

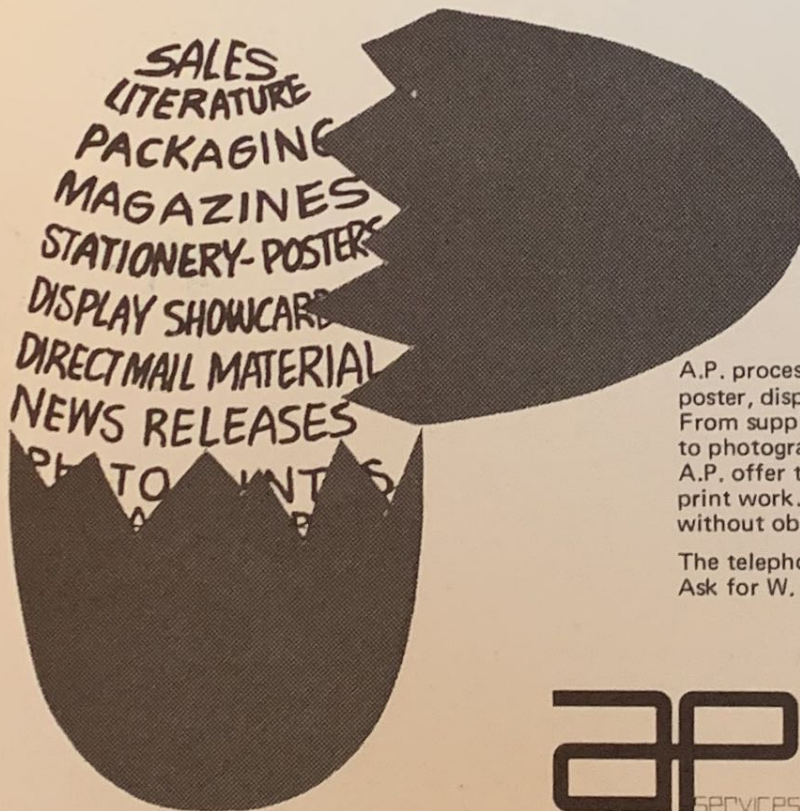
THE
BENTLEIAN
SUMMER 1969



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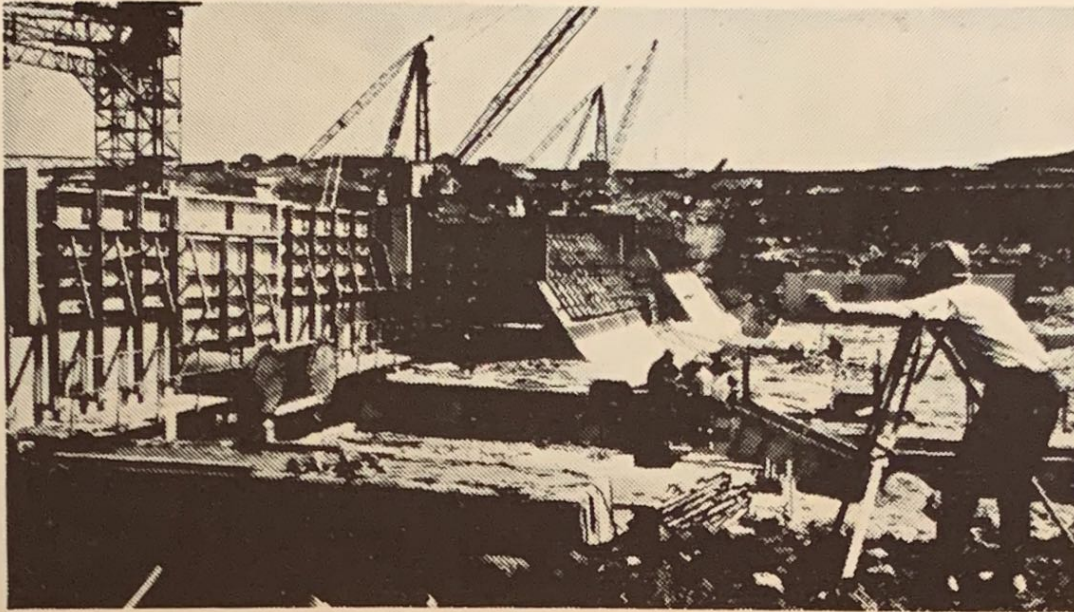
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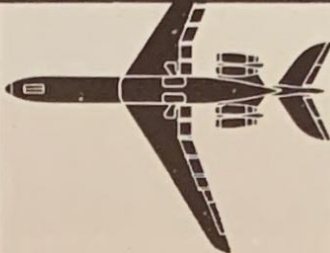
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The Bentleian

The Magazine of Spalding Grammar School

Volume XXXI No. 3 Summer 1969



750's at Cadwell

Michael Start

Dialogue

- ME : I'm dead against imperialism. It stinks. I can't stand those super-powers bullying and exploiting the little defenceless ones. It's bloody immoral. What right have the Yanks got to go trampling all over Vietnam, dropping napalm on little kids ?
- NIBBY : To hear you talk, anybody would think the Viet Cong never committed any atrocities; they've never even heard of the Geneva Convention.
- ME : You're very naive. "All's fair in love and war," and all that. Perhaps that's naive too. But the Viet Cong are fighting for survival, aren't they? And, anyway, why the hell don't the Yanks spend some of their precious dollars on housing or the negroes at home? They'd rather kill kids abroad than save black ones at home.
- NIBBY : You know what your trouble is, don't you?
- ME : Go on. Moralise. I've always wanted to know what the sickness is. What's wrong with caring about other people? Answer me that then.
- NIBBY : You care because that's all you want to do. If it came to the crunch, you wouldn't actually do anything. It's very convenient caring about the Vietnamese. They're a long way away – too far away for somebody like you to do anything. You're a fraud.
- ME : Thanks. What we need is another Spanish Civil War. I would go there. I really would.
- NIBBY : You make me sick. Why go to Vietnam or Spain? There's so much to be done here. What about the homeless and exploited over here? What about the old people in the Johnson Hospital – why don't you go and visit them or something? Why don't you do something useful, instead of mouthing all that hot air? Don't just talk. There's plenty to be done if you make the effort to find out. So why don't you?

The Editor.

School Notes

THREE of our four staff departures this term are not going very far away. Mrs. Forman is going slightly north to Spilsby, and we shall miss her ready versatility very much, for there seems to be very little that she hasn't taught whilst here with us. History, Latin, French, English come immediately to mind, not to mention making costumes for the last school play and – very nearly – a general studies cooking class.

Mr. James is off south from our science department to a comprehensive school at Baldock. Lately he seems to have made a corner for himself in the School's financial activities – charity collection, the Speech Day Fair and, most recently, the tuckshop. Hence, perhaps, his enormous black labrador guard-dog.

Mr. Huggins is going to take charge of P.E. at Downham Market in his native Norfolk, and Mr. Tosney – well, neither he nor anyone else quite knows where he's going! Both leave us in a flurry of glory, having been two-thirds of the victorious Staff Medley Relay Team, not to mention Mr. Huggins' century against the School in the Staff Cricket Match. To all four of them go our good wishes as they depart.

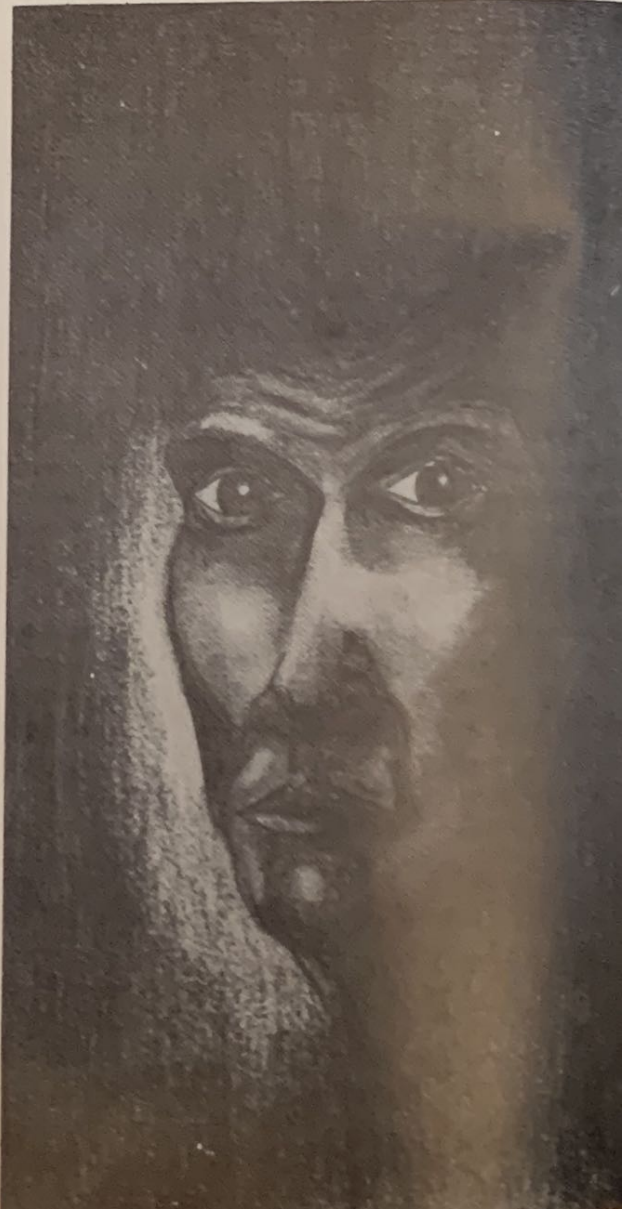
“Hamlet” at the Roundhouse

Shakespeare in a former engine-shed! Members of the L.6 Arts English group had long looked forward to seeing this much-acclaimed production of “Hamlet”. The play was acted upon a stage which projected into the audience and which, with no scenery at all, was therefore very similar to that of Shakespeare's own day.

However, despite some interestingly produced Ghost scenes (assisted by occasional noises from the adjacent railway-yards), the acting was not as good as might have been expected. Nicol Williamson's interpretation of Hamlet, besides appearing too old for a student who had just left Wittenberg University, was also rather gabbled and unimpressive, particularly in the soliloquies, and we were often unable to hear speeches due to the obvious difficulty of having to try to cope with an audience on three sides of the stage. Marianne Faithful, as Ophelia, showed signs of inexperience in acting, and like many others, failed to bring her part alive.

It is not often that one gets a chance to see an arena-theatre production, so it is a pity that Tony Richardson's production failed to leave much of an impression in the mind; and one was left wondering whether some of the weaknesses apparent here were failures just of this production or whether they are inevitable with an arena stage.

Stephen West



Adolf's Laugh-in

Hitler was merely a small-time gangster who became big-time because nobody cared to stand up against him at the start; such is Bertolt Brecht's view of Hitler's rise as portrayed in his play, *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, which a small party of sixth-formers saw at Nottingham Playhouse. Brecht, being a communist, chooses to ignore Hitler's anti-semitism and portray him as a contemptible little thug who is manipulated by the capitalists. Gradually, however, the Hitler figure – Arturo Ui – assumes the reins of power himself, until at the end of the play he screams at the audience, "New York today, the world tomorrow," as his platform moves frighteningly into the midst of the audience.

Leonard Rossiter's performance as Ui/Hitler was simply marvellous; his development from laughable to terrifying is enacted with consummate artistry. Perhaps the funniest scene was when an old Shakespearean actor teaches Ui the gestures and mannerisms of an orator, and Ui's quasi-Shakespearean walk develops into the goose-step. This delicate mingling of comedy with imminent horror was superbly controlled.

At the end of the play, Brecht has the actor of Ui stepping out of his part to say, "The bitch is on heat again" – the conditions that produced Hitler are still with us. And though the play was written in 1948, so that Brecht might be referring to Stalin, I think the director, Michael Blakemore, is justified in underlying the relevance of Brecht's phrase by flashing onto a screen two captions; the first is "We are your friends", spoken by a Russian soldier in Prague; the other, "My hero is Adolf Hitler", spoken by Marshal Ky, the man the Americans are fighting to keep in control of South Vietnam. The symptoms of fascism and totalitarianism may indeed still be here, but are they still "resistible"? One only has to think of the Russian rape of Czechoslovakia to realise that perhaps they are not anymore.

Cox and Box

JDO 542F spun along the B1165 towards Spalding. It was a fresh early-summer morning. The sun shone and the frolicsome wind chased the clouds across the sky. The driver was happy. "I feel pretty, oh so pretty . . .," he sang to the rush of air past the windscreen. In a box on the roof rack a cock and three hens swayed and chucked at the exhilaration of the movement and occasionally added their voices to the sounds floating up from below. "To market, to market to sell a fat hen," sang the driver, swinging the car round the bend into Fulney. And it was here that Fate struck her foul blow. For the wind caught the box, flung open the lid and flushed the birds flapping and squawking into the air. The four birds came down clumsily into a roadside



field and disappeared into the distant undergrowth. A moment or two later a faint henny chortle from the far hedgerow told the driver that pursuit was useless. He flung himself back into the car and slammed the door. He did not feel pretty any longer. His expression was almost, one might say, surly.

Speyer '69.

Four minutes past the hour of six p.m. on Wednesday July 2nd saw eleven boys of Spalding Grammar School and five girls of Spalding High School standing on the station, waiting for the boat train which would trundle them off on their visit to Speyer, Spalding's German twin town.

The train pulled out, with the few parents on the station looking pleased with themselves, for they could now have a bit of peace and quiet for the next twelve days. I think they were also feeling sorry for the two masters, Messrs. Ford and Howard, whom we took with us! Two uneventful hours later saw us at Harwich and with a simple show of passports we were out of the country.

It was dark by the time we boarded the ship and we could only see the glow of Harwich, with brighter patches where floodlit vessels were being loaded. The ship sailed and most people went to bed; the cabins were very well kept and modern, but it is somewhat difficult when, four people with luggage crowded into a space of about six foot square, all try to get to bed at the same time!

The Hook of Holland does not look very inviting at half-past five in the morning, but we managed to fall onto the quayside and once more Mr. Ford showed how well he could count to eighteen. We swept through customs spectacularly, for as soon as Mr. Ford informed them that we were from Spalding the official stated that he was a great friend of Mr. van Geest and ushered us through. We arrived in Speyer seven hours later, having travelled all that time by train; I never want to see another train as long as I live!

We were greeted by our hosts, who whisked us off to their respective homes to meet their families and of course shake hands with everybody we met. I suppose it is better than the French kisses whenever they meet! The reception we received was very warm and our hosts' anxiety throughout the whole visit to make certain that we enjoyed ourselves was really overwhelming. In fact, we had never done or seen so much in ten days before; we saw what must be nearly everything ancient or interesting within miles and visited Oppenheim and Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Mainz, Mannheim and Ludwigshafen, to name but a few places. We must know Speyer as well as the natives, but the most interesting thing was just getting an impression of the country and its people.

The Spalding party only met as a whole on three days when we were taken by coach to various places such as Trifels, a castle in the clouds, or to see the biggest barrel in the world, which holds 83,000 gallons! The only other time our party met was at the school, which was very modern, where we attended a variety of lessons and took part in discussion and language laboratory work. Language was the greatest difficulty, but also caused the most laughs. With slow, simple English, a little bit of French, a minute bit of Russian and a few words of German, we could make most people understand. Of course, if one really got stuck one could revert to Latin!

After what seemed no time at all (in fact, everyone said they wanted to stay longer) we started back with a round of hand shakes, and a volley of 'Auf Wiedersehen'. We arrived back in Spalding on 15th July, definitely travel-worn but none the worse for wear. We all had an experience under our belts, reassured with the certain knowledge of Mr. Ford's mathematical ability, up to eighteen anyhow!

We must, however, thank him and Mr. Howard for making the trip possible and for making it run smoothly throughout.

Flatlanders in the Mountains

Every morning we wake up under our “downies” and sleeping bags to wonderful sunny cloudless skies with hazy hills in the distance. There’s loads of porridge and bacon and eggs before we go down to the musty, damp, warm atmosphere of the boot room and everyone pulls on smelly oversocks preparatory to struggling into big black boots – some dubbed, others muddy. Then everyone meets in the low, dark, white-painted laboratory for the orders of the day. Collecting tubes are hastily rammed into already drink-filled haversacks and scribbled notes are made about the coming day’s work, for this is 3A’s field studies expedition to the Lakes at the start of June.

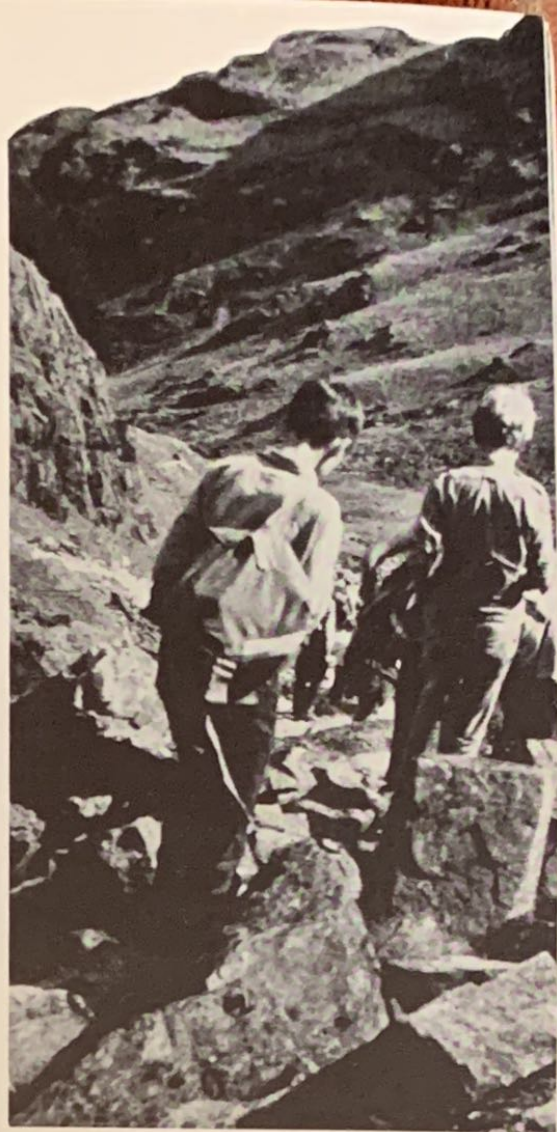
Up the steep steps to the road. Up hill and down dale, crossing bogs at the bottom of little clefts in the hills. Sometimes along wide, well-worn paths and sometimes up rough sheep-tracks to the summits of hills. Sometimes scrambling up loose rocks to get to the top of a ridge. It is a hard climb, a tremendous strain on our legs to scramble up the rocky slopes of Bow Fell, but we are rewarded by a cool spring gushing out of the rock-face and the knowledge that we have climbed to a height of 2,960 feet – one tenth of the height of Everest!

Thirstier and thirstier, hotter and hotter, feet more painful every minute until – “We’ll have lunch here.” Thank goodness! Boots come off and long cool drinks tipple into thirsty mouths. Then the serious business of eating starts, lunch boxes come out and sandwiches are swopped. “Anyone want my chocolate biscuit?”

Caddis fly larvae, may fly nymphs, fresh water shrimps, worms, tadpoles and small fish fill the collecting tubes and polythene bags. Labels are neatly (or otherwise) printed out and stuck to tubes. Notes are made in grubby, dishevelled notebooks, along with a host of maps and diagrams. Then the long trek home begins.

Days out usually end with a swim in a lake or tarn. Our resident candid camera expert is creeping about trying to capture pictures of boys with no clothes on or a master sunning himself. Every evening blisters and sunburn are carefully nursed, until some one comes slap against your arm, immediately telling you that he’s “very sorry”.

The lab. in the evening is a bustling, noisy, boy-infested room, with four or five people trying to write at the same specimen-filled table. A queue of boys shuffles for first place to ask about some biological



Paul Garner (3A)

mystery or other. Meanwhile in a corner one boy is trying to brew tea or coffee with inadequate equipment.

After supper the lawn is covered with a crowd of boys – and Messrs. Charlesworth, Surl and Huggins – playing “splits” with razor-sharp knives. Down below on a sloping grassy pitch between the rhododendrons, a group of enthusiasts rush up and down to gain possession of an off-white football.

So, returning home, the main prizes are formalin-pickled stone-fly larvae, sun-burnt arms and blistered feet. But it was a marvellous week.

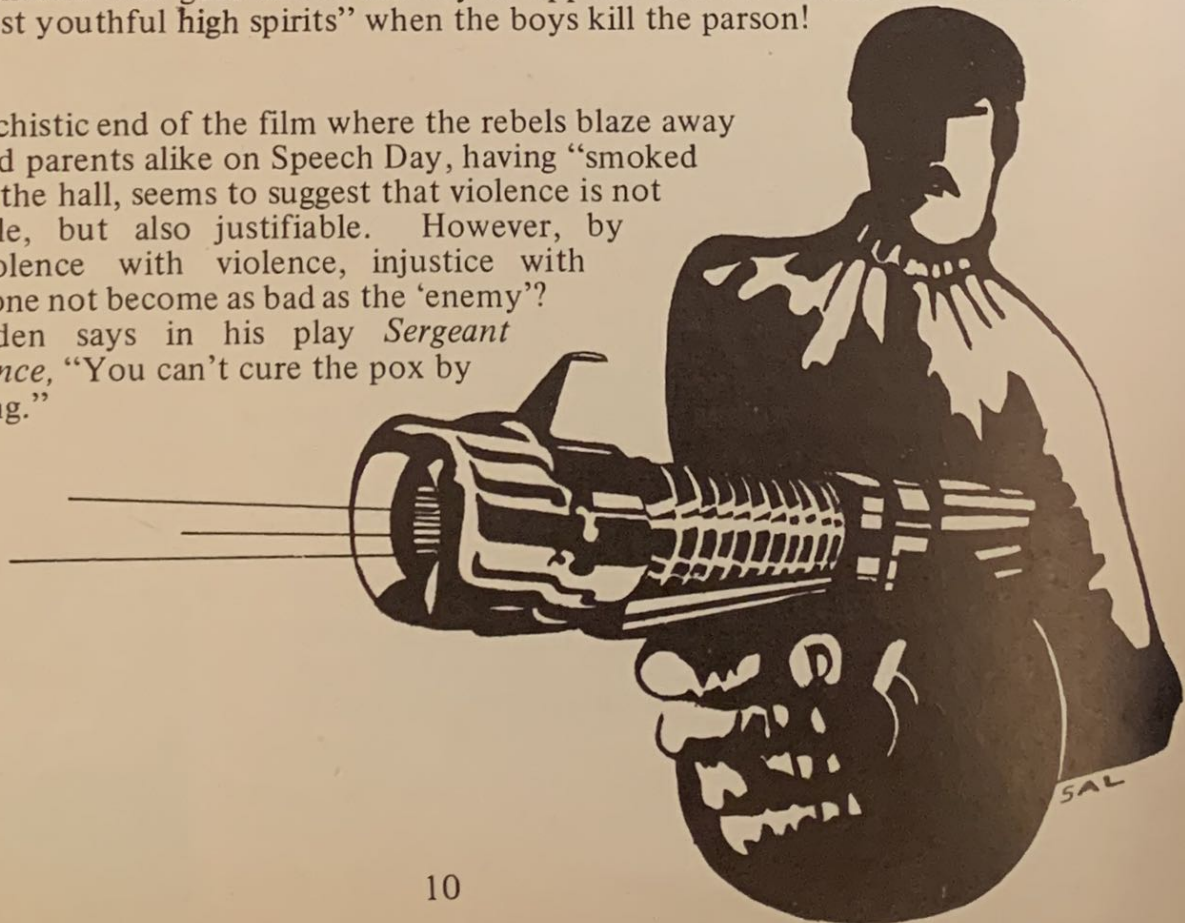
“If”

Student dissatisfaction and protest have assumed many forms in recent months – sit-ins, street battles, etc. – but no-one, to my knowledge anyway, has as yet conspired to blow up the actual buildings and shoot down the teachers and miscellaneous members of the social class deemed responsible for the state of society. However, such are the events envisaged at the end of Lindsay Anderson’s film, *If . . .* where three young ‘rebels’ – or heroes – decide to exact their ultimate revenge on their public school and all concerned, directly or indirectly, with it. Unfortunately, the film does not quite satisfactorily differentiate between actuality and fantasy – one is left at the end wondering whether they did, in fact, carry out their plan, or whether it was a figment of their imaginations.

There is another danger, too, that the film unfortunately falls into – that of using any school (not just a single-sex public one, as in this case) as a microcosm of society; no one such institution can really be said to contain all elements of society within its walls.

However, the film has far more merits than defects. For example, it shows, with wicked accuracy, the hypocrisy and cant spoken by so many of the higher religious and social orders; the school parson, preaching ‘brotherly love’ and peace in chapel on Sunday, and then being chaplain to the School Army Corps on mock-military exercises. And the headmaster who goes out of his way to appease and be ‘decent about it all’, saying, “It’s just youthful high spirits” when the boys kill the parson!

The anarchistic end of the film where the rebels blaze away at teachers and parents alike on Speech Day, having “smoked them out” of the hall, seems to suggest that violence is not only inevitable, but also justifiable. However, by answering violence with violence, injustice with murder, does one not become as bad as the ‘enemy’? As John Arden says in his play *Sergeant Musgrave’s Dance*, “You can’t cure the pox by further whoring.”



Band Concert

This term a concert was given by the 17/21st Lancers Band to the lower and middle school. This was the normally-accepted military band with reed, brass and percussion sections.

The concert started with an impressive fanfare played by cavalry trumpets, which, the conductor added, were very difficult to play. Throughout the concert, the conductor spoke between items about the band and their music. Of the pieces that the band played, the most popular were the lighter ones, such as the selection of Herb Alpert's music. An arrangement of *Frere Jacques* in the style of Don Gillis, using thick lower harmonics, was also popular, because the music was well suited to the ensemble. But, unfortunately, the band also attempted to play some orchestral works arranged for concert band. These were played badly and sounded corny, probably due to bad arranging.

The concert ended on a high note, however, with *Hoot-Nanny*, accompanied by rhythmic clapping from the hall.

Music

One major event dominated the activities of school musicians since the last issue – the annual Charter Day service. If our last report (Spring 1969) dealt mainly with the peak performances of the orchestra at the County Festival, this report must likewise set on record a peak performance by the choir. Earlier in the year one of our school musicians had suggested that it would be interesting for the choir to tackle a large-scale chorus for this year's Charter Day anthem and Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus was mentioned. We had doubts about our ability and resources, but the music was ordered and the various vocal groups in most forms began work. It soon became apparent that it had caught on, and with the excellent backing of experienced helpers from the orchestra the lower parts began to match up to the splendid treble line. On the occasion itself, singing in a packed chancel with organ accompaniment, the result was much better than had been expected, and certainly justified the "big chorus" experiment. One of the most rewarding comments came from a few of the older choir members – "What a pity we can't learn the whole of Handel's *Messiah*." The orchestra again provided the usual service accompaniment.

Clean Up T.V.

Several of the sixth form were awaiting July 8th with trepidation, for it was the day of the annual C.E.M. conference at Boston. The assembly was to be addressed by Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, the well-known "clean-up T.V." campaigner. Some imagined her as "an old dear with a bee in her bonnet", whilst others preferred the "battleaxe" stereotype. However, I am glad to report that all fears were quashed and everybody enjoyed the day. There were about twenty of our sixth-form, together with the same number from the High School, and Boston High and Grammar Schools. All found the lecture absorbing. The speaker's ideas and hopes for the future perhaps seemed a little idealistic – or reactionary, depending on one's point of view – but her reasoning was basically sound. I'm sure many of the audience, on watching T.V. that night, had more than Ena Sharples in mind.

Fifth-Form Conference

On Thursday, the third of July, the annual fifth-form conference was held in the school library, with each of the four schools in Spalding attending. The main theme for discussion was "The attitude of a christian in modern society". The questions arising from this discussion were answered by the Rev. Moon, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Woodward. The three speakers each gave a talk on this theme and then we were split up into groups to find questions to put to the speakers, and in some cases to argue. This process was repeated in the afternoon on the theme of "Problems concerning christians".

On the whole, the discussions and the questions that followed were both very interesting and enlightening. There was never any lack of questions and everyone seemed prepared to join in. Especially so on the controversial subject, which the Rev. Moon put forward, on marriage. At the end, the general feeling about the conference was that there should be subsequent meetings of this kind, in the near future, as this one was so successful.

Reading Competitions

The outstanding feature of the middle competition this year was the high standard of the solo-reading. This was deservedly won by J. Young (4J) for his reading of Henry Reed's *Naming of Parts*. This was a difficult poem for a fourth-former and he read it with great sensitivity and intelligence. An extract from *Half a Mile Down* read by A. Gale (3L) ran it a close second but was far too long. (This was a fault with several passages in the competition, particularly in the group reading.) The group reading was convincingly won by 3L's performance of *Sir Patrick Spens*. They had a good range of voices and they managed the Scots accents without losing any clarity; this was a pleasure to listen to. 3A came second with a contribution which was of particular interest because it was an extract from a play for voices by a member of the form: Andrew Wilkinson's *S.G.S.*, written in the style of *Under Milk Wood*. This was an ambitious effort which required very careful production; as a result, its standard was a little uneven. The Form Shield was won by 3L.

In the junior section of the reading competition, held on Friday, July 11th, the performances of both solo readers and form groups were of somewhat varying merit, but the overall standard was quite commendable, and the best items thoroughly deserved the rapt attention they gained from their audience.

In the solo items, the judges found their task very difficult. P. B. Harwood of 1L conveyed quite successfully the humour and lively direct speech of his extract from Richard Crompton's *More William*. N. D. Cowlen of 2A read his passage, about a boy killing a shark and saving his dog, with great sensitivity and expressiveness; A. D. Marshall of 1H gained similar effects from largely the same extract in a more restrained way, and was finally, by a hair's breadth, given first place.

Among the groups, 2D's vigorously argumentative passage from *Tom Sawyer* may not have posed as serious problems as some of the other choices, but it clearly emerged the winner. The group contributions of 1H, 1L and 2A were all, in their different ways, of quite high quality. The junior shield was awarded to 2D, but 2A and 1H were not far behind them. However, it was obvious that all the competitors and the members of staff who had coached them had prepared for the event with an enthusiasm that made it all well worth while.

Our thanks to Mrs. B. Tobin and Messrs. M. Talbot, G. A. Parkinson and D. J. Taylor for judging the competitions.

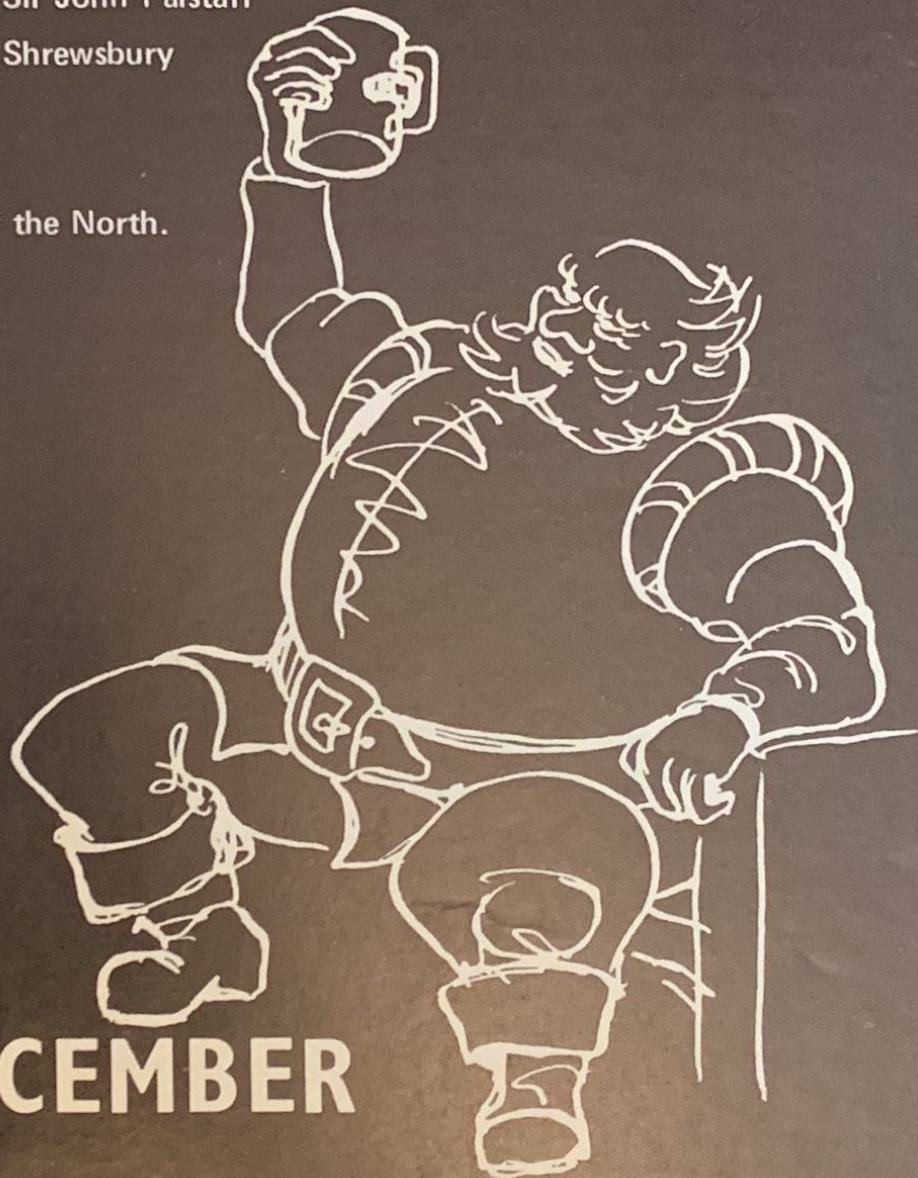
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Contributions

Our thanks to the following for their help in compiling these notes:— J. Bratley ('Speyer '69'); E. Fitch ('Hamlet'); M. Gooding ('Band Concert'); C. M. ('Music'); S. J. Palmer and B. Luker, 5S ('Fifth-Form Conference'); G.A.P. and D.J.T. ('Reading Competition'); and R. W. Tobin, 3A ('Flatlanders').

This Spalding

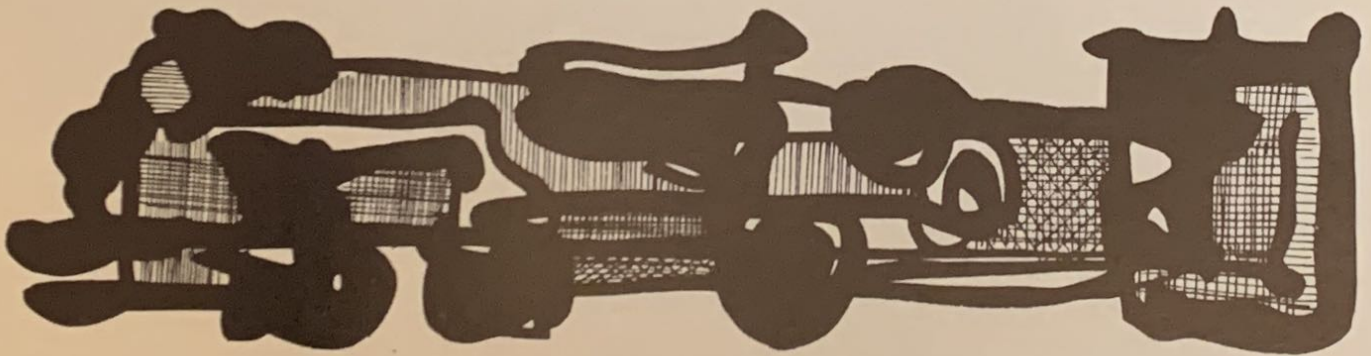
"The electricians were in and they had to dig up the garden to find the earth." (A.R.F.)

First Small Boy : Where's Mr. H*gg*ns going?

Second Small Boy : Downham Market.

First Small Boy (earnestly) : What's he going to do on a stall?

The Editors believe the views expressed in this magazine to be sincere and informed, but no opinion is official unless specifically stated to be so.



The Gobstoppers

"I SAW THAT," said the shopkeeper. My throat was gulping, and my head swung round quickly to see if she was addressing me. Sure enough, she was walking smoothly towards me. I turned and faced her, my hands together behind my back. I felt myself getting worried and shaking, as she took hold of my ear and led me to see the owner.

"Come on, show the man what you pinched," shouted the lady snappily.

"I've not pinched n'owt," I said, trying to sound surprised. I could see the man staring me in the face with his big brown eyes, his pointed, red, whisky-drinker's nose twitching. I had to turn away. I couldn't stand and let him stare at me like that. My conscience was playing up terribly. I could hardly face up to myself, let alone the shop owner inquiring about what I'd "nicked".

"Come on, my boy. Turn out your pockets." I did, and I pulled out one handkerchief, one threepenny bit and a sixpence, given to me by my mother a short hour previously, and four penny gobstoppers.

"Come with me," he said, rather kindly, I thought, for the situation. He took me to his room, and told me that this was known as stealing, a crime, not to be laughed at. In my bewildered state I begged with him not to tell my father or the police.

"I didn't intend to," he said. A sigh of relief from me. "This time, you can go without any trouble. I'll have the threepenny bit to pay for them, but next time, it'll be the police."

These last four words made me, a small six-year-old boy, with a lot to learn in life, shiver. No thank you. I didn't want to go to the police. This shopkeeper had done me a good turn, teaching me not to steal. I owed him something for this, so I thanked him and apologized in the best way I knew. He accepted, and I walked home, feeling a little ashamed. I couldn't, however, also help feeling pleased with myself for getting four penny gobstoppers for threepence, a bargain to anyone with only ninepence to his name.



Nigel Terrington (4J).

LOVE JAZZ MADLY



Duke Ellington

PERHAPS it was a sense of apathy and vacancy after A-levels; perhaps a reaction against the monotonous rhythms and innocuous lyrics like "Yummy, yummy, yummy, I've got love in my tummy," all too characteristic of the 'pop'-scene — but, whatever my reason, I consciously set out to discover jazz. Simply borrowing as many old 78's and L.P.'s as possible, I sat down and listened. What I heard convinced me that here was a musical form both exciting and soothing in a way no other musical form seems, to me, to be. The idea of each jazz musician standing up and 'doing his own thing' appeals to me very strongly, when 'pop' music in particular is strangled by lack of imagination and expression.

What is jazz? you may well ask. Louis Armstrong once said, "Man, when you gotta ask what it is, you'll never get to know." For music is basically an appeal to the emotions, and as such defies rational explanation. And with jazz, one only has to go into a jazz-club to appreciate how great this audience response can be; the apparent lack of formality makes it very common for audience-members to go on stage and "have a blow". And yet, below the surface, there exists in jazz as definite a conception of musical form as in any other music; but in jazz the discipline is one of personalities and individual styles, rather than of notes on a page. The jazzman may improvise, but his solos are conceived in the context of a trio or 'big band'; he is playing *with* the others as much as a concert solo violinist. In the jazz trio, each plays his own "break" or solo, but with great care to blend with the others; the unity of the jazz group is completely dominant.

Perhaps this, along with jazz's obvious use of improvisation, is what attracts so many leading "serious" composers to study jazz and utilise it — Stravinsky, Ravel and Tippett are but three. For jazz is not 'musical anarchy'; it does not preclude great musical ability. Duke Ellington, for example, is arguably the greatest composer of this century, and has there ever been a classical pianist to rival jazz's Art Tatum, who was blind?

Let us just say that jazz's contribution to twentieth-century music has been a great one. Along with its close neighbours, folk-music and blues, it has also had its fair share of tragedies – the tragedy of Bix Biederbecke, who turned to drink and died, aged 28, Charlie Parker, who died from drugs – and extroverts, like Roland Kirk, who plays three saxs and nose-flute all at once! But my favourite jazz story, the one that seems to me to epitomise the essential humanity and warmth of the music, concerns one Buddy Bolden, a trumpeter in Chicago in 1917. He was reputed to blow so hard that, on a clear day, he could be heard fourteen miles away across Chicago! Of course, when it rained, his range was a mere nine miles! And as there are no recordings of his work, who are we to doubt the validity of the claim? “Don't ask questions, just dig it,” as they used to say.

Gerard Boyce.

Ye Olde Tussel of Rugabey



BEING the yeare of Our Lord 1298, and I being of the hereditary occupation of a classical scholler, I have taken on thought into my minde to sette downe the incident in ye game one calleth Rugabey.

In more general it is two teames sette up ageynste bothe one and the other. More oft two of our locale hamlets being in opposition.

The game commenceth bye alle being positioned in the middel of the fieelde. Then screameth the iudge in a blood-curdling yodele, “Attacke, beastes”. The tussel now beginneth.

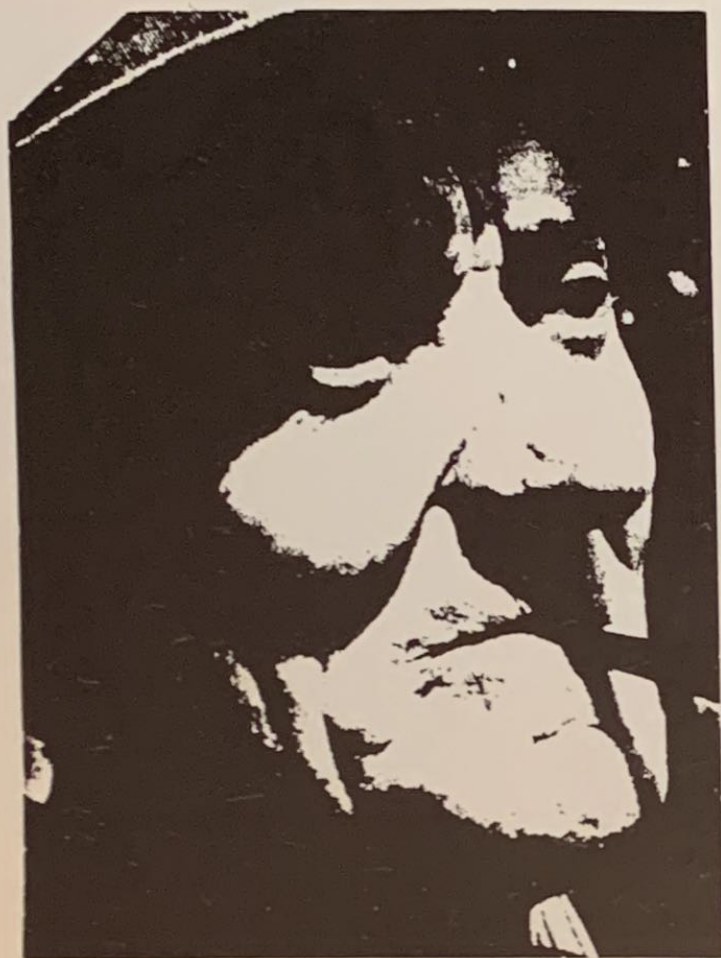
A mighty rumbling doth blaste the skies, as an three hundrede mixed yokels gallop at each other, armed with forkes and fistes and deliberated tools. The mighty battels meete, lyk a strande of chargers from the kinge. It seameth me that from the commande of the begine the balle be lefte to the meadow. For then a gigantical orgie of fisticuffs and assault doth run rife. Occasion doth calle for the odde attacke of male rape in what is oft called the scrumme.

To a more certaine degree, spasmodes of game do manage to breake out, wherever the balle rowleth. A certaine brute of some fifty handes across the cheste siezeth the balle and proceedeth to cutte downe the enemie with his hande-scythe, onlie to be felled by an adze betuixt his shouldre blades. The balle beth forgotten againe. Resumeth the orgie.

I remember me diskindlie after a certaine bataille, we did collecte two severed armes, divers fingers and toes, and on the nighe fifty mutilated deade corpse, no-one having counted the scorre or having bothered with the balle.

Alle survivors, concisely, agree that this conteste ben the beste on our younger recordes. I distaine from playing for olde reasons of mine delicate healthe.

Timothy Smith (5S)



the dialogue continues

by
Nigel Reed
Christopher Pinder
Peter Kettle
Paul Garner
Gerard Boyce

photographs
by
Paul Wells

The crippled old lady crawled up the splintering stair-case. Almost at the top, she flopped down wearily. Her musty, lino-floored bedroom was in sight. The steps were close together, like a ladder. Her 86-year-old sister, putting herself to bed in the living-room, had just come back from hospital after a fall on these stairs.

In the same village, another old lady was cooking her supper on a primitive paraffin-stove. A gust of wind nearly knocked the burner over onto the wooden-topped bench. There was no electricity, gas or hot water in the house.

Nearby, an elderly widow, who had had three strokes, potted down to the bottom of the garden to fill her bucket at the battered tap there. Back at the house, after filling the kettle and rinsing her face and hands in an enamel bowl on the kitchen table, she went out and threw the water on the earth outside. Her toilet was also outside, and did not have a flush.

All these people live locally and, reading Paul Garner's sympathetic account of what old-age means for them, one might ask, "Why don't they go into a home — they're nice and modern, clean, and have all the necessary facilities?" But to do so, reveals a complete inability to understand the real needs and feelings of the old, as Peter Kettle discovered when he asked Miss Pretty of Crowland that very question.

home

"I like to sit by my own fire."

"Oh, no. I'd never move out of my own home; for one thing, these modern homes haven't got coal fires. I like to sit by my own fire. I've been ill during the winter, but I would still not like to leave my own home. I've been lucky, though. An old lady I know lives between two empty houses and was ill in bed for days this winter, very upset, and no-one visited her. More should be done to help old people in their own homes. If someone only calls for a few minutes, it helps. The Health Visitor called once and asked me if I wanted anything. I told her I was alright, but wanted just one thing — a small hip-bath, because I can't fill and empty the one I've got. It's too large. The Health Visitor promised to help. That was six months ago, and I've neither seen nor heard anything of her since."



institution

"I was afraid that I would see people living without any purpose in life, and I think my fear was justified."

Christopher Pinder worked for a short while in one of these modern institutions for the aged, the Avalon Wards, at the end of which time he declared, "that if growing old should mean that eventually one has to be admitted to a geriatric ward such as Avalon, then I would much rather die happily in my sixties. Please! Let it not be thought that I am trying to be derogatory about Avalon, because I have a great respect and admiration for the nurses and staff who always manage to remain happy and cheerful in their work. But I think I would need a long time to be able to shrug off my first impressions.

"When I first went into the Avalon wards, I was afraid that I would see people living without any purpose in life, and I think my fear was justified. There can be nothing more upsetting than to see fellow human beings sitting along all four walls of a room staring blankly into space. Their eyes weren't focused upon anything, but as soon as someone entered the room, they would follow him with their eyes but would not say a word.

"Nobody can say the surroundings in Avalon are depressing – for once, the architects seem to have designed it for pleasant living, but their use of tarmacadam in front of the block was unimaginative." Oh yes, it's clean, and efficient, just right for parking cars and discharging central-heating oil! But never a tree or flower or bit of grass for the old who sit and look out of the big glass windows! It's all so symptomatic of much present-day thinking about old-age. Again, modern furniture can never hope to replace that old Welsh dresser, so dear perhaps to an old person's heart. Tubular steel and plastics are worlds apart from the environment the elderly have been used to, and tarmacadam can never be a substitute for a piece of garden, however small or unkept.

One has only to read Christopher's observations during an outing into the countryside he went on with some of the old people to appreciate the importance of environment. "Transporting the people back to an environment they knew seemed to loosen up their tongues. The two old gentlemen opposite me were chatting endlessly about farming and crops in their days. However, things quietened down again as soon as they returned to Avalon – there are no flowers to talk about in front of Avalon, and conversations cannot exist for long purely on memory."

At the end of his period of work, Christopher found himself experiencing a mixture of feelings – one of "satisfaction for the work that I had done, but also a feeling of dissatisfaction for not having come to grips with the problem of making myself realise that one day I would be old, as those two gentlemen, and, but for good fortune, I could spend my remaining days in another Avalon."

community service

"It is simply ludicrous to expect to achieve anything at all in an hour on Friday afternoons."

Christopher's experience is mirrored by that of Nigel Reed, who, for several weeks now, has been engaged on school community service work. Nigel points out that "loneliness is by far the major cause of unhappiness amongst the elderly. They find it difficult to go out and make new friends, and welcome anyone who comes to have a chat. And since I have little in common with people fifty years my senior, the conversation is, for the most part, one-way – but this is how it must be. Simply listening attentively can bring great joy to a lonely person.

"As people grow older they become unable to do heavy work, and this is the second way in which we can help. Tidying the garden eliminates an embarrassing sign of inability, and helps to preserve pride and self-respect, which assume great importance for the elderly. But gardening by itself, with only superficial contact, has never proved satisfactory. Simply covering over the outward signs of inability without any attempt to understand or take an interest in the problems involved merely makes the elderly person more aware of his own failings. Personal contact and sympathy are essential."

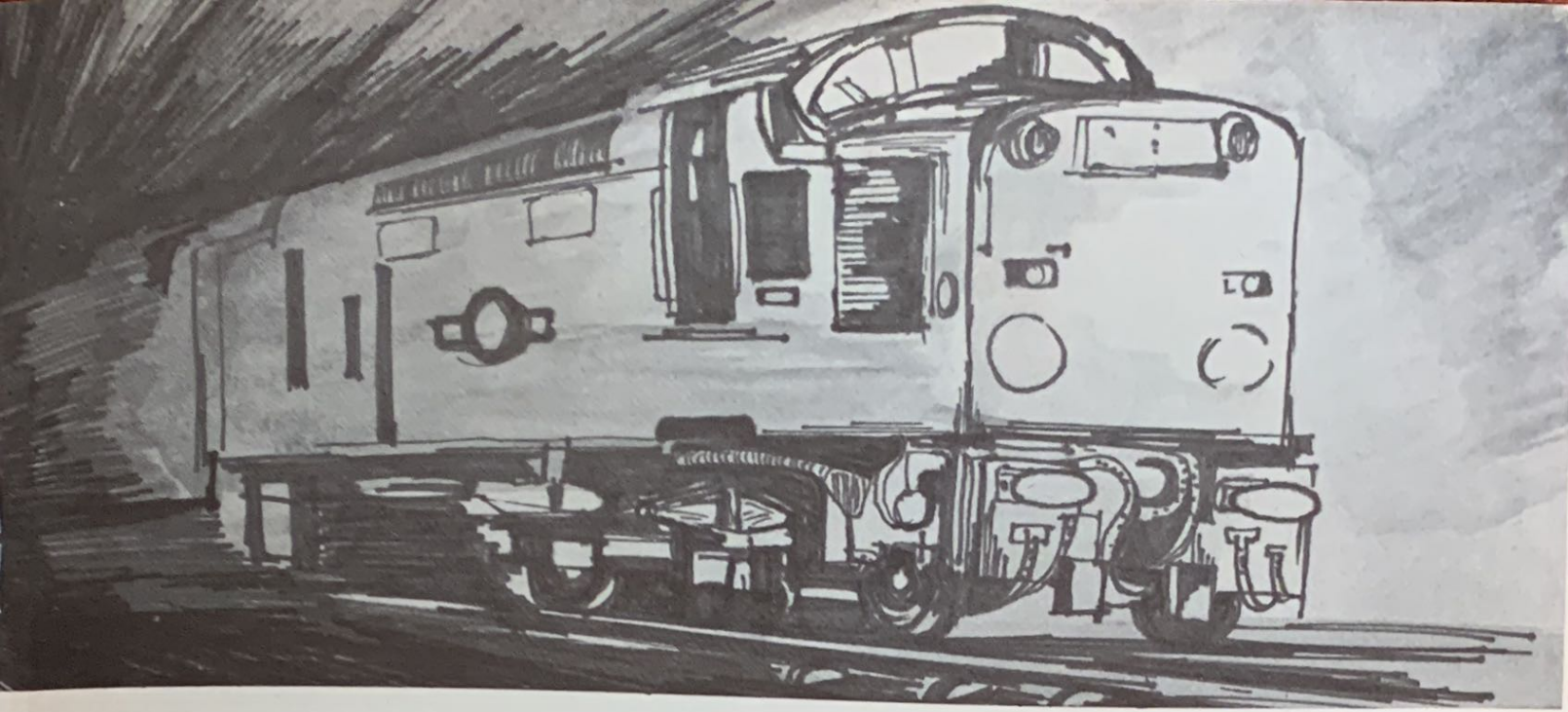
It is at this point that the present school social-work schemes break down; too often hedge-cutting and the like exclude this personal contact – this is particularly the case with younger boys, and, to judge by the small number of sixth-formers who help, even most of them seem to lack the patience and understanding necessary to tackle the job at all satisfactorily. It is not numbers of helpers that are of paramount importance, but rather their ability to communicate and sympathise. Up till now, "active encouragement and careful guidance have been virtually non-existent," says Nigel. "It is vital that the resources available are given some sense of purpose and direction. Anyway, it is simply ludicrous to expect to achieve anything at all in an hour on Friday afternoons."

island or continent?

"Possibly the very provision of the Welfare State gives some an excuse for neglecting their aged parents."

The problem of the elderly concerns everybody, whatever their age. And there are no easy answers – "Killing off everybody over the age of 40 may appeal when one is 17 or 18, but one will change one's mind drastically as soon as one becomes 40," says Sir Dennis Brogan. And the numbers of elderly people increase year by year. Thanks to the Welfare State, they are provided with the National Health Service, old age pensions and welfare workers. Also, as Paul Garner points out, "Another product of this modern age is the fact that the family unit is becoming dispersed. Sons and daughters move out of the district far more readily, to search for work, and possibly the very provision of the Welfare State gives some an excuse for neglecting their aged parents."

Perhaps the crux of the matter is whether or not one really *cares* about the elderly; whether one would agree with the hippies that "doing one's own thing" is all that matters, or whether one would agree with John Donne that "no man is an island, entire of itself," that we are all simply members of a great community, all dependant on each other, all with an obligation to each other. When one reads passages like the descriptions of those four ladies at the beginning, does one simply say, "I'm alright, Jack," or, again quoting Donne, gladly recognise that "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee."



Stephen West

The Train

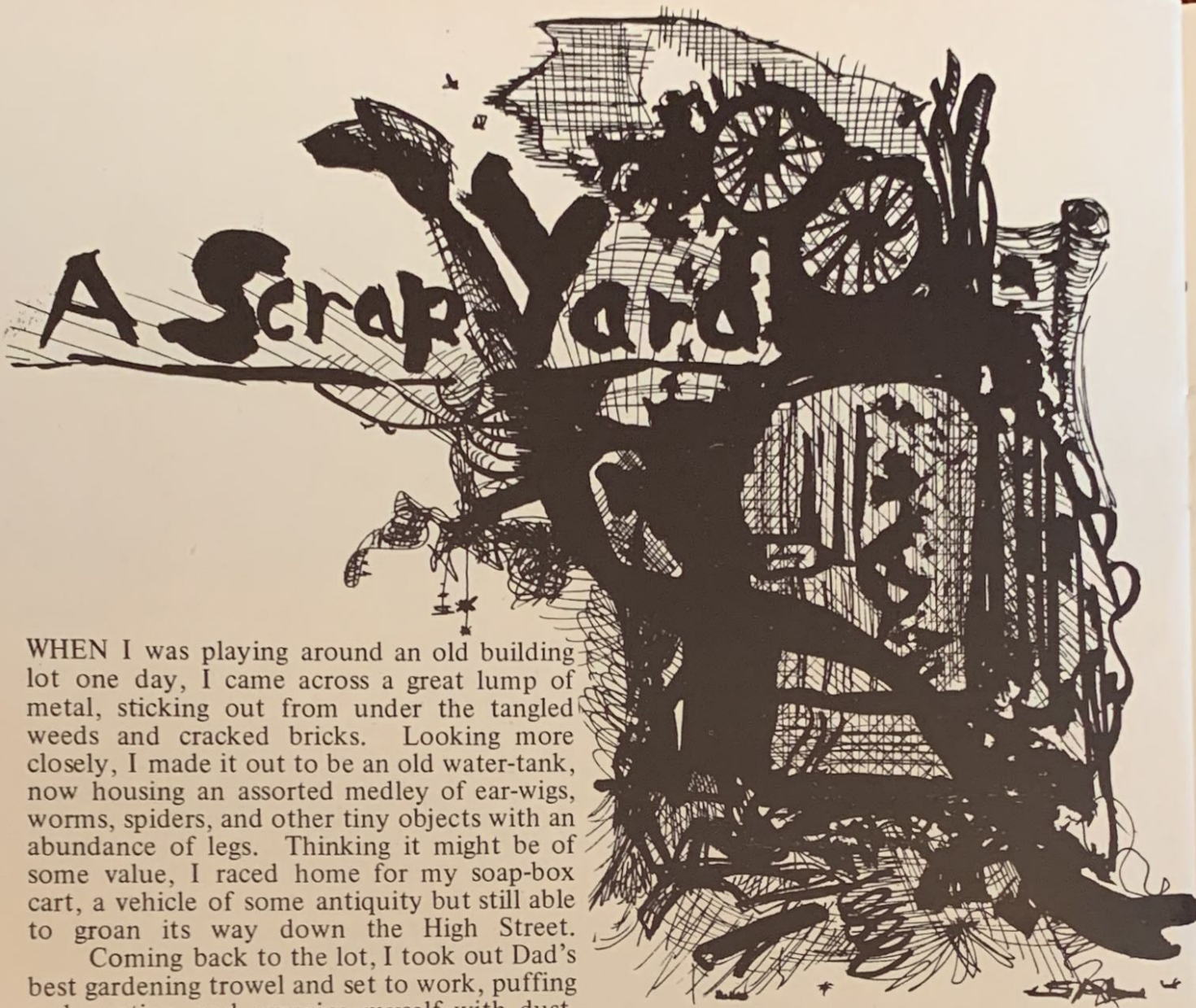
THE DOG-LEAD was well and truly entangled in the rust-coated railway line. Alan's fingers moved quickly, unwinding, pulling, but to no avail. To make matters worse, the small dog was jumping up and down and yanking on the lead. As Alan reached out to grasp hold of the dog's collar, he froze with a sudden fear. Was that a train whistle that he had heard? Perhaps it was his nerves and he was imagining it all, he couldn't tell. But if there was a train coming, there was no time to lose and so he got hold of the dog once more and began untangling the lead again.

He had only just returned to his task when he stopped again and swallowed hard. This time he had definitely heard a train whistle as it entered the tunnel. Alan immediately did the worst thing that he could possibly have done in his position. He panicked! He began tugging madly at the dog-lead with a hope that it might either snap or find its own way out of the tangle. The sweat pouring down his forehead and his hands became slippery, the lead slipping away from his grasp frequently. His mind had gone blank. He didn't even think of undoing the dog's collar and making a rush for the opening without the lead. All that he could do was to pull on the lead.

By now he could hear the deep rumbling of the train as it drew nearer. Soon its lights would fall on him and his dog, but by then it would be too late to stop.

The unsuspecting driver would run right over him! The boy cried in his need, as he again tugged on the lead. He looked across the tunnel to see if there were any places to get out of the way of the oncoming train. All he could see was a dark wall, no hiding places at all. He looked towards the direction of the train and the loud rumbling sent a shiver shooting down his spine. He grasped hold of the puppy; he wasn't going to leave him! Again he looked in the direction of the train and, to his horror, saw two eerie lights rushing towards him. He crouched down, the puppy under his arm, as the train drew near.

Continued on p. 26



WHEN I was playing around an old building lot one day, I came across a great lump of metal, sticking out from under the tangled weeds and cracked bricks. Looking more closely, I made it out to be an old water-tank, now housing an assorted medley of ear-wigs, worms, spiders, and other tiny objects with an abundance of legs. Thinking it might be of some value, I raced home for my soap-box cart, a vehicle of some antiquity but still able to groan its way down the High Street.

Coming back to the lot, I took out Dad's best gardening trowel and set to work, puffing and panting, and covering myself with dust, earth, earwigs and spider's webs.

It was finally balanced on the cart, and, with a great feeling of achievement, I rolled down the road to the scrap-metal merchants.

When I showed my prize to the ancient man with a pulled-down cap and long beard, he proclaimed, "Oi'll give yer 'tanner for it." Indignant at thinking my water-tank was only worth a 'tanner', I asked the man whether he had any other offers.

"Well, you can look through that load o' junk over yon, if yer like," he grumbled through his beard. "Thanks a lot, I'll do just that," was my reply, and gave a look of interest towards the massive, towering pile of forgotten objects in the direction of which he pointed. As I made my way through the sea of rusted metal towards the pile, I heard in the distance, "Mind yet get only 'tanner worth."

The pile of metal before me was a veritable paradise of adventure and exploration to me, and a glance told me that here was a good afternoon's occupation. There was every conceivable kind of junk; here an old washing machine, its interior filled with boots and shoes, there a rusting car body of the 1920 kind. I scrambled around, picking up one article after another, and giving everything a careful examination before discarding it.

At one place I was able to go into an old lorry cab, shut the door and imagine the whole pile of junk that was pressing against the roof, trying to crush its supporter. Through the right-hand window, I saw, to my delight, a kind of cave, going right into the pile, the roof of this being made of old mattresses, bedsteads, car bodies and sheets of corrugated tin. I crawled through the window, and entered this accidental cave of wonders.

One of the most interesting objects in this opening was a refrigerator, of great antiquity. Rust had played havoc with the once-enamelled body, leaving great gaping holes here and there, bridged with old spiders' webs, full of the carcasses of long-dead flies. The door had almost come off its hinges and was hanging open, showing the world the pitiful state of its interior. It was still of some use to the world, however, as it now proved to be a very useful home for unwanted insects, of the creepy-crawly category. This refrigerator was one of the posts holding up the tons of rubbish from crushing this cave.

One of the most useful finds in that place was an old box lying in the dust, just as if waiting for someone to come along, namely me, to open it. This I did, and to my surprise there appeared to view two rows of ancient lead soldiers, with paint peeling, and many minus limbs, but what do you expect in a scrapyard?

I was sure this was to be my 'tanner's worth', but still I looked around, intensely interested in the place. The insect population here was amazing, and many varieties of weird and wonderful creatures came into my view; here a deadly looking spider with fur covering its main parts, there an undulating caterpillar, again covered with hair, but coloured with green and red stripes.

Burrowing further into the pile, I came across a great collection of pram-wheels, of the kind I had been looking for for my cart for a very long time. For a moment my mind hovered in a balance; should I keep the soldiers and discard the wheels, or throw away the lead toys and give my cart its richly deserved wheels?

Looking closer at the wheels, I made up my mind. The spokes were almost completely rusted through and liable to collapse at any minute. I shuddered to think of what would have happened to me, had I taken them. Coasting down the High Street, when suddenly the wheels would have given way. I discarded the thought immediately.

In another corner, I came across some more pram-wheels, but this time with the pram attached. The paint was peeling off, revealing rust patches in an advanced stage. The wheels were in the same state as the others and the inside was another haven for assorted species of crawly-creatures.

Making my way towards the entrance of the cave, the lorry-cab, I tripped up on an old root in the ground, and fell against the refrigerator. This gave a shudder, and before I knew what was happening, I was half-buried in the collapsed roof of the ex-cave. Levering myself out from under the pile of pram-wheels, school desks, boats, refrigerators and washing machines, I crawled to the cab-window, through the inside of the cab, through the door, and out into freedom and fresh air.

I blinked in the sun's rays, not yet accustomed to anything other than the dark gloom of the cave.

"Well, kid, 'ave yer foun' anythin' yet, eh?" a voice from behind me exclaimed.

"What? Oh yes, this old box here. I was fascinated by the pattern on the lid," I hurriedly said, not wanting the man to see the box's contents, for fear of them being worth more than a 'tanner'.

"Huh, queer thing to want, I must say," grumbled the old man. "Still, if you're sure you want it, you c'n 'ave it with pleasure," and, without another word, he turned back to his hut, where his pools and a cup of tea were awaiting him.

I rushed out of the yard, got onto my soap-box cart, and coasted joyfully down the road, heading for home.

Andrew Carter (2A).

Exhibition

ARTISTIC TALENT is too often neglected in grammar schools, but the recent exhibition by Stuart LeSage, Trevor Frier and William Adams must have helped to dispel this idea in relation to our own school. This exhibition of work prepared during their A-level course showed a high general standard. The work was not restricted to a tight examination syllabus, as it varied from surrealism to 'photographic' still-lives and back to abstract reliefs.

Each artist had obviously developed by experiment a strong personal style. The development of a personal style is most important to an artist, as it is the core of his development and through it he can convey his feelings and ideas. The exhibition was good, because it showed three highly developed styles, each conveying the artists' particular ideas. In this case we saw Adam's surrealist paintings, which are good because they trouble the spectator, so that he cannot just glance at them and say, "Oh, how pretty!" Le Sage's three-dimensional reliefs and Frier's pre-occupation with the effect of fading light give the onlooker a varied view. Variation in an exhibition of school work such as this is always a healthy sign, as it indicates that each artist has selected his own branch of the field.

Criticism could only be leveled at the exhibitors because of their repetitive subject-matter, but on all other counts the work was excellent, especially in its technical execution, an important aspect disregarded by many of today's artists, who consider it unimportant if their work is "inspired".

In conclusion, more exhibitions of this standard could only improve pupils' appreciation of and participation in art — and a good thing it would be!

Stephen West.

Continued from p. 23

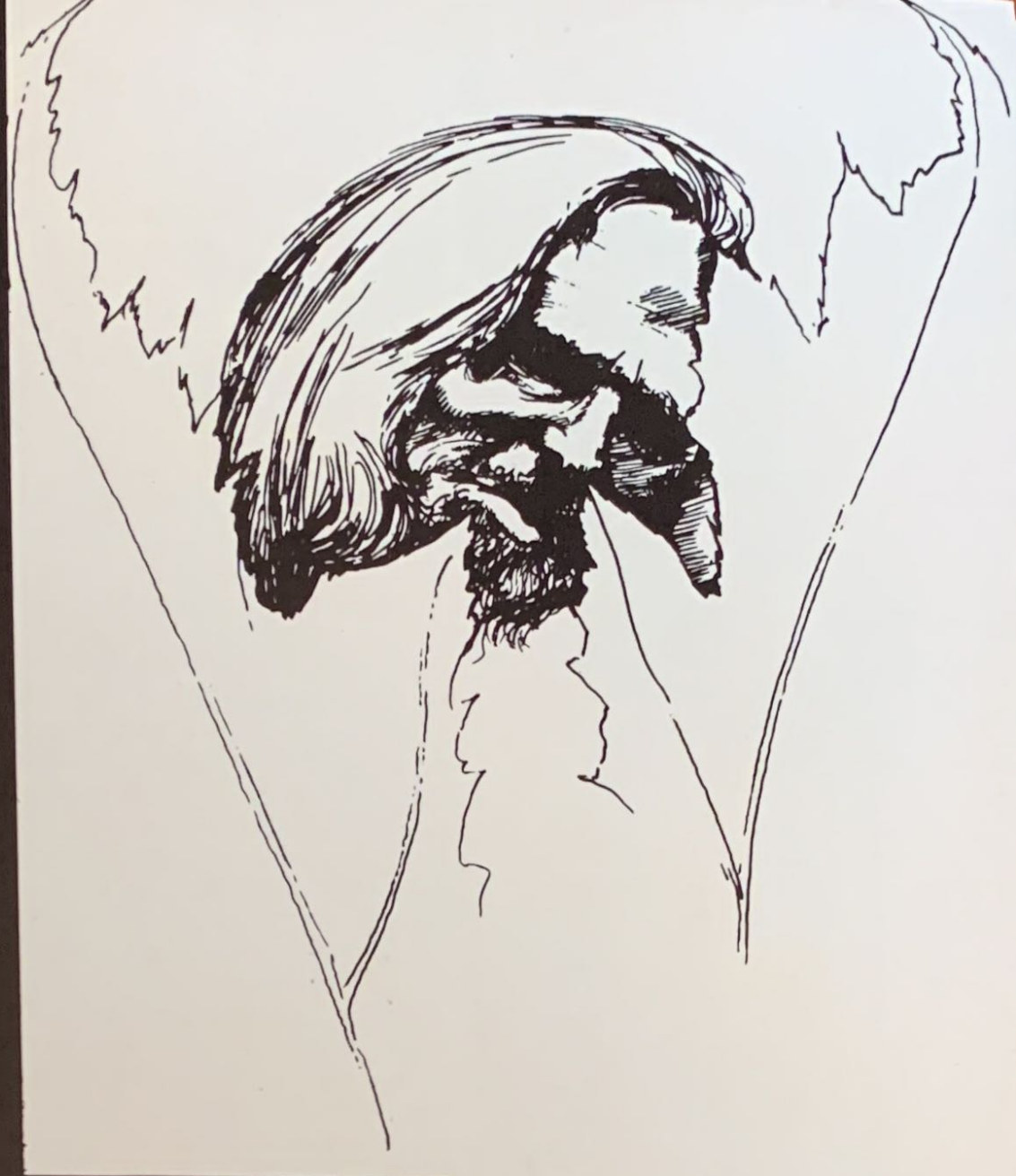
He noticed the bright lights falling on him, illuminating the dog's face and his own hands. The rushing wind almost tore off his arms and legs. He heard the clatter of metal wheels on the railway line and the echo of the sound filled his ears, making him feel as though his eardrums were bursting. Within a few seconds the sound had died away and the low rumbling returned.

Alan lifted his head slowly and felt his arms and legs. Why was he alive? How had the train missed him? He stood up and looked around. Then something made him gasp. The train had come along the line next to that one which his puppy was trapped in. Of course, this track was rust-covered and disused, but the other was shiny. Why hadn't he thought of that before?

Still shaking, Alan resumed his task of disentangling the dog's lead. Like a miracle, it came away in his hand. He picked up his dog and, stumbling over the stones in the tunnel, made his way to the mouth. Once there, he lay down on the cool grass bank and sighed. Today he had been so near death, yet he had escaped it. He patted his dog as he jumped up and said, "It's all because of you, you little rascal," and as he made his way home, he laughed.

Andrew Broderick (2A).

Drawing by William Adams



Relief panel in expanded polystyrene by Stuart LeSage



The End of the World

HIGH over the weald of Kent two bombers fly like huge drowsy flies. Inside each twelve men make minute adjustments to the controls of the deadliest mechanism the world has ever known.

Down below the varying note of the red warning echoes over the whole of south eastern England. In the metropolis all people rush to the outskirts, to the shelters under one hundred feet of clay soil. Most of them make it to safety; some do not. One little boy stares curiously at the two parachutes floating gently down over Piccadilly Circus. One moment all is quiet and peaceful, the pigeons peck up the remnants of the morning's offerings; the next oblivion! The gigantic fireball grows, expands like a gigantic sun rising in the eastern sky, atomizes for a full twenty seconds and then begins to wane. Of Piccadilly Circus all that is left is a shadow on the charred ground. In Hemel Hempstead the tiles on the roofs of suburban houses melt and run onto the pavement. A minute later these houses are utterly destroyed by a fantastic wave of destruction following like thunder from lightning. The tremors begin gradually to die down, until there is an utter and absolute uncanny silence. Deadly invisible gamma radiation sweeps everywhere. London, the thriving metropolis, has been reduced to a desolate life-prohibiting hell.

Down below in the shelters women scream hysterically as huge, gaping abysses appear in the walls and roofs of their last hope, the shelter. A sudden chilling wind rushes through the vast hall, tons of rock fall, crushing all life in their paths. Men, women and children all die in this one vast, communal graveyard.

Some are more lucky, further away deep below the ground; all they hear or see of the horror is the rattling of teacups on polished tables.

Richard Massey (5R).

Memories of a Ghost's Paradise

Silken agony surrounded by pictures of you
Floating on chords of caressing music
And thoughts of tangerine moons
And a million sinking stars dropping from the lined clouds.

Velvet words I wish could be spoken to me
As I lie here dreaming of flowers gently playing in your hand
Reflecting moonlit memories of poetic justice
Being carried out by the disciples of the God by the sunless sea.

Frayed spherical angles bouncing off domes of darkness,
With the white hot essence of your hair
Blowing through the depths of ghostly ripples,
Of blood red tears falling from the eyes of one who is loved
By the angelic fear of jet black heavens closing in on me.

Death is something that should be looked upon,
A mere fragment of love's imagination.

David Beecham (5A)

Cricket

FIRST XI

FOR THE THIRD successive May bad weather meant that matches were being played with little opportunity to develop our somewhat slender batting resources. Again the main strength of the side was the opening attack, with G. C. Pates lending able support to the captain, F. J. Morris, who bowled with admirable accuracy, control and pace, which most school sides found too much for them. The support bowling was rather wayward at the start of the season, but in the later games R. W. Dickinson recovered his accuracy and H. R. Price showed promise for the future. B. D. Bayston also bowled usefully on occasions. The batting was always somewhat inconsistent, but R. W. Dickinson played a number of good innings and is now tempering his natural aggression with a more mature judgement. F. J. Morris continued to improve his batting and his solidity was frequently the salvation of the innings. B. D. Bayston played some good innings but was out too often to reckless shots. M. Gooding batted solidly in his new role as an opener, and was, without doubt, the most improved batsman. M. J. Roberts, after one good innings, lost interest and failed to do himself justice.

Three batsmen, R. W. Dickinson, B. D. Bayston and M. Gooding, scored over 200 runs each – always a notable achievement in the relatively short school season.

Again the 1st XI were unbeaten by a school side, the only defeat being at the hands of the Old Boys. There were in the record more draws than one would have wished, but none of these found the School in a particularly unfavourable position. Several of them were directly attributable to early finishes. It remains difficult to understand why teams are prepared to travel up to 40 miles for fixtures and yet are not prepared to arrange finishing times which will allow a result to be achieved. Tea is also a nuisance in some places. Unless it is taken between the innings, the time taken up by two stoppages often causes draws.

H. D. B.

Played 12 Won 4 Lost 1 Drawn 7

- v. Bourne G.S. (A): Match drawn. School 116 (Dickinson 59); Bourne 48 for 9 (Morris 5 for 6, Garner 2 for 10).
- v. Sutton Bridge C. C. (H): Won by 3 wkts. Sutton Bridge 95 (Morris 5 for 11, Dickinson 4 for 24); School 96 for 7 (Dickinson 34, Bayston 28).
- v. Uppingham 2nd XI (A): Match drawn. Uppingham 123 for 7 dec.; School 86 for 5 (Roberts 52 n.o.).
- v. Lincolnshire Gentlemen (H): Match drawn. Lincs. Gents. 129; School 122 for 7 (Bayston 49, Gooding 31).
- v. Old Spaldonians (H): Lost by 75 runs. Old Spaldonians 146 for 5 dec.; School 71
- v. Boston G.S. (H): Match drawn. School 137 for 7 dec. (Dickinson 49, Bayston 38); Boston 72 for 9 (Garner 4 for 13, Price 4 for 19).
- v. Carre's School, Sleaford (H): Won by 72 runs. School 129 for 6 dec. (Roberts 47, Bayston 43); Sleaford 57 (Bayston 4 for 9, Morris 4 for 15).
- v. Spalding C. C. 2nd XI (H): Match drawn. School 143 (Gooding 43, Dickinson 43); Spalding 98 for 8.
- v. King's School, Grantham (H): Match drawn. Grantham 87; School 85 for 8.
- v. City of Lincoln School (A): Won by 62 runs. School 92; Lincoln 30 (Morris 5 for 15, Dickinson 4 for 15).
- v. King's School, Peterborough (A): Won by 94 runs. School 119 for 4 dec.; King's 25.
- v. Masters' XI (H): Match drawn. Masters 175 for 5 dec. (Mr. R. D. Huggins 107); School 112 for 6 (Gooding 41, Bayston 27, Sneath 26).

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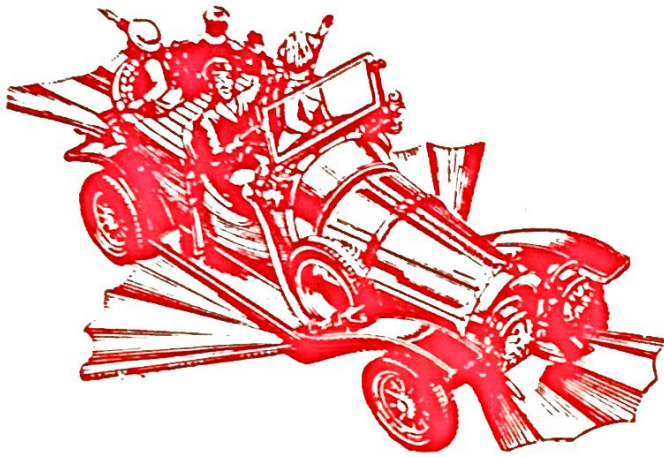
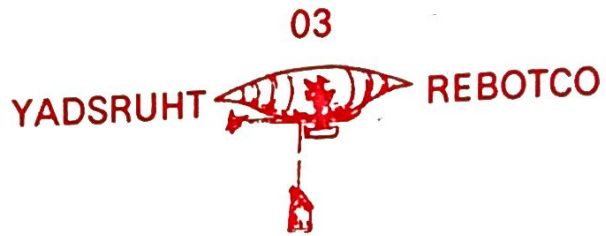
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— and Revue*

'A' XI Matches

- v. **Spalding C.C. 'A' XI (A):** Match drawn. Spalding 116 (Ferriby 4 for 24); School 105 for 7 (Gooding 28).
- v. **King's Lynn (H):** Lost by 68 runs. King's Lynn 166 for 4 dec.; School 98 (Bradshaw 65).

Spalding & District Invitation Shield

- v. **Lexceteras (H):** Lost by 5 wkts. in the 19th over. School 85 for 5; Lexceteras 88 for 5 (Morris 3 for 9).

SECOND XI

THE 2ND XI didn't do too badly, but the batting was always prone to a sudden and drastic collapse, whilst the bowling was never more than efficient. During the season R. G. Massey emerged as the best batsmen and also a very useful opening bowler, and when available T. W. Roberts looked very capable against the opening bowlers. In several of the games the victories were due to bad batting by the opposition, leaving only a small target to obtain.

The following boys represented the School in the 2nd XI: P. R. Dickinson (Capt.), M. J. Ferrett, G. G. Boyce, W. R. J. Waite, P. C. Tudor, T. W. Roberts, A. Day, J. Peck, D. J. Sneath, R. G. Massey, P. R. Todd, S. Eyre, S. J. Pridmore, N. Reed, M. D. Bradshaw, M. H. Harrison, C. T. Sneath, S. J. Palmer, D. Beecham, R. Calam, J. Martin, N. Teverson, G. Hall, A. G. Wilkinson, F. King, L. W. van Geest, R. Overton.

K. J. N.

Played 8 Won 4 Lost 2 Drawn 2

- v. **The Lincolnshire Clergy:** Won by 6 wkts. Clergy 54 (Harrison 6 for 10); School 56 for 4.
- v. **Uppingham 3rd XI:** Lost by 90 runs. Uppingham 116 for 5 dec.; School 26.
- v. **Boston G.S.:** Won by 9 wkts. Boston 15 (Waite 6 for 4, Dickinson 4 for 7); School 17 for 1.
- v. **Laxton:** Lost by 7 wkts. School 89; Laxton 90 for 3 (Todd 3 for 10).
- v. **Wisbech G.S.:** Won by 8 wkts. Wisbech 47 (Dickinson 5 for 9); School 48 for 2.
- v. **King's School, Grantham:** Match drawn. Grantham 141 for 8 dec.; School 60 for 8 (Massey 32 n.o.).
- v. **City School, Lincoln:** Won by 8 wkts. Lincoln 56 (Reed 3 for 7, Ferriby 5 for 7); School 57 for 2 (Roberts 34).
- v. **King's School, Peterborough:** Match drawn. School 106 for 7 dec. (Boyce 29, Ferrett 25); Peterborough 38 for 8 (Dickinson 4 for 12, Massey 4 for 17).

UNDER-15 XI

THE UNDER-15 SQUAD has enjoyed its most successful season for a number of years, having completed its fixtures without defeat and with only two drawn games. Much of the credit must go to the all-round performance of G. G. Ferriby and A. G. Wilkinson and to the batting of R. J. W. Pringle, who were consistently good, although most of the players made a major contribution in at least one game.

The catching and general fielding varied in standard too much to be considered good, but it was usually competent.

The calling and running between the wickets was poor, as is often the case with this age group; if batsmen would simply call loudly and clearly "Yes" or "No" or "Wait" and then keep to their decision, much of the misunderstanding and lack of confidence would disappear. However, congratulations to the team on their success and their enthusiasm.

The team was selected from :— G. G. Ferriby (Capt.), R. J. W. Pringle (Vice-Capt.), A. G. Wilkinson, G. Hall, K. Selby, P. R. Osborne, D. W. Dickinson, J. F. King, C. C. Johnson, G. H. Campling, N. Hilliam, C. R. Hill, G. E. Gaunt, D. Lusypynskij.

A. J. T.

Played 7 Won 5 Lost 0 Drawn 2 Cancelled 2

- v. **Boston G.S. (H)**: Won by 30 runs. School 116 for 8 dec. (Wilkinson 32); Boston 86 (Ferriby 7 for 38).
- v. **Cowley's School, Donington (H)**: Won by 5 wickets. Cowley's 68 (Ferriby 5 for 22, Hall 2 for 3); School 72 for 5 (Pringle 26 n.o.).
- v. **Laxton School (H)**: Won by 23 runs. School 92; Laxton 69 (Seymour 6 for 13).
- v. **North Kesteven G.S. (A)**: Match drawn. North Kesteven 92 for 6; School 49 for 9.
- v. **Wisbech G.S. (H)**: Won by 75 runs. School 131 for 8 (Pringle 36, Ferriby 44); Wisbech 56 (Ferriby 4 for 25, Wilkinson 6 for 26).
- v. **King's School, Grantham (H)**: Match drawn. Grantham 112 for 9 dec.; School 100 for 3 (Ferriby 49).
- v. **King's School, Peterborough (A)**: Won by 1 wicket. Peterborough 111 (Ferriby 5 for 28); School 113 for 9 (Ferriby 38).

UNDER-14 XI

THIS has been a disappointing season in several respects. In the first instance there was the frustration of having four of the games cancelled, and then when it was fit enough for games to be played several of the opposing teams were extremely weak. Thus, by the end of June, the team had won each of their four games, though their first game had been very encouraging even against weak opposition.

The chief weakness was shown in their batting. This was all the more disappointing as several of the boys had the potential to play long and productive innings. The tried and frustrated opening partnership of A. B. Gale and R. G. Draper was very disappointing, particularly when one recalls that in the previous season they had exceeded 30 runs for their opening partnership on three occasions. This season, however, their partnership rarely reached double figures. If the opening partnership was disappointing, then the performance of the middle order batsmen was even worse. For the first four games four wickets were down for less than twenty runs on three occasions and this state of affairs affected the rest of the batting.

Thus, for the first four games against weak opposition, low scores meant that the bowling and fielding had to be of high standard on three occasions to make up for the defective batting of the side. In this respect the side was well served. The quick bowling of R. E. Seymour, P. Taylor, W. Riggs and M. P. Oliver was too much for the opposing teams and the first four teams were bowled out for less than 35 on each occasion; indeed, on two occasions the opponents were out for less than 20 runs.

The moment of truth for the Spalding team came in the game against Grantham. The first five Spalding batsmen made 9 runs between them and the side was all out for 40 runs. On this occasion there was to be no reprieve, as Grantham easily won the match by 8 wickets.

The two remaining fixtures were expected to be testing ones. The School won the one against City School, Lincoln, by 5 wickets. The main feature of this game was a good spell of slow bowling by L. T. Wright and C. N. Massey, who shared 7 wickets between them. For the final game against King's School, Peterborough, the batting let the side down when they had a good opportunity of winning. From a score of 33 for 1 they collapsed to 37 for 7; of the 6 wickets to fall, four were the result of the batsmen getting themselves out.

It is always disappointing to be associated with a team and to have to watch them having to struggle to get runs even against mediocre bowling. However, the disappointment becomes more intense when it is batsmen with considerable potential who are finding runs difficult to get. Potentially at least five of the batsmen have the ability to play for the next age-group and to acquit themselves well. Another promising feature of this team was the variety in the bowling line-up. The fielding was competent without ever reaching great heights. The side was captained by R. G. Draper with great enthusiasm and thoughtfulness, and the side responded well. Each member of the team showed a ready willingness to try and improve as cricketers and for this alone time spent with them has been worthwhile. When one considers this along with the considerable potential of the team, the disappointment of the poor season fades and is replaced by the feeling that for the future the standard of cricket shown by this age group should be very high.

The following boys represented the school: R. G. Draper (Capt.), A. B. Gale, R. E. Seymour, P. Taylor, R. Pola, C. N. Massey, M. P. Oliver, J. A. Martin, C. J. Clancy, A. J. Broderick, N. J. Grief, W. Riggs, L. T. Wright, P. M. Gray, J. M. Eggleton, P. S. Skelton, C. V. G. Clayton.

A. W. B.

- v. Bourne G.S.: Won by 116 runs. School 129-9 dec. (Draper 53, Clayton 36 n.o.); Bourne 13 (Seymour 7 for 3).
- v. Boston G.S.: Won by 7 runs. School 37; Boston 30 (Seymour 5 for 7).
- v. Carre's G.S.: Won by 3 wkts. Carre's 35 (Wright 4 for 13); School 46-7.
- v. Wisbech G.S.: Won by 70 runs. School 88 (Grief 37); Wisbech 18.
- v. King's School, Grantham: Lost by 8 wkts. School 40; Grantham 42-2.
- v. City School, Lincoln: Won by 5 wkts. Lincoln 65 (Massey 4 for 14, Wright 3 for 8); School 66-5 (Draper 31 n.o.).
- v. King's School, Peterborough: Lost by 24 runs. King's 99-7 dec. School 75 (Seymour 32).

Athletics

THE STANDARD OF ATHLETICS appears to have stagnated, with less than half the number of new best performances this year than last. Again the most successful age-group were the seniors, who were, however, disappointing, as great things were promised, especially on the track with three former 'All England' representatives in R. W. Dickinson, A. Gibbons and P. S. de-Camps. They only occasionally showed any repetition of previous form. Dickinson, having recovered from injury, showed a lack of interest, Gibbons appeared to have lost speed and de-Camps fitness. The U.15's were as successful as the seniors, and have shown great enthusiasm, which augurs well for the future, and with hard training should surpass the achievements of their predecessors.

Early in the season the School had victories over the Peele School, Wisbech G.S., and Carre's G.S. and Boston G.S.

At the Lincs. Grammar Schools Championships the U.13's were sixth, the U.15's were third, the U.17's were eighth and the Seniors were third after a miserable performance by R. W. Dickinson and a poor start, costing Gibbons heavily. Many athletes were successful, however, and these included R. Rickett (first, U.13 shot), I. Shennan (first, U.15 high jump), I. C. Willcox (first, U.15 shot and

discus), G. Hall (first, U.15 javelin), D. Maddock (first, U.17 high jump), B. Minns (first U.17 discus in a new meeting record of 143 ft. 5¼in.), N. Terrington (second, U.17 pole vault), P. R. Dickinson (second, senior hurdles), P. S. de-Camps (second, senior 440 yds., and third, senior 880 yds.) and the senior relay team, who were second.

At the Holland Schools Championships we just failed to win all three age-groups for the second year, when the U.17's let us down and finished second. As so many achieved success here, it is unfair to single out particular performances, although a mention must be made of the pathetic organisation, with the meeting at some points running one and a half hours late, a situation which must never be repeated.

Once again we provided the bulk of the Holland team for the Lincs. Championships (which must give us a right to complain about poor organisation). Here we had four firsts, G. Gaunt (U.15 hurdles), I. Willcox (U.15 discus), B. P. Minns (U.17 discus) who unfortunately was not at his best, which may have cost him a trip to the E.S.A.A. championships, and P. Tudor, who hurdled above his best, when fortunately for him the field was of low standard.

In our final match of the season against strong teams from King's School, Grantham, Magnus G.S., Newark, and Beckett's School, only the seniors managed to win their age-group, with R. W. Dickinson and P. S. de-Camps showing good form and being the only school athletes in any age-group to win track events, winning two each, de-Camps running an extremely quick 400 m. in 51.2 seconds.

Many athletes not mentioned here have achieved success and some, I am sorry to say, have failed to justify selection. The ones not already mentioned who I feel deserve to be are N. Clay, who set two new best performances in the U.17 triple and long jump, M. Bradshaw for his consistency in the high jump, L. van Geest and M. Gooding for their willingness to try anything, D. J. Fidler for his consistent shot putting, although he was sometimes found to be lacking in physical strength against the 'big boys', and D. J. Croxford, who never failed to provide excitement on the last leg of the U.13 relay. Finally, congratulations to I. Willcox on his selection for the E.S.A.A. Championships at Motspur Park; so many of us now wish we had trained harder and could go with him.

P. S. de-Camps.

I would like to add a short paragraph to this athletics report, concerning training.

It was apparent to myself, as someone who has taken part in every little competitive athletics, that the School's performances in all age-groups could have been slightly better. Apart from obvious individuals, we were always that extra second slow or that vital inch short. Success in athletics depends on dedication to training to gain that vital inch or second. In my opinion, it is not the master-in-charge of athletics who is responsible for ensuring that boys train; it is their own responsibility. The master is there to give advice when it is sought.

The school is building up a strong tradition in athletics, a tradition that may be lost unless boys are willing to train hard by themselves. In the past two or three years we have lost several outstanding athletes, and one cannot visualise them being replaced in the immediate future. Thus, the onus must be even more on the shoulders of the average athlete, to train hard and often, to strive for perfection and to become the outstanding athletes of the future.

Finally, thanks to A. Gibbons and P. S. de-Camps for their work in organising fixtures, and also to the latter for being an inspiring captain.

R. D. H.

The following awards have been made for achievements this season :— Full colours reawarded: P. S. de-Camps, M. D. Bradshaw. Full colours: G. Chamberlain, P. R. Dickinson, D. J. Fidler, A. Gibbons, M. Gooding, Half-colours: N. Clay, J. Hemmant, D. Maddock, B. P. Minns, L. W. van Geest

SCHOOL BEST PERFORMANCES

	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Under 17</i>	<i>Under 15</i>	<i>Under 13</i>
100 yds.	10.3 secs.* S. E. Storey 1962	10.7 secs. R. W. Dickinson 1967	11.1 secs. W. Sedge 1965	12.3 secs. R. Lowcock 1968
220 yds.	23.5 secs.* S. E. Storey 1962	24.9 secs.* R. W. Dickinson 1967	26.0 secs. M. Le-Sage 1968	29.0 secs. R. Lowcock 1968
440 yds.	51.5 secs.† P. S. de-Camps 1969	56.3 secs. J. Hemmant 1967	58.4 secs. W. Sedge	
880 yds.	2 min. 1.0 secs. P. S. de-Camps 1968 & 1969	2 min. 8.0 secs. P. S. de-Camps 1967	2 min. 19.0 secs. J. Hemmant 1966	2 min. 37.4 secs. S. Heath 1968
Mile	4 min. 26.8 secs. P. S. de-Camps 1968	4 min. 36.9 secs. P. S. de-Camps 1967	5 min. 32.1 secs. B. Elliott 1967	
Steeple- chase 2000 m.	6 min. 35.7 secs. P. S. de-Camps 1969			
Hurdles	120 yds. 15.2 secs. I. G. Walker 1962	110 yds. 14.5 secs. R. W. Dickinson 1967	80 yds. 11.6 secs. G. Hall 1969	
Shot	45 ft. 3½ in. A. D. Lord 1967	44 ft. 3 in. P. Lammiman 1967	40ft. 8 in. I. Willcox 1969	33 ft. 0½ in. R. Rickett 1969
Discus	134 ft. 6 in. A. D. Lord 1967	143 ft. 5¼ in. B. P. Minns 1969	139 ft. 10 in. I. Willcox 1969	
Javelin	160 ft. 7½ in.* M. T. Grunnell 1957	139 ft. 9 in.* P. Lammiman 1967	121 ft. 10½ in. C. Eveson 1968	
High Jump	5 ft. 10 in. T. Wray 1967	5 ft. 5 in. D. Maddock 1969	5 ft. 2in. D. Maddock 1968	4 ft. 5 in. D. Scott 1967
Long Jump	20 ft. 7 in. M. Barton 1968	18 ft. 11½ in. N. Clay 1969	17 ft 10¼ in. A. Day 1968	14 ft. 10 in. R. Lowcock 1968
Triple Jump	41 ft. 7 in. K. M. Bushell 1966	39 ft. 2 in. N. Clay 1969	36 ft. 8½ in. D. Scott 1969 & A. Day 1968	
Pole Vault	9 ft. 0 in. T. Wray 1967 & P. Mumby 1968	9 ft. 6 in. S. Terrington 1968	8 ft. 3 in. N. Terrington 1968	
4 x 110 yds. Relay	45.9 secs. M. Barton, K. Chamberlain, R. Dickinson, P. Mitchell 1968			
4 x 440 yds.	3 min. 44.2 secs. M. Barton, P. de-Camps, G. Wand, R. Dickinson 1968			

* School Record (made on Sports Day).

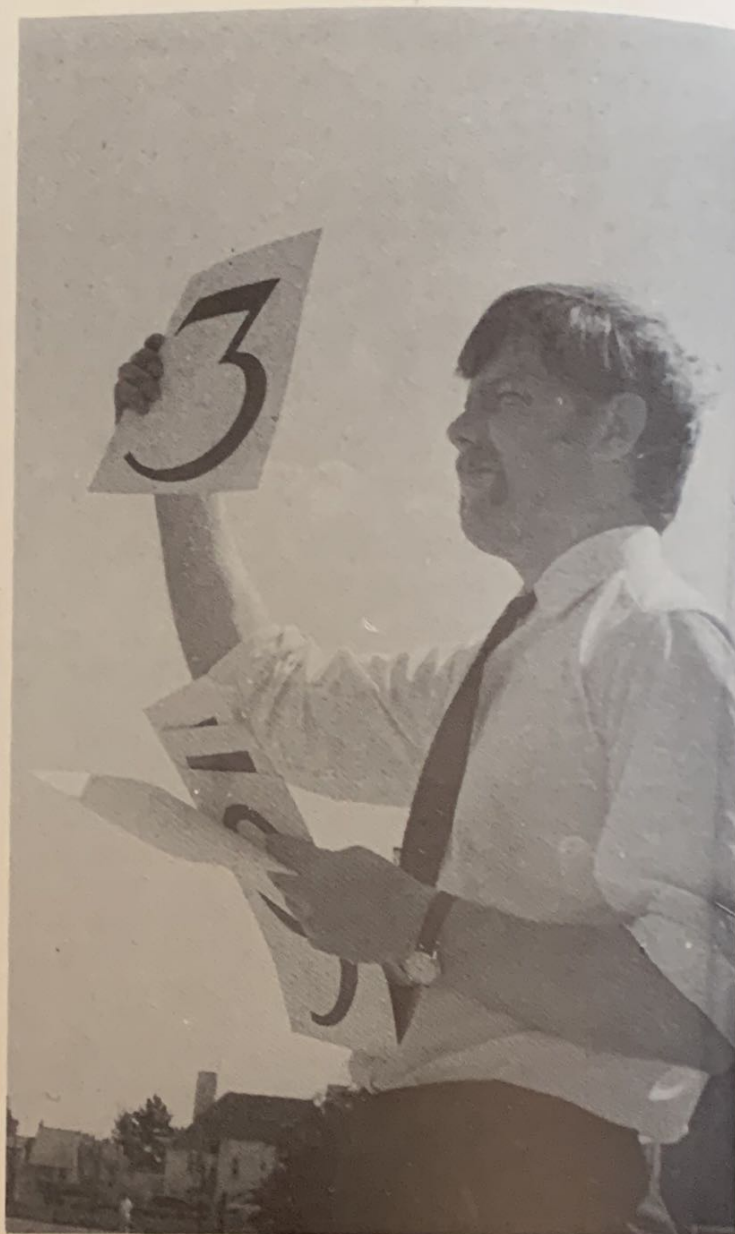
† 51.2 secs. for 400 metres.

Swimming Sports

UNFORTUNATELY the swimming sports were severely disrupted because boys who had sat O-levels and A-levels left school one week early. Also several boys had started work for the holiday period. The result was that the senior sports were held separately, and turned out to be a very dull affair, with a very evident lack of enthusiasm among the boys. Bentley continued their customary domination and raised two relay teams to race against the masters, whereas the remaining houses could not even manage one.

The junior and middle sports, however, turned out to be very entertaining, as always, with the enthusiasm of the younger boys very much in evidence. A genuinely keen, competitive atmosphere could be felt and this produced some exciting races, especially in the middle events.

A number of very promising swimmers appeared in both groups, who will improve the standard of school teams after the recent failure, due either to lack of support or to a small number of swimmers. The sports as a whole were well organized and ran more smoothly than ever before, with no delays whilst competitors were found. Also the weather was exceptionally good, providing the ideal day for swimming sports.



Senior

Diving : 1. H. M. Harrison, 2. S. Greenfield, 3. H. Levesley.
3 Lengths Freestyle : 1. H. M. Harrison, 2. M. Smith, 3. J. Chapman. 62.9 secs.
3 Lengths Backstroke : 1. H. M. Harrison, 2. A. Jansen. 81.8 secs.
3 Lengths Breaststroke : 1. S. Greenfield, 2. A. Jansen. 82.0 secs.
1 Length Butterfly : 1. S. Greenfield, 2. P. Tudor, 3. M. Smith, 20.8 secs.
Freestyle Relay : Bentley. Medley Relay : The Masters.

Middle

Diving : 1. G. E. Gaunt, 2. K. Selby, 3. T. A. Barr.
 2 Lengths Freestyle : 1. G. E. Gaunt, 2. K. Selby and E. Wright. 39.0 secs.
 2 Lengths Backstroke : 1. G. E. Gaunt, 2. D. Maddock, 3. M. J. Mosley. 43.6 secs.(record.)
 2 Lengths Breaststroke : 1. B. Powell, 2. R. A. Spicer, 3. P. W. Skells. 49.4 secs.
 1 Length Butterfly : 1. B. Powell, 2. K. Selby, 3. M. J. Mosley. 21.7 secs.
 Freestyle Relay : 1. Bentley, 2. Hobson, 3. Burnstone. 1 min. 21.8 secs.
 Medley Relay : 1 Blanche, 2. Wykeham, 3. Burnstone. 62.8 secs.

Junior

Diving : 1. C. J. Clancy, 2. D. G. Robinson, 3. S. K. Burton.
 1 Length Freestyle : 1. A. D. Price, 2. D. G. Robinson, 3. S. K. Burton. 17.1 secs.
 1 Length Backstroke : 1. D. G. Robinson, 2. A. D. Price, 3. C. J. Clancy. 21.9 secs.
 1 Length Breaststroke : 1. R. A. Shutt, 2. S. K. Burton, 3. C. J. Clancy and H. M. Knedson
 25.4 secs.
 Freestyle Relay : 1. Harrox, 2. Burnstone, 3. Gamlyn. 1 min. 33.8 secs.
 Medley Relay : 1. Oldfield, 2. Bentley, 3. Harrox. 74.3 secs.

Swimming Champions

	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Middle</i>	<i>Junior</i>
1.	H. M. Harrison (B)	G. E. Gaunt (Bl)	D. G. Robinson (O)
2.	S. Greenfield (B)	B. Powell (Bn)	A. D. Price (Hx)
3.	A. Jansen (O)	K. Selby (B)	C. J. Clancy (B)

House Championship

	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Middle</i>	<i>Junior</i>
1.	Bentley (46)	Blanche (36)	Oldfield (29½)
2.	Oldfield (18)	Burnstone (27)	Harrox (29)
3.	Blanche (7)	Bentley (13½)	Bentley (26½)

Tennis

TENNIS'S GROWING POPULARITY as a summer sport has again this season increased, with many more boys trying their hand at the game. One can perhaps foresee that in future years tennis will become an alternative to cricket for the whole school during games periods. Mr. Howard has been particularly valuable in taking an active interest, not only in the team but also in the efforts of the rest of the school.

The school team has a reasonably successful season, but as there were even fewer matches than last year, it can hardly be called a complete season. We played two full matches, beating King Edward VII School, King's Lynn, 9-0, and Parkside Tennis Club 5-4; and a match against Stamford was started but rained off after several stoppages.

The team also played in the Lincolnshire section of the Glanvill Cup, coming second to City School, Lincoln, and beating Boston and Skegness Grammar Schools into third and fourth places respectively. In the Lincs. Inter-Grammar Schools Tournament, held at Wintringham Boys' School, Grimsby, Spalding reached the final with two impressive 3-0 victories before losing narrowly 1-2 to Louth Grammar School.

The team was chosen from:- L. van Geest (Capt.), T. Osborne (Vice-Capt.), P. Casswell (Sec.), W. R. J. Waite, J. Gibson, P. R. Osborne, S. Wilde and R. G. Maclean.

P. Casswell.

HOUSE RESULTS 1968-9

MOULTON SHIELD (JUNIOR)

		<i>Rugby</i>	<i>Cricket</i>	<i>Athletics</i>	<i>Swimming</i>	<i>Total</i>
1.	Gamlyn	10½	12	5	2	29½
2.	Oldfield	3	2	7	12	24
3.	Harrox	10½	3	1	9	23½
4.	Wykeham	3	7	12	½	22½
5.	Hobson	3	5	9	5	22
6.	Blanche	2½	9	3	½	15
7.	Bentley	2½	1	2	7	12½
8.	Burnstone	3	0	0	3	6

FORD CUP (MIDDLE)

1.	Burnstone	10½	3	10½	9	33
2=	Blanche	½	12	2	12	26½
2=	Hobson	10½	9	5	2	26½
4.	Bentley	½	2	10½	7	20
5.	Wykeham	2½	7	1	5	15½
6.	Harrox	6	5	3	1	15
7.	Oldfield	2½	0	7	3	12½
8.	Gamlyn	6	1	0	0	7

HOWARD CUP (SENIOR)

1.	Harrox	10½	6	12	0	28½
2=	Oldfield	6	10½	0	9	25½
2=	Wykeham	6	10½	9	0	25½
4.	Gamlyn	10½	6	7	0	23½
5.	Bentley	½	2½	3	12	18
6.	Blanche	½	2½	2	7	12
7.	Hobson	2½	½	5	0	8
8.	Burnstone	2½	½	1	0	4

Valete

Burnstone

A. P. Bollons (1963)—Choir; Dramatics; G.C.E. (8 O); to Thorne Grammar School.

Gamlyn

S. P. Whitcombe (1965)—Choir; to Music Group.

R. Stephenson (1968)—to Carre's Grammar School, Sleaford.

D. M. Barker (1968)—to Eastholm Secondary Modern School, Peterborough.

D. Greig (1964)

Harrox

S. E. Reedman (1964)—to R.A.F. Halton.

Hobson

N. Scott (1962)—1st XV; Cricket 2nd XI. G.C.E. (3 O); to Cambridge Computers.
I. Kendall (1966)—to Shotton Hall School, Harmer Hall, Shrewsbury.
(H. Beeken has, in fact, six O-levels, not three as stated in last issue.)

Oldfield

G. R. Herd (1962)—G.C.E. (3 O); to Bourne R.D.C. Public Health.
P. M. Ward (1967)—U.13 XV; to Hebburn St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Grammar Technical School.
A. E. Green (1967)—to King's School, Peterborough.
M. P. Kilduff (1969)—to Swanwick Hall Grammar School, Derby.

Wykeham

T. S. Senior (1967)—Dramatics; G.C.E. (2 O); to Commercial Modelling.

Salvete

Harrox : R.A.K.W. Piggott (from Madras College, St. Andrews).

Oldfield : M. Parkin (from Lordswood Technical School, Birmingham).

School Officers

Head Boy : P. S. de-Camps

Deputy Head Boy : S. W. Wilde

Senior Prefects : G. G. Boyce, S. A. LeSage, M. J. Roberts, B. A. Stimpson, L. W. van Geest.

School Prefects : R. F. Asher, I. Benton, T. J. Bollons, P. I. Casswell, D. Chapman, P.R. Dickinson,
R. W. Dickinson, S. Eyre, R. M. Garner, J. C. Hickman, P. Kettle, M. Kendrick, R. H. Maclean,
T. W. Osborne, N. G. Reed, T. W. Roberts, P. G. Thompson, K. W. Whitelam.

Senior Librarian : P. Kettle.

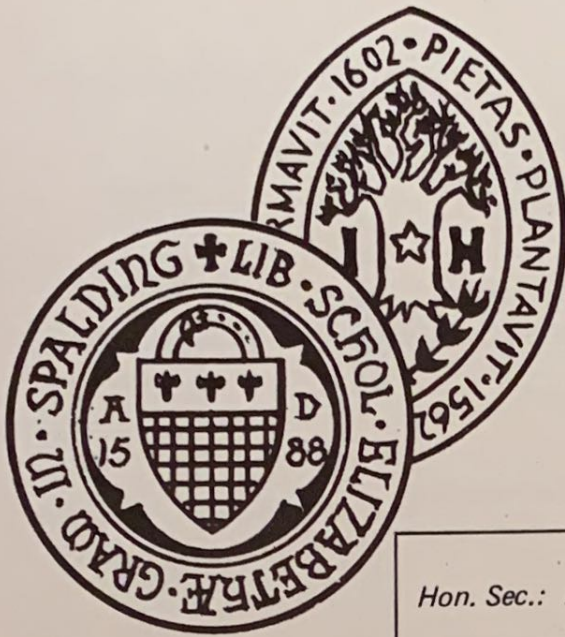
Cricket Captain: F. J. Morris. Vice-Captain: B. D. Bayston. Secretary: G. C. Pates.

Athletics Captain: P. S. deCamps. Vice-Captain: R. W. Dickinson.

Tennis Captain: L. W. van Geest. Vice-Captain: T. W. Osborne. Secretary: P. I. Casswell.

House Officials

	<i>Captain</i>	<i>Registrar</i>	<i>Athletics Captain</i>
Bentley	B. A. Stimpson	P. Bell	H. M. Harrison
Blanche	R. F. Asher	J. Peck	B. D. Bayston
Burnstone	S. Wilde	T. J. Bollons	L. W. van Geest
Gamlyn	M. J. Roberts	S. Eyre	M. Gooding
Harrox	F. J. Morris	S. Pannell	F. J. Morris
Hobson	N. G. Reed	P. Kettle	N. G. Reed
Oldfield	R. W. Dickinson	D. Sneath	R. W. Dickinson
Wykeham	P. R. Dickinson	P. I. Casswell	P. R. Dickinson



Old Boys

Association of Old Spaldonians and Old Moultonians

President: J. Higham

Hon. Sec.: A. R. Withyman, Moat House, Spalding Road, Pinchbeck.

Honorary Treasurer: N. C. Simson

Annual Subscription 10/-.

Life Membership £10.

Congratulations to the following Old Boys whose successes have come to our notice :—

G. ALLEN (1956-64) is now a publicity writer for the Dorman Engine Division of English Electric Diesels Ltd.

M. R. BARTON (1960-68) is Hockey Secretary at Loughborough College of Education.

C. BECKETT (1950-57), who joined the Merchant Navy on leaving school and subsequently joined the Canadian Merchant Navy, has now gained his Captain's Ticket.

P. BREWSTER (1959-66) II 1 in Part I of the Law Tripos at Selwyn College, Cambridge.

R. P. CAMPAIN (1955-58) has been appointed Trace Minerals Analyst in the Applied Geochemistry Research Group at Imperial College. He is also compiling material for a Ph.D. on the drainage of the Fens.

S. CARRUTHERS (1966-68) has been accepted as a pupil at Welbeck College.

L. J. CARTER (1958-66) — II 2 in Electrical Engineering at Rutherford College, University of Kent at Canterbury. In his third year project he came equal first.

R. CHAMBERLAIN (1958-65) B.Sc. Hons. Geography at Newcastle University.

R. COOPER (1958-65) — Biochemistry, Hons. II 1, at Bristol University. He is now to read for a Ph.D.

R. DIX (1957-65), who has been taking his certificate of Education at Birmingham University, has been appointed Geography master at Leeds Central High School.

D. DRAKES (1956-64) — B.Sc. Hons. II 2 in Electrical Engineering at Rugby College of Engineering Technology.

A. EDINBOROUGH (1933-40) is to conduct a visit for readers of the Canadian magazine *Saturday Night* to India in January 1970.

J. LIONEL FORMAN (1952-60) is now Manager of Boots (The Chemists), 78 Strand, London W.C.2.

J. GRAY (1960-65) – B.A. Hons. Class 2. in Engineering at Worcester College, Oxford.

E. GUY (1951-57) paid the School a visit in May. He is now working with Calgary Power Ltd. in Alberta, Canada, an equivalent to our Electricity Board. He is only 150 miles from Mr. James, whom he has telephoned. He has met J. Pack (1952-59) who is teaching at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

R. B. HURRELL (1950-55), who is a Telecommunication Technical Officer, Grade 3, has been appointed officer in charge of the Meteorological Servicing Centre at Abbotsinch Airport, near Paisley.

C. HUTSON (1958-66) Ll.B. Hons II 2 at Bristol University.

I. LUKER (1958-65) Civil Engineering II 1 at Bristol University.

M. P. MOSLEY (1959-66) – II 1 in Part I Geography at Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge.

S. H. NAYLOR (1958-66) has been appointed to teach Physics to O-level at Bishop Vesey's Grammar School.

A. B. PETCHELL (1955-63) – B.Sc. Electrical Engineering, II 2, at the Staffordshire College of Technology.

J. RUDKIN (1950-58), who is a Met. Officer in Stornoway, moves to Tobruk in July for two years. He is married and has a daughter.

N. SAVAGE (1923-27) is Mayor of Wallaceburg, Canada.

P. SHARP (1958-66) – Physics Hons. II 1 at Durham University. He is now starting a 3 year Ph.D. course, researching in medical physics.

D. SHIRLEY (1931-36), who has been Chief Superintendent in charge of traffic at Lincolnshire Police Headquarters is to retire. He has now been appointed Traffic Management Officer in the Highways Department of Lindsey County Council.

P. G. WADDINGTON (1962-66) General Arts Hons. Class II at Durham University. He is going into G.P.O. telecommunications.

N. WALKER (1960-8) – Entry to the Bachelor of Divinity Course, Spurgeon's Theological College, London.

J. B. WORSFOLD (1955-57) is to read for his D. Phil. in Social Welfare Administration at the University of York. He has been working in Canada and is hoping to visit Mr. W. A. James.

MARRIAGES

R. J. Smith to Miss Angela Jane Pask of Spalding

B. Featherstone to Miss Norma Brakes.

R. Boardman to Miss Sandra Catlell of Fleet, Hampshire.

L. V. Fowler to Miss Mary Elizabeth Woolhouse of Willerby.

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