

This Magazine is solely for internal information and amusement as all' such should, surely, be. After almost half a century's editorship of such production 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.

A change is as good as a rest.....

For more years than I like to remember I have filled this page with the light-hearted comments we all secretly long to apply to THE SUBJECTS OF THE SCHOOL TIME-TABLE. Now, perhaps, we can take matters a stage further on from our last year's subject which was LITERATURE. And since I have always felt that the critics who have criticised work I have published should at least be able to write themselves, or keep quiet, I had better take my own medicine and try.....

POY-TRY

So here is:-

NEVERLUTION

The Oogly tree, the Oogly tree
 Towered, beauteous, to the sky;
 Its mighty branches swept the plain,
 --'T was just six inches high.

The Rooby bird, the Rooby bird
 Sang - silent - in the wood;
 Which may seem queer but, never fear,
 No other warbler could.

The Woollzy cat, the Woollzy cat
 Tip-toed about the tree;
 No stars had he, but many stripes,
 And wibbles at the knee.

He seized the rosy Rooby bird
 To swallow at one gulp.
 -- The Oogly tree gloomed greenily
 And ground its bark to pulp;

The pricked to death the Woollzy beast,
 Who sprayed his boiling blood
 And drowned the mighty Oogly tree
 Within the gory mud.

.. .. .

TOM

More seriously, since I have taught - or tried to teach - each one of you how inspiring and beautiful true poetry can be, perhaps I ought to let you think a while about one of my efforts at the real thing. I only wish it were far better. Perhaps, someday, I may write a good poem;... better still, perhaps you will. If you do, King's School (and I) will have served our purpose because I firmly believe that if a man lived his whole life and made just one true poem, he would have done far better than if he had made a million pounds ... or a space flight ... or an atomic bomb

The Goal

Somewhere beyond thinking
Is life beyond living ...

This eating and drinking,
This taking and giving
Are sand on a mountain,
Fine mist from a fountain;
And love, whether painful
Or joyful, or gainful
Than dewfall is lighter
--As twilight is brighter
Than night;

But, right
At the heart of the muddle
Like a star in the puddle,
The light of our searching
Is safe from our smirching.
Deep-hidden inside us
The angel (denied us)
With Heaven is linking.
Fast forging, and binding;
And joy beyond thinking
Is ours for the finding.

.. .. .

(I have to state that copyright of the forgoing two poems is reserved and reproduction, in whole or in part, is forbidden.)

James H. Mosey.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| School Captain: | P. Ignatiadis |
| House Captains: | G. Cooper (Grenfell-Lister) |
| Vice Captain: | A. Prestage |
| Vice Captain: | B. Fletcher (Eddington-Ross) |
| Vice Captain: | G. White |
| Full Prefects: | P. Ignatiadis, B. Fletcher, M. Ignatiadis, R. Clarke. |
| Sub-Prefects: | R. Watson, G. Cooper |
| Probationary Prefects: | F. Batmanghelidj, S. Everett. A. Tillet, A. Prestage |

School Officers (Cont'd)

| | | |
|------------|----------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Football | - Captain | B. Fletcher |
| | - Vice Captain | G. Cooper |
| Hockey | - Captain | R. Clarke |
| | - Vice Captain | S. Everett |
| Cricket | - Captain | B. Fletcher |
| | - Vice Captain | R. Clarke |
| Rugby | - Captain | G. White |
| | - Vice Captain | S. Kara |
| Athletics | - Captain | R. Clarke |
| Swimming | - Captain | A. Soleymani |
| Stalwarts: | | G. Cooper D . Tingley D . Pullen R. Attaway J. Hobhouse A. Prestange |

SALVETE

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

| | | |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|
| R. Altmann | R. Ephgrave | A. Middleton |
| J. Assael | C. Foster | B. Mokosian |
| R. Assael | M. Gentleman | M. Moran |
| P. Blakeway | P. Hampson | J. Nobel |
| R. Brew | J. Haupt | L. Rector |
| S. Burns | W. Hofmann | K. Reda |
| R. Caws | L. Markas | M. Stacey |
| T. Chitravimol | L. Marzuki | S. Swan |
| C. Colston | M. Mercer | P. Webb |
| S. Craven | J. Merchant | J. White |

VALVETE

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

| | | | |
|---------------|--------------|---------------|------------|
| K. Ataabaai | J. Kara | R. Papworth | C. Weil |
| J. Betty | A. Karsan | C. J. Perkins | C. Viney |
| D. Bhatt | M. Kenny | J. Richards | J. Younesi |
| T. Bond | D. Knight | C. Rosser | |
| I. Cameron | R. Emmett | M. Sperryn | |
| R. Cartwright | W. Limbrick | P. Sperryn | |
| B. Clifford | R. Lindquist | M. Spicknell | |
| P. Craven | R. Main | R. Spillar | |
| R. Ford | W. Marfell | J. Stanley | |
| R. Gunston | L. Marozsi | V. Stephens | |
| J. Howells | P. Millward | C. Tomkinson | |
| Z. Jamal | A. Mohamed | H. Travers | |
| P. Jude | P. Moss | O. Trevor | |

G. C. E. RESULTS - 1962

| | <u>Summer.</u> | <u>Autumn.</u> |
|------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| K. Atabaai | Lang, * | |
| F. Ave | Lang,* | Hist.* |
| F. Barmanghelidj | Art, Gen. Sci., Persian | |
| J. Betty | Lang., Lit., Hist., Geog., Art., C.P., Gen. Sci | |
| I. Cameron | Lang., Geog. | |
| R. Cartwright | Lang., Lit., Geog., Gen. Sci. | |
| R. Clarke | Maths. | |
| B. Clifford | Lit(A), Hist(A), Geog(A) | |
| P. Craven | Hist., Geog., Art. | |
| R. Emmett | Lit., Hist., Geog. | |
| B. Fletcher | Gen. Sci,* | |
| G. France | Lang., Lit., Math., Gen. Sci. | |
| P. Ignatiadis | Lang,* | Lang,* |
| J. Kara | Lang., Lit., Hist., Geog., Afrikaans | |
| A. Karsan | Art., Gujarati | Lang., Gen.Sci. |
| D. Knight | Lang., Geog. | |
| R. Lindquist | Lang., Geog., Art., Maths. | |
| L. Marozzi | Hist(A), Geog(A) | |
| P. Millward | Maths*., Lit (A), Hist(A), Geog (A). | |
| A. Morris | Lang., Geog., Art, Gen. Sci. | Lit. |
| P. Moss | Lang., Lit., French, Hist., Geog., Maths., Gen. Sci. | |
| R. Papworth | Maths., Gen Sci*. | |
| C.J. Perkins | Lang., Lit., Geog., Gen. Sci. | |
| C. Rosser | | Gen. Sci.* |
| J. Stanley | Lit., Hist., Geog., Art. | |
| O. Trevor | Lang., Lit., Hist., Geog., Art, Maths.,Gen.Sci.,A.Gen.Sci. | |
| J. Younesi | Lang., Lit., Hist., Art, Gen. Sci., Persian | |

Key to abbreviation used in G.C.E. Results.

| | | | |
|------------|----------------------------|-------|------------------------|
| Lang. | English Language | Lit. | English Literature |
| Maths. | Mathematics | Hist. | History |
| Geog. | Geography | C.P. | Chemistry with Physics |
| Gen. Sci. | General Science | * | Supplementary subjects |
| A.Gen Sci. | Additional General Science | | |

HOCKEY

Again this year the hockey results on paper appear rather poor. For we played six matches, lost five and won one. Perhaps bad weather, which plagued most other activities this year, injuries to leading players, and a virtually new and inexperienced team did not help to get a firmer grip of the situation.

During the Christmas term the team played five matches including the annual "Old Boys' Match" on Mr. Mosey's birthday. An admirable job was done to clear the pitch of snow in the morning prior to the match, and in terrible conditions, depleted by injuries, the School was beaten by a strong Old Boys' team by three goals to nil. But, although beaten, the team showed great stamina and determination, giving a good account of itself in a match enjoyed by all.

In the Easter term the snow and ice made play on grass impossible and practice could only be carried out on the skating rink. On the last Sunday of term the School team, for once at full strength, beat a combined Old and Present Boys' team by five goals to two, gaining a measure of revenge for its previous defeat.

This year in the annual contests against Crypt School, Gloucester, Crypt took the honours in both games, the first 7 - 1, the second 2 - 1. It is a measure of improvement in the team during the year in that during the second game against Crype we were leading at one stage but failed to follow home the advantage.

With most of this year's team leaving, next year's team will have a long hard struggle ahead of it. However, the standard of play amongst the juniors is promising and this augers well for the future. Continued practice, and the determination and fitness achieved by past teams, may in the near future bring back to Sherborne the success of yesterday year.

In passing, may I thank Mr. Mosey and Mr. Rosser for their help and time given throughout the year both on and off the field.

The following boys represented the team during the year:

| | | | | |
|------------|-----------|-------------------|----------|------------|
| | | (F.Batmanghelidj | | |
| | | (R. Gunston | | |
| (G. White | G. Cooper | B. Fletcher | M. Jones | (C.Viney |
| (A.Smith | | | | (R.Carter |
| K.Gay | R. Clarke | S.Everett | S. Kara | G.Yates |
| | (Capt) | | | |

Reserve: I. Lewis

Colours awarded to: R. Clarke, B. Fletcher

The results for the Season were:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|-----|------|
| P. | W. | L. | D. | G.F | G.A. |
| 6 | 1 | 5 | - | 7 | 20 |

R. Clarke (Capt.)

FOOTBALL - 1st XI

Although games were not played in the Spring Term, due to bad weather The 1st XI football team had a very succesful season.

The Season did not begin encouragingly as hoped for the first three matches were lost but with keenness and incentive to do better the team went on to win four of its next five matches.

The game that produced the most excitement was that against Westwoods Grammar School. They scored first by a penalty and at half time were two goals ahead. The School, however, fought back admirably and, playing better football than their opponents, brought the score level. It was a draw of two goals each when the final whistle blew, and this brought regret from our players for not grasping a victory.

The 1st XI played with constant enthusiasm and their results show their excellent team spirit and playing as a team. It is very difficult to single out any individual for his superb play but special reference must be given to the half-back line, which really produced the 'ball play' needed to win matches.

The team was selected from the following:

| | | | | |
|----------|-----------|--------------------|---------------|-----------|
| | | A.Soleymani | | |
| | G. Cooper | | P. Ignatiadis | |
| (M.Bain | | B. Fletcher (Capt) | | |
| (S,Kara | G. White | | R. Smith | |
| | | M. Ignatiadis | | S.Cousins |

For the record the results of the Season were:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|------|------|
| P. | W. | L. | D. | G.F. | G.A. |
| 10 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 28 | 32 |

Colours were awarded to: R. Smith

B. Fletcher (Capt.)

FOOTBALL - Under 15 XI

The under fifteens have surely had one of its most successful season/s to date. In all, seven matches were played and all seven were wone.

The standard and enthusiasm shown were exceptionally high and shows probable signs of a good 1st XI in a couple of years.

Results were:

| P. | W. | L. | D. | G.F. | G.A. |
|----|----|----|----|------|------|
| 7 | 7 | - | - | 34 | 9 |

The team was usually selected from the following:

| | | | | |
|--------------|---------------|------------------|------------|-------------------|
| | | A. Davies | | |
| | D. Rice-Evans | | L. Markes | |
| M. Gentleman | | R. Curtis (Capt) | | W Hofmann |
| | C. Semsarilar | | J. Howells | |
| A.Mclellan | | A.Middleton | | M.Webb |
| | | | | R. Curtis (Capt.) |

RUGBY - 1st XI

Since the recent revival of rugby in the school, we have shown that we are worthy of opposing a team far more experienced than ourselves. The results convey little of the determination which ever member of the team excelled in. We greatly missed our captain C.J.Rosser and several of our most promising players and not only were we left this season with the task of finding new players but also the training of a comparatively inexperienced team for the future.

Our first match of the season against Burford Grammar School ended in a decision that was rather dubious. However, the referee's decision stood and what might have been victory for the School turned out to be a narrow defeat. Such was the result of all the other matches.

The matches this season gave our players experience on which to base their plans for the future. Many thanks go to Mr. Thompson and Mr Watkins for their help and enthusiasm.

The members of the team were: G. Lewis, R.Clarke, G. White (Captain), B. Fletcher, R. Bailey, S. Kara (Vice-Captain), T. Chitravimol, G. Cooper, C. Wheeler (Pack Leader), P. Ignatiadis, A. Soleymani, M. Gentleman, G. Yates, C. Perkins, A. Smith. Reserves were: R. Brown, P. Freeman, D. Tingley, C. Davies, M. Ignatiadis.

G. White (Capt.)

At Exhibition weekend, the team will challenge the Old Boys to a short game of fifteen overs each. This match has always proved very entertaining to watch and we expect even better cricket this year than previously.

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

| | |
|------------------------|---------------|
| B. Fletcher (Capt.) | D. Rice-Evans |
| R. Clarke (Vice Capt.) | S. Cousins |
| M. Bain | S. Kara |
| M. Webb | L. Lippiatt |
| S. Everett | C. Foster * |
| R. Curtis | A. Soleymani |
| K. Gay | G. Cooper * |
| G. White | A. Smith * |

* have not played in more than 3 matches.

B. Fletcher (Capt.)

CRICKET - U/14 and U/15 teams.

The under-fourteen and under-fifteen teams have a very good season, playing five matches and winning all of them.

D. Rice-Evan, C. Foster and L. Lippiatt with a good team around them were able to bowl out teams very 'cheaply'. Hofmann proved a valuable batsman-cum-wicket keeper.

The team was selected from:

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| D. Rice-Evans (Capt.U/15) | D. Fairbairn |
| L. Lippiatt (Capt.U/14) | E. Roldan |
| C. Foster | A. Middleton |
| W. Hoffman | S. Aldridge |
| L. Markes | A. McLellan |
| R. Altmann | J. Merchant |
| A. Davies | F. Ahmad i |
| T. Sparkes | F. Ahmad ii |
| M. Gentleman | D. Connett |

L. Lippiatt (Capt.- U/14)

SWIMMING TEAM.

At the beginning of the term there was much enthusiasm for swimming and the good weather encouraged many practices. We had a triangular swimming match at Kingham Hill in which we finished second but were most unfortunate not to win. M.Jones and G. Sherring swam well to come first and second in the one length freestyle and we won our four x one length relay in excellent time.

Practice continued more pointedly for the under fourteens who had a match Against Kingham Hill. In this match we were easy winners by six points, D. Rice-Evans, swimming well, broke the senior and junior records for one length freestyle.

As this goes to print, we have three matches left for which we have a lot of confidence.

Boys included in the team were:

| <u>First Team</u> | <u>Under 14 Team</u> |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| A. Soleymani (Capt.) | P. Hampton (Capt.) |
| M. Jones | A. Davies |
| G. Sherring | D. Rice-Evans |
| A. Davies | P. Speigal |
| C. Davies | C. Spragg |
| M. Ignatiadis | P. Blakeway |
| R. Hole | D. Connett |
| G. Yates | J. Drew |
| S. Corke | D. Reed-Lewis |
| P. Hampson | Y. Takahashi |
| A. Smith | |

Mr Coombs' keen leadership has helped the team to its success.

A. Soleymani (Capt.)

THE STUDIO CLUB

During the past year the Club has been steadily growing more enthusiastic.

Our planned trip to Coventry Cathedral ended in our combining this trip with that of Birmingham Art Gallery and Museum, stopping first at Stratford-upon-Avon to see some of the main interests there. After waiting for over an hour outside the Cathedral we finally 'got in' and for the short time we had inside, we took a great interest in all its contents. On the journey back we passed through Warwick and had a good view of the castle.

Since then we have made three visits to exhibitions in Cheltenham. The first was a travelling exhibition of students' work and was appreciated by all. The second was to see a film show on Barbra Hepworth, Henry Moore, Ceri Richards, Sydney Nolan and Pablo Picasso. These were all in colour and extremely interesting showing the life and work of each artist. The third, though not so successful, was on modern art, which gave some of the members a basis on which to form some new ideas.

The curator of the Cheltenham Art Gallery, Mr Bunt, offered to come and lecture to the Club. This he did twice, and gave a great deal of advice to members and also criticised their work. He was quite pleased with all our work and we were more than pleased to have him come and talk.

Another visit to Cheltenham is planned to see an exhibition of art based on Music.

Unfortunately, the originator of the Club, Mr A.D. Rosser, leaves us at the end of this term but we are hoping that the enthusiasm he has encouraged will continue to flourish as a tribute to his work amongst us.

A. Tillet Vb

THE PLAY

Five years ago we started to lay foundation stones of what we hoped would become a tradition at King's - the Annual Production. Wedded to this idea was the plan to try and combine an educational advantage with our dramatic work by producing the play being studied for G. C. E.

with various losses and additions we have had the same team for four years, and its gain in histrionic stature was remarkable. We owe a great debt to Clifford, Millward, Hutchinson and Ave and also to many other people - Walmsley, Pano Ignatiadis and Papworth to name but a few - who have steadily built up our tradition.

This year we had an almost new cast - for there was left only one of our original group. It had been hoped to do "St. Joan", but as Tragedy had not been really appreciated by our audience last year, it was thought wiser to do the second play we were studying - "Twelfth Night". How matters progressed and how we found ourselves in the first Cheltenham Youth Drama Festival - also how we met our Waterloo at the hands of the Adjudicator and suffered the tortures of his inquisition - you shall learn from the lads themselves - from the electrician, St. Aubyn - from an actor, Bain - and from the "mise en Scène", Morris.

The Backstage Trials and Tribulations

With a thunderous roar and flash No. 15 fuse blew, shattering the gloom and silence backstage. The electricians, quickly overcoming "rubberised" fingers, isolated the fuse and turned off the power to that circuit. This was not the first, and neither was it to be the last, time that a fuse was to blow!

Since the lighting apparatus and technical paraphernalia had arrived there had been a frenzied urgency amongst the electricians. After checking miles of dusty cables and then connecting up the lights, came the testing point of our electrical powers, if any. All went well, apart from connecting up the wrong lights to the wrong switches, so lighting rehearsals could commence. This was a signal for our troubles to begin!!

At first our efforts were very weak - the blackouts are not to be remembered, fade-ins were like African sunrises - but we gradually improved until we were first-class fuse repairers and ready for any mishap. At last we began to work as a team and were soon as ready as we ever would be for the first night of the School Play.

W. St. Aubyn.

On Stage

Hours of toil, tears, trials and tribulations, of the sheer hard work and sweat of preparation - these hours come much more readily to mind than the trivial hours of actual performance.

I confess that I was very reluctant to join the cast at all, but after some persuasion I agreed and I have never regretted it. I am sure that I have greatly benefited from the experience. I cannot truthfully say I enjoyed doing it - in fact, right from the start, I lived on constant apprehension and genuine dread of the first night.

Rehearsals started - only occasionally at first, perhaps one or two hours a week, but gradually increasing and working up to a peak until every minute was taken, as the night loomed near and nearer. Members of the cast grew so acquainted with their parts that a point was reached when their actions both on and off stage became decidedly similar. The hours spent in learning parts, the hours of preparation of scenery and costumes - I am convinced that if one added up all the hours spent by various people in connection with the play it would total at least a year.

The came the night - then came the nerves. It may sound silly to you to be nervous over a play - but it was not silly to me, it was very real. The waiting backstage before the National Anthem, then the curtains were drawn - the play commenced, and surprisingly enough the nerves went, all became fluent and natural. This then was the climax of two terms' preparation - at least we thought it was the climax.

Events followed fast - the offer from Cheltenham Theatre - then the news spread through the school like a bush fire - we were doing the play in Cheltenham.

More preparation, more toil, more sweat and plenty more rehearsals to raise the standard even higher. The proposition of acting on a professional public stage horrified me - I did not imagine it, as you may guess, as my great chance of fame, but of my great chance and possibility of making a public fool of myself.

But there was no escape - so with fresh fears we diligently set about altering our movements and gestures for a different stage. More rehearsals, more work making new scenery - then came the dreadful day, I little dreamt what a success it would be.

It all went so quickly: make-up in the early morning,- the walk around the grounds, to help gather courage, - the coach ride to Cheltenham, - the dress rehearsals, then before I knew where I was the Anthem was over, the curtain rattled up and I was on - the centre of all those eyes, saying the first lines. Again my nerves soon went and it became natural and easy. The interval came - then the second half. The laughter and applause was food and drink to us, the audience certainly seemed to enjoy it. Then it was over and smiles of relief lighted up our delighted faces. Then came the adjudication which we were all so confident about - perhaps the least said about that, the better!

M. Bain Vb

The Scenery for Cheltenham

This year's scenery for the play had to be of the utmost perfection, considering that "Twelfth Night" was to be produced, for the public, in Cheltenham. But this was not all, it had to be simple from the point of view of erection because six boys only had just a few hours to prepare the whole set. Consequently Mr. Thomas decided on a simple Classical façade with a cyclorama, as well as the steps which had to be made to give the same effect as he had made in the Great Hall.

Watkin and several of Mr. Powell's woodwork group started very early in the term to make the pillars and canopy. They worked extremely efficiently and produced amazing results considering the materials they were given. Mr. Powell devised an ingenious system by which the structure was to be bolted together which, although quite adequate in plan, had to be held by a nylon safety wire in practice.

After two weeks of the term had passed, those different parts began to collect in the Studio Club - the obvious place with the technical know-how to paint the scenery. But Bailey and Ave being the most advanced painters had much more to contend with than just painting. Only the skeleton of each pillar was provided so they had to cover these first with paper then canvas and lastly size. Many peculiar experiments were made to find the right texture and tone for the paint but eventually a pastel grey shade was used to give the right effect. On the front of the canopy, shading had to be meticulously done to represent moulding and this took the bulk of the week which the Studio Club had to complete their task.

The evening before the great day arrived all the bits and pieces were assembled into a convenient place for the removal van to collect them. The following morning six boys had an early breakfast to be ready for the arrival of the lorry. Unfortunately it was late in finding Sherborne and it was near ten o'clock when, with four boys in it, it eventually left. We arrived at the theatre to find much activity. It did not take long to unload but the erection became extremely hazardous. The theatrical carpenters had made a platform to which we added our blackboards to form steps. The eight pillars were arranged and the canopy placed on top of them. Unfortunately the activities were far behind schedule and the final jobs - touching up the set with paint and laying down felt to cover the harsh wood of the platform - were undertaken during the lighting rehearsal.

But by five o'clock all was finished, and thankfully the workers retired to dress up for the evening performance. This, however, was not the end of their task. After the show they changed back and dismantled the whole structure in preparation for collection the following morning when they would return, bring it all back to school, and store it away.

A. Morris L.VI

Morris' natural modesty does not permit him to say that he was responsible for the wickedly difficult job of painting that moulding on the canopy, and that he was invaluable at Cheltenham. Without his steady quiet responsibility, without his patience and industry, we probably would not be ready yet!

P.T.

In conclusion we must say a general word of thanks.

Although from production standard this year's effort certainly did not reach the level of some earlier years - this year is memorable for a tremendous effort, partly because we had ninety-eight per cent new cast, and partly because we were so embroiled in the Cheltenham festival.

Tribute must be paid to Mr. Rosser who undertook the labour of Hercules and suffered the torture of Dante's inferno, in that he had a slipped disc and was in plaster. He has created four lovely sets for us, and perhaps this year's was as visually satisfying as any - we give him our grateful thanks.

Miss Gibson, as ever, laboured unending hours on our behalf. Without her devotion we should 'look' very odd!

Mr. Powell, too, did splendid work for the "Cheltenham Set" as Mr. Rosser was by that time in hospital. Mr. Powell's group, Mort, Watkin, Suthithavil, Bailey and Morris were invaluable. Pullen, Hobhouse, Freeman, wrought tremendously both here and at Cheltenham.

To all these and to many not even mentioned a sincere "Thank-you" for a splendid team effort.

P. Thomas

MOTOR CYCLE SCRAMBLING

Motor cycle scrambling is not only a form of entertainment but also a good sport. Many motor cycle clubs hold their meetings on Sunday afternoons, usually with very difficult courses if the conditions are good but if they are bad then the course is altered to a less difficult one. This is sometimes referred to as a dangerous sport but these complaints are unfounded and the only grouse could be of the noise of the machines but there are certain rules concerning the silencing of the motor cycles and objections are becoming fewer.

At the meeting of the Tiverton Motor Club, of which I am a member, which was held at Haddon Hill on 14th April last, the conditions were extremely heavy going with the ground very slippery and muddy in parts, this making the more difficult course impossible, but despite these conditions there were a great many spectators there as the afternoon was fine. At this particular meeting there was much excitement as many of the rider came off - but always managed to regain their seats and continue in the races. By the end of the seventh and final race most of us riders and many of the public, who had been standing too close to the course, were covered in mud but we were still in good spirits and had enjoyed an afternoon's sport.

J. Hobhouse U.Vc

Reminiscence

Recuperating impatiently after my experience in hospital, I watch, from the cottage, a straggle of boys making their reluctant way to lessons; I see a group rushing happily to the swimming pool; cheerful voices fill the air; and, as I lean rigidly back in my plaster jacket (the latest Paris style), I realise that I am going to miss King's School when I leave here.

Much water has flowed over the nearby weir since I came to this school, in January, 1960. After ten years in often impersonal State day schools, I found Life at King's refreshingly intimate, full and rewarding.

I cannot look into the future and I am not sure that I would like to, but the past three and a half years have supplied a host of memories for me to dwell on in nostalgic moments such as this.

How can I ever forget..... early morning runs in the cold light of dawn; duty days, when wash basins (or worse) overflowed; epidemics of 'flu and plagues of transistor radios; the clanging bell and the booming gong; certain members of my form (good lads at heart) who are allergic to rules; the main offender, in the form who, even when I look the other way, seems to wave his crimes in my face; games on 'top pitch' in hail sleet and snow; THAT GAME OF RUGBY last December, when I injured my back; the wonderful excuses for not having completed 'holiday work'; the advanced art student who insists on disregarding the requirements of the G. C. E. examiner so that he can introduce his own subjects, retain his individual style and hang on to his artistic integrity (he's so right, really); the race for tools on Wednesday afternoons; the search for unwilling workers (the minority, fortunately); the queue outside the dispensary on a 'Cross Country Day' in mid-winter; my aching muscles and high blood-pressure when on a 'run' and my wife's blunt remarks on my return.

With hardly a pause memories galore, general and specific, come rushing to the surface the blessed relief of a soft chair and sweet 'char' at breaktime, after a Maths session with IVB; the pleasurable sight of Cricket on the Front Field; the success of a pupil in the District and the County Sports; beating a local school in our first athletics match for some years; the boys enjoying themselves noisily in the swimming pool on a glorious summer's day; the sight of the impressive school building, framed by trees, with its warm Cotswold stone glowing in the sunlight; chickens and huts; the annual visit to the Three Counties Show; a glowing fire, flickering shadows and moving music in the Great Hall on a Winter's night; the play rehearsals, when the versatile producer showed the fascinated actors a full (!!) range of emotions; the wonderful plays eventually performed for the parents; the Saturday night films when youngsters thrilled at the sight of the swashbuckling hero and the older ones thrilled at the sight of a gorgeous damsel in revealing costume; the Tuesday afternoon 'exodus' by members of Staff; some doing the family shopping, some visiting friends or relatives, some just getting as far away as possible from the singing (?) in the Hall.

As might be expected, many of my thoughts are associated with Art the hard work put into the Studio Club by the founder members; Mr Mosey's help and encouragement for this venture; the success of the first exhibition of Club work; the prodigious output of a certain talented Persian, the meticulous architectural drawings of another student, and the adventurous bronzes of a third; the success of a Club member in a national competition; visits to Cheltenham, Birmingham and London Art Galleries and to Coventry Cathedral; the interesting informal discussions in the studio; the realisation, throughout the school, that Art is important.

Above all I remember the friendship of staff and pupils (despite my 'corny' Jokes), and this is what I treasure most.

A.D. Rosser

THE GREAT FROST

Few communities, anywhere, were spared or are likely to forget the tribulations of last winter; ours was no exception. At Christmas the snow came down and quickly froze hard to a depth of two or three feet so that oil could not be got to the main central heating boiler; during the holidays the building became, inevitably, completely cold. In many parts of the country schools could not commence the "Spring" term and Mr. Mosey was on the point of asking the B.B.C. to broadcast a delay in the re-opening of King's Chieflly because the water supply was completely frozen.

When it was suggested "We can only pray for a thaw", he retorted that "God helps those that help themselves" - a sufficient spur, as so often in the years since the War, to try and accomplish the very difficult.

Memory of the previous year's "wet" fire practice seemed to offer hope of co-operation from the County Fire Service - and they gave it generously. Hundreds upon hundreds of feet of fire hose came in a special truck through the snow and he and two firemen joined it and hauled it over the Drive, the Churchyard, up onto the slippery roof; the Water Board allowed us to draw from their mains - and our roof tank began to fill.

Every morning and evening thereafter for week upon week a group of boys helped our worthy Engineer, Dick, to fill our three thousand gallon tank and so life became feasible for us all. The hoses had to be drained immediately the tank was filled or they would have frozen solid; inevitably jets of icy water shot from joints and minute holes and the job was cold and one demanding endless patience; but all went well throughout.

School-life was bewildered with difficulties and discomforts. Ways were cleared for oil deliveries and the boilers went full blast; every form of heating that could be devised was brought into operation, even our own body-heat added a precious degree or two to a classroom, and shutters were closed to give insulation wherever possible because even the gloom was warmed a trifle more thereby.

There was all kinds of excitement: - a temporary thaw brought water from Outside flowing into the boiler-room and we just managed to keep pace with its rise with tins and buckets until the boiler was saved and the flow blocked; at any time one could be walking along and a pipe would burst, or a joint, and send water cascading downstairs and through ceilings. (One such event nearly lost us our Chef who, by some strange grace of Providence, stepped back from his Aga one second before a large lump of ceiling fell - a lump large enough to have killed him.)

Somehow we managed. Somehow necessities were got through even via the main roads where traffic was single-line only, with cleared snow piled and frozen solid more than ten feet deep along the sides. Perhaps the heroes of the time were the people in charge of the poultry who quietly, day by day and week by week, went on doing the impossible and keeping thousands of hens fed and watered with never a "moan".

Of course, there were moans in School. Nearly two hundred people, of all ages, sealed up as if it were in a bitter unrelenting grip and treading on each others' toes, found life grim very often. But the moans were few. Times like these bring out both the best and the worst in all of us and so much of "the best" was evident that the smile of Spring found our little community smiling too.

THE FUTILITY OF MAN

The wilting flowers wearily bend their heads
While Mother Nature sends her animals to bed
And winter wakes with an icy blast
And in light's path a cloudy hand does cast.

But in the summer life awakes,
And what a sight it all makes,
And Oh!, how beautiful is this earth
Compared to it, what are men's inventions worth?

Yet we sin and strive to satisfy our greed,
While in our hearts the devil plants his seed,
Yet on we go towards destruction
And sin's inevitable corruption.

R. Ephgrave U.Vc

THE EDITOR wants to know - who are?

Magpie
Lucky Lips
Perfumo
Animal
Mars Bar

The Angry Young Man
Beach Ball
The A.L.M. society
Sister Kildare

FILMS

This year's films were exceptional in that they were all British productions. There was a great variety, ranging from slapstick comedy in "The Belles of St. Trinian's" and "Captains Table" to stark drama in "A Night to Remember". Subtle wits were satisfied with "The Lady Killers" and bloodthirsty types with "Battle of Powder River"; however "A Matter of Life and Death" raised a lot of controversy. to the intellectuals it was wonderful and an intriguing view into life after death - to others it was just a bore.

Our Scottish community was delighted with the valour of "Rob Roy". Others worth mentioning were "Operation Amsterdam", "League of Gentlemen" and "The Lavender Hill Mob".

M. Ignatiadis U.VI

RUALITIES

Under Mr Thompson's leadership groups of boys have been purposely busy, at last, in the Gardens and also helping in the continuing construction of another hut to house some thousands more hens for our steadily increasing Poultry Farm. In the past year or two, in the Gardens, far too little interest or effort has been shewn; this year we shall have our own potatoes and other vegetables - for all to enjoy the labours of a few. Success breeds success and appropriated effort engenders more enthusiasm ... Let us hope for more hands to the plough!

The Christmas trees have had attention and cherishing also they thrive encouragingly. In two or three more years, with continuing care, we hope to begin cropping them.

But by far the most significant and interesting job has gone on, speedily and almost unknown, in turning the 'Skil' house into a completely up-to-date and efficient Rearing House to take five thousand chicks at a time. It is intended to rear three lots per year and so give a steady replenishment 'flow' of fifteen thousand birds to various deep-litter houses.

All the glass of what was a greenhouse has been removed and the whole building cased in wood. Our "Dick-of-All-Trades" (who is surely a Master and not a 'Jack') has wired the Skil with miles of cable - assisted by his helpers - for the special heaters, lighting and so on. The boys who have helped (just as have the boys who worked on the complicated electric work for our Play) have learned, by practice application, much that should be of real use to them when they leave their desks and go out into the world --- and they have added their share into Mr Mosey's dream of creating Scholarships from this new considerable, and successful, undertaking.

.....

When some boys were preparing the Swimming Pool, at the beginning of term, one was asked: "What's it like in?"

The answer was: "It's all right after you're numb!"

ASTRONOMY

Astronomy is the study of the heavens which contain the stars, planets and meteors. It is a very ancient Science and was studied by the early Greeks and formed the basis for direction finding amongst the sea-going peoples.

The instrument used is a telescope. This may either be a refractor, in which light is passed straight down the tube, or a reflector, where light is reflected into an eye-piece in the side of the tube. I have a 1½" refractor.

The stars are divided into constellations, which form a human or animal shape, as in Orion - the hunter, Ursa Major - the Great Bear, or the Plough and Leo - the lion. The stars are millions of light-years away, and some of them are even larger than the sun.

The planets go round the sun in an oval-shaped circuit and not in an exact circle. There are nine planets which make up the Solar System. In order from the sun, they are - Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. They vary in size a great deal.

Meteors are large pieces of rock or iron, and burn out when they enter the earth's atmosphere because of their great speed and resulting friction. Not many of them reach the ground, though a very large one is buried one hundred feet deep in the Arizona desert.

In any consideration of the heavens, reference must be made to the latest occupants of space - man, and now woman. The first male astronaut 'appeared' in 1961, and the first female astronaut became a co-inhabitant with the start in this year.

S. Meredith IVa

THE THINGS THEY WRITE

The man was ambiguous as he had two wives.

Crocodiles, you will say, are stationery. (None in stock in the Book Room - B.McH.)

The whole place has been raised to the ground.

Raleigh decided to take the Spanish cold back to England.

The general had faith in his soldiers - all skilful confidence men.

Saturday is the best day of the week.

If you take the vox of Charity you cannot get married.

So home with a sad hart. (Oh deer!)

The Danes were great worriers and seamen.

This is the tale of a machine infernal propelled by engine, combustion, internal
 That brought a being from afar and which he called a bubble-car.
 Of course we all believed his tale - who over questioned Jonah's whale?
 So there it stood for all to see with its headlamps watching you and me,
 It looked so harmless parked outside, its Perspex windows did not hide
 The inner dials, pedals too, from anyone who cared to view
 And some did even climb inside by opening its front end wide
 To emerge convinced that all was well within its dark blue, chromiomed shell.
 My normally acute perception was taken in with this deception
 Until, on looking out one night, I saw it bathed in full moonlight
 And noticed its anterior door was open wide and, furthermore,
 Was moving slowly in and out, up and down and round about,
 For all the world just like the jaw of any ruminant herbivore.
 I stifled my initial fear and hurried to a spot quite near
 Its parking place beneath the trees and there I hid with quaking knees
 Watching movements of its floor that were invisible before
 And were unlike all others save those of peristaltic wave!
 I crept still closer then I heard a sound that turned my blood to curd,
 Distinct above the crickets' chirp - a satisfied but definite burp.
 I gasped as realisation dawned but this intake of breath had warned
 It of a presence near its don; it paused, it waited listening then
 It turned around with lamps ablaze and hypnotised me with its gaze.
 My movements faltered, panic rose as rooted to the spot I froze,
 Watching with intense revulsion its rubber organs of propulsion
 Slowly turning round and round and moving it menacingly over the ground.
 I know how a rabbit feels when every muscle just congeals
 And holds it fast as the eye of a stoat focuses finally on its throat
 For winkers winking, door agape it now revealed its proper shape
 And purpose too for, as it drooled, this creature which had had us fooled
 Gave off the nauseating smell of internal fluid XXL.
 I had indeed watched while it feeded, I saw just what its diet needed -
 Not petrol from the garage pump, not multigrade oil in its sump,
 It had in secret lured below some occupant of 54
 And now its menu, second course, included taking me by force!
 Its wiper whirred, its gears grated, it gurgled and regurgitated
 And then all stopped, its headlights died leaving it still and empty-eyed,
 Its innards greedily abused, its gaskets blown, its circuits fused.
 At last I dare approach the thing to check each nut and bolt and spring
 To ensure that I wasn't dreaming, to verify its wicked scheming.
 Alas, I found a drachma bright and cardboard marked Turkish Delight
 Still present in its manifold - remains of the one pupil bold
 Enough to venture near its lair after dark with no one there
 As witness to the midnight feast of this loathsome alien beast.
 My anger rose, I looked around and picked up stones from off the ground
 To batter down its carapace and shatter all its glassy face
 Reducing it to scrap at last - a harmless heap, all danger past.
 My story ends, there's no deceiving, although it does take some believing,
 For, as my proof I took away three object which I have to-day -
 A railway ticket to Istanbul, a broken boy-gauge reading "Full"
 And the nameplate from its works "Teenivore II, Planet:- Yorks."

C.I.D.

CYCLING PROFICIENCY TESTS

Once again P.C. Millin has been the official instructor preparing boys For the national Cycling Proficiency Tests and we thank him and the voluntary team of testers for so freely giving up their time.

The following boys have been awarded certificates during the course of the school year and the high percentages obtained are a measure of the quality of the instruction and the enthusiasm shown.

December, 1962

| | |
|------------|-----|
| M. Mercer | 95½ |
| H. Mort | 90 |
| A. Tillett | 95 |
| M. Mawle | 93½ |
| M. Webb | 93½ |
| T. Sparke | 97 |
| P. Hampson | 86 |
| C. Jones | 97½ |
| S. Corke | 96½ |
| D. Connett | 90 |
| R. Lerego | 92½ |
| N. Dodds | 96 |
| B. Dodds | 88½ |
| D. Weil | 82½ |
| S. Burns | 99 |

June 1963

| | |
|---------------|-----|
| J. Assael | 93½ |
| R. Assael | 93 |
| M. Barrow | 92 |
| J. Drew | 99 |
| F. Fletcher | 92 |
| K. Gay | 96½ |
| R. Hole | 95 |
| D. Reed-Lewis | 92 |
| E. Sainsbury | 87½ |
| M. Taylor | 89 |

The highest score of the tests this year was obtained by S. burns and J. Drew with 99% and they are to be congratulated on being so close to perfection!

THREE COUNTIES SHOW

This year, as usual, a number of boys were chosen to visit the Three Counties Show. We were fortunate in being able to obtain tickets through the Education Authorities, making the trip much cheaper.

About forty boys left the school by coach at approximately ten o'clock. Fortunately we were blessed with fine weather. This made the journey much more pleasant as we were able to enjoy the scenery en route.

We arrived at the show-ground which is situated at the foot of the Malvern Hills, at about half past eleven. Once we had entered, we split up into our Various groups to attempt to view the Show in one day - a feat which is virtually impossible! This year the Show had many stands which were both for those interested in agriculture and those who were not. The exhibits varied from kitchen utensils to swimming pools.

After a morning of walking and riding on conveniently provided tractor-drawn 'buses around the Show, we returned to the coach for lunch. Here we had a welcome rest before attempting to complete our tour. One stand which seemed to be of particular interest to the boys was a food-testing competition run by the 'Daily Mail'. For this there was a prize of fifty pounds and forty boys are still waiting for fifty pounds to arrive in the post!

Having visited more stands and seen an excellent display put on by the Army incorporating motor-bicycles and horses, we all met for tea, which was kindly provided by Mr Merchant, the father of one of the boys.

After tea we were left with a little time hurriedly to try to see all we had missed. Then, feeling tired, a little out-of-pocket, but contented and the coach having being searched for contraband tractors and combined-harvesters, we returned to school.

G. Cooper Va.

AN AMBITION

To give an accurate definition of dreams would take a very clever man. There are many different theories concerning dreams - but no definite proof - here for the first time is a new theory - plus proof!

Dreams come to those people who are particularly sinful. A dream is The act of temporarily passing into hell and sampling what may later become one's home. These temporary visitors are each given jobs to do when they get there and at an appropriate time (when they are about to wake up) they leave hell and return to reality.

I have been there many times, because I am a very sinful person. In fact, I am fortunate to be a personal friend of the devil. I take good Care to commit plenty of sins during the course of the day - to ensure that At night I shall visit hell. I love hell and my work there.

My job is to supervise the stoking of the furnaces used to fry the permanent residents. I sit on a high chair and watch the men shovelling the coal into the furnaces and when a man slacks off I give him a sharp crack on the back with my special whip.

The devil has promised me a regular place on his personal staff when I die, so you must not be surprised at the way in which I commit sin after sin. I am only ensuring that I get my permanent place in hell!

M. Bain Vb

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

A nurse's life is never easy, but a School Nurse's life is downright difficult.

Apart from being qualified in the usual capacity, she must also be suspicious, patient, jet-propelled, far-sighted, sotto-voce, hard-hearted, unkind, single-minded, ready, willing and able. It is also necessary to be very patient (jet-propelled, suspicious, etc.)

Three times during the day the surgery is open for those who require treatment Or light relief from their hum-drum existence. These latter, however, are to be ignored, on the whole, and the sick and needy find their own time and place - the Maths. lesson for the brainless, and Games for the studious, being the most convenient. Areas of affliction are many and varied. They tend to rove; a limp may transfer itself to the other leg, an ache may wander through many a muscle before taking up permanent residence, and stomach pain may occur anywhere between the neck and the knees. But medical matters take up a minute percentage of the day.

It starts, unfortunately, with breakfast. This is a meal which is ignored, and rightly so, in most countries, and the least said about it, the better. During break it is necessary to remain hidden. Lunch comes after a spell of prolonged inactivity, and, therefore, calories are burnt up as rapidly as they are consumed. One's presence at the table is purely for the purpose of stopping the plates falling over the edge when stacked at the end of the first course. Food is the main topic of conversation as far as the boys are concerned, and table-manners for my part, with a little light relief when enforced silence occurs, the crescendo of noise having reached its peak.

The day progresses, as it nears its end it is necessary to ascend to the washroom where, it might be supposed, washing took place. Actually, it is the aim of every boy to see how much water he can get on to the floor or someone else without coming into contact with it himself. Contacting water is definitely to be avoided - in the washroom, anyway!

The turnover of words is fantastically rapid and topics of conversation range from silly to senseless to the morbid and macabre.

"Nurse (Sister , Matron)

- Who d'you think will win the next war?
- Have you got a box for my bat? (pigeon, frog, etc.)
- Did you know there was a ton of chlorine in the Swimming Pool?
- Who's your favourite - Cliff or Elvis?
- Can I have permission to belt him one?
- Have you got any bread and milk for my bat? (pigeon, frog, etc.)
- Why d'you wear a cap?
- Can I be "off games" because my foot was hurting last week?

- When are you leaving? (having been here for two weeks.)

- Don't you think detentions are silly? and may more, far more complicated to answer!

Perhaps the presence of a nurse isn't vital, but it is almost vital. Being here is entertaining, exhausting, enlightening, dangerous, unnerving, nice, horrid, aging, and guaranteed to produce premature arterio sclerosis, coronary thrombosis and acute hyperchlorhydria resulting in a peptic ulcer.

N.B. It is a good policy always to be prepared for anything, never to show that you are shocked and never let on exactly how much you know!

P.E. Calder, S.R.N.

THE GREY RAIDERS

The Grey Raiders are not what you may at first imagine, gangsters, hoodlums, smugglers, but they are thieves, perhaps only second to locusts in their destruction to agriculture. These thieves are the common, harmless-looking wood-pigeons, but how deceptive in their appearance. The wood-pigeon eats roughly its own weight in grain per day. The loss to British agriculture is several million pounds a year due to this pest.

Last winter the birds were more numerous than ever and a friend, my brother and I were asked by farmers to deal with them. The birds were feeding on kale as it was the only greenstuff showing above the snow.

When we arrived we placed our decoys in the kale and we hid in ambush for the "Raiders". It was very cold work standing up to the waist in snow with a nor'easter blowing down our necks. After a few minutes they began to come in. We shot several, but missed too many as we were hampered by thick clothing and could not swing our guns on to them quickly enough.

Towards dusk we gathered up the slain and our guns and, after thanking the farmer, we made our way home, slipping and sliding for six long miles.

At home we had a meal and a warm and then we plucked and drew the birds before giving them away, mostly to old people, who we like to think appreciated them.

J. Bingham U.Vc

It -

Twists the lips,
reveals the teeth
crinkles the features,
twitches the nostrils,
moves the ears,
narrows the eyes,

It's - a smile.

P. Wilson L.Vc

BAGHDAD - THE CITY OF HAROUN AL RASHID

To the foreigner, the very name Bagdad means a city of Arabian princes and quaint bazaars - indeed the more gullible American tourists come to Bagdad in the hope of seeing flying carpets, and meeting Ali Baba and his forty thieves!

This ridiculous state of affairs exists because so much of the information of the West is gained from simply from its reading of the "One Thousand and One Arabian Nights", or other such legendary literature. The cinema, too, must bear a share of the blame in fostering an artificial portrayal of Bagdad.

At the height of its fame, during in the latter half of the Islamic period, Bagdad was the capital of the Abbassid Caliphs, and a great seat of learning, for it had one of the first great Islamic universities. Unfortunately, on the rise of the Ottoman Empire everything in the way of culture and learning was destroyed, and the Arab world was plunged into its 'dark ages', and it was not until the First World War that the Arabs found both strength and means to rise against the Turkish yoke. Under the leadership King Feisal I, Iraq was, at last, established as a country on its own with Bagdad as its capital.

So much, then, for the recent history of this young nation between whose two rivers the ancient civilisations of the Sumerians, the Babylonians and the Assyrians were founded.

Upon leaving his 'plane, the first thing a tourist notices is the intense heat, for it seems to strike him in the face. The intense heat is characteristic of this part of the world, for in the summer the temperature often soars to 125F. in the shade!

The question of the weather has a great influence upon the daily routine. At noon it is so hot that no one in their right senses will venture out into the streets - apart, of course, from the proverbial 'mad dogs and Englishmen'! The wealthy, with their expensive air conditioning, rarely notice the heat, except when they are dragged out of their cool houses on business. The poorer classes, however, have to make do with a unique air-cooling arrangement. This is made from a framework covered with dry twigs, through which water percolates from a tank above it. The complete framework is fixed on the outside of a window, and as the breeze blows through it, the air is cooled considerably.

The Iraqis are a very hospitable people, and invariably present their visitors - both social and business - with the national drink of tea. This is served in minute glasses on saucers, and it is both very strong and sweet and also without milk. The Iraqis' generous hospitality is best seen at their feasts where enormous meals are served - the favourite always being the national dish of quzi. This consists of a whole lamb, roasted and stuffed with rice, raisins, nuts and spices. It is interesting to observe how the old traditions are still carried out on such occasions:- for example, the hostess will not sit down with her guests but is constantly at hand supervising and making sure that everyone is well supplied - and that means too well supplied!

The contrast between old and new Baghdad is striking. On the one hand are 'sky-scrapers', super highways, modern bridges and all the evidence of an up-to-the-minute life - whilst on the other hand are little two-storeyed wooden houses, narrow winding streets and the famous boat bridge. This is constructed simply by lashing together a considerable number of boats and then laying tough wood planks on top of them.

A famous part of the city is the Shorja Bazaar, where the customers can find articles ranging from the commonplace to the exquisite work of art. The bazaar is a covered one with occasional sky-lights to relieve the gloom. Each of its winding streets sells a certain commodity - chinaware, carpets, cloth or hardware. The most famous street is that of the coppersmiths. Here the din is deafening as the smiths work the cooper with their hammers. The silversmiths are an obscure Christian sect claiming direct descent from John the Baptist and recognisable by their long pointed beards.

A tour of the city is always crowned by a visit to the Kadhimain Mosque whose dome is lined with bricks of pure gold, which glisten in the brilliant sunshine. as entry to the Mosque is closely restricted to Moslems, tourists have to view it from surrounding vantage points, which fortunately, give splendid vistas of the magnificent courtyard.

It is an interesting, and amusing experience to cross the Tigris in a Gufa. This is a circular boat, made out of reeds and rendered waterproof by a coating of tar and fellow passengers are often a donkey or even a camel!

As Friday is a day of religious observance, all work stops - but unlike the more staid British Sunday, there is a general exodus for nobody stays at home. Cinemas and coffee houses are crowded and there is an unending stream of vehicles heading for the cooler resorts on the banks of the Tigris. The crowded coffee houses, however, have only male clientele, for local custom forbids women to be in the company of men in public. This is a restriction still obtaining from the religious rules of the past generation but, fortunately, it is now gradually fading, thanks to the broader outlook and lightened view of the Republican Regime.

In brief, then, such is Baghdad - brief, because of this entrancing city and the life of the Iraqi people reams could be written and yet still more of life in the North where it is again different, owing to weather and terrain. Baghdad is even more the city of magic and mystery than the West believes - and Iraq is in verity a land of flying carpets but, alas!, not in the sense of our friends, the tourists.

M. Ignatiadis UVI

'BREAD AND BUTTER' BUSINESS

Tourists abound in Paris like sandflies at the beach, and, like tourists everywhere in foreign countries, with guide book in one hand, phrasebook in the other and camera draped around their necks, they amble with mouths agape from one historic site to the other.

You can see them everywhere, wandering down the Champ Elysées, looking around the Louvre, climbing up the Eiffel Tower, gazing at the Arc de Triomphe, or ever so graciously dropping a few coins into the collection boxes of the Sacré Coeur or Notre Dame de Paris cathedrals. Being tourists, they are looked on by the French as fair game for exploitation, and indeed some of them even like to be exploited, but the majority regard the French, who are trying to earn a living by selling their wares, as 'the opposition' and very crafty ones too! As Paris has more than its share of sights to be seen, and in this day and age bring fairly accessible from most parts of the globe, the tourists one meets there are of every size, shape, race and colour.

An American in Paris is unmistakable. His invariable crew-cut, the set of his clothes, the incessant clicking of his camera shutter, his chewing-gum and his now Classical question - "How much is that in dollars?" - stamp him as number one target for the cagey vendor. Uncle Sam's dollars are welcomed, even if his politics are not, and if 'Mon Generale' decided in his usual manner that he was not having any more 'Americans' in France on the grounds that there were too many there already, he would get a well-deserved tweak of his Gallic nose from a sizable slice of Parisian society.

But Americans are not the only tourists one meets in Paris, even though they comprise an alarmingly high percentage of them. On its day the dear old Union Jack more than holds its own where numbers are concerned. Indeed, walking through the famous Tuileries gardens on a pleasant spring or summer's afternoon, one would imagine oneself on a promenade at possibly Margate or Blackpool rather than at the spot where, once upon a time, famous kings and queens of France had 'taken their air'. And in the little sidewalk bistros one notes the unmistakable sign, "English Teas" and observes on the tables, perhaps with horror, tea-bags! The French will never understand this incredible phenomenon, that the English would far rather drink TEA in the afternoon than beer or wine.

An increasing number of Germans visiting Paris, bringing with them the prosperity that West Germany is now enjoying. Some of them look like they have been there before, and the look in their eyes and faces seems far away, as if reminiscing of days gone by, when the fine streets echoed the sounds of jackbooted feet and the guttural commands of S.S. officers when they were not mere tourists but 'Master of Europe'

Towards the end of July Parisians begin their annual trek to the sun, sand and sea of their summer resorts, with names like Cannes, St.Tropez, Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz. Tourists no longer are a minority - they virtually run the city. One is able to walk down the Champ Elysées and count on the fingers of one hand the number of French voices one can hear. Off the main thoroughfares and streets most of the shops are locked and barred. Yet, still the visitors flock in and all the normal tourist attractions are still open. The Place Pigalle with the delights of the Moulin Rouge and the Folies Bergere do their usual business.

Perhaps there is some method in their madness. Why do the vast majority of Parisians leave Paris in July and August? Is it that they really do need a holiday by the sea? Or is it because they prefer not to witness the hordes that practically fill their city for a month or two? Most likely it is a combination of both, and bread and butter business or not there is something to be said for their line of argument.

R. Clarke U.VI

THE WAVE

Arching,

In long elegant pause,

Green, translucent,
The light vividly glowing
Through the lilted shimmering mass of sea.

Held - without time!
Beyond liquid and jade.

Faltering, falling.
The edge scallops curving slowly on itself

Bursts white and boiling
With imprisoned air
Drowning the peaceful sand in a sparkle of quartz

The sea recalls - the endless surge
Broken, pausing, - building,
For one gasping breath
To gather again in a shimmering arch.

P. Wilson LVc.

THE THINGS THEY WRITE

We were quite fresh when we reached our predestination.

Reporters send in the news as soon as it is humanely possible. (I wonder if
Mr. McMillan agrees?)

He bored a hole in the hole. (Must have been Hobhouse and Pullen working on my
bedstead!)

If you have a television set, you can follow the cereal on it. (Obviously only
watches I.T.V.)

STUDIO CLUB EXHIBITION.

PAINTINGS

| <u>NO.</u> | <u>NAME</u> | <u>TITLE.</u> |
|------------|-------------|-----------------------|
| 1. | R.ATTAWAY | KNOWLEDGE |
| 2. | " | DUTCH BRIDGE |
| 3. | F.AVE | HIROSHIMA |
| 4. | " | CITY BLUES |
| 5. | " | THE JEWEL |
| 6. | " | CHARACTER PORTRAIT |
| 7. | " | STILL LIFE ON SHELF |
| 8. | " | STILL LIFE IN VIOLET |
| 9. | " | 3 O'CLOCK |
| 10. | " | THE BIRDS |
| 11. | " | HOPE |
| 12. | " | TIME KILLERS |
| 13. | " | THE RED CAPE |
| 14. | R.BAILEY | SEASCAPE |
| 15. | " | SOURCE OF LIFE |
| 16. | " | STILL LIFE |
| 17. | " | STILL LIFE IN MAUVES |
| 18. | " | LOCH AT SUNSET |
| 19. | " | EL MATADOR |
| 20. | " | SYLVETTE |
| 21. | R.BARROW | SILENCE AT SEA |
| 22. | " | COMPOSITION NO.2 |
| 23. | I.CAMERON | THE CRUEL SEA (GLASS) |
| 24. | " | COMPOSITION NO.1 |
| 25. | D.CONNETT | THE CRUCIFIXION |
| 26. | P.CRAVEN | DEATH OF A SHIP |
| 27. | " | THE CRUCIFIXION |

PAINTINGS

| <u>NO.</u> | <u>NAME</u> | <u>TITLE</u> |
|------------|--------------|------------------------|
| 28. | J.DENT | LA DANSE |
| 29. | F.FLETCHER | THE MONGREL |
| 30. | R.GAY | VIEW WAR FROM LOWER VC |
| 31. | " | THE CORNFIELD |
| 32. | R. HOLE | PLANT DRAWING |
| 33. | M.KENNY | DESTRUCTION |
| 34. | " | THE STORM |
| 35. | C.LEE | MARRIAGE OF THE GODS |
| 36. | P. LINDQUIST | NIGHT FLIGHT |
| 37. | " | THE CLOCKS |
| 38. | A. MORRIS | FLOWER |
| 39. | C.ROSSER | NIGHT PROWLER |
| 40. | " | CRACKED CUP |
| 41. | " | LIVING AND THE DEAD |
| 42. | M. SPERRYN | ROUGH SEA |
| 43. | " | PEACFUL LANDSCAPE |
| 44. | M. SPICKNELL | AFTER THE FIGHT |
| 45. | C. SPRAGG | FIGHT FOR LIFE |
| 46. | O. TREVOR | PAGODA |
| 47. | " | PORTRAIT OF SPERRYN |
| 48. | " | FLOWERS |
| 49. | R. WATSON | THE FARM |
| 50. | " | TREES |
| 51. | " | SWITZERLAND |
| 52. | C. WHEELER | CRUCIFIXION |
| 53. | " | BULLFIGHT |
| 54. | " | MOUNTED FIGURE |

SCULPTURE.

| <u>NO.</u> | <u>NAME.</u> | <u>TITLE.</u> |
|------------|--------------|-------------------------|
| 1. | F. AVE | RECLININGFIGURE |
| 2. | " | STANDING FIGURE |
| 3. | " | KNEELING FIGURE |
| 4. | R. BARROW | PRAYING FIGURE |
| 5. | " | THE HARP THAT ONCE |
| 6. | " | THE DANCERS |
| 7. | D. CONNETT | GOOD V EVIL |
| 8. | R.GAY | HEAD OF AN OLD MAN |
| 9. | O. TREVOR | KNEELING FIGURE IN SALT |