

Sixth Form Society

Last year the Society's history contained the following note worthy events: the charge for tea was raised from 10d. to a shilling; the Sixth Form of Heathfield Girls' School was invited to attend the meetings; one meeting was held at Harrow County Girls' School, where the catering arrangements certainly excelled those of its male counterpart; one speaker insisted that there should be no females in the audience; a meeting was held in the summer term; and Mr. Wilkey, succeeding Mr. Duke as President, took over the extremely difficult task of satisfying an over-demanding committee with a speaker each week. I know that all the committee would like to express their gratitude to Mr. Wilkey for tolerating and supporting their outbursts of youthful enthusiasm.

It was almost inevitable that Mr. Richard Baker should assure us that the B.B.C. news-readers do wear trousers. This meeting was the highlight of the year, with Mr. Baker delighting the audience as he wittily described his experiences. The most frequent comment, however, after the meeting was, "He isn't half short, isn't he?" Earlier in the year, Mr. Leslie Turner, an expert on home-made wine, kept the audience in ecstasy as he held aloft a glass of red wine on a silver platter, extolling in sensuous language the beauties of the colouring and the bouquet, and then, as he drank the contents, one could almost feel the delicate tang of the wine on the taste-buds. Afterwards Mr. Turner was kind enough to allow us all to repeat the experience ourselves. The wine in fact was quite remarkable, being made out of apples, grapes and bananas.

It would be wrong, however, to think of the Society as existing purely for entertainment, although it is certainly best when a speaker is both entertaining and informative. Among such speakers were Mr. Hector Hawton, Secretary of the British Humanist Association; Miss Jo Richardson, Labour Candidate for Harrow East, who spoke about her visit to Russia; restoring the political balance, Mr. Anthony Grant, Conservative M.P. for Harrow Central; Mr. Bernard Newman who, with the aid of slides, presented a first-hand impression of apartheid in South Africa; and Mr. James Saunders, the playwright. Two masters of the school also made their appearance. Mr. Kincaid played his guitar and sang his songs to a packed and enthusiastic audience, but then Mr. Kincaid never fails to entertain a packed and enthusiastic audience. The other master was Mr. Hartley, who fired the imagination of his hearers, for better or for worse, when he recounted his experiences of travelling as a student in France, Switzerland and Sweden. The season ended with a theatre outing to "Beyond the Fringe".

This year the Society has had a magnificent beginning with over two hundred people coming to hear a programme of folk songs given by The Gulf Stream Worshippers, namely Jerry Dicker, John Weeks, both old boys, and Felicity Maxwell-Bresler. Since the idea of such a society seems to be becoming more popular, it has been decided to invite the Sixth Form of Heriots Wood Girls' School to the meetings. Even Harrow Council seems to have caught on to the idea and will be inviting celebrities to address the sixth-formers of Harrow Schools. I sincerely hope that the Society enjoys the success this year of which we seem to have had a foretaste.

C. Whitcher, Secretary



B.Lidington

To be produced week
ending 26th March
1966

Dramatic Society

Now that the Society has recovered from "Friar Bacon", it is busily engaged on preparations for the next play: and following the precedent set by Michael Armstrong, the task of production is once again being undertaken by the boys themselves. Martin Walker, assisted by Keith Sohl, is to produce "Macbeth" in March. From early reports, it promises to be a startling and original effort, elemental and earthy. Striking costumes have already been designed by

Bruce Lidington, and the indefatigable Mrs. Zideman is once again being asked to give her skill and energies to putting these into effect: anyone with an old fur coat or a dozen assorted Viking helmets is asked to contact the Producer. Greater London has been combed for a Lady Macbeth and Chiswick has provided a breath-taking young lady; we understand, too, it is possible that it will be Heriots Wood that will come to Dunsinane. Burnham is in rather bad odour just now.

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay

It was in its capacity to appeal to all that "Friar Bacon & Friar Bungay" was chosen as the school play for this year. Nor did it fail in its intent, for this play, which varied from a pantomime to a morality play, subtly blended comedy and tragedy, romance and necromancy. The immense success of this venture was reflected by the reception of the audience: for the satisfaction of the primary schools, for whom there was a special performance on the Monday, was shown in the vigour of their comments and their artistic representations of some of the scenes, which were posted in the foyer of the school hall.

Yet such was the nature of the play that it put great demands on the production, and through this the producer, Mr. Golland, effected a triumph. For the conflicting moods arising from the complexity of the play brought about two dangers, that of an overspill from one mood to the next with a ruined effect, or that of a too-abrupt change with a resultant discord and a strain on the attentive powers of the audience. This was of particular importance in one of the closing scenes when the bouncy humour of Miles had to be maintained against the black despair of Friar Bacon, without either of them confusing the other. However, such was the handling of the play that neither of these possible troubles occurred.

Yet the production difficulties were not merely these, as the play possessed its magic element, this creating the pantomime aspect. The science department was called in to supply such effects as the vaporous liquid spilling fumes onto the floor from Friar Bacon's cluttered work bench, and the flashes and clouds of smoke on the appearance of Bacon's well-trained devil. The art department, in the person of Mr. Anderson, in collaboration with the Sound-Staff provided a magnificent Brazen Head with the power to speak, representing the ultimate creation of Friar Bacon, completed after many years' toil. This collapsed before our eyes, pronouncing its laconic 'Time is; Time was; Time is past', while the creator slept. The Sound-Staff also aided in the thirteenth century 'television set', (in colour too) invented 650 years prematurely by Friar Bacon, which projected an image of any occurrence, anywhere, at Bacon's command. This was produced most effectively by a blue light and a gauze curtain.

Yet it was out of the pantomime that the moral arose. The moral was one shared by many people today, who fear the advance of science and who realise that scientific experiment does not always lead to human happiness. So it was that the sober Friar Bacon, played by a 'flu-stricken and medicine-



Costume designs for Macbeth
by B. Lidington.

filled Michael Cronin abjectly surrendered his magical powers after the self-destruction of the brazen head had mentally crushed him, and also broke his 'television set', when previously he had seen two Oxford scholars kill each other by reason of what they saw through it.

Despite this apparent revolution of the plot about Friar Bacon, by no means could it have been said to be a one-man play with supporting parts. Robin Bowerman, who played Miles, was particularly noteworthy, as he looked as if he had been born on the stage, bouncing indomitably around. One of the major faults of school actors is to stand rigid while not actually speaking, but he always found some means of occupying himself. His exuberance was unaffected by the pitiful despair of Friar Bacon on the collapse of the brazen head and his humour was always un-dampened by the constant reproaches for beglidence. At the end of the end of the play he rode out as buoyant as ever on the back of the proudly erect Devil, played by John Collier, who had recently been made redundant.

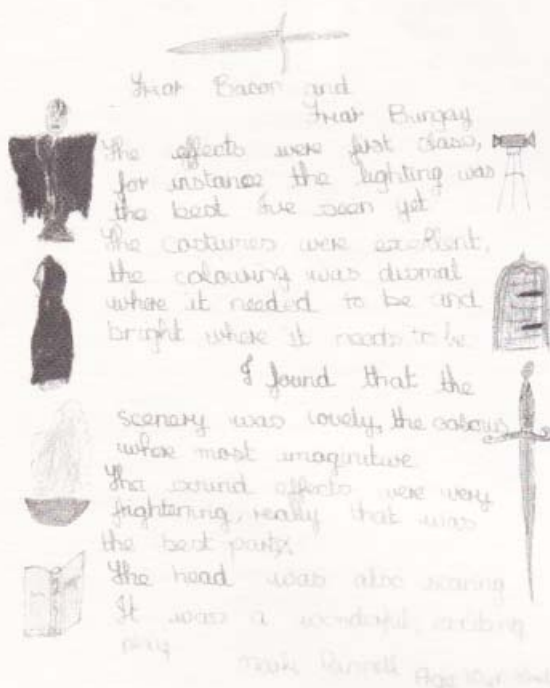
Humour was also provided by the three senile philosophers, who were portrayed both in appearance and voice most efficiently by M. Walker, R. Gold and K. Simons, though by reason of the aged voices perhaps not being heard very clearly at the back of the hall. At least one of them was not so old as to be completely lacking in spirit, as was recounted by Philip Sallon, who managed to provide a most accurate accent and pitch of voice as the Hostess of an inn. Friar Bungay, played by G. Haines-Styles, with his ad-libbing, his mute marriage ceremony and his frantic attempts to prove English magic better than that of the proud, poker-faced German, Jacques Vandermast, played by D. Zideman, provided a humorous contrast to the efficiency of Friar Bacon.

Romance was provided by a form of the eternal triangle: Edward, Prince-of-Wales, and Edward Lacy both fell in love with Margaret, the Fair Maid of Fressingfield, played by Kathryn Onslow. The two Edwards, the Prince played by A. Ross, and the Earl by L. Gilliland, formed a pleasant contrast, the one flippant and melodramatically magnanimous, the other handsome and truly noble.

Also outstanding was Moira Stone as the Princess Eleanor. Among the minor actors one noted a delightful cameo in which Hercules, played by K. Fleming, carried off a lady-in-waiting, played by Madeleine Cronin.

This old play had not lost any of its contact with the audience through the ages, and indeed benefited from modern techniques of lighting and sound, which together with the acting were supported by the usual high standard of scenery and make-up. The costumes, designed and often made by Mrs. Zideman and Mrs. Gilliland, contributed enormously to the success of the evening, being particularly effective in the wedding scene. The whole production provided an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Stephen Adamson



A prize-winning entry in the Primary
Schools' Criticism Competition.

The Mikado

For the first time, this year the school produced an opera. The choice, Gilbert & Sullivan's 'The Mikado', proved to be a very wise one, for Gilbert & Sullivan are popular, and 'The Mikado' is probably their best-known opera. The production itself more than justified the support it received, and the audiences must have returned home well pleased.

The back of the programme gives a list of the gentlemen and associations (including the Japanese Embassy) consulted in order that authenticity might be obtained. This is symbolic of the scrupulous care taken over the production, which proved superlative. Though perhaps Gilbert & Sullivan would not have approved of the addition of some humour, including Ko-Ko (played by Nigel Rogers on two of the nights, and David Looser on one) running around the auditorium and singing at the same time, this was so arranged as not to seem incongruous, and was obviously appreciated.

One of the difficulties of producing a comic opera such as this is that the performers require not only an ability to sing but also, though to a lesser extent, an ability to act. All the cast overcame this extra strain, and it seemed to inspire some to even greater things, notably Laurence Tiger as the more than portly Pooh-Bah, who very graciously took over all the posts, and salaries, of the major officials of Titipu upon their mass resignation on the appointment of a mere tailor to Lord High Executioner, and also Roy Parnell as the fiery Katisha, determined to marry Nanki-Poo. Parnell sustained an excellent falsetto, both singing and speaking, so that it became impossible to believe that he was not, in fact, an elderly lady. The various moods of Ko-Ko were most successfully brought across, and Malcolm Payne portrayed the fierce Mikado as a figure of great importance but overwhelmed by the dominating Katisha. What seemed most impressive, however, was the confidence with which three junior members of the school, Gary Findon, Austin Rowlands and David Powell, played and sang the parts of the three little maids. Their parts, and also that of Katisha, represented a triumph for the make-up and costume departments as well, as they really looked like girls, not like boys dressed up as girls.

At this point it would be appropriate to express our great appreciation of the excellent work of the Wardrobe Mistress, Mrs. Zideman, and the very effective make-up created by Mrs. Eisner. Both these departments had much help and good advice from Mr. Mees. There should be a word of praise, too, for the unflinching guards of the Mikado, who remained poker-faced in spite of great provocation from him. It was good to see small parts being done so well.

An advantage of this production was that it allowed a great number of boys to take part. In addition to the major parts there was an on-stage chorus and an off-stage chorus down in the orchestra pit. The divorcement of the two choruses must have made timing very difficult, but they sang as one. Down in the orchestra pit a select orchestra provided the music, Mr. Waller did invaluable work on the piano and Mr. Haley conducted the proceedings, doing a great deal of work unobserved by the audience. He and Raymond Lohr, who played Nanki-Poo most professionally, succeeded in knitting the production together, Nanki-Poo acting as the centre of the plot and the link between the scenes, and Mr. Haley bringing the various groups of singers together.

The whole of the back-stage staff supported the production in what has now become their customary first-rate manner. It must be very heartening for a producer to know that has the backing of such an efficient body of people. In this instance the producer was a senior boy, Stephen Clyne, and his assistant-producer and stage manager were Stephen Waxman and Robert Locker respectively, for whom the production was a great personal triumph, the set being designed and built entirely by the boys.

So successful was 'The Mikado' that the Music Society hopes next year to produce 'Iolanthe'.

Stephen Adamson
with thanks to David Jacobs

Hangover

It has been the custom in recent years for the Christmas light entertainments to arrive under some inappropriate (?) title, decided after much brainwork and argument. This year the task was undertaken, as was the rest of the show, by the members of the School. With beat groups being so predominant it is difficult to think of new ideas and it was to the credit of the producers that they succeeded so well with a menu as before to attract a large audience and collect nearly £100 for charity.

It was good to see the "Madisons" back with Roger Glover and Tony Bareham on guitars, and Harvey Schildkraut on drums. Last year's "Mountain Kings" returned as the "Ikons" still led by drummer Ronan Knox. At one stage they even played on the balcony! The musical climax was once again "Drumbreak" where Schildkraut and Knox showed their technical brilliance to the full, well aided by the lighting. After a break of some years we again had a pit orchestra, ably led by pianist Phil Gold.

Steven Rose, John Luetchford, John Orchard and Nigel Sharpe deftly did some more of their satirical sketches. Sharpe tried another Allan Sherman number, though not with the success of "Hello Mummy, Hello Daddy".

The show was well organised behind and in front of the proscenium arch by the usual team of experts, with Stage Management by Stephen Clyne, Lighting by Bruce Varley, House Management by Ron Levin and Box Office by James Quibell.

This was the last show for many artists and technicians who had been with us for several years. Two members I would like to mention in particular are: John Orchard, who had a solo spot on the piano in his first year here, later also became a satirical revue artist and then Assistant Producer this year; and Harvey Schildkraut, drummer extraordinary, never less than satisfactory and often brilliant, always helpful and with plenty of ideas, who climaxed his career not only by producing this show, but by being on stage half the time as well. Thanks, Harvey.

N.H.T.

My appearances on Junior Criss Cross Quiz

In April 1964, I applied to Granada Television to appear on Junior Criss Cross Quiz, and on a hot September afternoon I was called to the Granada offices for my interview. There were four other applicants, two boys and two girls, and three of us were successful.

At the end of the month I received a letter which said I was to appear on Wednesday, September 30th. I was met from school by a chauffeur-driven car and taken to the studio, which was at the old Chelsea Royal Theatre in King's Road. First we had a dummy run, using the previous week's questions, and then we went upstairs to the dressing room for some biscuits and a drink. The producer gave us an explanation of the rules, and we went down to the studio. Those not engaged in the current game sat by the side of the set. First they recorded one programme and I waited impatiently through this. After a quarter of an hour's break the next show was recorded. I was on this and after five rounds I beat the champion and started another game before the show ended.

The following week I waited for the car, but no car came. I telephoned to Granada, and was told that the car had wrapped itself around a Royal Borough of Kensington lamp-post. Eventually another car arrived at the school gate, but the programme had to wait for me before it could begin. At the end of the first show of that recording I had won four games. After the break I won two more games before losing to a boy from Westminster School. I ended with 370 points after losing 40 points in the last game, and I chose three prizes - a typewriter, a record-player and a set of leather-bound atlases.

I thoroughly enjoyed the experience of being on television and hope one day to appear on the Senior programme.

David Rose

Blood Brothers

(Being a speech
by a
Trade Union Leader
under stress)

Brothers, we are not barbarians. We are not black savages. We have no racial prejudice. We bear no ill-feeling towards the negroes, despite their black skins. Let us remember that they are our equals. Let us not look upon them as inferior, despite our superior standards of intelligence and living conditions. They are still our brothers in the British Commonwealth; we have room for them in Britain somewhere. Let them come among us; let us allow them to use our shops; let us allow them into our pubs, our cinemas; if really necessary, even into our homes.

We cannot blame them for their strange customs and their way of life. Help them, brothers, to develop into useful members of the community -- as useful, if possible, as your own good selves.

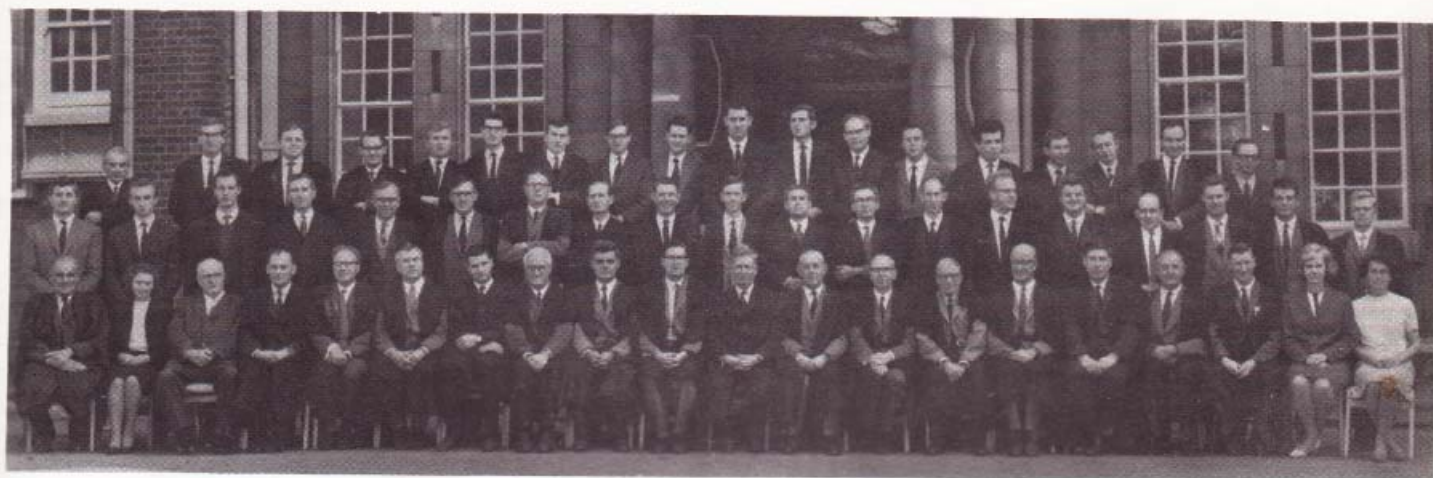
Cast aside their many faults: we need the blacks, and they certainly need us. We in Britain have been deprived of our authority over them, and yet, if we cannot be their masters, let us at least be their friends. This factory needs them: they work like, well, like niggers, if you'll pardon the expression. As your shop steward, I beg you to allow these sadly misjudged people to share your work benches, your canteen and possibly even your friendship.

Brothers, these people need us. Show them that we British are civilised. Show them that we want them to become as civilised, eventually. Forget their strange colour, if you can, and think of them as human beings. For that after all is what they are.

And brothers, never forget for one moment that if we cannot get on with our coloured brethren, their employment here is easily cut short.

Kenneth Elvy

Staff



Back Row (L to R)

Messrs Jones, Hartley, King, Woods, Giles, Gibbs, Burt, Whiteway, Hoare, Boucher, Mason, A.N. Anderson, Clement, Walker, Goodchild, Davies, Kincaid, Marquardt.

Centre Row (L to R)

Messrs Edwards, C.I. Anderson, O'Donoghue, O'Brien, D'Arcy, Tyler, Marchant, Haley, McEwen, Neal, Lafferty, Tyrwhitt, Venn, Bodiam, Bilson, Bunting, Marsh, Bevan, Williams.

Front Row (L to R)

Mr. Collins, Mrs. Ghaleb, Mr. Atkins (Secretary), Messrs Wilkey, Goff, Skillen, Bilby, Groombridge, Wright, Cowan (Deputy Headmaster), Avery (Headmaster), Busfield, Golland, Crinson, Bigham, Mees, Lane, Thorne, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Ball (Secretaries).

TRAVEL

abroad



J.S.G.

School Journey To Dublin 1965

On Thursday, 5th August 1965, our school party of 54 boys and 7 adults arrived at Wesley College, St. Stephen's Green, in the heart of Dublin, after a tiring journey by boat and train taking us 320 miles away from Harrow.

The next day we went for a walk around Dublin, finishing up at Trinity College Library, where we saw the Book of Kells, an illuminated Bible which must have taken many years to make. Then some of the party went to the beach at Howth and the rest to Dublin Airport.

On Sunday most of us attended morning service in St. Patrick's Cathedral. In the afternoon we watched Gaelic football at the Croke Park football ground.

On each of the next four days there were organised trips. On Monday we went to Howth, leaving the coach at a spot which was over a thousand feet above sea level, from where we walked round the edge of the cliff and down to the harbour. From there we took a boat to Ireland's Eye, where we spent the rest of the day playing volley-ball and other games on the beach and also swimming in the fairly warm sea.

On Tuesday we visited the Hill of Tara, where the ancient Kings of Ireland lived. There we saw the site of the banqueting hall and also "King Cormac's House" where there is now a statue of St. Patrick. We then went on to Dowth and descended some underground burial chambers; then on to Monasterboice where "Paddy", the local character, showed us two richly-carved Celtic crosses. Our last stop was at Drogheda, where many years ago Cromwell massacred the town.

On Wednesday we saw Powerscourt Waterfall, which at 320' is the highest in Europe; after this we went to the seaside town of Bray where many boys spent an enjoyable time visiting the amusement arcade.

Our last full day trip was to Glendalough where there is a "wishing well" and afterwards we climbed the Sugar-loaf Mountain. On Friday we visited the Guinness brewery and the Dublin Zoo. A concert was arranged for our last evening and prizes were given for best performances. On Saturday we returned to Harrow after a very successful and enjoyable holiday.

I would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of all the boys, to thank Mr. Haley, Mr. Edwards and all the organisers, for such a splendid holiday and I would recommend next year's holiday to all the first-form boys.

Robert Wallace

Of Spain

Wherein lies the spirit of Spain?

Is it in the bullfight or in 'futbol'? Is it in Goya or El Greco or in Picasso? Is it in 'Jerez' or in 'anis'? I cannot say. You cannot say. I have found, though, not the spirit of Spain but a spirit in Spain. I found my own personal spirit. After sixteen years of searching, I found this elusive being in just five weeks. I found beauty - and an ugliness.



R. Elkan

Spain is a country of beauty. England is a country of art, France is a country of artifice, but Spain is a country of beauty.

Spain has taught me that beauty is not in the gold and coloured silks of the bullring, but is in the mingling of the blood of the matador and of the bull in the round sand. That it is not in the complex, gaudy sensuality of the flamenco but in the simple, slow, expressive dedication of the sardana: the dance that is gentle and lasts until 3 o'clock in the morning in the fiestas of Catalonia.

It is not in the complicated paraphernalia of tourism but in the first view of the Mediterranean - blue and deep. And it is in the mountains of the north - brown, green and peaceful, and in the lizard on the wall. There is beauty in the long white unpeopled sands of 'Bahia de Rosas' that last until you stop walking. But it is not in the concrete gun emplacements of a not long forgotten war.

There is beauty in the face of the little old woman selling those huge melons at outrageous prices. But she is poor and that is not beautiful.

The Spanish people have a beautiful generosity and welcome you into their golden hearts, but they arrest you for insulting Franco or for bathing after hours.

Spain is a country of beauty, but also it is a country as black as the hide of 'el toro bravo'. And it is stained with the blood of the 'toro' unmingled with that of the 'killer of the bulls'.

Paul Chernett

Notes On Denmark

Denmark is the home of hand-printed bacon, true Blue and Pastries. In fact bacon is rare in Denmark, the cheese is called Rocquefort, the Pastries Viennese and the Great Dane by his French name. The capital is Copenhagen which is on an island and is a port, a seaside town, a teeming city and 20 minutes from the beechwoods. On sunny afternoons Danny Kaye may be seen on Raadhusplads, singing to children and helping geese across the road.

The currency is Danegelt, which was used here when we got bye-laws and the names of Whitby, Grimsby and the Ridings of Yorkshire. Hamlet was a Dane; so were Victor Borge, Lauritz Melchior, Hans Christian Anderson, King Canute, F.J. Billeskov Jansen, and the writer's relatives. They have nothing else in common. Danes are the sunniest of the Scandinavians and have the best food, furniture and beer. They are kind to animals, wonderful with children and treat their wives as equals. They are most hospitable and will invite you to dinner as soon as you meet them. Danes do not eat candles, but light them to welcome their guests and if you go as a guest take flowers. The natives are tame and are trained to speak excellent English. Danish is an adjective, not a language. Denmark is full of charming people. Denmark is not the capital of Sweden.

D.R.K.

Egypt

Old Gaytonian Peter Mansfield spent six weeks in Egypt during the summer, visiting a resettlement scheme in which 40,000 Nubians were given a new township in the middle of a desert to replace one flooded by the Aswan High Dam. Mansfield is now at University College Hospital for three years, training to be a doctor, and while in Egypt was able to practise emergency medicine at a well-equipped but ill-staffed medical centre. He has exciting tales to tell of his being axle-deep in flood water while trying to rush expectant mothers to hospital, and of the Nubians' startled reaction to their first rainfall for ten years.

Vietnam

The major cause of the war in Vietnam is the communist philosophy. Communists believe that their system of government is the best in the world. They also believe that it is their duty to free the world from capitalists. This means that they must make every government in the world a communist one whether or not the people in those countries are in favour of communism. South-East Asia was chosen as the first area to be "redeemed" because of its nearness to the communist bloc. It is also well away from Europe and therefore rather backward.

China has taken the lead in this anti-capitalist war because she wants to show the world, and in particular, the other communist countries, that she is a major power. Her first attempt to show this was in Korea where she was fairly successful. The Chinese are jealous of Russia for being a major communist power and intend to make China the major communist country in the world.

The communists started the whole trouble when Indo-China was part of the French Empire. They successfully coaxed the people into believing that they were receiving a poor deal from France. Arms and equipment were sent into Vietnam but mainly to the north, nearer to the Chinese border. Men were trained to be terrorists and in the art of guerilla warfare. Then the Vietnamese were ordered to rebel, and obeyed. The north successfully broke away to form a communist state, influenced in all matters by China. Then the south was given independence by France.

The South-East Asians are rather humble and gentle people on the whole. Both the Americans and the Chinese have exploited this fact and crammed them with propaganda at every opportunity. These people are not fighting for something which they believe in but have been brainwashed and made to fight.

Peace was settled at a conference in Geneva in 1954. Britain and Russia were appointed co-chairmen. As a result of this the South East Asian Treaty Organisation, or S.E.A.T.O. for short, was formed. Its principal members are United States, South Vietnam, Britain and Australia. Its purpose is to protect South Vietnam from communist attacks.

America, who considers herself as the saviour of the free world, started interfering in the affairs of the south. She sent advisers, troops and money into South Vietnam. Most of the money will never be recovered. Now she has positioned the Seventh Fleet off the Vietnam coast. Planes from the fleet's aircraft carriers and from South Vietnam are bombing the North and Vietcong position in the South almost daily. Their retaliation air attacks only cause the communists to step up their attacks.

There is only one solution to the problem: that is to ban China and America from Vietnam, but neither side would agree to it. At the moment America only wants an unconditional conference and China does not want one at all.

Britain and Russia, as co-chairmen of the Geneva conference, should really call a conference on Vietnam, but Russia doesn't really want one and the Labour Government has other things on its mind, including righting its economy.

If the war in Vietnam does not quieten down soon it could cause the third and final world war. Final because nuclear weapons will be used and to such a large figure that it will be impossible to survive.

David Rose

Italian Camera

Genoa. The tarmac is one black puddle rippling beneath a purple sky. The sky is bleeding slowly. The stench from the docks flicks lazily at the newcomers. Mac in hand they pidgeon-toe rapidly across the runway to the reception lounge.

The coach careers down dark canyons between the impassive facade of merchant houses, black and meagre, with cannily opulent interiors. A palm tree drips greenly over a garden wall topped with broken urns.

The train grates south on a sliver of rail, a night-sound slipping past empty streets with parked cars and dead terraces. Rattling slashes of neon shred spinning feathers of fleeing cloud into the stale fever-sweat of sleep.

Rapallo ... Portofino ... Sestri Levante. It is hard heaving five suitcases down into the shock of night before the train moves off.

The taxi ride downtown takes seven minutes and nobody feels like talking. They watch the fold on the driver's neck and the cold frame of the windscreen swinging across the moonwashed negative streets. Out at sea night has crashed down like a gate. The horizon is long lost.

Day is another country. The sun erupts on a beach of volcanic sand. A white necklace of hotels spews humanity and a thousand sunshades mushroom where the sea breaks.

On the peninsula it is windless; the sun pans in implacably for a time exposure. The heat is menacing Underfoot the yellow earth ferments. The fecund smell rises in drunken surges. Dusty pines stand rigid among the cactus beds. The country reels.

The man with the dark glasses extends a matted arm and noisily pours a beaded stream of Chianti. The woman laughs; her skin is olive bronze and light glances along her cheekbones and flashes on even teeth.

On the lawn a child is playing, shredding a copy of 'Oggi'.....

Time and silence whirr past. The grey-green hills at the back of the town heave gently.

White cloths are spread and the smell of coffee needles across the piazza. Already they are leaving the beach. A girl glides across the road, her young golden body rippling. Her bikini clings damply to her. As she walks she lifts her close cropped head and sings.....

Velvet night plummets on the ocean. A chorus of cicadas strikes up.

Ti senti sola stasera.....

C.I. Anderson

Lizard Chasing

.....
Last year we went to Lerici, in Italy, for our holidays. It was a quiet place, with a small beach. At one end there was a big wall and some rocks. Now on this wall I realised there were some lizards, so I decided to try to catch one.

It was late in the day when I set out, equipped with only a jam-jar. I was excited. When I reached the rocks I found to my disgust there were some children playing there. Unluckily, I couldn't ask them to be quiet for a while, for they were Italian; so I went on round the rocks to a quieter spot where the lizards were out. I positioned myself behind a rock. Then I waited.

After a while, a big lizard appeared. He was over a foot long, and had a green back with yellow spots.

I waited to let him come closer to me. He came. I pounced! - and missed. He was gone in a flash, leaving me sprawled out on a rock.

I got up and noticed a small lizard a little way away, but to get to him I had to cross some rocks that were only just sticking out of the water. Should I try or not? I didn't know. I remembered how I had slipped into Lake Lucerne on the way.

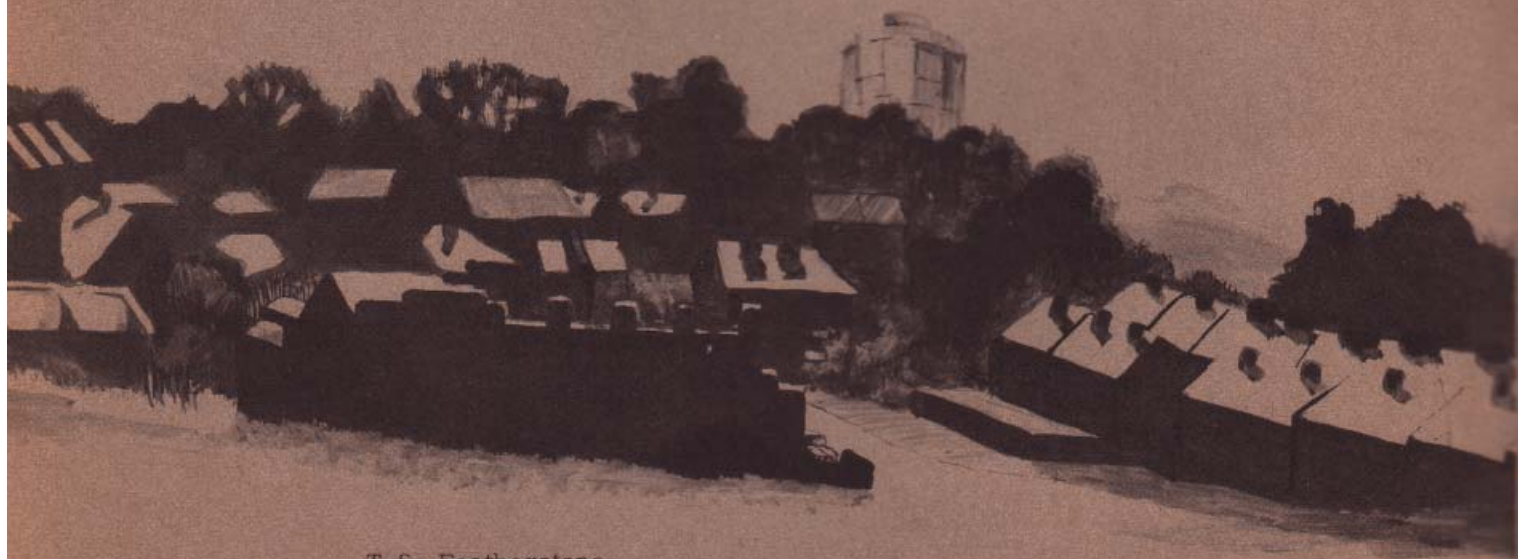


R. Layzell

I decided to try, for the water was quite shallow, so I would only have got my feet wet if I fell in. The first few rocks were easily crossed, but when I was half across, a fairly large wave came and covered the stone on which I stood. Of course, I got my feet wet, and after that it was treacherous. I was slithering and sliding about. When I was nearly there, I saw a wave coming that would once again cover my stone. I automatically leaped for the big rock, but the lizard had gone. I then noticed another a few yards away. I got my hands over him. Then came the task of getting him into the jam-jar. Unluckily, I was too excited. I let him go by mistake. This made me so cross that I slipped and got my feet even wetter. At this I decided to go back to the hotel.

Although I tried another day, I still came home with no lizards.

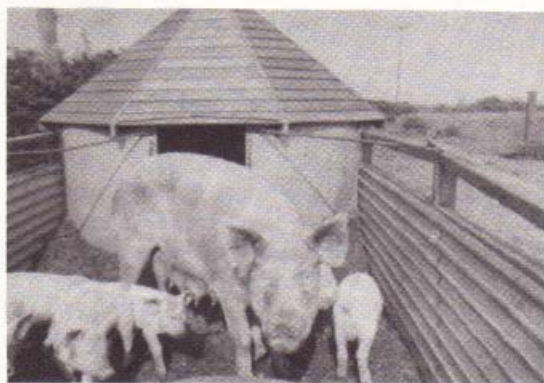
John Tickner



T.S. Featherstone



FRIEZE: 1st Prize Winner
Photographic Competition
Photo: R. Saktreger



I'm hungry

Photo: R. Curtis



Siesta
Photo: J.S.G.

Geographical Society

During the past year, the Society's programme has been fairly full, as a result of an increase in the number of lectures given by masters and boys of the school. These lectures included topics concerning the contrast between modern and ancient Egypt, the reorganization of local authorities to suit precisely defined human and relief divisions, and the social aspects of parts of Scandinavia. A lecture entitled 'Careers in Geography' proved very enlightening. In addition to lecturers from within the school, a visitor from Australia House gave an illustrated talk about life in his homeland.

For the most part, however, films provided the substance of the Society's meetings. Of these films one described the construction of the Kariba Dam, and another showed the life of the inhabitants of Pitcairn, the isolated island in the South Pacific, reminiscent of Fletcher Christian and his fellow mutineers. Geography of a more basic nature was to be found in films describing modern coal-mining methods, and the steps being taken to ensure against famine.

Despite the fact that large attendances have necessitated the exclusion of members of the lower school from it, the Society appears to be achieving its object, to broaden the pupil's mind and to encourage further studies in geography.

C. Rutter

Geographical Field Course: Summer 1965

As has become the custom, the Geography and Geology Departments of the school organized a Field Course for the end of this year's summer term. Having patronized Crowcombe Youth Hostel in Somerset for the past two years, it was decided to base this course in the Cotswold Hills, and the hostel at Duntisbourne Abbots, in Gloucestershire, proved to be an ideal base in all respects. The geography section, under the supervision of Mr. M.E. Marsh, pursued a diverse programme during the brief, five-day stay.

The first day was devoted to general mapwork, and was chiefly concerned with the identification of the Cotswold escarpment, the study of its associated relief features, drainage and vegetation, and the application of the results of these studies to an explanation of settlement and communications. This was followed, on the following two days, by village surveys and an urban survey of the town of Cirencester. The contrast between the small united village community and the larger but diffuse area of Cirencester was particularly noticeable.

To be able to produce an effective geographical account of any area, knowledge of the land utilisation is necessary. Accordingly, a sample survey was carried out for an area of about seven square miles surrounding the hostel. The final day's activity took the form of a walk up the Golden Valley, to the south-east of Stroud, former centre of the woollen industry. Attention was concentrated on the economic and historical aspects of the valley.

The evenings were either occupied with the task of preparing accounts of the day's work, or preparing material for an exhibition of field work, held in the autumn term at school, or, more usually, playing table tennis and certain other pastimes. One hopes that these courses are now a permanent feature of the School Calendar, for they provide an ideal opportunity to fulfil the field work requirement of the chief examining authorities for advanced geographical examinations.

C. Rutter

Grand Time-Table Competition

A prize of 20/- will be awarded to the youngest and neatest competitor to hand in a correct solution.

An Art Student at the Gayton Comprehensive School was arrested by Special Branch detectives recently on a charge under the Official Secrets Act. He was charged with having a copy of a cable to a Foreign Power in his pocket. In defence, he claimed it to be his school time-table in which the letters were initials of the subjects taken in his eight-period day.

From the information given below you are asked to complete the timetable, showing that the initial letters, when read in sequence, form a message which gave rise to the suspicions. During the enquiries, a telephone call was put through to a Scottish fire brigade.

The student had the following 40 periods in the week:

	Abbreviation	Clues
10 of Art	A	1. There are no double periods in any one day.
6 of English	E	2. Art occurs at least once a day, never more than three times.
5 of Latin	L	3. Sciences only occur in periods 2, 5, 8.
5 of Spanish	S	4. All Spanish periods but one are in the afternoon.
2 of Biology	B	5. All Latin periods but one are in the morning.
2 of Chemistry	C	6. All Science periods but one are in the morning.
2 of French	F	7. Tuesday is his favourite day.
1 each of		8. Periods 6 & 7 have only three subjects all week.
Engineering	EN	9. He never has Art, periods 3 or 8.
German	G	10. No two Science periods are consecutive.
History	H	11. There is a Latin period before break every day except Monday, when he has two subjects that he has only once a week.
Maths	M	12. Tu. 1 + W.1 + Th. 1 = Old English Drink
Physics	P	13. M.8 + Tu.8 + W.8 = Mini-car
Politics	POL	14. F.6 + F.7 + F.8 = Burnt tree?
Religious		15. F.5 + Th.5 + W.5 = Large Tech.
Instruction	RI	16. W.6 + Tu.6 + M.6 = Th.6 + Th.7 + F.6
Technical		= M.7 + M.8 + Tu.7
Subjects	TS	= Where first word of message goes under.
		17. Spanish is never more than two periods away from Art.

Contestants can either cut this out or draw a similar outline themselves.

Solutions to be handed
to the Editor by
January 16th, 1966

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
MON								
TUES								
WED								
THURS								
FRI								

NATURE

Natural History Society

Anyone who was unfortunate enough to enter the Biology Laboratory on a Wednesday afternoon last year would have found a huddle of enthusiasts busy on tasks such as cleaning out rat-cages, or replenishing the grass supply that formed the diet for the swarm of locusts. The most successful projects were probably the keeping of small mammals, and the breeding of budgerigars in the laboratory. Projects undertaken for "A" Level work included keeping a hive of bees, charting the development of a tadpole, and unsuccessfully attempting to install a moth trap on the roof of the school (perhaps the moths were in collaboration with the school authorities). A field trip was arranged to Brent Valley Bird Sanctuary at Ealing.

Talks by visiting speakers are always popular, such as the one by the author, Mr. Richard Fitter, on "Wild Life in Danger". Mr. Brian Tricker of Eton College showed a film, "The Master Mind", consisting of highly amusing shots of some of his boys in unlikely situations, such as tight-rope walking, or going to bed with an apparatus designed to show how much one moves in the night. Mr. J. Maynard Smith, now Dean of the Biology Faculty at the University of Sussex, gave a highly interesting lecture on the Evolution of Altruism, which baffled many of the audience, even though they tried to look intelligent.

Already this year, we have been asked to exhibit in the National Exhibition of the Association of School Natural History Societies.

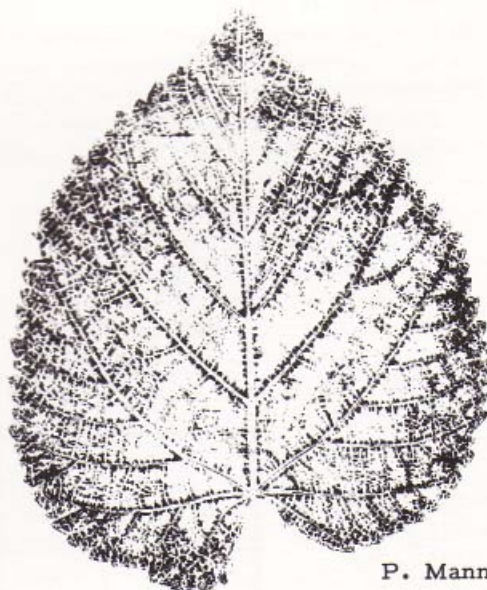
Paul Nurse, Secretary.

Nature

Then let us now consider Nature:
The grass, the trees, the sky so blue.
The Artist when he paints his picture
Must make sure his picture's true.
Then let us paint with splendid green
The hills we love to look upon.
More lovely vales were never seen -
But do not let the colours run !!

But look at Nature yet once more:
Look up towards the cold grey sky,
The faded trees you've seen before,
The drab and dirty countryside.
Then is our picture quite so true -
Or are our skies a better blue?

Nigel Rogers



P. Mann

The Tragic Storm

The wind was howling through the tree,
There was no moon that night.
I had dreamt that I was drowned at sea,
And had woken up in fright.

Above the sound of a barn owl,
I heard a distant creak.
Then came again the sound of the owl,
But not a hoot, a shriek.

A crash I heard and then a bang,
I scrambled out of bed.
The frightened birds woke up and sang,
While smashed glass hit my head.

I rushed into my sister's room,
And found her lying dead.

Nigel Clogg

Twigs

Grimy pillars stark against the sky
And in my ears the roar,
As every car sped by. Suddenly,
Technology ceased.
And in the ill-bound symmetry
Of twigs, gold-plated by the sun,
Some bird sang out its love.
Marvelling and ashamed,
I caught the reflection of the sun in a grimy canal.

Peter Jackson



Mother Nature
Photo: J.S.G.

Poplars

Between high flanks of poplar trees
heaving their sudden darknesses apart
streaks a water-light.

A stream-shattered moon
leads with striking glitter
into the bending shadow of the bridge.

A wound opens darkly.
With the slow power of blood
deep water slides out.

The power of blood.
The power of love.

You were a wound before you were a dagger.
But give me the poplars and the moon.

Andrew Ross



N. Sharpe

Ode To "Corny" Poets

Who likens Nature to a dame?
And calls her fickle, wild or tame?
They see the beauty of the sky
And burst into estatic cry
And yet, all this, it seems to me
Can be described as "it" not "she".
I often wonder if they write
Their poems locked indoors, at night.

Keith Fleming

Vegetation

Great vast foliage, gigantic towering trees with thick enormous branches,

Very big bushes, tall lanky grass and thick stems,

Big flowers and tall struggling ivy,

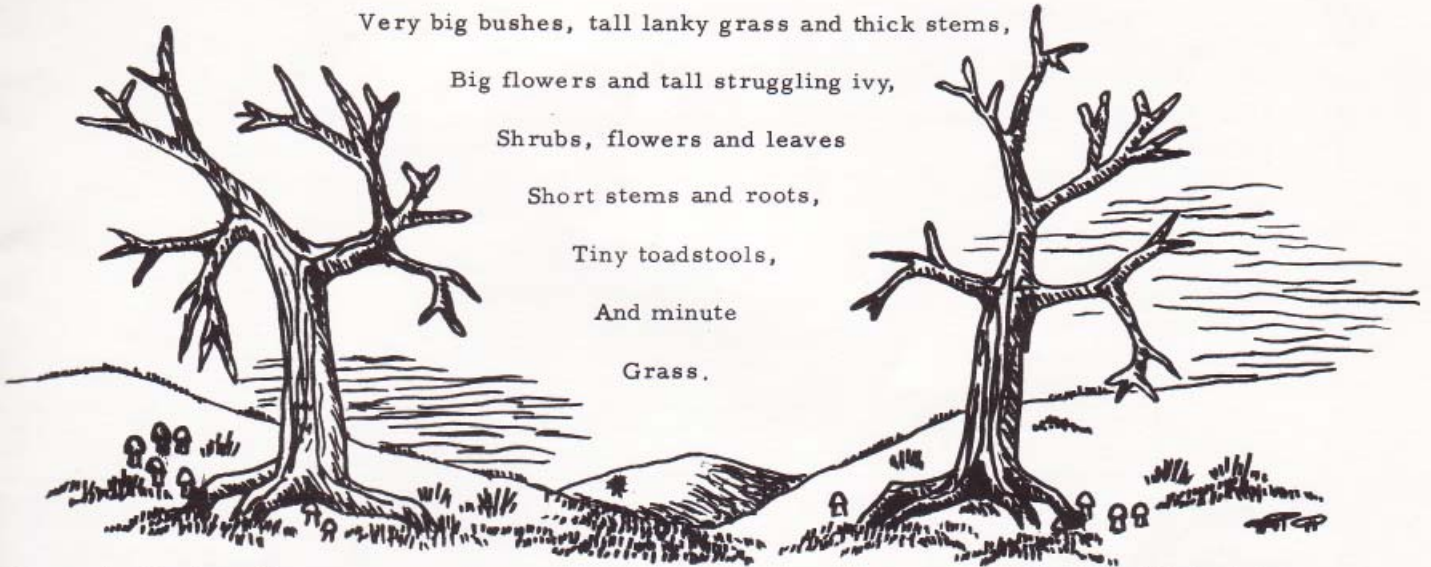
Shrubs, flowers and leaves

Short stems and roots,

Tiny toadstools,

And minute

Grass.



Drawn by Stephen Games

Poem by Michael Ayres

A Spring Breeze

B. Marmot



The pregnant trees drop their fruitful birth,
Onto lush, green, dewful grass,
And a laughing couple, youthful gay,
Stop and pick up the fruit as they pass.

And doming all, a clear, clean sky
Solid in blue unity,
Reflects, somewhere,
A million flowers' beauty.

And into this, a breeze,
Warm as spring itself,
Ignored it passes, and is gone,
Although so slight it was as if
It had never been.

And yet it made the flowers dance,
Silent and wavingly grotesque,
And disturbed the labouring trees,
And rustled young love's cotton dress.

But it passed an unimportant thing,
Will exist no longer,
In still flowers, still branches.

So simple to dismiss, and settle back
Into the warm and drowsy comfort
Of Spring.

Martin Dunn.