



As so this is me today, wondering "How long can this facade last?" I enjoy being a Mod and though I have tried to quell my desire for new clothes and "blocks" I always seem to be reclaimed before finally disappearing into the world of normality. To misquote a saying of doubtful origin: "You can take the boy from the Mods but you can't take the Mod from the boy!"

Ah well, who cares? I'm off to Brighton for the weekend.....

Harvey Schildkraut

## Rockers' Exodus

(with apologies to Moses)

### Chapter One

1. In the beginning the Lord created the two-stroke, and the two-stroke was with power.
2. And the Lord anointed the two-stroke with oils and spirits.
3. But Lo! The two-stroke was smitten. And the Lord rose up again and created the four-stroke of much wonder.
4. And the Lord sayeth unto the multitudes, This shall be Norton.
5. And the Norton was with great power over the land.
6. And it came to pass that the Children of Norton did lust after speed and behold they created fuel injectors, extractor megas and clip-ons with which they did defile the Norton.
7. And the Lord brought his wrath to bear upon the multitude and he sayeth, Take ye out of this land of Norton.
8. And the Lord searched through all the land for a righteous man to lead the Children of Norton unto the Isle of Man.
9. And the Lord searched for forty days and forty nights, and he beheld a mechanic of one score and three years, whom they called Geoff, the son of Duke.
10. And he spake unto Geoff, the son of Duke, saying, Rise up and take these my people, the Children of Norton, unto the Isle of Man.
11. And Geoff descended unto the multitude and spake out saying, Let us raise compression. But the Children of Norton did raise too much compression.
12. And Geoff fell on his face in the paddock and did beseech the Lord what should be done.
13. And the Lord gave unto Geoff, valve lifters, and the people rejoiced and made a sacrifice of Twin Carbs and

Dolphin Fairings unto the Lord.

14. And after much rejoicing the Children of Norton departed, with much haste, into the wilderness on full throttle.

### Chapter Two

1. And it came to pass that there was a great drought and the Norton did misfire and seize.
2. And the Children of Norton murmured against Geoff saying he hath led us into the wilderness and leaves us misfiring and seized.
3. And the people did forget the great works which the Lord had wrought in the land of Norton.
4. And Geoff did rent his leathers and gird about his tank with sackcloth, crying unto the Lord.
5. And the Lord heard Geoff and spake unto him saying, Smite the rock, close by, with thy clutch hand.
6. And Geoff did as the Lord commanded.
7. And behold Methanol did flow forth out of the rock, and the Children of Norton fell to the ground in fear and trembling.
8. And the Lord spake unto the people saying, Take and drink of this fount, and put a tiger in your tank as a burnt offering to the Lord your God.
9. And when the people had made an offering and given thanks they arose and departed into the wilderness.
10. And it came to pass that the Children of Norton did come unto the shores of a great sea across which lay the Isle of Man.

### Chapter Three

1. Now in the Isle of Man dwelt the Hondarites and the Yamatites, gentiles who worshipped heathen gods.

2. And the Children of Norton passed over the waters and waged war against the Hondarites and Yamatites, who were with much cylinder and high revs.
3. And the Lord came down and smote the Hondarites in the big end and the Yamatites in the Cylinderhead and mighty was the crash thereof.
4. And the Children of Norton wrought a great victory in the Isle of Man.
5. And it came to pass that the time of Geoff was nigh and he appointed a leader from amongst the Children of Norton, whom the Lord has shown unto him.
6. And the leader was called John, the son of Surtees.
7. And behold Geoff, the son of Duke passed up into the heavens and at that time had four score and nine races.
8. And the Children of Norton settled in the Isle of Man, a land flowing with Tarmac and Cats'-eyes, and the people lived in abundance.

David Inman  
Graham Simpson

## 6. The Age Of Intellect

At last, the School and the Parents appear to be winning; by a process of attrition the boy has survived to become a young man in the Sixth with a whole new set of social customs and new responsibilities. Beset on all sides by cries of "Work !" "Read !" "Think !" he finds himself through debate, through religion or through chess; he reads and thinks..... and works. And wonders..

### General Studies Library

There are now well over 700 books in this Library, which is open to all members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms. Background reading of the kind available here is essential for success and for a fully-developed personality. At the Exhibition mounted in October it was possible to choose books on an enormous variety of topics : whatever your side-line there is a book for you, whether you are interested in Marriage or Marx; in the Comprehensive School or the Rise of the Meritocracy; in Howard's End or Journey's End; in Architecture, Music or Zuleika Dobson; in the Quantum or Aquinas; in Digging up the Past or The Future of London; in England Their England or African Profiles; in Hobbes or the Hobbit; in Growing Up in New Guinea or The Death of Grass; in the Simplicities of Science or the Abuses of Psychology; in the Flight from the Enchanter or The Common Pursuit; or in Ghosts, Graves, Keats or Yeats.

J.S.G.

### Bridge Club

The Bridge Club was formed last year under the guidance of Mr. J.A. Gibbs. It is open to all members of Advanced and Scholarship Sixth. A bridge team of six members was chosen and won six of its seven matches. However, as not many schools have a bridge team, it meant that the team had to play a small number of schools and the Staff several times. This year it is hoped to play Harrow.

The team last year was:

D. Simons (Capt); E. Weinstein (Sec.); A. Ansell; D. Saunderson; G. Schofield; S. Waxman.

E. Weinstein (Capt)



## Chess Club

Last year, order was maintained within the Chess Club. Sessions were carried out mainly under the continuous tournament arranged for the juniors, who comprised almost the whole of the Chess Club itself.

The chess teams last year performed moderately in the Senior and Junior sections of the Harrow and District League, but the team for the Sunday Times Tournament astonished itself by reaching the zone finals, before crashing to Hayes, who went on to the National Semi-finals.

This year, the senior team is much weaker, and it is difficult to contemplate our beating anyone in the Harrow and District League. The junior team is of fairish strength, and should do as well as last year's. The Sunday Times team is not expected to make much headway, and will consist of a younger team than usual.

This year, however, applications for Chess Club membership have been astounding. While last year, the total membership closed the season at 53, this year even though we are not yet properly under way, membership approaches 60, and may increase to 80. The junior tournament, last year with 20-25 competitors, now tops the 50 mark, and may continue to 60. In five years' time it may be confidently expected that this present crop of boys will, with practice and coaching, form a Senior VI to rival Orange Hill and Harrow Weald, with reserves worthy, in any other school, of a place at third board.

A. Iny, Secretary

## Web

Through the brilliant world  
of intellectual study,  
There runs a student who  
Though not comprehended  
Or comprehending  
Is pursued by learning and  
Torment of the self.

Taught to ask questions  
He asks himself -  
Who else?  
And finding he cannot answer  
Lives distraught.

An introspective intellectual  
Wanders lost amid a world  
Which he believes will give  
The Answer  
And does not.

Christopher Rocker

## Christian Union Report.1965

I always get the impression that far more people attend various churches, secretly keeping any conviction to themselves, than ever show their faces at one of our meetings. The lower you are in the school, the more likely it is that you have attended a meeting and expressed your own opinion - indeed the depth of thought found among third formers and revealed in their questioning of visiting speakers is often remarkable.

When a priest was being interviewed once by four agnostics as to the basis of his principles, he asked them if they had ever given just ten minutes consideration to faith - the answer from each was "No"! In fact most people who like to argue against some belief have little or no knowledge of what the believer actually claims. This, I think, is the situation in the Sixth Form and if it is not, I challenge more people to disprove my statement at our meetings which offer a chance to debate ideas in a reasonable manner, unaffected by the traditional atmosphere of morning assembly (or, for that matter, R.K. lessons), or the devotional mysticism of prayer meetings.

We have already started this year with a good attendance for two Mormon missionaries: I hope to see more interest taken in speakers of other sects, many of which are virtually unheard of even in the Sixth Form and whose often revealing and vital ideas have been trampled on amid the general apathy which now pervades those who claim allegiance to the larger national churches.

Roy Parnell.



## 7. The Age Of Decay

Lastly, our contributors see the rest of their life as a steady progress through hypocrisy and deceit to certain decay or violent extinction. Last year we printed a Horror Section, which many readers deplored; this year, therefore, we have omitted most of the articles and poems over-shadowed by death and the shadow of The Bomb; we print below a brief selection of these only.

### The Hero

Alfred Warthead had been retired now for several years, and would admit only to the age of sixty, even though it was the local opinion that he was 'pushing' ninety-five.

In his dreams he was young once more; a facetious Lancelot - Robin Hood re-lived. These ambitious unrealities were his only real contact with the world outside. They illuminated the boredom, and prolonged his adventurous inclinations up to the point where he dug peculiar trenches in his back garden, and reached his heroship in a one-man-war. Another pastime he indulged in was knitting, though this was confined to rainy days when war was unsuitable.

Sitting in his simulated Queen Anne chair, while vainly trying to make conversation with his favourite tomato plant, for no apparent reason, Alfred experienced a remarkable change of mind. This timid, pathetic introvert sprang to life. A sudden lust for adventure had seized him uncontrollably. Whether it was his eccentric dreaming, or simply the birth of a new Alfred was indefinite, but the result was that his eyes focused on the dangerous-looking weapon in the trophy case above the mantelpiece. Daring thoughts entered his simple mind, and grabbing the weapon he proceeded out of the house, executing his movements in a most appropriately cautious fashion. He felt important; he was a real hero. No more dreaming. This was the real thing.

Courage outshone his weakness, and keeping low lest any sniper should catch sight of him, he made for the trenches. Once in position, having given himself several reassurances, he drew the rifle level to his eyes, and cocked the hammer.

This would be his only chance to make something of himself. He would be respected and admired, a hero.

Taking careful aim, he fired. The cat screeched as the sucker arrow knocked it off the wall.

Success! Mission completed! He could now return in triumph to base. Disregarding the merciless laughter of several amused onlookers, he had thoroughly convinced himself of his superiority.

Content and pleased with himself, he went back indoors, and sat down in his chair, resuming his life where he left off, once again talking to his inattentive tomato plant.

Colin Michaels

### Coward

Loud reports. Explosions. Incessant noise. Shouting. Screams of agony. Smells. Of death, of gangrene, of sweat, of blood. He hated it all. He did not understand the futility of war and he was fearfully afraid.

He had crawled away from the noise and had lain in a muddy ditch some distance away. And he had cried. He had cried with fear and shame. Ever since he could remember he had been a coward. When he was twelve he had had a breakdown because he had been frightened by a baby's teddy bear.

No, now he could not face his comrades again. And he was afraid to die. One small cut would kill him for he suffered from that incurable disease, haemophilia. Of course! That was his way out of all this.

Crawling from his ditch he reached the barbed wire defences and grabbing hold of a barb he scratched his face with it. He felt the searing agony but he

did not cry out. All too late he knew he was not a complete coward. He hardly felt the pain. Always, in the past he had found pain to be cruel. He looked at the thick, oozing, blood as it slowly trickled down his cheek onto his shirt and he did not flinch. Quickly he ran to rejoin the battle, blood now gushing from his small wound. He knew that we would not reach the battle area. He knew that he would never reach his companions. Soon, with a feeling of helplessness, he fell. His whole body covered with thick bright-red blood. Slowly he was leaving the land of the living. He dearly desired to see his old comrades once more to tell them of his one triumph in this world. If he could live but a few minutes longer. But no. It was not to be. All was going dark.....

A half-starved, scavenging dog sidled up to the body and sniffed at it. He vaguely felt it lick some of the blood and, through half-shut eyes, he saw the miserable creature depart, satisfied. With a blurred vision he saw it creep towards the battle area.

And the coward died with a feeling of dissatisfaction inside his heart, for he had decided too late that he did not want to die.

D. Pirie

## Henbane

Some people lie life-strangled early:  
They are the lucky ones.

A spirit stood stubborn once  
Behind the graven door,  
Stony, gazing into the  
Mahogany glow.  
Such a residence  
Is no home  
- a bane.

O the wickedness of a man's flower  
To desert; to leave the burden  
Of five birthdays:  
They have thrived on a hard core  
Of will, of will dominant,  
But now go, fly light  
Unloved, unloving  
Bent to seek their own poison.

She fades shrivelling  
As a lizard fixed rocky on the sunset.  
Then quick it darts  
In purpose unmistakeable.  
Yet she found no mellowness of sunshine  
To soothe her.  
In gloom-shade of solitary dying  
She froze into old-age.

Roy Parnell

## The Absolute Reverie

The end was sudden, one moment, awareness of self, of warmth, of earth, of sun, of sky, of birds, of trees, of flowers, of life, of....life.... Life was good, life an interminable bore, life was unhappy, life was cruel, life was physical; yet life was good.

A bullet in the back, through to the heart, and wedged in the heart, from the novice huntsman's rifle.

Death was good, death was painless, death was freedom, death was un-physical.

Yet the mind was still housed in the skull, aware of darkness, aware of the body's motion, aware of the physician's spinal incisions, aware of the coffin, aware of putrescence, and aware of the festive worms. But the awareness, the knowing, was not like consciousness of life.

At last, awareness of light. No physical bonds, no earthly bonds, no bonds of life, but a new awakening.

Communication: response negative.

Communication: response negative.

Communication: response positive, everyone positive, everyone freed from physical bondage not communicating, but coalescing with the mind.



For the mind cannot see, cannot hear, cannot smell, cannot speak, cannot feel, but the mind is aware of the dead. As it was before, when life existed, though in a different, a very different mode. And then awareness of the planets, of the stars, of the universe; but then, not vision, not physical proof of self. Of the "other" planets? Different life forms? Physical abominations? Civilisations?

Irrelevant now, now coalescing with these "other" minds in joint revelry with death.

Death?..... certain liberty, surely?

P.T. Davies

Twinkle, twinkle, mushroom cloud  
High above, so tall and proud.  
How we wondered what you are,  
Watched you dropping from afar  
Now you're here but we have gone,  
Tell us, what did we do wrong?

Twinkle, twinkle, mushroom cloud  
Came you with a bang so loud,  
How we reeled in shock and fear  
Houses and streets all disappear,  
Now you're here but we have fled,  
Tell us, what happens now we're dead?

Twinkle, twinkle, mushroom cloud  
How we wonder, furrow browed,  
How could we dead spirits poor  
Help to stop the bloody war.  
Now you're finished, and we are gone,  
Peace at last - but for how long?

Philip Mann

## Ode To An H-Bomb

P. Gill





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## problem 1

What digit does each letter represent in the following addition sum? All the digits from 0 to 9 appear. The letters H and I represent the same digit while R, X and Y all represent another. The other letters represent the remaining eight digits.

A	N	E	Y	E		
	O	N	T	H	E	
	F	U	T	U	R	E
<hr/>						
P	H	O	E	N	I	X
<hr/>						

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