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May 1974



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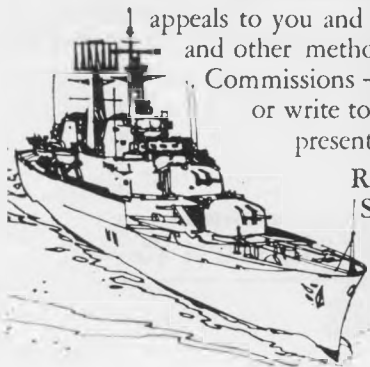
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**RAF officer**

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# THE WYCOMBIENSIAN

(THE MAGAZINE OF THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, HIGH WYCOMBE)

## EDITORIAL

Many people have accused the *Wycombiensian* of being merely a piece of pro-R.G.S. propaganda, which will obviously be read by parents, to emphasise the diversity of activities, both inside and outside the normal school curriculum. These adverse criticisms also express the opinion that the 'true' aura, and presumably the more unruly activities of the school, are covered over. Unfortunately, these critics are probably unconsciously biased towards the opposite extreme. This adolescent anarchy has yet to materialise beyond lavatory walls, quadrangle lawns and school buildings. The *Wycombiensian* is printed as a vehicle to inform readers of recent activities, to express certain opinions, and to display creative talent. It is simply an unbiased, informative school magazine, depending for its contents upon the contributions of members of the school. The change in format and shape is an attempt to attract more attention and thus, more diverse contributions. If anyone has actually got this far in reading this editorial, please read the magazine with a view to producing an entry of your own, no matter what it is, for the next *Wycombiensian*.

A. Harrold, S. Widberg, K. Boulton, M. Blundell and N. Roe gave valuable assistance in the production of this magazine.

*Chris Prince*

*Chris Sheldon*



## DRAMA SOCIETY

Late last year the Drama Society held an evening of poetry and prose extracts either written in, or written about the age of Inigo Jones. There was a fairly small audience, but they were all very appreciative of the performance, and of the excellent meal provided in the interval. Chicken Victoria, a delicious variety of desserts and some nice wine of rather dubious vintage (Mr. Smith still doesn't know where the large bottle that Justin and Graham were carrying about went to, but their performances were conspicuously better in the second half) helped the audience to enjoy a good evening's entertainment which Mr. Smith, Mr. Mitchell and all participants had worked hard on. Thanks also to Tom Wilde, who came from Reading to lecture on period theatre, and Mr. Dunnett, who talked about the music of the time.

The production of *Return Journey* which the Thursday Afternoon drama group entered in the County Youth Drama Festival was beset by illness in the final stages, with nine performers (one of whom was a last minute stand in) playing parts which were originally played by 14. The school was not asked to appear in the final of the festival, but we were awarded a silver trophy, the highest given to

any entry. A special silver award too for Steve Widberg for his part as 1st narrator, who got noticed this time without having to resort to laddering his tights (see *Cinderella* review). Other memorable moments included Whale's high pitched schoolgirl, 'Hetty Harris, don't you let him—Ooh! There's brazen.'

Mr. Smith adapted Dylan Thomas's radio script for the stage, and Mr. Mitchell handled the words.

*A Passer-by*

Those members of the drama society who are going to university, running away, being chucked out etc. this year, would like to thank everyone who has helped them in their performances, especially Dennis (I won't tell if you don't) Smith, and over the last couple of years John (Oh God, not another drag act) Mitchell.

We are sorry we won't be working with you again, even if you're not.

*Graham Townsend  
Roger Laing  
Steve Latimer  
Brian Stevens  
Simon Vicary etc.*

# CINDERELLA

This Christmas the school took a pantomime on tour around local children's and old people's homes. As with last year's production, everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. This year it was the turn of *Cinderella* to be subjected to the RGS 'treatment'.

Messrs. Mitchell and Smith were responsible again, although they may attempt to deny it.

Cast in order of salary were :—

*Cinderella*—Glynis Mansbridge.

*Buttons*—Steve (I don't half fancy you Cinders) Latimer.

*Baron*—John Preston.

*Baroness*—Mike (You'll have to have them whiskers off) Blundell.

*Prince*—Cathy Forshaw.

*Dandini*—Steve (Oh \* \* \* \* ! I've laddered my tights) Widberg.

*Fairy Godmother*—Suzanne Hoyle.

*Nelly*—Roger (I'm the pretty one) Laing.

*Gertrude*—Graham (I'll never work again) Townsend.

The cast were all very grateful for the help given by Mrs. Cocksedge in arranging bookings, providing tea, stitching up Roger's knickers etc. The stage team provided mobile lighting (when they could find the plug).

The two ugly? sisters deny vehemently that they caused two old men to have relapses by showing their legs at Booker Hospital. Also they have firmly rejected lucrative contracts offered by the Bolt Revue Theatre, Soho, London (Tickets £5 a show from Barry).

*Love from Gert & Nelly*





# HOBSON'S CHOICE

After the magic island setting of last year's production, the school play this year came back to earth with a bump, being set in Salford.

The programme notes started by asking what qualities made *Hobson's Choice* a classic of the English Theatre? The admirable production by the school's drama society went a long way to answering that question.

After an opening which was rather static, livened up only by Chris Sheldon's rather bemused Albert Prosser, we were treated to a play, the best moments of which easily equalled anything the school has done over the last two or three years. The play really came alive with the arrival of Henry Horatio Hobson (British, Middle Class and proud of it) played by Simon Vicary, who, proved to be as exciting a discovery as William Ramsay was as Prospero last year.

Audiences responded differently to the three performances, but the cameo parts of Mrs. Hepworth (Glynis Mansbridge), Ada Figgins (Gillian Reilly) and Doctor MacFarlane (Ralph Searle) were warmly applauded by them all. Due to Searle's illness, the part of Doctor MacFarlane was played by Roger Laing on Thursday night, who did very well considering he learned the part in two days (although his Scottish accent

wandered through Welsh, Irish and even Pakistani!).

The other two main characters with Hobson were Maggie and Will. Maggie was played by Cathy Forshaw, who turned in the high class performance one has come to expect from her, and poor Will, the man she dominated, was played very successfully by Philip Edwards.

The direction of Dennis Smith was once again of a standard that could only be matched by the excellence of his set design.

There must have been worries beforehand as to how the play would be costumed without the help of Mrs. Cooper, who was relied on so much by all, but the fears were groundless, with Mrs. Long designing and creating some truly magnificent costumes.

Some of the domestic settings reminded me of those used by Lindsay Anderson in Storey's play *The Farm*, with Simon Vicary dominating them with his strong acting, well supported by Jane Miller and Denise Dryburgh.

Three very nearly full houses were treated to a very fine evening's entertainment, where the strongest criticism which could be raised was that the coffee break was too short!

*G. Townsend*



## MUSICAL SOCIETY

The Musical Society continues to flourish and expand. The foundation of a Junior Wind Band means that four orchestras meet weekly now as well as the Choral Society which continues to rehearse twice a week.

The main musical event of the Autumn Term was the production of *Ruddigore*, cast entirely from members of the Choral Society, and performed with distinction and authentic Savoyard wit. The school Carol Service was held for the first time in the Parish Church and, despite gloomy prophecies, proved spiritually and musically a great success. There was a large congregation and the choir's singing was especially commended.

In January the Choral Society and an Instrumental ensemble were invited to take part in the inaugural recital for the Town Hall organ, and both groups helped to provide an evening of fine music.

On February 28th the Society joined with the choir of the High School for a performance of *Messiah* under the baton of Mr.

Holmes. Soloists were Ruth Smith (soprano), Simon Gay (alto), David Flinders (tenor) and David Lowe (bass). The performance, with organ, played by John Dunnett, and continuo, by Raymond Isaacson (spinet) and Penelope Tyler ('cello) was full of verve and sparkle, yet still retained the message of the music. The audience was most appreciative, showing how worthwhile these ventures are.

Our next important date is June 15th when the Choral Society have again been invited to take part in a concert given by the Viola d'Amore Society in the Purcell Room—a rare honour. We shall be singing madrigals and a group of modern songs.

Finally we are sorry to lose Mr. Dunnett at the end of the Spring term, and wish him well in his new post as Head of Department at Greenford. He has contributed much to the musical life of the school and will be missed.

*Simon Gay*

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY REPORT



For most of the term Watkins of 2T and myself struggled to fit some film into our instermatics. For the rest of the term we forgot to take the lens cap off. Anyway don't mock lads, it's all good, clean fun.

*K. O. Dak*

## SCHOOL LIBRARY RESOURCES CENTRE

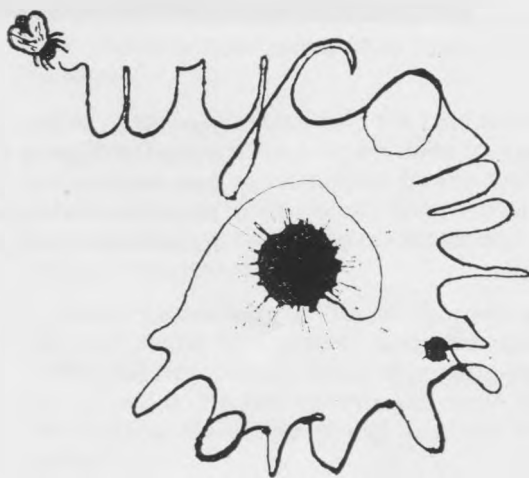
This year has seen a major reorganisation in the school libraries. The Junior Library is now situated in the Junior Block and, although at times hardly large enough to accommodate a form of boys, seems to have settled down—at least they have their own 'back room' now! We have made use of the County Van visits to replenish our stock, and have bought many new 'Jackdaws'. Mr. Perfect and Mr. Lyons continue to give invaluable aid to the running of the Library.

The Senior Library has had a slightly less momentous change: Fiction books are now separated from the other books and have been given more room to be displayed to better advantage. We have bought replacements for old and grubby books, and continued to build up our Fiction stock to a commendable level. Our major 'buy' this year was a new 15-volume set of *Chambers Encyclopaedia* to complement the New Caxton Junior and *Britannica* sets; we have continued to purchase a wide range of 'academic' and 'practical' books for all departments. All new books have to be 'processed', shelves have to be kept tidy and in order, overdue lists prepared and taken round, and a whole series of other jobs done; in these I am helped enormously by a conscientious and diligent band of Librarians—in fact, without them the library system would soon collapse! Nick Jones and Mark Rogers have been Head Librarian and Head of the Junior Library respectively for two years now—they have been *very* conscientious and *very* diligent over this period and my grateful thanks to them now that they have resigned to concentrate on 'A' Level work. Stuart Woodward takes over as Head Librarian and Resources Centre Prefect, John Wigram as Senior Librarian in the Main Library, and Niall Oakey as Senior Librarian in the Junior Library.

The newest addition to the Libraries has naturally had most attention lavished on it—the Resources Centre. Chronic shortage of money has ensured a very modest beginning: we have been able to provide four study carrels, three cassette recorders, and

players, tape recorder, record player and (extremely useful) a time clock for recording BBC programmes. Our 'audio-visual' service provides film and filmstrip projectors; an ordering procedure for films; a storage base for filmstrips, tapes, records and cassettes; a willingness to transfer material onto tape or cassette for any department or boy; and TV during the recent Election and Budget! We hope to provide the study carrels with audio equipment and set up a film viewing section in the room next year. However, our main work has been in the duplicating and reprographic field: a steady stream of pamphlets, worksheets, exam papers etc. has flown from our various machines, often not of the standard that we would have liked, but we hope we are improving. A poetry magazine for a group of Sixth Formers, sports' fixture cards, concert and play programmes, letter headings, Old Boys' menu cards, and revision booklets for various departments give some idea of the range undertaken. The success of the department owes much to the untiring efforts of Dr. Dorrance and Mrs. Worley, and to the slightly more tiring but willing expertise of Messrs. Julian Chadwick and William Ramsay! We hope next year to provide an even more efficient and wide-ranging service hoping to prove the dictum that 'necessity is the mother of invention'!

K.A.H.





# THE SCHOOL MOCK ELECTION

The trouble with school mock elections is that the mockery is always likely to receive more emphasis than the election and the political issues that give rise to it. Serious commitment to, or even great interest in, the broad political battle taking place in the country is not notably widespread. In the senior school, where several dozen were old enough to have votes in the general election, the interest was stronger than any commitment, especially to the traditional party causes. At the other end of the school there is naturally more inclination for boys to take sides as in any other national contests and one gained the impression that they went to meetings much as they might go to a cup-tie. These hustings held in the Queen's Hall posed, then, a formidable problem both for the inevitably inexperienced candidates and for the school which by its very nature is not an institution that takes easily to turbulent heckling or disorderly assemblies.

Because it was a snap election, arrangements had to be hastily made. Microphones sometimes refused to work properly, various activities were inconvenienced, and the election addresses were distributed to the form-rooms too late for many of the electorate to see them in advance of voting. The main two parties (nationally that is) had various difficulties over selecting or finding a candidate quickly, and were not helped by the surprising number of other independents and factions who seemed determined to enter the ring. Finally only five candidates were nominated, representing the three main parties, the British Nationalists, and the Boltists—a weird Monty Pythonesque political phenomenon, that had some appeal for the best and worst elements in a mock election. Their candidate, Steven Edwards, was the only candidate who was able to establish any real rapport with the very large crowds that assembled for the lunch-time meetings. Unfortunately some of his supporters caused

the worst affray by a most unusual political stratagem of attempting to meet their election promises before the election. As this involved the distribution of free sweets it had predictable and unpleasant consequences. The fragile line between 'the free democratic process' and good school discipline had been well and truly crossed. A meeting was summarily ended and quite probably the form if not the continuation of such exercises. The other candidates made the mistake of ignoring the patent attraction of something different, even unreality or self confessed silliness, in the pervading political climate of disillusion with the major parties. In this at least the mock election mirrored some characteristic elements in the wider political scene. None the less all the candidates made brave showings especially Graham Townsend, the Liberal, who was notably assured.

The poll itself went very smoothly with a turnout of over 80 per cent. Very few ballot papers were spoiled and so few actually rejected that they had no bearing on the result, despite its astonishing closeness. The recount precisely confirmed the original figures and Townsend was elected with a majority of four votes over Edwards, and eight over Berth-Jones, the Conservative. Graffy (Labour) and Mawhinney (British Nationalist) would have lost their deposits—had they been demanded. For the first time, since the war at least, the Conservatives had not won the R.G.S. 'seat'.

The voting :—

|                              | <i>Votes</i> |
|------------------------------|--------------|
| G. Townsend (Lib.)           | 231 (28.9%)  |
| S. Edwards (Bolt)            | 227 (28.3%)  |
| J. Berth-Jones (Cons.)       | 223 (27.9%)  |
| J. P. Graffy (Lab.)          | 75 (9.4%)    |
| I. C. Mawhinney (Brit. Nat.) | 49 (6.1%)    |

Votes cast 805 Liberal Majority 4

R.C.F.

## C.C.F. NOTES

### Army Section

The term has followed the pattern of previous Easter terms—annual Inspection at the end of March followed by Adventure Training Camp on the edge of the Peak District at Leek.

The Inspection was carried out by Brigadier Shapland the Chief of Staff South Eastern District who was all but prevented from attending by events of the previous day which had threatened the life of Princess Anne.

He saw a wide variety of training activities of all three sections which included the inter-services shoot on the Miniature Range, an improvised 'mini assault course' designed to test initiative and team work, Survival procedures with home-made stretchers and improvised shelters. Most impressive however was the 'new look' Military Band rapidly gaining momentum under Mr. Tiedeman's expert tuition and developing into a full scale 'Brass Band'.

### Camp

The 35 Cadets who set off for Leek included four cadets invited from local Army Cadet Force units hand-picked by Cadet R.S.M. Coulon and Cadet L/Cpl. A. Horner who act as Assistant Instructors at Missenden and Marlow respectively, and extremely well did they show up and were a credit to their respective units.

The officers included three Old Boys' newly commissioned 2nd Lieuts. A. Paine and M. Oldnall and last year's Cadet R.S.M. M. Adger, the former now established at Pembroke College, Cambridge, the latter to join them in October.

The Camp was all but cancelled because Bill Harrison — clerk, storeman, quartermaster, P.S.I. and camp cook—failed to pass his doctor's fitness test after an illness of complications following 'flu but who happily is now back at work. The Tylers Wood team however were equal to the occasion with Mrs. Pattinson and Walter directing operations, the menu was well up to the standard of former years and if the only complaint was that the cookhouse fatigue men were not worked hard enough this was

adequate testimony to the industry of those who did their 14-hour day midst the pots and pans. Whilst the sherry trifle left over on the last night may have been due to the fact that the trenchermen of the Camp had been baulked of disposing of 3rd or 4th helpings by the enormous quantity of roast leg of pork and baked potatoes they had consumed as a 'starter' the rate at which the 'left-over' disappeared at breakfast time in competition with the traditional toast and boiled eggs of the final breakfast was adequate proof that the recipe was just as popular as it had been at the Boarders' party at Christmas.

The Camp was a great success.

R.P.





## R.A.F. SECTION

An eventful period since the last report, many comings and goings; among the goings was Chipmunk flying, due to difficulty with supplies of a certain hydrocarbon; among the comings, the Grasshopper Primary Glider which 'flies' without recourse to the afore-said fuel.

Visits carried out have been to R.A.F. Brize Norton, R.A.F. Odiham and the Joint Air Transport Establishment at R.A.F. Abingdon. Social visits have been paid to the R.O.T.C. Unit at 'London High School' in the American Base at Dawes Hill, including a pancake race which we didn't win possibly because of the large size frying pan used.

General Inspection on 21st March included exhibitions of navigation training, dinghy drill and wind tunnel. The Primary Glider was assembled, and flown. My thanks to all members of the section for their co-operation, in particular those who took part in the guard of honour.

Easter found our cadets at Camps in Yorkshire, R.A.F. Finningley, and Germany, R.A.F. Laarbruch and Bruggen. During the holiday cadets Betteridge and Cooper attended a proficiency Gliding Course at R.A.F. Halton.

With the proficiency exams out of the way we now look forward to a term's outdoor activity after two terms of intensive class work.

Congratulations to W.O. Mansfield on gaining an R.A.F. University Cadetship.

Thanks to Flt. Lt. Smaje, Plt. Off. Crawshaw and Dr. Fair for their continued support, to Flt. Sgt. Mitchell for his help with training programme.

*R. A. Butler*

# BOARDING HOUSE REPORTS

## UPLYME HOUSE REPORT

Unfortunately the events of this term have been somewhat marred by a sudden epidemic of 'flu which affected all except three or four of the more resilient members of our house. In spite of this setback we once more achieved a decisive victory in football over our old rivals, Tylers Wood, although this was the only inter-house sporting activity this term. However, in school teams, Uplyme has, as usual, been well represented this term with eight members of the house in senior teams. I am proud to say that members of the house now include the captains of rugby, shooting and cross-country. Andrew Hotchkiss has also excelled himself in the realm of cross-country and we wish him luck in the Bucks trials.

The juniors have meanwhile carried on in the High Wycombe and District table tennis league and although their results do not bear close examination I believe a greater man than I said, 'It's the taking part which counts', so we hope they will continue and 'play up and play the game'.

In the recent production of *Hobson's Choice* (which most readers will no doubt have attended?) John Preston performed well as Fred Beenstock and the Uplyme 'back-up team' as usual helped with car-parking—no complaints please!

This term we are very sad at the impending departure of Mr. Crawshaw who has entered well into the spirit of Uplyme life—his readings in prayers will be sorely missed. We wish him every success and look forward to the arrival of Mr. Edwards who, I am sure, will soon settle in.

Also this term Mark, Christopher and Timothy Sinden are leaving us since their parents are returning from America to live in Great Kingshill. We hope they have enjoyed their experiences in the house and wish them well as day boys.

In thanking Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs for their great patience and understanding we hope

they are enjoying looking after a house full of exuberant youths and we thank them both for all their attentions.

*T. Dowdeswell*

## TYLERS WOOD HOUSE REPORT

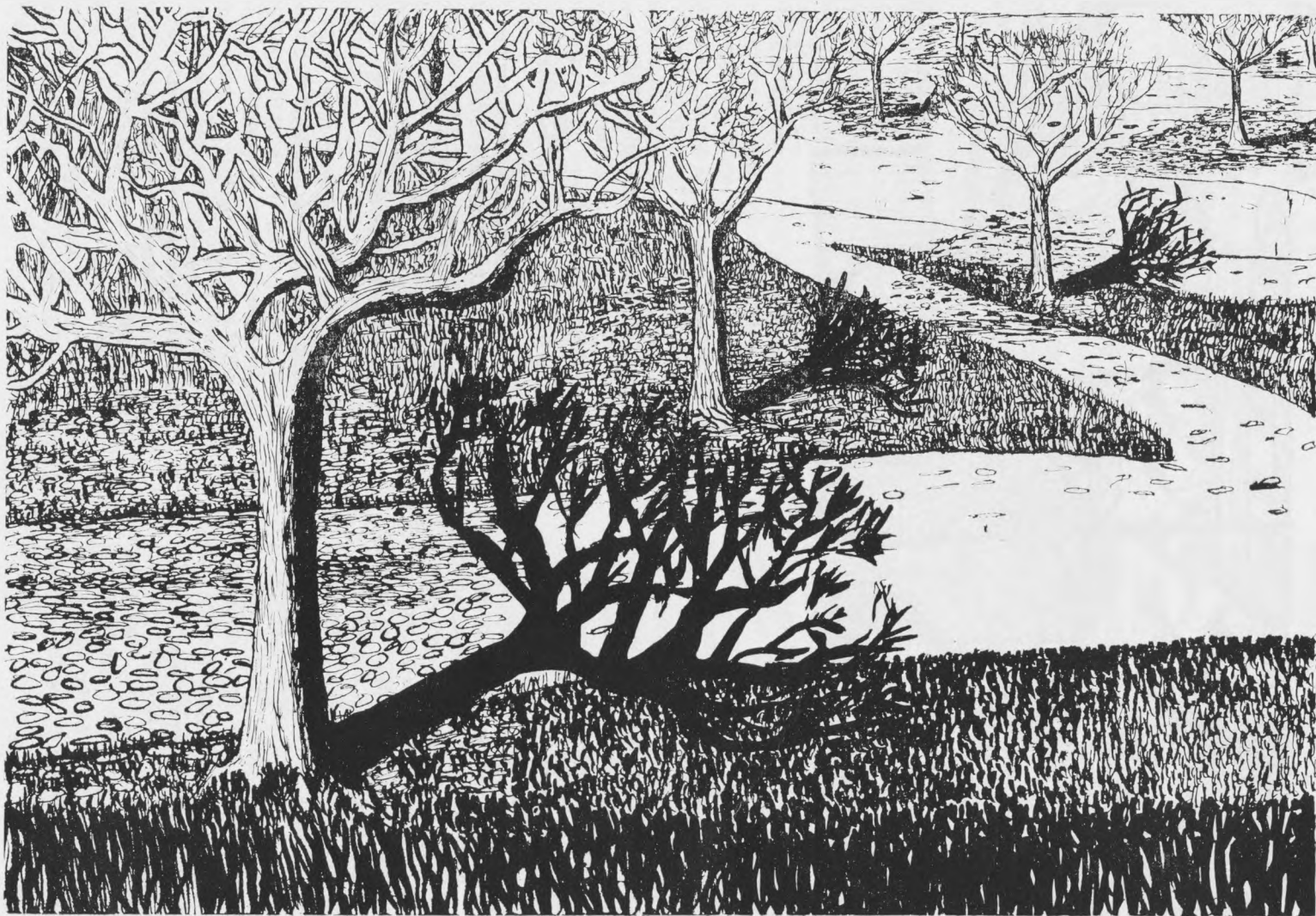
Since the last time you heard from us we have had the usual Christmas festivities including an invitation to Raffia (R. Peake and friends) to entertain the assembled company at the Governors' Party. At the end of term our matron Mrs. Upton left along with Mrs. Duck, who kindly came back to help out in the kitchen after Mrs. Westwood's departure. We are sorry to hear that she has not been well recently and hope that she will soon recover.

After Christmas a heavy burden was placed upon Mrs. Pattinson who had to do the job of both matron and cook. Miss Norreys has now come to the house as the new matron and we hope she is settling in well.

The sporting achievements of the boarding house have met with mixed fortunes. Congratulations must go to Robin Edwards on gaining 1st XV colours although he is only in the 5th form. We have played two soccer matches against other boarding houses. In the first a weakened team played well although losing 3—1 to Uplyme but had better luck against School House, winning 4—1 with the aid of two Uplymers (Price and Jones, 'ta fellers'). In a moment of madness we agreed to play School House at badminton and learnt our lesson when we were hammered 7—2.

All that remains is to thank the staff, Mr. and Mrs. Pattinson, Mr. Wilson, Matron, Walter and the other ladies for keeping us fed, clothed, in good health and clean!! We really appreciate what they do for us (alas we don't show it often) and thanks to Mr. Wilson for refereeing the football matches.

*P. J. Howe*





TPAWK56 TI.

#### AUTUMN

Autumn,  
 What a wonderful time of year.  
 Oh, Lord Jesus,  
 Thank you,  
 For the colours,  
 Of Autumn,  
 Green,  
 Brown,  
 Yellow,  
 Orange,  
 Red,  
 Blue sky  
 And river.  
 Animals scurry,  
 And hurry,  
 And dart,  
 And fly  
 In the sky  
 And swim  
 In the sea.  
 It's a wonderful time of year,  
 To me.

*C. Sinden*

#### THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE

I saw her with the rose,  
 So young and sweet were both,  
 For she was so gentle with long black hair  
 And eyes, such lovely brown,  
 For the rose was of a deep red colour,  
 A tight bud with live petals.

As she walked, the birds in the air  
 Seemed to be watching her,  
 And whistling such a soft harmonic tune.  
 She tamed the timid animals  
 Who came dancing around,  
 Not afraid of her  
 For she was so pretty,  
 Prettier than eyes had ever seen.

The rose so dainty, so weak and frail,  
 Oh of such a lovely hue,  
 The stalk not hard and prickly  
 But soft and smooth,  
 With two green leaves and the bud.  
 They I shall always remember,  
 The maiden and the rose.

*D. J. Gerrie*

## VIRGINIA WOOLF: A NOTE—ARISING FROM AN ARGUMENT

In his Rede Lecture, *Virginia Woolf*, delivered after her death in 1941, E. M. Forster said:

'Isolated objects are not so puzzling; a tree, a wave, a hat, a jewel, an old gentleman's bald head look much the same as they always did. But the relation between objects—that we cannot estimate, and that is why the verdict must be left to another generation . . . and maybe another generation will dismiss Virginia Woolf as worthless and tiresome. However this is not my opinion, nor I think yours.'

Over thirty years have passed since Forster said that. Has another generation found her worthless and tiresome? I think not. Indeed, she wrote three masterpieces that rank with the best of twentieth-century literature; namely, *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse* and *The Waves*.

These are her greatest works. But this is not to ignore some other interesting work. Perhaps the range of her interest can be indicated by the fact that she wrote *Roger Fry*, a biography of a Slade Professor, and also *Flush*, a biography of a spaniel. There we have the scope of her interest and writing. She also wrote some volumes of literary criticism which are actually readable for their own sake. Of how many critics can one say that?

To turn, however, to those masterpieces. All too often she is dismissed as some boring, somewhat difficult writer, a disdainful creator of a dreary literary *avant-garde*. She is looked, indeed peered, at as a dull dilettante who was rather out-of-date and out-of-touch.

There is no denying that she was a fairly secure, in the financial sense, daughter of a rich late-Victorian, Sir Leslie Stephen; who, as Forster points out, was never a plasterer's mate, and her mother, while she lived, did not have to turn a mangle.

To pick on this as a springboard against her is not very fair. One has to accept this in reading her and her Bloomsbury contemporaries. Indeed they *did* depend upon their ancestors' legacies to start them off, a fact which Forster pays tribute to in his biography, *Marianne Thornton*. There are no

dustmen or miners in her novels. Like Forster's they are set in an upper middle-class atmosphere. This is epitomised in that famous first sentence from *Night and Day*:

' . . . in common with many other young ladies of her class, Katherine Hilbery was pouring out tea'.

But the second sentence runs:

'Perhaps a fifth part of her mind was thus occupied'.

And indeed her characters pour out more emotion and feeling than they do tea. Actually, *Night and Day* like *The Years*, are not such successful books. She tries to restrict herself to a Victorian, realistic prose-style. In this style she is not particularly distinguished. But in those three masterpieces she is eminently successful. She found daily life so absorbing, rich in terror and joy that there was no need for other stimulants. She could scarcely have written, say, *The Grapes of Wrath*. Nevertheless, one can sympathise with Lily Briscoe, the painter in *To The Lighthouse*, when she thinks:

'The great revelation perhaps never did come. Instead there were little miracles, daily illuminations, matches struck unexpectedly in the dark . . . in the midst of chaos there was shape; this eternal passing and flowing (she looked at the clouds going and the leaves shaking) was struck into stability.'

Perhaps there we have the essential characteristics of what Virginia Woolf was trying to do; to strike stability into this eternal passing and flowing.

How can this piece be concluded? Oh, one may as well end it as it was started. Earlier, in 1925, E. M. Forster wrote:

'For English fiction, despite the variety of its content, has made little innovation in form between the days of Fielding, and those of Arnold Bennett.'

Virginia Woolf gaily derided Bennett, John Galsworthy, and H. G. Wells. She went *her* way and produced those three masterpieces. Thus she made a clear contribution to English literature; the twentieth-century would have been a poorer thing had it not produced them. A final note: *To The Lighthouse* was added to 'Everyman's Library' shortly before her death. And there it belongs.

C. A. Hawtree

## THE WORST EVER CONTRIBUTION

The Rt. Hon. Mr. Smith, M.P., was wearing a long flowing Roebuck and upon his head was a Brown Derbin. He licked his lips, having just Eaton, and slid into his Mini Cooper, for he did not wish to Legget up the Hills to the Heath where he was going.

It was a Perfect day. He had taken his iron Talbot and given his nails a File when he suddenly realised that his car was blocked by another just in front of it.

'Please Moffatt' he said to his next door neighbour, 'Garrett right out of my way.'

His neighbour did this, politely mentioning how Fair the day was as he did.

'Yes it is,' agreed Mr. Smith. 'By the way, Howarth the children?'

'Very Waller, thank you' replied his neighbour. 'How is Dorrance, your beloved wife?' he added.

'Ferris well' came the reply. 'She has just gone for a Walker, but I find the countryside too Hillier so I am driving to meet her.'

'Well Gibson my regards when you meet her.'

Mr. Smith set off, and glanced at his fuel Smaje. 'Oh bother,' he thought, 'Scott very little petrol in it. I'll just Stubbs my cigarette out and buy some from this petrol station.'

'Dosser you want her filled up?' asked the attendant.

'Yes please,' replied Mr. Smith, 'how Mitchell that be?'

'Wilson see' said the attendant, working it out. 'Prue pounds please' he said, handing Mr. Smith his Clark key back as he did.

'That's funny,' thought Mr. Smith, 'I only had her filled up Learmonth and I have not used her since. I wonder where the Earl all that petrol has gone?'

Dismissing this thought he set off again to pick up his wife, for Knight time was approaching and he wanted to return Holmes soon.

When Mr. Smith and his wife finally arrived back home Mrs. Smith went upstairs to see her young daughter Jones.

'It's Leighton-Jones not in bed yet' she thought, and so she decided to Tucker up in bed and read her a Page or two from a book of Fairy stories.

The next morning Jones went into the Garden to Skipp and to play with Son, their dog. 'Our daughter is Pattinson on the head' said Mrs. Smith to Mr. Smith, who was cleaning his rifle because he fancied himself as a sharp Chuter. 'She is very clever' continued Mrs. Smith, 'she can even Ryder bicycle and is never short of Gamester play.'

Suddenly Jones ran inside. 'Mummy,' she said, 'why are Son's legs Browning why has he got a White-Taylor?' 'Puritz it is because he is Blyth years Oldring' replied her mother.

Just at that moment Mr. Smith decided to telephone his brother. 'I shall give the Man-wareing' he said. 'Oh bother, the Lyons engaged. I shall go into the garden and Dickson vegetables up instead.'

Unfortunately it started to Raymond pour and so Mr. Smith Davies gardening up until it stopped. He went inside and shut all the Flinders to keep the rain out.

'Crawshaw!' laughed Mr. Smith, 'Edwards very wet out there. Was the rain forecasted?'

'I Dunnet know' replied his wife.

*Fraser Pearson*

## THE LOVE SONG OF THE INTROVERTED CYNIC

Will you play Lady Macbeth  
And wash my own blood from my hands  
When I get too introverted?  
Will you sit with me, in open air, on a lazy afternoon,  
and listen to the trees pulse life?  
Will you whitewash my tormented mind,  
and leave it cool and clear  
like an advertised menthol cigarette?  
Will you sit and listen quietly  
to these pretentious adolescent ramblings?  
Will you hell!

*Chris Sheldon*

You're the cream in my coffee.  
You're the best thing on toast.  
You're the most decent thing that ever happened to  
me.  
You are the sunshine of my life.  
You're something to hold onto baby.  
You're the girl with lips that taste like wine,  
With eyes so blue, skin like a peach, and long blonde  
hair.  
You're just another cliché in my life.

*Chris Sheldon*

(With acknowledgements to all the songwriters, without whom this would not have been possible or necessary.)





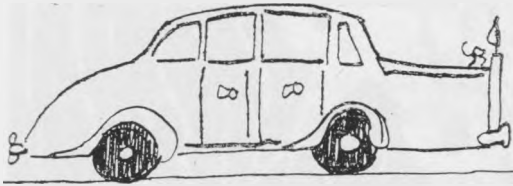
*Lino-cut: S. J. Derry*

### A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

I arrived at the dentist's and my mother read the notice: 'Ring bell once, then enter the waiting room.' This she did and we walked into the room. It was a fairly large room and I stared around trying not to hear the high-pitched sound of the dentist's drill busily doing its job. It was the first time I had visited this surgery and I tried to familiarise myself with the new surroundings. I noticed a large tank of tropical fish in one corner of the room. I took off my coat and placed it over the back of the chair that I was sitting on. The room was empty except for a rather elderly man. I walked over to a table which had several comics laid out on it. I picked up a rather old edition of 'Whizzer and Chips.' As I was walking back to my seat I noticed the large assortment of dental posters displayed on the walls. My appointment was at 3.00 p.m. and it was now 2.55 p.m. I sat staring at the wall for the last five minutes, and I didn't even bother to look at the comic. Quickly taking out a rather grubby handker-

chief I proceeded to give my teeth their last cleaning before the inspection. Suddenly someone mentioned my name. I looked towards the door and saw a nurse standing there. Now it was my turn. I prayed that my continual use of 'Close-up' would not fail me. 'Down the passage, first on the right,' she said to me in the usual gentle tone. I walked down the passage stopping to tie up my shoe-lace or pick up an imaginary sweet wrapper. I knocked on a bright yellow door and a voice from inside shouted, 'Come in.' I was convinced in the nicest possible way that there was nothing to be frightened of. I seated myself down, closed my eyes, and waited for the dentist to begin examining my teeth. It took about one minute for the examination to be carried out. Then came the moment when I would find out the truth. The dentist prodded one of my teeth with a cold steel dental instrument and then said, 'This one needs filling.'

*Gary Tregunna*



### DESTRUCTION

The American senate took the bait,  
and now the world is filled with hate.  
I know I aint got the full information,  
but hell!, what a fall-out saturation.  
And I look at my watch,

It reads 4.45,  
and I think, 'Thank God I'm still alive.'  
But for how long?

I wander the rubble for a possible saviour  
but can anything overcome our behaviour?  
Nothing is found, and I'm feeling ill,  
this radiation is onto the kill.  
And I look at my watch,

It reads 10 past 5,  
and I think 'Thank God, I'm still alive'  
But for how long?

Now I'm cold and I'm dying,  
but wait!, I hear something flying,  
Now I'm filled with confusion.  
It must have been an illusion.

And I look at my watch,  
It reads 8.45,  
and I think 'Thank God, I'm still alive'  
But for how long?

By now I'm too weak,  
to walk or to speak.  
Without telling a lie  
I know I'm to die.  
The night has now passed,  
and it's 10 to 4,  
and I have just knocked  
on death's door.

*Paul Stinchcombe*

### THE STATE OF ENGLISH POETRY

No! I am not T. S. Eliot;  
Nor, dear boys, am I John Donne.  
Yet, what does that matter?  
If I was, you would not have them  
printed in  
the 'Wycombiensian'!

© J Alfred Prufrock

### TEA AT THE TATE—TOM'S DIRGE

O! Olympian muse descend from your height  
To terrestrial beings and help us to write.  
We strive for effect and have lots of fun,  
Resplendent inspiration—make it a nice one.  
O! Red-bearded sage in your shady bower,  
O! Raven-haired ARCA, like a springtime flower,  
You said 'superficial effects', the bane of our life,  
We'd rather go fishing with your and you wife.  
Jackson Pollock looms out of the murk.  
But no! look again! It's Corby Steel Works!  
'My colleagues and I, my colleagues and I',  
Fibreglass pinnacles and statues in niches,  
Exclusively, personally, politically, intrinsically,  
Oh muse, it's just paint and paper.

*Brian Strevens, Nick Hall, Peter Barber, Paul  
Bergson, Keith Waller, Graham Townsend*

You can try—you can sweat your very soul  
Till blood seeps mocking from your splintered fingers,  
But no mere diligence will give you earthly paradise,  
No mortal application will rule those granite blocks.

Yet mice and men accelerate: 'get that line in order'  
And are drunk upon divinity  
When awful chance dictates a lull  
And stark juts of cruel disorder  
Lock cuboid in aspect sublime.

'But it's the roll of a cube and not sweet Jehova  
Masquerading in chaos as Fate  
So shutting your eyes and praying for cover  
Won't keep old man wolf from your gate.'

MEANWHILE . . .

alone in his infinite asylum,  
His screeching tearing like a chainsaw through the  
blanket void  
The lunatic spaceman rolls his eyes  
And throws the dice once more.  
Sentenced by the Gods to obscure incarceration  
He vents his madman wrath on deaf and dumb  
humanity  
who slowly in a deepsea ballet  
revolve and wheel in the central night  
and build in pain  
full concentration a happiness,  
to totter and fall and float a wisp away.  
. . . the world falls apart like a jigsaw . . .

*T. Ross*



'Fear'

*Lino print: H. R. Johnstone*

## LOVE NEVER DIES . . .

A solitary smile upon a solitary face. He looked up at me and then gazed into the distance with a vacant smile that showed his suffering. Years of suffering concealed behind a smiling face, a smiling façade. He smiled and whispered as if talking to himself. 'You know you really will have to do something about that.' He pointed to the little stone cross encrusted with yellow lichen. Faintly, chiselled out by some artisan's hand years ago, one could see the grateful words—Rest in Peace. 'She was the prettiest girl I ever knew,' he whimpered. 'A flower of beauty, just beginning to blossom into full-blown petals and then . . . cut off . . . just like that!' 'I know how you feel', I said with sympathy. The poor man needed all the sympathy the world could give him, and so far that had been nothing at all.

'You don't know!' he retorted. 'You'll never know. Nights blanketed in cold darkness, and then just to hear that sweet voice breaking the silence like a loving, caressing song. You'll never know what it is like to have a warm, loving body against you, and then next having the void of empty sheets. No body, just vacant soul. No you'll never really know. Never!' With this he broke down, weeping, his taut hand grasping his face in sorrow. Sorrow in its most sorrowful form. Sorrow soaking through every pore, making every nerve weep in unison, making one's whole body contort in memories of honey and nectar.

'I've decided that I've had enough', he said. 'I can't stand it any longer! I can't stand the empty nights and cold relentless days any more. I'm going to end it all, now! No more will the tears stream from my eyes in the dead of night. I'm going to join her, at least.' He flashed a gun from his coat-pocket and before I could even utter a sound he pointed the cold barrel against his head and pulled the trigger. The shot made the air quiver. The whole ground shook and my head repulsed at the terrible noise. His vibrating body slowly topped onto the luscious carpet of green grass. His head crashed against the stone cross and then lay still. The blood dripped steadily from the

wound and landed on a bunch of daffodils laid neatly on the grave. The viscous red drops hung like bloody pearls on the soft yellow petals. Slowly sliding down to the tips, hanging briefly on the edge of the precipice and then falling like murderous raindrops on to the stone slab, to join the pool that had already been made there.

In horror, I glanced at his white ashen face. The eyes were fixed, the nose unbreathing, and on his drained lips—a smile . . . a haunting smile that will haunt me for ever. A smile fit for the shadows of eternal bliss.

*Steven Parker*

## PHILOSOPHY POETRY

What is mind? No matter!  
What is matter? Never mind!  
I know not who.  
(Canton)

## A TALK WITH MY MIND

What are you doing?  
Nothing?  
I thought not.  
You aren't usually.  
Lazy moron.  
Are you listening?  
No?  
Why not?  
I know.  
You're thinking of Valerie again.  
I reckon you love her.  
Not that I blame you.  
Decent chtk.  
I reckon.  
You're a lucky swine!  
Hey!  
What are you doing now?  
Not writing more 'poetry'?  
You're always writing those  
Stupid poems.  
I reckon you've cracked.  
But you always were a bit funny.  
Muddled.  
You know.  
Don't worry.  
God'll help you.  
Pray as much as you can,  
If you can.  
I do.  
You're so mixed up.  
It's a shame,  
But don't worry.

*C. Sinden*

## WITH THE WANING YEAR

Rooks like little children call  
And laughing, fly away  
And so we sit and talk  
As though it matters what we say  
The beech tree tall looks on  
Aloof, we talk of things he spat out long ago  
We sages talk, and walk at whiles  
And feel at one with nature  
Though she doesn't always care to listen.

The trees float on  
The water  
As they have floated  
The wars  
Thoughts cloud the pond.

The river will stay  
With the trees  
With no people  
And catch the sun  
And darken stone  
Taking the moon  
The star-lit pond  
The beech tree  
The clouds  
The silent way  
Of escapists  
When you are just  
A pile of bones

### *grey day*

Morning mists, the grey dawn brings  
A gathering gloom from the restless west,  
Blood red, a warning sky,  
Brooding beeches smudged in thought  
Of summer days, and travelling  
And on this day of robbing light  
From memory, the window's murky view  
The twisting torture of life inside.

### *fade*

The leaves of summer fade away  
And fall like a twelve bar on the ground  
The living light of river fair  
Reflecting softly in your golden hair  
While sun shines,  
And you're free to be on the road

Get out your old walking stick  
Your blue boots, old jeans like in those songs  
Over hill, through wooded vale  
Hear with me those travellers' tales  
While the sun is up  
And you're free to be on the road.

Cast into stone  
Or resembling  
Some rabbit hole  
Like the thrown-back schoolday-hair  
The plastic bottle  
You cast away  
So fervently  
Yesterday . . .

Solemn looms the beech tree  
Cradling life, and light, and sound  
Through trim branches blows the breath of years  
Spreading joy to all around.

(poems from 'A Winter's Tale' by R. Jones, 5S)

## THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

In Ancient Greece there lived a man,  
Who with thanks was granted one wish by Pan.  
He wished all he touched would turn to gold,  
But found this idea was not so bold.

For when he tried to eat his bread,  
He found it was solid and heavy instead,  
And his wine from his glass would not pour, but  
rolled,  
It glittered and shone and was yellow like gold.

His lovely child had skin that was cold,  
He'd touched her hand and now she too was gold.  
He prayed to the Gods that they'd take back this pain  
And all that he'd touched became normal again.

Many years passed and near King Louis' court  
The peasants rebelled. It was money they sought.  
The church and the law had it all their own way,  
While the peasants worked hard for a few francs a  
day.

Louis was guillotined as was his wife.  
Money again was the cause of this strife.  
But this revolution had one major hitch,  
The peasants stayed poor, while the leaders grew  
rich.

For centuries Jews have been despised  
For their power to make all profits rise.  
In jealous rage Hitler had them killed,  
And large concentration camps were filled.

Official German camp reports say  
As many as six thousand died in one day.  
The Führer wanted them all to die  
Because they could make money multiply.

The miners all come out on strike.  
In their contracts is something they do not like  
They don't get paid for having a shower  
So they close down the pits and stop Britain's power.

Money can be a boon or a curse,  
Life can be hard when there is none in your purse,  
But you should never take more than you need,  
Beware the disease of Financial greed.

*J. Mark White*



## LOTS AND LOTS OF LOVE

We are no longer faces,  
 joined for one night and then smiling  
 (not for love but because smiling  
 is all that remains between love and hate).

Recently, searching too hard for love  
 I have forgotten emotions and every night  
 is just for then—the girls are pleasant enough  
 but I could not love them.

I thought at the start you were just passing  
 friendly gestures, and that finding a girl so soon  
 would close me from the music.  
 Hardly realised quite what would happen.

Seems too good, I feel the reasons returning,  
 it is no longer just laying,  
 no longer wonder why I'm here  
 or what secrets I ought to hide.

*Jon Graffy*

## CLIMBING THE HILL

At the bottom of the hill  
 It's warm and free and true.  
 This of course is childhood.  
 The only real you.

But as you slowly climb the hill,  
 The hill of your final fate,  
 You see the things you've left behind,  
 But then it's much too late.

You wish that you were still a child  
 Down where the grass is green,  
 Where adults watched from up above,  
 But now you can't be seen.

You're getting nearer to the top,  
 You're an individual now.  
 Reaching it, the snow-topped peak  
 You didn't want anyhow.

Full maturity now is gained,  
 You've reached the top at last.  
 It's cold, untrue, you've been hemmed in,  
 You've got your adult mask.

The adults give you all your knowledge,  
 They force you up the hill,  
 Up the hill of growing up,  
 Your innocence to kill.

*Mark Woodbridge*

## SPACE

Space,  
 The final frontier  
 Is here  
 And there  
 And was  
 And is  
 And will be  
 For how long?

*C. Sinden*

## A FIELD

The field is left silent once more,  
 The nightly barrage ends with dawn  
 Leaving a maze of dark dank pools.  
 Blasted holes, gnarled strands of twisted wire.  
 Duck-boards creak with a renewed passage.  
 A line of bodies huddling in trenches,  
 Blasted men, gnarled strands of twisted bodies  
 These hulks if not dying from fire  
 Dying from within, thoughts of another world,  
 A world with no struggle against survival,  
 No fighting with friends to live,  
 But, life is like this. Life is a struggle.  
 And, for some, perhaps  
 Death is the only way out.

*D. Clemens*



*C. D. Sheldon, 6A1*

### SING-A-SONG OF TWO AND A HALF PENCE

Sing-a-song of  $2\frac{1}{2}$ p,  
A pocket full of rye,  
Four and twenty horses  
Baked in a pie.  
When the pie was opened  
The horses began to neigh,  
Now the chef has been reported  
To the R.S.P.C.A.

*M. White*

### WHAT'S IN A WORD

It is not the written word  
that matters  
Not the images that single  
word conjures up  
Or the sense of that word  
in any sense of sense ;  
But the presentiment behind  
that word is the essence—  
The quintessence of meaning

*Steven Parker*



### 1st XV RUGBY

*Back Row:* P. J. Howe, Mr. J. R. Learmonth S. R. Calverley, I. C. Mawhinney

*Middle Row:* M. G. Lee (Touch Judge), S. J. Pearce, J. D. Child, S. P. Andrews, P. Harris, J. R. Holmes,  
P. J. Hoddinott, E. H. Peters, I. D. Lipscombe, W. A. Trendell

*Front Row:* S. Amin, N. D. E. Jones, A. G. Lewis, S. L. M. Hunt (Captain), R. H. Edwards, R. J. Edwards, I. H. Price



# SPORTS REPORTS

## 1st XV RUGBY

P 23 W 10 D 2 L 11 For 320 Against 332  
The season was a disappointing one despite promising much it never lived up to its potential.

The school got off to a good start with wins over rivals St. Barts 36—4, and new fixtures Rutlish School 37—6. There was however an unfortunate period during which it was impossible to field a consistent side. A reflection of the unsettled nature of the side was shown at half-backs where no less than five combinations were tried, the most regular being I. Price at scrum-half and S. Hunt at fly-half.

This unsettling gave younger players the opportunities to prove themselves at a higher level, and players such as I. Lipscombe, R. J. Edwards and A. Jones should provide a useful basis upon which to build in the future.

Perhaps the team's strongest aspect was in the back row where S. Amin, R. Edwards, I. Shearer and E. Peters all excelled.

A mention must be made of the tight forwards, although lacking in size they never lacked in effort being led by the amiable Fiz. At hooker, N. Jones was able to show his full worth and was rarely out-hooked. Despite selection problems which did not allow a regular second row partnership to develop until the latter part of the season. However good channelling was achieved and clean line-out ball won by P. Hoddinott, J. Holmes and I. Mawhinney.

On paper the back looked the strongest but having no natural fly-half they had difficulty in taking the ball at speed. The tackling at the start of the season was poor but improved as time went by. In general when the 3's played well, good scores were recorded, notably against William Ellis, St. Barts, and Oxford School. The top try scorers throughout the season were A. Lewis (12), P. Howe (9), P. Harris (7) and R. Edwards (6).

Credit must be given to P. Harris who this

season broke the school records for the numbers of points scored. In addition to his 7 tries, he kicked 22 penalties and 14 conversions, a total of 122 points. It would have been more had he not been injured for a considerable part of the season.

Although losing his place on the wing at the end of the season, S. Calverley regained a place at full-back for the injured R. Edwards, the regular full-back. A mention must be made of J. Child and S. Pearce a confident replacement for the luckless W. Trendell, who broke his collarbone twice this season.

Finally our thanks must go to Mr. Learmonth and also to A. Wood for his appreciated efforts in the first half of the season.

*S. Hunt*

## 2nd XV RUGBY

Well well, yet another season over.

I only sustained two broken teeth, three stitches in the mouth, one throttling, one bout of 'flu, two punch-ups (one with the ref) and various other unmentionable injuries (i.e. near drowning v. Gunnersbury)', gripes Harlequin-John-Dobbins-Child.

Injuries apart this year's 2nd XV won a few good games but lost more than a few rather bad games. Strange and disappointing as the match figures are:

P 22 W 9 D 1 L 12 Pts for 394 Against 351  
this year's 2nds could have won many of the lost games with a regular squad and regular training sessions. However, thanks to an ever changing 1st XV, pitiful attendances at practices and 6th form only games, some performances hardly were a credit to the school.

At the start of the season some people tried a little too hard to get their oar in on the points sheet, not to mention any names (except PJH). Even so victories were recorded against Emanuel, St. Barts, Rutlish (78—0) and a lesser neighbour once known as the 'Tech' with some good rugby being played even if the quality of the opposition wasn't particularly high. Unfortunately this

form was only reproduced on a few occasions throughout the rest of the season and this usually resulted in victories for us. The wins included notable names such as Harrow County, Borlase, Watford, William Ellis and the lesser neighbour again. The majority of the defeats are best forgotten but more than once the margin of defeat was a single point (e.g. St. Benedicts).

Even though well over 40 people played for the 2nd's the number of players on the pitch was far too often 14 and sometimes only 13. This was due to persistent injuries, failure to turn up until tea and even in one best forgotten game a sending off!! That was one of the many under 16's who frequently made up the majority of the side and he shall remain anonymous. Four of the Under 16s—Trigg, Newman, Longworth and Jones—improved greatly as the season progressed. Alan Jones deserves a special mention, often encouraging a lazy pack to produce rugby beyond our expectations by following his splendid example (You know who to post the cheque to Al).

Now that the season is over it appears that the moulting season has just started and we would like to thank Mr. Prue for his valuable spare time, never ending efforts and shouts of 'COME ON THE SECONDS'.

Regular players were: Mawhinney, Child, Coups, Coxwell, Hagger, Howe, Jones, Kent, Lane, Lilley, Long, Longworth, Mansfield, Newman, Price, Trigg.

*J. Child*

### **COLTS RUGBY**

P 18 W 12 L 6 D 0 Pts for 368 Against 120  
The season started with a bang with run-away wins over Oxford, Rickmansworth and St. Bartholomew's. Indeed we had scored 100 points before any at all were registered against us. However, an opposition cancellation and County trials interrupted training before the crucial London match with Emanuel; two penalties and a hailstorm frustrated all our second half efforts, and we went down. This defeat unsettled the team and a combination of irritating factors led to very narrow defeats against St. Benedict's and, most uncharacteristically, against Borlase. Cressex and Abingdon were comfort-

ably beaten as we sought to re-establish our rhythm. However, Watford—whom we had to play away from home for the second successive year—were just too good, by two tries to one. Leighton Park were easily overcome, but for the tough Lord William's game six players were unavailable and though we remained in the hunt until half-time we were beaten by three scores to one in the end. By this time we had lost 5 out of 11 games, though never conceding more than three tries.

From this stage we won 6 of the last 7 games, failing only 4—6 to Gunnersbury in appalling weather. The team played with far greater determination and, though right to the end we never played with our full potential, there was satisfaction to be had from the excitingly narrow victories over Aylesbury and St. Nicholas. Indeed the last match at St. Nicholas was a thriller. It seemed that victory had been snatched from us with a very late penalty, only for us to pull it out of the fire with a wonderful late try. It was a fitting end to what has been a fine career in Junior Rugby by this team. There is a lot of ability and they have given me personally and a number of other supporters great pleasure in watching them. By the end of the term some of them had already made their debuts in Senior Rugby, and I can only wish them all the best in their next three or four seasons of School Rugby.

Particular congratulations are due to: Key and Ault, who shared the captaincy; Dickinson and Moore who led the pack; Jordan, Hoggett and Will, who led the try-scorers; Moore and Will, who played for the County; Jordan, Skinner, Hoggett and Fane, who made the final County trial, and Jozajtis and Hammond, who willingly turned up as reserves/touch judges.

The following is a list of those who played and their appearances: 18—Hamer, Key, Ault, Jordan, Dickinson, Hoggett and Paton; 17—Will; 16—Fenner; 15—Fane and Moore; 14—Carroll and Skinner; 12—Chapman; 11—Robinson; 7—Morrish; 5—Hasted, Jozajtis and Walker; 2—Hammond, Magill and Powell; 1—Ketteringham.

*S.R.G.*

## UNDER 13 RUGBY

Record:—

P 15 W 8 D 0 L 7 Pts for 246 Against 217  
This season has not been a particularly distinguished one for the Under 13 team: more one of consolidation and learning. It was interesting that most of the teams who beat us did so by virtue of large and very direct running outside halves or inside centres. Rarely were our forwards outplayed during the season. The policy, at this junior level, of selecting the biggest and strongest boys to play in these key positions certainly does pay off. However I think it is a poor policy. All too often senior teams lack real half-backs and centres, as a result of the giants eventually becoming too lumbering and slow. I feel sure that with time this team will develop into a unit to be reckoned with.

The sway of fortune in each individual game is recorded elsewhere, and all the players who made the team deserve a mention. However space permits only some to be mentioned. Steven Revell as captain performed his duties well and led by example, while Paul Speed, as vice-captain, headed the scoring list with 11 tries. Burley Barratt at prop-forward scored a creditable 10 tries, while Michael Buckingham, Ben Morgan, Malcolm Goodwin and Frank Carter scored 15 tries between them. Neil Conner scored 4 tries in the backs. Perhaps

the most exciting player in the team is Peter Morrish at outside-half. Although diminutive in stature he tackled soundly, and his flair for attack was shown by the 8 tries he scored, some of which were outstanding.

*D. J. Stubbs*

## UNDER 14 RUGBY

Playing record:—

P 16 Won 12 Drew 1 Lost 3

The Under 14s enjoyed a most successful season losing only three matches in a 16 game programme. The team as a whole played attractive rugby averaging over 25 points a game. The backs have great potential and developed well as a unit as the season progressed. The pack found it difficult going against big, strong opponents and although they always gave their best they did not find it easy to win good possession against well drilled teams. The side was again well led by Stephen Bourne but undoubtedly the outstanding players of the team were the Woodbridge twins: Phillip was top scorer with 35 tries—quite an achievement. I would like to thank all the members of the team for their enthusiasm and co-operation throughout. I certainly enjoyed coaching them and I hope they likewise enjoyed themselves. In sum, a highly satisfactory season which augurs well for their future success.

*L. Garrett*

## CROSS-COUNTRY

This year the team performance has been disappointing with only one victory in a straight match. This was gained over Sir William Borlase. In the schools' relays the performances have also been well below previous years. In the RGS Relay the team managed only 18th out of 22. The race was won by Haberdashers' Askes with Dr. Chaloner's second and Abingdon third. The school's best achievement was at the Harrow County Relay where a determined effort gained 11th place.

Performances in the lower school have been potentially better and augur well for the future. The fifth form championship was won by Gray in a new record time. The third and second form races were won by Hotchkiss and Bristow respectively. Gray and Chapman were selected to run for the Wycombe District Under 17 and Hotchkiss for the Under 15. Hoy won the Fourth Form race.

First team colours were awarded to Spencer (full), Jolly, Page, Woodman and Schramm (half). The following also ran for the team: Butler, Leigh, Aston, Stevens, Hedges, Hardy, Fallon, Shelley, Bergson and J. Roebuck Esq.!

The senior cross-country championship was won by Jolly with Harris second and Spencer third.

Our thanks go to Mr. Roebuck for his continued effort, the canteen staff for the teas and Mr. Bob Brown for presenting the medals at the RGS Relay. Also thanks go to all staff who have helped and boys who have marked the course.

*R. A. Butler (hon. sec.)*

Though the achievements have been disappointing, the season has been successful in other ways. It has been encouraging to see so many runners trying their best and improving their performances over the two terms and it speaks well of a team whose morale is not broken by a run of crushing defeats. Jolly has done particularly well to maintain his form and Spencer has established himself as a strong runner.

Next season should see the RGS once more back up amongst the leaders in the relays as there is a strong group of fifth form runners who will be coming into the sixth. I sincerely hope that the RGS will not come last in a relay next year nor do I want to find myself running in the school team again!

*J. Roebuck (master in charge)*

## LAWN TENNIS CLUB

After a decade of service (and returns) by the Johnsons the tennis club feels rather denuded! However, in the captain, Mark Aston, the 1st VI have a player of proven high standard who will, I am sure, be able to continue the fine spirit of recent years. Four other members of last year's 1st VI are returning, Geoff Hunt, Fred Geudeker, Kumar Guha, and Richard Ault. The sixth player will probably be Michael Waring. Our fixture list includes the longstanding fixtures against such strong opposition as Stowe, Magdalen College, U.C.S., Highgate and the Staff VI! The school will be represented in July in the Thomas Bowl cup where it is expected that we shall do well. The progressive minded tennis club will be featuring several interesting and inspiring tournaments culminating in a mixed staff/boys doubles competition. With a fine summer in prospect, we can confidently look forward to an enjoyable and fruitful season of tennis.

*G. H. Hunt*

## INTERIM BADMINTON REPORT

Having won all but one of their games so far this season, the school Badminton team deserves perhaps more acclaim than it gets. It would be wholly merited to make Badminton a major sport in the school. Thanks go to Mr. White-Taylor in particular for running the team and of course to the team members: Keen, Simpson, Hoddinott, Guha and Lindsay.

*Paul Bergson (capt.)*



### UNDER 19 BASKETBALL

The team this year was a small squad consisting of D. C. Simpson (capt.), P. J. Hoddinott, C. A. Keen, R. D. Andrews, S. Clarke and T. Dowdeswell. All inter-school matches were won, except the game against Southern Grammar School, Portsmouth, in the National Championships. They boasted four England players and, although the final is not yet played, will probably be champions.

In a closely fought game the team lost by one point in extra time against Wycombe Pirates Seconds; but were beaten more soundly by the Americans from London Central High.

The nine wins from 14 games promises well for next season, as the bulk of the team will be back next year. Congratulations must go to the whole squad for achieving not only their full colours and a high standard of basketball but for helping with refereeing and coaching throughout the school.

*D. J. Stubbs*

### UNDER 15 BASKETBALL

P 12 W 10 L 2 Points for 480 Against 223  
The Under 15s had a good season losing two matches out of their last nine. They had convincing wins against Raans and, especially, Great Marlow.

K. Jouhar was the biggest 'Ron' but R. Ault, with the help of his nifty hook-shot, caught up quickly. W. Moore (still a pillar of strength) acted well as the mascot, and the School House cheer boys were not lacking (in voice) at home matches. D. Simpson acted as team manager and transport officer, while C. Morrish excelled at getting fixtures. E. Will was a new find!

The following have played for the team, with points scored in brackets:—K. Jouhar (146), C. Carpenter (45), C. Morrish (48), B. Moore (46), S. Robinson (36), P. Dickinson (40), R. Ault (44), E. Will (24), N. Hamer (28), M. Fane (12).

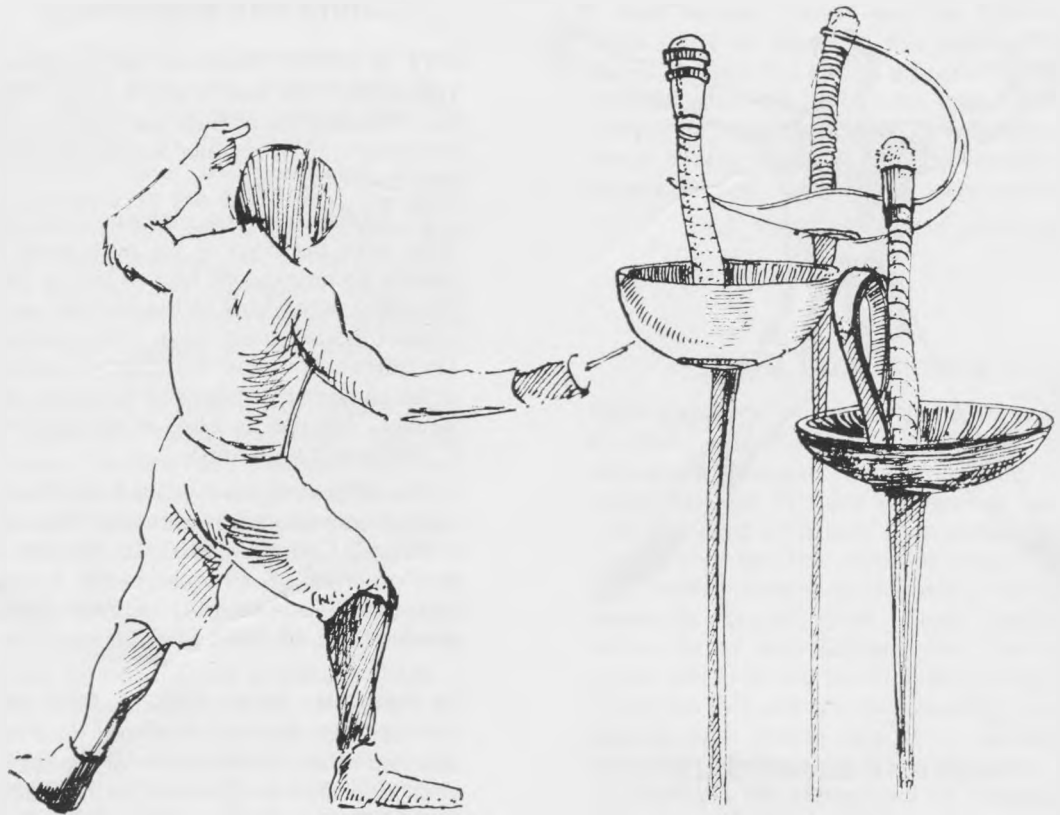
Many thanks to Mr. Gibson on behalf of all those who played basketball this season, for the great deal of effort and time he has devoted to the development of the team this year, and also to C. Keen for his excellent coaching this term. (Nobody has been awarded colours).

*K. Jouhar, C. Morrish, C. Carpenter*

### UNDER 14 BASKETBALL

This year we had a short fixture list, but managed to win two games and narrowly lost the third to Brenchwood. Congratulations to Diack, Hotchkiss and George for their sterling work in defence and to everyone for their all round effort. Our thanks to C. Carpenter and S. Robinson for the regular practices and expert advice, and to Mr. Gibson for giving up his spare time to take the matches and give us some useful coaching. The following have played for the team: C. George (capt.), N. Minch (sec.), A. Diack, M. Woodbridge, P. Woodbridge, I. Hutton, P. Morrish, A. Hotchkiss, G. Atkinson, M. Standing.

*N. Minch*



## FENCING

This year, fencing seems to have got off the ground at last. All the weeks of coaching and training bore fruit and the RGS Fencing Club is a force to be reckoned with in the county. The captain, Andrew Leece, has undoubtedly proved himself a tough fighter on the piste. After his first competition in the county under twenties foil, he mastered his nerves and stormed through the initial rounds of the county schoolboys' competition to emerge in the final where he came fourth out of six. The other schools represented were Eton, Stowe and Magdalen College School. Consequently, he went on to the Southern England semi-finals at Basingstoke where he won three fights and lost three, thus failing by the narrowest of margins to reach the final.

In a previous competition, the county team foil, an RGS team of Leece and the two left-

handlers, Rackstraw and Woodman lost narrowly to Oxford Polytechnic, 4—5. This was a most creditable result within the high standards of the competition. The other first team member, Barry, whose speed and aggressiveness has gradually improved, reached the semi-finals of the county schoolboys' foil along with Leece and Rackstraw. Other members of the club provide a sound basis for the future and there is already a good fixture list for next season so that as many members as possible will have the chance of representing the school.

Any boy in the RGS who is interested in fencing should contact the master in charge and it is hoped that as many boys who wish, should avail themselves of this additional sporting facility the school now offers.

*J. Roebuck*

## THE 1st XI HOCKEY REPORT

W 14 D 4 L 7 Goals for 51 Against 32

The Hockey 1st XI has enjoyed a successful season. With seven of last year's team returning there was plenty of experience in the team. The team's success depended greatly upon teamwork, for there was no outstanding individual who could alone win our matches for us. Hopes of record breaking feats were thwarted, as we met strong opposition after Christmas. Notable victories, however, were recorded against Rickmansworth (6-0), Aylesbury (1-0), and Maidenhead (2-1) as well as a creditable draw against a strong Stowe XI.

Our goalkeeper Stewart Clark was generally steady in goal, producing occasional remarkable saves. However, his rare mistakes often proved costly. The defence played with an ability befitting their experience. Nick Morgan at right back usually cut out any opposing left-winger with ease and was conspicuous in his penetrating bursts down the wing. Tim Digby executed well-timed tackles (nearly) always, and came forward with flair, and was duly rewarded with a goal against the staff XI. Tim Hardy, our captain until he left at Christmas, was a (leaning?) tower of strength at the back and it was a remarkable achievement that he lasted the full seventy minutes of every match. His replacement, Chris Mould, a fifth former, showed great promise. He was an effective tackler who rarely slipped up at the back. Michael South played intelligently(?) and showed class in his clearances from defence.

Keith Bolding, the captain after Christmas, combined a high work-rate (and voice) with a sensible reading of the game. He was the instigator of many fine moves. Chris Prince, a strong reverse stick player, lacked experience and sometimes concentration.

The attack was for the most part successful, scoring an average of two goals per game. Adrian (Biggles) Corser, our most skilful player, deserved his 21 goals which makes him top scorer. He has now learned when to pass the ball and has created many scoring chances for his team-mates. These opportunities were frequently seized on by

Geoff Hunt who scored eleven, at times spectacular, goals. Adopting a more 'all-round' approach his contributions were felt all over the pitch. Mark Barker, our left winger, showed both tenacity and skill, occasionally overshadowed by a suspect temperament. John Wigram, a much improved player, was shown to be skilful and determined on the ball, and an unselfish runner off the ball. Clive (Clueless!) Noblett showed good stickwork yet his speed did not match up to his skill. Mark Guz and Steve (Kevin Keegan) Latimer filled in competently when called upon.

The untiring efforts of Messrs. Page and Cook were very much appreciated and will certainly not go unrewarded in Holland at Easter when it is rumoured Mr. Page will be buying a new jacket.

*Keith Bolding*





## ROWING

Well, there's this rowing club, see! And, um — er . . . yes, they . . . er — Pardon? No, thank you. Well, it all began shortly after we came back to school at the beginning of the autumn term, last year. Our fitness training scheme went ahead roughly as planned and the shake-down of the new crews was accomplished with the minimum of pain. Our objective at that time, the Schools Head of the River Race at Putney on March 19th, lurked far beyond the watery horizon, and on reflection our main incentive appears to have been the *après-row* pint of soapy I.P.A. on Sunday mornings. It was certainly all the cox got out of bed for, and probably still is.

But come snow or high water, which it all too frequently did, the 1st IV—bow Ernie Peach, 2 Hoppy 'Opkins, 3 Big Roger, str. Ian C., cox not-so-little Dougie—and the 2nd IV could be seen down at Marlow, humouring the loony in the red track-suit who, when he isn't kicking ducks into the water, runs up and down the bank shouting and making dubious gesticulations. The winter training continued through gales, snow-storms and floods, pausing only to raise £80 at the Christmas Bazaar and a further £50 from a jumble sale.

Despite bad weather conditions, training started in earnest at the beginning of this year and, as in all the best fairy tales, our unremitting efforts eventually came to fruition, when the long-awaited and short-feared(?) day suddenly arrived.

To say our coach was sick with anxiety is rather an understatement, but we will leave that bucket aside. The result of I.A.B.'s absence was that Phil (try and send a boat over the weir) Ferris had to lock us in the

school mini-van and take us up to London alone. But once we had been strapped into the boat and set adrift upon the Thames, we decided—brave hearts—to show them how it was done, and then to take part in the race.

Along with the other 51 'fours' who had to wait for an hour above Hammersmith Bridge for the 'eights', we were soaked to the short and curly by a series of deluges, and then freeze-dried by the subsequent gales.

There is little to say about the actual race, because one remembers little of the nine minutes, other than the pain and exhaustion, and the boat behind which always seems to be catching up, but never does—although we did all remember to grimace for the photographer on Hammersmith Bridge.

We started fifth and overtook two crews, but we thought that the crew behind had gained upon us overall. By means of log tables and an abacus we worked out our position as fourth, although we were quite prepared to accept fifth or sixth. The ending, however, was revealed by the results sheet which put us 10th above 40 other crews.

The 2nd IV finished (all right, Peter! Take that knife out of my ribs!) a 'respectable' twenty-ninth.

Taking into consideration the relative inexperience of some of this year's 1st IV, and the fact that last year's IV finished fifth and went on to represent England in the Home Countries International (cough . . . blush!) the future for the regatta season looks definitely auspicious.

The Colts 'A' IV is suffering from a lack of outings, due to various reasons and assorted wasters, but I am told that when they actually get going, they look quite promising.

In the immediate future, our forthcoming sponsored row of 50 miles, God help us, is taking place on March 31st. Most of us regard this event with mixed feelings, but it should prove to be interesting, especially after the pubs have opened. Provided we do not get carried away and attempt to carry on down the Thames and around the world, we should be back next term looking for continued success at Wallingford and our other regular regattas, as well as a few 'firsts' for the Rowing Club.

*Ian C. Vale*



## EXAMINATION SUCCESSES 1973-74

We congratulate the following on gaining Open Awards:

- P. R. J. Austin  
Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences,  
King's College, Cambridge.
- S. M. Gay  
Choral Scholarship (to read Mathematics),  
King's College, Cambridge.
- J. D. Rose  
Langdon-Brown Scholarship in Natural  
Sciences, Pembroke College, Cambridge.
- P. J. Shaw  
Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences,  
Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

## Places at Oxford and Cambridge for 1974:

- M. T. Adger  
Pembroke College, Cambridge, for Natural  
Sciences.
- M. F. Bedingham  
St. John's College, Oxford, for Agricultural  
& Forest Sciences.
- P. A. Goodman  
Caius College, Cambridge, for Law (sub-  
ject to Advanced Level qualification).
- T. Hardy  
Balliol College, Oxford, for Law.
- R. M. Laurie  
Wadham College, Oxford, for History  
(subject to Advanced Level qualification).
- M. R. Phipps  
Worcester College, Oxford, for Politics,  
Philosophy and Economics.
- K. M. Watson  
Magdalen College, Oxford, for Modern  
Languages.
- A. K. C. Wood  
Oriental College, Oxford, for Geography.

## UNIVERSITY PLACES 1973

- J. R. Allen  
Lancaster, French.
- M. E. Barrett  
Birmingham, Medicine (for 1974).
- P. R. Barrett  
Bradford, Chemical Engineering.

- R. F. Blake  
Newcastle, Computing Science.
- N. C. Brothers  
Brunel, Law.
- H. C. G. Browne  
Aston, Biochemistry.
- G. N. Clutton  
Imperial College, London, Mechanical  
Engineering (for 1974).
- A. D. Cockett  
Birmingham, Medicine.
- M. C. Coe  
University of Swansea, German.
- R. A. Cormack  
Birmingham, Production Engineering &  
Economics.
- I. S. Currie  
Stirling, Law.
- N. J. Davy  
Imperial College, London, Mechanical  
Engineering (for 1974).
- K. Douthwaite  
Durham, Economics/Law.
- S. R. Ebbs  
Royal Dental Hospital, London, Dentistry.
- S. C. Evans  
Southampton, Physics.
- G. R. Gorton  
Leeds, Physics.
- S. D. J. Green  
Southampton, History.
- S. J. Hall  
Southampton, Physics.
- N. J. Hansell  
Royal Holloway College, London, Mathe-  
matics & Computer Science.
- C. M. Innes  
Leeds, Civil Engineering.
- D. G. H. Kershaw  
Lancaster, Physics of the Environment.
- M. J. King  
Exeter, Economics/Law.
- R. M. Kramek  
East Anglia, Scandinavian Studies.
- R. S. Lloyd  
Aberystwyth, Law.
- C. A. Long  
St. Mary's Hospital Medical School,  
Medicine (for 1974).
- G. R. Martin  
Bath, Pharmacology.

N. R. Monaghan  
Newcastle, Law

I. L. Monk  
Royal Holloway College, London, Mathematics & Computer Science.

S. Pajovic  
Middlesex Hospital Medical School, Medicine.

D. J. Patey  
University College, London, German & Gymnastics.

M. A. Pope  
University College, London, Architecture & Environmental Studies.

R. P. Prior  
King's College, London, Physics.

M. E. Rackstraw  
Birmingham, Mechanical Engineering & Economics.

R. M. Raja  
East Anglia, Development Studies.

S. A. Reiss  
York, Biochemistry.

S. M. Roberts  
Lancaster, Environmental Sciences.

M. Saunders  
Nottingham, Mining.

P. Scott-Dow  
University College, London, Classics.

D. J. Sheridan  
Durham, Law.

D. J. Smith  
Royal Veterinary College, London, Veterinary Science.

J. A. Spencer  
Birmingham, Biochemistry.

R. J. Stoker  
City, Systems /Management.

M. L. Strange  
Southampton, Environmental Science.

D. M. Tappin  
Exeter, Chemical Engineering.

N. Upchurch  
Nottingham, Architecture.

R. P. Vernon  
Leeds, Computer Science.

I. M. Waddington  
Manchester, Economics.

G. D. Watt  
Queen Mary College, London, Astrophysics.

A. D. West  
Southampton, Law.

A. D. Whittle  
Durham, Classics.

S. C. Winter  
Southampton, History.

J. R. Woodbridge  
Nottingham, Geology.

P. B. Zeisler  
University of Rochester, New York, Physics.

#### **POLYTECHNICS (Degree Courses)**

P. A. Pettit  
Thames, Business Studies.

M. R. Scott  
Portsmouth, Social Administration.

#### **STAFF NOTES**

At Christmas Mr. Dickson left us to return to Africa—to Botswana. In his two years he has given very valuable service to the chemistry teaching and has been a most affable colleague.

Mr. Dunnett left at the end of the Easter term, having been at the school since 1971. School music will miss him in many ways, not least as the husband of an excellent soprano soloist. Mr. Dunnett takes up a post as Head of Music at Cardinal Wiseman High School, Greenford.

We are sorry to lose them.

## OLD WYCOMBIENSIANS' CLUB

### The Annual General Meeting

The A.G.M. was held in the E. R. Tucker Memorial Room at 6.15 p.m. on Saturday, March 23rd, 1974. Twenty-seven Old Boys were present. The chair was taken by the President, Mr. Malcolm Smith.

The Minutes of the last A.G.M. were then read, confirmed and signed. Arising out of the minutes:—

#### (a) *The Financial Report*

The balance sheet drawn up by the Hon. Auditor, A. E. Franklin Hole, was accepted. Some dismay at the fearsome increase in magazine costs was expressed. The Club lost very heavily last year because of this. The Headmaster hoped that future magazines would be cheaper as a result of a new printing method which was being introduced. Franklin Hole was thanked for the help which he gives so willingly.

#### (b) *The Election of Officers*

The officers for 1974–75 are:—

The President: Malcolm P. Smith, Esq.

The Chairman: Alderman the Rev. A. J. Skipp.

Vice-Presidents: Col. L. L. C. Reynolds,  
Messrs. G. A. Grant, S. Morgan.

#### *Committee:*

|                      |           |
|----------------------|-----------|
| The Rev. A. J. Skipp | (1929–37) |
| J. K. Prior          | (1934–40) |
| G. C. Rayner         | (1937–45) |
| S. A. Goulborn       | (1928–36) |
| C. R. Rollason       | (1965–71) |
| R. S. Wombwell       | (1960–67) |
| S. E. Hands          | (1915–20) |
| G. W. Ray            | (1917–23) |
| J. P. Lord           | (1934–38) |
| G. E. Green          | (1940–46) |
| G. W. West           | (1935–40) |

Hon. Secretary: M. M. Davies, Esq.

Hon. Auditor: A. E. Franklin Hole, Esq.

#### *Any other business*

#### (a) *The future of the School*

The Headmaster reported that one did not know what to expect from the new Education Committee which would take over on April 1st. It was a case of wait and see.

#### (b) *The Governing Body*

J. K. Prior (1934–40), Chairman of the Governors, informed the meeting that for the time being, there would be no change in the make-up of the Governing Body. The fifteen governors would be made up of five Foundation Governors, five governors from the Local Authority and five from the County.

The Headmaster was thanked for conducting the meeting, the Hon. Sec. was thanked for his work and then all retired to the Junior School Dining Hall for the Annual Dinner.

## DEATHS

### Old Boys

F. LATCHFORD (1919–26) on November 10th 1973, at 'Barton', Great Kingshill, aged 64 years.

Fred Latchford worked on his own as an Insurance Broker. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Dorothy Latchford and a daughter.

W. A. WOODS (1912–20) on December 28th 1973 in Banbury Hospital aged 70. 'Sammy' Woods was associated for many years with Broom and Wade.

### Staff

W. N. BICKNELL (1930–44). The Hon. Sec. has a few inaccuracies to correct in his notes on Mr. Bicknell in the last edition of the magazine. He retired as Headmaster of Tadcaster Grammar School not Tadcaster School. The Governors, the County Authority and all at the school were very proud of this name. The Hon. Sec's comment: 'Mr. Bicknell was glad to retire—the school had become a vast place with 1,700 pupils' could give an entirely erroneous impression. He thoroughly enjoyed his 28 years at T.G.S. and under his leadership the school gained wonderful successes in scholarship and sport. The school was in no sense a place that he and his wife were tired of. The Hon. Sec. hopes he has put the record right. The truth must be of course that the Hon. Sec. was stupidly speaking for himself. The thought of a school with 1,700 pupils in it fills him with dismay.

## The Annual Dinner 1974

The Annual Dinner was held on Saturday, March 23rd, 1974, in the Junior School Dining Hall. One hundred and twenty Old Boys gathered to welcome and pay tribute to their Guest of Honour, Mr. Sam Morgan who had retired in July 1973 as Deputy Headmaster after 43 years service to the School.

Alderman the Rev. A. J. Skipp (1929–37) proposed the toast to Mr. Morgan. He claimed the right as Chairman of the Club to do this. He well remembered Mr. Morgan's arrival in 1930 when three new masters swelled the total staff to 16 in a school of 318 boys. The regulation dress for young staff in those days appeared to be sports coat and slacks. Sam conformed but he never wore socks and his shoes were so heavily studded that he clanked the corridors like Frankenstein's monster. He was a heavy smoker and presumably because he feared moths, he put the ash in his trouser turn-ups.

The passing years mellowed him without diminishing his voice by half a decibel and time added lustre to the legend he had become. Boys throughout the years regarded him with a mixture of respect and affection. His standards of discipline and morality were high and refreshingly old-fashioned. To the wrongdoer he could be a frightening figure. As the voice grew louder, the tongue sharper and the face more purple, the boy should hardly know which to fear more, the stroke Sam was about to have or the one he would administer.

All colleagues knew that he was ready to hear their complaints and to share their personal problems with the sure knowledge that his loyalty and discretion were utterly reliable. His own 'annus mirabilis' came ten years ago when he unexpectedly found himself headmaster. It is very likely that he could have continued in that post had he so wished—but he chose otherwise. Perhaps he is like the desert plant which blossoms only once in 40 years but then dazzles with its splendour. We shall not look upon his like again.

Mr. Morgan, very moved by the reception he had been given, meandered in his inimit-

able way through the 43 years he had given to the School. For him 'teaching is people'. In 1930 he started under Mr. Arnison, the impeccable. Then in 1933 came the enthusiastic new broom, Mr. Tucker, and in 1964 Mr. Malcolm Smith who poured kindness and common sense into the vacuum which Mr. Morgan had filled for one year. His years at the School had been very happy and for a while after retiring he had felt lost. Now he was all right again.

John Skipp then presented Mr. Morgan with a cheque and a booklet containing the names of all who had contributed. Mr. Morgan greatly appreciated the generosity of the Old Boys. (He has since written to the Hon. Sec. to say that the evening would remain always in his mind as one of the highlights of his career at the R.G.S. Perhaps the Old Boys would forgive him for not thanking them individually. He and his wife Louise were negotiating for a colour television).

J. W. Burrows (1964–71) proposed the toast to the School and Club in a short sincere speech. The Royal Grammar School gave an abundance of opportunity which was appreciated and profitably used by the majority of the boys. He had fears for the future of the School but nothing could take away the achievements of the past. With great affection he paid tribute to Mr. Morgan before concluding his toast.

The Headmaster thanked John Burrows for his pious toast and said how delighted he was to see so many of his Old Boys present. The School continued to flourish—'Even when Sam goes, the R.G.S. goes on.' It was a matter of great satisfaction to him that two Old Boys J. K. Prior and G. W. Ray had taken on the responsibility of Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Governing Body. Mr. W. J. Clark and Mr. G. G. Browning were retiring in July. The School was 'delivering the academic goods' and deserved to continue to exist, but with drastic financial cuts and a new Education Committee on April 1st, he had misgivings. Those responsible for the running of the School were not infallible but at least they were filled with a real sense of purpose in all they did.

## OLD BOYS



ANDREW, J. H. (1954–62) has left the motor-cycle industry and is with Birmingham Public Health Department on Noise and Air Pollution Control. He has two children now. R. W. HAMMETT (1954–61) back from British Council work in Bulgaria visited him recently. D. R. ANDREW (1958–65) is a Civil Engineer, lives in Amersham, married with a daughter and at the moment is building a bridge in Bedford. C. J. ANDREW (1959–66) lives in High Wycombe, is a chartered accountant and commutes.

BATTISBY, D. C. (1965–71) is studying for his Part I Law Degree at Liverpool University. In his spare time he is helping at a Welfare Rights Centre called 'Check'. He represents claimants on tribunals. He can thoroughly recommend the practical nature of the Law course. He is in touch there with R. F. Barnes (Biochemistry), T. A. V. Rees (Botany) and C. D. Johnson from Birmingham University in his final year of Physical Education and Geography. All are doing well.

BURROWS, J. W. (1964–71) visited H. G. L. Russell at Brasenose in November 1973 and met D. N. Snodin (1959–66) who had gained a B.N.C. Fellowship for one year in the Arts for his distinguished work in the theatre.

CAVEY, M. J. (1963–70) is doing a B.Phil. at St. Antony's and is learning Arabic which should be very useful to him.

COLGROVE, R. (1952–58) is still with Perkins' Engines (Peterborough) but moved house recently. He needed a larger home after the arrival of his second daughter.

COX, D. W. (1954–60) is teacher in charge of the Partial Hearing Unit at Terriers Middle School. He trained at the Mary Hare Grammar School for the Deaf at Newbury.

CRUTCHFIELD, D. W. H. (1935–42) has parted company amicably with I.C.I. Aristotle said: 'Every work of poetry should have a beginning, a middle and an end.' His beginning Act 1 was overseas in the Colonial Service. Act 2 was I.C.I. and Act 3 took him back to where he began. He is now teaching Classics in Sir William Turner's Grammar School on the bracing N.E. coast of Redcar.

CULVERHOUSE, N. J. (1964–71) now lives in Solihull. When he left school he spent one year on a farm. He then worked in a sales office for an agricultural merchant. He is now exploring the possibility of becoming a Sales Trainee. He still sails with the London Sailing Project as a Watch leader.

DODGSON, A. (1913–18) is still writing his annual letter. He has been retired 13 years now but he and his wife get around. In Spring 1973 they explored the Alpine meadows in Switzerland. Then in September they visited their daughter and her five children in Stockholm. He bought a new car in October. He hopes to look in at the R.G.S. one day if only to let the present pupils see how the atmosphere of the School can preserve a human being, for it is 56 years since he left.

FREE, A. (1952–57) began his career in the Merchant Navy in 1958 and obtained his Master's Certificate in 1967 when aged 25.

He is now serving with Bank Line and was promoted to Master of the *Teakbank* in May 1973. This is a general cargo vessel trading between South and East Africa and the Far East. He married Miss Leona de Feu, a Belgian girl, in 1972 and they now make their home in Antwerp. Their daughter Catherine was born on 3rd September 1973. He is always interested to read about the careers of his former classmates and hopes they will be interested in his.

FRY, P. D. (1941–49) was the successful Conservative candidate in the Wellingborough Parliamentary Election. It was a tough fight—his majority was 2,270 in a poll of 72,000. A. P. CONIAM (1960–63) was not successful as the National Front candidate in the Eton and Slough Division.

GREEN, D. J. (1934–38). Group-Captain Green was Air Attaché, Islamabad, Pakistan before becoming Officer Commanding R.A.F. Swinderby, Lincoln on 25th March 1974.

HAYNES, S. G. M. (1962–70) is in his final year at City University on a sandwich course in Civil Engineering sponsored by British Rail. He is engaged.

HEMUSS, B. R. (1961–62) was a lecturer in Business Studies at High Wycombe College of Technology for the last three years. He is now to continue his career in the Fiji Islands of the South Pacific at the Derrick Technical Institute at Suva, the Fiji capital.

HICKOX, R. S. (1959–65) and GOLDRING, M. D. (1962–68) have made a significant contribution to the musical life of the county during the last few years. The South Bucks Concert Orchestra visited the High Wycombe Parish Church last January and Malcolm Goldring was the conductor and Richard Hickox the soloist. Richard conducts his own professional group of instrumentalists and singers who have made a national reputation for themselves. He is organist at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Malcolm Goldring is teaching music in a comprehensive school in Sunderland as well as conducting the Durham University Orchestra and Choral Society.

HODDER, J. M. (1952–60) is now comfortably but not conservatively settled in the Bournville College of Further Education in Birmingham. He is in charge of Economics, O.N.C. and O.N.D. He is also on the Academic Board, Resources Committee, Library Committee and Social Sciences Committee of the Joint Matriculation Board in Manchester.

KEEN, A. C. W. (1959–66) has left Hatters Lane School and is involved in History teaching and pastoral care in Oldbury Grammar School, Warley, West Birmingham.

KEFFORD, M. H. (1959–65). Captain Kefford hopes to be one of a party of 28 soldiers from the British Army which in 1976 is to attempt to climb Mount Everest. Training and selection climbs have been held in the Indian Himalayas and six members of the 7th Ghurka Rifles stationed in the New Territories including Kefford are in the Everest squad from which the final mountaineering team will be chosen. He is the only one of the six who is British—the others are Nepalese. The aim of every soldier in the 28 strong team is to make it to the top.

KELLY, J. S. (1949–55). Commander J. S. Kelly, M.B.E., R.N., would very much have liked to have attended the Annual Dinner but H.M.S. *Llandaff* was in Gibraltar on March 23rd.

KNOX, A. J. (1958–65) led the BBC Video-Tape team to the Commonwealth Games in Christchurch, New Zealand.

LEVIN, D. S. (1961–67) is now in practice as a barrister in Cambridge and will always be happy to entertain Old Boys.

LOWE, D. A. (1965–73) writes from Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He has already spoken at the Union and sung in two concerts. He is in the chapel choir and amazingly rows in the College 3rd boat.

MARTIN-FAGG, R. J. (1962–69) writes from the Air Transport Travel Industry Training Board in Staines where he is a Manpower Studies Officer. His chief task is to provide a manpower planning service to the industry. He hopes to work as a

consultant on a free-lance basis in due course. He is interested in real money.

MONAGHAN, N. (1965–72) is studying Law at Newcastle University. He recommends the course, the city, the surrounding countryside and the beer—but remember to bring a phrase-book to understand Geordie.

MORRISON, M. F. (1960–67) is enjoying the North. He is working in higher education administration in the Registry at Leeds University. He got married last Easter but hastens to add that this has not put an end to his cross-country running. He is a member of Longwood Harriers whose claim to fame is that Derek Ibbotson used to run for them.

NICOL, R. E. (1966–72) writes from Birmingham University where he is studying medicine. At least eleven Old Boys are at Birmingham—Peter Howland reading Law and playing rugby. John Spencer—Biochemistry and weight-lifting. Ross Cormack—Production Engineering and Chris Cobb, Peter White, John Vernon, David Basterfield, John Piper, A. D. Cockett and Anthony Renton.

OLIVER, A. J. (1959–66). Dr. Oliver is well settled with his wife Carole in Burlington, Ontario, where his son Jason was born on November 11th 1973. After teaching briefly at York University in Toronto, he is now working as Senior Research Chemist for the International Nickel Company of Canada Limited.

PENDER, W. L. C. (1953–58). Captain Pender was preoccupied with his staff promotion examination in 1972. His success in it led to his being nominated to attend a course at the Staff College at Camberley starting in January 1975. He is at the moment adjutant of his regiment—17 Training Rgt. R.A. — stationed at Woolwich.

QUINN, B. J. (1962–70) is studying at Sussex University and playing very good soccer. He was recently chosen to represent the Universities Athletic Union.

QUIRKE, R. F. J. (1953–59) and brother QUIRKE, B. A. J. (1953–60) were at the

Annual Dinner. R. F. J. qualified as an accountant and is now director of a chain of station garages. B.A.J. is managing director of a computer firm. They have joined forces and take on boys aged from 17–23 and give them a strict apprenticeship in management. R.F. paid particular tribute to the interest taken in him by the late Mr. Emlyn Jones.

READ, P. (1950–58), Director of Music at Giggleswick School, Yorkshire, lives in a School house whose windows look out over the moors and hills. Mr. G. W. Arnison was a boy at this school.

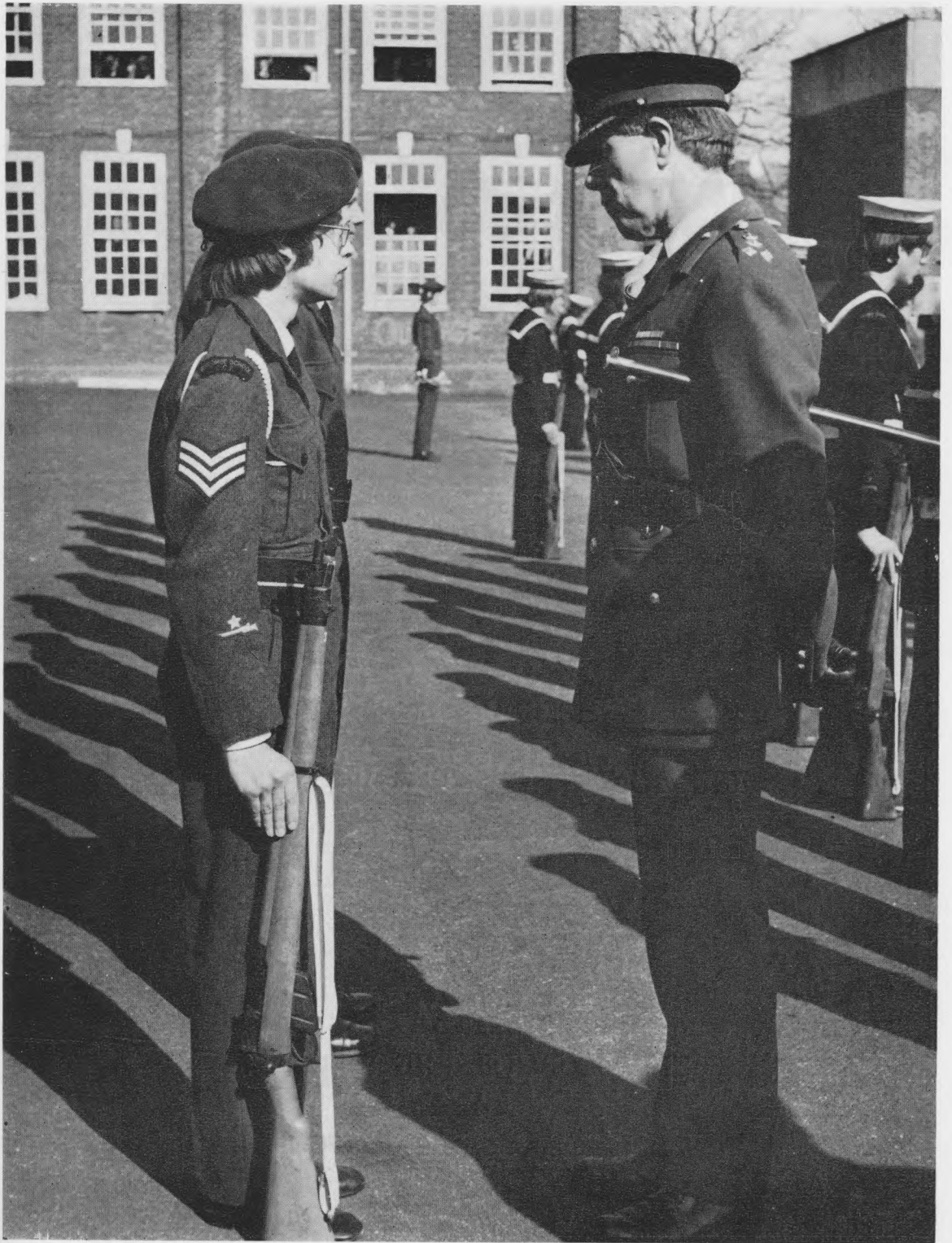
REYNOLDS, L. L. C. Dr. Reynolds is a Vice-President of the Old Boys' Club. A picture of Col. L. L. C. Reynolds, D.S.O., was presented to the High Wycombe British Legion Club by members of the Bucks Old Comrades Association recently. Col. Reynolds, now 91, lives in Bideford, Devon and commanded the First Bucks Battalion for three years in and out of the front line in the first World War—a record which is still unequalled in military history. He is regarded by many as one of the bravest men ever seen in action.

SADDLER, A. J. (1947–54) has taught at Highgate School, London for the last ten years. He has been Housemaster as well as being in the front line defending the Classics. Three Open Awards in Classics last Christmas should keep the enemy at bay for a few more years. R. J. Handcombe (1945–53) is the godfather of his eldest sons and occasionally comes across from Canada where he is Professor of Linguistics at Toronto University.

SECKER, F. G. (1932–37) was back from a flight in time to attend the Annual Dinner. He flies for British Airways, Overseas Division. His family lives at 'Hard to Find Farm' in the Daws Hill area. The motorway now runs through the sitting-room and they are thinking of changing the name. Freddy Secker won the D.F.C. during the war but thinks that probably his real claim to fame was that he was caned by Mr. Arnison.

- SHACKELL, W. E. (1952–66). Major Shackell went in December 1973 to the Army Staff Course at the Royal Military College at Shrivenham. On completing this, he goes to the Naval Staff College at Greenwich for six months.
- SLEIGH, P. (1953–60) has just finished six years teaching at an Upper School in Leeds where he was Head of the Remedial Department. Recently he started in a similar job in an old-established Grammar School which went comprehensive a few years ago. His job is specifically dealing with deprived and sometimes near-illiterate 15 and 16 year-olds and other backward children throughout the school. He and his wife and two children moved about two years ago into a large Congregational Church manse in the foothills of the Pennines and are working hard to raise it to habitable standards. They are foster-parents with the Halifax Children's Dept. and have looked after 26 children in the last 18 months.
- TOMES, I. M. (1951–58). Major Tomes of the Royal Fusiliers won the Military Cross for service in the army in Belfast some months ago. He is now serving as a Staff Officer in B.A.O.R. in Germany.
- WALKER, G. P. M. (1953–60) presented a copy of his book *Russian for Librarians* to the School Library recently. It is selling well in America.
- WALLER, M. S. (1966–73) is enjoying his training on computers at British Airways, Heathrow. His enthusiasm is such that he wrote three pages on Real Time Systems and Assembler Courses.
- WATSON, G. E. (1951–57) spent a few days at a trade exhibition in Germany earlier this year. He was there on behalf of the family business which is concerned with the manufacture of sweet machines. He met Dr. Peter Rogers (1949–55) who is now President of Curtis Candy Co. in Chicago.
- WESTNEY, M. E. W. (1940–47) is now a Vicar in a team of clergy serving a group of nine parishes in rural Norfolk, living at Trunch. He has entered the political arena in a small way, being elected to the Parish Council. He is sold on comprehensive education after a stay in Banbury and cannot agree with some of the statements on this subject in the magazine — the R.G.S. could make its own distinctive contribution to a fine comprehensive school in Wycombe. His brother K. J. P. WESTNEY (1944–51) has a cottage in Wales containing wife and two children; he is at present teaching in Germany after a course at Essex University. His P.S. read: 'The poems in the *Wycombiensian* are brilliant!'
- WHITTLE, A. D. C. (1966–73) writes in a strangely entertaining way from the University of Durham where he has started out on a year of austerity, having nobly denied himself worldly pleasures in their many nefarious forms—alcohol, women and cleaning his shoes to name but a few. His friend D. J. SHERIDAN (1966–72) does not approve. He is happy to be alive and living in sin.
- WILLIAMS, C. K. (1969–64) could not attend the Annual Dinner as he was getting married the same day. Since leaving Manchester University his career has been somewhat chequered. He did patent work and medical representing before he found his niche in personnel management in the London area. His wife is a New Zealander and he may well end up there himself one day.





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