was graced by the appearance of a homing bat, which swooped down over the audience and retreated on seeing the actors. This 'happening' was not, in fact, contrived by the Producers who do not include training bats in their otherwise varied repertoire.

The second half of the evening was dedicated to Winter and Spring. It was opened by Branwen Davies and Shakespeare's poem "When Icicles hang by the Wall". This was followed by the Senior Choir singing a Medieval Anthem to the music of Holst, the two opening items paving the way for one of the evening's most interesting items, a 14th century mystery play called the *Second Shepherd's Pageant*. The style of this play is more reminiscent of the stark realism of the present day drama, for the subject of the Nativity is dealt with in an almost flippant manner, the main interest of the author being the presentation of real people involved with the problems of everyday existence. This item was very well performed by members of the senior school. Winter was brought to an end with music from the recorders and clarinets, Frances Poole on the clarinet showing once again her versatility in linking up the entire evening's musical entertainment.

As usual, it was left to Holford-Strevens to provide the main talking point in the last sequence, Spring. He read an extract from "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" in 14th century English, reminiscent of the *Jabberwocky* earlier on. This obviously accomplished performance, though not understood by the majority, being peasants, was nevertheless enthusiastically received and contrasted well with the following item from Wordsworth's 'Resolution and Independence'. This was recited by Jane White (a refugee from *Caesar*) who also took part in the performance of *St. Joan*, by Bernard Shaw. The ensuing music was again a departure in style, varying from a song from the Junior Choir, a piano solo from Margaret Deane and a solo song, the 'Wild Rose' by Schubert from John Oliver, to the familiar bounce of Gilbert and Sullivan. Extracts here were taken from *The Mikado*, with solos from Hilary Sansom and Rosamond Penny aided by the Senior Choir.

The Epilogue provided some of the most spirited drama of the evening. The poem was Tennyson's 'Morte D'Arthur', and this choice alone invited enterprise from the participants. The solemnity of this lament on a dying king was excellently captured by the four actors, Paul and Peter Smith, Boon and Hinds, and Boon's performance of that 'shatter'd column' *Arthur*, must have brought back memories of an earlier and similar triumph.

All the organisation of *The Seasons* apart from production was executed by the sixth form and all credit must go to them for backing a rank outsider. Mr. Baggarley undertook the demanding task of training the singers and instrumentalists and Mr. Turtill assisted with the production of plays and poems. But the main motivation came from Davis'n-Day Ltd., who were probably the most elated by the profit of £59. This money will go towards the financing of their next dramatic venture, performed in Spring only.

RUTH STANFORD L6ARTS.

THE SIXTH FORM AT COVENTRY

Praise Him upon the Symbols

THIS YEAR WAS gallimaufry year—a chance to gawp at Coventry, to window-shop, a little potted piety, a guffaw or two at the theatre and leisured conversation encoached with congenial companions. The credit for this civilised summer jaunt goes mainly to Mr. Reynolds, whose directorship of *Reynold's Super Tours Ltd.* is just one of the many ways he immerses himself in the life of the School—to good effect. On this occasion, so efficient was his organisation that things ran smoothly despite the efforts of the Staff; no one was lost and everyone was returned in good condition at a semi-respectable hour.

True to the best traditions of Southgate Outings, the party disintegrated upon arrival, thereafter to meet only *en passant* (ships in the night and all that) in Woolworths, inevitably, in Wimpy Bars, repeatedly, and in Museums, astonishingly. Once in the perilous darkness of the old Cathedral's spiral staircase, I was heartily glad that certain ancient enmities had been forgotten as we met and passed numerous coarse and lewd fellows from the sixth form. Impressions of Coventry are very personal: a Stevenage-plus town centre, genuine collapsible Elizabethan dwelling-houses, a rehearsal on the Cathedral steps, the flimsy but amusing *Out of Bounds* at the lush Belgrade Theatre and a church, overshadowed and dwarfed by two Cathedrals, whose notice-board carried the plaintive burden—'Do not fail to visit this church also, it contains much of historical and architectural interest.' Alas, this appeal was heartlessly ignored by the thousands who queued up outside its doors to gain admission—to the Cathedral!

The church's plight is representative of the City's. Coventry despite all its self-conscious with-it-ness is dominated by its Cathedral. Some of our number taking the time to chat up samples of the local femininity brought back grim reports of slums and a total lack of night-life, but the majority of visitors, without such zeal for sociological truth, came to stare at the Cathedral. It was a pity, I thought, that we approached it from the coach-park but as one, more discerning than I, observed, *This is symbolic*. Certainly, the new Cathedral is a magnificent attempt to express truths easily forgotten in the modern world—that God is our contemporary, that He finds a home even in our industrial society and that the very best in materials and human skills are His due, if man is to proclaim these facts adequately. It was good, for example, to walk into a Cathedral which didn't imply that the Christian Faith was suffering from dry-rot.

The feature which impressed me most was the immense amount of effort that had gone into making the building a meaningful symbol of Christian Truth. The Bishop who, when asked to explain the Collect for Trinity Sunday, complained, *Is there no end to this lust for intelligibility?* would have gone berserk in Coventry. Every part of the building is not only beautiful, sometimes exceedingly so, but rich in meaning and symbolism. The glass windows with their modern designs suggestive of the mediaeval, represent the close unity between life on earth and the heavenly realms surrounding us; the uneven letters of the Tablets of the Word declare the value of man above machines and his dependence on the

primitive truths of the gospel; the Baptistery and Nave windows are veritable sermons in glass depicting Christian discipleship and the work of the Holy Spirit in the world. Of course, not all will suit everybody. 'The mitre looks like a pin-cushion', 'The cross is too crude', 'Is that meant to be a boiled egg?', 'The stone from Bethlehem is a cheap gimmick'—I heard all this and more. But the abiding impression comes very close to the architect's intent—to declare the presence and supremacy of God. Only two complaints and both probably unavoidable; first, the hordes of sightseers, though I was one, who turned the house of prayer, if not into a den of thieves, then at any rate into an exhibition of modern art; second, that the Chapel of Christian Unity was closed—this at least, I hoped, was not symbolic.

D. V. DAY, B.A.

THE SIXTH FORM AT BOGGLE HOLE

Wordsworth was inspired by the Lake District . . .

We're told that in 'A' level, field work counts most,
So we went for a week on the Yorkshire coast.
What, you may ask, were we going to do?
A mixture of geography, botany, zoo.
At beginning of term from school we set forth,
Stopping at Newark on our way to the North.
There was singing and laughing, fast flew the miles,
'Till refuge at last for the Southgate exiles
At Boggle Hole Hostel, east of the moors,
Where all were subjected to Y.H.A. laws.
The mod. cons. were good for the nominal fee
Hot/cold running water, two mins. from the sea!

A lab had been hired at Robin Hood's Bay
Where the biologists trekked every day
To identify specimens found in the sea
(No trouble was caused by the leaves in their tea!)
They daily set out for the beach about nine
Returning for dinner, all covered in brine
From the rock pools scattered all over the shore
Which were filled with Flora and Fauna galore.
The day that the botanists strayed from the sand
The route that they followed was not quite as planned
(Indeed they would probably be lost today
Had not a geographer shown them the way!)

And what were the geographers doing meanwhile?
Either walking to Whitby mile after mile
Or tracing a river from source to the sea
Or stuck in the mud right up to the knee!
'Spurred' on to keep working—of this we have proof
In the form of a master with a very sweet tooth.
There's only one incident sad to recall
When sea-weedy rocks caused an arm-breaking fall
On Saturday morning, packed ready to go
We left there, behind us, one simple motto —
'At Boggle Hole Hostel when doing the chores
You must have a system for sweeping the floors!!'

Remnants of Boggle Holers.

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*Films: Josephine Dexter U6Arts
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*Speakers: Elizabeth Kettle U6Arts
Peter Smith L6Sci.*

*Miscellaneous: Mrs. Addy, Mr. Meltzer
Branwen Davies U6Arts,
Graham Boon U6Sci.
Rosemary Jerrold L6Arts.
David Hodgson 6Rem.*

FROM THE BONES AND ASHES of the various defunct and unmourned Senior School Societies there arose this year a sort of hydra which, through characteristic lack of inspiration, was known as the *Sixth Form Society*. On occasion it would meet regularly on a Monday for debates, films, theatre visits, dances and to hear invited speakers. At other times it would find itself fused with or swamped by rehearsals for the Dramatic Society.

As was only to be expected in the course of a long year, enthusiasm waxed and waned. Theatre visits were the most popular events though numbers here were augmented by other younger members of the school. At the other extreme, the films, with the notable exception of *A Town Like Alice* to which the whole School seemed to have squeezed in, were sparsely attended. This was, on the whole, because the poverty-stricken committee had not the courage, enterprise or knowledge necessary to ease money out of the hands of the Education Authorities, or some other charitable organisation, to facilitate the hiring of good but expensive films. The consequently drab unexciting compromises incited few sixth-formers to waste either valuable hours of study or good beer-money.

The speakers were listened to with enthusiasm that

mounted as the year progressed, though here again it must be confessed that the committee were wary in displaying too much enterprise or self-confidence in trying to obtain the most notable of speakers. It is with satisfaction, however, that we note that the speakers, once lured, went away pleasantly impressed by the quality of the discourse they had aroused.

Six *Dances-cum-Socials* were held last year with varying degrees of success. Innovations included an effort to raise money for the magazine that unfortunately flopped; penny sideshows that sagged, a jazz band that proved too good to dance to; a general invitation to all Minchenden; an attempt to country-dance; and a rock group that valiantly strove to split our eardrums. Which all implies room for improvement.

Those concerned with *Julius Caesar* will doubtless remember the full sized statue of Pompey built by the Art Department for the production. Painfully we recall the events at the end of the Easter Term when the school was visited by pupils from Minchenden Grammar School who contrived to remove the statue, apparently as a "trophy of war." In the subsequent trial of these miscreants the inevitable verdict was reached, sentence being pronounced by the judge, Graham Boon. It is hoped that the court will not have cause to meet again.

As far as debating was concerned, the Society confined itself to deciding that the 1944 Education Act was, in fact, a good thing; to throwing President de Gaulle, Evelyn Home and James Bond out of an imaginary balloon but retaining Julius Caesar who is believed dead; to voting for Harold Wilson in a Mock Election; and the earth-shattering conclusion that women do deserve men after all.

The committee worked tremendously hard to ensure that the programme was carried through. Several times it was suggested that the committee was too large and this factor probably contributed to the generally conservative and at times unenterprising outlook. On the other hand if it had been at all smaller too much work would have fallen on too few shoulders to the general detriment of all.

Mrs. Addy and Mr. Meltzer joined us at Christmas and it must be noted with pleasure and gratitude that they immediately encouraged and helped us to improve the quality of the meetings.

R. BEEDEN U6SCI.

THE ORCHESTRA



THIS YEAR WE ARE glad to report that the school orchestra has increased in number. We now have a complete string section but the wind section consists only of three clarinets. So, if any member of the lower part of the school can play any instruments, please remember —Mr. Blatchford needs you!

At Speech Day last November, the orchestra accompanied the joint junior and senior choirs in the two songs, *Brother James' Air* by Gordon Jacob and *Funiculi funicula*, and in July we opened the out-door entertainment by playing *March of the Prefects* by W. H. Beed.

As usual, we have continued to enhance the singing in morning assembly on Tuesdays and Fridays—our repertoire ranging from the 1st to the 2nd Suite Moderne.

Throughout the year, Susan Friend has been giving clarinet lessons and Mr. Blatchford string lessons to junior members of the school. Also, Miss Webb from Trent Park College has come during dinner hours to give cello lessons. The orchestra has greatly benefited from this tuition and we are all very grateful.

MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA IN 1962-63 WERE:

1st Violins: *Branwen Davies, Robin Wilmington, Colin LeGood, Rhian Morgan, Peter Ellis.*

2nd Violins: *Megan Davies, Moira Hollingsworth, Delia Hopkins, Helen Davy, Jennifer Rissen.*

Violas: *Catherine Janes, Freda Wiseman.*

Cellos: *Carolyn White, Ann Marsh*

Bass: *Mr. Reynolds*

Clarinets: *Susan Friend, Frances Poole, Gillian Harris.*

Leader: *Mr. Blatchford.*

Piano: *Margaret Deane.*

MARGARET DEANE 5A.

FRANCES POOLE 5A.

MIDDLE SCHOOL SOCIETY

COMMITTEE: *Mr. A. W. Turtill*
L. A. Holford-Strevens U6Arts.
N. R. Borthwick L6Sci.
R. A. Moss L6Arts.
C. J. Pearce L6Arts.

IT IS SAD TO REPORT the failure of a venture which burst into life with the animated enthusiasm of an A.G.M. near the end of the Christmas term. The object was to satisfy the third and fourth form demands for a society that should afford them the facilities of the Sixth Form and Junior Discussion Societies. Excuse can perhaps be offered with the deep snows and play rehearsals but the chief reason was quite definitely the Middle School's apathy.

The attendance of debates was poor and the audience for the showing of Chaplin, Lloyd, Laurel and Hardy films, which was thrown open to the rest of the school, though profitable was unrewarding. A brains trust which clashed with a European Cup Tie had to be cancelled through lack of support.

One qualification to the charge of apathy must be made: a projected visit to *The Bed Sitting Room* aroused

considerable enthusiasm—once it had been declared unsuitable.

It is to be hoped that next year's Middle School will take more interest in, and put some work into, creating a new self-respecting society.

L. A. HOLFORD-STREVENS U6ARTS.

JUNIOR DEBATING

WE RECOMMENCED THE JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY this year and met with quite a moderate success due mainly to the support of the First Forms. Discussion waxed fast and furious leaving the chairman breathless and the talkers gasping for the welcome refreshments.

There was a great variety of topics, including the very popular balloon debates and an argument as to whether Britain is spending her money wisely. Another discussion was focused on the amount of pocket money needed by the average pupil and one week there was a free for all, where a draw from a hat decided the subject a person was to speak about for two minutes.

If there are any in the junior school who feel like airing their views to all concerned (and we are sure there must be a great number!) we extend a most cordial invitation to come and join us on Friday evenings and hope that this year second forms will continue to give the society their most ardent support.

HAZEL GRIST. U6ARTS.

JOSEPHINE DEXTER. U6ARTS.

MARY HEASMAN. U6ARTS.

JUNIOR PLAY-READING

THE JUNIOR PLAY-READING SOCIETY was formed this year, but has been unable to meet as frequently as we would have liked because of difficulties in loaning plays.

However, plenty of enthusiasm was abounding, so the maximum enjoyment was obtained from the plays read in Wednesday dinner times, which ranged from *Alice in Wonderland* to *Dracula*. This last proved that in each of us lies the bloodthirsty element, school juniors being no exceptions!

Whilst we were waiting for a set of plays to arrive, the members acted *Alice in Wonderland* for their own amusement. It is hoped to continue to include more acting in the running of the Society in the future, so the younger members of the school will gain some experience for when they are needed in House drama competitions and perhaps later for the school play.

JOSEPHINE DEXTER. U6ARTS.

HAZEL GRIST. U6ARTS.

MARY HEASMAN. U6ARTS.

ART CLUB

THERE HAS BEEN a fairly large and consistent core of enthusiastic members who have met in the Art Room every dinner hour during the past year under the guidance of Mr. Jackson, our Art Master, who gave a great amount of help and encouragement. The general activities are sketching, some sculpture work and pottery.

The decoration of the hall at Christmas gave opportunities for some colourful and imaginative paper sculpture of figures and mobiles.

The school play presented the whole art department some problems on a grand scale which were ably over-

come and enthusiastically tackled. Indeed some of the flats defied paint and the disguising of the huge pillars required spider-man antics which were rewarding in the final effect.

RHAIN MORGAN 4A

CHESS CLUB

THIS YEAR THE CHESS CLUB has been fairly successful in inter-schools matches. Unfortunately the chess sets available for the club and the matches were not in good condition owing to the lack of funds which hindered expansion. However, we owe much to a few Junior members who have donated some new sets.

In the Inter-schools league we came fourth out of seven schools; an improvement over recent years. The first form had a match with Enfield Grammar which the school won and we hope that more matches of this kind can be arranged in the future.

Much of the success of the club this year was due to the keenness of the Junior members, particularly W. Webb of 3A.

P. R. SWINSON U6SCL.

RECORDERS

ON THE WHOLE THE MEMBERS of the recorders have attended practices more regularly this year although there was some lack of enthusiasm towards the end of the school terms. Two groups were formed: one consisting of the more experienced players. Each group played for assembly on alternate Thursday mornings. Small unaccompanied groups played *Minuet in D* by Handel at Speech Day and four other short pieces for *The Seasons*.

SUSAN FRIEND U6ARTS.

CHRISTIAN UNION

OUTSTANDING AMONG THE SOCIETY'S ACTIVITIES this year was a visit to the Royal Albert Hall to hear Handel's *Messiah*. This was part of an attempt to make programmes more varied and stimulating. Other new features have been mainly confined to weekly meetings and have included a selection of church music ranging from Geoffrey Beaumont to Bach, a discussion of varying denominational practices stressing our common Christian faith and the replacement of Bible talks by Group Bible studies.

The participation of the Juniors themselves has been emphasised in planning their meetings. One result of this was a successful Christmas tape recording.

Prayer meetings have been continued in the small chapel attached to Oakwood Methodist Church and we thank the Church for its use.

Next year will see a new committee with new ideas and, it is hoped, more new members.

LINDSAY ORCHARD U6SCL.
ELIZABETH KETTLE U6ARTS.



"Of course I always meant to play the trumpet."—*Mr. Meltzer.*

"I don't wish to know about Anglicanism; I'm all for Hell."—*Mr. Day, during a sixth form R.I. lesson.*

"That's what I like about English, it's such a filthy subject."—*Overheard in Men's staff room.*

THE POULTERERS



MENTOR: *Mr. Sharwood-Smith, M.A.*

DESPITE MANY OTHER ACTIVITIES this year our Sixth Form Philosophical Society has managed to hold three meetings, when we have sat on other peoples floors, nibbling crisps and putting the world right.

On each occasion, after the reading of a short extract by Mr. Sharwood-Smith, the same uninhibited few entered into the discussion. Topics, however, were various: we pondered part of Plato's *Symposium*, explored somebody's diaries (extensive research has failed to discover anyone who can remember whose) and, ignoring a valiant stand made by Mr. Davison, rejected T. S. Elliot's tentative definition of culture.

We would like to thank Mr. Sharwood-Smith for his continued support and guidance. The members of the present sixth form are the last to have known him as a member of staff at Southgate, but we hope that, even destitute of our wit and intellect, "The Poulterers" will continue to meet. We are also very grateful to all the Mums who so generously gave us their hospitality (and crisps).

BRANWEN DAVIES. U6ARTS.
Branwen Crisp-Davies (?)

RAILWAY CLUB

ALTHOUGH THE NUMBER OF MEMBERS has tended to decrease, the Railway Club continued to meet every three weeks or so and many outings were arranged.

The most enjoyable trip was the one at the end of last year's summer term when five members visited the privately owned Bluebell Railway in Sussex stopping off at Redhill and Three Bridges sheds. In the October half term 17 members visited Stratford (London), Devons Road (Bow), Norwood Junction, Stewarts Lane (Battersea), Kings Cross and Finsbury Park sheds. Unfortunately four of the 17 mysteriously disappeared at Stewarts Lane.

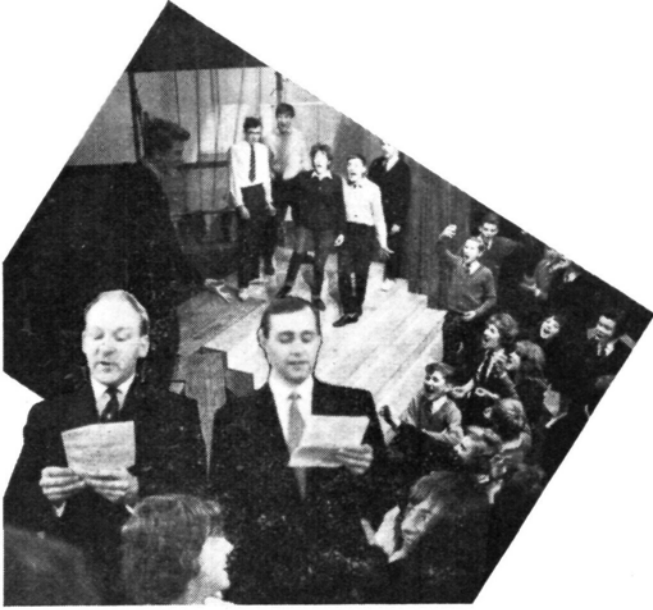
Only three weeks later Mr. Day kindly arranged for two films and a speaker from British Railways to come to the school. The films were about diesel electric multiple units.

In January three foot snow drifts were encountered en-route to Brighton and during the February half term we visited Nine Elms (Wandsworth), Stewarts Lane, Feltham (Hounslow) and the Guildford sheds. We visited Eastleigh and Southampton Docks at Easter and Willesden and Cricklewood sheds over Whitsun.

The Railway Club would like to thank Mr. Hilditch for his able supervision of our meetings.

G. M. BURTON 4B

DRAMATIC SOCIETY



"they sang for their supper . . ."

Defendants: H. A. DAVISON, D. V. DAY

"I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scourged to nothing with perpetual motion."

Although ultimately adopting Falstaff, the Society this year has by no means adopted his dictum. *Julius Caesar*, *The Seasons*, the beginnings of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, our annual dinner and occasional theatre trips have all ensured perpetual motion and, even despite the producers' weddings and babies, no one is yet sufficiently scourged. The newly established Sixth Form Society has taken over and enlarged upon the organization of the theatre visits but a nucleus of the Society saw as well Olivier's film *Henry V* at the Academy in September, the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* in November, Christopher Fry's *Curtmantle* in December and Shakespeare's *King Lear* in March and finally *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at Pendley Manor, Tring, at the end of the summer holidays.

Perhaps the rehearsals and preparations for *Julius Caesar* will be remembered even longer than the *Ides of March*. Who can possibly forget the sight of seventy senior pupils, blindly surging up and down isolated flights of steps, restrained only by the producer's desperate whistle? And although the deputy head's room has been transformed back from a blood-stained armoury, do the scene-painters continue to dream of obstinately naked flats, and is there still a slight tang of rotten tomatoes about the music room cupboard?

The four nights of the actual performance were at least as successful as the hard-working cast and back-stage crew deserved and almost justified even the efforts of the producers. There were, of course, some minor mishaps. The opening sweep forward by the crowd brought Caesar's bust crashing into the audience; a very dead Cinna suddenly stood up and was forced to take a bow; on one occasion the great Caesar fell at the feet of a seven foot statue of Pompey rapidly propelled into place from behind by two sweating producers, and once the battlefield at Philippi was graced by a tray of goblets and a tattered 'Penguin' edition of the play. The fact that there were no actual casualties in cast or audience during those battle scenes was miraculous. However, we must apologise to Mrs. Forrest for the repeated deposition of stale bread, swords and Lucius in her lap. The rumour that the back-stage party afterwards lowered the rateable value of houses in Sussex Way is, of course, completely unfounded.

The Society's annual dinner, appropriately on April 1st continued to foster this spirit of cheerful hilarity. Pompey undertook one of his many adventures, travelling incognito (practically) by London Transport, shrouded like a dear-departed. Stopped by only four members of the police force in various parts of London, he arrived early to delight the already bewildered waiters and add a touch of class to the top floor of the "Hong Kong Restaurant" in Shaftesbury Avenue. Here the 120 of us commandeered the entire floor and to the tune of chopsticks wrestled, sucked and blew over crispy noodles, sweet and sour pork, chop suey, fried rice and some succulent lychee in syrup. Toasts in iambic pentameters were proposed by Cassius to the historic Caesar, Antony to a distraught Shakespeare and finally the producers sang for their supper an irregular ditty to the tune of Greensleeves in their toast to the Society. Then after a quick swig of the remainder of the Spanish sauterne, the Society hared by taxi and foot to the New Theatre to pant 'en masse' late up the gallery steps for a sufficiently relaxing production of Lionel Bart's *Oliver*.

The summer term saw no let-up. For four weeks auditioning went on for *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; 93 people volunteered for the 22 parts, many more were seized upon unknowingly or otherwise coerced and co-opted. Once given a part, members of the cast found themselves delivering choral poetry to jazz accompaniment for the Summer evening entertainment in the Courtyard, or leaping about in a harvest hoe-down desperately trying to remember Holford's home-spun words. *The Seasons*, as it eventually became called, was an experiment to try out new talent, to combine the work of the Society with the musical groups in the school, to provide a fillip to the end of term and incidentally to raise some money for next year's play. All of which with varying degrees of success it achieved. For a fortnight after G.C.E., dodging all the other hundred-and-one

"I'm not a producer. I'm only in it for laughs."—Mr. Day.

end-of-term activities, small groups could be seen scattered over the school in remote corners, even in the Gym, intently delivering poetry or playing flutes, staggering around as medieval shepherds, ding-donging on high, or cavorting with rustic ease. Performances fluctuated in and out of doors according to the weather but each was well impregnated with the aromas of fried onions and hot-dogs. The profit of £59 was not to be sneezed at.

Term finished with the news that the old prefects' room was to be made into a Theatre Workshop and equipped during the holidays. Here all our equipment will be stored, the model of the stage housed and sets built. *Julius Caesar* marked the end of an era in the back-stage activities of the Society. Since beginning with us at the school in 1936, Mr. Pratt has undertaken a vast amount of the back-stage side of things. Now through ill-health and the pressures of work he has been forced to take a rest from this all-demanding role of stage manager. No one could have served the Society more devotedly and diligently. For years he has succumbed to the fads and whimsicalities of a range of producers, staging Gilbert and Sullivan operas (as well as taking part), Shaw, modern farce and Shakespeare, building sets, erecting lights and leading the team to manage them on the nights. His hours of spare time labouring for the Society have been innumerable and the battles fought on our behalf countless. The present extensive and highly adaptable stage equipment and fittings were his conception, a legacy for which we are highly grateful. It is fitting that his last contribution is probably his greatest and the least likely to be forgotten, the vast settings and construction for *Caesar*. The Society is delighted to feel

that his standards are likely to be perpetuated in the work of Messrs. Reynolds and Morris who have undertaken to bridge the gap, having already contributed valiantly this year, along with the sterling work of Messrs. Jackson and Spooner and Miss Richardson. We are also sorry to lose Mrs. Hancock who has toiled cheerfully over costumes for two years; there's not a thing about Roman armour she doesn't now know. In her place we welcome Mrs. Hamblett, and hope she's well up on her doublet and hose.

For next March, with special permission from the Lord Chamberlain to perform as his players (Shakespeare's original company), we shall be the guests of the people of Herrenberg in S.W. Germany and shall perform the play in eight towns of the Black Forest country. One performance will be a special civic occasion to which the Mayor and Mayoress of Southgate and Mr. and Mrs. Forrest have been invited by the Mayor and Councillors of Herrenberg. Another performance will be in a renovated medieval castle where we shall be 'holidaying' for the second week. At school we are building a replica of part of the Globe Theatre as it is thought to have been in 1600, for the whole production is to be staged as if it were taking place then with 'authentic' music and dancing introduced. Costumes again will come from Stratford and we aim at a colourful, roistering, rollicking romp. Shakespeare may well turn in his grave but after all it's not often possible to celebrate anyone's 400th birthday and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* will be one way of letting our hair down.

BRANWEN DAVIES 6A ARTS.

SOUTHGATE COUNTY
GRAMMAR SCHOOL

presents The Dramatic Society as

The Lord Chamberlain's Players in

William Shakespeare's rumbustious and hilarious farce

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

a special Globe Theatre, all Elizabethan production
to celebrate Shakespeare's 400th birthday

March 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th
at 7.30 pm in the School Hall

afterwards touring S.W. Germany performing in Kornwestheim, Ludwigsburg, Sindelfingen, Reutlingen, Tubingen, Nagold, Stuttgart and Herrenberg.





*Our Two
Gentlemen of Verona*

Vacatiano Italiano

THE sun beat down incessantly as we toiled up and up towards the top of the three thousand foot peak which towered above Gardone. Below, a lake steamer glided peacefully along, sending tiny ripples scurrying across the dazzling sapphire that was Lake Garda. The boat was bound for Malcesine, a tiny town completely dominated by a magnificent stone castle rising out of the heart of the town.

With a groan and a gasp, we finally managed to scramble to the top, overcoming the hazards of lizards shooting between our feet and miniature landslides plummeting down over our heads. Eighty miles to the North were the Dolomites, a majestically picturesque

Ski-ing etc. in Switzerland

AFTER a long journey we arrived in Switzerland accompanied by Mrs. Harston and Miss Culpeck. We were greeted by brilliant sunshine which made us very hot in the train and, of course, we wanted to open the windows. This was not allowed as the Swiss like to keep what heat they get and so most of us suffered silently while a few complained loudly. Eventually, we arrived by a steep mountain railway at our destination, a small village called Les Mar in the picturesque Swiss Alps. Our hotel was very comfortable, although one room did suffer from ant occupation. The food was extremely good and we enjoyed the company of the other parties staying there.

At half past one the next day we were 1,800 metres up in the mountains and awaiting our first ski-ing lesson. We had reached this phenomenal height by means of a

ski-lift which was a very wearing business as one sat completely alone on a rather unsubstantial chair suspended by a cable over the mountain-side. The fact that this machine broke down twice (once for three hours) did not deter most of us.

Our ski-ing met with varying degrees of success. Mrs. Harston is an accomplished skier, having had nine years of experience and a bronze medal to her credit. Miss Culpeck did not take too well to this sport and seemed to spend most of her time sitting miserably on the snow. She soon found the cheat's way to get up by removing one of her skis. (Just to assist the ignorant, one is supposed to have two skis and two ski-sticks. Most people hold one stick in each hand and put one ski on each foot although some experimented unsuccessfully with slight variations). After the first two or three lessons several people retired from this exhilarating sport, due to strained or twisted ankles. Others found joy in sliding down the white slopes but she that goes down must also come up and this was a very hard, wearying task. This presented problems to the easily disheartened pupils and they retired halfway in the lessons. Most of us found inspiration in the ski instructors, who were very brown and strong and in most cases patient. They were all first

Swiss Air, Snow and Cream

A LITTLE bedraggled but none the worse for the long journey we arrived at Spiez. The station was high up and as we walked away the town and lake spread out below us with the mountains towering behind. Spiez is not very large yet no-one ever felt at a loose end. There was a castle and church to be explored down by the lake, the little harbour with yachts and motor launches to be admired and the girls soon discovered their own pet café for the continental coffee and cakes.

Our walks took us into the surrounding villages and countryside while whole day excursions included a visit to the blue lake. This gave us our first view of real snow—thigh deep—and further. The lake itself was very deep indeed but clear. So clear, in fact, that we could see trees and dislodged rocks lying on the bottom.

No holiday in the Bernese Oberland would be

complete without a visit to Grindelwald the famous ski-ing resort. We rose in the ski lift with thoughts of sun bathing at the top, but it began to snow leaving us simply watching the noble and the skilled setting off down the slopes while we relished hot drinks in the hotel there. Another chair lift to the top of the Neiderhorn raised frenzied snowball fights which culminated with George—our snowman. Indeed, our excursions covered most of the terrain around the lakes dotted with quaint old towns with their crop of souvenir shops and delightful Patiseries.

Our journey home was broken at Berne where we spent our last francs on food and drinks before boarding the overnight train for Calais. As the train sped northward we sat on our bunks and talked about the wonderful holiday that was drawing to a close, remembering the creamy cakes, the feasts, the snow, new made friends both English and foreign, and all the wonderful places to which we had been. On one thing we all agreed, it was one of the best school journeys ever and our hearty thanks were due to Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Addy and Miss Davies in helping Miss Hyde to make such a holiday possible.

JULIET M. THICKETT L6SCI.

range of mountains, one of which we had conquered by means of a fast cable car which had forced us to leave our stomachs way behind.

In the opposite direction was Venice which was perhaps the climax of the trip. We all have cherished memories of the bargaining with the gondoliers for a ride in their famous boats, of the street-sellers and the hustling market at Rialto Bridge, of the political hoardings strung all round the town and the smell of olive oil and spaghetti which lingered around the backstreet cafés. We still remember the narrow alleys, hump back bridges, dirty canals, the radiant Adriatic, and most of all, the Piazzo St. Marco with the St. Marc Basilica, the richest church in the world taking pride of place next to the Ducal palace.

That day, we also visited Verona, an ancient Roman town with a vast amphitheatre where some of the cast let rip with *Friends*, *Romans*, *Countrymen* while the rest of us hurriedly vacated the arena.

"Come on!" the slave-driving Mr. Ingham yelled. After a chorus of moans and groans, we grudgingly started to labour along the dusty white track that lead to Gardone, hardly noticing the dark green Cypress trees and groves of oranges and lemons that lined the way.

As we struggled (or were carried) into Hotel Bellevue that night, most of us were ill or quickly became so when told that another walk was planned for the following day. Later on that night however, a few of us managed to crawl into Gardone for the inevitable Mr. Tosti or Pizza and a Vino Bianco. Some, however, refreshed themselves with one of the delicious Gelati ices which had chocolate, fruit and nuts all in the same cone for good measure.

We are afraid we are not able to report the masters' behaviour as 100% perfect but generally we thought it was nearly up to our own high standard. We would like to thank Messrs. Ingham and Hilditch for their brilliant planning.

A. GILES. 4B.

class skiers and to prove this one night they ski-ied down the mountain-side each carrying a flaming torch in one hand and a ski stick in the other. A few people enjoyed the sport and fared a little better and, having realised that it did help to have both skis facing the same direction, they began to make some sort of vague progress.

Anyway, everybody enjoyed themselves and when not ski-ing the energetic went for long walks, the less energetic strolled around the village buying souvenirs and the bone idle sat in cafés drinking cider and trying to obtain a sun tan. One afternoon, we went round the Alpine Zoo where we met, among other beasts, a pair of vicious shetland ponies.

In the evenings, we went to Mrs. Harston's favourite evening spot, a sort of nightclub which was enjoyed very much by the majority and we were delighted to hear some English records in the juke box. Twice we went down by mountain railway to Martigny, our nearest town, and spent a mint on souvenirs. Brown, healthy and happy and filled with mountain air, we arrived back at Victoria after a smooth crossing and many thanks are due to Mrs. Harston and Miss Culpeck for a wonderful holiday.

Compiled by Members of the Party.



BARBARA SHACKCLOTH, 4B.

Isaac Walton's

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Sport

Football



SNOW, SNOW, thick, thick snow! The deep freeze started on Boxing Day and everyone knows how long it lasted. Boys thought it madness to play organised games on five inches of snow on the playground, but after eight weeks of practice and conditioning to the Cockfosters winter sports it was almost with regret that one witnessed the reappearance of the green and pleasant land once again. The first match in 1963 was played on March 9th.

The senior teams looked good on paper but unfortunately football is not played on paper. Few players worked hard enough and lack of success in the early matches dispirited many. Another factor was that many seniors play as many as three matches over the week-end and it is regretfully suspected that several players coasted through the morning games to be fit enough for the afternoon. Pupils must realise that during their school life the school should come before anything else. We do not want slackers.

Teams in the first four years played good football and had a successful season. The First Form team was the best for years and was composed of skilful as well as tough players.

Teams from:

1st XI: Marvell (Capt.), Hodgson, Aggiss, Gibbs, Boon, Goodere, Howick, Smith, Oyler, Wilton, Robertson, King.

2nd XI: Rust, Muller, Graham, Hardcastle, Child, Deans, Hinds, Jones, Reffell, Barnes, Robertson, Grist, Thistlewood, Metcalf.

Form IV: Hotchkiss (Capt.), Cullen, Burton, Morris, Marchant, Watts, Compton, Finlay, Spiers, Thomas, Ellis, Lawson, Giles.

Form III: McIlven (Capt.), Mills, Ryder, White, Davis, Brewer, Gould, Turner, King, Johns, Wellington, Clark, West.

Form II: Coleman (Capt.), Buffery (D), Buffery (A), Winslow, Orpwood, Ryan, Kitching, Smith, Burton, Holbrook, Johnson, Comolly, Hadfield, Reilly.

Form I: Giles (Capt.), Green, Holman, Pickford, Davis, Brewer, Robertson, Shaw, Pate, Harvey, Turner, Hedges, Stolliday.

1st XI REPORT

LAST SEASON was one of the worst, both in results and in enthusiasm, for several years. Only one match was won and one drawn, these being against Mountgrace which must be the district's poorest team. It is difficult to account entirely for this lack of spirit, but in part it was due to the fact that many players' loyalties lay in other clubs' pockets. Although the first XI can hardly be described as a team, individually there were several players of note. Robby Wilton played for the Middlesex grammar schools' side and at times showed touches of brilliance but never sustained effort. Dave Hodgson was always good in goal, Keith Howick and Paul Smith were strong in the centre and the two backs, Anthony Aggiss and Jeff Gibbs always tried. For the rest the standard of play was not up to expectation generally and left the team a little ragged in the forward line. The defence had to do most of the work and they soon tired leaving the opponents an easy path to goal. I feel that we could have done better with more concentration and effort.

TONY MARVELL (capt.)

ANALYSIS OF RESULTS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XI ..	9	1	6	2	14	39
2nd XI ..	11	1	10	0	12	45
Form IV ..	14	9	5	0	56	33
Form III ..	14	5	7	2	22	44
Form II ..	14	5	6	3	37	39
Form I ..	15	10	3	2	64	26

Colours were awarded to P. Smith and Marvell.

R. Wilton must be congratulated for his selection to play for the Middlesex Grammar Schools 'A' Team. He is a fine ball player and shoots well with either foot. With the support of a good team he should certainly do well. The Buffery brothers get special mention for playing in the District team.

INTER-HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

	Senior	Junior
1.	BRAMLEY	HADLEY
2.	CHACE	TRENT
3.	HADLEY	CHACE
4.	TRENT	BRAMLEY

SIX-A-SIDE

	Senior	Junior
1.	BRAMLEY 29	BRAMLEY 26
2.	TRENT 25	TRENT 21
3.	CHACE 8	HADLEY 15
4.	HADLEY 3	CHACE 3

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FOOTBALL

SOME TIME during the Christmas term it was rumoured that certain members of the Staff were furtively lurking round the London antique shops hunting for reliable suits of armour. On hearing the news that the annual Staff v. Prefects football match was about to be played, local doctors could be seen grinning fiendishly. Yes, the eagerly awaited exhibition of top-class footballing skill was upon us.

The match was played on the Thursday before half-term and the school (which had been placidly listening to the house music festival throughout the morning), was released in screaming hordes on the field to give their support. At times throughout the game there seemed to be more competition off the field than on it, and sinister references to transfer fees circulated among the supporters.

Beeden, with typical rumbustious enthusiasm, scored the first goal for the Prefects, followed by the equaliser from Mr. Ingham. But even the rock-like Staff defence was unable to stop the brilliant solo run of P. Smith who gave the goalkeeper no chance at all. Mr. Ingham was once again the equaliser for the Staff. With his back to the goal, he turned on his heel and hammered the ball into the net. The game was a close one, but Marvell gave a pass of beautiful precision to Smith who scored the winner.

CRICKET

BLUE SKY, PERFECT LIGHT, and though the wicket was by reputation favourable to the Staff's opening bowlers this was not the way things turned out. Marvell and Cullen opening for the School soon made their attitude clear, at one point taking 22 runs off two overs from an unlucky Mr. Day, and when Cullen was caught for 26 the score was 54. Marvell continued to score freely and reached his fifty just before lunch when the score was 90 for one.

After lunch Marvell, with Burton now his partner took the score to 143 when Burton lofted the ball to the substitute Ellis at mid-off. Hodgson declared his team at this score, with Burton out for 33 and Marvell undefeated with 78, an innings lasting 96 minutes. This, by general acclaim was one of the team's best batting performances for some time.

Hodgson, as opening fast bowler was recognised as a potential danger on the school wicket and he quickly broke through, clean bowling Mr. MacCarthy for 4. Mr. Reynolds promptly hooked Thistlewood for six, only to be dismissed in the same over, and Mr. Day was caught behind the wicket for nought. It is perhaps better to draw a veil over most of the remaining batting but Messrs. Meltzer and Packer both played exceptionally well, being dismissed through errors of judgement rather than technique. The collapse of the Staff tail was principally due to the bowling of left-arm spinner Hardcastle who puzzled the batsmen with his deceptive delivery. He dispensed with Messrs. Jackson, Hilditch and Davison in the space of five runs.

The last sign of resistance lay with Mr. Morris who emerged to take 17 runs off his first 12 balls in dashing if unconventional style. Seven minutes to go and a draw still possible when Hardcastle bowled Mr. Spooner for nought to close the innings at 78. The left hander had taken five of the wickets for 11 runs, a remarkable performance, contributing greatly to the School's 65 run victory.

1st XI REPORT

THIS YEAR the 1st XI was a young side, only three of the players coming from the sixth form. The season's comparative success was mainly due to some consistently accurate bowling by Cullen, Hodgson, Hardcastle and Thistlewood, and an extremely good team spirit, a factor that has been missing in recent years.

The batting, after a shaky start in which the players seemed to have considerable difficulty in surviving their first ball, soon settled down and some good scores were made by Burton, Cullen and Gibbs. It was the fielding that was the main problem, beginning well but rapidly deteriorating, many vital catches being dropped. The discovery of the season proved to be the young wicket-keeper, Watts, who was kept very busy, especially on the lively and unpredictable School wicket.

The results for the season show a marked improvement on previous years, much being due to the valuable net practice supervised by Messrs. Reynolds, Hilditch, Meltzer, Day, Morris and Turtill. The team would like to thank them and hope that they will continue the good work in the coming years.

Cricket colours were presented to Hodgson, Marvell, Burton and Cullen.

HOUSE CRICKET RESULTS

Dyer Challenge Trophy for the Junior Championship.

- 1st BRAMLEY
2nd Tie between HADLEY and TRENT
4th CHACE

Greenwood Challenge Cup for the Senior Championship.

- 1st BRAMLEY
2nd CHACE
3rd TRENT
4th HADLEY

Cross Country

THE DATE of the Inter-House Championships for the 1962/63 season was put back from the customary month of November to early April. This provided an added incentive to winter running in addition to Inter-School and Club competitions. By staging the race near the end of term it was also hoped that fitness would be preserved for the summer's early athletic events on the track.

House Championships were the best for years. Competition was keen and finishes close, as shown by the times below. Special praise must go to Hadley who won three of the team races.

Results

- Senior:**
1—HADLEY 87; 2—BRAMLEY 121; 3—TRENT 157; 4—CHACE 183
Middle:
1—HADLEY 265; 2—TRENT 355; 3—CHACE 522; 4—BRAMLEY 525
Junior:
1—TRENT 259; 2—CHACE 266; 3—BRAMLEY 277; 4—HADLEY 286
Form I:
1—HADLEY 88; 2—BRAMLEY 115; 3—TRENT 124; 4—CHACE 210;

INDIVIDUAL WINNERS

- Senior:**
1—Smith 19m.34s.; 2—Pringuer 19m.35s.; 3—Goodere 19m.40s.
Middle:
1—Deans; 2—Wilmington; 3—Miles. All timed at 18m.11s.
Junior:
1—King 11m.20s.; 2—Johns 11m.28s.; 3—Lawrie 12m.20s.
Form I:
1—Holman 7m.56s.; 2—Robertson 7m.57s.; 3—Green 8m.24s.

Cricket

ANALYSIS OF RESULTS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1st XI	8	2	2	4
2nd XI	6	0	2	4
Form IV	2	2	0	0
Form III	7	4	0	3
Form II	5	1	2	2
Form I	6	6	0	0

Inter House Championships:

Senior: BRAMLEY Junior: BRAMLEY

Teams from:

- 1st XI: Hodgson (capt.), Marvell Tanner, Hardcastle, Thistlewood, Gibbs, Burton, Cullen, Watts, Morris, Child.
2nd XI: Smith (capt.), Boon, Bennett, Dobbs, Kitching, Grist, Deans, Oyler, Finlay, Howick, Hotchkiss.
4th Form XI: Morris (capt.), Burton, Cullen, Watts, Ellis, Finlay, Hotchkiss, Heaps, Earle, Sexton, Hill.
3rd Form XI: Dealhoy (capt.), Mills, Davis, White, Johns, Clark, Campbell, Fisher, Duke, Gould, Emerson.
2nd Form XI: Holbrook (capt.), Buffrey A., Buffrey D., Winslow, Hadfield, Reilly, Davis, Johnson, Kitching, Orpwood, Pullinger.
1st Form XI: Pate (capt.), Gyles, Brewer, Harvey, Shaw, Hedges, Pickford, Wynne, Merrill, Ellis, Davis.

It was a glorious orgy of mud and water that made up the Intermediate and Senior cross country races. This was due to three days of heavy rain, stopping on the day of the race, which produced ideal conditions—for the keen types, that is. The other competitors (pushed, kicked or otherwise shanghai'd into the race) were inevitably composed of the usual assortment of bored also-rans, one collection of dubious characters actually trotting in four abreast and tying for last place.

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Peter Smith breaks the Senior Cross Country record

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Girls' Sports



NETBALL

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
3rd Year ..	3	2	1	—
2nd Year ..	4	2	2	—
1st Year ..	2	1	1	—

All other matches cancelled because of snow.

Teams:

3rd Year VII: L. Davies, L. Hill, J. Stone, C. Law, J. Truslove, K. Stanford, G. Pearce.

2nd Year VII from: P. Foley, D. Williams, L. Tilson, M. Graham, J. Rissen, M. Pharoah, J. Millward, J. Lincoln, J. Foster.

1st Year VII from: B. Mair, S. Pugh, R. Auden, C. Mills, J. Wallington, J. Wright, J. Bannin.

Colours: Linda Davies, Jennifer Stone, Katherine Stanford and Lysbeth Hill.

House Competition:

Senior: 1st BRAMLEY, 2nd HADLEY, 3rd TRENT, 4th CHACE.

Junior: 1st TRENT, 2nd BRAMLEY, 3rd HADLEY, 4th CHACE.

HOCKEY

THE HOCKEY SEASON began with greatly increased enthusiasm from all parts of the school under the painstaking and vigorous coaching of Mrs. Harston and Mrs. Courtman. Even the terrible weather could not dampen the spirits of the girls.

The 1st XI played only three matches, losing the first two and winning the third. The 2nd XI were unfortunately not able to play any matches, though the Under 15 team made a promising start, winning two matches out of three. It is hoped that next year playing conditions will be more favourable.



"Betty, put your trousseau down on the floor so that I can see your radiant shape."—Mr. Meltzer.

TENNIS

IN SPITE of the poor weather and the consequent lack of practice, a great deal of enthusiasm was shown by the members of all teams. Owing to circumstances, it was not possible to form a regular team, and even though Mrs. Harston gave up a considerable amount of her time for coaching, the results were not very successful.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1st VI ..	6	1	5	—
Under 15 ..	4	2	2	—

Teams:

1st VI from: J. Clarke (Capt.), D. Smith, P. Swinburne, B. Cook, J. Harvey, C. Vickery, H. Mitchell.

Under 15 from: C. Clarke, R. Morgan, L. Davis, L. Hill, J. Stone, G. Pearce, C. Law, V. Rodwell.

Reserves: J. Finlay, J. Thickett.

Colours: Dianne Smith, Brenda Cook, Penny Swinburne, Heather Mitchell.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS:

Senior: Heather Mitchell.

Junior: Jennifer Stone.

HOUSE COMPETITION:

Senior: CHACE.

Junior: TRENT.

THE STAFF V SCHOOL HOCKEY MATCH was very evenly contested and deserves some comment of its own. Due to the weather the two teams had had little practice, and this seemed at first to have evened things out. The School was captained by Mary Buchanan and the Staff by Mrs. Harston. After an exciting bully-off the Staff soon were in a position to dictate terms, the goal being scored with much professional polish by Mrs. Courtman. This was followed by one from Mr. Packer, idly watched by a somewhat disinterested Mr. Davison, who seemed to be running merely as a matter of form whenever the ball entered his vicinity. This resulted in added responsibility for Mr. Ingham who had to cover both sides of the field, though relying correspondingly on Mr. Weir's agricultural but undeniably effective methods in goal. Mr. Hilditch, scored the third goal, aided by Messrs. Morris and Turtill and the game was virtually over when two more were scored by Mr. Day and Mr. Spooner.

Nevertheless, crushing defeat or not, the teams would like to thank the staff, particularly Mrs. Harston in her first full hockey season, for the never failing encouragement she has given us.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1st XI ..	3	1	2	—
Under 15 ..	3	2	1	—

All other matches cancelled because of snow.

1st XI from: M. Buchanan (Capt.), J. Finlay, P. Biddulph, I. Eastman, B. Cook, R. Penny, S. Forrester, J. Thickett, P. Swinburne, J. Kitching, C. Griffiths, C. Owen.

Under 15 XI from: G. Harris, L. Davies, L. Hill, C. Clarke, G. Pearce, J. Stone, S. Forrester, K. Ludlam, D. Hopkins, J. Fenn, J. Truslove, K. Dexter.

Colours: Mary Buchanan and Jean Finlay.

House Competition: 1st BRAMLEY, 2nd TRENT, 3rd HADLEY, 4th CHACE.

"When you think what a wonderful thing the human body is, it makes you want to cry when you see these girls."—Mr. Day, gazing out from a latin lesson at the fifth form girls playing tennis



Athletics

Martin Pringuer wins the Senior Mile.

SPORTS DAY

THE SCHOOL has had considerable difficulty in retaining groundsmen, with the result that the Parks Dept., already short-handed, had to do rather more than their share. It is difficult to prepare the field for various activities as early as we would like it, and it is necessary to have the track ready as soon as possible in the summer term as Sports Day is very soon upon us. The bumps and dips could not be eliminated from the track in its present position but during the coming year it is hoped that a better position can be found on more level ground.

It is worthwhile, if annoying, to recall that Sports Day was held on a very cold Wednesday. The Thursday marked the beginning of a heat wave which lasted for a fortnight, though perhaps the competitors would have collapsed from shock.

Presentation of trophies was by Councillor W. A. Macgregor, who also presented a magnificent trophy to the School. It was to be known as the Macgregor Cup, and to be awarded to the team winning the Middle School Cross Country race. The Seniors provided the best competition, followed by the Juniors, but the Middle School was rather poor, the whole problem stemming from inefficient organisation.

Swimming

THE GALA was again held at Wood Green baths and once again it was noticeable that the smaller baths made the spectacle more interesting for a school whose pupils do no organised swimming after the first year. There were initial difficulties in forming House teams but it finally turned out that events were well supported.

Two days before the gala the open 440 yards was held at Barrowell Green open air baths where the temperature of the water speeded up performances noticeably. The coldest competitor must have been Susan Tooby whose time was seven minutes 28 seconds followed closely by Janes. The plunge was also held on this date but enthusiasm was sadly lacking.

During June the school entered a team to the Wood Green and Southgate inter-grammar school gala. Everyone swam very well and we eventually came third. When we went forward into the next round we unfortunately met stronger opposition which resulted in a heavy defeat.

At the Middlesex Grammar Schools gala held at Marshall Street Baths a senior girls' medley relay team

NORTH MIDDLESEX GRAMMAR SCHOOLS ATHLETICS

<i>Senior:</i>	100 yards	2nd	P. Smith
<i>Middle:</i>	Hurdles	2nd	Hodgson
	Long Jump	2nd	Lucas
	220 yards	1st	Spiers
	Mile	1st	Pringuer
	440 yards	1st	Hinds
<i>Junior:</i>	Long Jump	2nd	Gould
	Hurdles	1st	Gould
<i>Minor:</i>	Long Jump	1st	K. Smith
	100 yards	2nd	K. Smith
	Relay	2nd	Smith, Hadfield, Ellis and Wynne

In the county finals those who put up good performances were:

Spiers—3rd in heat of 220 yards, 4th in final.

Lucas—awarded AAA standard certificate.

K. Smith—3rd out of 12 finalists in the Long Jump — nine inches short of the record.

P. Smith—2nd in heat, 3rd in final of the Senior 100 yards.

of Katy Jones, Janet Truslove, Penny Swinburne and Susan Tooby came fifth. Penny Swinburne came fifth in the Senior Girls 66 yards butterfly and Susan Tooby came third in the Senior Girls 66 yards backstroke.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

	<i>Boys</i>	<i>Girls</i>
1.	CHACE	HADLEY
2.	HADLEY	BRAMLEY
3.	BRAMLEY	TRENT
4.	TRENT	CHACE

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

	<i>Boys</i>	<i>Girls</i>
<i>Senior:</i>	Swinburne	Susan A. Tooby
<i>Middle:</i>	Emmerson	Delia W. Hopkins
<i>Junior:</i>	Pike	Jeanne P. Bannin

The Leonard Evan White Cup for the 440 yards open was won for the third time by Susan Tooby.

SPORTS DAY, 29th MAY, 1963

BOYS' RESULTS

	<i>1st</i>	<i>Performance</i>	<i>Standard</i>	<i>Record</i>
Senior				
100 yards	P. Smith	10.7 secs.	11.5 secs.	10.2 secs.
220 yards	P. Smith	25.3 secs.	27.0 secs.	24.3 secs.
440 yards	Hinds	62.1 secs.	59.0 secs.	53.1 secs.
880 yards	Pringuer	2 mins. 15.7 secs.	2 mins. 20 secs.	2 mins. 9.9 secs.
Mile	Pringuer	5 mins. 9.4 secs.	5 mins. 15 secs.	4 mins. 48.1 secs.
110 yards Hurdles	Child	16.7 secs.	17.5 secs.	15.0 secs.
High Jump	Hodgson	5 ft. 3 ins.	4 ft. 6 ins.	5 ft. 7 ins.
Long Jump	P. Smith	18 ft. 11½ ins.	17 ft.	20 ft. 2½ ins.
Triple Jump	Lucas	37 ft. 2 ins.	34 ft.	40 ft. 2 ins.
Javelin	Jones	126 ft.	110 ft.	142 ft. 8 ins.
Discus	Bloyce	90 ft.	85 ft.	138 ft. 8 ins.
Shot	Borthwick	34 ft.	33 ft.	41 ft. 9 ins.
Tug-of-War	HADLEY			
Relay	HADLEY	51 secs.	—	48.2 secs.
Intermediate				
100 yards	Spiers	10.9 secs.	12.0 secs.	10.7 secs.
220 yards	Spiers	25.9 secs.	28 secs.	25.2 secs.
440 yards	Cullen	62.6 secs.	62.0 secs.	58.0 secs.
880 yards	Lawrie	2 mins. 31 secs.	2 mins. 32 secs.	2 mins. 16 secs.
Mile	Marchant	5 mins. 24 secs.	5 mins. 25 secs.	5 mins. 5.8 secs.
Hurdles	Gould	12 secs.	14 secs.	11.1 secs.
High Jump	LeGood	4 ft. 4 ins.	4 ft. 2 ins.	5 ft. 3 ins.
Long Jump	Spiers	17 ft. 6 ins.	15 ft.	20 ft. 6 ins.
Triple Jump	Gallis	34 ft. 8½ ins.	31 ft.	37 ft. 3 ins.
Discus	Finlay	87 ft. 9 ins.	85 ft.	128 ft. 8 ins.
Javelin	Heaps	121 ft. 4 ins.	85 ft.	128 ft. 8 ins.
Shot	Burton	33 ft. 2 ins.	31 ft.	38 ft. 5 ins.
Relay	TRENT	54.3 secs.	—	50.6 secs.
Junior				
100 yards	Kitching	12.3 secs.	13.6 secs.	11.2 secs.
220 yards	Smith	30.7 secs.	32 secs.	27.6 secs.
330 yards	Davies	48.3 secs.	53 secs.	46.7 secs.
Hurdles	Davies	13.5 secs.	16 secs.	12.8 secs.
Long Jump	Hadfield	14 ft. 1 in.	12 ft. 6 ins.	16 ft. 8 ins.
Triple Jump	Bragg	28 ft. 2 ins.	27 ft.	32 ft. 6 ins.
High Jump	Kitching	4 ft. 3 ins.	3 ft. 10 ins.	4 ft. 10 ins.
Discus	Johnson	61 ft. 1 in.	70 ft.	85 ft. 4 ins.
Javelin	Kitching	74 ft. 6 ins.	75 ft.	94 ft.
Shot	Lyons	29 ft. 6 ins.	28 ft.	37 ft. 10 ins.
Relay	CHACE	59.3 secs.	—	56.7 secs.
1st Year				
100 yards	Wynne	12.9 secs.	14 secs.	12.8 secs.
150 yards	Wynne	20.6 secs.	23 secs.	20.7 secs.
Hurdles	Gutteridge	15.6 secs.	16.5 secs.	14.2 secs.
High Jump	Green	3 ft. 7 ins.	3 ft. 8 ins.	New Event
Long Jump	Wynne	13 ft. 9 ins.	12 ft. 6 ins.	" "
Triple Jump	Gyles	27 ft. 7 ins.	26 ft.	" "
Cricket Ball	Pate	170 ft.	130 ft.	" "
Relay	TRENT	62.7 secs.	—	61.1 secs.

GIRLS' RESULTS

	<i>1st</i>	<i>Performance</i>	<i>Standard</i>	<i>Record</i>
Senior				
220 yards	J. Kitching	32.7 secs.	35 secs.	28.6 secs.
150 yards	C. Owen	21.7 secs.	22 secs.	19 secs.
100 yards	C. Owen	11.9 secs.	13.8 secs.	11.3 secs.
80 yards Hurdles	C. Turgel	13.9 secs.	15 secs.	12.2 secs.
High Jump	P. Biddulph	4 ft. 2 ins.	3 ft. 10 ins.	4 ft. 7 ins.
Long Jump	S. Tooby	15 ft. 6½ ins.	12 ft. 6 ins.	16 ft. 8½ ins.
Discus	C. Griffiths	68 ft. 7½ ins.	55 ft.	95 ft. 4 ins.
Javelin	P. Swinburne	64 ft. 7½ ins.	50 ft.	76 ft. 4 ins.
Shot	C. Griffiths	27 ft. 1 in.	25 ft.	37 ft. 7½ ins.
Relay	BRAMLEY	61 secs.	—	57.1 secs.
Intermediate				
100 yards	R. Morgan	12.7 secs.	14 secs.	12.2 secs.
70 yards Hurdles	S. Forrester	11.7 secs.	15 secs.	11.6 secs.
High Jump	L. Hill	4 ft. 2 ins.	3 ft. 8 ins.	4 ft. 6½ ins.
Long Jump	R. Morgan	14 ft. 4½ ins.	12 ft. 6 ins.	16 ft. 9 ins.
Discus	C. Turner	60 ft.	50 ft.	94 ft. 2 ins.
Javelin	S. Forrester	68 ft. 1 in.	45 ft.	75 ft. 2 ins.
Relay	TRENT	60.8 secs.	—	57.5 secs.
Junior				
80 yards	J. Thorn	10.9 secs.	11 secs.	10 secs.
100 yards	M. Pharoah	13.5 secs.	14.2 secs.	12.5 secs.
High Jump	J. Smith	3 ft. 11 ins.	3 ft. 6 ins.	4 ft. 4 ins.
Long Jump	P. Foley	13 ft. 9 ins.	12 ft. 3 ins.	15 ft. 1 in.
70 yards Hurdles	P. Foley	13.1 secs.	15.2 secs.	13.5 secs.
Rounders Ball	P. Foley	150 ft. 5 ins.	125 ft.	185 ft. 8 ins.
Relay	BRAMLEY	63.7 secs.	—	58.6 secs.
1st Year				
80 yards	V. Fraser	10.8 secs.	—	Equals Record
100 yards	V. Fraser	13.2 secs.	—	Record

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goulash



THE GODS OF THE MIST

MEGAN DAVIES 3A.

THE BUS WAS already a quarter of an hour late. My cousin stamped her feet and blew on her hands.

"I wonder where it can be?" she mused. Tucking her fingers under her armpits to keep them warm, she stared blindly out into the fog.

"Perhaps it's got lost in the fog."

"I think it's broken down and they've abandoned it." I informed her cheerfully.

"I hope it hasn't . . ." she said slowly.

"I had an uncle once. He took me for a ride in the car, the fog came down . . ."

"Tell me about it" my cousin said.

". . . the fog was thicker than ever; I could see nothing at all, except the dim, cold shape that was the moon. My uncle came quietly round from the front of the car.

"It's no good," he said, "It's bust. I'll have to walk to a garage and get a break-down truck. Stay here, I'll be as quick as I can."

The grey figure moved away, as silently as a ghost, and was soon lost in the swirling grey sea. It was as if the gods of the mist had borne him gently away, to be lost forever, and I was left alone. Alone, I say, but I felt that I was not alone. All the time there were people watching me; people I could not see, peering at me through the swirling mist; not human people, but grey looming men, old men, the souls of dead men, with cold clutching hands, long crooked fingers, talons. The souls of dead men, the very demons of the mist, the same that had carried my uncle away. I felt their grey forms closing round me, pressing closer and closer, they were slowly suffocating me, I had to run to get away from them. A form loomed up in front of me, towered above me. It groped out grey arms to catch me with, and pulled me towards it.

I scrambled up breathlessly and continued my flight.

Another grey shadow leapt out of the gloom, and flung itself upon me. I swung round and continued running, but the demon kept apace with me. I swerved and came into contact with it, then as I realised what it was, a wave of relief swept over me.

Suddenly my spine prickled. I heard a rustling behind me. Was it the gods of the mist, come to carry me off to their lonely kingdom? Two yellow eyes appeared in front of me, glared at me. I trembled like a condemned being. Cold sweat broke out on my forehead. I froze as if made of stone. A voice told me to run. "I can't, I can't," I gasped.

My uncle, my uncle, I must wait for my uncle. I thought. I was unable to move, I was petrified. I had to stand where I was, not move, not blink an eyelid. I had to stand until my uncle came, and took me away from these gods who were all around me. My uncle, where was he now? why hadn't he come back? I knew in my heart he had been taken away, yet I had to wait for . . . something. I stood there with the mist swirling around me and the strange creatures watching, waiting. As I waited, I felt as if I was turning to stone, my fingers became claws. The world around me was unreal. I wondered if I was dead. I waited for hours . . . and hours . . .

. . . but my uncle has never been heard of since that grey day. Only I know what happened to him. The gods of the mist bore him away, to their land of ice, and darkness . . .

The bus drew up, warm and brightly lit, a moving oasis in a desert of nothingness. My cousin started, as if woken from a dream. We stepped inside, the conductor rang his bell . . .

CONVICTION

RODERICK MILLAR L6SCI.

I

WITH GREAT DELIBERATION and effort he lifted the smooth, flat stone and moved it to one side. Underneath he saw—ants, an orgy of hustling, unceasing activity, unconscious of his presence or indeed of anything else's. He watched them and reflected. He raised his left boot. How easy to end it all for them. Nothing else was concerned, nothing else would be affected. Who would know, or worry or care? Why should even the ants? There were plenty more elsewhere. Why not save these the burden of toiling fruitlessly, all day, but to no end; always moving, never progressing. His boot fell, but not on the ants; he burst out laughing. Hysterically, at no one, nothing. Nothing but the ants, the world, himself.

They took him away.
"—laughing—"
White coats, sanity, rationality.
"He's not quite normal."
Voices, subdued, quiet voices.
"Don't worry son, you're safe now."
"—there, over there, laughed—at nothing."
Sanity out of insanity.

II

THAT STONE WAS SMOOTH, flat, mirror like. Why go on, why do we? Why do you? You, me, all of us, continually chasing our tails, living, trying to survive, worrying, working, yet if we weren't here, who would know, or worry or care? There are plenty more of us elsewhere. But that's ridiculous—we're different from ants, aren't we?

III

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE between human beings and the ants? A multitude of reasons for the supremacy of human civilisation?

No.
Just one.
For some unaccountable reason the human race is endowed with the ability to think, to rationalise. Equipped with brains capable of reason. Between the mass of other creatures and ourselves, this is the one difference. And no human being by consequence can reasonably consider himself to be of any higher order of species unless he uses this ability.

Where does this ability come from? What is the reason of this and the driving force behind it? What is the relationship between us, our minds and everything else? Undoubtedly something in the mind yet larger, higher, infinite.

God.
What?
Yes, God.
Perhaps this is the only explanation if it can explain anything else, or indeed be explained. Have you ever tried explaining or disproving the existence of a god? If so you were inevitably unsuccessful. How can you explain the existence of a higher order of being than yourself, or disprove the infinite. To the mathematicians it is comparable with trying to prove or disprove the existence of infinity by adding numbers together and keeping it up. In this way you can either say you will get there because you must eventually reach a limit which has a definite value, or you won't because whatever value of limit you reach it may always be exceeded. Both are reasonable conclusions. In fact neither is correct because it is not

possible to prove infinity with finite numbers. The search for God is similar.

There are many explanations of the phenomena of life. But there seems to be only one explanation of the explanations. Only something beyond the comprehension of the mind could explain the mind. Only this could make some tangible pattern out of the chaos of our existence, make sanity out of insanity.

GRIBBLE'S HOMP OR THE WOODCHOPPER'S BALL

Barbara Platt and Ann Byford 5B

Splooding gonzy on the door,
And klonking bawns upon the floor,
Googing himps and whip-poor-wills.
Kleeking blows fly o'er the hills.

Peoping crubes in rhubarb pie,
With snorging girt gone sidling by,
Spreeing nurbs on feather beds,
And plinking wooje, rolling heads.

The dinkle dirge sounds loud and clear,
With hinkle snorts in every ear,
But while the nurby creeb is there,
The plurgy grinks pull out their hair.

I came upon a flunket sneed
Who looked me in the eye,
I said to him, "I pray good heen,
Why do some people die?"

He lifted up brillig nud,
His green eye sparkled pink,
A phoodling gut,
He answered, "But ——".

With crumpy rubes on nickelled twots
The leedit flines and perky gots,
But while the dinging scroobs are in,
The droobling tonks go out.

A RAILWAY TICKET

Pat Taylor 5A

One half to carry me out of suburbia
Into the noise and the movement of London;
Away from trimmed hedges and secretive houses,
Into the unpredictable mass that is people;
To clattering heels and bright-lit shop windows,
Theatres erupting in confusions of faces,
Jangling music from smoke clouded doorways,
Taxis that sweep through the unheeding mazes.

One half buried in a forgotten coat pocket,
Ready to carry me to familiar grass verges,
From impersonality, breathless disinterest,
Back to the security of front lawns and trees,
Back to the Epilogue, and parked Hillman Minxes.
Tired footsteps echo, lone street lights burn,
One light shines through closed dining room curtains
And a mother awaits her daughter's return.

THE UPPER SPOTTED KRUNCLETHRUM

A. Hill and M. Tibble 4B

Its leaves are pink, its stem is tall
It sits out in the sun.
Awaiting for someone to maul
The upper spotted Krunclethrum.

It groweth taller day by day
Its roots are widely spread
Grabbing daily all its prey
While standing on its head.

There is another lurking near
Behind the garden wall
All revved up in second gear
And having quite a ball.

"Gad for Harry," cried them both
And plunged into the fray
"Alas I am undone", one quoth
And frightened, ran away.

This left the other by himself
A thinking of his friend
His teeth were on the National Health
And drove him round the bend.

"I needs must end it all", he said
And went into a spin
Thus second hand and inside out
It was the end of him.

SEE HOW THEY RUN

HILARY WOLTON 3A.

Why the piano could not be put in the warm, comfortable living room, which had all the necessary requirements for distracting his attention from his practice, Julian could never understand. Instead, every evening for an hour he would have to grapple with an impossible piece of music from a large blue book, in the stark, just sufficiently heated room at the top of the house. Every Thursday evening this situation was worsened by the arrival of his music teacher. The only thing able to surpass his hatred for the Room was his utter abhorrence of this dedicated and enthusiastic lady.

This Thursday morning, however, his thoughts were on pleasanter things. Tim was the largest mouse. He had a sleek piebald coat with the longest, straightest tail, and was Julian's pride and joy. Clarissa was a milk white female who had recently become the mother of six minute baby mice. The ownership of these eight mice was somehow made more interesting by the fact the Julian was the only person in the world who knew of their existence. He selected a biscuit from his satchel and slipped the broken pieces through the wire front of the cage. This cage was carefully hidden in the middle of a pile of rubbish which had been stored and forgotten in the small box-room. Clarissa's soft nose rubbed against his finger as a delightful idea began to develop in his mind.

When Julian arrived home from school on Thursday

afternoon he immediately went up to The Room where complicated preparations were being made. First, the old cuckoo clock, hanging in his bedroom was carefully removed, wound up and hung in a suitable position on the wall behind the piano stool. Next, a large lump of cheese was produced and a few crumbs were sprinkled behind the piano lid at the bass end of the keyboard. The most comfortable piano stool was then placed at this end and his less significant one placed at the other. To round off these alterations, a chair was thoughtfully placed near the piano.

Miss Clarke breezily entered The Room at five past six, to be greeted by the angelic face and neatly brushed hair of a small boy with somewhat suspiciously bulging pockets. The first quarter of an hour of the lesson Julian spent in willing the hands of the clock to reach half past six. The second seemed to be taken up with wondering whether perhaps he might not wait till next week. At last the cuckoo announced six-thirty. This occurrence produced the desired effect on Miss Clarke, who started and looked round, causing the cuckoo to retreat hurriedly behind his little door. At this moment Tim was placed at the treble end of the piano and the rest of the family were unobtrusively fished out of the pocket and left to wander freely. On seeing Tim race down the keys towards her Miss Clarke summoned unsuspected reserves of gymnastic skill and leapt from the stool in a style that would have satisfied the strictest games mistress. Whether it was the sight of Tim's headless body trying to wriggle behind the lid or of Clarissa diligently washing behind her ears on the music rack, or even the simple fact that the thoughtful chair had been felled in her sudden rising, Julian will never know, but it was obvious that her general movement was directed towards the door. Her way was cut off to a certain extent by six small mice, but these soon retreated to make way for the rapidly approaching human cannonball.

Julian slowly played chop-sticks with one finger while he watched television in front of the blazing living room fire. Upstairs his father was feverishly putting down poison to rid the house of swarms of mice, while eight were at the moment eating a large lump of cheese in the seclusion of their box-room.

CLOSEDOWN

J. Fordham 5B

A man fades from the picture
Into his own private fireside world.
Darkness descends on the city, the lights arc upwards
Turning night into a weird orange parody of day.
More footsteps, the sound of a motor roaring and rattling
Thwarted by others with the same intent.
Somewhere the metallic ringing of a fire bell breaks out
Mingling with other sounds yet distinct,
Incongruous yet commonplace against the background hum.

Warming up, the lights beat against the darkening sky
Trying to force it back, deny the inevitable flow.
They can and will succeed.
For the city floats in a vacuum as night falls.
The dark is outside, the security is trapped within,
Trapped in the disconnected sound of piano music
Mixed with a raucous, self satisfied shout of laughter.
And the fire bell still rings out across the city.

ACCIDENT—BELIEVED SERIOUS

Robin Wilmington 5B

Almost asleep
In the darkness a denser darkness loomed
Punctured by red.
Then all was white, shattered,
Metal was sheared, grotesquely twisted,
And he was awake.

The lorry man swore —
"What the Hell's jammed under the back?"
Two shapes stopped.
A man leaped into the cold.
Tore open the door of the broken shadow.
But he made no move.

Light gave warning.
The headlamps of drawn up lorries
Flickered to the others
A Bedford stopped and boys tumbled out.
One had a box with a white cross.
"Quick — He's hurt."

Two spectres of mercy
Came within minutes of each other
From different directions.
One white ghost purred resignedly away
The other took him to mend him.
For his lungs were punctured.

"Coughing blood . . ."
"Probably be dead by morning."
"Anyone got a fag?"
"That van's a write-off."
"Hardly a dent on the lorry."
No-one thinks of him.
But he'll not know.

Police arrived.
"Were you here when it happened?"
"Are you the driver?"
"Measure those skid marks—There."
"He must have been asleep."
"Damned fool."

THE TYPEWRITER

Julie Fisher 2C

Like stiletto heels on the pavement,
As they clickety click down the street.
Like the happy feet of a dancer,
As he taps in rhythmic beat.

Like the baby strapped in his highchair,
Impatiently banging his spoon.
Like a woodpecker busily drumming,
His highly monotonous tune.

Like horses hooves when they canter,
Clippety clop through the yard.
And all these sounds remind me,
That my father is working hard.

REMORSE

Carolyn White 3A

In the head a throbbing pain of conscience;
In the eye a sorrowful tear;
In the heart the seering stab of guilt;
The deed, now done, cannot be undone,
That inevitable deed remains until eternity.

MEMORIES OF BLOODHOUND

R. D. JANES 5A.

I was sitting on a deck chair trying to sleep. From an open hatch beside me flowed the thick, sweet, sickly smell of the engine room, round me the odour of oil mixing with the vibrant thunder of the engines in a soothing but short lived cure for insomnia. Five minutes of shallow sleep then a momentary change of wind swept away the warm air from around me and replaced it with the clear, cold negation of the night. Asleep—awake—awake . . . this was Bloodhound—an expedition of the International Scout Club—in Europe.

* * * *

It was a most uncomfortable half-minute hanging upside down on a tree branch just below another on which a precariously balanced gas stove was furiously boiling water in our attempt to get a whole patrol and kit ten feet up a tree whilst making a hot drink. We all drank our cups of boiling water with great relish.

* * * *

We were pitched at the head of a precipice by a memorial to those of the Luxembourg Scouts who died in the war. It was a sobering thought when one looked out at the mass of young humanity encamped around us.

* * * *

Dusk found us walking down a long winding hill through the Black Forest. It was a curious experience, five of us, each aware of the gathering dark, accentuated by the shadows of the trees around us and bringing with it the sweet aromatic odour of the pine-woods and the sudden startling noises of the night. Together they wove a dream around us, broken only by the headlights of the occasional car, penetrating deep into the hidden mysteries of the forest.

* * * *

As we were packing up, a small boy, from the town below our cliff top camp-site, insisted on examining everything including our breakfast. Within five minutes of our sending him away with a halfpenny he returned with about a dozen others. We left the site about three shillings the poorer.

Half an hour was spent swinging in the trees of the vicinity in a successful attempt to transfer one of our team about twenty yards, keeping him off the ground but not touching him. Four of us spent fifteen minutes holding down a patient while another applied his not considerable knowledge of First-Aid. He got up and left us indicating that we had cured his ills.

* * * *

Irate German farmers, gun-belted police raids, and amiable cafés, a swim in the icy waters of the appropriately named river Suer and a hot, crowded return. I am left with these impressions and many others, all my personal Memories of Bloodhound.



THE MINE

JOHN FORDHAM. 5B

The only sound was the slow, rhythmic dripping of water from the darkness above. The tunnel was silent, still.

The man did not move.

He watched the drips from the roof watched them slowly lengthen and then drop and vanish into the muddy puddles at his feet. He turned his head and looked into the darkness, vacantly, hopelessly, not really wanting to see anything because he was afraid of what he might see, afraid of his own uncertainty. His face was strained, something unnatural flickering in the yellow glare of the lantern beside him. He looked down at it, his eyes widening. As if in response, the flame dropped a little. A few more feet of the tunnel were enveloped in blackness.

Another drip fell, vanished, lived again as the droplets that cascaded on to his boots. The man watched the water again, peered up into the dark roof. It was somehow important to him, that slow inevitable collecting and falling of the water, like a dutiful procession of suicides, dropping and drowning at his feet.

The man closed his eyes.

Drowning. Out of the darkness. He shivered, kept his eyes closed, retreating into himself, trying to avoid the yellow half-light, the glinting coal face, the water. Which was better, the dark out there or the dark in here? In here, of course. They can't get you in here.

He jumped to his feet. What can't? He backed to the wall, felt the cold hardness of the rock. He thumped the palms of his hands against it. Solid. Real. He relaxed, shivered again, this time with cold. He could no longer see the coal face, apart from an occasional glimmer in the failing light. Suddenly that aspect of his life, his living for so long had gone, vanished, as far away now as the world above his head. He tried to think of that but found it difficult. That blackness seemed almost tangible, seemed to have enveloped everything, all the memories. He was less afraid now.

He was puzzled.

The man slumped against a heap of rocks. He was still comforted by their solidity. They, at least, would not vanish, drown. He thought again. Made an effort to recall something definite, something to combat the silence. The world above. That was it. He thought of the pub. A picture jerked into his mind, lights, movement, people laughing . . . no . . . he dismissed the picture, the lights went out. That wouldn't do. Surely down here . . . that was wrong. The water continued to drip, but only intermittently. He was beginning to miss it, waiting anxiously for the sound. And then it did not come. The silence took its place, unobtrusively. He waited, and then turned to the lantern. The flame was still flickering, but the light was dim. He did not look at it again. He watched the wall opposite, watched that hopeless, inevitable progression along it, the wooden buttresses disappearing one by one. He watched with a kind of awe that displaced the fear. He was learning to accept . . . to accept . . .

The man was on his feet, shouting, sounds, anything . . . the lantern clattered against the rocks. The light went out. He felt as if he were floating, in a vacuum, as if his movements were unnecessary, absurd. Then he blundered against a wall. His eyes closed. He shuddered. He could not escape any more, the blackness was everywhere. He blinked rapidly. It made no difference. It was all one, it was all void. He collapsed to the muddy floor.

* * * *

Much later the man became aware of the darkness lifting. He could still hear nothing but he could see. He rubbed his eyes, wincing at the feel of grime and dust. Colours, there were bright colours, a landscape. Patterns flowed across his vision, weaving like long fingers. Their intensity was blinding, unbearable, but he continued to watch, absorbed. He was no longer in the mine, in the dark. He was safe now, there was nothing more to worry about. There was only the landscape, the brightness. The man unclenched his fists, lay back. He was not watching now, he was part of it, relaxing in the brightness. The floating, unreal feeling possessed his body again. Then a piece of rock dislodged itself from the wall and dropped at his feet. It was as if a curtain had fallen across the picture. Then the blackness flowed in again. Once more the man was afraid.

* * * *

It was a long time before the first sounds came to break that tomb-like silence. The man stirred from a restless sleep. They were ugly, grinding sounds. Something was moving out in the darkness, stopping and moving on, searching. Lights flashed down the tunnel, throwing moving patterns on to the wall. But they were not the lights he had seen before. They could not be shut out by an effort of the will, disturbed by the clatter of a rock. The man's face was twisted, hunted, in the white glare approaching him. This was it, this was what he had always feared. He swung round, searching for support, for aid.

There was none.

He ran.

* * * *

The miner examined the huddled shape in the torchlight. He looked up at his companion and shrugged. The other turned away.

"Poor devil," he murmured. "Must have been down here for days. Drive anybody nuts." He looked down at the body again. "Funny though. It was when we came that it happened. Suppose we scared him."

"Yeah. But it was what he said, you know, when he saw your light. 'Keep it off, keep it away.' Like a kid." "Just like a kid."

The two men moved off.

The shattered lantern glinted in the torchlight.

DALMATIAN PUP

Jacqueline Bratter 1C

In the bathroom, or under the bed,
In the pantry being fed
A spotty little ball of fluff
Rushing about with a pant and a puff
Running, frisking here and there
Looking around for cushions to tear
Messing about with a new found toy
Or looking for somebody to annoy
Eating trousers, having fights,
Pulling flexes out of lights.
Many things, one explanation
An average, playful pet dalmatian.

ANNOYANCE

Susan Forrester 4B

It was there for a time
The annoyance, the fleeting annoyance,
But why should it annoy you?
Ask yourself.
It was nothing to do with you,
Tell yourself.
But still the annoyance remains.
Inside you the hard feeling stays.
It was an accident: — Or was it?
The dilemma of not knowing increases
But why?
You want to hit out, to shout, to stamp your feet in
childish anger.
To demand why should it annoy you.
The choking feeling at the back of the throat rises,
You swallow hard
Against the bitter feeling of not knowing
Of resentment, of pity.
It passes.
One soon forgets:
Until the next time;
It rises, unquelled inside you.

THE FLAME

R. Wilmington 5B

The flame flickered
Reflecting the half hidden shadow
Staring from the ingle nook
Into the moving sky.
The wind moaned above him.
The unburnt coal winked evilly and blackly,
Saying, Repent, Forgive,
You know you must die.
The flame was unsteady,
Red merged with yellow, the blue died.
A rending sob
Drowned the almost inaudible soft rubbing
Of fur against a chair leg.
Eyes shone in the dark,
Eyes that saw but did not comprehend.
He slumped forward.
And in the sepulchral grate
The flame died.

THE SNOWMAN

GILLIAN HARRIS 3A.

She wasn't a bit like the snowman, my snowman.
She was cold, but not like him. She was stiff, but not like him.
She came every Sunday for tea. He only came in the winter, but he was with me, inside me all the time.
Her name was Miss Purdy, though to me she was Aunt Jane. She took pleasure in showing me up in front of my parents, friends and anyone else who happened to be listening. "Timothy, take that creature out of my sight, for a walk or something." So I would take the dog, a beagle of some pedigree, for a walk. When I came back, if my parents had returned from Grandpa's, she would come out with something like: "I asked him to clear the table but he insisted on taking out the dog." My parents would believe her and I would be punished.

She had to go.

I asked my snowman what I could do. He did not like her any more than I did because although there were two empty places at the table, she would not let me have a chair next to me for him to sit on. My little sister, Mary, was always spoilt by Aunt Jane—just to hurt me, but I didn't mind really as long as she left him alone.

Last winter was very snowy and my snowman stood out in the front garden for a whole month. I knew that Aunt Jane always fetched her brother Alec from the station in the cold weather and drove him to our house on Sundays, as our house is near his and she would come in when my parents left. Alec was nice and he believed in my snowman so he mustn't be hurt.

That Sunday, I knew Alec had a cold and wasn't at work so he wouldn't be in the car. At four o'clock when my parents left she had still not arrived. Somehow I felt that my prayers had been answered. She would not come again. I knew. Just because she'd never let me have coffee at bedtime, I made some—to celebrate. But my triumph was spoilt by an empty feeling inside—something was missing, but what it was I did not know.

The next morning was sunny, but the snow was still thick, except for the place where my snowman had been. I realised what the empty feeling was as I looked at the headlines of the morning paper:

"Tragedy in Potters Bar.

Last night, a small grey Ford crashed on the icy roads. The driver, a Miss Jane Purdy, was killed. The cause of the accident was a snowman built in the road by some children, not realising the danger."

I have never seen my snowman since then. My parents say I have just grown out of the idea, but it was my snowman on the road.

I know.

THE WAREHOUSE

KATHERINE STANFORD 3A.

The room was completely dark except for the single candle flickering its light over the intense, expectant faces of my audience. My story had reached its climax.

"Everywhere was silent. The mist settled stealthily over the canal, blanketing the barges as though with shrouds, coming and going through the eerie silence. My footsteps rang out on the cobbles into the stillness and the shadows of the warehouses loomed ominously over me, somehow uncanny and dead. Their doors gaped like open mouths, black, void of life and desolate, their windows, like ever watching eyes, seemed to be reading my innermost thoughts. At that precise moment I heard a sound behind me, not a definite noise that rang out into the night, worse than that, a scuffle of feet as if someone, or something was in hiding.

Again the noise and I started to run, avoiding the canal and into the darkness that was the warehouse. I waited, panting, behind the door, my ears on the alert for the unknown. Unmistakably I heard the same noise and I fled off down the passage, my only retreat, into a larger room.

When my eyes became adjusted, I could see that the room was not empty and I realised that this was more of a chamber with crates and boxes packed to the ceiling, and straw on the rough wood floor. I ran between the packing boxes looking for a door. The search was fruitless. It was only then that I understood the full meaning of my predicament. I was trapped. The shuffle edged down the passage and I was in the only room leading off it.

The darkness seemed to suffocate me and clamp me down around the throat and chest—I could not scream. I crept silently behind the door and laid myself parallel to the wall, and waited. It was so much like a film that I almost laughed hysterically.

The heavy wooden door swung open to reveal a small, hunchbacked man. I bit my tongue and held my breath. He proceeded slowly into the chamber, momentarily blinded as I had been by the darkness, and dragging his left foot behind him. As soon as he was in the middle of the chamber I darted around the door and out, running back along the passage. I heard a muffled snort behind me but my footsteps drowned all other noise of pursuit. I reached the door of the warehouse unharmed and recovering breath I charged out into the mist. At that moment I heard a splintering of wood and the ground seemed to vibrate—the warehouse was falling. I avoided flying bricks and as I watched from a safe

distance I heard an unforgettable, almost inhuman cry rise with the dust and retreat with the falling debris."

I stopped and looked up from my feet at the shattered faces around me, some impressed, some disbelieving and some wondering, reflected in the light from the now almost spent candle.



SOLDIERS

Ann Marsh 3A.

The harsh, fast, marching of the Queen's brigade,
As they enter the arena to show their skill,
Clinking and winking is their gold brocade,
Their swords at the ready to flash at will.

Yet cold is the heart,
Yet ruthless the hand
Of them all.

The slap, bang, stamping, and they fall in line;
The bright, black boots, red coats, white plumes;
The brisk, swift orders and they march in time,
To the urgent trumpet and percussion booms.

Yet cold is the heart,
Yet ruthless the hand
Of them all.

The long, soft breaths along the battle-line,
All of them are waiting in the mist and mud;
Gone is their splendour and the colour fine,
As death comes slowly to these men of blood.

So cold was the heart,
So ruthless the hand
Of them all.

THE BIRD

JOY FENN 4C.

The bird fluttered its wings and I looked up, startled. Everything had been very still and quiet, and the sudden movement nearby had surprised me. Somehow I resented the intrusion, the breaking of the silence, and I got up to scare the bird away. Unperturbed, it hopped even closer and thrust its beak inquisitively forward. I clapped my hands and shouted. It did not move.

I felt irritated by its presence, but I think it was more than irritation that made me reach for the stone beside me. I could hardly have missed it, being so close; but directly the stone had left my hand I knew the bird would live to see another day.

It was only then that fear took the place of annoyance, or perhaps it had been there all the time.

Without taking my eyes from the creature, I gathered my belongings together, turned and ran swiftly down the hill. The forest was looming up before me, the bird was gaining swiftly behind. I did not look back. I thought that I could lose it in the darkness and the undergrowth, but I knew before long that my flight was hopeless, just a formality of instinct.

Panting heavily, I tore through the bushes. I felt my jacket being snatched from my shoulders, but did not stop to retrieve it. Escape was the only thing in my mind, everything in me was focussed to it. My breathing was irregular, painful, but terror overcame it. I could hear the pulsating sound of the bird's wings as they beat effortlessly behind me.

I knew I could never escape it, and as my foot caught under a buried tree root, pitching me to the ground, I screamed. A scream that seemed to crystallise all the fear, the horror. Convulsively I tried to burrow into the undergrowth, but even as my clawing hands bit into the turf, I felt it. It landed delicately on my bare shoulder, where the clutching branches had ripped my clothes from me. The feathers brushed my skin almost thoughtfully, yet I felt nauseated by that very lightness. I forced myself to look at it, and slowly, hesitantly my eyes travelled up . . . past those claws that were now digging into my skin with a relentless ferocity, the spindly legs, the heaving, quivering breast, and then to its head. The beak was slightly open, those tufted feathers surrounding it. But it was the eyes! Black and sparkling! Oh, my God, how can I bear it? How?

I screamed one last scream, one that came from the heart of me, swelling within my breast, surging out into the quiet forest. The bird thrust its head forward and I closed my eyes . . .

. . . as it is in heaven

Peter D. Smith L6Sci.

Our paths extend beyond fringes
Unbending, regular.
To traverse is passive.
Non parallel sides relieve monotony
But rarely converge to limit us.
We are safe, stepping with regularity,
Time our dominant dimension.
If those sides should meet
and we should wake
to judgement—eternal peace,
damnation or extension
Whatever found
Life
in sight, sound and action
Would mean something.
A focus could be achieved.
The path remains too wide,
Safe, secure.
One day it will stop
By a slow convergence
Or a sudden nothingness.
We dream on until then
In simple trust,
Of . . . ?



"God," he replied, leaning back in his chair, "by trusting in the essence of creation we have genuine security. Man's finite limits are no restriction. To know the outcome would be an utter frustration of all free creative effort. It is the imponderables, things which we cannot express in words, which keep us striving. It is our innate lack of understanding of what we are which makes us wait for another day, turn another corner, sin another sin. Whenever we think, our limits demand an answer."

He tasted his drink, smiled and swallowed.
"Our answer must lie at the start, in creation — God."



We continue,
Either convinced of personal supremacy
Or accepting a limit on any track which leads to
full understanding.
If this limit spells God, then promise exists
for the eternity of an element
of the individual.
A word that removes a finite boundary.
A release of human frustration.
An intellectual key.
It is accepted,
In simple trust.

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE

CHRISTINE HAYES, 5B

THE ARGUMENT AROSE OVER—what was it? Something petty, I suppose, a misunderstanding. But of course it grew, multiplied, blinding you with that stupid, hopeless unreason. No doubt you could justify yourself—her remarks were unnecessary, anyone would have lost her temper. But you had to go to extremes, didn't you? You had to retreat into yourself, block her out. Uncompromising. You had your motto to stand by: *Never unbend.*

All right, it's three days now. You haven't changed. Has she got to get down on her knees for you? Couldn't it have been your fault? Have you ever bothered to think?

Well, you're home now. Don't look at me. I'm only your conscience. Irrelevant. A gruff word of greeting. Is that all? Come on! Don't be a fool! Dignity must have been satisfied long since.

She's not well. Can't you see it? Break down the barrier. You call it pride? Take it away! Smash it!

You see? It's crumbling falling apart.

Gratefully.

TO THOSE ABOVE

Nora Downes 4B

These vasty wastes
stretching to horizons
innumerable tiny wavelets,
each individual
silently lapping
catching some bright moonbeam
on its tip.
Always moving
never still, never resting.

Seemingly commanded by the moon
and yet
so mighty in itself
rendering fury
destroying, and yet
containing life.
To those who live from it
it is a cruel sea.

PARTING SONNET

L. A. Holford-Strevens U6Arts.

If when I go some little part of me
Remain with you; if I have brought to you
Something not bitter in your memory,
Or any pleasant things, however few;
If I have given fitful recompense
For all the happiness I have received;
If I have given aught besides offence;
If that offence by aught have been relieved;
If anyone among you be not glad
To see me go; if any in his heart
Bear feelings that are e'en a little sad
When he remembers that I must depart:
Let him (if such there be) this kindness pay;
'Twould ease my grief at leaving you this day.



drawn by
Christopher Pearce L6Arts

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS



BIRTHS

To Mr. & Mrs. Ray Ashton—a son
 To Dr. & Mrs. J. B. Bourne—a daughter
 To Mr. & Mrs. P. Chilton—a son
 To Lieut. (R.N.) & Mrs. Peter Deller—a son
 To Mr. & Mrs. M. Denchfield (Enid Page)—a daughter
 To Mr. & Mrs. R. Dupont (Miss S. Rees)—a daughter
 To Mr. & Mrs. A. Eggleton (Miss R. Macintyre)—a son
 To Mr. & Mrs. R. Elliott (Ruth Allday)—a son
 To Mr. & Mrs. Derek Eteen—a son
 To Mr. & Mrs. M. Fenn—a daughter
 To Mr. & Mrs. Brian Neath—a son
 To Mr. & Mrs. Hyde (Marion Hart)—a daughter
 To Flight-Lieut. & Mrs. Norman Lea (Joan Ridley)—a daughter
 To Mr. & Mrs. J. Lucas (Miss K. Hart)—a son
 To Mr. & Mrs. M. Miel (Miss W. Allen)—a son
 To Mr. & Mrs. Perrin (Enid Harvey)—a son
 To Mr. & Mrs. Brian Smith—a daughter
 To Mr. & Mrs. Brian Toms—a son
 To Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Williams—a son

MARRIAGES

Mr. Peter Baker to Miss Linda J. Buries
 Mr. R. L. Bell to Miss Rita Hatton
 Mr. G. L. Benjamin to Miss Irene R. P. Ludlow
 Mr. H. F. Blackman to Miss Penny Charne
 Mr. D. N. Bough on to Miss Pamela J. Small
 Mr. James Byrne to Miss Myrtle Bush
 Mr. L. F. Cook to Miss Carol I. Rymer
 Mr. Alan Doel to Miss Angela Sharplin
 Mr. Gordon Dixon to Miss Kay Potter
 Mr. P. Duggan to Miss Diana Barker
 Mr. Geoffrey Dyer to Miss Barbara Burke
 Mr. Brian Eady to Miss Barbara Law

Mr. Roderick M. A. Fisher to Miss J. M. Phillips
 Mr. Lalit Hakin to Miss Anne M. Piercy
 Mr. J. D. Martin to Miss J. Coltman
 Mr. M. S. Pates to Miss Susanne Lehmann
 Mr. N. Parmenter to Miss Valerie Walker
 Mr. W. G. Peterson to Miss J. M. Authers
 Mr. Anthony H. Ring to Miss Gloria Bye
 Mr. Brian Smith to Miss Natasha Fisher
 Mr. T. H. Sowden to Miss Jean Browning
 Mr. A. F. Tansley to Miss Paula J. Stevens
 Mr. Peter H. Trim to Miss Pamela V. Reid
 Mr. C. J. Waghorn to Miss Wendy P. Brodie

“Marriage—it's great.”—*Mr. Day.*

ACHIEVEMENTS

CAROLE J. AMOS: is working for the Imperial Cancer Research Fund and is also taking a course in Science Technology. She is now studying for the second year's exam., and in addition to this she is taking the Science Laboratory Technician's course at Paddington Technical College.

ANNE BRYCESON: Took a Secretarial course from October 1962 — July 1963 at Sunderland Technical College having passed six subjects in G.C.E. at “O” level.

ROSEMARY CAPLIN: has gained her S.R.N. and is still fulfilling her contract at Westminster Hospital.

COLIN L. CHAPMAN: has been elected an Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

ANNE M. DELL: has gained 1st Class Honours in the Classical Tripos Part I, at Newnham College, Cambridge, and as a result was awarded a College Prize and an “Alma Blakeman-Jones” scholarship.

JOSEPHINE DOLAN: has obtained membership of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

INGRID EASTMAN: She is now in Switzerland taking a part-time course at the University of Geneva. She has been accepted at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, and will commence her nurse's training at the end of next year.

P. E. ELSOM: is now with the “Commercial Union”. He has done a two-year external course at the Guildhall School of Art, Music and Drama, followed by one year at the New Era Academy, becoming an “Associate of the New Era Academy” in public speaking. He is also a fully qualified lay preacher.

S. A. FOX: is studying for his Higher National Diploma in Electrical Engineering at Enfield College of Technology.

MARGARET GRANGE: is now a draughtswoman/technical assistant for a subsidiary firm of Hall & Co. (builders' merchants) called Durox Building Units.

DR. MURRAY GRANT: who left in 1944 has recently paid a visit from the U.S.A. He is now Director of Public Health for Washington.

JUDITH GRINDLEY: has become a herdswoman on Stanford House farm, Hampshire, in sole charge of twenty three Jersey Cows and a number of calves. She has passed the Studley College Diploma in Dairying.

A. HART: graduated from the Management Trainee Course of the Lewis Investment Trust and has now entered Saltley College, Birmingham for a one-year post graduate Course in education, having decided to make teaching his career.

C. INVEST: is now studying dentistry at the Royal Dental Hospital. We also record the achievement of his having completed the Inter-Hospitals London to Brighton “stroll” in 20 hours, 20 minutes!

J. INVEST: is working as a Junior Laboratory Technician at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. He passed his second year examination to obtain the position of General Science Laboratory Technician at Paddington Technical College. He will

be continuing his studies at this college and at King's College, Strand. N. LEA: has been promoted to Flight/Lieut. and now commands No. 21 Squadron at a station in Nairobi. He has now been in the R.A.F. for ten years and is a graduate of the R.A.F. College, Cranwell. R. W. LAPWOOD: has passed the Grade II Engineering Examination set by the Union of Educational Institutes at Southgate Technical College.

A. J. LEWIS: is now working as a chemical engineer for the British Oxygen Company, having been awarded a 1st Class Honours Degree in Chemical Engineering and the William Peck Book Prize, by the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London.

P. J. LEEDHAM: has gained Part I of the B.Sc. (Eng.) Examination at London University.

A. R. MARVELL: is studying for B.Sc. Honours in Physics at Manchester University.

MARJORIE NELSON: is now working for the Sunday Times Colour Magazine after a Year's secretarial course at the Hendon College of Technology, gaining four distinctions in examinations.

R. F. PARTRIDGE: who has just obtained a B.Sc. with Honours at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, recently flew to Pakistan for a year's work for the Voluntary Service Overseas Scheme. He will teach in the Sadiq Public School, Bahawalpur as an assistant House Master.

J. A. REED: has gained a 2nd Class Honours B.Sc. (Econ.) at the London School of Economics. He has also been awarded Colours by the L.S.E. Athletics Union for captaincy and work as Secretary of the Table Tennis Club.

DIANNA J. RUST: has, since her two years at the Regent Street Polytechnic, obtained the Polytechnic's Diploma for Secretarial Studies, R.S.A. Shorthand Stage II, Economics at 'A' Level, English Economic History at 'O' Level, and hopes, after taking two more 'A' Levels exams this year, to study Sociology B.Sc.

DAVINA SPICER: is taking the senior secretarial course at the City of London College.

R. J. SMITH: having passed his Chartered Accountancy Finals last year is now living in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

SYLVIA STEVENS: has gained an Upper Second in Classics at Queen Mary College, University of London. In October of this year she is going to Bristol University to do a Diploma in Education.

K. WILFORD: has obtained his B.A. at Manchester University this year and is now serving with the Voluntary Overseas Service as a teacher at Wesley College, British Honduras, for one year.

R. WILFORD: has passed his Diploma for Youth Service and Leadership and is now working as Director of Youth in Radcliffe, Lancashire.

J. S. WILKINS: is now studying at Trinity College, Dublin, and has been awarded 2nd Class B.A. in General Studies. He takes the Honours Finals in October.

FOOTBALL CLUB

THOUGH THE 1962/63 SEASON will be long remembered as the season bisected by ten weeks 'deep freeze', a number of milestones are worthy of note.

The 4th XI reached the final of the Novices Cup for the first time to be beaten by a strong Esthamians XI.

The 6th XI in their first League campaign finished exactly midway in Division 5 North whilst the 5th XI, mainly playing the 3rd and 4th teams, proved that West London Clubs are not generally as strong as their Northern neighbours.

The 1st XI had a most inconsistent season but this is a young side which should, come good, in a couple of seasons time.

The Reserves, second in Division 2 North, had a good record and must surely be in the running for promotion next season.

The 3rd XI lost some of their pre-Christmas rhythm through many enforced changes but still finished with the Club's best League record.

Individually we recorded Brian Toms' 200th goal and some high scoring by Dave Cooper who tops the season's tally with 36. Two young fledglings, Stan Robertson and Tony Wright, completed a span of 26 years apiece since first joining the Club.

Once again we recruited a number of new members, many of them school-leavers, and among these last season's school captain Tony Marvell stood out. We also had the services of several current schoolboys whose standard of play promises much for the future.

For season 1963/64 we will again have six teams competing in the Old Boys League and we are naturally hoping for another successful season. Anyone leaving school or indeed who has already left and is not yet a member will be welcome at Brackendale. Please contact me or any playing member.

Hon. Sec.: A. H. GUDGIN.

18 Park House,
Winchmore Hill Road, N.21.
Tel.: PALmers Green 2624.

CRICKET CLUB

THIS SEASON SAW quite a considerable change in the officers of the Cricket Club. After 15 years as Secretary Jack Spring decided to hand over the reins and Gordon Willson resigned after many years as 1st XI captain, being succeeded by Brian Smith who has done his job admirably.

From the playing point of view and bearing in mind the atrocious weather since August, the results have been up to average. Roly Clark, Cliff Tosh, Brian Smith, Dave Miller and Dave Morrison shouldered the batting responsibilities and all scored several fifties. The bowling sometimes lacked penetration and the want of a really good fast opening pair was sorely felt on occasions. Nevertheless Maciejowski, Gordon Willson and Jack Spring all bowled well.

The 2nd XI suffered a hard blow when Jack Ambrose moved from the district and consequently, although in the early part of the season the batsmen scored fairly well it was sometimes found difficult to dismiss the opposition. Brian and Roger Toms scored most runs and Dennis Thorpe, showing great improvement on last season, was the leading bowler.

We were pleased to welcome several members of the School, notably Mick Cullen, Dave Hodgson and Phil Tanner.

A coaching scheme, under our qualified coach, Joe Summers was started and proved very successful. We hope the members of the School who attended gained something from the scheme which will be continued next season. Further details will be given to the School at that time.

TENNIS CLUB

YOU WILL PERHAPS REMEMBER from last year's magazine that we were fortunate enough to go over to electricity from the out-dated gas lighting in our clubhouse. Somebody obviously thought this was a sign of the growing affluence of the Club and/or its members, because we were visited by a *redistributor* earlier on in the season. Fortunately our valuables (?) were insured and our losses were recovered from the Insurance Company.

As usual, the social activities are as numerous as the sporting (tennis, I mean), and this has been greatly intensified by the tremendous influx of new members. These are mainly school leavers and those still at school who are taking advantage of the very low subscription for this age-group. (He's after your money, but the Treasurer tells me there's plenty of room for more!).

I am pleased to report the matching of Mr. T. Avery to Miss Shirley Whitehead and Mr. P. K. Dyer to Mrs. Diane Bloomfield, also the hatching of Richard Simon to Geoff and Barbara Dyer.

HOCKEY CLUB

NO-ONE NEEDS REMINDING of the disastrous winter of 1962/63. Although membership was quite adequate, it was regrettable we were not trained in the arts of ice hockey—not a single match could be played between Boxing Day and the 9th March. Fortunately, during that time we were invited by the Middlesex Hockey Association to take part in a series of Indoor Matches at the Edmonton Baths.

The snow eventually cleared to allow us to play only one match before the Middlesex Tournament at which, needless to say, we did not excel. Three weeks later we took part in the National Physical Laboratory Tournament, and although we did not go through to the semi-finals, we were runners-up in our section.

Easter again found us journeying down to Ramsgate. Naturally after the results of the previous year, we were given stronger opposition but in spite of our lack of practice during the season, we returned home, having won four of our five matches—a very creditable performance. This weekend is, of course, always a great social success.

It was with regret that we had to say farewell to a number of our players at the end of the season—it seems they will not be prepared to travel from Australia, Italy or even the North of England on Saturday mornings, but we do wish them every success in their new abodes.

At the time of writing, season 1963/64 is fast approaching. We have a good fixture list, and we hope we shall have the opportunity of welcoming many new members. If you or your friends are at all interested in hockey, please get in touch with me for full particulars.

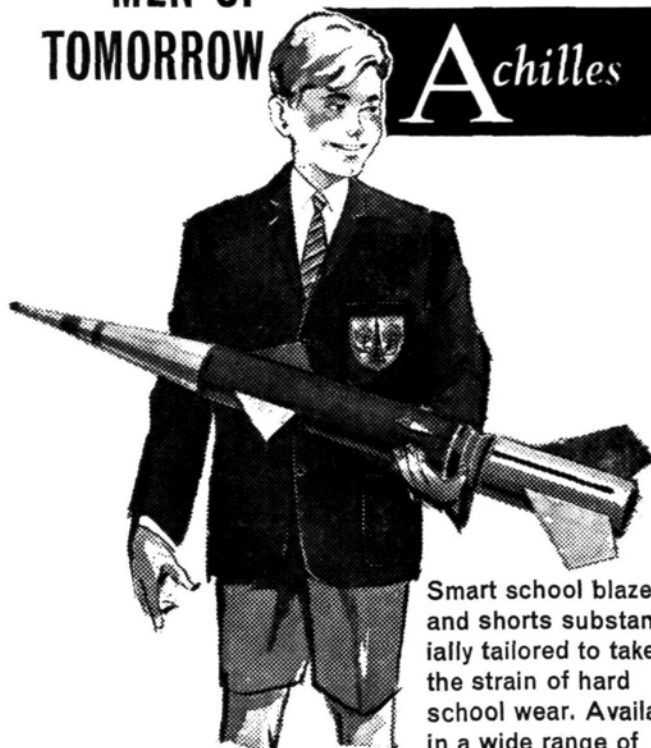
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