

This Magazine is solely for internal information and amusement as all such should, surely be. After almost half a century's editorship of such productions in College and in School, I can still see no justification for the glossy and pompous publications which, so often, seem to be considered essential for a "School" Magazine.

J. H. M.

ENGLISH(B) Literature :

In Ancient Days people wrote on clay and then baked it. The authors were half-baked, too, just as they are to-day. You might think this made Literature rather hard; on the contrary, it was easier – if the reader came to a different passage he merely let the book slip out of his hands and broke it. This was known as “dropping a brick”. If, as was unlikely, a Babylonian took a holiday at Blackpool he would merely have to send (hump) his postcard home by camel. This was not so futile as it sounds because he would soon pay for his holidays by having enough tiles (or postcards) waiting for him on his return home to roof his house (the ceilings would have looked embarrassingly decorative!)

The Egyptians changed all this by inventing paper. It was called papyrus and led to an increase of reading on the banks of the Nile. But, not to be outdone, the Greeks produced a Great Writer with all speed; he was called Homer and his Odd-essay gave everyone the bird. He was worthily commemorated by a famous song: “Coo, for the wings of a dove.” (Quotations are very necessary when one is writing about Literature, as Shakespeare well recognized.)

As time marched on the Romans produced much literature; they bumbled flat-footedly all over the world creating their Empire News by the print of their feet. One of their greatest authors was Julius Caesar. He spent some time in France as General de Gaul; his comments were, naturally, sour. He divided the country into three parts and joined them with plaster of Paris (the Romans drank much wine). His great (??) namesake of to-day has found himself in a Laos-y Moroccan mess and is equally galling, but the great (???) General communicates with no one lower than God – and even that only on rare occasions because he is so busy playing with plastics. Julius – foolishly – got himself involved with POLITICS (see-what a hope! – the first article in this Series first published in 1955) and was stabbed right in his senate for shouting (quotation) “You Brute!” just at the interesting part of a small revolution. They did not commit him to paper; they used his (semi – quotation) “clay” as a wind-bung to patch up a hole in a hamlet they were building nearby and it became Tight-as Andronichus. We must also not forget that the Romans did produce one really Super-film called Ben-Hur. Ben was very good.

With the Fall of Rome (lack of good wind – bungs?) came the Dark Ages; even the (film)-stars went out and took tranquil jobs on ITV as Cowboys and Indians. Everywhere was pillage and socage. (They were “socked” first and given pills afterwards. Only the doctors could manage to scrawl prescriptions under the National Health Service; ordinary people who had been “socked” – in the eye, obviously, - could not see to read, let alone write.) This pillage and sockage and burning spread gloom widely and everyone followed soot. A brief glimmer did glow in the Seventh Century in the North of England (where you would expect) in the person of the Venerable Bede, but they soon strung him up. A couple of centuries later the Saxons, having completed the Soc-Age, started the Sac-Age by importing a Best Seller from Scandinavia. It was a howling success called Boo-wulf; it is the Oldest Book in The English Language; nowadays it is studied only in Universities, but students still howl over it.

The first English Newspaper quickly followed; it was called the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. It was edited by Alfred – amusingly called ‘The Grate’ in memory of his failure as a baker in early life. He (quotation) said; “The pen is mightier than the sword” – as you know it is when properly applied when the Master’s back is turned – NOT applied to the Master, of course! But, despite this stirring (!) quotation of Alfred’s his readers simply bashed on and stuck to their mail....

More than 500 years of this bashing business proceeded until we come (unstuck) to Chaucer. He has been called (among other things!) the Father of English Literature. Some people think he might have gone farther (on a bicycle?), others that he went too far (at times), others that it was a lot of Old Wives’ Tails; it all depends what you think of British Railways- do NOT quote, please! However, it has been re-filmed recently as “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse” (there are only four horses because they do not wish to show it (up) on Wide-screen and eucalyptus is not now a popular drink). Very cunningly Chaucer linked his poem directly with the Dark Ages as can be seen (quotation) from the first two lines;

“When that Aprille with his showers of soot
The drought of Morche hath pierced to the root.....”

It owed much of its popularity to such superb descriptions as this of the English weather. It was a very long poem, stretching all the way from London to Canterbury.

Of course, after this little canter, Literature followed at a gallop. Wycliffe translated the Bible from Latin into English, and several people are even known to have read it. This caused the Reformation – inaccurately called the ‘The Consternation’ by monks who had to stop swigging wine (quotation: ‘Simon the cellarer’) and robbing Hood, and left their cl’oysters to do a spot of work for a change.....It must be remembered that the same sort of thing was going on all over Europe. In Germany, for example, the mona-styes were scrubbed almost clean (cut) by Martin Loofah; the Scots had to take some doughty blows from John Knox and, indeed, were later Burn-ed (something no Englishman – and few Scotsmen! – can understand); the French.....well, you have heard of their Mont-martyr which has astounded men of all ages and from all countries ever since.

Despite Alfred (as I believe I said before) Caxton’s printing press crushed the penetrating power of the most subtly-wielded pen. With the increasing use of paper, people found it more comfortable to produce poetry rather than pottery (Baby-lonian method); and the National Debt was invented from all the Odes, so creating the foundation of our present prosperity. Blank verse became immensely popular because schoolboys in particular could fill in the ‘blank’ with any adjective of their choice, truly descriptive of the verse – and no doubt do so; Shakespeare (you will please note that I have almost stood on my head to avoid the man’s name) gives them unlimited opportunities.

But PROSE is, of course, the highest expression of Modern Thought and, from any of our fine English schools specialising in that subject, one may receive such gems as (final quotation!):

"Dear Muther,

I hope you are welle. I am. Which reminds me, the Pool is full – but not, unfortunately, with lemonade; ---- but you never no with The Old Man; it mite be with with our blud one day. Which reminds me, pleas send me sum of that tinned meat, sum jam, sum Choklait biskits, the kife in the top drorer of my cubberd and a 5/- postalorder to buy an airplain kit and my share in a Sweepstake the Maths Master (he's a twister; he'll win it of corse) is having next week. Maths reminds me of French, which is worse; - and litterarchure, wich is worstil ----you'd think, in a decent modern school, they'd have got past Shakesper by now!

Love, John.

P.S. Is my brother's rabbit ded yet? It should be, the blighter, by now. Pleas take me out nex Visiting Sunday becorse I've herd there are storberries about. Oh, and pleas send an extra 2/6 so I can buy more tuck."

And so, lost in admiration at the progress of the Human Race and its march towards complete articulation, one wonders where Civilisation will go from here into the Twenty-first Century -----Not far, I imagine!

TOM

SCHOOL OFFICERS

School Captain:	B.J. Clifford
House Captains:	G. Cooper (Grenfell-Lister) B. Fletcher (Eddington-Ross)
Full Prefects:	B.J. Clifford, K. Atabai, P. Ignatiades, R. Papworth.
Sub - Prefects	B. Fletcher, M. Ignatiades, L. Marozzi.
Probationary Prefects:	R. Clarke, G. Cooper, R. Watson, F. Batmanghelidj, J. Betty.
Football -	Captain: B. Fletcher Vice-Captain: G. Cooper
Hockey -	Captain: B.J. Clifford Vice-Captain: P.H. Millward
Cricket -	Captain: B. Fletcher Vice-Captain: J.M. Kara
Rugby -	Captain: C.J. Rosser Vice-Captain: N.C. Hoare
Athletics -	Captain: R. Clarke
Swimming -	Captain: A. Soleymani
Stalwarts:	R. Papworth, D.R. Knight, G. Cooper, D. Tingley, D. Pullen, P. Craven

SALVETE

We welcome the following boys who have joined the School this year:

C. Allen	M. Highway	R. Rudland
M. Bain	C. Jones	G. Sumsarilar
M. Barrow	P. Jude	R. Shoemark
R. Bond	M. Kenny	P. Sperryn
R. Burn	P. Laski	V. Suthithavil
S. Cousins	R. Lerego	Y. Takahashi
M. Cousins	R. Limbrick	N. Townsend
N. Dodds	M. Mawle	H. Travers
B. Dodds	A. McLellan	C. Van der Werff
J. Drew	A. Mohamed	M. Watkin
D. Fairbairn	R. Patel	D. Weil
R. Ford	T. Richards	G. White
B. Grigg	E. Roldan	

VALETE

We say 'Farewell' to these boys who have left and extend to them our good wishes for their future:

J. Cadman	Z. Jamal	R. Marshall
M. Fleetwood	C. King	A. Mawle
R. Fowler	G. Lindholm	T. Morris
N. Hoare	N. MacNamara	R. Scotcher
		M. Ward

G. C. E. RESULTS --1961

	<u>Summer</u>	<u>Autumn</u>
D. Allen	G., Art, Maths., G.S.	
K. Atabai	G., Art, Persian	Lit. (suppl.)
F. Ave	Lit., H., G., Art	G.S. (suppl.)
R. Bailey	Lit., G., Art, G.S., A.G.S., Maths.	Lang. (suppl.)
J. Batchelar	Lang., Lit., Art, Maths.	
B. Clifford	Maths (suppl.)	
B. Fletcher	Lang., Lit., H., G., Maths	Art (suppl.)
A. French	Lang.	
P. Ignatiades	Lit., H., G., Ph., G.S., A.G.S.,	Lang. (suppl.)
M. Ignatiades	Lang., Lit., French, H., G., Ph., G.S., A.G.S.	Art (suppl.)
R. Main	Lit., G., G.S.	Lang., H., Art (suppl.)
L. Marozzi	Lang., Geology	German (suppl.)
R. Marshall	Lang., G., Art	
P. Millward	Maths (second successful time)	
C. Mukerji	G., (suppl.)	
S. Mukerji	Lit., H., G., G.S., A.G.S.	
R. Papworth	Lang., G.	
C. Rosser	Lang., Lit., G., Art	
R. Westaway	G., Art, Maths., G.S.	

Key to abbreviations on next page.

Key to abbreviations used in G. C. E. Results:

Lang.	English Language	Lit.	English Literature
Maths.	Mathematics	H	History
G.	Geography	Ph.	Physics
G.S	General Science	A.G.S	Additional General Science.
Suppl.	Supplementary Subject		

HOCKEY

The Season's hockey results were not spectacular and the figures make rather sad reading, but this first impression is an unfair one, as the standard of hockey was considerably high.

The team put in a great deal of work and, to some extent, their efforts were rewarded. They played hard all the time and what was lost through lack of skill was often amply counterbalanced by stamina, the will to win, and 'guts' – an important essential in any game.

The outstanding matches and those that created the greatest enthusiasm were against Crypt School, Gloucester. We had four matches – three in the Autumn Term and one in the Spring Term, but the final match was lost to "Hamlet". Crypt School won the first two by four goals to one, and by nine goals to nil.

Before the third match took place, "Afternoon Games" was re-introduced on the syllabus. This proved to be Crypt's undoing as the School had the upper hand in speed, skill and stamina, and consequently won by four goals to three. The last match was also a School win by three goals to two.

There were two matches against the Old Boys – the traditional one on Mr. Mosey's birthday in November which the School lost by one goal to nil; the other was at the end of the Spring Term. The School won it by two goals to nil. On both occasions there was great interest and a good crowd turned out to support the team. They deserved this support as, in the Autumn Term, they had spent many weary hours sweeping the leaves from the pitch and it looked very nice for the match.

Other matches were against the R.A.F., Little Rissington, the R.A.F., South Cerney, and St. Paul's College, all of which the School lost.

The team had many new members and as some are staying on there are great hopes for the future. They played in the following positions.

F. Batmanghelidj

A. Karsan)
G. Cooper)

L. Marozzi

B. Fletcher

B. Clifford
(Capt.)

J. Kara

P. Millward

R. Clarke

S. Everett

S. Kara

J. Betty

Throughout the year Mr. Mosey gave great encouragement to the team, and those concerned were particularly grateful for his presentation of twenty-two hockey sticks to the School.

On Saturday, 3rd February, a party of boys from the School, went to Cheltenham to see the West of England v. the Rest of England hockey match. The standard of play was extremely high and the 1st X1 saw a variety of new techniques from which they gained a little knowledge and a feeling of complete incompetence.

The results for the Season were:

P.	W.	L.	D.	G.F.	G.A.
11	3	7	1	8	36

Colours were awarded to :

L. Marozzi
P. Millward
F. Batmanghelidj

B. Clifford

(Capt.)

FOOTBALL - 1st. X1

The 1st XI Soccer Team had very bad fortune this Season and this was mainly due to the strong opposition with which we were faced. However, the team played hard and conscientiously throughout and deserved more success than they achieved.

The Season started badly with three defeats and only one win and one of the defeats was by King's School, Gloucester, who won by eight goals to one on our ground. However, as the Season progressed, so did the standard of football and the away match against King's, Gloucester, was a win for the School by five goals to two.

Due to other School activities during the Spring Term, only four matches were played. The game that aroused the greatest interest was that against our particular rivals, Westwoods Grammaer School, Northleach, where the School was defeated by a formidable Northleach attack.

Perhaps the greatest failing was that members of the team played as individuals and, although there were several promising players, they never really achieved success as a team.

The Team was selected from the following:

	A. Soleymani	
J. Knight		P. Ignatiades
J. Kara)	B. Fletcher	R. Smith
G. Cooper)	(Capt.)	
G. White		S. Kara
F. Batmanghelidj)		(S. Cousins
M. Ignatiadis)	R. Clarke	(S. Everett

For the record, the results of the Season were:

P	W	L.	D	G.F.	G.A.
17	7	10	0	38	67

B. Fletcher (Capt.)

FOOTBALL -- Under 15 XI

The Under 15 football has had one of its most successful seasons for many years. In all, eight matches were played, and all eight were won. The highest victory recorded was an eight – one win over Bowbrook.

The team was usually selected from the following:

	Houssein	
	A. Davies	
D. Rice-Evans		R. Brown
M. Webb	R. Curtis	T. Sparke
	(Capt.)	
T. Richards		
E. Roldan		J. Howells
I. Lewis		D. Weil
G. Somsarilar.	K. Gay	V.
Suthithavil		
		R. Curtis (Capt.)

RUGBY

Last Autumn Term Mr. Birkinshaw, a very keen rugby player, joined the staff. He immediately started coaching the rugby 'types' and kept us training earnestly. Throughout the whole term we continually practiced whenever the opportunity arose and many converts from soccer or hockey joined our happy band. In the early days little skill was seen, only 'guts' and determination persisted, but gradually we learnt how to pass, tackle, kick, pick up a moving ball at speed and all the other techniques of rugby. Finally, to end an inspiring term a house match was arranged and this created a terrific atmosphere of excitement. The match took place on the last Sunday and Grenfell Lister won by eleven points to five after being five/nil down at the interval. This match was a big step forward in our progress as it was the first time we had 'fought' with full XV's.

The following term a match was arranged with Burford Grammar School. We lost by fourteen points to nil, but it was felt that we had made a good start, so a return match was fixed. Rugby posts appeared on Top Pitch once again; the holes were filled in, turf was laid, and the pitch was marked out. Burford again won by fifteen points to nil but we did not lose without honour.

Five years ago Mr. Mosey took a colour film of the Middle School Rugby Team playing their first official match against Kingham. Then enthusiasm waned. Thanks to Mr. Birkinshaw's keenness the game has been revived and it is most encouraging to note that the Seniors have supported it so staunchly. It is sincerely to be hoped that enthusiasm will not flag in the future and that a Rugby XV will soon add its own successes to King's School's fine record in Hockey and Association Football.

I cannot finish without special mention of Nigel Hoare (Horace), who left last term. We are going to find it extremely difficult to replace such a tenacious hooker and fine vice-captain.

The team which played in the first match was: R.Attaway, I.Lewis, G.White, A.Mawle, R.Bailey, S.Kara, C.Wheeler, R.Emmett, N.Hoare, P.Ignatiadis, C.Rosser, J.Knight, C.F.Perkins, R.Papworth, A.Tillett.

The team which played in the second match was: I.Cameron, F.Batmangelidj, C.White, J.Kara, J.Betty, S.Kara, C.Wheeler, R.Emmett, N.Hoare, D.Tingley, C.Rosser, J.Night, C.F.Perkins, P.Ignatiadis, A.Mawle.

C.J.Rosser (Capt.)

Athletics

Frequently, but at irregular intervals because of the difficulties in making mutually convenient arrangements, Athletics Meetings have been held against other Schools. Most of them were held in our own Ground because it is a convenient and well-prepared centre. We have had the usual successes and failures against more powerful teams of such schools as Burford Grammar and King's School, Gloucester, - more powerful if only because they are far bigger schools than ours and, therefore, have a wider choice.

June 7th will go down in the record books this year as a win for the School against Burford Grammar at Athletics. Two thrilling relays capped a wonderful meeting which the School won by 98 points to 94. The meeting was considered so successful that it has been decided to make it a regular feature of our Athletics Season.

Turning to home affairs, new equipment has created added incentive to what already promises to be a most successful season. This year the Sports Finals are to be held on the Top Pitch during Exhibition Weekend and it is hoped that many records will be broken. Standard points have been keenly striven for again this year and, with only three weeks to the finals, Eddington-Ross have slightly the upper hand over Grenfell-Lister.

R. Clarke (Capt.)

The School expressed its satisfaction in no uncertain terms when it heard the news that Clarke had again been chosen to represent the Cirencester District at the County Championships and we hope that he will go on from this to represent the County again as he did last year.

The Editor

CRICKET

The first eleven cricket team has had a fairly successful season so far, for, as this goes to print, we have played nine matches – have won four, lost four and drawn one.

The team began the Season with very little confidence, especially after losing the first match by eight wickets. However, a good win by ten wickets against the R.A.F. at Little Rissington, brought much needed spirit into the team.

One of our most entertaining matches this season was that against St. David's College, Bristol. St. David's batted first and were all out for fifty-three, with R.Papworth and M.Bain claiming the majority of wickets. This match had excellent team spirit throughout, and there was always an air of excitement.

I think it is only fair to mention the excellent batting of R.Clarke and J.Kara, who at different times scored 98 and 56 respectively. The School's main bowlers- R.Papworth, J.Kara and M.Bain – also deserve great credit.

The School would like to thank Mr. Webb and Mr. Burn, who have kindly given new cricket equipment. Mr. Webb sent a fine set of numbers to complete a new scoreboard and also a new set of practice nets and posts, whilst Mr. Burn provided us with a slip-catcher. The School supplied new bats, stumps and batting gloves. All these have done much to encourage keenness in the team.

At the Exhibition Weekend, 1961, we opened the activities with a cricket match against the Old Boys. The teams played fifteen overs each – the School batting first and making 61 for the loss of 7 wickets, whilst the Old Boys made 27 for 10 wickets.

Interest seems even greater for this year's battle and John Reader has written to say that he has his team ready for the Exhibition Match.

The cricket team this term has been chosen from the following:

B. Fletcher (Capt.)	A. Karsan
J. Kara (Vice – Capt.)	J. Betty
R. Clarke	S. Kara
R. Papworth	K. Gay
M. Bain	* B. Clifford
M. Webb	* L. Marozzi
P. Millward	* J. Stanley
S. Everett	

* - have played in not more than two matches

B. Fletcher (Capt.)

THE CRICKET SQUARE

Due to Mr. Birkinshaw's enthusiasm, a great deal of time and work has been expended on the square.

At the beginning of the Season the square looked very rough – particularly as some of our daily inter-house matches had been played on the area in the Winter and Spring Terms. At the commencement of the Summer Term Mr. Birkinshaw had parties of boys from all sections of the school rolling, raking and watering it. It yielded but slowly, and for some time we saw little result for our efforts, but after a few weeks of loving care the response came. Now we are able to regard and use it with pride.

M. Webb IVA
J. Howells IVA

THE SWIMMING POOL

Due to a combination of good weather and hard work, the School has had the benefit of using the swimming pool for many weeks.

Much hard work has gone into the cleaning of the swimming pool, and all those concerned have made the pool clean and pleasant for the rest of the School to swim in.

The first swimming match of this term was against our old rivals, Kingham Hill, here at School. Special praise goes to A. Davies and to A. Soleymani – who was 'Captain' for the day – for their great efforts in winning the one length backstroke and the two lengths free-style respectively. Special notice must also be taken of the diving event, which Kingham won with some accurate and precise diving. Everyone concerned had a very enjoyable afternoon, and the final score showed Kingham with 53 points and King's with 32 points.

The following boys were in the team:

A. Soleymani (Capt.)
 M. Jones
 G. Yates
 R. Hole
 A. Smith
 B. Davies
 R. Ford
 A. Davies

Reserves: J. Betty, S. Everett, I. Cameron.

Our thanks also go to Mr. Jamison, whose great efforts we tried to repay by our own.

A. Smith U.V.C

SNOOKER

Snooker, the most popular of the indoor winter games, was played constantly throughout the Autumn Term, but due to the fact that the scenery for the magnificent production of "Hamlet" was erected halfway through the Spring Term, only six weeks of snooker was played then.

The snooker tournament final was a very close, and for spectators a very exciting, game. Although A. Smith was the overall winner, R. Clarke put up a magnificent show and, in the opinion of most people, would have and should have won if he had not had so much bad luck.

THE LONDON VISIT

London ! - the dream of so many young hearts, - and here we were on the road to London – the coach tearing along happily; - freedom for us all.

This venture was arranged for the Studio Club by Mr. Rosser – its object being to visit the National and Tate Galleries.

Our first stop was in Whitehall where our 'Professeur' held conversation with a London Bobby regarding the whereabouts of 'bus parks'.

Our next stop was at the National Gallery itself, where we proceeded to study the paintings. Strange though it may seem, some of us were rather unimpressed, possibly because familiarity had bred contempt, as we were conversant with so many of the masterpieces through the medium of good reproductions during the Club's regular meetings and discussions at School.

Naturally, the greatest attraction at the National was the Leonardo Cartoon. This sketch completely stole the show. Although it was nothing more than a preparatory drawing for a painting, it was complete and, moreover, as beautiful as any of the finished pictures.

It made us wonder how the finished painting must have looked, but we felt that it had an even deeper effect in its coppery-tinted condition. The Cartoon was the centre of admiration and was praised by all.

Apart from the Cartoon, the paintings in the National Gallery ranged from the Byzantine to the Impressionists; from lifeless blocks of figures to vital impressions; from early flat flowing colours, to the pale contemporary textures. The artists represented also covered an immense range, from Bellini to Renoir; from altar pieces by unknown painters to the mysterious misty Turners; from Veronese to Vermeer and Pissaro to Picasso; from Van Eyck to Van Dyck and Van Gogh.

At approximately one o'clock we left the National Gallery, entered our coach, and looked forward eagerly to our lunch which we had by the river in Battersea Park.

Lunch over, we climbed into our coach once more and sped on our way to the second Treasure House. The Tate Gallery had many more examples of modern art than the National and it also had a gallery especially for sculpture. Everyone seemed to enjoy this gallery – possibly because its treasures were new to us, or perhaps because it had the sculpture. Henry Moore had a large display of massive and impressive figures – mostly reclining. Barbara Hopworth created a startling effect with her wooded and metal abstracts. Unhappily Rodin seemed to be overshadowed by these two. Matisse was really overpowering with his figures.

Whistler, Reynolds, Sargent, and other English painters faded almost into insignificance by contrast with Picasso, Dali, Degus, Modigliani, and others. Turner and Ward, however, held their own possibly partly to the gigantic size of their canvasses as well as their art.

The Tate was showing a special exhibition by the Ecole de Paris, and some members of the Club seemed very impressed by it though they left with mixed feelings.

Came five o'clock and we all gathered in the 'bus for a final roll call to see that no one was missing and we were ready for our homeward journey.

In the morning at eight o'clock we had all been sleepy and regretted our beds, but now we were far from sleeping, so we beguiled the time by discussing, exchanging opinions and raising our voices in melody! (?) Such then was our happy ending to a lovely and enjoyable day.

Before finishing these reminiscences of our London visit the members of the Studio Club want, very sincerely, to thank Miss McHale for her duplicated leaflets on the Galleries, Miss Slater and her staff for our meals and last, but not least, our President, Mr. Mosey, without whose co-operation and consent this visit could not have been made.

F. Ave

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PEREGRINATIONS IN THE NORTH - SPRING, 1962.

Mr. Airey, our Geography Master, having decided that the Upper VI th needed practical experience, arranged an expedition to the Lake District during the Easter holidays. Consequently, the day after the end of the Spring Term, a rather dubious and already wetly dejected party left for the Lakes.

Three days later the party, plus another member, arrived at Keswick in the Lake District having, in the meantime, been to Ingleborough, seen a drumlin, studied a karst, and fallen down a cwm. These preliminaries prepared expeditors for the hardships and hazards yet to be encountered in the Lakes proper.

On the fourth night of our stay our experienced and hardy Professor discovered, to his own consternation and to our delight, a mysterious swelling on the heel of his foot. The diagnostician diagnosed a blister and from there on the Professor was cosseted in a pair of carpet slippers. These slippers enabled him at last to shuffle as far as the next amiable hostess at Silverdale and, after a session at the dartboard, the party conquered the Knott and viewed Morcombe Bay through the rain. This is an aggrading coastline of great interest (especially when viewed through rain).

However, the object of the journey still remained unaccomplished – the climbing of Helvellyn. We tackled this on the fifth day of our stay in the area and, after an early start and a six mile walk to the base of the hill, its 3,118 ft. looked extremely impressive.

Two hours later a wonderful panorama of mountain and lakes was spread out beneath us, only to be hastily shrouded in mist and rain. As it was early in the year it was very windy and bitterly cold, so we did not prolong our stay.

The first thousand feet of the descent was made in the squatting position. The packed snow and ice made an excellent slide and the occasional hidden rock added to the interest of the descent.

On our last day we decided to take things easily so we planned a short walk from Keswick to Thirlmere for lunch and then a 'bus journey to Kendal to stay our last night. The short walk proved rather more of a 'trek' for it took us through a variety of bogs and marshes, and over some quite steep hills making it very difficult to keep our knees dry. We had previously decided to have lunch at Thirlmere, and we did not break this resolution, but, as we did not arrive until 3 o'clock, we were more than ready for it.

We spent our last night at Kendal and decided to economise by hitch – hiking home – but this proved rather more difficult than we anticipated! No one could blame the motorists who failed to stop, for we must have looked a cut-throat crew and Marozzi's boots would have struck fear into any but a hardened outlaw on the mountains of his native Cyprus!

L.S. Marozzi Upper V1

THOUGHTS ON THE THREE COUNTIES SHOW

With the co-operation of Mr. Winn,
 Off to Malvern we went again –
 Art Master, spouse and twenty – seven boys,
 In a luxurious coach full of uncorked noise.
 When we arrived there was plenty to see,
 But first we sought a cup of tea.
 Refreshed, we wandered around the Show,
 Gazing high and peering low
 At the many things that met the eye
 From huge machine to apple pie.
 Items varied which made an impression
 Now pour forth in long procession:-
 Bold bad bulls and placid cows
 Portly pigs one could not arouse;
 Lorries and vans all British built,
 Dagenham Pipers swinging the kilt;
 Sheepish Suffolks, cookers new,
 Hovercraft, pottery and sweet things to chew;
 Mauvish roses, dahlias delightful,
 Accents pleasant and accents frightful;
 Frivolous hats and free cream buns,
 R.A.F. aircraft and Army guns;
 Tractors, trucks and rotovators
 And little things for peeling potatoes;
 Bundles of booklets, pamphlets galore,
 Squirrel – like schoolboys returning for more;
 Breeders, barley and buxom wenches,
 Supreme awards and homemade fences;
 Pork-pie meals and ‘pork-pie’ hats,
 Hints on how to get rid of rats;
 Jumping, by Lane, on Trueman II,
 Books on ‘The Saint’ and ‘Fu Manchu’;
 French Girl Guides, with flattering eyes,
 Turning boys’ heads and causing sighs;
 Flowering cacti at seven-and-six,
 Tractor attachments so easy to fix;
 Scents and odours surging and merging,
 Soaps and cleaners gently deterging;
 Elegant men with the right connections,
 Friendly farmers with outdoor complexions;
 Prolific chinchilla, for profit, not hobby,
 Traffic directed by cheerful ‘bobby’;
 Combine – harvesters, cotton reels,
 Tottering females on stiletto heels;
 Plump young hens laying fine brown eggs,
 Huge Shire horses with sturdy legs;
 Arena stewards and handicappers,
 Food galore in handy wrappers;
 Keen exhibitors, on selling bent,
 Offering free meals within tent;

Birds and bees, and – phew – those rabbits,
 Gay young men with schoolboy habits;
 Cars and caravans for business and pleasure,
 And a thousand more things to see at one's leisure.

One and all were glad they went
 - Time and money very well spent!

A. D. Rosser
 (who has just obtained his
 poetic license)

FILMS

During this year we have had films to suit a catholicity of tastes. We have ranged from modern musicals to American 'Sheriff' Drama to history and the strictly classical.

In the Christmas Term we had two musicals – 'Kiss me Kate' and 'Seven Brides for Seven Brothers', and a Danny Kaye 'funny' – 'The Court Jester'. We saw two films based on historical periods – Rafael Sabatini's 'Scaramouche' – of the French Revolution times, and 'Young Bess' on the youth of Elizabeth I. We also had one war film – 'Dunkirk'.

The Spring Term brought us a film of American Civil War times – 'The Buccaneer', followed by Disney's 'Tom Thumb' and that near classic of suspense 'High Noon'. Then we had our last musical 'Kismet' and ended with a pseudo-historical based on the Court of King Arthur – 'Knights of the Round Table'.

Normally, we do not have films in the Summer Term but we have had three this term – the first being an excellent topical one – the building of 'The Kariba Dam' and two of Olivier's Shakespearean films, 'Henry V' and 'Hamlet', because they were the plays being studied for 'O' and 'A' Levels of G.C.E. Rarely can Olivier have had such a critical audience!

.....

When the sun is shining
 and the wild rose a-climbing
 All the country-side is gay
 Where the little children play.
 But when the keen frost starts
 All this gayness soon departs.
 When the sun doth come again
 Winter cares go with the rain.

D. Connett IVA

"HAMLET"

This was our fourth production and the most difficult and ambitious to date. Each production has been a Shakespearean one, and in this there has been a deliberate purpose, namely, to link up the work of our Dramatic Society with one of the plays set for G.C.E. This year we embarked upon "Hamlet" because it was one of the plays being studied by the VIth for 'A' Level.

Not only was the Producer influenced by this factor, but he also saw very great possibilities in Millward for the part of Hamlet. Millward has been in all four productions and has taken utterly different parts in each. In "Twelfth Night" it was obvious that he had great gifts, and the following productions have seen an exciting deepening of his powers, an increasing ability to cope with a part. This, indeed, has been true of several members, some six in all, who, like Millward, have been in all four productions – their stature as actors has increased tremendously, and they have now become valuable assets to the Company, so it is with great regret that we have to say 'Farewell' to three or four of them as they leave at the end of this term. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for their splendid work and for having endured so stoically the storms and frosts of production.

As "Hamlet" was such a task, a start was made upon the work in the Christmas Term of 1961. Each Wednesday the meetings of the Dramatic Society were devoted to word rehearsals and comprehension of the text. Here, of course, those studying the play for examination purposes had a distinct advantage over the others. Casting caused many headaches because some key people could have been just as easily placed in several parts. However, gradually, matters were sorted out and only two parts remained undecided – those of Polonius and Ophelia. Clifford, who had been cast for Lactetes, then asked for Polonius' part. Clifford was tired of always being the juvenile lead, the nice young man, the soul-breathing lover! He wanted a character part – and Polonius was a character part with a vengeance. Anyway, like someone rather more famous, he came, we saw and he conquered. Ophelia caused much more worry. There was a newcomer in the School – one Fleetwood – who seemed suitable in many ways but proved so impossible at our early rehearsals that everyone said "No good at all". At last, the Producer flying in the face of all advice - sage and otherwise – stood by his own opinion and decided to give Fleetwood the part of Ophelia. The result can best be summed up in the words of a Parent – who must be a sporting type – or would he be Stock-Exchange? - when he wrote saying "Ophelia was the one for my money" and this even though his own son was in the production!

During the Christmas holidays advantage was taken of the Sales, and lengths of very rich and beautiful materials were purchased, Mr. Mosey saying that he would spare no expense to help the production to the success it promised to be. These eventually found their way into the hands of Miss Gibson who worked on the designs created out of the collaboration between herself and the Producer, and made costumes of such magnificence and line that all who saw them could not believe they were professionally produced. During preparations for the Play some contact was necessary with the Stratford-upon-Avon theatre, and some of our costumes were taken over for them to see, and even they marvelled at what we showed them.

The stage pictures made with the glowing colours of these garments were incredibly beautiful and made us wonder all the more at the fact that they were all the work of one pair of hands.

These stage pictures were, of course, immeasurably helped by the lighting. The whole scheme for the lights this year was the most involved and difficult we have ever tackled. Each year we have added some new idea in the lighting and tried to eliminate the faults of previous productions. This year we were fortunate enough to be able to incorporate an entirely new feature. With the help and generosity of Mr. Burn, we put up a splendid portable spot bar, with which we could have a new range of lights, and yet the bar itself was so simple and well-planned that, though it was in full view of the public, it went almost unnoticed and caused no distraction. We were faced with the problem of having to transfer from the battlements at night time to the interior of the castle in day time without being able to make a comprehensive change of scene. Here again the lights came to the rescue. The answer was a very old theatrical dodge – a transformation scene. Our backdrop on the Quarterdeck was made of gauze instead of hardboard and, when lit from the front, it gave the effect of solidity. If these frontal lights were faded out and lights behind the gauze brought up, the audience gazed through it on to a vista of scurrying storm clouds – created by an effects lantern. In a theatre there are, of course, greater distances and, as we had so little space, we were afraid this lighting trick would not work. However, it did, and very successfully. All these lighting effects caused innumerable headaches for Morozzi and his crew of electricians, especially as the lights had to be set up, mastered and perfected in action in three days! There were the usual breaking-of-the-sound-barrier effects and lunatic leapings of thwarted flesh from the Producer but, in the end, the storms subsided and once more we were in calm waters.

Mr. Rosser and his group of helpers were faced with many posers too! He had never painted on gauze, but as he says “There is always a first time”. All we can say is if all first times could give the same result as his first experiment on gauze, how excellent they would be. After much burning discussion it was decided to paint a back scene representing a tapestry. Mr. Rosser achieved this with great skill and his ‘tapestry’ would not have shamed that of Bayeux or the Brangwyn Panels. He gave us a woodland hunting scene complete with mediaeval figures, lithe hounds and horses (one having a most coy expression!) delightful flowers and intriguing little trees all surrounded by a most convincing ‘carved’ frame. The entire piece was in all the lovely soft colours of tapestry wools and lit most pleasingly.

The actors themselves put in a tremendous amount of work. It would have fascinated an outsider to see a large group of boys doing their ‘prep’ at the big table in the Hall – then perhaps Clifford would suddenly leave his questions of soil and subsoil to go up on to the stage and change himself in the twinkling of an eye into the archdodderer Polonius. Or Ave, deeply immersed in one of his questions on architecture at one moment, would at the next be portraying the seductive Gertrude. These peeps behind the scene are in many ways more interesting to us than the scene itself.

In our first production we introduced the costumed stage hands, but never have they achieved such an exact drill and precision as the five of them did under the excellent direction of Wheeler. Their competent handling of stage matters made for a smooth and swiftly moving performance.

All the Court entries were impressive as most spectacular scenes are and the mime and re-enactment of the poisoning (which reduced us to a state of helpless hilarity at rehearsal) was splendidly done and looked very well in its distinctively coloured lighting. Yet it is not so much the spectacle that remains in our minds as certain individual and much simpler things – the poignancy of poor mad Ophelia kneeling with Gertrude’s arms around her – the deeply throbbing emotion of mother and son in the Closet Scene – the quiet majesty of the Ghost – Polonius’ worldly-wise advice to his son and daughter, and above all Hamlet’s heart laid bare in “To be, or not to be”.

Perhaps one of the main things this play gave us was surprise. We had several newcomers, some absolutely new to the ‘The boards’, who were not thought to be suitable for their parts – but who would have believed that our car-crazy Sherring would have made such a dyed-in the-wool fantastic? And who would have thought that Ophelia would ever have all but stolen the show, and at the same time have been our director of duelling? Or again, who would ever have seen in our fat, cocky little Grumio of two years ago our dignified Claudius with a fine tonal quality in his voice? Or, turning to another milieu, who would have suspected that Bailey and Knight would have proved the best spot handlers in four years?

And quite unexpectedly it turned out that our comedy was in very safe hands with Yates and Fowler, who transformed themselves into as astute a pair of gormless bumpkins as the heart could desire.

The scenes in the linen-cum-dressing room, too, would have warmed the heart of Shakespeare himself and must have been something very akin to the large communal dressing-rooms in the theatre of his day. For where else can one see a Marozzi solemnly sitting down with a lovely auburn wig on his head whilst it is being ‘dressed’ by Miss Slater? Where else can one see a walking skeleton? Where else can one find an admirable confusion of guards in armour, without their pants, delicate ladies and over-earthy grave diggers calmly eating apples together? And, from that inner sanctum, where else could one possibly hear such rich Irish tones gently rolling forth: “Och – you have too many pimples: I won’t make you up!” – or “Shure you have’na washed the back of your neck for a month – go and give it a scrub!”

Whilst it is on – when the pangs of creation are bitter – we say ‘Never again’ – but, given a short spell to recover, we find it was amazing how the team pulled together and got us through. Good old team – we will always have an affection for you.

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The God of War rode out one day
 Upon his milk-white filly;
 He said; “I’m Thor!”
 The horse replied:
 “You’ve forgotten the thaddle, thilly!”

TOM

VALETE!

As I sit and cast my mind back over the last three years, and try to think of what has happened I am perplexed. It is nine terms since I first found my way from the mad rush of the city to this, at times, peaceful haven in the Cotswold's? Time seems to have gone by so rapidly. And yet, as I think again, the routine of living and working here are now so much a part of my existence that I can scarce remember ever doing anything else.

Memories flood upon me; some as clear as it had been yesterday; others now fading until the details are confused and uncertain. I will always keep with me the scene of my arrival on a beautiful day in that wonderful summer of '59. The old house and the grounds looked as perfect as I can ever remember. Many times have I thought how magnificent it all looked, especially when walking through the fields from Top Pitch but never has that first impression been improved upon.

I often wonder now how I could have been so confused and bewildered in those early duty days – never being able to find my way from the Staff Room to the upstairs washroom without covering hundreds of wasted yards. The stairs here will stay with me – the penalty for leaving a book in one's room is too great. So will the sound of the bell – that all too frequent intruder into one's conversation, break-time cup of tea, or early morning slumbers. Donne might well have said of a schoolmaster – “Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.”

In years to come the sight of a chain-link fence will remind me of that day, quite some time ago, when a great number of rolls of wire arrived at the School. After a considerable amount of head-scratching a process of trial and error was embarked upon. Never will I forget certain boys laboriously sewing huge strips together, getting themselves hopelessly entangled and wrapped up in the process, and finding once it was finished that it all had to be done again. But they persevered and much later the skating was successfully fenced in.

The summer terms always stand out most clearly. Cricket, in Front Field, is in one of the most beautiful possible settings. Such a scene will, however, always remind me of motor mowers racing round and round and gangs of rakers bending their backs. Working in the grounds, in spite of what we might say or feel from time to time, always resulted in the satisfaction of seeing a beautiful sport looking as it should. On sunny weekends by the swimming pool I have often thought how many city dwellers would envy us. All this on our doorstep, while others might drive a hundred miles for much less pleasure.

Among the clearest of all memories must be the play. The toil, sweat and tears of all concerned at rehearsals, the wrath of the producer on those cold, dark nights, are memories which will not easily be erased. The scene in the dressing room of half dressed and unrecognizable creatures; of blond-bewigged schoolboys and crew-cut and occasionally unshaven females; the quick changes when some vital prop or garment went astray; the long hours of making up – all these remain with me. But the final results, when many excelled themselves, will be clearest of all.

Many faces appear in my mind's eye – the tall, dark gentleman with the erratic sense of time who could keep us all roaring with laughter for hours on end; the senior member of staff who in one's early days showed one how to carry out a day's duty – he was always there and back before you had left your armchair; the lordly member of staff who used to keep me awake at nights with his tape recordings of obscure Greek monastic chants.

Life has not been without its sad and frustrating moments. I can well remember one afternoon spent trying – in rain – to show a junior member of the school how to use a pair of ordinary garden shears. I strongly recommended that he should never take up hairdressing as a career. A school classroom can often be a frustrating place. When some weeks before G.C.E. one is brightly informed that Henry VIII married Jayne Eyre or that Protestants are really Roman Catholics one begins to wonder if one is wasting one's time. Prayer and fasting seem to be the only answer at times – but in the end those who should, usually do, manage to make the grade.

It is often laughingly said in staff rooms that school teaching would be all right if it were not for the children. But I am glad to say that in spite of what they may think at times, I do not believe I have ever come across a more decent crowd in any one place. They are by no means saints – but then one cannot expect schoolboys to be. To see them arrive at the beginning of term, one might perhaps think so, but that notion is very rapidly dispelled. The sweet innocence which follows a rumpus in the corridor or the dormitory and the fervent protesting that they have only just polished their shoes, when half the countryside is still clinging to them are all part of the scheme of things. I doubt if they will ever change.

There are many, many more things which spring to mind but neither time nor space will permit their mention. Perhaps the most striking thing of all is that wonderful feeling which is about to take place. Here in this world of strife and distrust we have a society where people of all classes and creeds are living together happily and harmoniously. There are disagreements, of course, for life is not just a round of pleasure and blissful content – but these are mostly of very minor significance. As I go off in search of green fields and pastures new I must thank all who have helped to make my three years here pleasurable and profitable ones, the memories of which I shall keep for a long time to come. And as my time is not yet up, I must get on with some of that interminable marking which is to most in the profession an all too recurrent memory.

D. Jamison

SPOT THE SPEAKER

See to it.
 K----, you silly ass
 Will you take my runners out for me?
 Carry on - !
 Right – baaaths tonight!
 Question?
 Roger.
 She's off-duty!

THE STUDIO CLUB

Interest in the Railway Club having died down, it was suggested to Mr. Mosey that the room containing the model railway equipment should be converted into a club for the oil painting community. In the school building itself there is no suitable room for oil painting and the room in the Stable Block is ideal for this purpose. Mr. Mosey very kindly gave us permission and, at the beginning of the Spring Term, a large – scale cleaning up of the room took place. The walls were washed and the holes filled with plaster. Then a hole in the roof was mended by the Estate and the doors and walls were scraped and painted by the members. A contribution of curtain material from Mr. Craven was gratefully accepted and Mrs. Rosser kindly made them up for us. The fluorescent lighting was installed and strip-heaters were de-rusted, painted and screwed into place along the walls. Desks, chairs, cupboards, and tables were installed and, when all the necessary art materials had been obtained, the room at last took on the appearance of a studio.

At the first Studio Club meeting rules were made, officials were elected and membership was limited to twenty-five, five of whom were to be Committee Members. Official meetings were suggested and various members gave lectures concerning art and architecture. Mr. Mosey, the Honorary President of the Club who attended many of these meetings was very pleased with the results and thanked Mr. Rosser (and we all supported him) who is the creator of the Club and who has done so much towards it.

For members of the Club, various trips were arranged by Mr. Rosser, with the kind co-operation of Mr. Mosey and Mr. Winn. Two have already taken place – a trip to Gloucester Cathedral last term for the Advanced Level art students and a more recent excursion to the National and Tate Art Galleries, in London, for the whole Club. We are now looking forward to a proposed trip to Coventry Cathedral.

Large oil paintings, produced by Fereydoun Ave, Christopher Rosser and myself aroused interest and we soon had quite a large group of boys preparing hardboard, cardboard and other materials for oil painting. Enthusiasm gradually built up and we now have a large number of finished works showing a variety of styles of painting. There are impressionistic, realistic, cubistic and abstract works in the Studio Club. Framing of the paintings takes place within the Club and the actual frames have been found to make a tremendous difference to the appearance of the paintings.

Fereydoun Ave has been a very enthusiastic and conscientious Chairman since the commencement of the Club. Other officials who have served us well are: C. Rosser (who is in charge of the art materials), C. Van der Werff (Minute Secretary), O. Trevor (Treasurer) and R. Watson (Exhibition Supervisor).

The results of the club have been very promising, but we do not intend to stop at that. We hope to be more ambitious in the future by widening the range of media, including sculpture (for which we have the inspiration of the pieces in the School and Grounds donated to Mr. And Mrs. Mosey by Stuart Osborne, the famous Old Boy of their Kingsholme days), by organizing more trips for the Club and by producing better work.

R. Bailey
(Studio Club Secretary)

WATCH THE BIRDIE

(2) The birds' "I" view.....

In last year's Magazine we gave the position in our Poultry World up to date. We were then involved, in the spare time afforded by the light evenings, in dismantling the ex-R.A.F huts Mr. Mosey had bought at Stoke Orchard. This work – and a considerable and enlighteningly–technical work it was – has now been completed and all the hut sections are now at Sherborne forming a vast 'reservoir' of materials from which new huts are being built. Having learned to pull down, we are now learning to build up.

The very many boys concerned worked splendidly and yet found opportunity to enjoy their labours at the same time. As Mr. Mosey reminds us on occasion, that has always been our purpose at King's School; we now enjoy the fruits of the efforts of our predecessors and, from our own labours, we know that boys to come will benefit from, and continue, the good work. Such ideals are, surely, the most important part of a school or of any community and, when people in general learn that lesson and apply it unselfishly, our World will be a better and happier place.

Last year we reported our total numbers in the poultry houses as 5,500. Since then we have had as many as 9,000 laying birds. 2,000 have just been disposed of on coming to the end of their profitability and we now have 7,000 laying birds – with 4,000 day-old chicks due to arrive before the end of term. Before Christmas we should, therefore, have over 10,000 laying birds and we have now raised our final target from 15,000 to 20,000.

Obviously much construction work has continued and been completed. The SKIL house has had all its glass removed and is now no longer anything like its original form as a greenhouse. This large house, divided into two sections, will henceforth have a constant 'flow' of from 3,000 to 6,000 chicks being reared from day-olds until, after sixteen weeks, they can be put into the deep-litter houses in which they will produce eggs. An extremely large building of more than 12,000 ft. floor area has already been constructed as a 'lean-to' along the whole length of one of the walls in the 'Big Garden' to house several thousand laying-birds.

Talking of the production of eggs, some idea of the vastness of the undertaking upon which Mr. Mosey embarked only three or four years ago may be gained from the fact that, at last Easter weekend, 30,000 eggs were awaiting collection! Surely we have a little reason to be modestly proud of what has grown out of those small beginnings when we helped Mr. Mosey to make concrete floors and temporary accommodation and then went on – as we now do – to help in the feeding, the collection of eggs, the continual construction of new houses and equipment in our spare time, and in all the other tasks that lead us to our goal.

One of those 'other tasks' has been the disposal of the 'surplus' mentioned in our last report. Careful testing has enabled Mr. Mosey to work out quite an ideal type of fertilizer – composed of poultry droppings and peat. This has been milled to dust in the hammer- mill mentioned last time and is quite odourless and easy to handle. It has been bagged and weighed, and advertised widely in the National Press.

Watch the Birdie ! (Cont'd)

During last Spring several hundred bags of this fertilizer have been sold and sent to all parts of England. We hope that the future may pen a wide development for this outlet of extremely valuable material. Chemical fertilizers have many faults and it seems stupid that a blend such as we are now making, and which is one of the finest natural fertilizers that can possibly be used should be wasted and thrown away.

The boys engaged on this particular job have taken a tremendous interest in it and worked away as a happy and diligent little unit on their own. Such demand as we have already had is as great an encouragement as they could desire. The Group was composed of: D. Pullen (Leader), A. Prestage, W. Limbrick, J. Marfell, I. Lewis, and C. Viney.

The boys concerned in the various construction works included: G. Cooper, D.R. Knight, R. Cartwright, J. Stanley, J. Betty, M. Crosthwaite and I. Cameron.

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CHRISTMAS TREES: Yes, we never stop! At the very end of last term Mr. Mosey was able to buy 6,000 Norwegian spruce. We filled all vacant space in the various Gardens and also surrounded the Playing Field ('Top Pitch') with them where the land is never used. It was hard work in cold, bad weather; and it had to be done in a hurry but, in less than three days, all were safely in and are growing well. In a few years' time we hope to have several thousand Christmas Trees to sell to add to Mr. & Mrs. Mosey's "Scholarship Fund" – which, as you know, is the sole object behind all this ambition.

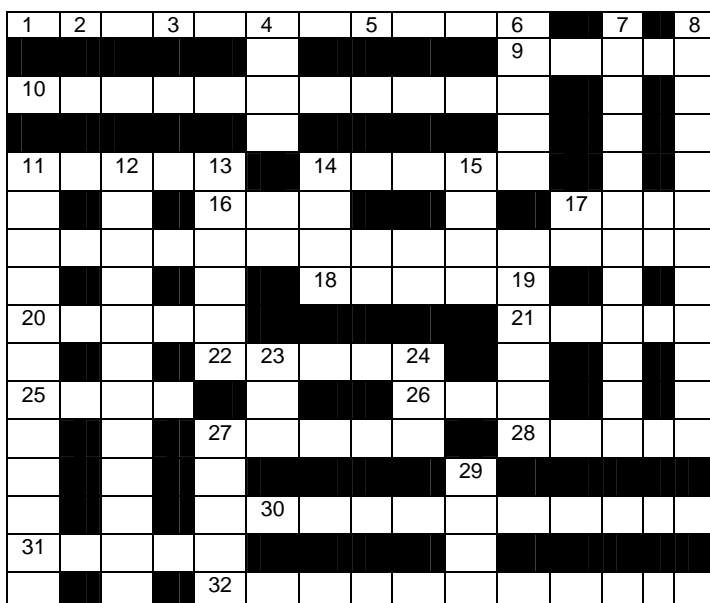
The planters of these Christmas trees included: R. Main, D.R. Knight, J. Stanley, R. Cartwright, J. Hobhouse, G. Cooper, A. Prestage, A. Tillett, W. Limbrick and C. Viney.

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THE EDITOR wants to know:

Who are :

Bootsie
 Foxy
 Rubber neck
 Dormouse
 The 'Nose'
 Fillums
 Peter Pan
 Benghazi Ali
 The Greasy Arabs
 Crump
 Clementine



Clues across:

1. Half of a half of a pack of cards (11)
9. Definitely Jones I here (5)
10. Short when said but it takes a long time to do (11)
11. and 27. Trips round here are good for the memory (5, 5)
14. Times or miles give out if changed (5)
16. Laid by Roman hens? (3)
17. Loave out but no exeat (4)
18. Exams for Pakistan? (5)
20. House 'tops' – but no cup won (5)
21. Handel's – of course (5)
22. Bad food has it but the Cockney disagrees (5)
25. Centres of activity within 10 miles (4)
26. First Lady and last light (3) 27. See 11 across
28. Piece, politics or just the 'Feast' (5)
30. Heads through open windows or exeats? (4, 4, 3)
31. Answers, girls or made in Clubs (5)
32. You may telephone from here (7, 4)

Clues down:

4. Lent to friends, Romans and countrymen (4)
6. You all are, with cups instead of crowns (5)
7. Name tape for napkin or ink in bed (5, 6)
8. Friday's dole (6, 5)
11. Replace the horses and their trapping too (6, 5)
12. The captive's gone but he'll be kept in on return (3, 2, 6)
13. Prefects' perks at breakfast (5)
14. Boys do this all the time not just when tea is changed (3)
15. 17 that's not first class – not made in chemistry lessons (3)
19. When should you don't, when you should not you do! (5)
23. Parisian pen friend? (3)
24. Edward's short – no boy of this kind here (3)
27. In the gardens not on Top Ground (5)
28. Unknown author of many poems (4)

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THE WOODWORK CLUB

Owing to the expansion of the School, additional classrooms had to be found and what was the woodwork-shop became a formroom and the 'woodwork' was moved to another side in the Stable Block.

Activities in the new woodwork shop took their place with other clubs on Wednesday afternoons, and great enthusiasm was shown by the members.

All sorts of jobs came within the province of the Club, and in the course of the year they have given some help to the stage, replaced and renewed a surprising succession of broom handles, made minor pieces of laboratory equipment, a cricket-crease marker and a new cricket scoreboard.

The summer term brings a fresh crop of jobs with innumerable tools – rakes, hoes, hooks, etc., which need attention in one form or another.

The boys mainly concerned in work in the Club all the year round are H. Mort, D. Blunt, M. Spicknell, P. Freeman, J. Bingham, G. White, P. Judo and P. Gupwell.

We all join in thanking Mr. Powell for his advice, direction and above all for his patience when our "saw cuts become edgy!"

P. Gupwell - UVC

HAVE YOU VISITED THE STUDIO CLUB YET?

This is the tale of Benjamin Burke who volunteered for poultry work
 And in his spare time, after classes, loved to surround himself with masses
 Of 404's and 606's – or any of the hybrid mixes.
 To him they were the peak of glamour, he liked their ceaseless, cackling clamour,
 He loved their feathers "Omo" bright gleaming in fluorescent light.
 But these were only minor joys shared, perhaps, with countless boys
 Who failed to venture one step more and search around upon the floor
 Until they found the perfect treasure, the source of Benjamin's full pleasure,
 The idol, touchstone, objet d'art which had enslaved his boyish heart
 And drawn him, magnetlike each day to where the hens their jewels lay.
 To where adoring eyes could dwell upon the wondrous outer shell
 Of pearls beyond all price to Ben – though commonplace to any hen.
 He'd sit alone upon the floor and run his fingers through the straw
 To feel perfection by his hand, to touch it, stroke it, hold it and
 Compelled by forces strange and strong he'd lose all sense of right and wrong.
 He'd yield to his one great obsession, determine he must have possession
 And pocket there and then his prize regardless of accusing eyes.
 His plan worked always to perfection, he didn't even risk detection,
 He wasn't reckless, brave or bold – for fowls' tales cannot be told.
 Back at school he's hours of bliss, seductively, secretly fondling this
 Subject of his hidden passion in a very underhand fashion
 In classroom, corridor or dorm. Rejoicing in its perfect form
 Regardless of the change it brought in doing all the things he ought.
 For who can write a page of verse or play a game or, even worse,
 Simplify a compound fraction with one hand strictly out of action?
 At table too, much was uneaten, course after course had him quite beaten
 And he broke right down and cried when eggs were scrambled, poached or fried.
 Now this caused work and health to falter and even looks and shape to alter
 And everyone of late has seen how very much ovate he's been.
 So much so that, night by night, his bedstead fits him far from right
 And he sleeps best all tucked up in an oversized egg-cup.
 Warned to never climb a wall, afraid of cracks from one and all,
 A Humpty–Dumpty on the mend with a school cap on his pointed end.
 The moral of this tale is plain so, if you ever see again
 A boy with hands in pockets deep, think of Ben, who there did keep
 Just one deadly egg, not two and, if you think it quite untrue,
 Note how slyly in the morning he disregards the washroom warning
 And just dare not remove his vest to show the lion on his chest.

C. I. D.

THE THINGS THEY WRITE (1)

After the Union, the forces of Scotland and England fought back to back.

He had a voice like a carrion crow in the mating season (over pitched?)

He was strung up with a nose round his neck.

Priscilla ment to fix the helm of her skirt, as a few stitches had come adrift.

All is black – apart from the silvery moon shinning up the trees.

THE PHYSICS LABORATORY

Until this year, there was no member of the Staff qualified to teach Advanced Level Physics but arrangements were made with Westwoods Grammar School for our Sixth Form scientists to receive their instruction in that subject with their own candidates. This was a temporary arrangement and, when Mr. Powell and Mr. Rutherford joined the staff last September, a second laboratory for advanced work was put in hand.

Some years ago the storeroom of the general laboratory was earmarked for advanced work and used by Sixth Formers for specific purposes but, although this room was already lined with excellent cupboards and had several other convenient fittings and features, it had no lighting nor water supply. These deficiencies were remedied by the School's resident engineer – 'Dick' – and his gang and Mr. and Mrs. Mosey generously supplied the costly apparatus necessary for Advanced Level work.

Mr. Powell has shown keen determination to be in at the birth of his new child and has spent innumerable hours working for the improvement of the lab. His technical skill has come well to the fore in the construction of many pieces of apparatus.

M. Ignatiades V1

SAYINGS FROM THE OFFICE

"I don't want to be a nuisance, but"

Comment: You are going to be.

.....

"My Great-Aunt/Uncle/Stepbrother/Second cousin once removed has a birthday and I wish to buy a card."

Comment: What family feeling there is among King's Schoolboys!

.....

"I haven't made up my mind yet about the holidays."

Comment: I have.

.....

"May I have some money to buy brakes/batteries/lamp/wheels for my bicycle?"

Comment: Do the boys here merely start with the handlebars and work up?

.....

"I wondered if"

Comment: No, Y.....i, you may not!

.....

"I want to have my eyes tested"

Comment: Not my department.

.....

"My father wants me to have £50 travelling money but he's written it in a foreign language that you won't understand."

Comment: Naturally!

.....

Sayings from the Office (Continued)

"I have decided to go abroad by air instead of by train."

Comment: A good idea – but it is a pity that I now have visa application forms from eight different Embassies which you won't need and I have to disguise my voice every time I speak to Thos. Cook & Sons!

.....

"Didn't I give you the change from the journey money?"

Comment: (none needed)

.....

"I would like to spend my holiday on a farm to give me a chance for quiet study and meditation."

Comment: It just goes to prove how mistaken one can be in estimating character.

.....

(From a Member of Staff)

'Have you had a 'Lillywhite' character in the Office?'

Comment: We have very few answering to that description here.

.....

"Can you make arrangements for me to go to the North Pole by bicycle?"

Comment: This hasn't actually been asked yet, but I wouldn't be surprised!

.....

CYCLING PROFICIENCY

Tuesday evening comes again
 And if we're lucky there is no rain.
 At seven o'clock – in his Standard car,
 In which, I think, he has come from far-
 The 'Bobby' opens the bicycle shed,
 And out come bicycles. Green and red,
 New ones, old ones, big and small,
 Trackers and racers; we have them all:
 Drops, straights, cowhorns too –
 Bright and shiny there are but few!
 We then mount up and ride around,
 Not speeding too much or we'll fall to the ground,
 Then comes the lecture we hate most of all,
 By the policeman so learned and tall.
 Out come the blocks for the much-dreaded test,
 In which we always try our best.
 Our brakes and chains are then inspected,
 And if they're not safe, we have them corrected.
 Brake blocks missing and spokes galore,
 The 'Bobby' says firmly "Now get some more!"
 At last we put them happily away,
 Hoping they're there for another day.
 Quickly and quietly we run to our beds,
 And on the pillows rest tired heads.

M. Cousins IVA

THE THINGS THEY WRITE (2)

Pedestrians had to be careful to dodge the vehicles when they stepped off the pavement.

The first spring tide forced breeches in the sea-wall. (Sand "bags" would hardly be necessary then!)

Imagine sandy beaches of a reddish colour and of a frightful baroness.

Captain Absolute was Lydia Languish's perspective husband.

CORRECT these sentences

1. My Mother put the chocolate mouse in the oven.
2. The main road had a jewel carriageway.

CORRECTIONS

1. My Mother put the chocolate moose in the oven.
2. The main road had a duel carriageway.

SHAKESPEARE HAD A WORD FOR ITGeography Master, arriving in Class:

A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Henry IV, Act. 3, Sc. 1

Cross country runner:

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome.

Richard II, Act. 2, Sc. 3

The Detention Book:

O! if this were seen
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue
Would shut the book and sit him down and die.

Henry IV, Pt. 2, Act. 3, Sc. 4.

Master taking Detention:

The hour I think is come
To give him bearing: is it four o'clock?

Henry V, Act. 1, Sc. 1.

Thursday Tuck Tea:

Dismount thy tuck.

Twelfth Night, Act. 3, Sc. 4.

Shakespeare had a Word for it. (continued)Master at End of Term:

Bring me no more reports.

Macbeth, Act. 5, Sc. 3.

Interrupted Dormitory Feast:

Now comes the sweetest morsel of the night, and
We must hence and leave it unpicked.

Henry IV, Pt. 2, Act. 2, Sc. 4.

Trigonometry Lesson:

I would the lightning had burnt up these logs.

The Tempest, Act. 3, Sc. 1.

.....

CYCLING PROFICIENCY TEST

During this term the first group of boys to undertake these tests has been under instruction from P.C. Millin and an examination in both practice and theory took place on Friday, 29th June.

A squad of examiners came from Cheltenham and proceeded to decorate the Stable Yard and surrounding roads with mysterious chalk marks, white tapes and various road signs, after which twenty-one boys were required to perform all kinds of manoeuvres and to answer questions concerning their bicycles and the contents of the Highway Code.

All the boys except two passed the tests with flying colours and with marks ranging from 87½% to 99½% - the pass mark being 75%. The failures were in certain sections of the Test only and, in each case, they were only ¾ mark below the pass mark which is an indication of the strictness with which the Tests were conducted.

Further instruction and further Tests will be undertaken in the future so that all boys who possess bicycles will be incorporated into this scheme as a means of ensuring their safety on the roads.

The following boys were successful in the Tests:

C. Allen	B. Montague
J. Bingham	B. Saunders
R. Burn	R. Shoemark
M. Cousins	P. Spiegall
A. Davies	R. Spiller
B. Grigg	C. Spragg
T. Richards	C. Tomkinson
J. Hobhouse	N. Townsend
R. Limbrick	M. Watkin
L. J. Lippiatt	

THE MUSIC SOCIETY
1961 -- 1962

The School concerts have somewhat changed their character during this year. In their earlier form they were straightforward record recitals given by Mr. Mosey, with introductory remarks. These remarks have grown into interesting lecturettes, often connecting the work to be played with other works already known and beloved by the boys. Appreciation amongst the audience has shown a considerable increase – indeed, the classical group vies actively with the followers of ‘trad’ and other modern noises!

In the dark nights of the Winter Term, with wind howling and rain beating fiercely, we listened in the shuttered and firelit hall to a number of old favourites and to several works – new to us – by great composers who had already entranced us with other of their works. Mr. Mosey would give a short background of the composer’s life, the circumstances attending the actual composition and main themes to be looked for.

The Spring Term saw yet another step towards turning the concerts into a Music Society – for Mr. Mosey brought the boys into active partnership. He did this by explaining that he was wanting to choose suitable music to accompany our production of ‘Hamlet’. For those who did not know it, he gave a brief outline of the tragedy and asked them to listen to a series of records, to jot down their feelings about them, and then, finally, to vote for the most fitting, according to the theme of the play.

They heard Vaughan Williams’ ‘Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis’, certain movements of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies by Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov’s ‘Scheherazade’, Berlioz’ ‘Symphonie Fantastique’, Moussorgsky’s ‘Pictures at an Exhibition’ (nos. 8 / 9 / 10), the last movement of Sibelius’ Second Symphony and Smetana’s ‘Tabor’ – from ‘Ma Vlast’. Out of these, Vaughan Williams’ ‘Fantasia’, Tchaikovsky’s Sixth and Berlioz’ ‘Symphonie Fantastique’ were chosen to represent the Ghost Theme, the burial of Ophelia and the tragic fate hounding the occupants of Elsinore.

At the next meeting, 4th March, Mr. Mosey took as his theme ‘Dance Music – through the Ages’. He began with more recent material in the shape of Johann Strauss – playing the ‘Emperor’ and the ‘Blue Danube’ waltzes. Then we had an excerpt from Bach’s Brandenburg Concerto No.1 and this was followed by some delightful ‘Ancient Dances for the Lute’ by Respighi. Lastly came Dances of the High Renaissance, Praetorius, and illustrative of the 15th Century onwards, works by Widman and Schein.

The last meeting was on Sunday, 1st April, and, very fittingly, Mr. Mosey made this a short study of ‘Easter Music’ – including Smetana’s Scherzo from his Triumphal Symphony, the finale of Sibelius’ Second Symphony, and, to conclude – for who could end otherwise? – several arias and choruses from Handel’s ‘Messiah’.

Also with the School Play in mind, Mr. Mosey gave us a wonderful surprise – a tape – recorder. And what a tape-recorder! The Rolls Royce of tape-recorders, a Ferragraph, as used by the B.B.C. Although its initial use was for the play, this instrument will serve all sorts of purposes in our life. We chose the required parts of the Vaughan Williams, Tchaikovsky and Berlioz records, sent them to Yorkshire to a friend of Mr. Mosey and had them professionally recorded, plus all the other sounds, cock-crows, fanfares. etc., ready to be played on our new machine. Watson became our Tape-Recorder Operator and a very skilled job he made of this extremely difficult task – backing up and supporting the actors in a very competent manner.

So our 'Music Society' – (which includes every boy in the School!) links with our Dramatic Society and proves yet again how all our 'subjects' may be interlocked for our pleasure and profit.