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JEREMY HIBBARD

Sub-Editors
SIMON CORRINGHAM
WILLIAM DARWALL
ADAM FOX-EDWARDS
DAVID MELVIN
PAUL VINCENT
"When we have match'd our rackets to these balls . . . . ."
CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH CANNOT LIVE TOGETHER

Thus the Bard of Avon would have us believe. Last year, a good deal of the responsibility for the collection of material for our annual literary venture passed to a group of boys who came to be known as 'The FANFARE Ginger Group'. This year, the group has been reformed, largely due to the energy and initiative of Jeremy Hibbard who, having done more than any other single person to rustle up material, has been deservedly promoted to the appointment of Assistant Editor—thus making small history as the first boy to attain that grade in the life span of the present school magazine series. He has been well-supported by a group of Sub-Editors, and also by a team of anonymous form representatives with the result that much more than usual of the content of this issue is the original product of the younger portion of the community. If some of my colleagues have been seen from time to time lurking in the background, all the more praise to them for supplying benevolent supervision from afar as opposed to close direction at the work desk.

Truly in the spirit of this new state of affairs, which has taken a long time to come to natural fruition, I now hand over the Editorial pen to my assistant, and in so doing welcome him to this august column.

AS I SEE IT

What amazes me is that such a highly-refined magazine can be put together from the hundreds of rather scruffy pieces of paper which lie in the bottom of my tuckbox.

I remember one night sitting in the library when a certain person, who shall remain nameless, stomped in and buried me under an avalanche of stories.

For two years running now the Easter Term has been infected with disease and unfortunately this slowed down the minds of our contributors. But we have all worked our hardest (sic. ED.) during the summer in order to help you to enjoy this magazine.

I would particularly like to thank the members of Form 6b for putting up with me over the past year and for turning out some superb work. I have also this year tried to collect a wider selection of stories for 'FANFARE', ranging from 'Flowers and Animals' to the 'Blood-in-the-dustbin type' horror story. We have taken great care in choosing our stories this year because we are restricted to a limited number of pages. However, please enjoy the magazine which we have taken time and trouble to prepare.

Please read on.
IN RETROSPECT
CHRISTMAS TERM, 1973

This year has seen another small increase in our numbers and we had a record number of 147 by the Summer Term. It is encouraging that so many parents demand the sort of education that we provide, even though its cost rises term by term. For our part, we are committed to ensuring that what we have to offer is worth the price that has to be paid, and in a world where every sort of standard seems to be on the decline, this is not always an easy task.

We are helped and encouraged by the quality of leadership which is displayed by some of the boys who reach the top of the tree. For the past year, they have been led by MARK DEEBLE, and with true Cornish grit he set about a task which did not come easily to him, and made of it a success of which he can well be proud. Much depends on our Head Boy, and in retrospect we can claim to have been well served by each successive generation for some time past. It is always a source of satisfaction to see the response that this high office engenders in the young, and there must be some good reason why we are so seldom disappointed.

The congregation at our Sunday morning services seems to swell term by term. We are naturally delighted to share our weekly worship with as many of our friends as possible and can only apologise that space does not always permit us to seat them as comfortably as we would wish. This however seems to deter nobody. Apart from the 'Canons in Residence' we had visits on these Sunday mornings from John Lyon, who is always most welcome; from Peter Boissier, a Housemaster at Sherborne, who stayed overnight with his wife; and from Lady Caradon, who gave us a fascinating talk on the work of the 'Save the Children' Fund. Her grandson is a member of our community.

The cause of music was as usual well served. Leon Goossens visited us again, this time with his enchanting oboe, and gave us another memorable recital in which he was accompanied at the harpsichord by John Simpson. The following morning, Mr. Simpson made another appearance, this time in his more usual role as Vicar of St. Michael's at Helston, and talked to us at our Sunday service. A short while later we had a visit from singers Jill Nott Bower and Robert Spencer, and for the specialist there were the now customary visits to concerts in Plymouth given by the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and its associated ensemble, the Bournemouth Sinfonietta, well reported on other pages.

Our marine education—especially important since so many of us have close nautical ties—was continued by the visit of Doctor Andrews, who spoke of his round-the-world voyage in ‘Merlin’, and by Sub-Lieutenant John Prescott, R.N. who introduced an interesting recruiting session on the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines. Your scribe always feels a twinge of sympathy for the young officers who are despatched to us from time to time to tell us of the pleasures of service in the Royal Navy. He feels that all too often they fail to realise, until it is too late, that they are in a sense bringing coals to Newcastle, and their look of wonderment when it is finally revealed by a show of hands just how many of those present have been associated with the Service since birth is a sight to behold!

The fireworks went off with a bang as intended. The bonfire blazed on schedule. The boys left for their half-term break in the light of the dying flames.

The last three weeks of this term always seem to be devoted to advance celebrations of Christmas. This year the play, ‘The Three Cavaliers’, had a Christmassy flavour, and is referred to at greater length on another page.

The end-of-term concert had some Christmas music, and this in turn led up to the Christmas Party (now even more civilised than ever!), the Carol Service, (when the old house comes near to bursting at the seams), and the Christmas Dance. The junketings of Christmas Day must have come as something of an anti-climax to some who had already been celebrating Christmas for the past month or so.
EASTER TERM, 1974

This is the notorious ‘bug’ term and, although we did not get away with it entirely, disruption was rather less than it has been in recent years. All the main events took place as scheduled. We had another visit from Bernard Brown, with his ‘Sound the trumpet’ programme, to which he added an unsolicited spectacular by sounding ‘Reveille’ in the morning, having stayed as an overnight guest.

The Blundell’s Musicians, many of whom we seem to have seen before, paid us another visit, with their programme of music and song calculated, no doubt, to tempt those of us who have not yet made up our minds, to consider Blundell’s as a possible resting place for the next four or five years after Mount House.

We had, by popular request, a repeat performance of H.P.W’s award-winning epic ‘Round the World in Forty Days’ in the making of which he gained the double distinction of beating Phileas Fogg and Passepartout by forty days, and of being the only recorded I.A.P.S. Headmaster to have been hijacked.

Visitors to our Sunday services included Denis Ball, Headmaster of Kelly College; Hubert Doggart, Headmaster of King’s School, Bruton; and a welcome return visit from Frank Fisher, Master of Wellington, and now the custodian of quite a number of our past students. He tackled the unenviable task of addressing the final gathering at our end-of-term Evensong, and despite the fact that we were all packed and ready for the ‘off’, he succeeded in holding our attention with a memorable talk.

The last Saturday of this term was packed with the now-traditional round of activity, centred on the Modelling Exhibition but with two major fringe events in the Music Competition and the Reading Prize Competition. The former was judged by J. H. Bill, the Director of Music at Plymouth College; the latter by Derrick Denner, Housemaster of Petergate at Blundell’s and until recently Head of the English Department there.

Easter Term came round again. Some description of it appears on another page. Suffice it to say that this periodical opportunity to escape into the outside world and see something of what makes it revolve seems to make an impression on enough of the participants to suggest that it is a worthwhile activity.

But the stark fact remains that the poor old Easter Term is few people’s favourite. Even to call it ‘Spring Term’ does not noticeably alter its odour!

SUMMER TERM, 1974

Perhaps the most important thing about a summer term, after the Scholarship and Common Entrance hurdles have been negotiated, is the weather. We certainly had a lot of weather this year, and for a time in June the sun shone. But on the whole the weather with which we were favoured was not up to standard, and this had a considerable effect on our daily lives, geared as they must be in the summer to the great outdoors. The climax came when the Set Match finals were played in a steady drizzle which became more and more a downpour as time ticked away. Viewed from the bow-window in the Hall, the nearest your correspondent came to the field of play, the scene was one that could never be equalled, much less surpassed, in any other country in the world. Through the driving rain one could catch occasional glimpses of crouched and sodden figures intent on the impact of bat on ball and every now and then the pair of batsmen would slosh determinedly from end to end, spray flying, bow waves flecked with foam. In the outfield there were signs of movement as despairing fielders, designated for the deep, came to realise just what that really meant and searched frantically for some landmark on which to home. This was the spirit that founded Empires; this it was that made Britain Great. But to the lay onlooker, it was, to say the least, a puzzling form of enjoyment. But enjoy it they did—of that there can be no question.

It is traditional too that the school photograph, another regular but not annual ritual, should require suitably-Spartan weather con-
ditions, and this year was no exception. True
the rain stopped just in time, but the icy blast
did not falter for one moment, and it is a tribute
to our histrionic powers that the end product
portrayed so convincingly the idyll of a warm,
sunny day, with jerseys off and sleeves rolled
up. Luckily the goose-pimples were not in focus.

The Cross-Country Competition a day or
two later once again revealed us as a breed apart.
Stripped to the waist, not to add to his suntan
but to minimise the drying process afterwards,
every able-bodied athlete in the school was
despatched to the start from the ‘waiting room’
in the Hall. Each according to his age then set off
on a mini-marathon, refreshed and invigorated
by the unceasing rain. But if Britain no longer
rules the waves, her sons can certainly create
(and endure) them in every conceivable circum­
stance.

The entertainment by an African group call­
ing themselves ‘The Bagoma’ is fully described
elsewhere. This was at least an indoor entertain­
ment, and one that most of the ex-Kenya residents on our staff would never have witnessed
at first-hand but would merely perhaps have
heard in the background as their native staff
indulged in a Saturday night razzamatazz.

Our next invasion was more seemly perhaps
but also more potentially hazardous. It occurred
when the Incorporated Association of Preparat­
ory Schools, to which we owe allegiance, held a
District Meeting at our school. Ostensibly, the
idea was to give a number of Headmasters and
their wives a day out and a chance to discuss
common problems. In effect, we were quizzed in
the nicest possible way and our every quirk
investigated, from kitchens to dormitories, from
classroom to changing room. We made no
attempt to ‘put on a show’, realising that this
would be immediately suspect to those ‘in the
trade’. Our visitors were simply able to see us
as others see us all the time, and to form their
own impressions of what we do and how we
do it. It was an interesting exercise for both
parties, the watchers and the watched, and we
hope that we may perhaps have given some sort
of inspiration to someone, though this we shall
never know.

Athletics Day, now firmly established in our
calendar and a tribute to the energetic efforts of
Graham Bush to establish serious Athletics as
opposed to mere ‘Sports’, came and went in
unaccustomed sunshine. Within half-an-hour of
the end, early in the afternoon, the place was
deserted. Half-term had happened.

In our Sunday worship, we were joined on
separate occasions by James Batten, Headmaster
of King’s College, Taunton; by Richard Gilpin,
the Vicar of Tavistock; by ever-faithful John
Lyon; by the Bishop of Plymouth, who spoke to
us as the centre-piece of a special Festival Service
in which were portrayed in words and music the
main events of the Christian Year; and the
Chaplian of the Royal Naval College at Dart­
mouth, who addressed the huge congregation at
the Parish Church at our end-of-year Service.

What else did we do? We took part in
energetic Pioneer and Pathfinder activities,
culminating in the Pioneer Camp and Pathfinder
Weekend, the latter ably run by Christopher
Perry, David Thompson, Richard Thomson and
Miles Morris and remarkable for an endless
barbecue by the river organised by Matron.
Luckily this is not a smokeless zone! We played
tennis (some of us coached by Malcolm James);
we played golf, instructed perhaps by Tony
Moore from the Tavistock Club, or by John
Weeks from the Mary Tavy outback; we fished,
with or without Bill Hunt (did James Buchanan
do anything else?); we rowed and sailed, the
latter on the lake, or on the Tamar with H.P.W.;
we swam, and some of us gained awards for
Survival, Life-Saving or Speed; we played cricket
and rounders; we trained for athletics awards,
and in some cases gained them; we trained for
the Prep. Schools Triathlon in the summer
holidays; we shot, some of us with conspicuous
success, some without causing a single blemish
on the target; we cycled, chased, loafed, shouted,
got wet, dirty, hot, cold—and oh yes; some of us
must have worked, because all managed to pass
their entrance exams for their next school.
Our international goodwill gesture this year embraced a visit for the second half of the term from Erik Asker and Bjorn Strandell. They live in Sweden, and there seems little doubt now that after their visit to us it is only a matter of time before the first series of Test Matches are played, beginning on the Oval of course, against Sweden.

After the term ended, there was no rest for our triathletes, who responded well to the appeal to keep themselves in peak condition for the Wellington meeting. Nor was there any rest for K.C.C., who once again organised a successful tour by the Mount House Wanderers by employing the kind of magic to which only he can aspire. These events are described elsewhere.

And the Oval was not deserted after the end of the term. The spirit of Cricket was kept alive by the annual Morshead-May Somerville contest, and later by some very successful games arranged by Patrick Cashell, who seems to work nearly as hard in the holidays as he does in the term (and you can interpret that as you wish!)

The Royal National Lifeboat Institute again held a school holiday sponsored swim in our pool, which on other days has been thickly populated by unsponsored swimmers. It has even been rumoured that some members of the local Pony Club have been seen training therein from time to time, though not with their ponies but as part of their preparation for the Pony Club Tetrathlon. Two members of their junior team were supplied by us in the shape of Miles Sprott and Nick Dyke.

**VALETE ET SALVETE**

During the year, we have said goodbye to the following boys:-

Julian Allen—Monkton Combe.
Nicholas Booth—Kelly College.
Rupert Bowen—King’s College, Taunton.
Blair Cliffe—King’s College, Taunton.
Bruce Davidson—Plymouth College.
Mark Deeble—Blundell’s.
Jonathan Lean—Kelly College.
John Lewis—Kelly College.
Ross Mackintosh—Wellington College.
Hamish McLeod—King’s College, Taunton.
Tony Mann—King’s College, Taunton.
James Muir—Shrewsbury.
Benjamin Murch—Bryanston.
Roderick Porter—Sherborne.
Duncan Potts—Wellington School.
William Sharp—Wellington College.
Ian Smith—Plymouth College.
Miles Sprott—Sherborne.
Bruce Stewart—King’s College, Taunton.

Luke Forster, Drummond and Alexander Modley, and Hugo Montgomery-Swan have also been snatched untimely from our midst during the year for various family reasons. To all of them we send our warmest greetings and the hope that we shall have a chance to see them all again soon and often.

Luckily, their places have been filled by a new generation, and to them we extend our cordial greetings and the wish that their time in our community may be happy and profitable:-

Siward Atkins.
Christopher Barley.
Simon Bayly.
Richard Bridge.
Richard Brough.
Andrew Cole.
Edward Fletcher.
Ralf Furse.
James Gardner.
Guy Healey.
Roger Highton.
Matthew Kirwin.

Angus Lewis.
Christopher Ling.
Mark McElney.
Philip Marshall-Lee.
Alexander Modley.
Richard Paige.
William Perry.
Simon Read.
Geoffrey Sayers.
Marcus Stone.
Jeremy Weeks.
Richard Wright.

Erik Asker and Bjorn Strandell visited us for a few weeks in the summer. To them we say in one breath welcome and goodbye. We hope to see them again.
COMMON ROOM

It was not until Ian Kilpatrick had left us to try his luck in the State system that we began to become acutely aware of just what a breach we had been left to fill. It was not merely his teaching, mostly of History, that had to be replaced. That was comparatively simple. But it was his Rugby coaching, his Physical Education know-how, his Gym Club, his Photographic Club, his care of pitches and wickets, his Pioneer expertise, his Open Day organisation, and the hundred-and-one little things with which he coped and of which one was scarcely aware until they suddenly ceased to be done. We all wonder at times just what it is that our colleagues do with their time. We certainly now have a better appreciation of what Ian did. We are truly grateful for his splendid contribution to our life and work here and we wish every happiness to him and Liz, and to his three children in their chosen new life. We are glad that he still finds time to look in on us, and that his daughter still occupies a desk among the first violins in the orchestra.

Some of Ian's commitments have been taken on by Richard Munnings, another recruit from the distant shores of Africa. He joined us in January and we are glad to welcome him to our midst. He has brought with him a large black dog, of unprepossessing and somewhat formidable appearance, but having apparently a heart of gold and an insatiable appetite. Our salaams to master and mate.

In the meantime, Patrick Cashell and John Weeks, who joined us in the summer, with their families, seem to have settled in happily and have made a commendable contribution to the life of our community. We have also been glad to see rather more of Mrs. Margaret Chinn, who came to us originally 'to help out' and is now happily very much part of the scene. She brings with her enormous experience which she is applying with conspicuous success in the field of special English teaching.

SCHOLARS

Our congratulations to this year's batch of scholars who, (in most cases with no apparent effort!) have maintained our tradition of a steady stream of academic successes of this nature:-

- Julian Allen—Scholarship, Monkton Combe.
- Rupert Bowen—Art Exhibition, King's College, Taunton.
- Mark Deeble—Scholarship, Blundell's.
- John Lewis—Scholarship, Kelly College.
- Tony Mann—Scholarship, King's College, Taunton.

Hamish McLeod and Benjamin Murch were also considered good enough to take the scholarship exam to King's, Taunton and to Bryanston respectively, and although they failed to gain an award, both qualified for entry on the results they obtained. This in itself is a worthwhile achievement and an example that others could well follow.

PREFECTS

It has already been noted that Mark Deeble has been Head Boy for the whole of the year. During this time he has been assisted by the following boys who were Prefects for all or part of the period, and are shown alphabetically to avoid fear or favour:-

- Julian Allen.
- Rupert Bowen.
- Blair Cliffe.
- Simon Corringham.
- Bruce Davidson.
- Jeremy Hibbard.
- Ross Mackintosh.
- Hamish McLeod.
- Tony Mann.

- David Morris.
- James Muir.
- Roderick Porter.
- Duncan Potts.
- Ian Smith.
- Miles Sprott.
- Bruce Stewart.
- Paul Vincent.

With the help in varying degrees of a number of lesser mortals in the shape of Sub-Prefects, these boys have played a significant part in the running of the school over the past year, and our fortunes are always directly connected in a number of important ways with the success or otherwise of these school officers.
This has been on the whole a good year, a fact for which the Prefects can take a good deal of the credit. As usual, we shall start the year off with only a small nucleus of experienced Prefects. It is always a source of interest to see how quickly the newly-promoted officers get to grips with the situation and begin to make themselves felt, and there is little doubt that Hugh Fox, the new Head Boy, will very soon take full command of his responsibilities.

THE ELLIS REPORT
The French conference referred to in our last edition did not in the end take place until the Summer Term. It was close in time to the Music conference which was also convened at Mount House. We therefore had two contrasted groups of experts in our midst for a short time. They seemed to have enjoyed their day here. It remains to be seen what will transpire from their deliberations, which have a tendency to disappear into a pipeline which has no very obvious exit.

THE LONDON READING PRIZE
This was held this year, as was originally intended on the same day as the Modelling Exhibition. It was this time judged by Derrick Denner, who is on the English staff at Blundell’s and was Head of the Department before he undertook to run a House. He made some penetrating and very interesting comments on the work of each competitor, at the same time avoiding the pitfall of embarrassing them publicly by a damning criticism, as is the way of some adjudicators.

Prizes were awarded to Hamish McLeod, Jeremy Hibbard and Martin Stubbs.

GIFTS
It is a recurring pleasure to record here the many splendid gifts with which we are presented at frequent intervals. In giving some details of the latest in line, we wish to place on record our warmest thanks to the many kind friends who choose to mark the sojourn of their sons at Mount House in such diverse and useful ways:-

Andrew and James Muir—A sum of money for reproductions of famous paintings.
William and Jonathan Lean—A sum of money to be used for the furtherance of Rugby or Swimming, the exact use not as yet decided.
Hugo Montgomery-Swan and William Sharp—Presentation chairs.
Roderick Porter and Hamish McLeod—Choir Hymn Books.
Dominic and Benjamin Murch—A condenser microphone for the music department.
Tony Mann—A binocular microscope.
Drummond and Alexander Modley—Handbook of Knots for the library.
Simon and Rupert Travis—A pair of Cedar trees, Cedar of Lebanon and Cedar Atlantica.

SUNDAY SERVICE COLLECTIONS
The total sum collected at our Sunday services through the year has once again set a new record of nearly £600 and we are truly grateful to all, young and old, who have helped to achieve this splendid amount, which has been distributed among the following organisations:-

Pestalozzi Children’s Village.
Plymouth Spastics Society.
cancer Research.
Northorpe Hall.
Plymouth Samaritans.
Men of the Trees.
Help the Aged.
The Shaftesbury Society.
Shelter.
The British Red Cross Society.
Save the Children Fund.
UNICEF.
Gulworthy School for Autistic Children.

In making this small gesture of goodwill to those who are far worse off than we are, it is to be hoped that with our money go also thankful hearts that we are in a position to provide this much-needed help to a few of those who, even in the days of the Welfare State, still look to voluntary contributions on a huge scale for their continued prosperity.
CHRISTOPHER NOY SCOTT
We are sad that circumstances have required Dr. Noy Scott to give up his appointment as School Medical Officer, as he has moved out of the district. He has served us loyally and faithfully ever since the retirement of Doctor Tom Davie, and has gone out of his way to take as full a part in the life of our community as his other manifold obligations have permitted. In saying goodbye to him, we have lost a true friend of the school as well as a skilled medical attendant whose expertise in dealing with the ailments of the young was very apparent to all who observed him at work. Our only comfort for the future lies in the fact that Dr. Noy Scott's successor is to be Dr. Alan Winfield, already well-known to us both as a parent, and professionally as a frequent stand-in for Dr. Noy Scott in his absence. To them both go our good wishes.

THE BAGOMA
Since I have been at Mount House we have had many thrilling recitals, but I think that the night we were entertained by four tribal dancers is the one I will remember more than any of the others.

On the stage were four skin drums, two medium sized, one large red drum and one very small red drum (a small cylindrical yellow drum was brought in later).

Soon the rhythm began and three men appeared; their names were Sam Idi (Ghana), John Taduvor (Camercon) and Basil Wanzira (Uganda). Then a lady appeared; her name was Abenaa Kwapong (Ghana).

The rhythm grew more and more and was very noisy. However while Mr. Moore was sitting in the beechwoods with his ear-plugs, we were all enjoying ourselves tremendously.

Soon we were all dancing to the rhythm and laughing our heads off.

For weeks afterwards it was still a topic of conversation.

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD
A talk by Dr. Andrews
Dr. Andrews's first photograph was of his own sturdy boat Merlin and her crew. Dr. Andrews began his voyage from Plymouth and then went to Madeira where he showed us the most marvellous picture of Henry the Navigator's memorial. From here he went to the Canaries and from there he set out across the North Atlantic on the long stretch to the West Indies and to the Galapagos Islands. Across the Pacific there are many islands and immensely clear water through which you can see easily. He stopped at many islands including Fiji. From Fiji he went to New Zealand and from there he went to Sydney where he met a man who had been demasted and had a complete capsize. Then to Tasmania and on his way there he met a very bad storm in which he broke his collarbone. As he had only visited Tasmania, he sailed back to Sydney, north to Java and then west to Mauritius, after which he dropped in at Capetown. From here he started his home run visiting a few islands including the Azores, and so back to Plymouth. He said at the end of his lecture that he had thoroughly enjoyed the voyage and had a sense of achievement as he had been wanting to do it for years. It took him 2½ years with a great deal of preparation.

THE FILM SHOW
We all walked into the Hall mystified. A man came to the front and told us that this film was very old and taken in 1924. It was silent but interesting; it was about David Livingstone, his life and death. The shots were good considering the early camera. His experiences were fantastic, and most of them I never knew of. I came out full of new knowledge.

(This film was presented by Stuart Keen, the well-known film-maker and cinema historian. It was presented with the aid of his own unique equipment, and was accompanied by music played on 78 r.p.m. gramophone records and most cleverly synthetised by Mr. Keen during the actual projection and without the aid of tapes or any other more sophisticated means of synchronisation. It is also interesting to note that the entire film was shot in natural daylight.)
even the interiors consisting of stage settings erected in the open air. The whole film and its method of presentation was a unique experience which may not perhaps have made the impact that it should have done on today's young, accustomed as they are to every kind of technical innovation and expertise. ED.)

**LUTE AND GUITAR**

During the winter term, we had a recital by Jill Nott-Bower and Robert Spencer. A few guitar songs were played and then the lute appeared. The first lute appeared with twelve strings—'Difficult', I thought. The second lute appeared—'Seventeen strings'—a lump formed in my throat. 'Oh, no', I thought as Robert Spencer lifted a third lute with a total of thirty-seven strings.

He told us about the lute and then played some more songs and soon had us all singing along. It was one of the best recitals I have ever attended.

*Jeremy Hibbard*

**LEON GOOSEN S (Oboe) with JOHN SIMPSON (Harpsichord)**

We all filed into the hall one Saturday night, all very excited about the music that we were to hear later.

The first things I noticed were two men on the stage, one standing with an oboe—Leon Goossens, and one behind a large instrument which looked rather like a grand-piano but was a harpsichord—he was John Simpson.

First Mr. Leon Goossens told us about his oboe. Unfortunately he did not talk about the harpsichord which was a pity.

After the short lecture we had a few tunes from the two men which were very pleasant.

When Mr. Goossens had announced that he had finished, everybody clapped so hard that they played us another tune.

Then came the normal charge of the autograph brigade.

*Grahame Bartleet*

**B.S.O. CONCERT**

As soon as I entered the Guildhall I felt the atmosphere that the audience thought it was going to be a high grade of music. And I was proved right when the leader and conductor came on to immense clapping. The conductor was Paavo Berglund and he was born in Helsinki in 1929.

The first piece was 'Tone poem, En Saga' by Sibelius (1856-1957). This tone poem was published in 1903. It is interesting that there is no part for the timpani in this piece, although other percussion instruments appear in the score.

I thought this was a very entertaining piece.

The second piece was a Piano Concerto in A minor by Schumann (1810-1856). The pianist, Jean Roldolphe Kars, was involved in a car accident and was unable to appear. In his place Allan Schiller played and I thought he was very good; actually I thought the whole piece was good.

The last piece, which was after the interval, was 'Symphony No. 7 in D minor' by Dvorak (1841-1904). It was published in the first few months of 1885. I thought this piece was superb.

Afterwards when I was asked which piece was best in my opinion, I said the 'En Saga' by Sibelius.

*David Melvin*

**CONCERT BY THE BOURNEMOUTH SINFONIETTA**

Soon after the guest leader, Robert Crowcot came the conductor, George Hurst. Then the Orchestra started on 'God Save the Queen', for which everyone stood up. After everybody had sat down again the Orchestra then started on its first piece. It was 'Divertimento in D, K136', written in Salzburg, 1772, by Mozart (1756-1791). This Divertimento is one of a group of three written in the composer's early quartet style. It is music written in a style which stands somewhere between a string Quartet and a symphony for strings. The first movement (allegro) is a fine piece of music for the violins who play in the manner of a concertante duet.

The next piece of music (andante) is a slow piece and pays homage to its hosts, being a graceful, tender piece in the Italian manner.

The finale (presto) piece is full of unpretentious but gay ideas.
Then came the 2nd piece it was ‘Concerto in C major for two trumpets and strings’ by Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1748).

This concerto, for two trumpets consists of two allegro movements both brightly ceremonial in style. The briefest of the linking movements is ‘largo’ for the strings and the cembalo alone. It serves to allow the two solists a movement of respite and time for meditation and reflection.

The next piece is, Serenade in D minor, opus 44 by Dvorak (1841-1901). This very cheerful serenade was composed in 1878. It is made for pairs of oboes, clarinets and bassoons and not forgetting the three horns, a cello and a bass. This piece quickly shows the composer’s delight in the handling of instrumental sounds. The Serenade begins with an archaic-sounding march which returns in the finale. The second movement is a minuet in the form of a high-spirited national dance! The finale is full of Czech tunefulness and gay good humour.

The next and final piece of music is by Mendelssohn (1809-1847) and is the Symphony No. 3 in A minor and it is Scottish. This Scottish Symphony was finished in January, 1842 and it was produced in Leipzig on the 3rd March with the composer conducting. The introductory andante con moto is the key to the first movement, the opening motive.

The first movement is vivace non troppo and is in sonata form, with a typical Scottish snap in its first subject. The next movement is Adagio and it opens with a call from the trumpets and horns, after which the first violins play a solemn melody with pizzicato accompaniment. Then the horns, clarinets and bassoons announce the second subject. Towards the end the first melody returns and there is a short coda. The finale is allegro vivacissimo and speeds on light as air. Various themes occur, all easily distinguishable, and having the curious property of conveying happiness although in a minor key.

It was about 10 p.m. when this concert finished and we climbed into the bus and went back to school. Personally I think Symphony No. 3 in A minor by Mendelssohn was the best.

David Melvin

SCHOOL CONCERT
Summer ’74

The stillness and chatting of the audience is suddenly ripped apart by an ear-splitting rendering of ‘God Save the Queen’. And, as everyone stands up, the trumpets blast out an indescribable noise that makes nearly everyone clench their teeth. Then, the music having died down a shade, four trebles sing a delicate verse or two.

Next, the orchestra warm to an old favourite, ‘Allegro and Menuetto’, which is played quite brilliantly.

During Richard Goodwin’s solo I noticed a small child clambering about his father. This was all right, until the child started singing and screaming to the solo. The worried father told him to stop this, whereupon, the child promptly turned around and slapped poor old Dad across the face.

The concert rolls on with Blair Cliffe gathering... peascods? Duncan Potts and David Melvin with Romance.

After a while, the Recorder Group play three traditionals, shortly followed by a violin solo by Peter Gilpin-Brown.

There is a great deal of crashing and banging as Angus Buchanan, weighed down with an enormous instrument, wriggles his way to his place to play his solo which came off very well. Many other boring-for-most solos followed.

By this time the whole congregation was alive with movement, with the phantom leg-swingers leading the way, as if they all had ants in their pants.

I think that there must have been so many sighs of relief when ‘The Three Musketeers’ ended by all the tired and expressionless faces I saw. These were only to be dampened by two encores, one by Benjamin Murch, who played ‘Siciliano’ most excellently and gave the final touch to a very good concert.

Simon Corringham
MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

The Carol Service took place on 16th December. Among the less familiar Carols, the Choir sang 'A Little Child on Earth', 'This is the Truth' and 'Christmas Cradle Song' by Sanger. The Training Choir sang the hymn, 'Let Joy Your Carols Fill'.

On Sunday, 30th June, the Bishop of Plymouth preached at a special Christian Year Service, which took the form of readings interspersed with anthems and hymns.

A section of the School Orchestra accompanied three hymns at the open air Camp Service.

The End of Year Service was as usual held in Tavistock Parish Church. The preacher was the Reverend H. S. Griffiths, Chaplain of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. The anthem was 'Grant, we beseech Thee' (H. Stocks), and a new hymn was introduced: 'We have a Gospel to proclaim. The First Lesson was read by the Head Boy, Mark Deeble, and the Headmaster read the Second Lesson.

The Anthems at the Sunday morning Services included: Lead me, Lord (Wesley), Lift up your hearts (Thiman), Thou visitest the earth (Greene), O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace (Tye), The eternal gates (Tye), Lord, for Thy tender mercy's sake (Farrant), equals Come, ye servants of the Lord (Tye); Lead me, Lord (Wesley); From all that dwell below the skies (Walmisley), Praise the Lord, ye servants (Blow); Teach us, good Lord, to serve thee (Nicholson); The eternal gates lift up their hearts (Tye).

Hamish McLeod was the Head Chorister, and he was the Musician of the Year.

In the Associated Board Examinations the following successes were achieved during the year:-

Angus Buchanan (Grade II 'cello, merit); James Buchanan (Grade II violin, merit); Jonathan Bussell (Grade II 'cello); Peter Gilpin-Brown (Grade III violin, merit); Richard Goodwin (Grade I violin); Timothy Knox (Grade I violin, merit, and Grade II violin), John Mackintosh (Grade I violin, merit and Grade II violin, merit); Angus McBride (Grade I pianoforte, merit); Benjamin Murch (Grade IV flute); Roderick Porter (Grade V violin); Christopher Redman (Grade III flute); Adrian Travis (Grade IV pianoforte); Quintus Travis (Grade I pianoforte).

The School Orchestra gave a concert at the end of each term. Roderick Porter was the leader until he left in December, and he was succeeded by Peter Gilpin-Brown. Among the many items performed, were Moderato and Allegro (Haydn), Hymn of Joy (Beethoven), Clown's Dance (Woodhouse) and Prelude from the Gayton Suite (Thiman). The strings of the Orchestra distinguished themselves in an excellent performance of the first movement of Warlock's Capriol suite.

Of the many soloists, Benjamin Murch will be remembered for his polished playing of the Siciliano from Sonata No. 2 (Bach). Roderick Porter and William Sharp combined successfully in a duet for violin and oboe, Minuet in G (Woodhouse), while Adrian Travis's pianoforte solo, Merry Dance Variations (Kabalevsky), was most pleasurable. Of the younger soloists, John Mackintosh, Christopher Redman and Quintus Travis acquitted themselves with confidence. Special mention must be made of the two 'Cellists, Jonathan Bussell and Angus Buchanan, who are both stalwart members of the Orchestra. As soloists, Jonathan played a delightful Menuet by Exaudet, and Angus showed great aplomb in his performance of Handel's Ario.

The Percussion department of the Orchestra is most efficient, and consists of Adrian Travis, Quintus Travis and Jeremy Hibbard.

Finally, there have been two non-playing members of the Orchestra. James Muir and Stephen Morris, two very conscientious page-turners and place-finders, have done a grand job which is not always appreciated from the front.

Bass Clef
Last year’s account of the production of ‘Oliver’ ended with the heartfelt cry, ‘Where indeed do we go from here?’ Now, we know. It was certainly hard to find anything that would give us as much fun and enjoyment as did ‘Oliver’ and the only possible course was to follow the lead of one Monty Python and try something completely different. This we attempted to do, and the result, after much heart—(and library—) searching, was ‘The Three Cavaliers’.

This turned out to be a frothy little piece of no great dramatic merit, but with some quite rewarding parts, which were eagerly pounced upon by our budding Irvings and Gielguds. The costumes were, as usual, superb and correct in every detail; the decor, and especially the magnificent map which heralded the opening of each act and stood proxy for a curtain, provided a splendid setting.

Of the actors, each in the end did more than was expected of him, and schoolboy actors have a way of rising to the occasion in this manner. To spread some of the parts more evenly, as the cast was not as large as usual, we adopted the plan of having different actors for two of the parts, and they alternated at each performance. This seemed an excellent idea which could well be tried again, as it also goes some way to overcoming the ever-present problem of providing last-minute understudies.

The star of the show, if star there must be, was undoubtedly Jamie Muir, who played the interpolated part of Trooper Turnip, and who only said one word (‘Ghost!’) throughout the show. But he never stopped acting, and nobody
was in any doubt at all about all the idiosyncrasies of this particular member of Cromwell's army by the end of the play.

But the plot was advanced by more vocal members of the company, and here Bruce Stewart, as the very French Monsieur Chollet, and Justin Phillimore, as the ludicrous Mr. Tupman, dancing master and prize jelly, deserve special mention for creating real flesh-and-blood characters from indifferent material.

Sergeant Tidy, whether in the person of Duncan Potts or of Blair Cliffe was a formidable N.C.O. who would have found a ready place in a more modern army, though perhaps not among 'The Professionals' of today.

Mark Deeble, as the tried and trusted old soldier Lieutenant Vernon, leader of the Three Cavaliers; Roderick Porter as the scholarly and astonishingly practical Dr. Doyley; and Mark Barley, as the Princess Elizabeth who was responsible for the whole sequence of events; all these played an important part in the unfolding story.

But the stolid pikemen, the calm and collected Prince of Wales, the stately Queen Henrietta Maria, the Ironsides and, not least of all, the Ghost—all helped to build up to the absurd climax, which was only acceptable because the play was written 'for Christmas' and compelled one to be indulgent.
**THE PLAYERS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Actor</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant Christopher</td>
<td>Mark Deeble</td>
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<td>Vernon</td>
<td>Mark Barley</td>
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<td>Princess Elizabeth</td>
<td>Ross Mackintosh</td>
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<td>Colonel Faskin, a Roundhead spy</td>
<td>Duncan Potts or Blair Cliffe</td>
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<td>IRONSIDES Sergeant Tidy</td>
<td>Blair Cliffe or Jeremy Hibbard</td>
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<td>Corporal Hook</td>
<td>David Melvin</td>
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<td>Trooper Hooley</td>
<td>James Muir</td>
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<td>THE THREE CAVALIERS Mr. Tupman, a dancing master</td>
<td>Justin Phillimore</td>
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<td>Monsieur Chollet, a French tutor</td>
<td>Bruce Stewart</td>
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<td>Dr. Dowley, a scholar</td>
<td>Roderick Porter</td>
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<td>Pikemen</td>
<td>Simon Corringham</td>
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<td>Jonathan Lean</td>
<td>Hamish McLeod</td>
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<td>Tony Mann</td>
<td>Queen Henrietta Maria</td>
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<td>Her Lady-in-Waiting</td>
<td>Charles, Prince of Wales</td>
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<td>A Ghost</td>
<td>Francoise, a slut</td>
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<td>Production Manager</td>
<td>Julian Allen</td>
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<td>Lighting Crew</td>
<td>Bruce Davidson</td>
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<td>Hugh Fox</td>
<td>William Sharp</td>
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<td>John Lewis</td>
<td>Richard Thomas</td>
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<td>Benjamin Murch</td>
<td>Angus Buchanan</td>
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<td>Stage Crew</td>
<td>Dominic Spence</td>
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<td>James Buchanan</td>
<td>Miles Sprott</td>
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<td>Nicholas Crowley</td>
<td>Timothy Trafford</td>
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<td>Robin Marshall-Lee</td>
<td>Adrian Travis</td>
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<td>Ian Smith</td>
<td>Jonathan Perry</td>
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<td>Properties</td>
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<td>Wardrobe</td>
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<td>Lighting Crew</td>
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<td>John Lewis</td>
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<td>Benjamin Murch</td>
<td>Reeves Charlesworth</td>
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<td>Stage Crew</td>
<td>Stephen Morris</td>
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| James Buchanan             |}

**PIKEMEN—** Tony Mann, Jonathan Lean, Simon Corringham, Hamish McLeod
Term Dates

Christmas Term    Friday, September 13th to Monday, December 16th.
Half Term         Thursday, October 31st (evening) to Tuesday, November 5th, 6.30.

Easter Term, 1975 Wednesday, January 15th to Monday, March 24th.
Half Term         Thursday, February 20th 3 p.m. to Monday, February 24th at 6.30.

Summer Term      Thursday, April 24th to Monday, July 14th.
Half Term         May 29th to June 3rd.

Christmas Term   September 12th to December 15th.
Half Term         October 30th to November 4th.
STAFF LIST—JULY 1974

R. Reynolds
Mrs. J. E. Thomas
J. S. Thomas
F. J. Weeks

L. R. Brown
C. Butland
A. G. Cooper
R. Butland

Miss L. J. Spencer
Mrs. J. Fogwill
Miss S. Buchanan-Allen
Miss R. Price-Jones

A. L. B. Perkins
Mrs. W. Wroe
Mrs. R. Peel-Hobson

Music
Art
Science
French

Woodwind Instruments
Violin
Brass Instruments
'Cello

Matron
Assistant Matron
Under Matron
Under Matron

Bursar
Secretary
Catering

H. P. WORTHAM
(Headmaster)
P. C. Moore
(Asst. Headmaster)
R. Buchan-Allen
K. B. Buckland
G. Bush
G. P. Cashell
Mrs. M. Chinn
K. C. Cload

G. B. Glossop
Miss J. Lee
B. H. Morland

Mrs. M. J. Morland
R. M. Munnings

English
Mathematics
English
Classics and English
Mathematics
French
English
Carpentry, Shooting and Games
Geography and Latin
Junior Subjects
Latin, English and Junior Subjects
Junior Subjects
History and Scripture
FOREGROUND: THE BAGOMA

BACKGROUND: BOYS

REPORT FROM IRAQ
by Richard Markham

Most of us have some shadowy ideas of a romantic city called Baghdad; disciples of English literature will know of quinqueremes from Nineveh and wolf-like Assyrians and the more attentive student of Scripture may even have some dim recollection of Ur of the Chaldees, Babylon, Ashurbanipal and Nebuchadnezzar. However such is the oversight of modern geography teaching that it comes as rather a shock to discover that these are not perpetrations of a fertile Western imagination but in fact hail from what is now Iraq. 'Irak—land of Sunshine', 'Irak—land of Antiquity', proclaim the posters in the Royal Afghan Embassy, Interests Section, in London, legends we had ample time to digest in the three months required to extract our visas—three months during which the institution was mysteriously transmitted first into the Embassy of the Republic of Afghanistan, Iraqi Interests Section and then into the Iraqi Embassy; a fitting introduction to the flourishing bureaucracy and mercurial political situation which play such a dominant part in Middle Eastern life. It was thus fully informed about our destination that we boarded 'the Direct Orient Express' for Baghdad at a grey Victoria station soaked in March rain.

By the time we reached Istanbul three days later on an Orient Express which had started from Munich the term 'Direct' had begun to seem a little euphemistic: Midnight number one found us racing across Paris by Metro, the next morning our train returned to Paris while we were innocently enjoying a Milanese pizza, and at Venice that evening our progress was brought to a full stop by a rail strike; a short stage by coach—the fastest part of the whole journey—brought us to Trieste whence we departed at 2 a.m. on a local train to Zagreb; at Belgrade we finally caught up with the Munich Orient Express. In the course
of these antics we had gathered a very select flock tied to us by a rather complex linguistic interdependence: a tall thin Bulgarian who spoke a little French, a short round sad Bulgarian who spoke pidgin Russian (for whom we smuggled a box of watch-parts into Bulgaria), two Americans who spoke only American, a Turkish hotelier from Ephesus who spoke only Turkish and a Turkish shepherd who spoke not at all. By the end we had evolved a very successful division of labour by which this polyglot phalanx commandeered a large section of any train that appeared while the British contingent went off to find out whether its destination was in fact Istanbul.

There is an old catch-question which runs something like: 'If you start off at 60 m.p.h. and at the end of each hour you reduce your speed by half, when will you finally stop?' Well the Taurus Express from Istanbul is the practical demonstration of this principle and, contrary to popular belief, the real answer is 'Baghdad'. In fact this is not entirely fair for the Taurus Express starts off at about 30 m.p.h. and its subsequent deceleration is interrupted by a large number of rehearsal stops—their duration being in inverse proportion to the importance of the locality. This journey is the ideal way of adjusting the overwrought Western metabolism to the more leisurely pace of the Orient—after one has stopped for a lengthy perusal of each telegraph pole in Eastern Turkey one is almost sufficiently acclimatised to face Arab officialdom.

I will reconstruct but one scene from this part of the trip: At one o'clock on the second night out from Istanbul the train draws to a halt at a small isolated platform which an unfamiliar flag proclaims to be the Syrian frontier; the steam engine (British, pre-war) disappears into the night and by graphic sign-language we are informed that the line ahead has been washed away; enter one Turkish ticket inspector who demands a surcharge of many Turkish lire because our tickets do not include Halep, which the Turks call 'Alep and which some unsuspecting clerk in London has entered as Aleppo; we do not wish to go to Aleppo and besides the line there too has been washed away but the significance of this does not seem to have struck our Turk; eventually this percolates through to his consciousness and all is resolved with the assistance of a Turkish soldier whose linguistic endowment includes at least twelve words of German and with the moral support of six Pakistanis from the next compartment; at 4 a.m. another engine appears and we return the way we came; a one hundred and fifty mile detour through Turkey finds us once more at a nameless tree on the Syrian frontier where we again pause—for eight hours while part of the train goes off to Aleppo—before resuming our gentle Eastward progress. It is all in the hands of Allah, so why worry?

On the fourth morning after leaving Istanbul we sighted the fabled city—or rather we saw an immense cloud of thick black oily smoke supplied by serried ranks of chimneys beside which England's most dark and satanic mills would pale into insignificance: Baghdad brickworks. Another five kilometres of gently undulating and zigzag track, through what looked like a cross between a museum of the early development of British steam locomotives and the aftermath of a serious air-raid, and we made our stately entry into Baghdad station—a mere twenty-five hours late. Baghdad station must be a product of the heyday of the British Empire for it has the air of a Romanesque Cathedral with strong Baroque influence; it is large enough to house the entire Iraq Ministry of Transport and that makes it pretty large.

Baghdad is an amorphouse sprawling city with an atmosphere of leisurely chaos and all-pervading decoy. Every building seems to be in danger of imminent collapse but the men just sit peacefully at the cafes by the road and drink their tea. Whatever Allah wills will happen anyway. The house across the road from ours did indeed collapse in a thunderstorm two days before our arrival and as far as I know still remains in a muddy heap half blocking the street.
The picture of red London double-decker buses —so weighed down by berobed figures that their platforms touch the ground—in front of mosques with their bright blue tiled domes and gilt minnarets—from which the call to prayer is broadcast through loud-speakers from a tape—is peculiarly appropriate to a city which has passively assimilated Western technology. The new buildings are of steel and concrete but in traditional style and, except for a few government ministries and ‘high-class’ hotels, Baghdad is spared the antiseptic boxes beloved of Western architects.

In the choked streets the battered remains of cars weave a terrifying slow-motion dance around the horses and carts, the donkeys laden with baskets of produce, and the crowds of people bargaining or just passing the time of day. There is only one traffic law—in the event of a crash the vehicle in front is in the right whatever the circumstances—and in practice this works well because no-one is in a hurry. There is a story of a foreigner driving to Baghdad who stopped to ask the way of an old man walking along the road; the man too was on his way to Baghdad but stolidly refused a lift: ‘You will be in Baghdad this afternoon, you say; so what? I shall be in Baghdad in three weeks. It makes no difference.’

Once off the few main streets with their Turkish colonial houses encrusted with wrought-iron balconies you find yourself in a maze of tunnel-like and malodorous alleys between the old flat-roofed, mud-brick houses. It is here, from ramshackle stalls of corrugated iron or palm fronds, that the real business of the city is conducted. The different trades gather in different areas and so there is a cloth ‘sug’, a fruit ‘sug’, a bicycle repair ‘sug’, a tape-recorder ‘sug’—always the busiest—and so on. Perhaps best of all is the spice ‘sug’ where the stalls are piled high with cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, cloves, turmeric, peppers, curry, incense in variety and herbal remedies for every conceivable affliction of mind and body.

Through the centre of the city the river Tigris meanders in lazy curves, sluggish and muddy. Every few years it floods and washes away areas of the city but no-one seems unduly worried. Along the river there are gardens where you can select a huge fish from a tank, have it baked in front of a wood fire and then eat it, with your fingers, at a table overlooking the river. The only really traditional Arab pastime seems to be to sit doing nothing, or, better still, to sit and drink tea—a dark and potent brew drunk from little glasses which are first half-filled with sugar. Any serious business is preceded by ritual drinking of tea and with the desert Bedouin tea-drinking becomes a complete ceremony.

This is something of the traditional Baghdad but Iraq is also a revolutionary oil state struggling to drag itself into a Western twentieth century and, alien though this new spirit is, you ignore it at your peril. The country is ruled by the secret police of a regime unnerved by an attempted coup in 1973 and much of the suspicion is directed at foreigners—most houses are ‘bugged’ and, in case of deviation, a voice on the phone reminds you that you must speak in English or Arabic. The convoys of army lorries on the roads and the soldiers in the streets serve as a constant reminder that Iraq is also a country at war—even if the soldiers do look something less than terrifying walking hand in hand as they usually do.

Ethnically, Iraq is the product of a history of invasions: there are Turks and Assyrians who still keep their own languages and national identity; the Mongol garrisons have left their mark in occasional slit-eyes and high cheekbones; and of course the Arabs themselves, by no means a homogeneous race, are comparatively recent arrivals. However, of Iraq’s seven million population, two million are Kurds and this is where the real trouble starts for the Kurds national vocation for centuries has been to make war on the Arabs or whoever happened to be occupying the rest of Iraq. You would not have
thought it possible to look haughty in baggy, striped pyjamas, a turban, and an elaborate plaited cummerbund—but the Kurds succeed, and in style. They swagger along the streets of Mosul, looking as if they are doing the Arabs a great, and exceedingly distasteful favour by being there at all; these are of the pro-Arab faction . . . at the archaeological site where we were working the sound of artillery was clear at night—although seditious rumour has it that that was just the Arabs shelling empty mountains to pluck-up courage.

Mesopotamia at the time of Herodotus was perhaps the most fertile area of the known world; we know from the copious Sumerian tablets—the Sumerians were undoubtedly the world’s first bureaucrats—that their yields of grain compared favourably with the best Canadian wheatfields of to-day. However the canals built by the Sumerians and Babylonians have long since silted up and disappeared and the accumulated salt has turned the fields back into desert. Existence must always have been precarious, caught between the unpredictable floods of the Twin Rivers and the insurgence of the desert—hence, perhaps, the Arab’s fatalism—but it is still difficult to grasp how completely time and the blowing sand have obliterated all trace of these civilisations.

Between Mesopotamia in the South and the mountains of Kurdistan in the North there is an area of wide rolling steppeland—once the heartland of Assyria. Here the picture is perhaps even more spectacular: as far as you can see, the land is dotted with countless mounds built up by ancient settlements—evidence of perhaps nine thousand years of continuous habitation. The ’Tells’ vary in size from barely perceptible hummocks such as the one which we were excavating—a Neolithic trading-post of about 6,500 B.C.—to huge flat-topped hills marking the sites of abandoned cities. Now the land is uninhabited and virtually barren.

This has traditionally been the home of the Bedouin, but they are a sad race. Even within the last fifty years they have been reduced to utter poverty by the speculative farming which has destroyed the grazing for their flocks—such sheep as they now possess often belong to the new rich from the cities and are only being grazed on contract. The Bedouin way of life and their morality are totally alien to our twentieth century and now they are living on borrowed time in the memory of past glories. At work they sing the songs to which their fathers and grandfathers rode to war—in passing I commend these songs to the notice of those of you who thought that modern ‘pop’ was the ultimate in tuneless monotony. The proverbial hospitality of the Bedouin is as generous as ever and even amid the squalor, they have the bearing of aristocrats. And yet these traditions seem all the more pathetic, representing as they do the empty husk of what was once a complete and rich existence.

Iraq now lives in the promise of an oil-rich, industrial future. A young Iraqi, one of the rising ’Westernised’ generation, complained to me that the B.B.C. were broadcasting a series of legends from Iraqi history: ’we must put all this rubbish behind us and forget about it. We must look to the future.’ Will that promise be fulfilled? One can only reflect sadly on the fate of a country trying, slowly and painfully, to adopt a totally foreign civilisation—a civilisation, moreover, in its declining years. It is as well the Arabs have a poorly developed sense of the tragic.
The sound of guns died away and through the smoke we could see the wounded men and horses. We could hear the moans of the men who were not quite dead.

Suddenly we heard the yells of the charging French infantry. We strained our eyes but could not see anything. Without warning they burst through the smoke and charged us. In a matter of minutes the few remaining infantry plus myself began to run. As I ran panic seized me.

I dropped my musket and threw away my remaining shots. As I ran, I fell over the remains of a man. I hit the ground and winded myself. I stood and carried on running, falling many times. Then my foot went into a crater and I crashed to the ground.

I tried to get up but I couldn’t. I lay still, gasping for air. Then through the smoke I saw a shadow which slowly turned into a French infantryman who was checking the dead.

He walked up to me and kicked me. I moaned and he shouted something. Then more men appeared. I was a prisoner of war.

Ian Smith

WHO IS IT?

Under a thatch of ginger hair
Shines a pleasantly freckled face,
Blue eyes beam from behind his specs,
Surveying all with a sociable grin,
Round and jovial he ambles along.
Shirt tail flapping—
Socks down—no garters—
Plump knees grubby.
Last man home from the cross country run.
First—and last—from the dining room!

Bruce Davidson

ERUPTION

The earth trembled and shook,
The village buildings vibrated,
The volcano looked menacingly huge,
Its crater groaned and pulsated.
Then suddenly the lava erupted
In a column straight up to the sky,
Clouds of ashes were blown around
Bringing death to the vines from on high.
Down the sides of the mountain,
The streams of magma flowed,
Its heat shrivelled all things,
To this his fear man owed.
The villagers tried to escape,
But in the ash they breathed in vain,
The terrible lava devoured,
Vesuvius had struck again.

Adrian Travis

THE SUMMIT (1)

There it lay, all gleaming white
and grey,
Breaking the clouds hanging low
in the sky.
Upward we’d climb,
Resting time after time
To reach our set goal—
The summit on high.
At last we are there
Breathing cold pure air,
The world at our feet—
Hear our joyful cry!

Simon Govier

THE SUMMIT (2)

I climbed the mountain in the snow
But I had frost bite on my toe!
Haversack, tent, things, weighed a ton
I tried so hard to find it fun!
The wind whistled round my aching legs
Making them feel like old tent pegs.
Suddenly the summit was within grasp
The longed-for summit, at last, at last.

Angus Buchanan
THE SUMMIT (3)
In a far off part of Arabia
There’s a place called Thamareet,
Where the sun beats down
On a dusty town
And mirages dance in the heat.
Here the roundabout is a mountain
With fossils and old tin cans,
Which Tim and I climbed one morning
To see the surrounding land.
We climbed on monstrous boulders
Up a footpath narrow and steep.
We saw vultures soaring,
Heard ravens cawing
Then we stopped for a rest in the heat.
The stairs were made from sandbags
And the view from the top was grand
Where the sentries gazed, as we did,
Over the endless sand.

Daniel Huntington

‘THERE IT LAY’ (1)
There it lay,
The middle stump
Flat on the ground,
At last, at last,
The batsman was out
Lords suddenly erupted,
The Ashes had been won,
I awoke.

Jonathan Perry

THERE IT LAY (2)
There it lay,
Asleep on the hay,
A little brown deer,
Ears pricked up for sounds to hear,
Longing for Mother to come and play.
There it lay,
Awake on the hay,
The little brown deer,
Jumped to see Mother ready to frolic,
So they played there for the rest of the day.
There it lay,
Feeding on the hay,
The little brown deer,
Tired, but hungry and having to eat,
Then at last, there it lay, fast asleep.

Tim Trafford

THERE IT LAY (3)
There it lay,
A rotting wreck,
Under the sea,
Without a deck.
Sunk in its prime,
Sunk in its glory,
Covered in grime,
A poor sort of story.
Without any rigging,
Without any rudder,
And, when the sea moves,
It seems to shudder.

Nicholas Booth

THERE IT LAY (4)
There it lay mounted before me
As though it were my own,
The handsome Rock of Gibraltar.
There it lay seated before me
As though it were a prince,
The varying Rock of Gibraltar.
There it lay framed before me
As though it was a picture,
The colourful Rock of Gibraltar.
There it lay standing before me
As though it was a gatepost,
The massive Rock of Gibraltar.
There it lay mighty before me
As I got out of the plane.

Jon Bussell

THERE IT LAY (5)
There it lay, just an old hulk,
Battered by the winds, ravaged by the waves.
Timbers all beaten, deck left to rot,
Was it a part of some smuggler’s plot?
Barnacle covered, the hermit crab’s home,
At high tide smothered with surf and foam.
Though anchor and chain are rusted with age
There’s still much beauty on which to gaze
What is it’s past? Who can say?
What is it doing there? What part did it play?
Deserted hulk, once loved and manned,
Who left you there to die in the sand?

Jeremy Hibbard
**MEKONG TERROR**

I spent the afternoon tanning myself on the uncovered back of the boat. I talked to the Vietnamese whom I had chosen to take the rudder because he could speak English well enough for me to understand.

When evening came I had supper in the stern with everyone else. I watched the sunset for a long time. It's rays fell over the water like a red carpet for a king coming back from a journey.

I came to my cabin just in time to see my servant pull back the bed cover for me.

I nearly jumped out of my skin for a three foot snake struck from under with an angry hiss. I shouted at my servant to stay exactly where he was but he panicked and the snake struck. Its sharp fangs closed over his neck just below his chin and he fell to his knees. I took hold of the snake and pulled it away from Chang. I smashed the brute's head against the wall several times and then crushed it with my bare foot. The struggle was over, it lay still.

I shivered at the sudden silence that had taken over the ship. I walked across the deck and threw the snake overboard, watching it sink slowly into the depth of the Mekong Delta.

*Grant Farley-Sutton*

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**A LITTLE KITTEN**

One very cold day in Rome I took my dog, Remus, for a walk. When we came to the Colosseum I let him off the lead and suddenly I lost sight of him. I called again and again, and I went through one of the many arches and there I could hardly see for the wind; it was so strong that I had to close my eyes.

I came to some steps and there I saw Remus standing beside a frozen kitten, wagging his tail. I put my finger in front of its nose to see if it was breathing and it was, but very faintly.

I picked up the little kitten and headed towards home with Remus in hot pursuit. It seemed ages until I reached home.

When I arrived I rushed inside and, leaving a trail of mud, took the kitten into the sitting room where the fire was blazing away. I put him by the fire to thaw out.

The next morning I went into the room where I had left the kitten and found he was gone. During the night I had thought of a name for him. I had decided on ‘Chunky’ because he was white and had many chunks of marmalade colour.

I looked everywhere and then realised he had jumped out of the window. I looked out to see he had rushed up a tree. He had seen a bird on a branch. He edged his way slowly towards the bird. Suddenly he pounced. Down, down the bird went, the kitten behind it. The kitten landed and ran towards the bird. I chased the kitten and it fled out of the garden.

Just then a car went by and I heard a whine and then there was silence. I opened the gate slowly and I sighed with relief to see Chunky saunter into the garden.

*Hugh Fox*

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**SUNDOWN IN MALAYA**

That evening we aimed to reach the lighthouse which marked the whirlpool. To approach the lighthouse we had to walk up a steep road which was mostly concrete, but occasionally it ran out into the deep red murram. This road ran through tropical forest which was alive with animals of many kinds.

After about half an hour of walking along the dark track overhung by trees, we seemed to be nearing the top. Then, as we rounded a corner, we were confronted by a counter-weighted road barrier which was closed. We stood there for a time wondering what to do. At last we decided that it would be better to be safe than sorry and not go beyond the closed barrier. So regretfully we turned back. On our way we saw to our surprise monkeys with their young swinging about in the trees, screaming abuse at us. Their chattering, jeering laughter rang in my ears down the road.

By this time all the gnats and flying ants were about so we had to be careful where we went. As we turned the corner I saw our house amongst the rubber and palm trees; I gave a sigh of relief because my legs were so tired.

*James Buchanan*
THE GONDOLAS

Along the streets of Venice
The Gondolas go
With their high bows
And platform sterns,
The streets flow and flow.
For pleasure rides
The people pay.
With bright coloured clothes
And excited faces,
They're shown the way
To their destination;
Then to the Hotel
And outside
The Gondolas rested
As night fell.

John Sharp

MEMORIES OF AUTUMN
AT MOUNT HOUSE

As I walked out of the back door I felt how cold it really was. I walked quickly round to the front drive and the cold seeped through to my scalp and through my clothes. I started off down the drive.

A blackbird was hopping around leaving little tracks in the frost. It suddenly dug its beak into the hard earth. A mean starling had been looking on and pounced on the worm, so the blackbird dropped it, and fled.

A crow was fighting an air-battle with a buzzard round and round in circles. The buzzard dived for Rowden and the crow flew off for the beechwoods.

Hundreds of leaves were floating about on the lake and swimming-pool like battle ships. And the mist of condensation was swirled upwards.

Blair Cliffe

CAMELOT

I opened the door of the stable,
The mare and the foal were gone.
I thought my parents had turned them out,
Of course I was dreaming again.
The mare and the foal were close by
To the stable that I was in.
I shut the door and kicked the bolt
And entered the very next one.
The foal we had all been waiting for,
Had now at last been born
Merry Ferry was the mare
The foal was Camelot.
We couldn't believe our eyes at first
The mare and foal had lived.
The mare was two weeks overdue
From the date it should have been.
The foal was really miniscule,
Fluffy and soft as a mat.
The mare had licked it clean,
The foal could just get up.
The foal walked six steps and fell down,
It's feet were as small as my hand
It wasn't a wonder it couldn't stay up
It had only just been born.

Miles Sprott

‘AN IMPORTANT JOB’

Tap, tap, tap went the carpenter's hammer on the tough grey-painted wood. Hugh had been at the workshop all morning with his cold pipe in his mouth, building the solid frame for a back door which he had already assembled. Now all that had to be done was the painting and that took a long time, with a professional touch.

He opened the lid of the well-used pot and put a long black shining paint brush into the dark-blue jelly-like paint. The brush was pulled out and gently wiped against the edge of the tin, sending tiny little streams of paint into the deep blue lake below.

Soon the door was being fitted into its place in the wall of number 10 Downing Street, twenty-four hours after it had been blown out by the I.R.A.

Bruce Davidson
THE DIPPER

It was a sunny July day as I walked down to the Swiss river. There was a fresh hatch of fly on the water and the trout were leaping furiously. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw something bright and white. On looking more carefully I saw it was the white breast of a Dipper. It was a plump little bird with a lovely shade of brown for its feathers, and its small brown arrow-head shaped beak was reflecting in the sun.

It darted up the pool, its autumn brown wings beating rapidly to propel the round body at some speed.

It landed at the head of the pool on a slippery rock. After dipping its legs a few times, like an athlete training, but much more efficiently, it plunged into the sparkling water, and, swimming upstream but not making any headway because of the current racing down and holding it back. It ducked its head and waited for a nymph to float by. After a few minutes of searching in vain it darted at a very low level up the rapids looking for a better hunting ground.

Duncan Potts

THE SUMMIT (4)

The path that leads to the mountain’s peak, Is small and dusty and you have to seek And follow it carefully up every small turn Past heather and gorse and cold rushing burn Through red-berried woods and silver birch Beneath high flying eagle who soars to search For food for his eaglets, in crevice so high On the peak of the mountain in the mists of the sky.

All silent, all still, save the stag’s distant roar And the murmur below of the waves on the shore Ah, Scotland my home land—the memories stay When I walk sadly and slowly away.

John Mackintosh

THE TRAVELLERS

A band of ragged travellers, Came from the brow of the hill; Through forest, ford and country track; Past the town, the field and the mill. Poor and ragged men were these, Who trod those dusty lanes; Wandering the whole year round, In sun and snow and rain. But also these poor ragged men, Although they were penniless too, Were robbers, who struck terror at night, Lest some wealthy man come through. But as this band of travellers Spread terror through the land, Cromwell’s men followed them To the place of their last stand. For when these travellers put up camp, Next to the dusty way, Cromwell’s troops made their attack, And every one did slay.

John Lewis

THE BIRD IN THE VEST

There was an old bird in a nest Who insisted on wearing a vest. When it came time to nest He never had a rest That silly old bird in a vest.

Edward Fletcher
THE WRECK
The tide creeps in, in its monotonous way, lapping the seaward parts of the hulk—the thick barnacle-encrusted teak forms huge skeletons, silhouetted against a backcloth of deep blue, speckled with twinkling stars.

It is seeping up past decaying, marine-wormed, clinker-built shapes, now resting in their last repose, set in the ochre sand. On past the bows, the water, black darkness, now encircling the huge, helpless monstrosity, like an eager snake engulfing its victim.

Inch by inch the poor abandoned creature sinks lower and lower into the murk and mystery of the blackness.

Rupert Bowen

THE PALACE
The tension is electric as I sit in the vast chamber. All around me people position themselves nervously on elaborately carved chairs, occasionally glancing expectantly at an old and very decorative clock, or laughing tensely at some amusing remark of a friend or relative.

But at this moment all are just waiting—waiting for the clock to strike out the time that everybody has been anticipating for what have seemed endless minutes, eleven o’clock.

For at this time the royal party will arrive, the presentation ceremony will commence and some two hundred subjects of the Queen will receive something that was once beyond their wildest dreams—a medal.

Apart from a thin stream of sunlight, shafting through the balustrades, the only light comes from a huge chandelier, hung far up in the ceiling. Positioned in a balcony above a somewhat inattentive audience, the royal band is playing a serene and relaxing trumpet concerto.

All around me I notice that everything is faultless. Everything from the symmetrical windows and doors down to the clothes and shoes of the youngest of this immaculate assembly.

The short Gurkha sentries and the renowned Beefeater Yeomen of the Guard stand motionless at their posts, as if carved out of some mottled and weather-beaten marble. There is not a trembling or a flickering muscle in their bodies, as they too are waiting, waiting . . .

Suddenly the tension is shattered by a loud fanfare of trumpets and, in an almost shocked silence after this impressive flourish, the sentries step neatly apart, their heels clicking on the polished oak floor, and the Queen enters.

Throughout this breath-taking moment a deep and almost appropriate rumbling is heard, quickly rising into a tremendous crescendo, and then abruptly bursting out into the National anthem. This ceremonious and familiar sound, I feel, will somehow always have more meaning for me after this occasion.

As the last notes of the music fade out, the Queen is standing regally beside a large table, copiously laid out with gleaming medals and the first in a long line of nervous but happy men and women steps boldly out on to the red carpet that leads up to the throne. After a few paces he stops and bows, before proceeding up to Her Majesty, the Sovereign of England . . .

After they have exchanged a few courteous words and the queen has pinned a glinting medal on his proud chest, he steps backwards and makes a final bow before advancing towards the exit of the hall, feeling deeply gratified and perhaps that extra bit more distinguished than he was, before he entered the palace.

Two hours later, as the sunlight fades from that window high up in the roof and the guards still stand unmoving at their posts, a throng of profoundly impressed people disperse, still held in the magic of the previous minutes—disperse into the everyday traffic, noise and pollution of Pall Mall.

James Muir
The clumps of vallis swayed with the gentle current. The water was crystal clear and beams of sunlight filtered through the leaves of a tropical lily and lit up patches of Malayan sword plants which grew from a submerged branch.

A female Convict Cichlid swam lazily out from the dark recesses of the rotting bough. Her mate, the male Convict, appeared at the entrance of the rock cave, which he had been laboriously cleaning with his mouth for the past four days. For several moments he appeared not to notice her, then he slowly swam up and gently nudged her abdomen, which was full of ripe eggs.

Then the chase was on: around they darted, uprooting plants and churning up the mud. Coming to an abrupt halt, they faced each other. The female advanced and in the next moment their jaws were interlocked. After a minute the male backed away and began to display before the female. Resplendent in his spawning colours he looked a beautiful sight. He turned and twisted with his dorsal fin erect and gills flared. His body was coloured a pale blue with nine black vertical bars spaced evenly along it. The female looked extremely similar except that she was half as large and had a bronze-coloured belly.

His spawning displays had obviously pleased the female for she swam towards the cave, closely pursued by the male. They spawned on the ceiling of the cave and sixty opaque eggs were laid. The female guarded the eggs and fanned them with her fins to keep them cleaned. She stayed in the cave for eight days, protecting the eggs and not eating anything during that time.

Then the eggs hatched and the fry ventured out. It was a marvellous sight: the male led the procession and the female formed the rear guard. The fry were kept tightly bunched together and any that strayed from the shoal were rounded up by the father and brought back in his mouth.

During the day the female guarded the shoal while the male went hunting. He returned every few minutes with food, which he masticated and spat out as a cloud of fine food particles on which the fry fed.

At dusk the shoal was led back to the cave where, from a signal given by the mother, the fry made themselves heavier than water, by a muscle reflex, and sank to the bottom; meanwhile the father brought home any stragglers in his mouth.

Mark Deeble

Sir George Henry Fortesque-Smith ordered his chauffeur to stop near the bridge. Then, leaving his Silver Ghost, he walked to the middle of the bridge with his expensive fishing rod and his expensive basket. He took a quarter of an hour making sure his rod was in perfect condition and then began to cast with a seemingly professional touch.

Just then a loud sports car flashed over the bridge, leaving a smell of exhaust and a cloud of dust and giving Sir George a considerable fright. ‘Inconsiderate beasts, these motorists are nowadays,’ he thought, as a fish that was greedily eyeing his fly, darted away. Then an awful thing happened. A young man with long hair, a dirty shirt and ragged jeans, came on to the bridge. He also had a rod and a basket. He proceeded to take from his basket a small transistor and after turning it on as loud as possible, started to cast. A minute later the shaggy youth had caught a fine rainbow trout. At the end of an hour he had landed thirty-five.

Sir George Henry Fortesque-Smith had had enough. He stood up and stretched. Then, after straightening his deerstalker he put his rod and tackle away. He strode back to his Rolls and ordered the chauffeur to drive home.

‘What a waste of a morning,’ he thought.

Paul Vincent
PO N D  L I F E

My aunt was mounted on her faithful steed, which we nicknamed ‘Harry the Tank’ on account of his height of 18½ hands and his quarters, on which all three of us could quite happily have had a game of cards. He was a lazy old animal until it came to hunting and he took great pride in pulping any jump or bank at which Aunt cared to face him. But he had a great character.

On December 26th we went hunting. As usual we arrived at the meet early so that my aunt could consume as many ‘stirrup cups’ as possible, while we sat shivering on our mounts. An hour after our arrival we set out on to the ice and snow covered moor.

We went to the first cover. Suddenly the hounds threw back their heads and gave tongue. We were off.

The huntsman blew on his horn and the pack and the field galloped after the ill-fated fox. We came to a wall which we all jumped—all expect Aunt. ‘Harry’ had already decided that he was not going to jump it, but an unfortunate problem arose when Aunt left the saddle!

‘Hang on!’ screamed John. ‘Aunt’s gone out of the side door into a pond!’ Sure enough there was Aunt howling at the top of her voice, covered in weed and standing with her head and shoulders just protruding above the ice-covered pond.

‘Oooh! This is going to be fun!’ breathed Jackie down my ear.

‘Can’t you get out, Aunt?’ I asked.

‘Of course I can’t get out. I am not super-human.’ We giggled at the thought of the dreaded Aunt, at the mercy of her three charges.

‘Oh!’ I replied—and changed tactics. ‘You look wet,’ I said, ‘and cold. She does look wet, doesn’t she John?’

We all agreed that Aunt was very wet and we were just discussing how cold she was when she screamed again.

‘Help! Johnnie, help me! There’s something horrible biting my leg!’

‘Where is it?’ inquired John with great innocence. ‘What is it doing?’

‘Stop asking questions and get me out of here! Peter, I’m sinking!’

Then suddenly we all forgot ourselves and began breaking the ice around the pond. It was obvious that Aunt could neither move nor swim, so we thought it would be best to get her out before she froze or drowned.

After some time we finally got her out, but it was a good deal later that we arrived at the door of Huxtonly Manor.

We dragged Aunt into the drawing room and parked her in front of the fire and under storms of complaints we managed to find the larder key and get some coffee.

But it had been a good day.

Hamish McLeod

THE HEIGHT OF DEPRESSION

Looking out of my window I saw an ugly, modern extension added on to a Georgian building, half barring my view. An open field lay in the foreground with trees behind it. Further on down the valley a church, with Norman windows and a tower, was surrounded by houses of all shapes and sizes. But away to the left a small house stood, on its own, on a small hill, with a white wall and a fence round it, which seemed to me, like a small child who is depressed—half hiding his face with his arm.

Yet that was not all there was to be seen. My eyes wandered taking in everything that was there. For this was the last time I could sit there. Soon I would have to go away.

Just one thing puzzled me: a clump of trees which seemed to be surrounding something—like men seated on the ground with their heads bent low, as if planning a robbery.

Now my time had come. I had to leave the small community in which I lived, to go to a new, bigger world where the view was just—houses—and nothing else.

A tear rolled down my face and I went out of the room for the last time.

Julian Allen
'AUNT'

Just down the road and over the bridge stands a grim old house where 'Aunt' lives—or should I say, used to live.

Aunt was very old before she died; she also had a very weak heart, but in spite of this she was very active and very fierce. She had adopted two scraggy, disobedient boys with high hopes of turning them into respectable children.

Because of her ambition the children hated her. Their parents, before they died, had never treated them so cruelly before and they were not used to it. John, the younger of the two, often flared into violent tempers against Aunt. This was the cause of all the trouble.

One day John and the older child, Simon, were fighting together in a friendly fashion in the small garden. Aunt came outside to hang up the washing and then, seeing the children fighting dropped her burden and, in a fit of rage, said, 'What do you think you are doing? Fighting when I had just told you to plant these poppies!'

John hated gardening and instantly flew into one of his tempers. He pulled the earth containing the young poppies out of the flower pot and with all his might took an uncalculated throw at Aunt. The earth missed by feet but Aunt, in her anger, fell backwards.

'I think she's fainted!' John exclaimed.

Simon felt the limp body.

'No', he replied. 'She's dead!'

That was one week ago. Tomorrow the court case starts against the two boys. What the outcome will be—that is anyone's guess.

Tony Mann

THE CAVE

It was a great day for me because I had completed my fourth time-machine. My Mum and Dad thought I was crazy, but I believed they would work. So I asked Holme, McBride and Weir over but when I phoned Weir he was still eating his lunch but Holme and McBride were ready. I asked them if they would like to try the time-machines. So we all climbed into them and set the time button to Stone Age. We got our things ready and we all pushed the starting button. We hurtled through time and landed in a cave. A very surprised caveman said something in a very scared tone and ran for his life. Then we saw a dinosaur. Weir said, 'It looks like a stagassaurus'. It was very big. We all agreed it wasn't the right place for us so we went back to our time. We landed where my house was. Then I said, 'I have had enough to do with time machines.'

Jonathan Wood

SHOT PUTT

I walked out of the tunnel into the arena of Crystal Palace. I was extremely nervous. I was competing against some of Europe's best shot putters.

The first to putt was a Hungarian, Felic Rundof. He got down and threw a gigantic putt; I looked at the electric scoreboard. It read 69 ft. 10 ins., a new European record. Now I knew I was up against more than I had expected.

Next to putt was the East German, Hartmut Briesenick, who had just lost his European record moments ago. He knew he had to putt something really long. I watched him putt. It was a huge one but not long enough. The scoreboard lit up. It read 68 ft. 10 ins.

I was next. I picked up the large black sphere which almost stuck to my fingers because I was sweating so much. Putting the shot just under my chin I crouched down, hopped once, twisted round and gave everything I had. Then I turned round. I gazed at the scoreboard and lifted my arms skyward with joy. I had just putted 70 ft. 1 in., a new British, European and all comers record but this did not assure me of a medal. There were two more rounds to go!

Nicholas Samuel

HAUNTED HOUSE

One day some people bought an old house. It had been there for as long as anyone could remember. Some old people said it was haunted but the people who had bought it did not believe in ghosts so they moved in. The first night was all right but the second night was awful; things were falling over and a pirate yacht sailed up the stairs and so the next morning they left, very shaken.

John McGahey
CORNFLAKES LONG AGO

The golden labrador named Amber, a black labrador named Jet and two other dogs were around me on the floor. I decided to get some food for them. I climbed up onto the dresser and pulled down the cornflakes packet; I thus proceeded to pour some onto the floor. Next I toddled over to the fridge and got out a pint of milk which I then poured liberally over the cornflakes which were on the floor.

The four dogs immediately rushed for the food.

After all my work for them I was not going to be done out of some food, so I got down on my hands and knees and started to eat with the dogs. After we had eaten half of it my mother came in. For a few seconds she stood there aghast; then she picked me up. Next she swept it up. I complained bitterly but it was no use. She put me down at the other side of the room while she had to clear it all up. I cried for a bit at the insensitivity of adults.

Justin Phillimore

A KITTEN AND A BALL OF WOOL

The mistress, hearing the telephone call, put down her knitting and a woollen ball.

A few minutes later Kitty came along, saw the ball and knitting and started playing.

Kitty had a marvellous game, but then the mistress came back, from the call, and saw no kitten, and no ball, and her mittens-to be.

Were not as they ought.

Reeves Charlesworth

A STRANGE LESSON

In nineteen hundred and seventy-five Julius Caesar was alive.

He said across the land in a boat.

It was a boat that could not float.

It sank in the middle of London town, and went up instead of down.

Roger Highton

FIRE

Drop a match, see it catch
Fire, to a forest tree; then you see
A forest, burning.
Fire, fire, growing higher.
Smoke is bending, flames extending;
And an acrid smell.
Then, a jangling bell.
Quiet, quiet, see the sight,
A burnt down forest comes to light.
A dead bird with a broken bill is seen.
And the fire tells its own tale; a sad one.

Reeves Charlesworth

THE LIGHTS OF RIO DE JANEIRO

The lights of Rio I saw every night but once it really was beautiful. From our house we could only see the dull lights; none of the bright ones were there it seemed. But then I got to the top of the mountain where a statue was. The statue was of Jesus Christ and it was called the Corvado. I think I'm right in saying it is white mosaic.

It was early evening when we arrived at the Corvado. We stayed there till it was dark. You could see the lights down in parts of Rio. There were round Hotels which have beautiful lights, and there windows reflect on another hotel and so on. At the foot of the mountain the colour was just orange blurr, but then the lights began to separate and then it was very dark in the distance.

I looked down to see if I could see our house but I could not although my sister Josephine said she could. But then I saw the Copacabana Palace lights shining grandly.

Richard Goodwin
RAIN

As I looked out of the window,
The rain was falling upon the ground.
It fell on the grass,
That seemed to eat it at once.
And then, the heavy rain stopped at last
And everything was still.
I walked over the soaking grass
It seemed to bow before me.
The pearls on the blades of grass glittered in
the sun.
It seemed like glitter on a Christmas tree.

Nicholas Dyke

ANOTHER UNSUCCESSFUL VIGIL

I watched and waited for it, the crude trap was
ready and baited. Minutes ticked past like hours,
but I still watched and waited hopefully.

Suddenly I heard a little rustle from the
dead leaves near the unfortunate goat, who, by
now was bleating madly, running round and
round straining at the tether. The tether suddenly
broke with a resounding snap. The goat ran out
into the jungle just as my prey leapt. The tiger
landed in the undergrowth, and was off in a
yellow and black flash before I could take aim.

I had lost another goat without killing the
man-eater.

I slowly returned to the village very down
hearted, and swearing that I would get him next
time.

Grahame Bartleet

THE MAN IN THE STREET

I met him in the bus stop one rainy day as I was
waiting for the bus to take me to the office. A
tall man with fair hair, blue eyes which seemed
to twinkle when you looked into them, he had
the habit of stroking a scar over his left eye.
He was powerfully built, and he walked upright,
looking straight ahead, all the time.

The next time I saw him was two weeks
later, when I had gone into the police station
to enquire about my son’s watch which he had
lost. He was being led out in handcuffs. I asked
the constable on duty what this man had done,
and I was told that he had murdered his wife.

A pity—had liked him ...

John Gilbert

THE COMMON GNAT

The tiny insect rested on my forearm. Suddenly,
I felt the sting as the gnat’s proboscis plunged
into my arm, I saw what it was the useless,
common—or—garden, annoying gnat.

Wherever you are or whatever you are
doing in the evening, whether you’re playing
 cricket or having supper in the garden the
Mirage Jet of the garden always attacks you.

For protection one can smear one’s face
and hands in that yellow greasy insect repellant
and cram a hat down on your head but then
they start attacking the rest of your body so
you spend the rest of the evening smeared in
grease from head to toe, wearing a hat and
bicycle clips to stop the gnats getting up your
trousers, also you spray the air with insect
repellant until it stinks of chemicals.

If you watch them on a river you usually
see them coming down at you in a swarm of
about 200 jinking up and down in a mad dance.
Suddenly there would be a splash and a fish
would rise out of the water and catch a dozen
flies then it would splash back into the water
scattering the rest of the flies away. If only we
had such easy methods of disposing of gnats like
swallowing them instead of chasing one gnat
round the garden about six times spraying it
frantically with insect killer until it finally drops
to the ground.

I lifted my hand up and crashed it down on
the gnat, I heard the last faint zzzzzzzzzzzz and
it fell to the ground, dead.

Richard Thomas

HULLABALLOO

People calling
People falling
People crying
People dying
Nothing can the policeman do
To stop this dreadful hullabaloo
What a town
Broken down
Never before
Such an uproar
Nothing here, nothing there
There is nothing anywhere.

Mark Barley
SMUGGLERS

The customs officers, Gomez and Alcatraz, were walking round the harbour of the Spanish town of Ólê.

'Here comes another one. We'll search this', said Gomez.

The boat sailed into the harbour. The two customs officers went onto the ship. While Gomez was searching on the lower deck Alcatraz searched above. The two proprietors were having a meal below when Alcatraz found the missing gold. He had nearly finished searching and he was getting rather tired so he leaned against the mast. Suddenly he felt something pressing against his head. He turned round and saw that a little door in the mast had opened and the mast was packed with gold.

He called to Gomez. Unfortunately he forgot that the two men who owned the boat were still aboard. Before Gomez had time to come up from below one man came up and started to fight.

Soon Alcatraz was overpowered and below, Gomez also had been knocked unconscious. Frightened, the criminals sailed out of port and out into deep water, about a mile away. They then threw the unconscious customs officers overboard.

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Luckily for Alcatraz and Gomez a coast-guard saw them being dropped overboard although he did not realise that they were men. The coast-guard whose name was Halez rang a police motor launch. The police rushed over and picked up the two customs officers who had nearly drowned. Unfortunately the smugglers were out of sight and, although the police launch chased them, they were not found.

Two years after this incident the boat was wrecked on rocks. When it was searched the two men were found, dead. They had starved because they could not call in at any port owing to the risk of being caught. Although the police searched all over the ship the gold was not found; and to this day the gold is still lost.

Mark Barley

BARJUN, THE LEOPARD

The still silent night was suddenly shattered by a scream and a few seconds later several villagers ran from the other huts just in time to see a large leopard dragging a body into the bushes at the edge of the clearing. The villagers immediately started firing at the area where Barjun, the leopard, had last been seen.

The great cat had been getting bolder every day and was by now freely coming into the village and getting human flesh for food. One man, braver than the others, pointed at a large pug mark and shouted: 'Let us follow the leopard to its lair and kill it!' To this a large chorus of agreement arose and it was decided to start tracking at day-break.

At first light the men left their huts and, with one accord followed the leopard's tracks. At first the going was easy and the dirt track clearly showed where the body had been dragged. Then, quite suddenly, the leading tracker stopped, for there, in front of him, lay the half-eaten body of the woman who had been attacked in the night.

Continuing along the track the pug marks suddenly turned into the forest. More cautiously now, with rifles at the ready, they continued into the forest and suddenly they arrived at the edge of a clearing in which was the ruins of a town. The pug marks led into the remains of a house. Following the tracks into the house they saw them lead into a hole in a wall. A small leopard cub poked its head out of the hole. Quickly and ruthlessly it was exterminated.

Out of the hole pounced Barjun, so suddenly that the villagers were scattered and soon only the man who had spoken during the night, lay dead on the ground with a broken neck. A few minutes afterwards Barjun's mate appeared with two other cubs. When the parent leopards saw the dead cub they immediately tore the remains of the man apart, so great was their fury. Soon, however, the two remaining cubs were playing together, rolling over and round the stones that had once been man's habitation.

Bill Darby
THE LOST WORLD
Professor Dodo and a party of ten men went up to a plateau. The plateau had giant lizards on it. When the men went into the jungle they found a half-eaten man stuck in a giant spider's web. The next day they came out of the jungle and nearly fell off the edge of a cliff. A little later they saw two giant lizards fighting on the edge of the cliff. They fell off the cliff and broke their necks. Then cannibals came and caught the men. The cannibals brought them to a cave and shut them up. Professor Dodo suddenly saw a hole through which they could escape. They came to a ledge and knew they were nearly out. A little further on they saw an opening. They were free.

Edward Fletcher

THE MAN OF HETHER
There was an old man of Hether.
Who thought he was very, very clever.
He jumped in a lake
And landed on a snake
That little old man of Hether.

Edward Fletcher

THE WIND
It goes from
Tree to tree
And sweeps leaves
from every tree
And leaves it bare
For Autumn is here.

Ralf Furse

GUESS WHAT IT IS
It blows and blows.
Guess what it is.
The wind, the wind of course.
It strips all the leaves off every tree
For Autumn is here
And Winter is coming.

Ralf Furse

There was an old person of India
Who dreamt he was eating a snake.
He woke in a fright
In the middle of the night
And found it was perfectly true.

Ralf Furse

MY BROTHER AND SISTER
I have an annoying brother
Who has an annoying sister
I gave her some heather
But she threw it away
And said she'd like violets instead.

Ralf Furse

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN
One day (a bright day) I was in my dormitory with my squad (XII) when suddenly the siren went. We jumped up and ran to the Spitfires. Then we took off. (Our mission was to go north. There we would meet German bombers heading south towards our airfield.) Just then I got a message from Flight Lieutenant Robinson saying 'Enemy 5 o'clock boring to the west'. I told him to come in behind them and attack from behind. I told some others to go down and come up under them. The remainder attacked from the top (by the way there are thirty planes in a squad). I gave the sign for the attack. For a minute it was a good fight. When we got two bombers shot down I looked in my mirror at the top of my cockpit. A Messerschmitt was behind me. I swerved round but it was too late. My tail was on fire. So I opened my cockpit but before I baled out I sent a message to cover me. I baled out (for one moment I was frightened). Lucky for me I landed on one of the German bombers. My squad did not attack the bomber I was on and, as for the Messerschmitts, they could not kill me because they might miss and hit their bomber.

Ralf Furse

In Topsy-Turvey Nursery Land
Miss Spider is eating her curds and whey
When a big Mrs. Muffet
Came and sat down beside her
And frightened her away.

Ralf Furse

OH WHY?
Mr. Wind, Mr. Wind, why do you blow so high?
You blow the leaves into the sky, oh why?
I blow the leaves in the sky
Because it's Autumn time, that's why.

Roger Highton
THE INVASION OF SPACE

It is the year 4,000 A.D. There are ten times as many people as there were in 1974 A.D. It is very lucky if you have a garden. I am lucky because I have a garden. One night, not long ago I was woken by a humming noise. I got up and looked out of the window. In my garden was a big yellow flying-saucer with lots of lights flashing on and off. It was silent for five minutes then a door opened and out came lots of robots that were a golden colour. There were thousands of them round a great big one and they were going straight to the town. I went to Mummy’s and Daddy’s bedroom and woke them. My parents were astonished. There was a big bang and another flying-saucer landed and more robots got out. When dawn came they got into their flying-saucers again and went away. The next night they came again. They came again and again till one night we caught one and questioned him. He said, ‘We need a smaller planet.’ ‘We need a bigger planet,’ I said. So it happened that we agreed to swap planets. It will take twenty years, but it will do it and that will be that.

Roger Highton

THE CLEVER SAILOR WHO WAS RICH

There was once a rich man who was a sailor and lived in Persia. But he was very sad because he did not have a ship. In the end he saved up very hard and eventually bought a ship and was happy. One day he went in his ship to Germany. On the way there was a battle against some French ships and he won it. But he was still afraid so he kept his guns out, but there was not another battle. When he got to Germany he started to invade it. He became very rich because he destroyed the King’s forces and got all his riches. He sailed back to Persia where he lived. He was even richer than the Queen and he lived happily ever afterwards.

Christopher Ling

THE ROBBER WHO SMUGGED

There was once a robber who smuggled. Now one day he was hiding in the mountains. Suddenly a policeman came and he said, ‘What are you doing?’ ‘I am trying to climb the mountain.’ The policeman said, ‘You will never get up there. Not even the best mountain climber in the world could.’ ‘But I want to try to be the greatest mountain climber in the world.’ ‘All right,’ said the policeman, ‘but I bet you won’t get up there’. The robber did get up the mountain. So soon he became a spy, but he still robbed and smuggled. Still people were friendly with him and he became very, very rich, and his house was bigger and richer than the queen’s palace.

Christopher Ling

THE RICH MAN

There was once a rich man who was very sad because he had no jewels or diamonds. He was tired of seeing gold. Now one day he was out on a walk when suddenly he came across a cave. He went in and there he saw loads of precious stones. He took some home. The next day he went back and brought some more and soon he was happy. One day he was getting some more precious stones when a robber came into the cave and was so furious that he would have killed the rich man. Then the rich man got his sword and killed the robber. So this rich man got some more jewels and he lived happily ever afterwards.

Christopher Ling

THE TALKING PIG

There was once a talking pig. A funny talking pig, Who talked away every day. Until he was dead. Poor little pig. poor little pig, Funny little pig wasn’t he?

Christopher Ling
**GHOSTY DADDY**

Once when I was asleep I had a nasty dream. I woke up very scared. I heard a noise. I put my light on and I crept out of bed. I was frightened. I was shivering like mad. I crept out of my room quietly. I suddenly put the landing light on and looked round. I walked downstairs. I got halfway down then I ran upstairs again. I had another try and this time I got downstairs. I went to the sitting-room but nothing was there except the things that were supposed to be there. So I went to the kitchen and I saw somebody strangling my dog. I phoned the police but there was no answer. I phoned again. There was no answer. I phoned four more times but there was no answer. Then I had an idea. I went into the dining-room and got two bottles of beer. I crept into the kitchen and took off the tops and poured the beer over the man. I suddenly realised he was my Daddy. Daddy said 'Why were you pouring beer over me?' I said 'I thought you were a stranger'. 'I thought you were strangling my dog.' Daddy said, 'I was feeding your dog.' Wasn’t I silly?

**Richard Bridge**

**THE LOST PIGS**

I once had a pig. Its name was Joe. He was very naughty. I took him for a walk and he ran away. I do not know why. I had another pig. It was as naughty as the first pig. I took him for a walk and he ran away. I cannot find him. My pigs were so naughty I felt very angry. My wife fed them on horse nuts and the pigs went crazy.

**Richard Wright**

**THE WATER LILY**

The water flows along
The bees fly high
The fishes swim by
The frog jumps on the water lily
I play with my boat.

**Simon Read**

**THE WIND**

The ripe berries on the trees.
The wind blows a tree down.
What a wind, what a wind,
Just in the middle of a rain-storm.

**Christopher Ling**

**THE TITANIC**

They made a great ship. They named it the Titanic. They wrote about it in the papers. Then they sent the Titanic off on a journey across the Atlantic Ocean to North America. In the ship they had barbecues and a swimming pool. It was a lovely ship. A few days after the ship set sail icebergs were sighted. The icebergs were getting nearer and nearer but they did not know that there was more below the water than there was at the top. Bang! The ship was soon sinking. There was no chance of getting out now. The ship sank. Some people had got out.

**Simon Read**

**PUMA**

Keeper of the forest, ruler of the night,
Dweller of the shadows, large, dark fright,
Why do you fear man?
'Tis in me friend, 'tis in me here,
I've held him always in deep, deep, fear
Ever since time began.
But when you pounced onto his path
In your fierce rage and wrath,
Remember how he ran?
Yes, but he's strong, and cunning with it too,
He takes weapons and I never do...
And he hunts me, in lorry, jeep or van.
Well, good-bye sharp clawed, long fanged fiend
Foul beast of forest glen, fear me to the end!
I try to be friendly—it seems I never can.

**Simon Corrigham**

**THE CLUMSY CAT**

There was once a clumsy cat. One day he went into the kitchen. He smelt something. 'Nice', he said. 'I wonder what it is. I think I will have a look.' He saw some milk on the cupboard. He went up to get it but when he got up there the clumsy cat made the milk fall down on the cupboard. Then in came the mistress of the house and screamed at the sight of the milk and the broken jug. Then she started to chase the clumsy cat all over the room and she knocked over a lot of things like another jug and plates and cups. She got the cat in the end.

**Richard Paige**
**SU RPRISE**

O, burglar why did you begin
This terrible hobby of sin?
Robbing from the rich, and robbing from the poor.
You have enough, but why want more?
You terrorize the town, you terrorize the city
Why do you rob, it’s oh such a pity?
You could be quite a decent chap with quite a decent job,
But you couldn’t do that, you just rob.
Every night, at twelve o’clock you creep into a house,
Stealthy as a tiger, but quiet as a mouse.
Every kind of jewellery you put into your sack.
Then you slink away again, your booty on your back.
You think you are clever, you think you are tops;
But one day, I tell you, you’ll be caught by the cops.
You don’t believe it! Well come with me.
I’m taking you to the ‘station’ for I’m a P.C.

**THE PATHFINDERS’ BARBECUE**

One day in Pathfinder weekend, all the Pathfinders went down to Rowden. When we got there we had to get fires going. It was difficult to get fires going. We tried and we tried. Someone tried to be clever and put his fingers in the fire. He screamed, ‘Yow!’ He ran to the river and put his hand in the water.

We had three sausages each. Mrs. Foggy had thirty-nine sausages. We put our sausages on sticks and cooked them over the fire. We had a piece of bread each. We toasted our bread. We made dampers and ate them with raspberry jam. Mr. Bush covered some eggs in mud. We put leaves over the mud and put the eggs in our fires to cook. De Pourtales had two worms in his mud. We saw them wriggling. My egg took so long to cook I got fed up and squashed it. We had orange squash to drink.

After our lunch we played in the river. I nearly fell in. Lots of boys did fall in. Some boys went across to the other side of the river. Before we came up to the school for our tuck we put the fires out. It was a bit difficult so we had to get some water to put them out. It was a lovely day for a barbecue.

**GOING SHOPPING**

On a lovely summer’s day in August I was on my mother’s old bicycle cycling back from Glenheigh with the shopping when I was pelted by rain. I was at that moment cycling over Caragh bridge. As soon as the rain came down I looked for cover. There was none to be seen. I wondered where to hide. Suddenly I thought of under the bridge. I looked under and saw there was a ledge on one side. So I climbed down the bank with my bicycle behind me and waded up the river until I was under the bridge and about a foot from the ledge. I pushed my bicycle onto the ledge and then climbed onto it myself. There I squatted, with the water level slowly rising. The highest it managed to get was up to my ankles. There I sat for about half an hour until the rain stopped. I climbed down from the ledge with my bicycle over my head. I slipped on the slippery stones and fell in. I struggled up and waded on with the water up to my waist. Suddenly I was hit in the back by a big clod of earth which was coming down stream with the flood water. It hit me hard in the back and made me fall over backwards. I submerged and half the bicycle with me. Luckily the food did not. I at last managed to get to the road. The sun was shining down brightly and drying up all the puddles in the road. Behind me another thunder cloud was forming. Somehow I managed to get home before the rain started again. Just as I was going into the house there was a loud clap of thunder and the sky was ripped in half by a bolt of lightning. Then the rain started coming in torrents. I said to myself, ‘Phew’.

**John Mackintosh**

**Simon Corringham**
HAPPENINGS

ART
Awards '73-'74

Rupert Bowen — Exhibition to King’s Taunton.

Rupert Bowen—Chalk drawing exhibited at the Mall Gallery in the Sunday Mirror National Exhibition of Childrens’ Art.

We sent in fifty entries to the S.A.T.I.P.S. Art Competition, three prizes were awarded for group work to 6a, 6b and form 3 for their Christmas collages Toad of Toad Hall, Babes in the Wood and Robin Hood. Jeremy Weeks’ painting of Rookery Cottage was commended and the following boys had their work chosen by the hanging committee but not exhibited—Miles Sprott, Benjamin Murch, Robin Marshall-Lee, Grahame Bartleet and Mark London.

James Burton and Marcus Stone won second prizes in two of the four age groups in a poster competition run by the Devon Trust for Nature Conservation. Their posters and those of Simon Corringham, Benjamin Murch, John Mackintosh Philip Marshall-Lee, Jeremy Hibbard and Stephen Morris have been included in a travelling exhibition round Devon of various summer shows.

We had two school exhibitions this year at the Modelling Exhibition and on Open Day. A great deal of painting and drawing has been done out of doors in spite of the erratic changes in the weather, with a crop of very encouraging work of nearly adult standard. The following prizes were awarded.


Landscape—James Burton and Christopher Weir.

Portraits—Bjorn Strandell, John Mackintosh and Michael Nolan.

Heraldry—Jonathan Lean.

Junior drawing prize—Guy Healey.

Over half the school have won some sort of accolade this year (with two more competition results to come in after Fanfare goes to press). This is most encouraging as it means that many so-called non-artists are included—nearly everyone sets to with a will with some surprising results.

It is nice to know that some of the boys work can do a useful job. All twelve of the Christmas collages are delighting the young inmates of the children’s wards at St. Thomas’ Hospital.

J.E.T.

A future activity—POTTERY

The Stevensons have ordered a potters’ wheel (electrically driven) and an electric kiln for the Art Department. We are grateful for this most generous gift. Instruction will be given by J.S.T.

In future all modelling will be concentrated in the building behind Form Two. Already, during last winter the modelling facilities in the ‘catacombs’ were discontinued and were replaced by three new music practice rooms, Elgar, Vaughan Williams and Britten. The new modelling room will be fully equipped and centrally-heated.

THE CHRISTMAS DANCE, 1973

The annual Dance was held on the Thursday before Christmas. The numbers had to be limited to about two hundred, so many of those who applied rather late for tickets had to be disappointed. So it seems advisable to book early next time. The success of the evening was largely due to the fact that there were several family parties, as well as a good number of Old Boys. Once again we were fortunate enough to have Sid Gately and His Music—this is now their third appearance at Mount House. The decorations and catering were well up to standard, and our thanks are due to Matron, Mrs. Lever and Jo Thomas and to their many assistants.
Among Old Boys present were:


We were also glad to see two former members of the staff, Wimbers and Richard Cottrell.

Mention must be made of the tireless efforts of William Darwall, Michael Greenwood, William May Somerville and Christopher Morrishead, who let no-one get away without buying a raffle ticket.

Terpsichore

OBERLECH, Easter 1974

A metre of snow, perfect spring-skiing conditions and nine out of ten days of sunshine—what more could one want? The nine of us travelled again this year by Sea Link and train to Langen and thence by road to Lech. We left Victoria at 15.30 on 28th March, were in the hotel by 11.30 next morning and were booted and skied, ready for the slopes, by 2 p.m.

For Blair Cliffe, James Burton, Bruce Davidson and Hugh Fox this was the first attempt at skiing and as the Beginner’s ski school did not take newcomers until the Monday, three days after our arrival, they had an hour’s lesson privately on the second day and picked up the skill very quickly so that by the Monday they had already mastered the art of staying upright, of stopping and turning.

The more hardened skiers, Julian Allen, Justin Morrishead, and Sinclair Stevenson, were designated to various classes commensurate with their experience and ability while David Morris and I tasted the delights of the longer Arlberg runs. The early morning skiing, when the sun had melted the surface of the snow a centimetre or so, was superb and by carefully choosing of the runs it was possible to find these conditions all the morning.

About the fourth day all were ready to do the Rufiokof run to Zurs—an easy but delightful five mile run from 8,000 feet. It was at the start of this run that, having failed to negotiate a bend in a pathway I had a very violent argument with a rock. As you might expect I received no sympathy what-so-ever from the rest of the party although the resulting bruise called for comment—"Oo! How did you do that?"

Next day I realised David Morris would find me taking things too slowly so he joined Class 2 and had no difficulty in holding his own with the top skiers in Oberlech. He told us that the class would come to an almost vertical slope and the ski instructor would say 'Now we schuss!'—In other words go straight down and down they would go.

Two other English families, staying at the Sonnenburg, joined our beginners to make an excellent class. After six days all had advanced sufficiently to do most of the longer runs and the splendid conditions enabled us to ski from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The last four days raced away—high-lighted perhaps by our gastronomic lunch at the Zurserhof (now an annual orgy), saunas and swimming at our hotel, the Berghaus Race for the Beginners (won by Bruce Davidson) and just soaking up the sunshine on the terrace of the hotel while sipping a skivasser, coke or ein grossen bier.

I am always conscious of the fact that school parties can be unpopular in hotels, and so it was a particular delight to me to be told that as many visitors in the hotel had remarked on the good manners of the boys, the management wished to give us lunch ‘on the house’ on our last day.

H.P.W.
‘AN AUSTRIAN ARMY, AWFULLY ARRAYED . . . . ’

OBERLECH

1974
EXPEDITION DAY

Some went to the China Clay pits at Lee Moor, some to Mr. H. G. Hurrell’s place at Wrangaton, some to the Plymouth Aquarium where Dr. Gilpin Brown had arranged a most interesting and instructive lecture and tour, and later to the Western Morning News printers in Plymouth. The Junior School went to Paignton Zoo.

A selection of impressions follows.

LEE MOOR

Having arrived at the summit of the china clay pit we trudged down a very steep hill. There were bright green tip trucks ‘bulldozing’ up and down the slope. They were the largest lorries I had ever seen. On our left there was a curved conveyor belt, but because of the power crisis it was not in use. Otherwise the conveyor belt would be transporting slag to the waste tip. We walked up a hill to a powerful hose pipe. The ‘pipe’ to the hose was a foot thick and pumping water at 2,000,000 gallons every minute out of the end. The so called ‘path’ was a white stream coming from the diggings which the hose had spurted away. That was then pumped to the settling tanks. We saw the place under which the lorries stood while the silt was tipped into them. The next place we went to was the surveying hut.

I discovered that there was a hollow which they were planning to fill and an expert said it would take twelve years to fill. Then we went to the factory. This was a very large building made of corrugated iron. Inside was all dusty; in the corners it was at least six inches deep. The china clay goes through a mincer which chops it into small pieces after it has been pressed. The china clay can be used in tooth-paste and kaolin. One of the factory men said that it tasted sweet! I was astounded and tried some... I found it was a nasty dusty taste. Afterwards we had a delicious tea and we returned to School.

Simon Davies

CHESTON NATURE TRAIL

We arrived at the Nature Trail where we met Mr. H. G. Hurrell who led us up into a small barn. There he had very kindly set up a display of animal pictures. He told us a little about each picture. There was a chart up in the barn telling the different types of woodlice there were. Then he showed us a stuffed buzzard which was rare. It was a rare one and he knew a lot about its life.

After this we went up an old track where he showed us the different types of fern. We went on until we came to a stream. On the bank of the stream there was a tree covered in ivy. Mr. Hurrell then told us that the ivy did not hurt the trees; it merely used it as a prop. We went on and saw some rabbit, badger, and fox prints. We walked on a way and saw an old buzzard’s nest and a piece of wood eaten by a wood pecker.

After lunch we went to see his latest buzzard’s nest. Then we saw his bronze age hut which he had repaired. He then showed us his ducks which he had taught to ring a bell, a gong, play the tubular and to bring back a ball. After this we went into his house where we saw some pictures of the otter he had in his swimming pool. When we looked at his bird table we saw a lesser spotted wood pecker among many other birds—especially tits—and in the distance we saw two small rabbits which were eating the grass.

William May Somerville

PLYMOUTH AQUARIUM

We left Mount House at about 10.15. It was overcast and slightly misty. After a forty minute coach journey we arrived at Plymouth aquarium. We were shown into a classroom by Dr. Gilpin Brown. Firstly we were taught about the seawater, and how the saline content changed with the depth of water. Then we were shown a geiger-counter and other pieces of various scientific equipment. After the lecture we were allowed to look at everything for ourselves.
Also on show, they had various marine vertebrates and crustaceans. It was these which interested me most. The animals were kept in plastic bowls. In one bowl they had about twenty specimens of the common sand shrimp on display. I was interested to note that these vertebrates differ in colour and slightly in shape all down the South West coast. I was intrigued by the sea-mouse. This creature is about four inches long and about one and a half inches wide by half an inch thick. Although it is called a mouse it is in fact a worm. It has golden and green coloured hairs protruding from its sides. When burrowing through the mud these act as sensory organs for they are extremely delicate and each is attached to a nerve end.

After looking at the other bowls I went outside to the big metal tanks and among the other invertebrates I saw a tank full of wrasse, a tank full of bass and a tank full of turbot ray and spurdogs. In one indoor tank were a breeding pair of tropical Trigger fish. Then we looked round the main aquarium which was a demi-paradise for me.

At four o'clock we returned to school, tired, but extremely happy with everything we had seen.

Mark Deeble

THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS

When we arrived, having previously visited the Plymouth Aquarium, we stepped down from the coach and, after a five-minute walk along the crowded Plymouth streets through the cold, refreshing air, we entered the doors. Inside, as we were waiting to be shown round, we examined photographs of recent events, which were pinned up on boards.

After about three minutes, our guide arrived and our tour began. First, having climbed a staircase, we went into the room where all the information arrived. There we saw machines typing out information that was at the same moment being typed out by reporters in places miles away and transformed into electrical signals which were sent along wires similar to telephone wires. Then we saw how the lines of type were made. Molten metal was poured into a brass mould made up of selected letters. These lines of type were then set up and a sheet of material similar to cardboard was rolled over it. The impression of the type was left on the material and this was used to make a circular mould to go on the printing-press. While we were watching the printing-press the noise was deafening and I was quite glad to find myself outside again. As we left we were each given a copy of the Western Evening Herald that was just coming off the presses.

Nicholas Booth

A VISIT TO PAIGNTON ZOO

We went to Paignton Zoo in a double-decker bus. First we had a lecture about animals' habitats. Then we had a delicious lunch in a cafe. After this we went to the tropical house where there was a tiger and a lioness. Mr. Thomas fed an Indian elephant. There was a kangaroo with a baby in its pouch. There was a parrot that said 'Hullo' and 'Good-bye'. There were some wallabies too. We went to the Bird House where there were owls, buzzards, hawks, vultures, and a condor. I think they are all birds of prey. There was a small python and there was a big boa constrictor. There were two emus and we saw three giraffes, and about four zebras. There were some mongooses too.

Guy Healey

THE MUSIC CLUB

About twenty members during the Easter Term met by the fireside in H. P. W.'s room to enjoy a wide variety of classical music. The lighter strains of Strauss and Elgar's marches were probably the most popular but some appreciated the great symphonic music of Schubert and Tchaikovsky and even the seemingly discordant sounds of Stravinsky's 'Rite of Spring'.

A quiz held near the end of term was won by John Lewis, perhaps the most regular member of the Club.
SCIENCE 1973-74

This has been an interesting year in the laboratory. The sixth form have been working in a different way, choosing the experiments they wanted to do and carrying them out in their entirety on their own, with a hovering Science master doing as little as possible to interfere. We concentrated mostly on Physics and Chemistry in the Winter terms and Biology in the Summer. I think it is a tribute to the care of their work that we only had two explosions—and I caused one of those. The system seems to have worked as the examination results were very good.

An innovation this year was the ‘Zoo’, a hut behind ‘Chapper’s shed’, where the animals were kept. This left the benches clear for experiments. This has always been a difficulty in past Summer terms.

The Open Day exhibition seems to have been enjoyed by most parents. Mention should be made of the collection of pressed flowers made by Form I and the survey of birds that Form III had seen on the estate throughout the year. This included fifty species.

J.S.T.

SCHOOL LIST — JULY 1974

ALLEN, Julian H.  
ATKINS, W. Siward  
BARLEY, Christopher  
BARLEY, Mark  
BARTLETT, T. Grahame  
BARTLETT, David S. G.  
BAYLY, Simon M. G.  
BOOTH, Jerome P.  
BOOTH, Nicholas J.  
BOWEN, Marcus J.  
BOWEN, Rupert G.  
BRIDGE, Richard M. K.  
BROUGH, Richard W. T.  
BRUCE, Alastair C.  
BUCHANAN, James A. F.  
BUCHANAN, R. Angus F.  
BURBURY, T. Charles A.  
BURTON, Bruce J.  
BURTON, James L.  
BUSSELL, Adrian J.  
BUSSELL, Jonathan N. G.  
CARTER, Simon C.  
CHARLESWORTH, A. Reeves  
CHURCHER, William D.  
CLIFFE, C. Blair  
COLE, Andrew P.  
COLE, Christopher W.  
CORRINGHAM, Simon C. R.  
CROWLEY, Nicholas D.  
DARBY, William S.  
DARWALL, William R. T.  
DAVIDSON, Bruce M.  
DAVIES, Simon D. L.  
DEEBLE, Mark P.  
DE POURTALES, Jean A.  
DIXON, William D.  
DYKE, P. Nicholas  
FARLEY SUTTON, Grant J.  
FARLEY SUTTON, Nicholas D.  
FERGUSON, William H. P.  
FLETCHER, Edward W. G. F.  
FORSTER, M. J. Luke  
FOX, Christopher A.  
FOX, Hugh L. W.  
FOX, Peter J.  
FOX-EDWARDS, Adam  
FURSE, Ralf, T.  
GARDNER, James N.  
GILBERT, John R. C.  
GILPIN-BROWN, Peter B.  
GOODWIN, Richard J.  
GOVIER, Simon R.  
GREENWOOD, Michael C.  
GRIER-REES, Gavin N.  
HANAN, Hugh J. R.  
HEALEY, Guy M.  
HEATH-SAUNDERS, Mark W. T.  
HENDY, Peter J. E.  
HIBBARD, Jeremy O.  
HIGHTON, Christopher J.  
HIGHTON, Roger F.  
HOLME, Matthew A. B.  
HORNIDGE, Anthony G.  
HOWARD, A. Blaise L.  
HOTEL, Nicholas M.  
HUNTINGTON, Daniel P.  
HUNTINGTON, Timothy C.  
JACKSON, Peter G. W.  
KIRWIN, Matthew G. B.  
KNOX, Timothy H.  
LAKE, Jonathan J.  
LEAN, Jonathan P.  
LELARD, John A.  
LEWIS, Angus D.  
LEWIS, John A. D.  
LING, Christopher R.  
LONDON, Mark E.  
McBRIDE, Angus K.  
MECLNEY, Gerald A.  
MECLNEY, Mark D. S.  
MCGAHEY, John P.  
MACKINTOSH, John A. R.  
McLEOD, Hamish J. M.  
MANN, Antony C.  
MASHALL-LEE, Philip  
MASHALL-LEE, Robin  
MATTHEWS, Aidan J.  
MAY SOMERVILLE, J. William B.  
MELVIN, David J. T.  
MODLEY, Alexander J.  
MODLEY, Drummond  
MORRIS, David R. O.  
MORRIS, Miles S. M.  
MORRIS, Stephen R. S.  
MORSEHEAD, Christopher H. G.  
MOSS, Julian D.  
MUIR, James N.  
MURCH, Benjamin C.  
NOLAN, Michael D. S.  
PAIGE, Richard J.  
PARGITER, Robert P.  
PERRY, Christopher A.  
PERRY, Jonathan S.  
PERRY, William S.  
PHILLIMORE, W. A. Justin  
PHILLIPS, William J.  
PINDER, Richard C.  
POLLINGER, Jonathan R.  
POTTS, Duncan L.  
PROWSE, Andrew J.  
READ, Simon J.  
REEDMAN, Christopher D. J.  
REES, Kevin W.  
SAMUEL, Jonathan J.  
SAMUEL, Nicholas J.  
SAYERS, Geoffrey S.  
SHARP, George, I. G.  
SHARP, John P. G.  
SHERRELL, Murray I.  
SMITH, Ian H.  
SPENCE, Dominic R.  
SPROTT, Miles, G.  
STANNUS, Alexander T. J.  
STEVENS, Toby P.  
STONE, Marcus J. M.  
STUBBS, Martin E.  
SWARBRICK, Richard J.  
TAPHOUSE, Simon F.  
THOMAS, Richard W.  
THOMPSON, David H.  
THOMSON, Richard J. H.  
TRAFFORD, Timothy H.  
TRAVIS, Adrian R. L.  
TRAVIS, Quintus R. C. L.  
VINCENT, Paul M.  
WEEKS, E. Jeremy  
WEIR, Christopher J. W.  
WHICHER, Alexander J. H.  
WHITE, Stephen M.  
WILLIAMS, Richard M. H.  
WINFIELD, Nicholas, C. A.  
WIXON, Rufus J. C.  
WOOD, Jonathan E. C.  
WOODARD, Rupert P. N.  
WOODCOCK, Andrew G.  
WOODCOCK, Timothy C.  
WRIGHT, Richard E. F.
NEWS OF OLD BOYS

(largely compiled by H.P.W.)

King's, Taunton

James Butler found time, even in the middle of 'O' levels to send some news. He has been representing his house in a highly successful league cricket team, and also in an inter-house General Knowledge Quiz—which they won. He hopes to do Chemistry, Physics, Biology and Maths at 'A' level. After his 'O's he is going to Spain 'to relax'.

Christopher Thomas and John Clarry are 'working industriously'. They are both alleged to be aiming for Chemistry, Biology and Economics at 'A' level and Christopher has won a Naval Scholarship to Dartmouth.

Bryanston

Dominic Murch, who visited us at the end of term and Simon Mathews, have both left after taking their 'A' levels. Thomas Blaikie is in the Lower Sixth doing Latin and Ancient History having acquired eight 'O' levels last summer.

Jeremy Millin and Graham Woolcombe took their 'A' levels this term. John Shields has just done his 'O' levels, eight in all. He captained a 'fairly successful' Colts rugger team and was in the senior athletics team, specializing in high jump. His best performance was 5 ft. 8 ins., second best in the school. He is leaving to take his 'A' levels at Okehampton.

Peter Shields has left having gained A, B and C respectively in French, Maths and English 'A' levels. He is going to York University to read French and Chinese! He did two terms teaching at Brighton College Junior School.

King's Bruton

I called on the H.M. recently and during my brief visit John Barnes showed me round. He will be doing seven 'O' levels next year. He had some success as a bowler in the Junior Colts, is in the C.C.F., won a prize for carpentry and a 'grade' for Judo. He is very keen on photography and hopes to have some photographs in The Dolphin, his school magazine.

The King's School, Canterbury

Paul Cranfield has won seven 'O' levels and is rowing and playing tennis. In the R.A.F. section of the C.C.F. he has done some gliding. He hopes to join B.O.A.C. in due course, which reminds me of the fact that aeroplanes have always had a fascination for him.

His brother Peter is manager of the Sichon project in Thailand—opening a new tin mine. His wife, Jane has recently given him a son.

Winchester

Last November I was royally entertained to lunch in Winchester by the Mount House Wykehamists—the junior ones in fact as Richard Markham further added to my gastronomic weekend by dining me at the Wessex on a separate occasion. Since then further news has been coming in of their activities including a Report on Iraq from Richard Markham, printed elsewhere. Rupert Travis divides his time between pottery, boat-building, playing in the orchestra and chamber orchestra—and fencing. No doubt he finds time for some work as well! Justin Morshead on the other hand, it is suggested, works most of the time, with a little pottery as a relaxation. Julian Churcher is taking Science for his 'A' levels and his thoughts are turning towards medicine. He is doing a lot of painting and had a number of pictures in the School Art Exhibition. Simon Travis to whom we are indebted for much of this information, is Captain of Gymnastics, is taking Grade VIII on the oboe next term, playing in the first orchestra and flying with the Corps.

Kelly

Andrew London has just left after being Head of Newton House, captain of tennis and winner of the senior Latin prize. He brother Martin won the junior French prize this summer.

William Lean is captain of swimming and Nigel Hill will be a prefect next term. No news of Richard Winfrey but Ian Denison is sometimes seen crewing for his father in their Mirror dinghy. Nigel Graham was over here recently taking another grade on his clarinet.
Blundells

Information from our representatives there has been difficult to obtain. But I gather that Antony Bond is working for 'A' levels and has won his form prize. George Welch has been playing cricket as expected. Andrew Thomas had a highly successful rugger season, earning a permanent place during his first term as an outside-centre in the Junior School team and also does judo and fencing. Jeremy Gainsford and Miles Canning are flourishing and working for 'O' levels. Nicholas Cooper won a divinity prize last term and Guy Nowell picked up three prizes—for Geography, History and English. James Young won a German prize, plays his flute in the orchestra and tennis in his spare time. Andrew Gillett continues to be very successful with his music, won the strings prize and plays his viola in the orchestra. Michael Woolley has left after taking his 'A' levels. Keith Stenhouse and Michael Hasking have also moved on after taking their 'O' levels.

Canford

In spite of having lost his pen, his writing paper and his envelopes, Michael Spiller (having borrowed a biro and a sheet of foolscap) writes, inter alia:

‘Nick Skinnard is doing his usual athletic feats, and I would take a personal guess that he will make the 1st XV. Nick Richards is leaving this term, after ‘O’ levels, and going to Exeter Tech. (I think). . . . In ‘O’ levels I got Latin but failed Divinity and General Science. So this term I took those two and English Language and next term I take French and Maths. Then I have the big bunch of five or six next summer. I hope to apply for a Naval Cadet Scholarship. So all in all I am quite busy.

Philip Richards has done swimming as a major sport all the term and has taken a Bronze life saving exam. He had ‘a few minor parts’ in Richard III. Toby Luther has joined a Society for ‘people interested in electrics’.

Ampleforth

Christopher Parker, now an expert typist, writes: ‘Jonathan took ‘A’ levels in History, English and Economics last summer, passing with grades A, C and C respectively. He decided not to do the Oxbridge examination and is now out in Bahrain with a temporary job in a quantity surveyor’s office, waiting to enter Exeter University next September, to read law. Nicholas has settled in here well and will probably be taking six ‘O’ levels next summer. He had the main part in the Junior Play. I took and passed ‘O’ levels in English Language, French, Spanish, Latin, Maths and Religious Studies last summer. This term I am taking Additional Maths, English Literature and Physics and next year I will take German. In 1976 I shall take ‘A’ levels in History, English and French. I have taken up swimming as my sport, which entails some pretty heavy training five times a week. I have also been appointed Senior Librarian . . . Towards the end of term I shall be playing in two golf matches as a ‘stand-in’ because some boys will have left early after finishing their exams.’

Wellington

I was up at Wellington to see the Queen open the new teaching block and had a busy time trying to make a film of the event. Most of our old boys seem to be taking a very full part in the life of the school, something that has not gone unnoticed by Mr. Fisher. Gordon Heslop is the first Wellingtonian to win the Duke of Edinburgh’s Scheme ‘gold’ award; he does his ‘A’ levels this term. Stuart Heslop, Sinclair Stevenson and Hugh North are in the School Orchestra and performed for the Royal visit. Hugh is playing cricket for the 2nd XI. He is also Secretary of the Expeditionary Society and was in charge of the Society’s display. Adrian Lukis is proving himself an actor and was rehearsing for ‘The Royal Hunt for the Sun’, as also was Sigurdsson. Patrick Coutin has made a fine model of the Battle of Waterloo which was viewed first by the Queen, then by Prince Philip and finally by the Duke of Wellington, who said he would arrange for the whole form to visit the battlefield! Steven Brown plays in the 1st Colts Tennis pair and I watched him
win his match against the Harrow pair. Robin Russell is playing a lot of cricket and is in the choir. I failed to see Ross Mackintosh during my visit, but we were pleased to see him during the swimming sports and to learn that he seems to have had a successful term, and since then his housemaster has given me a most complimentary report about him. STOP PRESS—Gordon Heslop has been teaching science at Eagle House, one of Wellington's Prep Schools and his brother Alastair is working with I.B.M.

Sherborne

I spent a night recently at School House with Mr. and Mrs. Boissier and saw most of the M.H. tribe.

Gerald Heath and Richard Pascoe both spent last term staying with families in Germany. Gerald is expected to get into the National Youth Orchestra as a viola player. He played in the 1st Orchestra at the school concert. Richard Pascoe has unfortunately been off games for some time having damaged his back playing rugger. Andrew Leather and Gil Baldwin seem to have settled down well in the Waiting House and Andrew is playing cricket for the Under-14's. Roderick Porter was full of enthusiasm for life at Sherborne and played the violin in the 1st Orchestra at the school concert.

I felt that it was time to follow up the Cambridge M.H. Reunion of 1972 with a similar occasion at the other University and so it was that we gathered at the Eastgate Hotel over half term for dinner. The photographer, booked to record the event, arrived with colour slides only and took the group, appropriately perhaps in front of a reproduction of one of Breugel's merry making orgies.

Of the five M.H. members of Oxford University the following information was gleaned.
Martin Thomas having won a First in Law at Keble, stayed on for a year to complete a B.C.L. He is now taking up an appointment as Assistant Professor of Law at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver. Nicholas Thomas has now taken his law finals—he intends to become articled to a firm of London Solicitors. Christopher Hall has just finished a year of law at Keble. He worked in the U.S. for six months before going up to Oxford and found the American way of life so satisfying that he has announced his intention of emigrating to practise law there eventually. Christopher Reilly after two years at Oriel reading Modern Languages, where he rowed in the first boat 'has now laid his oar to rest in favour of the cause of matrimony'.

Shortly after my visit to Oxford we had news from Bristol University where Niel O'Neill looked in for a flying visit. He is enormous and it gave us great pleasure to see P.C.M. looking up at him! Niel is reading engineering and is shortly going out to Australia.

James Crowden and John Fluker are also doing engineering while Peter Blight is reading History. Simon Cooper who is now in the Royal Navy is also reading law at Bristol. James recently completed a memorable solo Odyssey in Turkey and Iran apparently in search of H.P.W.!

On my way to Oxford I stopped for lunch at Marlborough where I met the Master and two housemasters. As the Master took me into the vast Dining Hall for a cafeteria lunch he remarked, 'This is the finest piece of democ­ratising that has happened to Marlborough'. I fully appreciated what he meant and it was very evident that the informal system was extremely popular. I much enjoyed being shown round very thoroughly by David Mosse who took me eventually to the tennis courts where Paul Carter was playing in a junior team. I was able to have a word with him as well and both seemed in great form. David Mosse plays his clarinet in the second orchestra.

John Hutchison has completed three years at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and is staying on a fourth year, reading Theology. His brother, David has left Blundells and has been gaining experience, including a course with the Grenadier Guards before going up to Trinity Hall.

At St. Edward's Oxford, John Fogwill has one more term and hopes to go to Merton College, Oxford, to read engineering and economics. Christopher Wilson has founded an Archery Society at Teddies.

Tom Cardale, now an officer in the Royal Marines, called in to see us last winter. His visit was only in part social as he also had other ideas in mind. He was in command of a small task force of Royal Marines whose objective was a number of R.N. ships in Devonport which were to be 'blown up'. 'Could he use the gym under cover of darkness to gather his troops together for the final assault which involved canoeing down the Tamar? 'I would like to know if you find any evidence that we called', he concluded. Next morning the gym cleaning squad was quick off the mark. 'Please Sir, we've found three fag ends, two Oxo cube packets and a Mars bar wrapping in the gym'.

I do not think any courts martial ensued.

Stephen Spanyol was playing 2nd clarinet with the Harmonic Music at the St. James's Church, Piccadilly in a series of four 'Musica Rara' Concerts.

John Hambly has looked in to see us. He is at Clifton and sent a card of the Sail Training Schooner, Sir Winston Churchill on which he was crewing recently. He mentioned that there seemed to be so many more halyards than on Tea!.

Richard Kettle has just left Bedford and goes to Dartmouth on a naval scholarship in the autumn. His brother Patrick is now at Manadon and has been selected for an honours course next year.

David Mathias married a Canadian girl in January and is hoping to read forestry at Alberta University. If funds permit, he hopes to come and see us in the autumn.
Charles Pugh has gained a Ph.D. at Reading University, married a girl from the north country and gone to work at Guelph, the H.Q. of the Canadian Agricultural Department.

Paddy McKillop has joined the Merchant Navy and is with P. & O. Our last news from him was that he was shortly flying out to Karachi to join a cargo ship plying between the Persian Gulf and Australia.

Neil Potts has distinguished himself as a Junior in the world of Swimming at Wellington School, where he is about to be joined by his brother Duncan.

Neil, Andrew Muir, Andrew Thomas, Paul Carter and Ross Mackintosh all journeyed to Wellington College in the summer holidays to give P.C.M. a hand at the Prep. Schools Triathlon.

Stephen Picton has taken a number of 'O' levels at Plymouth College this summer.

We continue to hear regularly from Keith Graham in Australia. He has clearly lost none of his enthusiasm for trains! We hope to see him in England before long.

Another Australian emigrant who paid us a welcome visit was Nigel Richards, who is on a working visit and a far-cry from the 'mini' we last saw some years ago.

Congratulations to Robin Russell, whose father is now a Brigadier, on being appointed the Wellington College representative of the Irish Rangers!

Hans Olsen, at Allhallows, writes to tell of his amazing success as a gymnast, having by now achieved his Grade I B.A.G.A.

Nicholas Line at the same school has written briefly but cheerfully.

Alastair Wilson has just completed his second year at Caius College, Cambridge and has an active interest in Drama. His brother Christopher is especially enjoying the rowing opportunities at St. Edward's. Alex Mathews at Bryanston refers to a total of eighty-seven miles of cycling early in his career there. By now, he has probably clocked up four figures. He finds it to his liking.

Nicholas Evans has written cheerfully from Pangbourne, where the nautical arrangements clearly appeal to him.

NOTES AT RANDOM (LATE 1973)
(Kindly supplied by Mrs. Charles Mosse)

In connection with Marlborough, I pieced together the following rather haphazard collection of notes which may interest you.

Charles and I went with James Thomas to the O.M. Dinner held in Plymouth on the 5th October. Wives and 'old girls' are now expected to attend. It was very pleasant to be able to meet and talk with the new Master and Mrs. Ellis in a peaceful and unhurried way. We found Mr. Ellis extremely sympathetic, approachable and with a great sense of humour. He is teaching David English at the moment and, in the Form play 'Macbeth' David is one of the three witches, apparently the one with the deepest voice!

Our daughter Rosalind, now sixteen, is studying 'A' level Biology at the Technical College in Exeter and the great text book they are using is written by a Dr. Roberts who is, at the present, teaching David Biology at Marlborough. We shall have to get Rosalind's book signed!

In view of the general interest and excitement of the Royal Wedding this term, I thought you might perhaps be interested in the wording of the congratulatory telegram sent to Mark Phillips in Germany at the time of the engagement announcement. It was from Marlburians past and present:-

'Love's not Castles in the Air,
'Love is Anne, Princess Fair,
'To Her, to You, our boundless Joy,
'Mark, honoured Marlborough Boy!'

I can’t help liking it a lot! As everyone knows by now, he was Captain of Athletics there, and they do have the most super facilities for this.

Although Marlborough is big, the whole thing is so well sub-divided. Each new boy in the Junior Houses can rely on the aid of a boy 'sponsor'—and of young tutors who are there expressly for the purpose of helping him find his way around. A nice thing, as well, is that, for the first year, senior boys help the new boys practise a large number of options such
as squash, fencing, canoeing, etc. This all helps to make for a very friendly atmosphere indeed.

Of course this was not always so—even in Charles’ day, or earlier when Francis Chichester described his sojourn there in his book ‘The Lonely Sea and the Sky’. Nor was it in the days of Keble Martin, who was a contemporary of both our grandfathers there. A number of Public Schools were forbidding places then! Not so to-day—and on the top floor of B.I. (a very popular House) are quite a number of the sixty 6th Form girls who lend grace and charm to the surroundings!

Prize Day in the middle of June was unforgettable. With glorious weather, every sort of exhibition and activity was being shown or done, and, as a fellow-producer, you may be interested to know that a really wonderful production of ‘Hassan’ was performed, and produced by the author’s nephew, J. W. Flecker, a master at the College.

During the year we have been up to see them act ‘The Alchemist’—and, when David was in his Junior House, their own production of ‘The Ancient Mariner’ with David as one of the chorus story-tellers. A lot of lines to learn! If all goes well on the farm we hope to go up to a School Production of ‘King Lear’ in early November. They always hold a very moving Armistice Service on the following Sunday—with a laying of a wreath by the Master, and a bugler playing the ‘Last Post’.

**OLD BOYS**

Nigel Hill was vice-captain of the Senior Colts Hockey Team and Captain of the Colts XV at Kelly College. He by-passed the 2nd XV and is now playing for the 1st XV. He hopes to go into the Army, via Sandhurst.

Peter Shields has left Bryanston having got three ‘A’ levels in English, French and Maths. He is now teaching French for a year in a Preparatory School in Brighton while waiting to go on to University.

John Shields is Captain of the Colts XV at Bryanston, and high-jumped for a Bryanston Athletics Team v. a Marlborough College team in the Summer Term, 1973.

David Mosse is enjoying life to the full at Marlborough College and has, during the past year, been involved in athletics, fencing, squash, hockey, canoeing, and Beagling with the College pack. He is now (September, 1973) in his Senior House, B.I. and is a member of the Corps which includes orienteering over wide stretches of the Wiltshire downs. He has continued with his clarinet and is in the Junior Band, and achieved an ‘O’ level in French in July ’73. He was very pleased to encounter John Shields when he came to Marlborough during the 1973 Summer Term with an Athletics Team from Bryanston. David was also pleased to see Paul Carter again when he came to the College in September, 1973—another representative from Mount House.

We had Andrew Muir to stay for a night after the Christmas Dance 1972, and enjoyed a visit from James Schnadhorst during the 1973 summer holidays, and also from the Sweet-Escott family.

Tom Sweet-Escott achieved eleven ‘O’ levels, including two first in Chemistry and Physics. He is one of twelve members of the very exclusive Sculling Club at Monkton Combe.

**MOUNT HOUSE WANDERERS**

**Cricket Tour 1974**

This short tour of four games was blessed by the weather gods, for they were all played although perhaps not in ideal cricket weather with the sun on your back. The four matches with results were as follows:-

v. Bridestowe C.C. at Bridestowe, 27th July.  
Won by 6 wickets.

v. Launceston C.C. at Launceston, 28th July.  
Match Drawn.

v. Bridlington C.C. (Yorkshire) at Kelly College, 29th July. Lost by 29 runs.

v. Tavistock C.C. at The Ring, 30th July.  
Lost by 34 runs.

On the pleasant Bridestowe ground at Millaton the home team batted first and scored 113 runs in just under two and-a-half hours. Mark Thompson, 4 for 20 was our most impressive bowler. Bickle for the opposition scored almost half their runs, being caught at 51.
After losing Tim Cornish for 5, John Gelsthorpe and Jeremy Cornish with some fine hitting and smart running took the score to 83 before Jeremy was run out for 37. Gelsthorpe was next out for 47. A quick 14 from Norman Healey caught on the boundary from a tremendous hit brought Jackson and Roger Shobrook together; they quickly completed the task. 116 for 4 in one and-a-half hours. So victory was achieved—without five batsmen going to the crease. Our thanks to Bridestowe as sporting and friendly hosts.

At Launceston to give the team some batting it was decided to bat first after winning the toss. We lost R.B.A. who opened for 4, but then firm entertaining batting from Peter Harley 21, Simon Bradford 10, Paddy Whelan 27, Norman Healey 12, John Jackson 29, Roger Shobrook 25, Graham Beaumont n.o. 9 took the score to 141, setting Launceston that total to get after tea, in the same time.

They set about that task in fine style before the first wicket fell at 41 but then started to lose wickets to Mark Thompson and Paddy Whelan at regular intervals. They found runs hard to get in the tight field. No chances could be taken with Roger Shobrook or John Jackson. Their ground work was most impressive. Launceston struggled to 105 for 8, but the Wanderers could not capture the last two wickets necessary for victory, so the result was a draw. Dr. and Mrs. Healey entertained the teams and a number of guests after the match for which very many thanks.

We were a little apprehensive about our next opposition, who had asked for the fixture through the Devon County Cricket Association. It was unfortunate that we had to play them on the fine Kelly ground, but extremely tricky wicket.

Despite this nothing should detract from the splendid bowling performance of Mark Thompson who took eight wickets for 22 runs in 13 overs. The Yorkshiremen were very generous in their praise. They scored 78 runs.

At the Ring, Tavistock, skippered by David Ross, batted first and Wanderers had a quick success, bowling Chappell for 0 in the 2nd over. Hylton Jones was next to go at 21 for 13 runs. So Tavistock seemed set for a modest total.

However, two lives were given to Husband and they proved very costly for he scored 75 runs, finding an able partner in P. Cashell who scored 27 before being bowled beautifully by John Jackson with his faster ball.

A tremendous hit by the Tavistock skipper, was well caught on the boundary, by Jackson, and with tea the innings was declared closed at 171 for 8.

John Gelsthorpe and Neil Major opened for the Wanderers, but John was caught at the wicket for 2 off fast bowler Scott. And soon after the score stood at 54 for 4, exactly the same as Tavistock's had been. Norman Healey and John Jackson usually so steady and reliable were out to play so uncharacteristic of them, and the score was now 74 for 7, and Tavistock looked set for an easy victory. But a fighting recovery was brought about by Simon Bradford (52) and James Lang (16) to take the score to 133 before Simon came out to drive and was stumped by Husband with only 3 overs to go. James Lang facing Scott survived a number of balls which came through from height and with speed, but his consequent defence came to an end when he was caught off his gloves at point. The innings closed at 138. Tavistock winning by 34 runs.

K.C.C.
**SPORT**

**RUGBY 1973**

Rugby Set Matches—1973

1st Round

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3rd Round

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4th Round

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5th Round

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<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>Otters</td>
<td>5 pts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>Owls</td>
<td>4 pts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>equal</td>
<td>Curlews</td>
<td>4 pts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6th</td>
<td>Hawks</td>
<td>1 pt.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The All Stars kicked off but fortunately the ball was caught cleanly by the Beavers and never reached the touch-line. But a fine tackle prevented the Beavers from crossing the All Stars 25. A knock-on occurred and there was a scrum, it was won by the Beavers, but another fine tackle prevented the Beavers approaching further to the All Stars try line. Suddenly the ball got into the All Stars hands from a loose scrum. Superb passing by them made a try. It was scored near the corner flag by Sprott. Perry was unable to convert it, so the score stayed at four-nothing. The All Stars scored two other trys in much the same way. They were both scored again by Sprott. But they were not converted. The half-time score was 12-0, and that was the final score. The Beavers played well in the second half, sometimes winning that occasional scrum, but they lost honourably.

Nicholas Samuel (Form 6c)

**Rugby—Special Invitation Game**

All Stars v. Beavers

This was a big question for the Beavers, could they beat a team consisting of tough 1st game players? Well, the answer was no but they never gave up in the game though, and put on a gallant fight. They were without their brilliant scrum-half Bill Sharp, who unfortunately fell ill the day before.

**SOCCER '74**

1st XI

A most disappointing, indeed, disastrous term! With eight of last years side available hopes were high and there seemed no lack of real talent but even in the pre-match practice games the determination, the will to win seemed to be lacking. The first game versus St. Petrocs at Bude proved this failing. We were soon two goals down and instead of fighting back the team capitulated, accepted defeat and finally went down 6-2. There was more spirit in the return game which we won 2-0 but this was not to last and we failed to win another match.

It is most frustrating when an obviously talented team fails to do itself justice due to a complete lack of determination. The whole side wallowed in apathy when faced with the slightest problem or setback and proved the rule that ability itself is no guarantee of success unless one is prepared to work and work again to fulfill it!

There will still be a lot of talented players left at school next year and the potential is there for a successful team but a real fighting spirit, a determination to win must be developed if there is to be any hope of success.
Of the team, Lean started the term in goal but after a number of disappointing displays was replaced by Cliffe who performed creditably behind an often crumbling defence. Potts and Fox were full-backs with experience but both were too often satisfied with mediocre performances and the newcomer Dyke at right back was by far the most consistent player. Allen, the captain and right-half and Perry, J. at centre-half tried to inspire some life but they too, often sank to the general apathetic level and were both too slow in both thought and action. R. Thomas was constantly switched between half and inside forward and was obviously happier in the defensive position but failed to inspire real confidence in either position; in fact only when the young and inexperienced J. Sharp was introduced into the team did it spark at all! Vincent had some useful games on the left wing but was too often willing to be a 'spectator' waiting for the ball to come to him. Various combinations were tried in the other forward positions and Davidson was a lively right winger; but hard working, hard shooting inside forwards were impossible to come by and a successful combination was not forthcoming.

Rather a depressing report, but let us hope the lessons have been learnt and that next year we have a talented and FIGHTING team!

COLTS SOCCER 1974

After a rather nervous and uncertain start, the Colts XI, led ably by Christopher Highton, settled into a spirited and talented team.

Timothy Woodcock was a penetrative and dangerous left-wing, and the other forwards seized their scoring chances. Stephen White was a tower of strength in mid-field, and the backs—Christopher Cole and William Ferguson were usually safe. Christopher Perry in goal gained in confidence throughout the term.

The wins against Buckland House and Wolborough Hill in appalling conditions were very impressive, but in the double defeat by St. Petroc's we were without key players and allowed the opposition too much freedom.

G.P.W.C.

UNDER-9—9½ FOOTBALL '74

The complete antithesis of the 1st Football XI. No little talent but above all a determination, a will to win that inevitably brought excellent results. Of the four matches played against Wolborough Hill one was draw 1-1 but the other three were won convincingly 6-0, 1-0 and 4-0.

A. Woodcock was a brave and reliable goalkeeper and the back line of Redman, Ferguson and R. Highton proved an extremely powerful and unrelenting trio. Grier-Rees was perpetual motion personified at centre-half. G. Sharp added the ball playing talent and Holme the first time tackling to form a strong half back line. On the forward line Brough and McElney were talented and persistent wingers, Rees was an admirable link between defence and attack and was the outstanding player in the side; while McGahey had the happy and essential knack of being in the right place at the right time to score the majority of the goals. In all, an excellent well balanced and enthusiastic team.

G.B.

FOOTBALL
Set Matches 1974

League 'A'

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Hawks</th>
<th>Curlews</th>
<th>Hawks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Beavers</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>Curlews 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawks</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>Hawks 2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

League 'B'

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Otters</th>
<th>Kangs</th>
<th>Otters</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Owls</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kangs</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Otters</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Final—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Beavers</th>
<th>Owls</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(after extra time, when the score was 2-2)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

compiled by Nicholas Samuel
Despite a genuine increase in the enthusiasm for the game, the results were only moderate. Jonathan Perry was the one old Colour remaining and found himself captaining the side as well as being the sole front-line bowler of real quality. Required also to prop up the shaky middle-order batting, his talents were overtaxed and partially suffered accordingly, only his bowling increasing in fire and zest for a grand total of 54 wickets for 4.2 runs.

Allen performed much helpful work on and off the field as Vice-Captain and was the only new Colour for the season. He played several useful innings and was the other major wicket-taker with a total of 29.

Thomas, who also remained from the 1973 side, was slow to reach his old standards as a wicket-keeper, only finding attacking form in the last weeks, whilst his batting was unreliable, failing on occasions when it was most needed, though he played some forceful innings during the season. Hugh Fox, besides fielding admirably, opened the innings regularly, and with Allen could usually be relied upon for a slow but reliable start. Davidson who could genuinely swing a medium paced ball, was too erratic to command a regular place.

No left handers, with bat or ball emerged successfully, and this was a grievous blow, as all opposition sides contained at least one and sometimes two left-handers who always seemed to affect the result providing an unaccustomed factor to our players. Unfortunately there are no strong candidates for the future and this shortage is liable to continue.

Ground fielding and throwing seemed to have improved, Darwall’s work being particularly outstanding for which he was awarded the Fielding Cup. Cliffe, Sprott and Lean also did much confident work. The catching was not so reliable, two matches being lost on this account and in future years far more use should be made of the practice slip cradle.

The 2nd XI was sensibly captained by Muir, the wicket-keeper who improved every time that he played. He was well supported by a young side of whom eight will be here next season which is a promising factor for the future. Hendy’s batting, Christopher Perry’s and John Sharp’s all-round ability and steady change-bowling by Bartleet, were particularly noticeable in this 2nd XI.

The Single-wicket Competition produced few surprises, though both Smith and Darby came near to toppling the favourites, until the competition was won by Jonathan Perry by one run in a most exciting final with Richard Thomas, whose last hit was only two feet short of a winning six runs.

The Set Final between Kangaroos and Owls was played out in steadily increasing drizzle and, when time expired, the result after a count-back decision was a surprise win for the Kangaroos.

Results and Averages provided by the 1st XI scorer Jonathan Samuel:-

1st XI
Played 9; Won 3; Lost 6; Abandoned 2
29th May. Mount House 62, Kelly College Colts 64 for 7. Lost.
19th June. Mount House 41, Wolborough Hill 41 for 1. Lost.
22nd June. Mount House 132 for 5, Buckfast Abbey School 70. Won.
10th July. Exeter Cathedral School 29, Mount House 31 for 1. Won.
(Perrys 8 wickets for 16 runs).
Batting Averages

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Not</th>
<th>Inns.</th>
<th>Out</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Highest</th>
<th>Inns.</th>
<th>Average</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thomas</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>177</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>25.28</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perry, J.</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>122</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>13.5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lean</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8.6</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>8.6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>228</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>7.6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprott</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>63</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dyke</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>5.11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fox, H.</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>4.5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Bowling Averages

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Overs</th>
<th>Maidens</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
<th>Average</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lean</td>
<td>17.5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perry, J.</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>244</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>4.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davidson</td>
<td>68.3</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>5.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perry, C.</td>
<td>37.2</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>6.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackson</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6.83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Darby</td>
<td>19.5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>240</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>8.276</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COLTS CRICKET 1974**

Played 6; Won 3; Lost 3

At the start of the season, prospects of a successful Colts side seemed good. The potential was there and, in the practice games, each member of the side claimed his place in the XI. However, match play revealed two basic weaknesses—firstly, a strange lack of determination to win (in two of the defeats, our opponents were let off the hook) and, secondly, an almost total disregard of the principles involved in batting and bowling (our top four batsmen shone individually in only one match each).

William Churcher (average 10.8) was the most competent batsman, scoring 65 runs and Christopher Highton and Drummond Modley shared the bowling honours with fourteen and thirteen wickets respectively. Kevin Rees showed considerable promise as a wicket-keeper and William Ferguson was ever-alert in the field.

G.P.W.C.

**ATHLETICS ’74**

This has been a most satisfactory term in which achievement and enthusiasm has been high throughout the school. Dominic Spence, Jonathan Perry, Miles Sprott, Timothy Woodcock, Nicholas Samuel and David Morris achieved 4 Star awards in their respective age groups. Paul Vincent, Richard Thomas, Nicholas Dyke, Drummond Modley, Gavin Grier-Rees and Richard Goodwin achieved 5 Star awards. In the Pentathlon (five events attempted) Miles Sprott gained a 4 Star award and Nicholas Dyke, Richard Thomas and Paul Vincent 5 Star awards.

In a mammoth effort of time and dedication Paul Vincent managed to achieve a 5 Star Decathlete award (ten events). This was a truly tremendous effort!

The improved standards were evident when we participated in the Prep School Athletics at Kings Taunton. In 1973 we gained one 4th position. This year with nine schools participating our efforts were:-

- Dominic Spence 3rd in 100 m.
- Jonathan Perry 5th in 200 m.
- Paul Vincent 3rd in 400 m.
- Miles Sprott 3rd in 800 m.
- Blair Cliffe 3rd in High Jump
- Miles Sprott 5th in Long Jump
- Richard Thomas 6th in Cricket Ball

With four 3rd places we were 'bronze medal' specialists—shall we see some silver and gold next year? All the team worked extremely hard to improve their performances and special mention must be made of Miles Sprott who proved himself an enthusiastic and dedicated captain of the team and a hard taskmaster where the training was concerned! Unfortunately we were unable to compete in the hurdles as we are without the necessary equipment at Mount House! (This is a very broad hint to anyone who is interested!!)

1974 has been, however, a most successful and rewarding season and with some promising athletes moving up the school the improved standards should continue.

G.B.
We got there at about one o'clock and were led straight to the dining room. We then changed into our running gear and followed everyone down to the track. The afternoon began with the relay. However the absent-minded starter was about to fire his pistol when some bright student suggested the use of battens. This was duly accepted and the race continued. The rest of the afternoon ran smoothly; in most of the events we came third. It was not brilliant but was considerably better than last year. The events ended and we all came up for tea. At about six we departed and arrived back at seven-thirty, quite pleased with our results.

The team consisted of:

Dominic Spence—100 m.
Jonathan Perry—200 m. and relay.
Paul Vincent—400 m. and relay.
Miles Sprott—800 m., relay, long jump.
Richard Thomas—Cricket ball.
Nicholas Dyke—Relay.

As a new venture, a Triathlon was organised this year for Preparatory Schools, to take place at Wellington College early in the summer holidays. In this event, each competitor had to show a variety of talents, having to run 1500 metres, swim as far as possible in three minutes, and fire ten shots with a .177 air pistol. Early in the year we assembled a squad of six potential triathletes, and it was not long before a further ten volunteers were added so that a total of sixteen boys underwent some fairly vigorous training over a period of some months. All this was rather experimental, but there is no doubt at all that the final results justified all the very hard work that was put in by the squad.

We finally took thirteen boys, aged between eleven and thirteen, to Wellington, and our team of Blair Cliffe, James Muir and Miles Sprott came third in the team competition for teams of three. James Muir scored the highest shooting total in the whole competition, Miles Sprott was the third fastest over 1500 metres out of 117 competitors and Blair Cliffe was...
well up in the swimming order. Special mention must be made of Duncan Potts who was the first of our entrants in the individual competition, and the younger competitors, especially John Mackintosh, Richard Thomas and Nicholas Dyke, also did very well with promise for even better performances next year. Altogether this was a very worthwhile effort, and all the boys who took part, and those who trained but were unable to make the journey to Wellington, deserve the highest praise for the efforts they made to improve their performance at those activities at which they were least good, and for the dedication they showed in taking part in a training programme which at times was very hard indeed. They have all doubtless learnt that the way to success in any sport lies through sheer hard work, and that there is no easy way.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Individual Results</th>
<th>Total Points</th>
<th>Overall Placing (Out of 91)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Duncan Potts</td>
<td>3074</td>
<td>9th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blair Cliffe</td>
<td>3066</td>
<td>10th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Muir</td>
<td>3036</td>
<td>11th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles Sprott</td>
<td>2862</td>
<td>25th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Mackintosh</td>
<td>2672</td>
<td>38th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Burton</td>
<td>2618</td>
<td>41st</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Thomas</td>
<td>2616</td>
<td>42nd equal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicholas Dyke</td>
<td>2616</td>
<td>42nd equal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugh Fox</td>
<td>2572</td>
<td>51st</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark Deeble</td>
<td>2488</td>
<td>57th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christopher Perry</td>
<td>2374</td>
<td>64th equal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tony Mann</td>
<td>2158</td>
<td>72nd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christopher Highton</td>
<td>1900</td>
<td>81st</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ARCHERY**

Archery continues to be a very popular summer activity, and the weather was on the whole suitable. There were over fifty bowmen on the list; some of these are beginning to show aptitude and promise.

The Wolborough Hill team came over on 11th July, and although they beat us it was a most enjoyable match. We have not so far found any other opponents, but we hope to do so in future seasons. The Mount House team consisted of Justin Phillimore, Peter Gilpin-Brown, Jeremy Hibbard, Simon Govier, Simon Bayly and Richard Swarbrick. These will all be available next year.

The Kettle Archery Trophy was won by the Kangaroos. This year it was decided to shoot for it with teams of three from each set instead of having it as an individual competition. It was on this occasion that Justin Phillimore achieved a near possible with five golds and a blue, a score of 50 out of 54. (James Butler’s School record of 52 still stands, but it might well be equalled or beaten next year).

**SWIMMING**

As usual, our swimming has been much affected by the weather. Apart from a short period in June, the term was not notable for sunshine and the progress, especially among the non-swimmers, was accordingly rather limited. Despite this, we finished the term with very few boys who could not cope at all, and this groundwork will probably enable many of them to swim reasonably by next season.

Traditionally, our main energies were devoted to making people as safe in the water as possible, next in priority being to teach a select few to look to the safety of others by tackling some of the awards of the Royal Life-Saving Society. The awards gained were as follows:-

**Royal Life-Saving Society**

*Bronze Medallion*

Blair Cliffe, Mark Deeble, Hugh Fox, James Muir, Benjamin Murch, Duncan Potts.

*Intermediate Award*

Julian Allen, Grant Farley-Sutton.

**Amateur Swimming Association**

*Personal Survival Awards*  

**GOLD**

James Buchanan, Reeves Charlesworth, Christopher Highton, Ian Smith, Adrian Travis.
SILVER

Bruce Burton, Angus Buchanan, Charles Burbury, Reeves Charlesworth, Ralf Furse, Christopher Highton, John Mackintosh, Drummond Modley, Julian Moss, David Thompson, Jonathan Wood.

BRONZE

Julian Allen, Eric Asker, Charles Burbury, Reeves Charlesworth, Nicholas Davies, Nicholas Dyke, Nicholas Farley Sutton, James Gardner, Richard Goodwin, Mark McElney, Hamish McLeod, Drummond Modley, Robert Pargiter, Justin Phillimore, Toby Stevenson, Bjorn Strandell.

ASA/ESSA SPEED SWIMMING AWARDS
ADVANCED

Peter Gilpin-Brown.

MERIT

Julian Allen, Bill Darby, Hugh Fox, Peter Gilpin-Brown, Christopher Highton, John Mackintosh, Ian Smith.

The Swimming Gala occupied its customary place in the calendar, and the set competition was won by the Beavers.

1st Beavers 93 pts.
2nd Otters 80½ pts.
3rd Kangaroos 79½ pts.
4th Curlews 57 pts.
5th Hawks 53 pts.
6th Owls 49 pts.

The cups were presented by Mrs. Gordon Potts, whose two sons, Neil and Duncan, have been conspicuously enthusiastic swimmers during their time with us, Neil having gone on to do extremely well as a Junior at Wellington School.

P.C.M.
Twenty-four boys were able to sail in Teal during the Summer Term, some on more than one occasion. With Teal now moored on the Tamar and the school members of the Weir Quay Yacht Club, it is now possible to take part in the races organised by the Club. Several parents own either Wayfarers or Mirrors and there is always satisfaction to be gained from beating the Winfields round the course and at least trying to beat the wary old seadog David Ellingham (and Stephen as crew) in his Wayfarer. And Phil Burton has to be reckoned with.

The fatherly figure of Jack Walters is usually there—keeping an eye on proceedings and ready to disqualify any without life-jackets.

*H.P.W.*