

The ornithologist
 With lapping, dog-like tongue
 Put out his trembling hand to let
 The Lesser Hooded Barcreeper
 Alight upon it : the only Lesser
 Hooded Barcreeper in the British Isles
 He'd seen, and as he proudly thought
 That probably meant it was indeed
 The only Lesser whatnot in the British Isles.

The Lesser Hooded Barcreeper fluttered
 Tremblingly
 Over the bald and wrinkled
 Ornithologist :
 The only bald and wrinkled ornithologist
 He'd seen in all the British Isles,
 And wondered if that quivering
 Finger was safe enough
 To land upon, or worth the while:
 There were no grubs upon it.



S. Leary

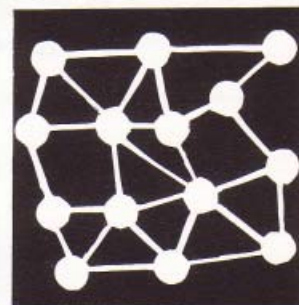
The ornithologist
 With beating knees and misting spectacles
 Felt its fingers, clutched gently round his own
 Much weaker one. And as he slowly knelt
 To reach his book and sketch
 The delicate, shy beauty poised
 Upon his hand, a passing cat
 Reached up a swift efficient paw
 And scratched out the only living
 Lesser Hooded Barcreeper in the British Isles.

Jago

When man starts to alter the natural phenomena around us the results are sometimes startling. Two contributors show us why, in their own ways:

Recent Scientific Discoveries

In the past thirty years, probably more scientific discoveries and inventions have occurred than at any other time in history. One of these that impresses me most of all is the discovery of new elements. Between 1920 and 1930, some scientists had seen from calculations and experiments that it would be possible to transmute the elements -- the ambition of all alchemists of the Middle Ages. The transmutation, though, was not by chemical means but by physical. Two scientists, Cockcroft and Walton, made equipment with which they could transmute the elements. However, this was a crude affair and new elements were not made: nitrogen was changed into oxygen by bombarding the nitrogen atoms with helium nuclei travelling at almost the speed of light in a high vacuum.



A. Goldstein

During the Second World War, scientists found that new elements not found in nature could be made by bombarding uranium with sub-atomic particles. By doing this they have succeeded, in the past twenty years, in making eleven new elements, making the total now 103.

Another achievement that I think is very important is the invention of two kinds of apparatus, the LASER and the MASER. These words are made up of the initial letters of the purposes for which the equipment is used, i.e. "Light Amplification by the Stimulated Emission of Radiation", and "Microwave Amplification etc". These send out high energy light or microwave beams which are almost parallel. In fact a laser has been pointed at the moon, and the pulse of light from it made a circle only a hundred yards across on the surface. These devices can send messages for long distances, and on one laser beam many thousands of channels can be used.

Another use for the laser is the production of a high-energy beam for melting metal or for drilling holes : it can even drill holes in diamonds, owing to its high concentration of power. It is possible that it could be used to produce an invisible "death ray" for use in war: over long distances it could burn people to death or immobilise machines.

W. Harrison

Bird Of Hiroshima

How doth the sweet lark sleep tonight?
Beneath the mushroom deathly white,
How doth the lark?

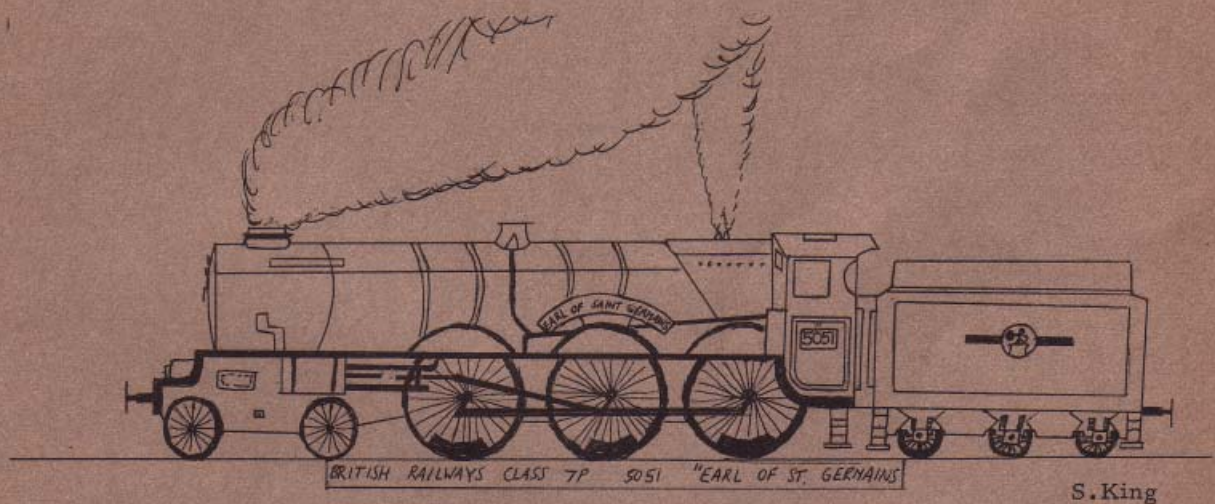
How doth the sweet lark sing so fair?
Amidst the ruins in polluted air,
How doth the lark?

How doth the sweet lark see the dawn?
Houses shattered, bodies torn,
How doth the lark?

How doth the sweet lark fly so high?
Above the dead in blood-red sky,
How doth the lark?

The lark doth not,
The lark is dead.

P. Mann



S. King

In The Train

The train sped along,
As I, frosted face at the window,
Stared out.
Darkness shows my reflected face
Amongst the surrounding woods.

The other people on the train,
Furtive, jealous of speech,
Watched and wondered.....
What was out there
To hold my attention?

I felt cheated,
I wanted to shout out,
So that everybody would know,
But nobody asked.

Surely they recognised
My inner turmoil?
Silent, and as the train
Slithered to a stop;
Some got out still without knowing.

The window beckoned,
And I, a mere magnet, obeyed
Its summons.
Like vertigo, I became visceral,
Saw breathtaking scenes of wonderment,
And noticed
The true creation.

Adrian Davis

SEVEN AGES OF MAN

as seen by the boys of Harrow County : from a teenage viewpoint, life seems to be divided into seven clearly-defined stages, five of which cover the period while at school : beforehand there is Childhood; afterwards there is Decay and Death.



1. The Age Of Fears

Earliest Recollections

A ritual kiss for mother, a casual goodnight to father, and a weary child scales the stairs, with a final defiant thumping, to bed. A stretch and the harsh light ignites; the child walks to the bedside-lamp and fumbles with the bulbswitch. The light flickers on, softening the reluctant cruelty of the insistent glare, pervading spasmodically, casting grotesque shadows on identical St. Georges and dragons. It enhances the flame. He switches off the main light, and draws the loud curtains over the black window-holes, meticulously overlapping one half of the cloth on to the other to conceal the exaggerated black strip.

He studies the guns on plastic war-machines he has constructed. Swivels the barrels to point, some towards the door, some the window, to protect him from any prowling intruder in the night. In case God or Jesus forget to watch that night, not Jesus, Daddy says Jesus wasn't. Or perhaps they will be the intruder.

He undresses, removing everything except his vest. He has to pull his vest over his head, and when he does that he cannot see - someone might creep up on him from behind. He makes a thorough examination of the room in the facing mirror; then reassured he tears at the vest, almost wrenching out his arms in his panic for speed. Once more he glances in his mirror, then puts on his pyjamas, and climbs into bed. He buries his head under the bedclothes, remembering the tale of the Roman who lost an ear in the Garden of Gethsemane.

A hand reaches out from beneath the hump and as the last fade of the light passes, the magic of the guns and the intruder ascend the throne.

A fleeting glimpse in the dark of a giraffe, moulded into the wall, a juxtaposition of black shapes to form an army of thieves, a stealthy assassin, a devil's angel on a nightly round. In the dim dark the familiar furniture of a child's room becomes a visual imagination. Wardrobes merge with a child's desk, annex rapid motion, move simply swiftly to a silent terrified child lying sleepless-tired on a sunken bed.

A potential assassin attacks a knight-shirt, in daylight carelessly draped over a chair-charger, sword clashes against dark dagger silently. White sword in a strange aura of moonlight thrusts into a swirling black cloak, a fatal thrust turns a shadow, in the morning a sag in white cloth, into a mortal wound, and as the white knight dies, the victor turns towards his quivering prize.

Stephen Davis

A Vivid Moment

I lay in bed listening to the howling wind and the rain lashing on my window-pane and I felt glad that nobody I knew was out in the storm, when suddenly I became aware of a great black object moving toward my window. It appeared to be a monster something like an octopus holding out long black tentacles toward me. It looked as though it would reach me before I could even scream for help and I remembered a story I had read about an octopus and what it was like when it got hold of you. Suddenly there was a crack and the monster came toward me. I shut my eyes for a moment and there was a tremendous crash above me. In front of my window was a long straight, black thing. It was the trunk of a tree.

Brian Edwards

2.The Age Of Animals

In the First Form, we are interested in pets and in constructive or acquisitive hobbies --- guinea pigs, bus numbers, model planes hold the stage:

Keeping Rabbits

The Hutch

A rabbit needs a large, strong, dry, hutch to be kept in. It is best to have two compartments, a day compartment and a smaller sleeping compartment. A hutch is usually made out of wood. To keep it dry you cover it with some waterproof material. The day compartment needs a large door made of wire netting with a wooden frame, but the sleeping compartment needs a wooden door.

Bedding and Food

The hutch needs a layer of sawdust with quite a large amount of hay on top, especially in the winter. The hutch must be cleaned out at least once a week. A rabbit eats most foods but oats are the most common, and in the winter rabbit pellets can be given. It eats most greenstuffs and carrots. It drinks water.

Illnesses

The most common illness is when the rabbit has "runny eyes". This can be cured by bathing the eyes with warm water. When a rabbit has a cold this is best cured by giving the rabbit warm milk.

Christopher Hooley

Hamsters

The golden hamster is a native of Syria and is sometimes known as a "Syrian hamster". The first hamsters were found in a burrow near Aleppo in 1930. It is believed that all pet hamsters now living are descended from those first found.

Hamsters are known as golden hamsters but they can range from white to dark brown. The eyes are usually black except albinos whose eyes are pink. A hamster can be very tame but it can bite very sharply with its small, strong, razor-sharp teeth. It has four toes on the front feet and five on the back feet. On each toe it has a small nail. It has a small pink nose and a very small pink tail.

The wild hamster probably eats worms and other insects in the soil but the pet hamster needs plenty of protein. It eats most green-stuffs and vegetables and drinks water. When it feeds, it normally puts the food in its food pouches which are at both sides of the mouth and digests it later. But sometimes it sits on its hind legs and holds the food in its front paws and nibbles at it.

The hamster goes to sleep nearly all day and only comes out occasionally to eat, but it is very active at night.

Your hamsters are born in litters of seven to twelve. They are born about 15 days after mating. When they are born they are blind and furless. In about a week the skin darkens and a little later hairs begin to grow. In about two weeks the eyes open and the hamster emerges from its nest.

If you are going to keep a pet hamster it is best to put it in a cage by itself, because if it is with another hamster it will start fighting. A hamster cage must be made out of metal, because the hamster would gnaw its way out of a wooden cage.

Christopher Hooley

Breeding Caterpillars



R. Elkan

To breed caterpillars successfully, they should be housed in a special breeding cage. There are two types. The first is a box about twelve inches high, nine inches long and eight inches wide and is made out of plywood. On each side there is a zinc-covered air-vent and at the front a glass panel that slides up and down. The second is of the same height but is cylindrical in shape and made of glass or plastic. The lid on top is perforated.

Inside both breeding cages should be put a layer of earth about four inches deep and a number of sticks.

When a caterpillar is found, one should find out what plant it feeds on and put the foodstuff in the cage. Some food should be attached to the cage, for caterpillars that moult should not starve. If a caterpillar is found and one does not know what plant it feeds on, it should not be kept as it will soon starve if unable to eat its own natural food.

If eggs are found, they should not be put in the cage, but in a small box. The young caterpillars should also be kept apart until they are large enough to be added to the cage.

Fresh food should be put in every two days and the old taken out. The food should be kept in water as this will keep it fresh. One should avoid having the cage in direct sunlight for this will wilt the food and harm the caterpillars' digestion. When a caterpillar is moulting avoid touching it as it will die unless it is able to discard its old skin.

When a chrysalis hatches, the imago should be allowed to fly away or be killed quickly if one wishes to keep it.

Graeme Rocker

Stamp Club

The Stamp Club continued to flourish last year with membership topping the 50 mark. Meetings were held every Monday in the Music Room where the normal attendance was 20 to 30. A very successful auction was held during the autumn term where over £3. changed hands.

Highlight of the year was a visit to the National Stamp Exhibition at Central Hall, Westminster, on which over 25 boys went.

The Club this year lost the services of P.D. Dresner who left school in July after running the Club for many years. We are indebted to Mr. A.D. King and Mr. Haley for their help in running the Club.

L. Lewis



The First Day

Photos: R. Saktreger & J.S.G.

What's it like in there?



Coo! Is it real?



Let us out!



3. The Age Of Danger

A Lot Of Worry For Nothing

It was quarter past ten on Sunday evening and I had just finished my homework in my bedroom. I took out my homework book and I filled in the appropriate times for the subjects; but when I came to 'Physics' which said "Experiments on Sound" I became puzzled for I had not remembered any physics homework. Then suddenly I remembered my physics master, Mr. Black, had set the homework on Thursday, to be given in on Monday, first period. Mr. Black or 'Brutal Bertie' as we often called him, had told me that if I didn't hand my physics homework in at the right time, completed, he would send me to the Headmaster. So I ransacked my desks for my physics text and exercise books, but to my horror I couldn't find them. My heart beating fast and audibly, I thought for a moment and I then remembered that my physics text book and exercise book were in my desk at school. For one horrible minute I stood trembling all over. I thought about being expelled, and what my parents would think; so, still trembling, I packed my books for the morning and went to bed.



J.W. Porter

In bed, I thought of an excuse to tell my physics master, but none seemed plausible. If I had told him I had lost my book, I would be punished similarly. I knew I could not stay away from school on Monday because I would only have to hand it in on the day I came back. I woke up next morning after a very restless night. I thought it better if I did not tell my parents. At breakfast my mother asked me if I was not feeling very well, but I said I was only tired. I left home feeling very nervous, but in good time for school. As I walked along the road I had a sudden desire to turn back and go home, but I knew that I would have to face it some time or another. When I arrived in my form room my form prefect commented on my pale face. During form periods my knees couldn't stop moving and I felt a horrible tickle in my stomach. I couldn't pack my books without dropping a book or packing a wrong one. The bell went for House Sections, and my House Section master was another person who commented on my deathly pale face.

Physics was in D.6. and I walked in and sank into a desk on my own in the middle of the class. Having difficulty in controlling my hands, I got my physics books out. The the horrible moment came. I could just see the back of Mr. Black's coat outside the door. He was talking to a sixth former. Then he came into the room. I didn't look at him when I stood up, but at my desk. When he said sit down, I looked up in surprise for this was not Mr. Black's gruff voice, and to my surprise I saw Mr. Block, my maths. master, who told us that Mr. Black was absent.

Michael Ayres

Gradually, horizons widen; and we start to explore and to, venture, alone or with a gang. Life is fraught with unexpected dangers.....

The Biggest Hiding

I was about to carry out plan B to get some apples from the next door garden. The big danger was Recer, the dog. I told Mum I was going in the garden to play.

I advanced towards the hole in the hedge. I fought my way through and although I was scratched considerably I thought it would be worth it. I made

my way towards the apple tree. There was Mr. Lewendofy sitting in the back room, but luckily he was asleep.

Soon I was up the tree stuffing apples into a carrier bag and every pocket. After I had picked enough, I was just about to descend the tree when disaster struck: Recer had come outside. He lay down on the lawn and looked as though he was sleeping. I waited for a few minutes and then I heard someone shout, "Malcolm ! Malcolm ! Grub up !" It was Mum telling me dinner was ready. My chance of escape was now or never. I descended and crept across the lawn. Mr. Lewendofy was still asleep. But as I passed Recer he let out the most mighty yelp I have ever heard. I must have trodden on his tail. Mrs. Lewendofy came charging out of the house with a rolling pin in her hand. She grabbed me by the scruff of my neck. I struggled and escaped; I ran out of the front gate. By this time Mr. Lewendofy had joined the chase. He chased me round the block. I ran right round the block into the sure hold of Mrs. Lewendofy. She dragged me to my house and told my Dad the story; I had to admit it. Dad gave me about 40 whacks. I had better try plan A next time.

Malcolm Ward

The Log

Whenever someone mentions the word "crisis" my mind takes me back to the year 1962 when, during the school holidays, I was searching for grass snakes in the long grass near a main line railway track.

It was one of those rare, warm summer evenings about 6.15 p.m. near Sevenoaks in Kent. Although I had been searching for possibly an hour or more my endeavours had been in vain, and I decided to make my way to a more densely grassed area nearer the railway line. Here I was more successful and caught two excellent specimens, which I safely stored in a ventilated box, when my attention was drawn to two young lads, aged about fourteen, noisily busying themselves on the main line track. They left soon after and being of an inquisitive nature I took it upon myself to see what they had been doing. When I reached the spot I saw, much to my amazement that there was a log of some proportion lodged across the railway line. I realised in an instant what a disastrous effect this mere log could have on an oncoming train. Numerous thoughts went through my mind when I remembered the 5.57 train from Charing Cross was due in at Sevenoaks at 6.34. I decided that immediate action was necessary as no time could be lost. Throwing the box of grass snakes aside I attempted to shift the obstacle. Although I struggled with it for a few minutes, which seemed more like half an hour to me, I realised that it was an impossible task. The only thing that gave way was my strength, and by now I was in complete despair. It was obvious to me that the sole way of moving the log was to gain aid from elsewhere.

I clumsily ran through the long grass and on reaching the verge yelled with all the strength I had left, in despairing cries of "Help ! Help !". Evidently someone had heard my shouts as a man came running towards me. He needed no further explanation when I pointed hastily to the railway line. We ran together to the log and had shifted it half off when we heard the shrill whistle of the express train in the distance. Realising that the locomotive could only be a short distance away we heaved together in a final attempt, this time succeeding in our efforts. We had just rolled the log completely clear when the train came hurtling round the nearby bend in the track, safely taking the commuters to their destinations.

Nigel Sheinwald



One Year Later.

J.S.G.

So that's where they keep
the milk bottles.



C. Fink

4. The Age Of Frustration

Growing up is a peculiar process that many human being have to go through. Our contributors try to record their progress along this thorny path.

My First Dance

I was not particularly eager to attend the school dance. At the time I was only thirteen years old. I was still very shy and had never dared to even speak to a girl. However, my elder brother insisted that I should come to the dance, and begin to learn the ways of the world.

I dressed up in my best suit, and smothered my hair with grease. I then went and sat down, waiting for my brother, who would spend at least fifteen minutes brushing his hair, tying and re-tying his tie, until both seemed perfectly satisfactory to him. At last he was ready and we left the house, and made our way to school. On the way, I constantly thought how smart I looked and how I would dazzle all the girls.

When we arrived, I lost all my previous self-confidence. I saw how out of place was my suit among all the modern fashions. I realized how young I was, compared to everyone else. My brother soon saw a crowd of people he knew, and rushed over to them, leaving me, small and lost, in a corner of the huge hall. I sat down on a convenient chair and watched the groups of boys and girls laughing and talking together.

Soon the group arrived and I watched with interest as they set up their drums and plugged in their guitars. Suddenly, I was deafened, and I realized that this loud crash had been made by the group, and that this noise was to continue throughout the evening. Boys approached girls and apparently asked them to dance, as they both moved to the centre of the floor and started to writhe and contort themselves in what I supposed was a dance. I saw my brother across the hall and he signed to me that I should ask a girl to dance. I blushed deeply, and I turned away to escape his view, as I was too terrified to even think of such a thing.

In turning, I noticed a refreshment stall at the far end of the hall. I recognised it as a refuge, and so I crept around the side of the hall attempting to avoid the wildly-moving partners. I reached the stall and bought a bottle of lemonade. While I was drinking it, I noticed my brother talking to a girl, and looking at me. They started to come towards me, and I looked for some route of escape. There was none. When they reached me, my brother said that the girl wanted to dance with me. I tried to think of some excuse but could not. So I plucked up my courage and followed the girl, who seemed years older than I, to the middle of the floor. She began writhing as did everyone else on the floor. So trying not to look foolish, I too began moving. My movements, I was sure, bore no resemblance to the contortions of the other dancers. Soon, with extreme bravery, I shouted across the din, and asked the girl if she would like a drink. To my surprise she nodded, and we made our way to the refreshment stall, where I bought two bottles of lemonade. When we finished our drinks, we returned to the dance floor. When the music at last stopped, I thanked the girl. Then, to my extreme embarrassment, she rushed over to a crowd of her girl friends, and began laughing and giggling (about me, I was sure).

When the dance was over, and my brother and I were walking home, he asked me whether I had enjoyed the dance.

"Fabulous", I said, and looked at the other side of the road.

Gerald Gold

The Catcher In The Rye

This is the story of a young boy, Holden Caulfield, on the threshold of adult life. His ideas are unformed, and he goes through severe mental torment in the process of growing up.

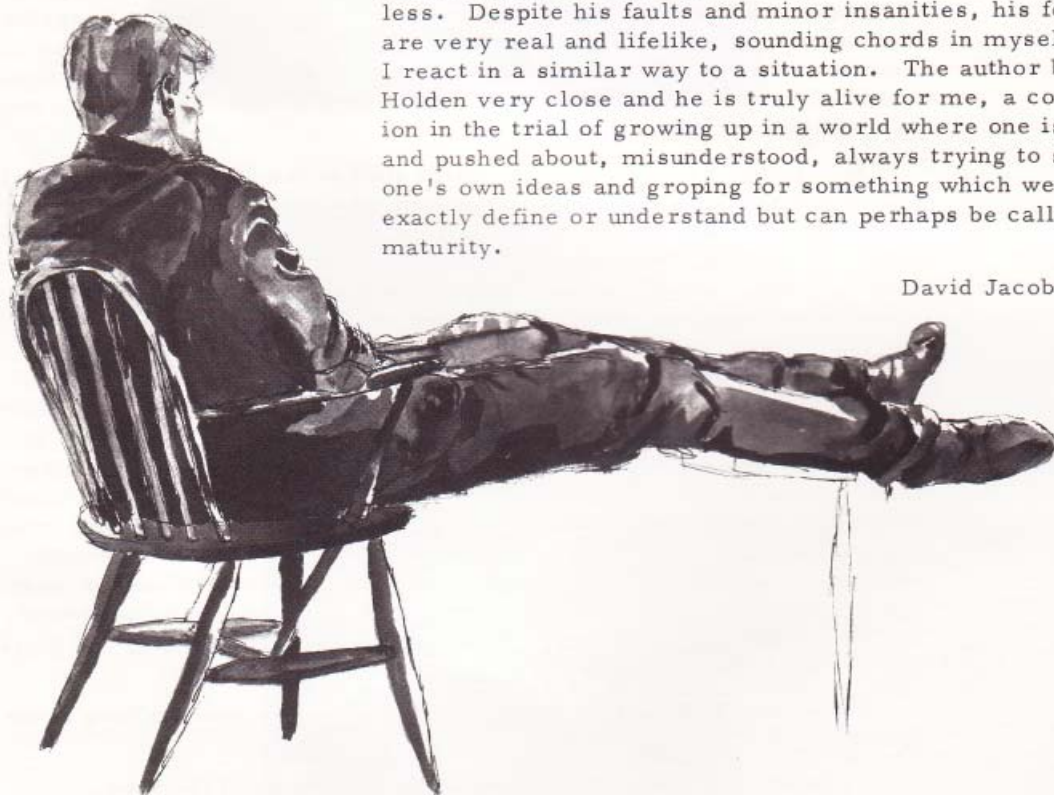
His greatest hate was of anything or anybody that he regarded as 'phoney'. The exact definition of this is rather hard, but it may be regarded as something pretentious or insincere, or anything at all which he, in his egocentric world, thought rather in bad taste.

We meet the people he lives and works with, and whom he regards in different ways as phoney. This is because he does not accept people as they are, but wants them all to be as he wishes. When they fall short of his principles, they become to him unwanted and therefore phoneys. He is very frank about himself, recognising his faults and his habits, but on the other hand not doing anything about them and despising other people for their vices if they are similar to his own.

When his dorm-mate came in and told him that he had a date with a girl who knew Holden, Holden became quite excited and talked about what they used to do and asked after her and generally worked himself up. He did not realise it himself but he must have become very much attached to his girl. This can be seen from the fact that his memory, so surprisingly accurate for detail, becomes a blank about the time that she was due home and did not arrive. I find that if a girl is really liked, then one would not hurt her or have her hurt for anything in the world.

Holden Caulfield is very unstable in his ways and ideas. He tries to sort out his emotions and feels himself a lady-killer, but when it comes to the point he is weak and helpless. Despite his faults and minor insanities, his feelings are very real and lifelike, sounding chords in myself where I react in a similar way to a situation. The author brings Holden very close and he is truly alive for me, a companion in the trial of growing up in a world where one is rushed and pushed about, misunderstood, always trying to sort out one's own ideas and groping for something which we cannot exactly define or understand but can perhaps be called maturity.

David Jacobs



P. Mann

I Am Alone

Dull lead drops come trickling down the pane
Of my shattered face, where radiance once shone.
We played, dancing dainty shadows
On the cold mosaic floor.
The sun refracts jagged, and I know,
I was mistaken, and I am alone.

Peter Jackson

The wander through wistful streets
Are filled with my rivering have been heres
Which too far from the curves
and the placed neatly pleats
Are carried away always from my come nears.

Time plenty to come the heart reassures
But long left ticking time belies
The sad so quickly passed years
Spent waiting with no heart's rise.

The want waiting and no near end
Weighs too sore for feather sensitive soul
Sun-scorched, snow-frozen, blow bent
Respiteless wanderer, despite, stays whole.

The moon phase ended in too soon time
Half healed weals have left holed happiness
The sad eyed freak can only shine
His half toothed cavern at the pleated dress.

Paul Chernett

On Frustration



R. Elkan

Adolescence

I am trapped, for ever trapped; lost on a journey through a never-ending tunnel full of blackness and noise. A whirlpool clutches at me spinning me violently round in a current of turmoil and confusion. My body aches sickened at the pain, my brain thumps and pulsates; locked everlastingly in my eyes are visions of the dance hall, a beating chrome drum, the press of people, the girl, the long walk home..... alone. I struggle against the current, a current of people, like me, and so I fail because I struggle against myself. Yes, I am part of this heaving mass and yet I am a stranger always

trying to escape. I am nearing the centre of the vortex, my terror mounts, my efforts redoubled. I am smothered, stifled, held in, confined, my limbs threshing madly, my face afire. Now I am thrown up again and am buffeted nearer...nearer the centre. I am swallowed up, sucked down. A black abyss surrounds me, the noise of the turmoil above recedes until I sink into unconsciousness.

I awake in a serene quiet. Before me a violet hue of nothing, beneath my feet something soft and damp and yet secure. A star in the sky becomes fainter, twinkles and is extinguished. A rosy glow spreads across the violet, transforming it into a mighty sea lapping at my feet. The sun pushes itself free from the night, its first shining beams fingering over my face and body.

I have found myself.

Paul Nurse

The Adolescent

The adolescent changes physically,
But his mind's maturing very much more,
And the man and character that are produced,
Seem not the same person as before.

What he may really like or want,
May be temporarily suppressed,
For while changing he is not
In complete control and self-possessed.

It may seem that adolescence
Causes only trouble with its presence;
Better these few years of strife,
Than to be a child throughout his life.

Confused, belligerent and fierce,
If a rational thought can pierce,
Through his weakness and his fears,

He can make himself.

He may be the cause of many tears,
And sadness through these tormented years,
But if no-one helps him even while he jeers

He may destroy himself.

If he does not make but only break,
Then his life causes the death
Of his soul;
Streets without turnings lie ahead.

Trapped in the grip of nature's forces,
Torn, divided between two courses.

Debbie .

5. The Age Of Violence

As the body develops, we begin to realise the delights in exercising brute strength. We join together in gangs and bluster our way on foot or on two wheels to show the world how strong we are; in school the gangs are called teams, and the development of the muscles is put on a more scientific basis.

Cricket Report 1965

First XI Results: Played 15, Won 6, Lost 4, Drew 4, Abandoned 1

Although the first two matches of the season were lost, the team soon settled down and under the captaincy of G. Tyrrell had developed into a good side by the end of the season. The prospects for next season seem very bright, as most of the team will still be at school.

The consistent batting of the captain was the basis of most of the team's success, for during the season he scored five half-centuries and totalled more than five hundred runs. He was, however, well backed up by the rest of the team, seven of whom scored more than a hundred runs.

The fast-bowling of J. Bailey, the vice-captain, C. Meyler, K. Sohl and A. Beetlestone was quite effective if not always very accurate, but the brunt of the bowling was usually borne by M. Taylor, who must be congratulated on bowling his leg-breaks so accurately and effectively throughout the season.

An innovation this year was the Middle School's Knockout Cup, but unfortunately we were defeated by Pinner Grammar School in the first round.

The 2nd XI, under the captaincy of R. Fogg, had an average season. The batting was not very strong but A. Porter, C. Walters and T. Hancock bowled well throughout the season.

The U/15½ XI had a disappointing season, which is hard to understand because of the promise shown by several of its members, particularly J. Webb who gained a 1st XI place at the end of the season.

The U/14½ XI had a fairly successful season and Bruce and Small, in particular, showed considerable potential.

The U/13½ XI had a very disappointing season and we must hope for more success in the future.

Our thanks must go to all the Masters who gave up some of their valuable time coaching and umpiring. Special thanks must go to Mr. Thorne, for his general supervision of the 1st XI; to Mr. Cowan, for his efforts in teaching the 1st XI the basic essentials of batting; to Mr. Marchant, for looking after the administrative side of cricket; and finally to Mr. Evans, Mr. A. King and Mr. O'Donoghue who managed the other elevens.

Cricket Cups were awarded as follows: Batting, G. Tyrrell, Bowling, M. Taylor; Fielding, A. Banks; Service, D. King and A. Phillips.

New awards of colours were made to G. Tyrrell, J. Bailey, A. Phillips, M. Taylor, C. Meyler and A. Banks.

A.J. Phillips, Secretary

Cross Country Club

With only three holders of Senior Colours remaining at school, the prospects for the season were far from promising. However, as a result of hard and consistent training by the team, an extremely successful season was enjoyed. This success was undoubtedly helped by the greatly improved running of R. Easting, C. Oxley and G. Serota, all of whom were very much lacking in previous experience.

The Junior Team did not enjoy such outstanding success, although they did bring back the "GUNNERSBURY CUP", awarded by Gunnersbury Grammar School for their Junior Schools Relay. This was a well deserved triumph for them.

The main Senior Team results were:-

THAMES VALLEY HARRIERS RACE	- 4th out of 20 teams
HIGHGATE HARRIERS RACE	- 8th out of 34 teams
HARROW COUNTY RELAY	- 1st out of 13 teams
RANELAGH HARRIERS RACE	- 4th out of 21 teams
HABERDASHERS' RELAY	- 5th out of 22 teams
DR. CHALLONER'S RELAY	- 5th out of 26 teams
QUEEN'S PARK HARRIERS RELAY	- 1st out of 24 teams
MIDDLESEX SCHOOLS' (in the Harrow Team)	- 2nd out of 14 teams
MIDDLESEX GRAMMAR SCHOOLS'	
CHAMPIONSHIPS	- 2nd out of 25 teams

The Harrow Team of six runners in the Middlesex Schools' Championships contained four members of the school team - P. Griffiths, K. Fleming, R. Kraushaar and R. Easting, the first two being selected as reserves for the All England Schools' Championships.

The Middlesex Grammar Schools' result was the best for years, and offers great encouragement for the new season, as the team has remained unchanged.

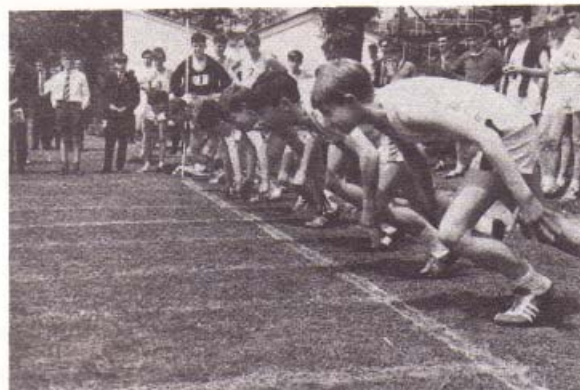
I would like to convey my appreciation of the assistance and advice given to me by Mr. Crinson and by my vice-captain and treasurer, P. Griffiths.

Senior Colours were re-awarded to R. Kraushaar, P. Griffiths, K. Fleming and K. Huxley, and new awards were made to R. Easting, C. Wilson and G. Serota.

R.J. Kraushaar, Captain.

Athletics

Photographs capture
the agony of athletics
more clearly than the
usual Sports Report:



Nerves before



Grove (K)
Clubb (P)

Anguish after

Photos: R. Saktreger
C.P.O'Donoghue



F.A. Tyrrell
in the throes
of anguish.

Rugby

Rugby is generally regarded as one of the most masculine of pursuits; last year we had a supreme exponent of the art. The photographs capture something of the vigour and elegance of the game.

Tim Rutter

T.W. Rutter - better known to most of us as 'Tim' is now an Old Gaytonian. He has gone to Westminster Hospital to become a doctor. His leaving will be noticed most on the games field, but his leadership as Head Boy during the past year was very much in evidence. He was a Head Boy who cared for others - whether 6th formers or 1st formers. He noticed the smallest as well as the greatest. He was respected without being feared, popular without buying popularity.

He was Captain of the School XV and also of Middlesex, but his greatest achievement was his selection to play rugby for England in the under-19 group against both Wales and France. It was inconceivable to us all that any centre could be selected in preference to Tim. To watch him on the field was an instruction in itself; his sidestep, dummy, swerve and acceleration, his covering, tackling and kicking were all supreme examples of the art and craft of rugger. There was nothing more thrilling than watching him cut through the opposition, leaving them flat footed and looking the wrong way.

However, rugger was not Tim's only sport. He was a natural games player, representing the School at cricket, tennis, basketball and athletics. He was a first rate performer at whatever sport he turned his mind to. His efforts on Sports Day last year inspired Preston to win the Athletics Cup. On any sports field he was a "schoolboy's idol".

Off the field his sense of humour and lively manner made him a very pleasant companion.

We at Harrow County will miss Tim. If his bedside manner is half as good as his rugger, he will make a fine doctor. We wish him all success.

D.T.

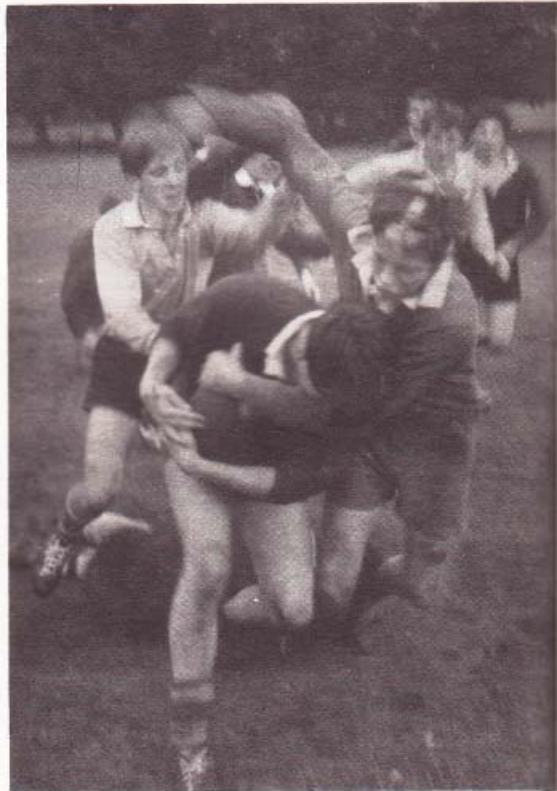
Since going to press we have learnt with pride that Rutter has twice been awarded his County Cap for Middlesex.

Photos: B. Edwards

Laocoon



Highland Fling?



the age of violence is an age of explosion, of the Angry Young Man of the Fifties, of the beginnings of wonder, of "What's it all about?"

I'm Calling You

I'm calling you:
Why don't you answer for God's sake?
My voice is hoarse with shouting and
I've banged my fists so many times
That now the blood runs down my hand.

It's me that's calling you:
Are you deaf or something?
You think I'll give up, dont you?
I'm no fool, you know!
But I'll not be beaten.

It's you that I'm calling:
Can't you ruddy well answer?
Or just tell me you can hear me -
You needn't actually answer:
Just let me - know.

I'm calling you:
You stupid imbecile.
What do you take me for?
Are you still there?
Well, are you?

Nigel Rogers

an age of rivalry

Mod!

"You're not, are you?" - always the same tell-tale tone of disbelief when they discover that under the apparent cloud of respectability lies a hidden Mod!

"But why?" they ask, since popular rumour informs them that I must therefore be an old-lady-bashing, pill-swallowing, fur-anorak-garbed, scooter rider, (and worse)!

The first arduous task, therefore, is to explain what a Mod is and why one doesn't have to live up to the popular conception of oneself in order to be one. So I explain to those for whom I have little time that as a Mod I have an inborn dislike for "Rocker-boys" and an inborn attraction towards flashy clothes and dancing. And this is true. Yet really there is more..... Originally, I suppose, that being a Mod made me 'belong' to something and suitably attired in Mod-gear I was immediately identified in the eyes of others. Some frowned and said, "Dirty, stupid Mod", and there were those who were my immediate friends, my introduction being assured by the manner in which I dressed. And so I had a label. And I liked it. And as they say in the Hollywood love-scenes I was into something "bigger than myself".

It was in the early days (before the infamous "Clacton Incident") that I decided that Modism (or is it Modidity?) was for me; and so having acquired new friends and having acquainted myself with the 'Rules' I bought myself my fur-trimmed anorak, Chelsea boots, tweed trousers, and lilac tab-collared shirt. I was then (nearly) a Mod. Undaunted by the sneers of my family, it was then time to brave the hostile world around me.....

I joined my local band of Mods at an appropriate time, shortly before Clacton, and I suppose that it was Clacton that entrenched Mod principles firmly into my anorak. Clacton was inevitably over-exaggerated and over-publicised and thus gave Mods a new image to live up to and new critics to answer back at. Mods, in the true tradition, did not disappoint them.

By this time I had changed my clothes and was now wearing a basketball-shirt, white trousers, red socks, hush puppies, and (very important) red laces. But I was still a local 'Fender' Mod, my whole sphere of movement being restricted to the then Rocker-land of Harrow - a district which I was proud to roam unafraid, providing I had at least half-a-dozen friends with me. In time, however, I moved to the Metropolis and gradually my visits to the more élite of Mod Clubs became more frequent. Famous names appeared in my diary - Last Chance, Scene, Discotheque - and soon the 'Disc' became my regular 'hang-out'. I liked the people, the music, the informality, the sense of unity towards no real end, and the greater individualism and, inevitably, as I am now a member of that élite 'in-crowd' I tend to be intolerant of the 'local sheep' I once associated with.