

speeches and the majority will mock. This organisation of poor, misguided souls is the C.N.D.

These people seriously believe that by Banning the Bomb, All Nations will live in Peaceful Co-existence.

In theory, no-one will dispute that the idea of nuclear weapons not existing is a perfectly commendable one. But reality is cruel and the reality of this matter is that they do exist.

The disarmament conferences of recent years tend to encourage scepticism about the possibility of achieving peace by that method. Agreements to disarm generally give the right to the signatories to throw away the weapons they no longer need and to keep the ones which will give them military superiority.

What people seem to fail to realise is that these agreements were made with distrust on both sides, and when this will to peace is missing, pleas for nuclear disarmament constitute a giant hoax on a world which is apparently willing to clutch at any straw to avoid the horror of war. Without this desire for peace, pleas for disarmament turn into mere propaganda and counter-propaganda.

I believe there are two real reasons why we should not ban the bomb. Firstly, it is impracticable. We cannot persuade Russia or America to ban the bomb with us when there is so much hatred and distrust between them. The idea of "going it alone", that some people seem to have, is absurd. We would be laying ourselves open to any power who wanted to take us over. Secondly, I maintain that the bomb is a deterrent. Even if a power believes we only have a small striking force, it will make them think twice before attacking us.

R. P. JONES (4AL)

RAIN

Rain, why fall this way today?
Why not caress some other earth?
Why not come tomorrow, or some other day?
You don't cause me any mirth
By coming. You might, another day;
As I see you race up and down the pane—
I might laugh—but not today.
You've spoiled my plans once again.
I was going, but now I must stay.
My game will have to wait
Because of you. Why did you come?
Tomorrow would not be too late.
The buds will still be thirsty
Upon their thorny stems.
You could caress their petals
And shine on them like gems.
But no, you could not stay yourself
And now the sky is dark.

JULIE HAYCOCK (5F)

THE STEW

Said the carrot to the onion,
" Why do you make me cry?
Why can't we two be friendly,
As together we shall fry."

The wise old turnip sniggered,
As he hid behind a pot,
" You may as well keep cool now ;
You'll soon be rather hot."

The potato with its jacket off
Was frozen to the core ;
He jumped into the cooking pot,
Glad of warmth once more.

A little dumpling standing by,
Was feeling rather blue,
And said, as he let out a sigh,
" Three cheers for Irish Stew."

DENISE MOISEY (FORM 2)

INSPIRATION

Imagine a dream of pastel landscapes,
Peopled with strange forms
That shimmer, fade and reappear.
A dream that lingers in memory
But which only now and then
Is remembered in every lucid detail.
A dream which comes and goes and comes again,
And that is inspiration.
Like a dream, no man may command its appearance.
Yet through all time it has come
When needed.

So, through all time, man has set down
His image in artistry.
Graceful forms in statues;
Music rising, falling, delicately ;
Voices singing, bodies weaving
In the rhythm of the dance;
Words of prose and poetry.

JENNIFER HEARD (4)

A STUDY

And, when the river banks are turning slowly
From green to gold, and the trees are black and still
Against the sky,
We see the lights of the boathouse
Rippling,
Tantalising,
Calling us home.
But we will not go;
They shall not harness us to them.
How can they feel the keenness we feel,
As the canoe glides through the water?
How can they feel the satisfaction
As the paddle cuts the river?
We will not go;
Not go, while the river gurgles and plays.
Not go, while the water rat makes fun at the slow water snail.
Not go, while boys and girls alike
Dance on the velvet bank,
To the mellow strains of the banjo.
We fear not and we mind not
The occasional ducking.

JULIE HAYCOCK (5F)

MEDITATION

How sometimes I wish I need never retire
Like the ox and the ass to their strawn-strewn byre,
But sit by the window from dusk to dawn
And hear the cock crow, to herald the morn.
Why should it be, that when night time arrives,
All go to rest, even bees to their hives?
Why won't they join me by the moonlit 'sill?
Oh, why won't they join me; has no one a will
To be different from Nature just once in a while?
Things change in the world, why not Nature its style?

CAROL ISAACS (3)

SILENCE

THERE is no better reward than to lie in a warm bed in complete silence. It is a rare thing, and few of us ever experience it. To lie, to think, to dream without the slightest sound is nearly impossible. There is always the ticking of the clock, the incessant, warm, frightening sound of one's blood being pumped around one's body. Always a noise, somewhere. Even when silence should reign supreme—in an examination room—there is always the click of rulers, the ticking of the clock and the strange, high-pitched buzz of the central

heating. There is no escape from sound. In the open air, always the rush of wind and rustling grass at one's feet. One may sit quite still, in an empty room, hold one's breath, and still hear something.

Silence is in the mind. When you stop to think, you may find that you have never sensed it. Some days you may long for it; long to get away from the traffic and wind, and long to run far from the growling, screeching and mumbling of the human voice, to sit in silence, meditating. And yet, sometimes, you may pine for the ugly sound of human laughter.

What do our ears mean to us? They are just twisted, immobile conches. They are to be adorned with jewellery and covered up with hair, are the shell-like trumpets of our soul. Yet they stop us from delighting in silence.

Silence is golden. It is golden and opulent; no money can buy it, and when we have it, we destroy it. We destroy it because it is alien, because it is frightening. A man in silence thinks. His mind wanders, climbs mountains, builds cities, crosses oceans, flies star to star—until a sound is heard that brings him to reality.

CAROLE GIBSON (Form 4)

ADVERTISEMENTS

ADVERTISEMENTS are part of the modern way-of-life. They are a constant attempt by manufacturers to flatter, persuade or shame the public into buying something that otherwise it would not want. In a hundred different forms, blatant or subtle, they surround us at all times. They look down on us from giant hoardings, stare with their colour in glossy magazines and, above all, hypnotize us from television sets. Television is by far their most effective medium because it catches us in our own homes, relaxed and not on our guard against them.

They try to convince us that we really need their product and, while not actually lying, certainly try to mislead us. For example, if you buy a certain brand of turkish delight you are flown on a magic carpet to a huge Eastern Palace where beautiful slave-girls offer slices of the turkish delight which has now attained a relative insignificance. Again, the handsome young man, with a beautiful girl at his side, who drives his expensive, powerful sports car at ninety miles an hour down to the beach, to a back-ground of exciting music cannot really be said to be advertising some obscure brand of hair-cream, however much advertisers would like us to believe it. While not actually saying so, the advertisement leads us to believe the car, etc., is a result of buying the haircream.

Nauseating moments occur when national figures and personalities advertise products; everyone can see that they are doing it for money and I think this cheapens the person. More sickening still are the spoken advertisements where commentators talk with such false "bonhommie" and forced joviality that they become comical.

In an attempt to lend seriousness and dignity to their products, advertisements can be hilariously funny. We have all seen the poor patient collapsing in pain from indigestion, headache, heartburn, rheumatism, backache and several other ailments. He takes two tablets in a glass of water and then recovers—in ten seconds flat, complete with serene smile of relief. Are the advertisers serious?

One television channel could not exist without advertisements. Certain channels of the radio use them; newspapers and magazines could not be published without them. They are often ridiculous and facile, and yet some people are fooled by them. Indeed, they have gained such influence over people that they are suspicious of goods which are not advertised on television.

The best way to combat the eternal advertisements is with ridicule. If they are analysed they are nothing but nonsense, and once you realize this you are not deceived by the fast, Americanized talking, jingles and all the other devices used to part us from our money.

C. J. HICKS (4A)

THE GHOST OF CHAUCER

We strive as do the hounds for the bone—*Tuck Shop queue*

Wel ought I die in wanhope and distresse—*Monday morning*

"Alas," quoth he, "that day that I was bore"—*Exam Room remark*

As wilde boores they began to smyte—*Boxing Tournament*

The voices of the pepul touch the sky,
So loude cried thei with jollitee—*Half Term*

A person alone withouten helpers mo,
And dragged forth by arme, foot and toe.—*A Volunteer*

With fyle and hamer prikyng to and fro.—*The Workshops*

The grete tour that was so thikke and strong—*The Tower Block*

Som held with him that hath the blake berd
Som with the bald, some with the thikke haired—*Staff Meeting*

And cuppes ful of wyn and mylk they had—*Staff at Break*

T. Jackson, (4A).

ENGLISH FOOD

ENGLISH food has always seemed a tricky subject. Before I came over, well-intentioned people on the Continent advised me not to let myself starve, and some cousins tucked money in my cases "just in case".

However, as far as my experience of English food goes, I must say that I have had some surprises. The first part of my stay took place at the Y.W.C.A. and, though the cooks had to cope with a great and ever-changing number of girls, they did their best to arrange the food in an attractive way. I then moved into a marvellous little flat where I was lucky enough to find three flat-mates who knew how to cook. The evening meals bring us together and I think that I enjoy my meals as much as I would have enjoyed the French ones. The only point, perhaps, is that neither eating them nor getting them ready takes much time.

This must be the chief difference. English food is undoubtedly as good as the French—there is no question about it—but English housewives do not seem to bother spending a lot of time in front of their gas stoves, letting the ingredients simmer gently, lovingly adding spices, flavours and wine. It must seem a waste of time for them. Is this because of the influence of the American way of life which allows little lunch-time for working people so that they might return home at about 5 o'clock, or is it a relic of the old Victorian prudery, which more or less advised people not to enjoy life and, consequently, food?

Anyway, I am glad that the English still cross the Channel to revel in meals lavishly served with wine, for it benefits them and the French. As for my well-intentioned but narrow-minded cousins, I can answer them that the English food did not put me off in the least, as they thought it would. On the contrary, I am quite ready to return to it some day. After all, I am still alive!

M. G. Borros.

JOHN BULL'S BODY

O my England, O my England, what has happened now to thee?
We have sold you up to Uncle Sam who lives across the sea,
We have carved you up for antiques,
And he's pounced on them with glee . . .
And the dollars keep rolling in.

He has given us Kellogg's Cornflakes and that coffee in the tin,
The Twist and Elvis Presley, what a nauseating din!
He has given us Pepsi Cola,
And those ties that are so thin . . .
And the dollars keep rolling out.

We have sold him all our statues taken from our Mansions tall,
We have sold our stained glass windows and the ceiling from our Hall,
We have given him our language
But it's like man he couldn't care at all . . .
And the dollars keep rolling in.

He has given us Dr. Kildare, he has given us Bronco Layne,
He has given us Perry Mason, Laramie and Wagon Train
Without Cheyenne our A.T.V.
Would never be the same . . .
And the dollars keep rolling out.

Now some folk have moved to Yankeeland, so far across the sea,
(Stately homes look so much better in Vermont or Tennessee)
But I'd rather stay in England,
Or where England used to be,

While the dollars keep rolling in. P. CROFTS (6R)

PRIVATE STUDY

Private study on the Platform,
Circuit training in the Hall,
Thumps and bangs and shouts and footfalls
Enough to drive one up the wall.

P. CROFTS (6R)

Correspondence

THE SCHOOLS' SAILING ASSOCIATION

AS one of my hobbies is sailing, I would very much like to see our School join the Schools' Sailing Association at Pitsford. Its meetings are held at the weekends and on Thursday evenings on Pitsford Reservoir. The school members are allowed to sail dinghies called "Cadets". These boats are 10 ft. 6 ins. long and very compact.

Special races are held almost every weekend, except when the weather is too windy. Two people are allowed to sail in one dinghy, the helm and the crew, although it can be sailed single-handed. The main job of the helm is to look after the tiller and the main-sail while the crew takes charge of the "jib" or fore-sail and helps "trim" the boat. All school members have to learn to swim, and life-jackets are compulsory. A qualified helm has to take two tests. Members are allowed to sail in the Cadets until the year that they are 18 years old.

Every year, six children from Northamptonshire are picked to take part in The International Cadet Week at Burnham-on-Crouch in Essex.

SALLY COOPER (Form 1)

LIBRARY NOTES

THE use of The School Library during any School Year appears to be restricted to the First and Second forms. The novelty of borrowing books on the Reading List rapidly wears off after the Second year, and only the more literary-minded continue to use the facilities provided.

While the works of such established authors as A. Conan Doyle, Captain Johns, and Mark Twain are well received, the transition to more adult fiction does not seem to take place in more than twenty or thirty adolescent minds.

The range of non-fiction material is extensive and should appeal to the inquisitive minds of third, fourth and fifth year pupils. However, while the urge is to get home as quickly as possible after 3.55 p.m. there seems little possibility that the books will be used.

Thanks are due to the Library prefects, for their weekly stint of stamping and receiving books, and to those people who have helped in allocating new books during the year.

P. D. Drinkwater.

INTER-HOUSE BOXING

THE Annual Inter-House Boxing Championship was held in December 1962, and was well attended.

It was regretted that Dr. J. F. Hedley who has been in attendance at the Championships since their inception, was unable to be present, but Dr. J. W. Bottoms deputised for him and our thanks are due to him for acting so admirably as locum tenens.

There was a great deal of enthusiasm from the Lower School, especially from the First Year, and the number of boys wishing to box was greater than ever before.

Since 1958, when the first Championship was held, Kelvin has won three times to Blakeman's two. D. P. Miller of Kelvin was generally agreed by the judges to have won the Individual Trophy for the best performance of the evening, although several other boxers came very close.

Alderman Tollitt again presented the awards and we tender him our sincere thanks for his continued support.

G.C.G.



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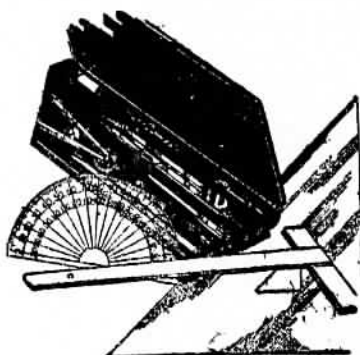
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100 SCHOLARSHIPS are offered each year. These are mostly in Mining Engineering, but a limited number are also available for Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering, and Fuel Technology.

STUDENT APPRENTICESHIPS. Boys with at least a pass in Mathematics, one Science and two other subjects in G.C.E. at O level are eligible to apply for Student Apprenticeships as an alternative to University Scholarships. They take a co-ordinated course of practical training and technical education which will equip them for careers leading to supervisory and technical posts in mining, mechanical or electrical engineering.

OTHER CAREERS. There are also good opportunities for advancement for boys with initiative who come straight into the industry from school even if they do not hold a G.C.E. Part-time courses leading to National and other Certificates are available at Technical Colleges, and day release from work, with pay, is given to approved students.

For those interested in Science, there are absorbing and rewarding possibilities at the Board's Research Establishments, and in the coalfields on operational work.

There are, from time to time, training posts for boys of a good educational standard who want to make a career in architecture, civil engineering and accountancy, as well as openings in administrative, personnel, and marketing work.

For further information about the Scholarships, Student Apprenticeships, and other careers in the industry, please write to:—

Mr. H. Palfreman,
Divisional Staff Training Officer,
National Coal Board,
East Midlands Division,
Sherwood Lodge,
Arnold,
Near Nottingham.

AROUND THE FORMS

FORM 1

Form 1 has started well, by collecting only one detention in the whole year! This gives many people the wrong impression. Besides being lazy, we are said to be very talkative and are always being told off. J. Wimpess is the brains of the form and P. Quennell our main sportswoman, nearly all of us being average brain machines. Most of the class went to a Choir Festival at Doddridge Church with Mr. Baker.

A.K.B., B.J.C., P.C.G.

FORM 1K

Our den is in Room 4, where we are under the administration of our keeper, Mr. Holland. One of the residents is Andrews, the sleepy dormouse; we have also an aviary with a Crane and a Partridge.

FORM 1R

There are 28 boys in our form, in Room 3. We hold the record of detentions over 1K and 1S. Mr. Strickland is our form-master and supervises us with an expert hand.

The brains of the form is Reljic. Last year, our form had six members in the 1st Year Rugby Team. Dun is our main chin-wagger, but we all contribute to the practically ceaseless noise from the form. I. Jesson, J. Smith and others won boxing medals for us. The winning 1st Year Relay Team consisted wholly of boys from 1R.

FORM 1S

Our form room is the Craft Room and twenty-seven of us dwell there under the strict eye of Mr. Rayton. The brains are firmly fixed in the heads of Clarke and Harcourt, Clarke coming top in the Christmas examinations. Harcourt missed two weeks of hard academic labour by moving house from Nuneaton to Northampton, but he soon settled down to our routine. Our best at gym are Meakins and Metcalf.

J.P.

FORM 2

In Room 2 are 32 charming (?) girls. The brain of the form is Jane Pendle who came top in Languages. We have a few star athletes, Susan Adams being the brightest. Lynne Taylor and Barbara Lund were chosen for the Under-14 Rounders Team. Some of us took part in the dancing at the Christmas concert and some were chosen for the play. Mr. Bamber tries to turn us into well-spoken demoiselles.

L.T., S.I., D.M.

2K

The noisy 2K abide in the Language Room where they were joined in November by Craig, who came from Portsmouth. Pearson is the clever boy who, it is predicted, will come top again in the summer exams. Gilkes, Sketchley, Craig, Welch and Thompson do most of the annoying. Richardson asks the stupid questions. Pearson is our best athlete.

2R

Room 5 is our unlicensed betting den. Here, the roulette wheel is turned by M. B. . . . S. We have a high opinion of ourselves, although one member of staff calls us "rubbish."

2S

In the Summer Term, 1S learned that they were being condemned to S1 (as 2S) with Mr. Waller as our depressed warden. Amongst wood, stage-props and cobwebs you will find "Spook," "Pimple," "Pongo," "Gubbs," "Mac," "Shad," "Steptoe" and "Chuckles" We have a "Welsh leek," who is always raving for self-government for Wales, and "Jock" who knows nothing except what haggis is made of. Our only defence is one bent cannon, three pistols, one broom, and two tins of coke. R.R.

FORM 3

If you look carefully into courtroom 7 you will find 26 juvenile delinquents who are, at present, under the watchful eye of Judge Queenborough. It was found at the last hearing that we have amongst us hairdressers, singers, athletes, artists and nurses. The agony of our sentence in the Tower is broken by the presence of Cell 6 which contains a large number of boys. L.S.

3A

Our form spends its time in Room 6, where we are governed by Mr. Bamber. We have a few athletes in the class, including 16 boys who have played for one of the School's rugby teams at one time or another. Foster, Johnson, Judd, Williams, Hall and Collyer were in the School Sports, and many boys were in last year's Under-13 Cricket Team. The members of our little band have varied interests. Stuart is keen on photography, Barringer is an experienced philumenist, Foster is keen on cycling, and many boys enjoy fishing. J.N.

3B

Our form come from the depths of the Engineering Lab., and are supervised by Mr. Chater. Withers and Gordon shine in the Gym, and Gough is the most brilliant in academic work. Annison is always trying to get a political party in power that will cheapen motorcycles and, most important, give wages to the poor, hard-worked schoolboy. We all support him. C.R.

3M

Outside the Art Room (sometimes inside) reside 10 female artists and 12 male layabouts. Wendy Quick received a prize on Speech Day, and four of our girls are in the rounders team. Botterill and Lear, if they feel inclined, excel in athletics, and so did Belinda Woodcock, but she left us at Christmas. Davis is the best boxer. We also have a few musicians: Warwick plays the guitar; Julie Pettitt plays the violin; and Hall is a choirboy.

3M is quite a mixture!

S.E.P.

4A

Our form is still basically the same as last year's, but we have lost Horne to the outside world, and gained Heginbotham, a lofty six-footer from Staffordshire.

Our form room, Room 10, accommodated some of us in the first-year, but those times are but a distant memory as we speed on towards the looming G.C.E. year. On the academic side, Littlewood and Taylor still emerge as champions, having won prizes for the third year running. On the more energetic side, Snedker, Jones, Luck, Jackson and Daly employ their skills to good effect in the gymnasium, on the rugger field and on the sports field. On the debit side, however (censored).

M.R.V.

FORM 4

This year we are stationed in the Geography Room with Mrs. Hogg. As this means carrying books around all day, because we never have lessons there, we do not enjoy it very much. Five girls left us at Christmas, and I must say we are sometimes slightly envious of their independence. Two or three of us won prizes on Speech Day, and others were involved in the events of Sports Day. During the Easter Holidays, four girls went with the school trip to Germany, and three on the trip to Switzerland. From sundry remarks, and giggles they still have occasionally, they seem to have enjoyed themselves. Next year we face the G.C.E. As we have worked hard this year, we should not be worried.

J.K.H.

4M

Twenty-six boys and six girls were allotted places in Room 8, in September, 1962. Since then, one girl, Linda Westley, has left. We think that our contribution to the school rugger team is outstanding, eight boys—Barnes, Cookson, Currie, Dorr, Duff, Middleton, Paige and Wimpress—having played. Four boys have played cricket for the School team this season. They are Duff, Giles, Paige and Wimpress. In addition to these achievements, seven boys have taken part in the school play, "Androcles and the Lion." Dorr helped with the sound effects and our form master, Mr. Hill, was one of the co-producers.

A.M.M.

4C

The interests of 4C lie in many different fields. Stringer, who has run for the County, won the Hurdles event in the Inter-School Sports. The rugby team has taken the field with as many as six 4C members and the cricket team with four. Hobbies vary from train-spotting to collecting Elvis Presley records. The clan gathers in Room 9 before school lessons begin, at which we all work very hard, of course.

D.C.

5A

Sandwiched between the Domestic Science Room and the Chemistry Laboratory, we are tormented by appetising or ominous smells. At the time of going to press, we are applying ourselves to desperate last-minute revision for the examinations.

The scholastic champion of the form is G. Bromage; D. Butlin, A. Smith, B. Hall and M. Wills are good cricketers, and R. Bierton, P. Shaw and D. Jones are keen on Judo. D. Butlin, P. Shaw, T. Peploe, M. Adhemar and B. Bird all played in the 1st XV, and J. Davies and P. Essam again represented the School in the Inter-Schools Swimming and Athletics meetings. We have a keen fisherman in P. Chillingsworth and three ornithologists in B. Cave, R. Warren and M. Wills. B. Bird is our entertainer, keeping us happy throughout each tedious term. On reflection, you could say that we have not three, but thirty Bird-Watchers.

P.S., J.C.

5B

Ejected from Room 14, we now reside in Room 12, under the iron rule of that ace historian and economist, Mr. Hartwell. On the whole, we are a lively form, and many of us have been press-ganged into the Second Rugby XV. It is a very little known fact, if not a closely guarded secret, that there is some intelligence in the form. For the gifted few, a happy future is assured.

R.B.

5C

We lost Dimmock at Christmas, but the twenty-four of us remaining have carried on the good work. It was a moderate year for us in sport, the only outstanding achievements being Clarke's new record in the Pole-Vault and Clayton's barefoot win in the Mile. Cork, our budding Van Gogh, took the part of Spintho in "Androcles and the Lion." Our form is, regrettably, nearing its end, as the majority of us are leaving at the end of term to go out and make our marks in the world.

M.J.E.

5D

Here, in room 11, over the continuous chanting of "Cobblers, Cobblers," the voice of authority is heard, as Mr. Grimshaw, our form master, tries to explain that our school day has to begin. After hearing from Cassius Farmer we are ready to start the day. In the Inter-House Cross-Country, Osborne finished a worthy second and, on Speech Day, G. Churchill, J. Groves, and A. Markes won prizes.

T.R.A.I.N.E.R.

5F

We are an ambitious lot and **always** get what we want, which is why we will all pass our G.C.E.'s, with the help, of course, of Yogi Bear, Huckleberry Hound and Angus (our Scottie dog), who are our form mascots. We are very proud of Christine Harding who won a cup on Sports Day for obtaining the most points for her house. Five of our form have been made temporary prefects, but we are not so proud of them.

Our interests are many, and range from ploughing the fields and scattering with the "Young Farmers" to watching football in the pouring rain.

L.M.

5G

The form is a mixture of round-shouldered, twisted-fingered, shorthand typists and a herd of highly-educated book-worms.

Six beautiful belles and the Northamptonshire Cricket Bat (Sorry, Cricket Queen) joined 5G from 5F and they make a lively addition to the form.

Sandra Perrin and Sandra Glover are in the Hockey Team, and several girls won prizes on Speech Day. Apart from that, no-one has achieved anything outstanding, much to the dismay of Mrs. Taylor who *had* high hopes for us.

I.W., M.E.

6R

Sue Crouch, Sue Crouch lend us your black mare,
All along, down along, down in S2.
To see the Six-R-ites who congregate there,
There's Tom Smith, Pez Finney, Piff King, Pete Crofts,
Geoff Line, Prof. Roy, Brian Betts, Chris Whitney,
And Uncle J. Linnell and all,
And Uncle J. Linnell and all.

Six R, Six R, what happens in form?
All along, down along, down in S2.
Things often occur so far from the norm.
There's riots and mob scenes, explosions and floods,
And ginger beer brewing and all,
And ginger beer brewing and all.

In spite of these dangers we all are contented,
 All along, down along, down in S2.
 Our efforts in class have we never relented,
 Not Trog Morrison, Zoe Hutchins, David West, Hughie Davies,
 Harvey Knight, Richard Randerson, Paul Scott-Evans.
 Nor Uncle J. Linnell and all.
 Nor Uncle J. Linnell and all.

P.C.

6LS

Distilled mainly from the remnants of last year's infamous 5A, this year's 6LS presents a somewhat motley selection of potential scientists. Heading the form's honours list we have Roderick Farey—voted "Most Officious Prefect of the Year" by his 4th and 5th form supporters. Shipman spends most of his school-life in the Dark Room and may sometimes be seen, on emerging, pale and red-eyed, blinking in the strong daylight. Robertson and Calder are at the moment rebuilding an old car, but the amount of money they spend on it is, unfortunately, inversely proportional to the chance of it ever starting again. Foley is our greatest security risk.

In order that our education shall not be confined strictly to school work, two of our masters include cultured diversions in their lessons. Mr. Newell specializes in Welsh philosophy, whilst Mr. Howard lectures us on Turkish and French proverbs, and Georgian noblemen.

R.J.

6LM

'Tis strange that on our class they frown
 And on our genii look down,
 For though our time we spend in jest,
 We are in quality—the best.
 When asked which book he likes the most,
 Young Jones grows pale, just like a ghost,
 Then in his desk his hands do grope,
 Then comes his answer—"Why, 'tis Pope!"
 Take Druker too (don't ask me where)
 Whose satire causes mass despair:
 If Druker is of us the Sage,
 What are the prospects for our age?
 Loud laughter fills the obedient air
 —'Tis Ginns—he's just seen "Yogi Bear."
 Our class is proficiently looked after
 By one long-suffering form-master.
 For Mr. Meldrum we all pray
 That we won't send his hair too grey.

F.G.P.

STUDENT OFFICERS

Head Boy: Thomas, P. W. *Head Girl:* V. Humber

Deputy Head Boy: Barnes, R. D.

Deputy Head Girl: V. Rhoades

Senior Prefects:

Lacey, R. M.
Lacey, M. J.

Tero, J. P.
Thomas, T. N.

Smith, C. M.
Drinkwater, P. D.

Prefects—Boys:

Betts, D. I.
Brown, B. L.
Calder, I. R.
Church, J. A.
Clements, R. L.
Cornelius, D. J.
Courtney, J. A.
Davies, P.
Douglas, P. A.
Druker, B.
Eyton-Jones, M. R.
Farey, R. A.
Foley, J. M.

Hensman, R. T.
Hinde, R. J.
Hofman, A. L.
Jones, R.
King, P. F.
Kingston, M. R.
McIlravia, I. W.
Moore, A. W.
Morrison, J. L.
Palmer, F. G.
Pooley, A. D.
Randerson, R. J.
Robertson, K. E.

Rooke, D. J. J.
Scott-Evans, P. G.
Sims, G. R.
Skears, C. A.
Street, G. J.
Thomson, H. E. M.
Warren, G. J.
West, D. S.
Williamson, J. N.
Winkworth, E. J.
Wright, J. S.
Wright, S.

Senior Prefects—Girls:

L. Lewis
E. Merry

S. Hemmaway
L. Rixon

J. Ambler
G. Harries

Prefects—Girls:

J. Billingham
J. Brawn
A. Cawley
A. Chamberlain

J. Dyer
D. Headland
Z. Hutchins

J. Thornton
C. Whitney
S. Wiggett

Senior Library Prefect: P. D. Drinkwater

Deputy Library Prefect: J. Billingham

Library Prefects:

B. Dunkley
M. Ginns
R. V. Jones
L. Pomeroy
B. Reed

N. Davis
A. Finney
D. Fellowes
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G. Bull
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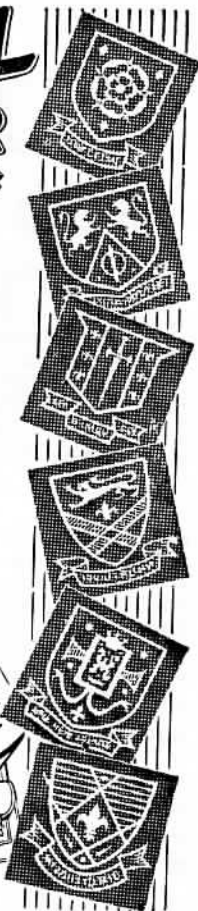
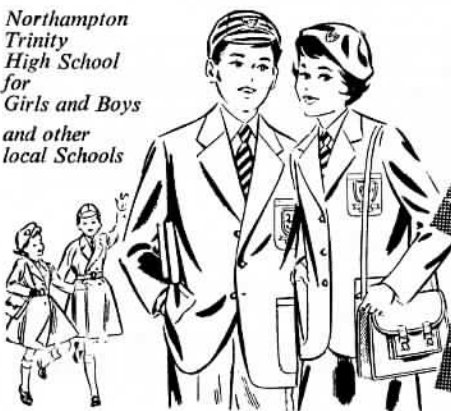
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