

SEPTEMBER '70



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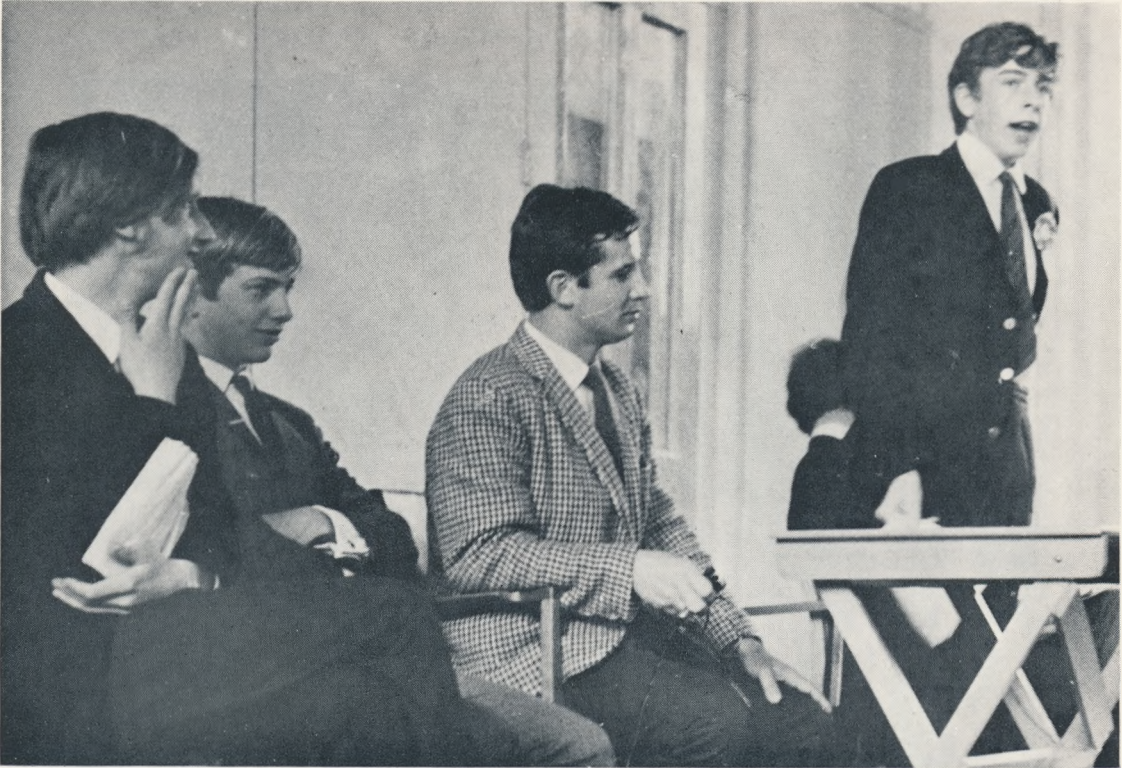
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MOCK ELECTION 1970

Photograph by S. R. Martin



1ST XI CRICKET

Left to right: R. E. Floyd, P. J. Howland, P. M. J. Costello, R. J. Long, M. S. Newton, G. L. Jarman,
D. J. Peterson, D. J. Ikin, A. M. Turner (Capt.), C. D. Johnson, G. A. Hutcheon.

THE WYCOMBIENSIAN

Vol. XV No. 10

SEPTEMBER, 1970

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THE WYCOMBIENSIAN

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



Graffiti seem to have been the most outstanding aspect of this last term—how could it fail to be in red felt-tip six inches high! It gets everywhere; the more obvious places, like toilets (labelled 'Hilton Hotel' by one enthusiast) and less obvious places (like the ceiling). One would be surprised by the end of term not to get it in one's soup (so *that's* what the school canteen churned out last Wednesday!). Hmm! *I* shall be having sandwiches next year.

As ever 'Apathy' was rampant (it brings to mind the would-be coat of arms of '69); an Apathy Party was formed for the Mock Election; anyone making an effort to join was immediately dis-elected, forgot to collect the deposit, and forgot to hand it in. The Party didn't win a single vote and was a complete success. . . .

However, we were discussing Graffiti . . . I suppose that that's what the Wyc—whatever it is—consists of: we get 297 poems, three full-length plays for voices and a poison pen letter, from which we have to produce a magazine. As you can see, we've failed; all you have in your hands now is a string of unconnected Graffiti that may as well be printed on public lavatory walls throughout the country. This is a plea—we know Apathy is insurmountable, Graffiti are erasable—but what of tradition?

It clogs in our hair . . . we are forced to churn forty or so completely unconnected subjects into a coherent piece of literature

between two covers—is this really possible when we could produce a magazine on *each* of those topics? If you really want to know what the RGS man in the street thinks, I suggest you walk down the main corridor and visit that little room on the right (gentlemen only).

You will discover:

- (a) The man in the street is a moron
- (b) He has a sense of humour
- (c) He can't spell.

On that basis we'd probably be wiser to produce a college-type rag-mag, and start a new tradition.

And as for the name! Wyc-om-bi-en-si-an! We suggest something nice and easy like Llanfair. . . . Our mag. is sick—the prescription? A little sympathy for the toiling editor (I've been slaving away at this for ten minutes already!), and perhaps six pages of glossy coloured photographs plus a *News of the World* headline would help.

Meantime we, the fat editors, sit in our seats of power and twiddle our thumbs, stacking the magazine with our own contributions (common assault was committed against one of our number the other day, for not including an aspiring Wordsworth in our selections from the Muses). Your friendly editors would like to apologise for anything they didn't include (under threats of violence) and would like to thank the contributor(s?).

You may light your cigarette with this, doodle on it, or just throw darts at it—that being the case we are satisfied to have produced a useful object.

Adiòs till next time!

Those editing were: Paul Anscombe, Graham Bell, John Burrows, Adam Hardy, Chris Head, Trevor Puddephatt, Chris Rolason, Dave Tranter and Chris Wood.

SCHOOL NEWS

The major event of the term has been the annual G.C.E. examinations which took place between June 1st and July 13th, the only interesting feature of this non-event (or so it seems to us non-participants) being the relative peace along the main corridor.

To correspond with the national 'happening' on June 18th, there was a Mock Election in school. This was somewhat hampered by the large numbers of absentees (exams again) but this did not prevent several lively election meetings. The emergence of a hopeful so-called Students National Front Union as an addition to the traditional parties was viewed with some scepticism . . . as usual the Conservatives had their comfortable majority—this time under 'Onest 'Enery Becket. The full result will be found elsewhere.

Sports Day was held on May 13th; this early date did not prevent keen practice and high standards achieved by the competitors (traditionally, it seems, a very small percentage of the school) and several new records were set. Surprisingly the weather was fine and most people ventured out on to the field despite their usual custom.

The Summer Concert took place on 8th July, the programme being a varied one, including an original composition for two cellos by Paul Stevenson, and Malcolm Arnold's Toy Symphony—solos played ecstatically by members of the staff. The function was well attended by an appreciative audience . . . as was Speech Day on July 15th, the prizes being presented by Mr. S. Cooke, Director of Education for Lindsey, Lincs.

The Benevolent Fund amounted to £59 during the Summer term.

The school decor was altered several times last term. Messrs. Youens and Fraser were hung (portrait wise) in regal splendour at the entrance to the Queen's Hall, while lesser members of our noble institution produced a highly concentrated outburst of 'Out Demons Out' slogans everywhere imaginable. The exact meaning of this phrase is not clear, and a return volley of 'In Demons In' was short-lived owing to the continued unappreciativeness of the establishment, which resulted (quite justifiably?) in the closure of certain toilets.

The swimming pool was opened by half term (only just!) and has been in constant use since then.

The school hopes to have a language laboratory in the autumn.

We would like to congratulate Mr. Skipp on becoming the Worshipful Reverend Mayor of High Wycombe (hero worship is not out of the question). His sister, the Mayoress, receives our grateful thanks for presenting the trophies on Speech Day.

We congratulate Mr. P. D. Fry, an Old Boy and Governor of the School, on retaining, with an increased majority, the seat of Wellingborough, which he won in a previous by-election.

We are sorry to bid farewell to Mr. P. J. Little, who is taking up the post of Head of History at Hull Grammar School. His understanding nature has earned the respect of his pupils. Mr. J. P. Blythe is also leaving for Tiverton Grammar School, and Mr. B. C. Lane for Loughborough Grammar School. We wish them all happiness and success at their new posts.

We welcome to the school this term Mr. P. G. Taylor, B.Sc., who will teach Biology, Mr. P. M. A. Gibson, B.A., who will teach English, Mr. C. E. Embrey, B.Sc., who will teach Physics, Mr.

J. J. O. Roebuck, B.A., who will teach History, Mr. C. W. Puritz, B.A., who will teach Mathematics, and The Rev. D. K. Oldring, B.D., who will be a part-time teacher of Divinity.

We congratulate J. L. Hendry on obtaining a place at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, to read Mathematics.

In addition to the list published in the last issue of *The Wycombiensian* the following boys qualified for entry to Universities in 1969:

C. R. Brocklehurst, Reading University, Estate Management.

J. Whiting, Queen Mary College, London, Electrical Engineering.

G. R. Martin qualified for entry to Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.



July 15th saw, we were told, the 408th anniversary of the R.G.S., although presumably not its 408th Speech Day. However, what has been a long-established feature of that function, a sweltering heat, was fortunately absent this time.

This was a particularly happy occasion as being the first when there was no need for the Mayor of the Borough to make an especial point of attending our Speech Day. Mr. Skipp was duly congratulated by Alderman Clarke in his introductory remarks. The Headmaster then proceeded to quote Katherine Whitehorn's column by way of varying the norm; after which he drew attention to, among other things, the curricular developments in the School, the particularly striking performance of our games teams, and the 'vast and varied undertaking' that was Festival '70. We were then

reminded that this was also a Speech Day of considerable relief—much to the chagrin of a certain contributor to this magazine, the R.G.S. stays on and may safely look forward to at least its 413th anniversary. Mr. Smith's remarks on this point drew applause from a large part of the audience. Soon after, the prizewinners ascended for their moment of glory.

The main speech of the afternoon now began. Mr. G. V. Cooke, Director of Education for Lindsey (Lincs.), opened by reminiscing on the years he spent with the Headmaster on the staff of Manchester Grammar School. After expounding on Mr. Smith's prowess in mountaineering, photography, and staff revues, he entered upon the main body of his speech, which he described as 'fairly brief, fairly simple, and fairly serious'. The nucleus of his argument was that every person is vital to the community and must give of his best to it. 'I am a passable Director of Education', said Mr. Cooke, 'but a rotten motor mechanic'. He then spoke about the matter of discipline and attitudes towards the young; and gave his belief that those in authority must tread a middle path between 'the cold shoulder and the hug of death'. He also advised continual respect for others, and above all, respect for the law, the basis of civilised society. The great sincerity of his appeal for tolerance and altruism was evidenced by his quoting, to round off his speech, Martin Luther: 'Here I stand, I can do no other'.

After Mr. Cooke's address, which had given much food for thought, a lively vote of thanks was proposed by our guest Mr. P. D. Fry, who has lately become the first Old Boy of the R.G.S. to enter Parliament. The company now dispersed, the parents to their high tea, the boys to partake of somewhat dubious black-currant squash and apricot tart. Exhibitions were in evidence, though less than in previous years—this was probably due to the demands of last term's Festival. Most interesting of them were the C.C.F. camp-fire demonstration, and an 'Environmental Studies' exhibition in a certain unnamed quarter. The afternoon was concluded by the customary Commemoration Service, which was well attended by parents as well as boys; the Rev. A. Griffiths, Parish Priest at St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Church, preached vigorously on the merits of gratitude and putting one's talents to the best use.

And so another Speech Day, and not the last, was over.

SPECIAL PRIZES

HEADMASTER'S PRIZE: M. J. Brown.

GOVERNORS' READING PRIZE (Presented by Ald. R. P. Clarke):
R. O. Davies, A. M. Turner.

GOVERNORS' CLASSICS PRIZE (Presented by Mrs. R. P. Clarke):
S. E. Jones.

GRAEFE CUP FOR BEST C.C.F. CADET (Presented by the late Ald. W. Graefe): A. C. H. Bolton.
 HARTE CUP FOR BEST R.A.F./C.C.F. CADET (Presented by Wing Commander C. S. W. Harte): M. R. Anscombe.
 GILES KEEN MEMORIAL CUP FOR BEST NAVAL CADET (Presented by Mr. & Mrs. Keen): V. R. Gubbins.
 FULL BORE SHOOTING TROPHY: D. J. Harvey.
 P. J. CUTLER SOCIAL PROJECT PRIZE: J. S. Adam.
 SOCIAL SERVICE PRIZE: R. P. Jackson.
 ART SHIELD (Presented by A. Hastings Esq.): A. R. Blundell.
 HOPE CUP (Presented by Mr. & Mrs. Hope): N. C. Keen.
 THORNE PRIZE FOR ENGLISH (Presented by Mrs. A. M. Bayley): J. Woodhouse.
 WESTNEY PRIZE FOR MUSIC (Presented by The Rev. Michael Westney): A. W. South.
 FLETCHER PRIZE FOR GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION (Presented by C. T. Fletcher Esq.): S. E. Jones.
 STANLEY MALE PRIZE FOR LATIN: H. G. L. Russell.
 PHILATELY CUP (Presented by Lt.-Col. S. E. Hands): J. W. Lance.
 J. C. R. DAVIES PRIZES FOR HISTORY: R. M. Mawhinney, P. J. Burnham, R. D. Hacon.
 JOURNALISM PRIZE (Presented by Precision Press): H. G. L. Russell.
 LANCE MEMORIAL PRIZES FOR PERSISTENT PROGRESS (Presented by Bernard F. Lance Esq.): 1st year, C. J. Denne; 2nd year, G. R. Woodman.
 RAFFETY HOUSE CUP FOR SCHOOL WORK: Tucker.

FORM PRIZES

FORM 1A:	FORM 2Y:
1st D. J. Gardiner	1st P. C. M. Thornycroft
2nd N. P. Burton	2nd S. N. Cousens
FORM 1B:	3rd D. G. Walbridge
1st C. B. Stottor	FORM 2A:
2nd P. P. Lidgley	1st R. R. G. Wylie
FORM 1C:	2nd K. Guha
1st R. M. Thornycroft	FORM 2S:
2nd S. Coltman	1st P. Bitcheno
FORM 1D:	2nd M. J. Bradshaw
1st A. K. Brook	FORM 2T:
2nd J. A. Bower	1st J. N. Pearce
FORM 1E:	2nd C. G. Tett
1st G. J. Munane	FORM 3X:
2nd S. J. Parker	1st K. Tanner
FORM 2X:	2nd P. J. Flint
1st } R. P. Madelin	3rd M. N. P. Rogers
2nd } C. R. Pendrill	
3rd P. J. Hoddinott	

FORM 3Y:

- 1st S. P. Hopkins
 2nd R. E. Quiney
 3rd J. P. Newell

FORM 3A:

- 1st B. J. Vaughan
 2nd C. A. Wylot

FORM 3S:

- 1st J. H. Jones
 2nd S. P. Andrews

FORM 3T:

- 1st G. Prior
 2nd D. C. Simpson

FORM 4Y:

- 1st R. D. Hacon
 2nd P. J. Austin

FORM 4A:

- 1st P. A. Barrett
 2nd M. F. Bedingham

FORM 4S:

- 1st R. C. Barber
 2nd G. N. Clutton

FORM 4T:

- 1st M. J. P. Williams
 2nd J. J. McGuckin

FORM 4U:

- 1st S. A. Reiss
 2nd R. P. Prior

FORM 4X:

- 1st D. J. Peatey
 2nd A. K. C. Wood

FORM 4X/Y (O Level):

- R. M. Harrison
 J. E. Underwood

FORM 5X/Y:

- 1st R. C. Lacey
 2nd M. J. Wild
 3rd E. T. H. Evans

FORM 5A:

- 1st P. A. Logan
 2nd J. Hutchison
 3rd E. H. L. Chapman

FORM 5S:

- 1st C. L. Froude
 2nd R. V. Allnutt
 3rd C. V. Beale

FORM 5T:

- 1st G. Lacey
 2nd M. W. D. Oldnall
 3rd A. P. Paine

SPEECH PRIZES:

- 6th form J. D. Tomlinson
 5th form { D. J. C. Marlow
 A. P. G. Walker
 4th form J. M. Flint
 3rd form S. M. Gay
 2nd form J. B. Peatey
 1st form P. S. Copas

NEATNESS PRIZES:

- 5th form S. D. J. Green
 4th form J. M. Flint
 3rd form P. J. Hollingsworth
 2nd form H. I. G. Hare
 1st form C. J. L. Hellier

FORM 6—1ST YEAR:

- Modern
 Languages A. W. South
 French D. K. Battisby
 German B. Lowe
 English &
 French C. R. Rollason
 English C. A. Hardy
 History D. Gillespie
 J. R. Hill
 C. J. Head
 Geography C. D. Johnson
 M. Schlaeffli
 Science & Mathematics
 G. F. D. Baster-
 field
 I. Cole
 D. W. Maxwell
 G. M. Wilson
 D. S. O. Tinn
 A. Simmons
 Economics S. Cook
 A. P. Woolhouse

FORM 6—2ND AND 3RD YEARS

- Classics
 Greek &
 Latin P. M. J. Costello
 Ancient
 History R. P. J. Staynor

German	S. A. John
	N. J. Moon
French	D. J. Brown
	I. Johnson
English	P. V. May
History	C. D. Hardy
Economics	J. D. Tomlinson
Geography & Economics	R. J. Robinson
Geography	P. F. Whiten
Science & Mathematics	
	D. G. Barker
	J. A. Tiller

	P. G. Morris
	J. M. Stagg
	S. L. Wright
Botany	P. L. Clarke
Zoology	J. C. Dixon
Biology	R. C. Leegood
	N. P. Trimmings

OPEN SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS:

P. J. Bedwell
P. M. Richards
T. W. Smith
M. J. Cavey
S. M. R. Hill

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS ADVANCED LEVEL RESULTS 1970

(Italics denote grade A; * denotes distinction on the 'S' level paper).

J. C. Saunders—Greek, *Latin**; P. M. J. Costello—*Greek**, *Latin*, *French*; I. Johnson—Greek, *Latin*, *French*; S. E. Jones—*Greek**, *Latin**, *Ancient History*; M. C. Parfitt—Greek, *Latin*, *Ancient History*; R. B. Simons—*Greek*, *Latin*, *Ancient History*; R. P. J. Staynor—*Greek*, *Latin*, *Ancient History*; J. M. Stonham—Greek, *Latin*, *Ancient History*; L. D. D. Tracey—English Literature, *Latin*, *French*; J. W. R. Walne—Greek, *Latin*, *French*; J. E. Bailey—*French*, *Economics*; D. A. Beasley—*English Literature*, *French*, *History*; M. P. Cops—*French*, *History*, *Mathematics*; J. R. Davies—English Literature, *German*, *British Constitution*; C. D. J. Edwards—*British Constitution*, *Economics*, *Mathematics*; A. Manley—*French*; A. M. Turner—*History*, *British Constitution*; M. J. Meager—*Economics*; M. J. Elias—*History*; A. R. Blundell—*Art*; A. C. H. Bolton—*Geography*; J. C. Cook—English Literature, *Geography*; R. J. Cowdrey—*Economics*, *Mathematics*; P. C. Ellingham—*History*, *Geography*; P. N. Farnsworth—*French*, *History*, *Economics*; P. J. Ham—*French*; P. T. D. Hamblin—English Literature, *History*, *Geography*; M. J. Hollis—*French*, *History*; M. D. Horswell—English Literature, *Geography*; D. J. Ikin—*History*, *Geography*; G. L. Jarman—*History*, *Economics*; M. S. Newton—*Economics*, *Geography*; R. J. Robinson—English Literature, *Economics*, *Geography**; D. J. Strange—*History*, *Geography*; T. R. Webb—English Literature, *History*; P. F. Whiten—*French*, *Economics*, *Geography*; K. L. Williams—*French*, *History*, *Geography**; M. J. H. Wilson—English Literature, *Economics*, *Geography*; R. V. Wood—*History*, *Economics*, *Geography*; A. Woodward—*History*, *Economics*, *Geography*; C. J.

Baker—French, History; A. W. Bassett—French; R. S. Bell—English Literature, French, Economics; G. K. Biggs—English Literature, Music; D. J. Brown—French, German, *History*; P. Darvill-Evans—English Literature, French, History; P. H. J. Davies—English Literature, French, History; R. O. Davies—English Literature, French, German; A. D. Day—French, German; N. P. Griffiths—English Literature, French, History; C. D. Hardy—*English Literature*, French, *History**; R. P. Jackson—Economics, Geography; M. S. Jay—*English Literature*, French, Geography; S. A. John—French, German, Economics; P. H. Jones—English Literature, French, *History*; M. A. J. Kusmiodrowicz—English Literature, History, Economics; D. R. Lishman—French, History, *Economics*; P. V. May—*English Literature*, French, *History*; N. J. Moon—*French*, German, History; K. V. Pickering—English Literature, History; D. R. Pugsley—English Literature, History; B. Quinn—English Literature, *History*; J. D. Tomlinson—*History**, *Economics**, *Geography*; J. R. Trayhorn—Economics, *Mathematics*; J. Woodhouse—English Literature, *History*; C. J. Barnard—Geography, Botany, Zoology; P. L. Clarke—*Chemistry*, *Botany**, *Zoology*; J. C. Dixon—Chemistry, *Botany*, *Zoology*; W. E. Finch-Savage—Chemistry, Botany, *Zoology*; T. Hunt—Geography, Botany; G. P. Jobson—Chemistry, Botany, Zoology; P. M. Kaczmar—Chemistry, *Botany*; A. E. Kramek—Physics, Chemistry, Biology; R. C. Leegood—*Physics*, *Chemistry**, *Biology*; S. Lewis—Physics; P. F. Moloney—Physics, Biology; I. M. Orme—Chemistry, Zoology; D. J. Peterson—Botany; P. W. Robinson—Chemistry, Botany, *Zoology*; M. A. Smith—Chemistry, Biology; M. R. G. Taylor—Physics, Chemistry; N. P. Trimmings—Physics, Chemistry, Biology; M. R. Anscombe—Physics; M. J. Brown—Economics, Physics; P. A. Burgess—Economics, Mathematics, Physics; R. Davison—*Mathematics*, Further Mathematics; R. P. Gamble—Economics, Mathematics, Physics; A. G. M. Haynes—Mathematics, Physics; C. J. Marshall—Mathematics, Physics; R. K. Styles—Mathematics, Physics; M. H. Whittaker—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; C. J. Andrews—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; D. G. Barker—*Mathematics**, *Further Mathematics*, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; R. D. Bennett—*Mathematics*, *Physics*; S. R. Bruffell—Mathematics, Physics; C. Cannell—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; P. N. E. Collins—*Mathematics*, Further Mathematics, Physics; J. O. Doughty—Mathematics, *Physics*, Chemistry; J. W. Everett—Mathematics, Physics; A. Glenister—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; A. R. Jackson—Physics, Chemistry; A. R. Miller—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; A. R. Morley—Mathematics, Chemistry; P. G. Morris—*Mathematics*, *Further Mathematics*, *Physics**, *Chemistry**; A. J. Nicol—Chemistry; A. J. Reiss—Mathematics, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; B. D. Rowland—*Mathematics*, *Physics*, Chemistry; J. M. Stagg—*Mathematics*, *Physics**, *Chem-*

istry; L. B. Starling—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; D. C. Stevenson—*Mathematics**, *Further Mathematics*, *Physics*; S. A. Taylor—Chemistry; J. A. Tiller—*Mathematics**, *Further Mathematics*, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; J. F. W. Vince—Economics, Mathematics; K. J. Anderson—History, Physics; G. Black—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; M. E. Blaxland—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; C. J. Chamberlain—Economics, *Mathematics*, *Physics*; C. P. Cobb—Economics, Mathematics, Physics; R. M. Cole—Economics, *Mathematics*, *Physics*; L. P. Coppock—Geography, Mathematics, Physics; M. G. Dawe—Economics, Mathematics, Physics; R. W. Elvery—*Mathematics*, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; A. P. Gee—Mathematics, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; R. P. Hipgrave—Economics; J. S. Kirkwood—Mathematics, Physics; A. N. Lee—Mathematics, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; R. J. Long—Physics, Chemistry; G. C. Lunn—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; S. K. Mayo—Mathematics, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; M. K. Miller—*Mathematics*, *Physics*, *Chemistry*, Principles of Accounts; D. J. Moore—*Mathematics*, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; D. J. Morris—Physics, Chemistry; M. Nublat—Geography; G. R. Parkins—*Mathematics*, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; G. D. Singleton—Economics, *Mathematics*, *Physics*; S. L. Wright—Mathematics, *Physics*, *Chemistry*; P. Wilkins—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; C. C. Woodbridge—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; G. S. Wye—*Mathematics*, *Physics*, *Chemistry*.

ORDINARY LEVEL 1970

The following boys obtained five or more Passes in the G.C.E. Ordinary Level Examination:—

G. Campbell (7); C. P. Edwards (7); R. M. Harrison (7); M. I. Jones (6); K. M. Knowles (8); M. A. Pope (8); D. J. Sheridan (7); A. D. Whittle (7); D. G. Costello (9); D. M. Edwards (8); L. Gerveshi (9); R. H. Key (8); R. E. Nicol (9); S. Plumridge (9); J. F. Renton (9); P. M. Stevenson (9); R. J. Stoker (7); M. L. Strange (9); J. A. Sunley (8); J. E. Underwood (9); T. J. Allen (6); W. H. Barksfield (6); W. P. Cannell (9); M. C. Coe (6); A. G. Cowin (6); J. F. Crowley (6); S. M. Dawson (8); K. J. Dean (9); A. J. W. Dicker (8); E. T. H. Evans (9); E. P. Gibson (9); F. D. Glenister (7); R. T. Hammond (9); B. D. Ing (6); R. C. Lacey (9); R. S. Lloyd (5); R. S. Lord (6); G. P. Lunnon (6); R. Martin (8); A. H. Massey (5); R. M. Mawhinney (9); N. R. Monaghan (6); R. C. S. Newton (7); G. J. Pearce (5); P. A. Pettit (7); G. C. Ross (6); H. G. L. Russell (6); M. C. Smith (9); M. S. Spencer (8); D. F. Steele (6); D. M. Tappin (9); P. F. Thomas (9); A. P. G. Walker (8); M. J. Wild (8); D. C. Abbott (5); J. G. Cawley (7); E. H. L. Chapman (8); N. M. Cliff (6); B. A. Cowan (8); R. E. Floyd (7); S. L. Fry (6); J. Hutchison (8); W. A. Joss (5); J. W.

Lance (6); P. A. Logan (8); G. D. Long (7); D. N. Lord (6); D. A. Lowe (8); D. J. C. Marlow (5); D. P. Martin (8); C. Noble (6); M. J. C. Reed (7); M. L. Rutt (6); M. C. Tiffany (6); K. A. Weston (6); M. J. White (5); R. J. Wilson (5); R. P. Woolnough (5); S. N. Wright (7); R. V. Allnutt (9); B. W. Angell (8); C. V. Beale (8); J. E. Benyon (7); M. J. Birch (8); A. J. Button (6); B. C. Chamberlain (5); A. J. Chettle (8); N. M. Clark (6); P. M. Copping (9); S. P. Daghish (7); C. L. Froude (10); A. J. Gay (7); C. Goff (5); S. D. J. Green (5); C. M. E. Gregory (5); G. A. Hutcheon (7); N. C. Keen (7); P. A. Stanley (5); S. R. Jenkins (6); A. G. Jones (9); G. Lacey (9); J. W. Lewis (7); N. J. J. Lumby (9); G. D. Morris (9); M. W. D. Oldnall (9); A. P. Paine (9); J. Pepper (5); S. C. M. Roberts (6); M. Saunders (8); R. S. Shearer (8); N. J. Sherriff (5); A. G. Smith (5); M. Solomon (7); S. C. Spittles (7); R. J. Stottor (6); J. J. Szwerc (5); F. I. J. Wallace (5); B. M. Warren (8); M. J. Weston (9); M. T. White (7); A. D. Wills (5).

CHAPEL NOTES

On Sunday, 5th July, in the School Chapel, the Rev. John Skipp christened Jonathan Mark Sandles, a brother to D. Sandles, a pupil at this school.

SENIOR LIBRARY

Before I became involved in running a school library, I thought, as I'm sure many of you reading this article would, that, to quote from the remarks of a pupil who has recently left the school, '... a librarian is a woman who wears glasses, a long skirt, with her hair tied back in a bun'. Fortunately, I've never been accused of possessing any of these characteristics.

What I previously failed to recognise, and what you may be unaware of now, is that being responsible for the library of a school is a tremendously stimulating and creative prospect. The choice of individual books, trying to 'balance' the stock of any one section, and of the library as a whole, both the academic and the leisure time requirements of those who use the library, are only a few of the considerations that need to be constantly observed.

Whenever we enter any room, the first thing that we are aware of are the shapes and colours of the room. For some time I have been dissatisfied with the physical appearance of the library—you will have noticed how the furniture is periodically rearranged to provide a different, interesting shape to the room.

And the books on the shelves. Although they cannot be rearranged, they can be made, and should be made, as appealing as possible. Here especially the librarians and I have done a lot of

work during the last two or three weeks whilst the library has been closed. We have withdrawn from the shelves of the senior library literally hundreds of books which have either become obsolete—you don't want to read books which will give you incorrect information—or books whose titles on the spine you cannot read, or books which are in a very poor condition. Some of the books which are still of value but are falling to pieces will either be replaced or re-bound.

The major result of this rigorous combing of the shelves for sad, dilapidated volumes, will be to make your first visual impression of the library a more satisfying, and with the advent of new books, a more colourful one.

This process of withdrawal, replacement and addition is one that must constantly operate. We shall do our best to make the library a place you want to come to in order to work, a place which is and which keeps you up to date and well-informed.

M.P.J.

SUMMER CONCERT

Three tragic melodramas, 'Old Mother Hubbard', 'Humpty Dumpty', and 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' were among the works performed by the famous choral society at this year's Summer Concert. Nostalgic chords issued forth from a squeakless orchestra with its 'Four Waltzes' by Brahms, and a full hall of feet waggled to and fro to the most professional gusto of Mr. L. J. Teideman's Wind Band. Congratulations are due to Paul Stevenson on his own suite for two cellos, performed by himself and Miss Elsa Martin. Mastersingers Cooper, Flinders, Heath, Holmes and Rooke gave us more of the mastery we saw last year with another selection from de ole 'Yale Song Book'.

The Junior Choir deserve hearty praise for their performance of 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat', a piece of Jazz-cum-Spiritual-cum-Angel choir in the background-cum-Dramatic End to a Hollywood Film. The well-starved and ironed Juniors were singing from memory and every word could be heard. If this could be said for 'Hiawatha's Wedding Feast' the diction would have equalled in excellence the high standard of the music. But no one can deny that Mr. Flinders and his celebrated voice were in their usual excellent form.

The climax of the evening was, especially for the less musical members of the audience, the melodious din of Malcolm Arnold's Toy Symphony with its 'distinguished soloists'. The loudest laughs came for Mr. Dennis Smith playing his Nightingale and Mr. Heath his Cuckoo. Particular mention must be made of the august presence of our honoured Headmaster, playing a 'melodica'

(some strange Mythological musical instrument). As the B.B.C. announcer says: others taking part were Mr. R. W. Brown (Drum), Mr. M. M. Davies, Mr. R. C. File and Mr. H. Scott (Chime Blocks—more Mythological instruments), Mr. M. J. Eaton and Mr. M. J. Moffat (Toy Trumpets), Mr. A. C. Hills (Quail) and Mr. H. Scott (Triangle—equilateral and therefore equiangular—one with a bit taken out &c.).

Let me congratulate Mr. Holmes and the vast multitudes concerned with this most successful venture. I have only one adverse criticism. The plaintive notes of crystal fountains drifted in from the summer darkness at every pianissimo.

MOCK ELECTION '70

There can be little doubt that the Royal Grammar School's Mock Election of June 18th, 1970, was unprecedented in its manner of execution if not in its original concept. Never before had the embryonic partisans been forced to campaign without the *divinitates* of the G.C.E. 'O' and 'A' level candidates; more important, however, was the fact that the extremity of the June temperatures brought a surprising number of hitherto latent political views blinking into the sunlight. It is no attempt at facetiousness to assert that the advent of Communist and 'Students' National Front Union' (SNAFU) candidates was heralded with some dismay by the illustrious elders.

The four battalions manoeuvred slowly onto the field in time for the school's return on June 1st after half-term, no one general being in the slightest degree aware of the coalitions which may or may not have existed between the other three. The Conservative candidate, the diligent Henry Becket, eventually saw fit to denounce SNAFU as 'symbolic of nothing', while Adam Hardy, who bore the standard of the Labour Party, appealed to his supporters not to be tempted to split the Socialist vote by following the *bête noire* of the Election, the Communist Mr. Ronald Lamb.

On Monday, June 8th, with the sun at its zenith, the Labour Party held the first meeting; this was the great occasion on which the candidates threw their taciturn policies to the wind. Mr. Hardy spoke at length and with perhaps a limited amount of vehemence on the issues which we have all had the dubious privilege of hearing time and time again on all the mass media. In fact, the only breath of life which was injected into this meeting was the heckling, which, in the best tradition of British hustings, took the form of the persistent sounding of a cow-bell concealed upon the person of a dissenter who managed to preserve both his anonymity and his clamour despite the frantic efforts of the presiding officials to silence his tocsin. Regrettably, Mr. Becket spoke in the same vein, and it was not until the Thursday and Friday of that week,

when the National Front and Communist candidates took the stand, that the RGS became once more the political furnace which we all know and love.

Mr. Colin Feltham, the SNAFU candidate, spoke ably and, despite reports that a Communist *putsch* would be attempted during the course of the meeting, without interruption. The commentator cannot resist the observation that the candidate's supporters showed a much stronger leaning towards the right than either the candidate or his speech. Indeed, a boy noted for his erudition was heard to remark that if *Mr. Lamb* had insisted that his policies were Fascist, he would have won the votes of many of Mr. Feltham's supporters, such was their ability to be swayed by a name rather than by a policy.

Many scholars have agreed with my view that the Communist meeting would prove the centrepiece of the campaign. How Mr. Lamb performed would largely influence the proportion of the vote captured by Mr. Hardy, the ultimate effect being a dramatic increase or decrease in Mr. Becket's assured Conservative majority. Unfortunately, when Lamb rose to speak, the SNAFU supporters were quick to ensure that he was given no chance whatever to outline his policies. Every word was hissed or booed, and cries of 'What about the Russian Jews?' continued despite the candidate's incessant reiteration of his party's attitude to Maoist and Stalinist Communism. Although the gentleman stated on no fewer than three occasions that he was totally opposed to any form of armament, such trivia did not deter an *alter nemo* from demanding 'Whose side would a Communist Britain take in the forthcoming Sino-Russian conflict?'

I somehow think it fitting to end this brief account with what will perhaps be remembered long after the defunction of this campaign as the most searching question posed during its lifetime. It was addressed to the Communist Ronald Lamb just before his meeting was closed by the shameful hecklers who completely dirtied the good name of Mock Electioneering. It was simply: 'Please Sir, if the Communists abolish the monarchy, who is going to open Parliament?' To this question no answer was vouchsafed from the platform.

H. G. L. RUSSELL.

Mock Election Results Percentage of Votes gained by Candidates

BECKET	Conservative	349 votes	45.6%
HARDY	Labour	184	24.1%
LAMB	Communist	128	16.7%
FELTHAM	S.N.A.F.U. (Students' National Front Union)	103	13.5%

Total votes
cast

764

Percentage of Votes gained by Candidates in different years of the School

	6(2)	6(1)	5	4	3	2	1
Conservative	15	40	20	41	44	65	66
Labour	38	29	11	27	32	21	16
Communist	21	15	45	16	19	5	8
S.N.A.F.U.	26	16	24	15	5	9	9
Turnout	35	73	74	80	83	85	90

(Total: 74)

Numbers of Votes in different years of the School

	6(2)	6(1)	5	4	3	2	1
Conservative	9	36	19	55	57	93	80
Labour	22	25	10	35	41	30	21
Communist	12	13	41	21	24	7	10
S.N.A.F.U.	15	15	23	21	6	13	11
Abstained	91	33	36	32	21	20	14

NEWS FROM KENYA

Jonathan Woolley, an old boy of the RGS, sends a report of his activities in Kenya, from which we print the following extract:

My time at the RGS has been fading into the past since I left in December 1968. The process is being reversed a little now that I'm back in a school atmosphere—this time, on the other side of the fence and in a school rather different from Wycombe!

After leaving school, I worked with I.C.I. for a year, and, during the whole time, had vague plans to leave at least nine months for travel. As late as November, I discovered that the Church Missionary Society runs a small volunteer scheme. Provided that volunteers pay their own fare and are nearly 18, C.M.S. will find them a teaching post for as little as two terms (sometimes even for one term). My trip to Kenya was made possible by a very generous and unexpected grant from the R.G.S. Foundation Fund.

Of the 50 volunteers on this Youth Service Abroad scheme, most are in transition between school and university. About 40 are in Kenya, a large proportion in 'harambee' (self-help) schools. I'm now delighted that I happened on this scheme. I know almost all the 40 in Kenya, and we are always visiting each other's schools. We also receive a great deal of help from the local C.M.S. administration. Incidentally, we are not a 'holy-huddle'—many Y.S.A.s are not firm Christians. C.M.S. administers the scheme to help new schools and volunteers alike.

I have been posted to a girls' harambee secondary school about 30 miles south of Mount Kenya and 80 miles N.E. of Nairobi in an exclusively Kikuyu area. We are at 4,000 feet—low down for Kenya—on the edge of the Mwea plain and a rice-growing settle-

ment scheme. (This means stagnant water and mosquitoes). We're in the long-rains season now, so it's quite cool—75°F! In January temperatures reached 90°F here. It's impossible to go anywhere in Kenya without breathtaking panoramas; Mt. Kenya rises, snow-capped, to 17,000 feet beyond our back door.

We live in comparative comfort in a five-roomed stone-built, iron-roofed house (rain stops conversation very effectively!). The challenge which is supposed to meet all volunteers arrived for us on the first day. For three weeks we lived in one room 12 ft. by 14 ft., next to an African family of eight. Now we have an efficient house-servant and eat well on a small budget. Even with this help, time is at a premium. I now know what a full-time occupation teaching is!

The school is true harambee. It's just started its third year. There are 160 girls, all boarding and mostly from some distance away; there are 65 in Form I, 85 in Form II, and 13 in Form III. The runaway growth has been curtailed this year by a bad harvest—there's not enough money for fees. Despite chronic difficulties in collecting fees, the number of buildings has doubled in the time I've been here (I don't claim any responsibility). The book situation is good, despite the allocation of equal funds to each subject! The educational outlook hasn't been helped by the government's annual announcement that Swahili will become the national language by the year x. This time, $x = 1974$. At present, there aren't enough Kenyan teachers to go round, let alone those who can teach Swahili and in Swahili. Our school still has four white volunteers out of a total of $7\frac{1}{2}$ staff (the half teaches some typing—a useful and enterprising move. Practical skills are needed here; unemployment is high amongst the educated youth).

We are lucky to have a really excellent African headmaster and unlucky to have a board of governors with a puritan upbringing and a nose for scandal. Compared to Kenya the generation gap in the U.K. is a hairline crack. The local elders regard drinking, smoking, dancing, guitar playing, etc. etc. as sins, and also refuse to acknowledge that any young unmarried person is fully human. Having said this, however, it's a joy to see that the same Christianity can produce such happy and smiling people. Yes, cynics, the Church is still 'in' in rural Kenya!

I enjoy teaching and find it, on the whole, rewarding. Y.S.A.s expect to teach virtually anything; English with Form I is one of my livelier tasks. The girls here have failed to get the few government places but many have a surprising intelligence. Age range is 13 to 20-something. Discipline is less of a problem than with boys, provided one doesn't mind a compulsory ten-minute chatter session at the start of each lesson!

As we're only five miles from a main tarmac road, travel is easy. We go on tour most weekends and have recently had a month's

holiday hitch-hiking. I've been to Tanzania and Zanzibar and into Uganda (just). I plan to travel to Rhodesia and South Africa in the summer, all on a shoestring budget.

As regards people and natural beauty, Kenya is delightful. As regards teaching, it's fulfilling. As regards politics and school administration it's—well, interesting!

I strongly recommend everyone with a university place to take time in transition. If you want to come abroad, a volunteer scheme is a splendid opportunity. If you're searching for a volunteer scheme . . . how about joining the Y.S.A. ranks? I've enjoyed every moment.

Kwaheri (Swahili), Thia na wega (Kikuyu), Goodbye (English).

JONATHAN WOOLLEY.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD WEEK REPORT, 1970

Central Wales and Aberystwyth seemed extremely hospitable for the aims and pursuits of our Easter field course. Weather was permitting, geographical features were plentiful (many were textbook 'classics') and accommodation was very satisfactory, each of us having individual rooms on the new university campus at Aberystwyth.

For half of the time we worked in three groups, one group of twelve second year sixth boys and two groups of fourteen first year sixth boys. By the end of the week each group had conducted an urban study of Aberystwyth, some rural studies which included a grovel round a disused lead mine and a visit to a hand weaving mill in Talybont and some very comprehensive coastal work at Borth.

These activities were dispersed between the three all-day outings to Cader Idris, Trawsfyndd Nuclear power station and Devil's Bridge.

The climb to the summit of Cader Idris (2927 ft.) was the most strenuous undertaking of the week. As such, it was the object of our first day in Wales—a fiendish plot on the part of Mr. Moffat, to exhaust our energies and deflate our exuberance which might otherwise have been directed towards wild connotations and ingenious interpretations of a week in Aberystwyth. In an ever increasing state of exhaustion we were still able to appreciate the numerous and interesting features of glaciation and the striking scenic value of the mountain.

An excursion was made to the nuclear power station at Trawsfyndd near Snowdonia. We were shown round the plant by guides who were anxious to impress on us the safety of the system. 'Safer here than on the roads'—it was, for on the return journey a Rover crashed into the side of our 52-seater coach. Luckily no one was seriously injured but we lost our coach. (R.I.P.).

The third all-day outing was to Devil's Bridge, a most impressive and deep gorge-like valley, illustrating well the power of running water. It was here that Jerry Cook set up the Devil's Bridge record for eating, unaided, one of the huge five-shilling sticks of rock sold there, in the time it took to walk round the beautiful Mynach falls. Yet another proud 'first' for the R.G.S.!

The week was an extremely profitable one in which enjoyment, interest and study proved to be synonymous. For this we must thank Mr. Moffat who organised and balanced the course so well, Mr. Samways, Mr. Cook and Mr. Westrup.

JOHN BURROWS.



Poetry is easy nowadays—or should I have written
 poetry
 is
 easy
 nowadays ?

Actually, some of the school's work does still rhyme and scan; we were offered, for instance, a very entertaining folk-song called 'The Hubie Dance' which, however, we decided not to print. Poems have come from all sections of the school, although the Castalian spring flowed decidedly shallow in the Second Year Sixth, no doubt owing to the malign influence of 'A' levels. Meanwhile, all unpublished contributors should take heart—Mrs. McVey tells us that she intends to follow up the highly successful 'Words, Words, Words' production of March with an internally-produced volume consisting entirely of poems from this school. There will thus be far more room for the Muses [the what?].

The 'viewless wings of poesy' seem to be strapped on to far more people than the mundane wings of prose; we have had rather a dearth of constructive articles, although a few good ones have

been printed, while short stories have numbered nil. Surely somebody is capable of writing one! Suppose you just set out one of your poems in prose?

Finally, for those of you plagued by our dear friend Apathy, there is reason to take heart. Certain individuals were active enough to stir a leg and give us the contribution which will be found placed first in this section. This is, we all think, the most interesting item to grace *The Wycombiensian* for many a long year . . .

To — The Editor(s)
The Wycombiensian
W.R.G.S.
High Wycombe

A COMPLAINT

This is a complaint on the crummy *Wycombiensian* magazine which strikes me and most of my form as being really crummy expensive, time and money wasting and wats more a sack of old rubbish. If you do publish this I will never know because I'm not wasting 3/- (3/6?) of my valuable money on rubbish like the *Wycombiensian*. I dis(s)approve entirely of this project due to the terrible choice of editors (editors note!) who reject most things like this worthy contribution to boost your sales, however this is not my intention.

Yours sincerely,

A. NON.

MORAL FOR A FUTURE GENERATION

Consider for one moment the import of going back in time. Swill in your mind's mouth and swallow, the prospect of a world viewed in retrospect. Picture the sundry scenes of joy and embarrassment, pain and apprehension, and visualise your living of them: not through a purple fog, but in pallid, insecure daylight.

You expect everything, yet can avert nothing, and you experience a true realisation of life as it should have been, if only . . . The days and weeks pass you by; *they* have a future. Your identity is lost and you are enveloped by constricting fear. You cannot do anything, even commit suicide, for your fate is history. You are trapped in a circle, and possess nothing but an inarticulate desire for the antithesis of everything.

DAVID LOWE.

DIRT

This city with its modern ways
Still holds the dirt of former days.
The dust, the waste, the ingrained grime,
Digs deeper through the course of time.
Down pores of stone the slime still seeps:
It's slowly rotting bricks to heaps
Of black infested debris.

These men who build up city bricks
Still wear the dirt that clings so thick
To each one's hands it sticks so fast
That soon their hands will never last.
They'll wither like a strangled plant
And drop into the dirt that can't
Be washed from human memory.

PAUL ANSCOMBE.

WATERS

My life is like a brook.
It accustoms me to its steady flow,
Slowly trickling down its course,
Lulling, murmuring monotonously.

Then suddenly it reaches a fall
And rushes relentlessly faster and faster,
Carrying everything rapidly onward,
Splashing and gurgling, carrying with it
All my emotions and passions and thoughts,
Tearing my heart and my mind both together,
Throwing me onward and beating my body,
Torturing me and yet gently caressing,
Further and further forever, until,
With nought but a gentle splash to forewarn me,
It stops . . .

It stops in a placid pool of shining beauty.
My mind stands still. The past and present
Mingle with the future in her eyes.
Time has no meaning; she and I exist,
All other substance fades into the background
As, caught within the fragile web of perfect love,
We kiss so gently, touch each other's soul.

I see real people, breathe real air,
Hear the real sounds, touch the real things,
And swiftly and silently slip on to the welcoming breadth
Of the sea of real life.

ANDREW SOUTH.

THE GIRL

She is young and innocent,
She is immature and a child,
But she is beautiful.
And as she sits in the window
The warming sun lends its light
To show her small, round face
In a silhouette
Of beauty and character
That can never be equalled.
That beauty, which when first seen,
Threw me into a turmoil of love
For I knew then that I loved her.
Since then we have known each other
In good times and in bad,
And yet, I know that we can never
Be as one. For she loves another.

APRIL SNOWFALL

It is April
 we asked for blossoms
 and we are given snow,
snow such as carpets the dull December earth;
but this is spring
 and snow seems not right
yet,
as the swirling flakes hurry down the sky,
 colliding, swerving, eddying,
 white specks on the colourless air,
 fast-mingling white patches on the green ground,
it could as well—from a distance—
be April blossoms, the blossoms we asked for—
 that turn all into white,
 soft roseate petals gliding from the sighing boughs,
it would have to be an immense tree—
 Yggdrasil perhaps—
but down they come now floating, all its crystal blooms.
what we asked for
we are not given—
but this we have is, in strange wise,
as it were the mirror-image of the blossoms we sued for.
cold it is, and rimy, and it melts,
but it whispers down the grey heavens,
 on the path of the geese,
as the blossoms drip, from the weeping trees.
so we have not our choice
and yet it is somehow present
even in its very opposite
contraries are not so very different. C. R. ROLLASON.

JANE

Wind cuts through the maiden night,
steeling its black skin from end to end
with iron rain that chatters on the roofs,
and dies in molten puddles.

Night weeps lost virginity,
trickling down the corners saltless tears
of its long past, which melting seem to glow;
shimmering in the lamp light.

Warm wind whispers among the
willow dipping leaves that frame your head,
as I see you hurrying home to sleep,
with rain against your cheek-warmth.

And then I sleep and dream of
you to the music of cool raindrops,
singing a summertime tune quite quiet,
where they tinkle in the dark.

GRAHAM J. BELL.

SPORT REPORT

A good year . . . Yes, definitely a good year . . . for wine, or cheese, or apples, or ANYTHING but sport! I suppose this must have been a summer term that's just gone by, since those hoards of beings who invade our pleasant greensward (strains of Jer-u-sa-lem) came half unclad; however, since I am told this is merely masochism in our sweltering English noonday (something about Mad Dogs runs through the mind) then one must abandon the bookers-of-pieces-of-inflated-cow to dwell upon our more noble national pastimes. Welshmen seethe in remote corners of our little world hurling their ball-and-chain, presumably to collander our (still) pleasant grasslands and thus sink the Chilterns, to drag down all of the sorry English race with them (comparable with a sport the Scots have, where the Campbells beat up the Macdonalds, or maybe the Macdonalds beat up t'other lot—I believe they call it Hurlygig or Hokey Pokey or something . . .). It occurs to me that I should now be mentioning the superlative effort of Schmilser J. Gripevorts in the inter-house tiddlywinks (well-worn joke) who succeeded in flipping his lid COMPLETELY, or Elmer Wail and the Queen's House relay team who have been running ever since that fateful day many years ago when that great establishment was relegated to being nothing more than a notice board in some nostalgically dim corridor . . . where the sun may barely filter in (long drawn sigh) 'twixt cobwebs and Old Boys, who groan and twitch in forgotten book cupboards under skylights . . . SOMEWHERE (The cryptic description that brings a sad tear to the eye of the half-dozen or so former scholars who still care enough to weep).

And did those feet in ancient time . . . feet seem to get bigger every year (which may seem irrelevant, but I'm sure it's not since most sports involve feet in some quantity): perhaps this accounts for the increase in the repetition of that dull speech 'the/under-fifteenteam/lost'. One never knows what sort of team it is—I mean, they could at least be a Big-footed team, or a Long-legged team, because that would show me what they actually do . . . If they're big-footed they kick things (someone by my ear keeps whispering 'It's the wrong time of the year for that') or if they're long-legged, they run—would someone mind telling me what from?

However one is led to presume sport thrives, for that little office place seems to contain an extra figure every week, each in his own translucent-dayglow coloured tracksuit, so he won't be unnoticed when Welshmen are hurling bits of iron from their captive circle. I'm told I should write things in like 'sportsmanship' and 'luck'; the which I can only ignore since I remain a confirmed fatalist, and fate as far as I'm concerned is controlled by crumbling very-Old Boys who sit in dingy book-cupboards and occasionally lift their bony forefingers to write 'Crick It' in the heavy dust around their feet . . .

By the way, what *did* happen to sport?

THE GRAVEYARD

All around me sombre tombstones stare in sullen silence
At me—unwelcomed breaker of their lonely peace.
'Tis as if though mortal beings forget those past
And live in happy harmony with the living,
The many tombstones still mourn though proudly silent
For the liquid masses of rotten flesh and blood
Which lie beneath, imprisoned by the grimness
Of iron coffin sides, or just the echoes of death.

So will you who herald me in angry defiance,
Will you thus greet the living through all eternity?
Remaining so proudly erect and reticent,
Or will the grime and moss that creeps over your faces
Obliterating the ancient letterings,
Finally crack your rugged countenances?
So will you too crumble slowly to a fine dust
And then seep through the ground to join your owners?

Now I leave you—foreboding relics of the past,
To rest in the external tranquillity of the
Solitude existing beneath the clammy
Groping claws of a fog that could well be death himself.
And as I stumble off I wonder with a dread
That tugs at my heart; how many years will drag past,
Before I too lie, forgotten, alone, with but
A meagre stone to acknowledge that I ever lived?

N. C. YOUNG.

AN ODE TO THE MOON

Now blusters the breeze and she glides o'er the trees,
Where the whining wind whistles and wails.
On and on through the night, with a silvery light
Through a rift in the heavens she sails.

O'er the earth she will pass, o'er the shadowy grass,
Where she sheds her mysterious light.
Oh, how cloudy the towers of her silvery bowers
On and on, on and on through the night.

When she peeps from on high with a silvery sigh,
With a mournful and melancholy grace,
Sympathetic and wise, one could never devise
A more tender, or kindlier face.

Oh, how is it she knows all our troubles and woes
Yet will laugh and will share in our bliss.
Oh, thank Nature who gave her so lovely a favour:
So wondrous a visage as this.

What a blow it had been had the silvery Queen
Had a face neither witty nor clever;
If the face of the Moon were a silly buffoon
Or, what's worse, it were no face whatever.

There are persons who say, in a cynical way,
In their haughty and cynical mobs,
That the Moon has no trace of a silvery face,
But a cluster of silvery blobs.

I can only surmise their contemptuous eyes
Are quite useless, and little I care
If they can't see a face in the clouds or in lace
Or in underpants left on a chair.

One can plainly conceive how they never believe
That the Moon is a ship in the sky,
Or a cheese, or some tea, but—Oh, why can't they see
Her mysterious visage? Oh, why?

All such persons will curse when they're reading this verse
And will find it a terrible bore.
I don't care very much, and so, if you are such
I forbid you to read any more.

If perchance you agree, come and marvel with me
At her lovely celestial grace,
And anon let us fly on and on through the sky
To the Moon and her silvery face.

ADAM HARDY.

The flutterby wheeled its way across the grovel pit,
 Unpredurbed by the linkel drivplings of the night warble.
 A jinit wiverd thru’ the freelings that swathed in the mire,
 As the snutterduck sought cresh from the quale.

Evening merged to deeper dark then died.
 The moon sneeved umples of light on the wesh,
 And the flutterby scathed away to the freelings,
 Where the snutterduck was grimping his cresh.

Only the night warble remained on the wiver,
 Durdling to himself as he podonkeld his way
 Past the freelings and the jinit to his warble-hole,
 On the fur troddle of the grovel pit.

JOHN BURROWS.

A PLEA FOR THE QUALITY OF LIFE

Oh what self-interested, dangerously indifferent or just simply ignorant people we are! From the generation which has acquired a social conscience, which has made the protest march an everyday event, I hear nothing expressed against the desecration and pollution of our beautiful plant. Where are the banners and violent utterings when the industrialists empty their filth into our rivers, when builders with an eye for a quick profit cannot bear to see an open field and act accordingly, when governments spend millions of pounds on supersonic aircraft (from which only the jet-set will benefit, while the ordinary man will suffer because of the noise), when ministers blandly decide to come up and ruin the beauty of an ever-diminishing countryside with huge motorways because an alternative route, affecting less any natural beauty would cost more?

I can go on. Why is no really effective voice raised against France and China testing hydrogen bombs in the earth’s atmosphere? Here we have two nations trying to prove to everyone else their ability to destroy the world, and they do this by contaminating it! Of course, I am forgetting that international prestige is far more important than any danger to human life or the environment. The other nuclear powers test underground the bombs, of which they are so proud, sending shudders throughout the earth’s surface which could easily precipitate earthquakes.

Am I to believe that we are blinded by that fatal word ‘progress’? How can I impress on people the need for man to escape to the peace and beauty of the countryside, away from those filthy concrete jungles, which we keep building? In this country alone an area the size of Worcestershire is eaten up in building

every ten years. In our own county we are threatened with that foreboding monstrosity—London's third airport. But naturally, the fact that a few business-men may travel abroad more quickly or that Britain must not lag behind France, which now has its third airport for Paris, is far more important than the delightful hamlets and leafy lanes of North Bucks being lost to us forever.

I appeal to all young people. We have our lives ahead of us. Let us enjoy them in a pleasant environment where beauty and the quality of life take precedence over so-called progress, where love can flourish and man may help his sanity.

P. M. SIMPSON.

WATER

trickles down the splitting stone
 and puddles on the ground
 dripping diamonds from wet moss
 smoking water spinning round
 hits the earth and shatters.

 faces in the frozen pool
 where fishes comb the pond weed
 break into a thousand parts
 and scatter like the autumn seed
 until the pond is quiet.

 flies caress the deepening shade
 where oak leaves threatening quiver
 where water coiling to the ground
 slides on from rock to river
 cascading silver ribbons,

 that tear from shelf to brittle shelf
 dancing round and laughing loud
 ripping through the moody woods
 reaching all before them cowed:
 reflections in cool water . . .

GRAHAM J. BELL.

MOCK ELECTION REPORT

'LIES!' 'HECKLE, HECKLE' proclaimed the SNAFU banners indiscriminately at every rival meeting. This was not good enough. If the school election contest was to be of any value, it had to be taken reasonably seriously; and this was not always managed.

Apathy, that celebrated whipping-boy of school magazines, again reared its head. While some intelligent sixth-formers stood aside since they genuinely felt it was a farce, most of those who did not attend the meetings presumably couldn't care less. But that didn't stop them from voting—about three-quarters of us

appeared at the booths, yet no actual meeting attracted more than 130 or so (compare this with the 450 who attended one of the 1966 meetings in the good old days). So many of us voted uninformed. The four individuals who could have informed us represented the two main national parties, a peripheral group of little influence, and a non-existent organisation. Unfortunately there was no Liberal candidate, their nominee having switched to the SNAFU camp. This distorted the result, and made it a dubious index of our true political beliefs—especially since there were *two* questionable extremists.

Certainly the sincerity of both major candidates was unimpeachable; I discerned equal conviction in Becket's plea for individual freedom and Hardy's much-reiterated emphasis on Tolerance and Compassion. But the approach of the two splinter groups was less praiseworthy. The Communist candidate's argument was like a Polo-mint; while he expounded his visions of equality for all, peace among all nations, and freedom of thought, the one little problem 'How?' was kept discreetly out of sight. Furthermore, he dismissed all analogies with Russia and, I believe, had never opened Karl Marx. Yet 16.5% voted for him—genuine Marxists, or simply partisan in the wrong sense?

As for the euphoniously-named Students National Front Union, it was not even a political party. SNAFU, we were told, was the Perfect Party, selecting the very best from Right and Left. Left? Other than its support for free abortions, it seemed to be dyed a deep blue. Its publicists appealed at times to trivial worries, with their posters whispering 'SNAFU supports Free Radio!' Besides, as Becket rightly pointed out, the organisation had no identity—its most vociferous and most irresponsible supporters were little more than a CCF clique.

Yet it was the same fringe groups who remedied a remarkable shortcoming of the main parties. Surely, in a secondary school, secondary education was a key issue in the election; yet the Labour speaker failed to express any opinion at all on it, and Becket gave his only in response to someone's question. The ideological tussle they should have given us was supplied by Feltham and Lamb—the former stated out loud how astounded he was—and with reason—at the preceding speakers' neglect of this problem. The peculiarly high proportion (as many as 30.5%) who voted for one or the other is, to say the least, unhealthy (in 1964 the Independent secured less than 20 votes).

The result we all know—the R.G.S. public again—of course, returned a Conservative M.P. with a resounding majority (21.5%). Now one could argue that the built-in Tory bias (as attacked by the Labour candidate) made the whole contest a pushover, a cowboy film. But surely non-Conservatives should work at re-

ducing the majority; the 1966 result was hailed in the Magazine as a moral victory for Socialism, and the same may be said again: the Conservative margin of victory, though still massive, again dropped a little. This is especially significant, as those of the Second Year Sixth who did vote ('A' levels meant it was a small proportion) plumped overwhelmingly for Labour. A moral victory for Hardy, then—and, keeping in mind this unbalance, one can say that, despite the absurdly high support for the splinter groups, the Mock Election was a worthwhile exercise. But next time, what about radically raising the number of signatures required for an extremist candidate? We almost had a Yorkshire Nationalist standing.

C. R. ROLLASON.

AFTER W. B. YEATS

(To be read in the accent of County Sligo)

Up from the grave of Clooth-na-Bare
Along the Cummen Strand
Comes Driscoll tossing his burning hair
And Maeve with her cold dim hand.
And William Butler Yeats is there
Upon Kilcummen Head,
And they're all of them speaking Irish
Though Ireland's tongue is dead.

They're all of them learning Irish, all
From the shores of Loch Maree
To the misty hills of Donegal
And the Isle of Innisfree.
And the grammar which came from Tara's hall
Is filling each Irish head,
For they're all of them learning Irish
For Ireland's tongue is dead

And Irish is written on signposts gray
By the lakes of County Kerry
And on telephone boxes in Sligo bay;
(Though not in the fires of Derry)
And though Ireland's heart is borne up in the spray
Of Cathleen's cold stone bred,
They're all of them cursing Irish,
For Ireland's tongue is dead.

ADAM HARDY.

IF WINTER STAY AWHILE

Briskly plod the Wellingtons
With rubber squelches on they go,
Where the sodden yellow grasses,
Dripping from the hedgerows, bow
As I go sauntering by,
Who cares?
Not I!

Gorged the bank is by the road
Where streamlets ripple after rain
Through channels lined with chalky pebbles
Down the border of the lane
As I go sauntering by
Who cares?
Not I?

If straws lie scattered all about
And dung and rotten leaves abound,
Clinging to the glistening wayside
Drenched and soggy on the ground
As I go sauntering by,
Who cares?
Not I!

If mist hang heavy in the closeness
Of the dank and dripping air,
Trees loom dark and black and monstrous,
Wet and gloomy, stark and bare,
As I go sauntering by,
Who cares?
Not I!

For soon shall bloom along the hedgerows
Violet and Columbine,
And where the torrents gush, anon.
When all birds sing, the sun shall shine
As I go sauntering by.
Who cares?
Not I!

For dung shall bake along the wayside
And those forms once dark and vile
Shall tower anew in leafy splendour—
So, if winter stay a while
As I go sauntering by,
Who cares?
Not I!

ADAM HARDY.

DELAY DECAY!

Tradition dies hard in an establishment which can still award a prize for 'Greek Composition'—certainly classics would appear to be the greatest surfaced aspect of that dreaded tag. Tradition has become just that—a dirty word to encourage images of the British raj etc. etc. because of which both high and low try desperately to run from its grasp. However, they merely play with words—tradition has them—now and forever. The blue flag has unfurled over Westminster and comprehensive calamity has been barred from the doors of RGS. The Alma Mater triumphs again and the establishment crawl off to the book cupboard for some sly celebration. Even its reputedly socialist members find it hard to escape the grip of tradition. No Alma Mater of mine—I can assure you! Who would want to be the bastard son (did you ever hear of the *Almus Pater*?) of a red brick/green and cream monstrosity endlessly adorned with what has been less eloquently termed 'that daunted duck'. And so tradition keeps me in its claws too. I am happy, fed fat on the riches of a selective education; but what of those who go through the secondary modern mincer? Complacency will choke us all if we don't disentangle ourselves from the *status quo*. Tradition could have been dead by now but for the blue flag! How *can* man progress when his ideals are so narrow as to allow for no more than a rat race of 'O' level/'A' level/college/job/junk heap existence? Cast off *this* chain . . . tradition must go to the wind, and if man is to retain any dignity, let him find a new end of life instead of basing his existence on getting a job nine-to-five and then spending his last ten years recovering from it. I had thought that by the advent of comprehensive education we would at last be on the road there. Alas, I feel it will take an English Marx to call the word, and an English Lenin to break this, our greatest bond, tradition.

THE BEGGAR

The beggar.

ANONYMOUS BOSCH

(After J. G. Richardson).

The things we do are very strange,
But what we think is stranger.
We run a risk in all we do,
But thinking is the danger.

ADAM HARDY.

MIDSUMMER 1970 OR 1870 OR 1770 OR 1670
OR THE DAWN OF TIME

Are the leaves moving
Strangely
 Like not before
 Is that a dream of music
White silk
 The large old stones are
 Talking
 Quiet
The clouds have stopped
 The sky is red and blue
The earth is awakened
 By the lute
 Quiet
Dead voices sing
 Of men yet not come
 Of men gone
Those trees are not
 Today's trees
 But
Much water has passed
 Through the faerie stream
Trickles the sky's rain
 Through maiden mist
 The rye fields know
 They hear the horses
 Are coming
Watch or you will go
 To the stagnant lily pool
Where no one breathes
But the nectar snared dead man
 Who smelled the black rose.

 Up in the mountains
The young gather the meadow birch-boughs
The owl flies
The nightingale
Flies
On
A kiss leaps away
On
They come together.

STEPHEN EDWARDS.

'YOU CAN'T STOP THE MARCH OF PROGRESS'

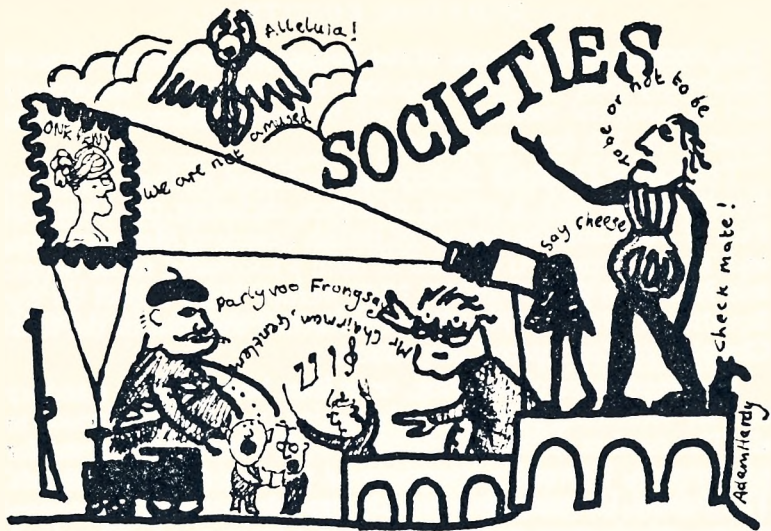
There is a universe where all is dead,
Where death is all; and dust is all that moves,
Listlessly scuffled by sick-heart dying winds.
Where, livid, a red sun scorches in pain
The scoured bones that once had Titan power,
Sustaining heart and blood and leaping flesh—
Now cracked and filmed with dust.
Small, desolate, and faintly stupid.

No vultures wheel and swoop; they are with the rest,
All flesh is gone the way of all flesh.
Never the embryos will uncoil and scream,
That coiled in God's mind alone. Forever they are unfulfilled.
Soon too the hot stars will ice over and fail,
And the listless wind be hushed and creep into night,
Night enfold all in asphyxia,
Not sleep.

The metal shape that did all the mischief,
That yielded long ago. Not a sigh or plash
Of waters to receive it; all are dry,
Their salt is dust, and on the dust it thudded unnoticed,
And sprawled over hastily, and is forgotten.

Forgotten. All utter apathy, all waste, all unrelieved,
No solitary cactus breathes greenly in this desert,
Desert of deserts, desert after all deserts.
And where is this global sepulchre? Not in my head alone,
But in all our brains, squatting lifelessly,
Negation attends in dull vigilance.
. . . Already on the launchpad they are down to Two.

C. R. ROLLASON.



AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY

Owing to the hasty departure of the previous secretary and most of the committee last term after scholarship exams, the society has been somewhat behind in arranging for films and outings this term. However, some films were eventually ordered and shown and two trips were organised, one to Heathrow Airport and the other to the Hawker Siddeley Factory at Hatfield. Throughout the year there has been great interest shown by the members in all society activities.

Finally the society is very grateful to Mr. White-Taylor who took over the chair with such interest and at such short notice after the sudden death of Mr. Farrell last term.

C. J. HEAD.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

'All Welcome' is the general conclusion to most of our notices in assembly. And as the words imply, both Christians and non-Christians are invited along to the meetings.

We of the C.F. believe that Christ is alive and relevant to today's world; and so our meetings are directed to conveying this belief. The meetings this year for both groups, junior and senior, have taken many forms, e.g. discussions, bible studies, discotheques, folk singing etc. But during this last term the programme has mainly consisted of talks from outside speakers. The reason for this is that most of the C.F. members, who usually take the meetings, have been involved in exams.

Special thanks must be given to Geoff Biggs, who was chairman of the C.F. for this year; Mr. White-Taylor, who was master in charge; and also to those boys who actively helped with the junior Christian Fellowship.

R. KING.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The strength of the appeal of the Society has become evident in the development of a Junior section. The new society has already had its inaugural meeting, and will be limited in membership to those in the Vth form and below.

The Senior Debating Society has continued its lively and controversial way with a variety of topics, including the Downhill Path of Mankind, the demise of British Standard Measurements, and That Election. At the end of term a successful social debate was held with girls from the Lady Verney High School on the Equality of Women. The 'B' team reached the final of the local Chamber of Commerce Competition.

The importance of debating, or at least being able to stand up and say something coherent, is becoming increasingly obvious to all. The need to develop a confident style should be relevant for job-hunting, University interviews or the test for Oral English. The School Debating Societies do provide just such an opportunity—which more people are taking advantage of. Why don't you?

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

At the end of the previous term I expressed the hope that our members would participate to a greater extent in the running of the club. This was a vain hope and our recent achievements have been nil.

We have done the occasional passport photograph and a few members have used the darkroom spasmodically, a few younger members have shown great interest, but considering the size of the club this entire year has been very disappointing. Our Speech Day Competition was very poor as we had no entries.

Next term it is hoped to teach the younger members how to use the darkroom, thus enabling them to develop their own snaps. The offer to get cheap materials from a mail order firm remains open. Monthly competitions are also a possibility and we hope to compete with other clubs outside the school. Lectures will be given by Martin and Simpson on topics of interest and we hope to get people from outside school also to give talks.

I would like to see the photographers in the school who have their own darkrooms taking a more active part. Photography is not simply developing and printing, as these people seem to think: it is the art of seeing, and this can only be improved by comparison of work with other people's. Photography is becoming increasingly club-orientated and to turn out a high standard of work, one must work in competition with others. We would like this club with its marvellous facilities, to be an object lesson to others like it, and we have the talent to do it. I wish the talent would attend our meetings.

PUBLIC TRANSPORT SOCIETY

First an apology to the members for the lack of films last term. There were fifteen films on order last term, but all of them were already fully booked.

In its first year of existence, the club has not really been able to make much headway: the membership was small, and this was to some extent because of the increased popularity of the basketball matches held during the dinner hour.

Next year films should be more readily available because of a change in the organisation of one of the distributors.

M. E. BLAXLAND.

STAMP SOCIETY REPORT

The Society has not been outstandingly active this term, but at least it continues to exist, which is more than can be said of many during the summer months. Attendance at meetings has been consistently small, but little less than in the two previous terms—this does not seem to be a vintage year for philatelists. Those, mainly juniors, who have come have been enlivened with the usual Society benefits, assuming either the Secretary or Treasurer bothered to turn up; this has usually been the case but neither of us can claim a completely unblemished record. No trips have been held (do I hear indignant murmurs?). The Speech Day competition went forward as usual, Lt.-Col. S. E. Hands again very generously coming to judge the entries. The Philately Cup went to J. W. Lance, 5A, for a display on the theme 'This Modern Britain'. In the way of novelty, the only innovation of 1970 has been an unpleasant one: thanks to the anti-social activities of certain persons early last term, Society funds remain almost non-existent. In this connection we must extend our sincerest thanks to Mr. A. C. Hills, who has not only given us his customary invaluable help, but has been kind enough to keep the Society alive by financial aid. We are also very grateful to C. D. J. Edwards and N. J. Moon who assiduously filled the offices of Secretary and Treasurer up to the exams; and to the current Treasurer, R. F. Barnes. Finally we remind our members that the Committee are always open to fresh ideas.

C. R. ROLLASON, Secretary.

WYCOMBE ACTION GROUP

Our last report was mercilessly slashed by a certain faceless editor to the point where it made least sense, and at this point was inserted into the magazine as printable. It is unfortunate that the space allowed is so strictly limited, as it is virtually impossible to give a

clear account of the Group's activities in the space available. In past issues (at the time when it was first formed) the Group was given a whole page; however this has gradually dwindled. Perhaps the length of the report is inversely related to the amount of work the Group does. If this is so, then perhaps we should have only one or two lines. . . .

This year we gave, at the last count, one hundred and thirty-one people a holiday. Twenty-four of them were children from the age of five to sixteen who managed to shatter their nine helpers from the Group in their week's holiday at St. Mary's Bay School Journey Centre in Kent. These children came from broken homes or homes which have a record of considerable bad health. During the holiday they got the individual attention that they need so much.

The other one hundred and seven had a holiday in our caravan at Weymouth (in fact we were also lent a caravan in Ringwood for a week). In its first year the caravan has been quite a success, especially when one considers that the whole project only really got under way at the end of January. Credit must go to those involved with the Caravan Committee, and also we sincerely thank all who have helped with transport for their reliability.

Then of course there are our other activities, which are getting rather tedious to list. Suffice to say that we carry out whatever help we possibly can in our limited spare time.

For the autumn term we have a folk concert, a barbecue and yet another Town Hall epic planned. These will be produced by the now near legendary Bath Ents, and we hope that you'll come along. As this report is being written, we are preparing for our first major folk concert in the Queen's Hall, featuring Bridget St. John and Storyteller. This is probably going to set the pattern for future money-raising events, so a lot depends upon it.

Finally, our thanks to all those who have helped us in any way, especially the ever increasing number of masters who have shown interest, and also the school's secretaries for being so helpful.

LLOYD HARRIS.
JUSTIN ADAM.

SCHOOL HOUSE REPORT

Vast upheavals are occurring at the moment in the boarding-house. The decorators are moving in during the holidays to paint the top floor (and ceilings and walls). The roof will also be repaired. Modernisation at last! Lurid pictures which decorate the senior work-room have been reluctantly ravaged and the peeling wall-paper in the prefects' study will flower no more. The seniors'

rooms look bare without the familiar piles of magazines, scribbling paper, age-old library books and putrescent food.

The House continues to provide talent for the Sports, notably A. Lewis and D. Simpson, and the School teams. Eight of our boys were prize-winners on Speech Day which illustrates the radical change now in process from 'thickies' to budding geniuses.

We thank Mr. Skipp and Mr. Stubbs who continue to maintain our good health and well-being.

D.A.B.

UPLYME HOUSE REPORT

The subtle nuances that affect a boarding house are not as readily perceptible as a change in the daily regimen which can radically affect the responses of the central nervous system. Cold poached eggs for breakfast add a little something to your life.

The boarding house is a little younger though not any lovelier than it used to be. There have been only two sixth-formers this year, but Uplyme has soundly trounced Tylers Wood at leather and willow. In fact over half the house has been engaged in school sports.

It is tempting to ascribe Uplyme's predominance in boarding house sport to our more Spartan regime. This continues even though the prefects may now milk the heating system whose noises so frightened Mrs. Connolly. Uplyme, unlike the hedonist School House, does not have lino to cushion the feet in the dorms.

Uplyme indoor sport continues to flourish with the re-upholstering of the comfortable billiard table. Vintage boarders may nostalgically recall the incident in which all the snooker balls bounced down the concrete steps towards large French windows. . . .

Further changes ('all change is evil'—Dr. Johnson): the miniature Crystal Palace which nestled beside the house under the ignominious name of 'greenhouse' had to be demolished, and has been replaced by an undistinguished shed. The gardener, Mr. Parks, who remonstrated so vociferously at the destruction of serried ranks of lupins by football now bemoans the loss of hot-house tomatoes. The boarders have been most disappointed at the poor strawberry crop.

Only time and the *Bucks Free Press* will tell our academic successes.

Our thanks go to both Mr. and Mrs. Cooper for their unfailing support of the house; we hope Mr. Holt enjoys his holiday. Last but not least, we thank Mrs. Connolly for her aspirins.

THE PREFECTS.



THE ROYAL NAVAL SECTION

The first few weeks of the summer term were taken up with lectures and films on the theory of boatwork. Such lectures were soon supported by practical training on the Thames at Longridge. The rest of the term was spent here instructing cadets in the handling of boats. Those who proved to be proficient at taking charge of a boat's crew were allowed to go sailing. The exercise was extremely profitable to all cadets, as well as being an enjoyable and stimulating break from the monotony of the classroom.

The acquisition of several motor engines warranted the formation of an M.E. section, who have worked hard this term, not only in overhauling the engines but also in painting the motor boat.

The section's field day was on July 9th, when 15 cadets from the section went to Portsmouth, for what was an enjoyable day despite some unfortunate difficulties. We were taken round the reserve fleet after having had a good meal aboard H.M.S. *Belfast*, an old wartime cruiser.

Lt.-Cdr. Waller, R.N. (retired) very kindly offered to take over the section, much to the relief of the Cox'n V. Gubbins and P/O. Burrows, who had to run the section last term with no master. Here I must thank Lt.-Col. Pattinson who gave us much help with our training programme. Lt.-Cdr. Waller has already provided much positive and valuable help for which we are all extremely grateful.

Next term we hope to initiate a new and more efficient training system more closely integrated with practical training.

P/O. BURROWS.

R.A.F. SECTION

The section this term has been able to see the rewards of the previous two terms' work. Three cadets have gained flying scholarships and four more have passed gliding proficiency. Unfortunately Flt. Sgt. Gillespie had to withdraw from his scholarship for medical reasons, but Flt. Sgt. Barney and Cpl. Sandles have been able to continue with them.

On the 9th July the C.C.F. had its Field Day. Some members of the section went on an outing to R.A.F. Honington near Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. The remainder spent a day in the Buckinghamshire countryside on an 'escape and invasion' exercise. This consisted of four desperadoes trying to break through a line patrolled by the remaining members of all three Sections of the C.C.F. The invading party successfully broke through undetected. After holding up for a short time there then followed a chase back to school. All four members would have made it back if it hadn't been for a 'kind' motorist who fell in with the patrolling forces.

During the Summer holidays there will be a camp at R.A.F. Leuchars, Fifeshire. The section wishes to express its gratitude to Col. Pattinson who has made this possible.

W/O. M. R. ANSCOMBE.

ARMY SECTION

Annual Camp this year was spent at Crowborough, the training areas for which were situated midst some of the most delightful scenery in Sussex.

The demands of Bisley and the attraction of camp in Germany with the Bucks A.C.F. unfortunately reduced the numbers to 30, but the energy and enthusiasm of this very select party made it all very worthwhile.

Training in the first two days was spent in learning the countryside with map-reading exercises and orienteering being the order of the day. Over the next two or three days the basic skills were acquired in preparation for the 36-hour exercise.

The first part of the exercise was spent in planning and reconnaissance of routes to supply, under the cover of darkness, food and medical kit to an isolated unit cut off from its base by enemy patrols. The objective was finally achieved after many exciting encounters between the main body and enemy patrols represented by Officer Cadet A. Boreham, Cadet R.S.M. A. C. H. Bolton and senior N.C.O.s. On the next day the latter changed their identity to escaped prisoners and were cornered in a wood after an exciting chase crossing a lake on improvised rafts and then over the gently undulating bracken and birch-covered downland.

Other highlights of the Camp included a half-day in Brighton which provided a well-earned relaxation, particularly for one

member of the party so engrossed in watching the fish being caught at the end of the pier that he missed the coach back to camp. A day on adventure and Tarzan-like activities in a pleasant woodland by the lake concluded what was voted by the experienced campers to be one of the best ever.

It was pleasant to welcome Mr. J. K. Prior, a Governor of the School, for a half-day visit. His interest and enthusiasm was both tonic and encouragement to those who not infrequently are faced with opposition to their activities from those who paradoxically appear to be unwilling to fight for their country in emergency but appear to be willing to fight to prevent others from so doing.

It was sad to say farewell to Cadet R.S.M. A. C. H. Bolton whose efforts and enthusiasm have contributed much to the efficiency and smooth running of the C.C.F. in the last year or two. He joins a long line of junior leaders who by their participation acquired qualities which no one will take from them, qualities of reliability, self-reliance, leadership and a sense of Public Service not acquired in any other activity.

R.P.



CRICKET

Played 15 Won 3 Drawn 8 Lost 4

This season the team has certainly missed the services of last year's captains S. Gamester and P. Beasley, both of whom left at Easter. However the team has worked well throughout the season and deserves more praise than the results appear to merit.

The batting has been, to say the least, erratic. In the opening match of the season the school collapsed to a miserable 22 all out against Dr. Challoner's School. This performance was inexplicable as the bowling was far from devastating, nevertheless the team recovered after this disastrous start. At other times the batting

was superb, the best performance being when the school made 267 for 3 declared against Watford, A. Turner scoring 100.

Donald Ikin, the vice-captain, has not had the luckiest of seasons. He has been struggling to find his form and as so often happens in these situations he has not had the best of luck. However he has had three scores in the 40's and finished off the season with 52 against the Old Boys. R. Floyd, a fifth former, has shown that he had considerable potential, his straight driving has been a joy to watch, and he will have gained much valuable experience and confidence from this season. M. Newton started off the season very confidently and his 36 n.o. against Emmanuel won the game for us. However, lately he has had rather a lean patch, but he will obviously be a great asset to next year's team. G. Jarman, usually batting in the middle of the order, has on more than one occasion flung his bat and made quick runs, which have enabled us to make a declaration. His 63 in 40 minutes against St. Nicholas upped the tempo when we most needed it.

P. Howland has kept wicket efficiently throughout the season and has also shown that he is no mean batsman, particularly when he made a fine 41 not out against Abingdon after we had slumped to 14 for 4.

The spearhead of our bowling attack this season has come from G. Hutcheon and C. Johnson. Hutcheon has bowled with considerable pace throughout the season but has not had the best of luck. He has shown a real spirit in overcoming travel-sickness; indeed his best performance came away from school, when he took 4 for 49 against St. Benedict's. He has been a great asset to the side, on several occasions bowling throughout the innings, and it is a great shame that he has to leave.

C. Johnson has again shown how vulnerable schoolboys are against leg-spin bowling. He has shown considerable control in difficult art; some measure of his success can be seen from the fact that he has taken over 50 wickets in the season, a feat not accomplished at this school for several years. D. Peterson has bowled brilliantly at times, but has not always been consistent. P. Costello, coming up from the Second XI, and D. Ikin, have proved to be two valuable medium-pace bowlers. Like the batting, the fielding has been erratic, and indeed has been the deciding factor in some of the matches we lost. C. Johnson, however, has been outstanding.

The record for the season is not particularly successful, but is not a really fair reflection as we have definitely come out on top in nearly all the drawn matches. However, the season has been an

extremely enjoyable one, marred only by the damp finish when the matches against the Staff and Worcester R.G.S. were cancelled.

The team would like to thank Mr. Samways for his guidance, and for all the work he has done throughout the year, particularly in the Danish tour. Our thanks must also go to the head groundsman, who has always prepared splendid pitches. We all now look forward to our tour in Denmark which I am sure will prove to be a most rewarding experience.

A. M. TURNER.

1st XI Averages for Season 1970

Batting

	<i>No. of innings</i>	<i>Times not out</i>	<i>Total runs</i>	<i>Highest score</i>	<i>Ave.</i>
Turner	15	3	385	100	32.1
Newton	15	5	236	60	23.6
Howland	9	4	104	41	20.8
Ikin	15	0	305	52	20.3
Jarman	12	2	185	63	18.5
Floyd	13	0	206	60	15.8
Cowin	4	2	27	9	13.5
Johnson	9	2	81	28	11.5
Peterson	8	2	57	18	9.5
Warren	2	0	16	12	8.0
Pickering	4	0	31	23	7.7
Czerwinski	1	0	4	4	4.0
Cook	2	0	6	4	3.0
Costello	4	2	5	3	2.5
Hutcheon	6	0	11	5	1.8

Bowling

	<i>Overs</i>	<i>Maidens</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Wickets</i>	<i>Ave.</i>
Johnson	227	59	596	52	11.4
Turner	33.2	7	108	8	13.5
Peterson	76.4	23	226	15	15.0
Hutcheon	153.5	52	507	28	18.1
Costello	22	8	46	2	23.0
Ikin	35	5	88	4	22.0

Catches

Hutcheon 11, Newton 10, Jarman 8, Johnson 5, Peterson 4, Turner 3, Ikin 3, Warren 3, Floyd 2, Long 1, Costello 1, Glenister 1.

Wicketkeeping

Howland: 14 matches, 14 caught, 7 stumped, byes 45.

Cook: 1 match, 1 caught, byes 4.

2nd XI CRICKET

Played 10 Won 4 Drawn 4 Lost 2

The 2nd XI had a fairly successful season and was unfortunate in that it might well have recorded another three victories after very close finishes. The only disappointing feature of our play was the fielding, which was rather lax at times.

Saunders, as usual, showed his ability to take wickets, and his hard-hitting unorthodox style of batting brought the side many runs. Warren occasionally gave us glimpses of his real class as a batsman, although his innings often ended prematurely with over-ambitious shots. Glenister bowled consistently throughout the season, worrying many batsmen; and we were very sorry to lose to the 1st XI the nagging accuracy of Costello, our highest wicket-taker. Basterfield, who only joined us at the end of the season, proved to be an extremely useful asset as an opening bowler; Cook, who kept wicket for six matches, was safe and efficient, if not always elegant. His batting, mainly powerful and lusty driving, was a joy to watch. Czerwinski could always be relied on to get some runs, and his ability to take wickets as an occasional change bowler was very valuable. Stone was able to bat anywhere in the order despite his rather defensive tendencies; his skills as a leg-break bowler often formed part of our attacking spearhead. Cowin, who eventually went to the 1st, batted with elegance and we also enjoyed the all-round strength of Long when he was available. John, who was only with us for part of the season, captained and bowled his off-breaks with artistry. The services of Walne, Lewis and Vernon were also invaluable to us.

The great thing about this 2nd XI was its ability to combine the desire to win with a fun-loving and sporting spirit.

The whole team would like to express its gratitude to Mr. Holt for his support and assistance.

2nd Team colours were awarded to Simpson, Czerwinski, Saunders and Costello.

P. SIMPSON.

COLTS (UNDER 15)

Won 4 Drawn 3 Lost 2

Although the Colts had a fairly successful and enjoyable season, it was in some ways disappointing. In what has been a good season for weather it was most unfortunate that three fixtures were subject to late cancellations for other reasons. Then in the earlier part of the season the fragile batting, which was only just sufficient to surpass totals of 30 and 47—set by our own Under-14 XI and St. Nicholas, was insufficient (by 4 runs) to match the 65 scored by Emanuel and horribly exposed when 187 was required at

Watford. In this period our most gifted batsman, Brooks, achieved a rather extraordinary feat by completing four innings without contributing a single run. His fourth duck, registered during the Watford debacle, resulted from an appalling run-out muddle before he had even faced the bowling. In ten years of looking after our Colts cricket I have never known such a nadir. Inevitably things got better; Brooks broke his duck with a 50 and the task of getting 176 to beat St. Benedict's was attacked with vigour although the game was drawn. This was followed by another good total, 140 for 8 against Newbury, including a 50 from Currie, and the last two games were won very easily when scores of less than 60 were needed.

Costello, the captain, bowled admirably throughout the season with the minimum of luck, while King and Woosey provided good support in the first part of the season but were less accurate than Thorne and Lewis who supplanted them. Although without great pretensions, Hunt and Wood were able to provide some useful variety when turning wickets were encountered.

It was most gratifying to see several players make marked progress. In this Barrett must be singled out. Admittedly his batting left room for improvement but through sheer concentration and character he not only acquired the technique to become the top scorer for the season but salvaged innings after innings by his example. His wicket-keeping though never slick or elegant also became very competent.

R.C.F.

Averages

Batting

	<i>Innings</i>	<i>Not out</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Average</i>
Currie*	6	2	108	27.0
Barrett*	9	2	134	19.0
Brooks*	8	1	89	12.7
Hunt*	6	0	67	11.2
Costello*	6	1	47	9.4

Bowling

	<i>Overs</i>	<i>Wickets</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Average</i>
Woosey	19	7	43	6.1
Thorne	33	6	48	8.0
Lewis*	43	10	85	8.5
Wood	24	6	52	8.7
Costello*	100	24	236	9.8
King	49	12	126	10.5

* Awarded Colts colours.

UNDER-14 CRICKET

Played 8 Won 3 Lost 4 Drawn 1

All four defeats this season were sustained because of the fragility of the batting. Throughout the summer this has been the main problem. Too much has depended upon the captain, Trendell, who after a decisive half-century in his first game was never quite able to give this kind of lead again. In the same game Hollingsworth and Garnett played substantial innings but were extremely rarely to do the same again during the season. Digby, Glenister, Walker and Worley were all somewhat disappointing as batsmen, although each one promised at times to play long and significant innings. Lack of confidence, carelessness and bad luck all played their part in these disappointing performances with the bat.

On the other hand, the bowling has been very good. Glenister has bowled with real fire, despite occasional lack of control; Worley has been an admirable opening partner—a natural bowler, and Hollingsworth, with off-spin, has always bowled intelligently and with sustained control. Support in the field has always been good: Harris's efforts behind the stumps (despite inadequacies), Aldersley's catching and Digby's throwing were commendable.

UNDER-13 CRICKET

Played 5 Won 3 Lost 2

The side played with great enthusiasm throughout the season, well led by the captain P. G. C. Harvey. The two games lost should both have been won comfortably, but poor running between wickets let the side down. Good batting performances were achieved by Fraser, Howarth and Edwards, and the most successful bowlers were Harvey, Chandler, Edwards and Bucknell. Generally the fielding was good.

UNDER-12 CRICKET

Played 5 Won 3 Lost 2

More matches were played this year than ever before, and this no doubt contributed to the great enthusiasm shown in nets and practices throughout the season.

Twenty boys played for the team at least once. Thomas scored a notable 50, Currie and Dolphin hit hard, Coxwell took most wickets, and Lloyd and Russell always threatened to score a lot of runs.

I.R.C.

BOAT CLUB

In the first regatta of the season the School 1st IV was obviously of race-winning potential: they proceeded to prove this by reaching the final in all the regattas except one, beating varying numbers of crews *en route*, and although they never achieved the extra impetus

needed to win all six, they raced well at all times. The main achievement of the season was the National Schools' Championship which the school entered for the first time, reaching the final and finishing fourth—no mean feat. They also reached the final at Marlow Regatta for the third time. At the time of writing we have one more regatta when members of the 1st and 2nd IV's are joining with Sir William Borlase School to form an eight.

The 2nd and Colts IV's were handicapped in their races by injuries, lack of weight, and by drawing the winners or runners-up in opening rounds. However, the 2nd IV at last proved their ability by reaching the semi-final at Egham.

As always we must express our appreciation of Mr. Blyth's devotion to coaching, aided by Tony Grant, and of the parents who supported at regattas.

First IV colours were awarded to: J. C. Dixon, V. R. Gubbins, S. Lewis, P. J. McMillan, M. R. Taylor.

Second IV colours were awarded to: J. S. Oldam, G. P. Bayley, W. C. Harris, J. C. Moss, C. R. Walton. J. C. DIXON.

John Dixon has covered up the disappointment that I know the 1st IV felt keenly, at winning so many times, yet missing the success that their dedication and hard work deserved. Not many people outside rowing realise how much effort, physical and mental, goes into one race, let alone a rainy season; and to gain no solid reward at the end of it is disheartening in the extreme. All this year's members have borne up very cheerfully overall, and I am convinced that next year we will not only win what we missed this year, but that next year's 1st IV will be the best the school has known. I.A.B.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB

1st VI

Played 14 Won 13 Lost 1

v. Windsor G.S.	7½-1½	v. Highgate School	5-3
v. Oxford School	8-1	v. Univ. Coll. School	½-8½
v. Stowe School	5-4	v. St. Nicholas G.S.	8½-½
v. Borlase School	9-0	v. Staff	6½-2
v. Merchant Taylors'	7-2	v. St. Benedict's	6-3
v. Abingdon School	6½-2½	v. Watford G.S.	5-4
v. Magdalen Coll. Sch.	7-2		

This has been an exceptionally good year for the 1st VI—one of the best in the school's history. In addition to the fine match performances—of especial note were the defeats of Stowe College and Highgate School—there were also encouraging pointers for the future. Some of the younger players had the benefit of coaching lessons from an experienced coach (we hope to extend the coaching scheme to the 1st VI next year), increased interest was shown in the Nestle's Schools Tennis Ladder, and the old grass court was renovated, thus providing a potential third court for the teams.

As far as the team itself—Guy Johnson and Chris Newby were a very steady second pair, proving that even against excellent opposition, as at Stowe, they could be relied on to gain at least two matches for us. David Gillespie and Johnny Lowe were the usual third pair—they could always be depended on to give of their best.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Haworth and the ladies for arranging the excellent teas, Mr. Ivor Atkins for his help in preparing the grass and hard courts, various masters for helping with the matches, and Mr. Hillier, at whose door much of the credit must be laid for the wonderful season. I only hope that these results will enable tennis to gain fuller recognition in the school as a first-rate sport, and now we can look forward, thanks to the coaching our boys have been having, to even better seasons in the future.

IAN JOHNSON.

The commendable successes the tennis team have been having for the last few seasons owe much to two boys—Ian Johnson, the captain for two years, and Richard Simons. Both have proved very good schoolboy players, usually beating any opposition with ease. Their record for the last two years speaks for itself: Played 77 matches, won 64, drawn 9, lost 4! My very best wishes go with them in any future tennis commitments.

K.A.H.

Team: I. Johnson, R. Simons, G. Johnson, C. Newby, D. Gillespie, J. Lowe. Also played: D. Battsby, J. Dennis, P. Ham.

'A' VI, 2nd VI and Colts VI

Played 11 Won 5 Drawn 1 Lost 5

A successful season when compared with 1969's dismal record! There is no lack of enthusiasm in the lower reaches of the tennis club—promising newcomers include M. Aston, G. Hunt, and P. Whyment-Morris. I hope that next year will produce even greater successes for a group of boys who have worked hard to improve their standard.

Teams: P. Ham, M. Oldnall, W. Joss, M. Smith, J. Gillespie, B. Lowe, D. Battsby, P. Whyment-Morris, D. Pixton, G. Hunt, M. Aston.

K.A.H.

SWIMMING

This year we were again unfortunate in so far as the swimming pool was only opened after the half-term holiday. However, it was possible to arrange swimming matches against Sir William Borlase, Dr. Challoner's, Aylesbury and Watford Grammar Schools. The contests against Dr. Challoner's and Sir William Borlase were won, but those against Aylesbury and Watford were lost.

The team was victorious in the High Wycombe and District Swimming Gala, winning the Boys' trophy for the sixth year in

succession. T. Bartlett, F. Percival, N. Fraser, R. Edwards, G. Tinn, G. Lunn, R. Elvery and D. Tinn, were selected to swim for the district at the County Gala, in which R. Elvery won the senior Free Style, T. Bartlett won the intermediate Breaststroke, and D. Tinn won the senior Breaststroke.

T. Bartlett, R. Elvery, A. Nicol and D. Tinn have been selected to swim for Bucks against Berks, Beds and Oxon in September.

Half colours were awarded to T. Bartlett and D. Lewis.

D. S. O. TINN.

ATHLETICS

Although Athletics in this school is unfortunately regarded as a 'minor' sport it can boast of having several outstanding athletes.

Perhaps the find of the year has been Andy Nichol, who has shown he is very competent with the High Jump and Pole Vault.

In the Juniors Trendell and Harris have run well, whilst Lentell must be congratulated on his success in the District.

In the Intermediates Crowley, Jenkins and Planas all ran very well, Jenkins having a fine run in the County Schools 800 Metres.

Alan Lewis jumped well all season and was unlucky not to reach the All-England Schools in the Triple Jump, whilst Martin Hyland showed promise as a 400-metre runner.

In the seniors Robert Davies has thrown well all season and is to be congratulated on his win at the County Schools, whilst Finch-Savage and Peterson both threw well in the Javelin.

In the middle distance races Elvery ran well, as did Tomlinson in one of his rare appearances. In the sprints Orme has had a good season, breaking the School Record for 200 metres, and equalling the Wycombe Phoenix record for 100 metres.

Finally, my thanks to Mr. Stubbs for all his help this season.

IAN ORME.

Best performances:—

Davies.	Shot, 14 m. 88 cm.
Finch-Savage:	Javelin, 37 m. 37 cm.
Orme:	100 Metres, 11.1 sec. 200 Metres, 23.0 sec.
Nichol:	High Jump, 5 ft. 2 in. Pole Vault, 9 ft. 6 in.
Anderson:	Long Jump, 5 m. 16 cm.
Ham:	800 Metres, 2 min. 9.5 sec.
Lewis:	100 Metres, 11.3 sec. Triple Jump, 41 ft.

SPORTS DAY

Sports Day was held on Wednesday, 20th May, the prizes being presented by the Mayoress.

For the first time the track events were metric, and the starting line moved to the end of the finishing straight, as is now the case with most of the tracks in the world.

The highlight of the day was perhaps the Open 1500 Metres. It produced a fine finish, Philip Ham just managing to overhaul Robin Elvery in the final yards. Philip Ham became the Open Champion, beating Ian Orme (who took the three senior sprints) by two points.

Alan Lewis showed what a fine athlete he is with wins in the 100 Metres and 200 Metres, and with an excellent leap of 11 m. 40 cm. in the Triple Jump. Trendell became the Colts Champion after a close battle with Simpson, and Oliver won the Junior Colts title.

The Form One competition was won by Lentell, and special mention should be made of his excellent 100 metres time of 12.7 seconds.

The House competition was won by Fraser, with Tucker second, Youens third, and Arnison fourth.

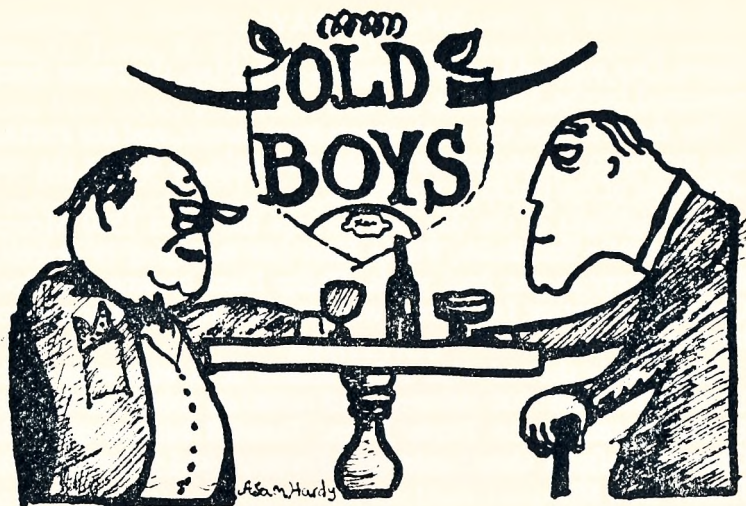
IAN ORME.

CRICKET TOUR OF DENMARK

July 18th–24th

This was an extremely successful tour on all counts—the cricket was good, the reception and hospitality tremendous. The party of 13 boys and three staff left the R.G.S. on Friday, 18th July, and landed in Esbjerg the next day. The first match was played there: Esbjerg 62: R.G.S. 64 for 1 (Ikin 32*). Then a road journey north to Holstebro for the second match, a close and exciting one: the R.G.S. scoring 128 and bowling the home side out for 104. Another journey across to the east coast to play Skanderborg: this time a youth team who could only muster 99 runs (Gamester 5 for 18) in their reply to the R.G.S. total of 208 for 8 (Turner 74, Cook 32, Czerwinski 30). So, three matches, three successes! This owed much to the spin bowling of Johnson (8 for 28: 7 for 45: and 3 for 39) and the captaincy of Ikin.

The Danes overwhelmed us with their hospitality, no tour member will forget Skanderborg, or 'Erik' in Esbjerg! Any plans for future tours to Denmark would have the 100 per cent backing of the '1970 Group', who were: D. J. Ikin, S. B. Gamester, R. Floyd, M. Newton, A. M. Turner, J. C. Cook, P. J. Howland, D. J. Peterson, C. D. Johnson, G. D. Long, G. A. Hutcheon, B. Warren, D. A. Czerwinski. *Staff*: Messrs. J. F. Samways, M. W. Cook, K. A. Hillier.



OLD WYCOMBIENSIANS' CLUB

DEATHS

R. F. V. BRITNELL (1915–24) on July 6th, 1970, suddenly, in High Wycombe, aged 62 years.

Reginald Fred Varney Britnell was a well-known High Wycombe solicitor. He joined the firm of Allen Janes, Britnell and Co. as a partner in 1933. He volunteered for the R.A.F. and was later made Squadron Leader and mentioned in despatches.

He was High Wycombe's Superintendent Registrar for many years and was for six years a member of High Wycombe Borough Council. He was also a guarantor of the Old People's Annual Dinner. He was President of Whiteleaf Golf Club and had played at the club on the day before his death. He was a Life Member of the Old Boys' Club and was proud of the fact that six Britnell brothers had attended the School. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edna Britnell, and two sons.

F. WOOSTER (1919–24) on April 6th, 1970, at his home, 26 Downland Road, Woodingdean, Brighton, aged 62 years. Frank Wooster was a 100 per cent war disabled man but courage and determination helped him over his 18 years of illness. His wife, Mrs. Nellie Wooster, writes that he had the greatest admiration for his School and talked so often of his Sports Days and life in the School Boarding House. Mr. P. L. Jones, who was resident in School House at that time, says that Frank Wooster was very popular with all boys.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

- ANDREW, J. H.** (1954–62) wrote regretting being unable to attend the Annual Dinner but he had recently moved house to 15 Elmfield Crescent, Birmingham, and was deeply involved in decorating. After the flat, the house and garden are particularly pleasant. He is still working for B.S.A. in their Research and Development Establishment at Hockley Heath.
- BAKER, M. G.** (1959–66) has completed his Diploma in Education at Cambridge and is to teach Economics and Government at Huntingdon School for a year. At the end of this time he hopes he will know whether he wants to make a career of teaching.
- BATES, G. E.** (1948–55) is now Secretary of Croda International Ltd. at Cowick Hall, Snaith, Goole, Yorks. Croda International involves itself in chemicals, food products, cosmetics and soaps, polymers and agriculture. Group sales and exports in 1969 were £24,000,000 and profits were £1,714,000 before tax. We reckon George is doing all right.
- BLAKESLEY, J. F.** (1957–61) wrote from Australia to bring us up to date. When he left Nottingham University with an honours degree in industrial economics he went to work in London for one of the larger and more monolithic oil companies as a management accountant. He found that he didn't like oil companies, accountancy or travelling in the tube, so he resigned and set off to see a bit of the world. He spent about four months travelling through Europe and Asia in the general direction of Australia using public transport and trying to avoid the hippies who were just beginning to move into Kabul. He got to Australia with no money and had to find a job. This was two years ago and he finds Australia a very pleasant place. He is working for the Australian Government's Department of Trade on the policy side and finds it very interesting—but he will be returning to England at the end of the year.
- BOOBIER, D. L.** (1960–67) has returned to the land of the financially solvent after his road accident, fines and the purchase of a new bike last September.
- BURRELL, M. M.** (1964–66) is to be congratulated on his 1st in Botany in his Finals at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He now proposes to do a Ph.D. in Plant Pathology.
- DAWES, J. A.** (1954–57) writes from Kastangelaan 1, Berg-en-Dal, Nederland, a small village on the outskirts of Nijmegen. After less than a year in Holland he is teaching programmers. He wants to improve his German and Dutch but everyone there speaks good English, which makes it difficult. In September he goes to his Head Office in Stuttgart until

January 1971, when he returns to the Education Centre in Berg-en-Dal. He wants Old Boys to look him up there.

HAMILTON, R. I. (1963–70) is teaching English in a Berlitz School in Freiburg im Breisgau and improving his German at the same time. There are 13,000 students in Freiburg and he has much to do with them. Very many people are prepared to pay DM 10 per hour for a private conversation lesson and he could return to England reasonably solvent before starting at Exeter University in October.

HAMMETT, R. W. (1954–61) writes from Kigezi College, Butobere, P.O. Box 90, Kabale, Uganda. He has used the school holidays to travel around Uganda, Kenya and Tanzania in his Volkswagen 1200, which is better than any British cars on the roads there. The clouds of dust in the dry seasons and the inches of mud in the rains make driving an adventure at any time. Last August he drove to the coast of Tanzania and flew to Zanzibar where he found the mixture of Arab, African and Indian cultures very interesting. He visited the palaces of the former Sultans, saw (and smelt) the plantations of cloves which are the island's principal export, he wandered in the narrow alleyways between tall houses with richly carved doors and watched the dhows at sea. In teaching, things have become more difficult. Uganda had a wave of school strikes and his school was no exception. The pupils were suspended for three weeks but the Headmaster was transferred so they saw that as a victory for themselves and have since boycotted various school functions—but Hammett soldiers on.

HILL, M. R. S. (1960–67) is at London Hospital Medical School and as a result of his 2nd M.B. examination he was awarded a £50 scholarship to enable him to study for a B.Sc. in Biochemistry. He hopes to gain a Ph.D. in Biochemistry before continuing with his clinical studies in medicine. He was married in High Wycombe on July 11th.

HORLEY, G. F. (1920–28). Gerry Horley has just retired as Headmaster and looks back with great satisfaction on his career as a schoolmaster.

IREMONGER, M. J. (1954–62) wrote giving his new address in Welwyn Garden City. He has reluctantly joined the mortgage rat race.

JOWETT, L. H. (1919–26) has just retired from a position in the sterling accounts department of Barclays Bank's chief foreign branch in the City. He has travelled for the past 44 years on the 7.38 from High Wycombe to London and on the 21st April, 1970, he fulfilled a lifetime ambition by travelling on the footplate. For his last three months he has travelled free on a first-class voucher presented by British

Railways to mark his great services to commuting. A railway spokesman said, 'He is our No. 1 commuter'.

LEECH, R. H. (1955-62) who read History and Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge, is teaching at Millfield School, Somerset, and is very interested in archaeology. He had an article on Cogadh Goedhel re Gallaibh and the Annals of Innisfallen published in the North Munster Antiquarian Journal. He has met PUTNAM, W. G. (1941-46) who is a lecturer at the Weymouth College of Education and who has built up a flourishing archaeological department there.

LOWE, C. E. (1963-70) wrote from Aix-en-Provence where he is improving his French. He finds lectures on his course rather uninspiring and attends the Beaux Arts School course to restore his morale. He has spent a thrilling week in Rome and writes with enthusiasm of his friend M. J. CAVEY (1963-70) out in Afghanistan.

MARTIN-FAGG, R. J. (1962-68) has just completed his second year at Leicester University. He keeps fairly well up to date with his studies but he is obviously very active in student affairs. He is proud of his effort in organising the Rag Raft Race and he has been elected President of the Gilbert Murray Hall. He rows for the University first eight and they beat Churchill College recently. He emphasises this point when he sees P. E. Winter.

MORRISON, M. F. (1960-67) wrote just before receiving the result of his final examinations—his future depends on the quality of his degree—but of one thing he is sure—his love for cross-country running is as strong as ever.

MORTON, D. (1960-67) wrote from St. Catherine's College, Oxford, after receiving the last copy of the School magazine. He was very sad to read of the death of Mr. Farrell whom he will always remember for the patience and thoroughness of his physics teaching. Morton's second year has been a very happy one—he gained a Heath Harrison scholarship in Russian and in his leisure time he has produced, directed and acted in a Russian Variety Evening. He spent two months in the States last summer—as a window-cleaner in an aquarium in Boston, Mass., and next year he should be in the Soviet Union by courtesy of a ten-month British Council undergraduate studentship to a Russian university. One of Oxford's latest tourist attractions is the figure of a tall policeman who has been observed controlling student demonstrators at the Carfax—standing and musing. This is Mr. John Goodenough whom Morton has bumped into on several occasions. Mr. Goodenough has few regrets about giving up teaching despite the students' activities.

MYERSCOUGH, C. J. (1957-64) is leaving Churchill College, Cambridge, to take up a post at the Central Electricity Research Laboratories in Leatherhead. An industrial career offers him better long-term prospects than an academic one—but he needs a change after six years at Cambridge. He could return in two years' time—he has merely intermitted his fellowship which has another year to run. He will be working on problems of mathematical physics at Leatherhead. He reported that WINTER, P. E. (1960-67) was on his way to Persia with two other Churchill men. He was particularly proud of Churchill's examination results—72 firsts this year and no specials or fails at all in the first two years.

The Old Wycombiensians' Annual Cambridge Dinner started off with sherry in Myerscough's rooms at Churchill on April 25th. Present were the Headmaster, Messrs. W. J. Clark, H. Scott, D. G. Jones and M. M. Davies—Old Boys J. A. Stevens, G. E. W. Thompson, R. B. Stevens, P. E. Winter, I. C. Mann, S. W. Coniam, C. J. Myerscough, D. McColl, A. Arbaney, R. S. Hickox, M. G. Baker, D. S. Levin. David S. Levin (1961-67) proposed the toast to the School and the Headmaster replied. Ian Maun (1960-67) proposed the toast to the guests and Mr. M. M. Davies replied scintillatingly.

PACKMAN, C. J. (1957-64) goes from success to success. He married Miss C. M. Coomer on May 2nd, 1970, at St. John the Baptist Church, Rowlands Castle, Hants.

PATTINSON, M. R. (1953-60), our first shooting 'blue', has settled down at Rugby School. He took over the rifle team which did remarkably well in the Ashburton Shield at Bisley this year—Rugby pulled up to 9th place after being 75th last year.

PETTITT, P. B. (1940-48) is happily settled in Johannesburg and hopes that any Old Boy who finds his way there will contact him. His company has just merged with Holman Bros. Ltd. and is known as ComAir S.A. (Pty.) Limited, P.O. Box 14087, Wadeville, Stand 255, Berrange Road, Wadeville Extension, Transvaal.

PUDDEPHATT, K. R. (1953-57) is now head of the Computer Programming Department at Equity and Law Insurance Co. and his brother R. J. (1955-62) is returning from lecturing in Chemistry at London, Ontario, to lecture at Liverpool University.

RAWKINS, P. M. (1958-65) gets a lot of pleasure from reading the experiences of his contemporaries in the Old Boys' Notes and has written from 1920 Bloor St. West, Apt. 3, Toronto 9, Ontario, to give news of himself in case someone is interested in his affairs. He graduated from Leeds in 1968 with an

Honours degree in Sociology and decided to come to Canada for at least a year. During the 1968-69 academic year he taught introductory sociology at the University of Western Ontario while working for his M.A. which he completed in August. Since then he has been working as Research Officer in Sociology at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education in Toronto. He has also co-authored an article on the American sociologist Talcott Parsons, which is to be included in a book of essays in his honour. Last November Rawkins was married in St. Thomas, Ontario, to Miss Vicki Sanders and at the moment he is spending the summer in Owen Sound, a small town on Lake Huron, 140 miles north of Toronto, where the University has a summer school. He is lecturing on social stratification. Next September he returns to Toronto to begin work on his Ph.D. He is very happy with his two years in Canada but has by no means decided to settle there permanently. He would be very pleased to see any Old Boy who arrives in the Toronto area.

ROSE, C. A. (1940-44) is the new Rail Chief of the Southern Region's South Western Division. This is the largest of the Region's divisions and is responsible for all the main lines in Portsmouth, Bournemouth and all the other services from Waterloo station.

RUNDELL, D. J. (1960-67) has just gained a very good B.Sc. Honours degree in Electrical and Electronic Engineering at Leeds University and will start work with the B.B.C. as an engineer in the Television Group at Shepherds Bush in September. His brother P. F. RUNDELL (1963-70) has been working in an accounts office to prepare himself for the expense of his French travels this summer.

SHARP, D. J. (1959-64) should now be back in England at Central Flying School where he hopes to be trained as a flying instructor. He was married in Limassol, Cyprus, on March 28th. He also enjoyed his four years flying Canberras in Cyprus and the Middle East. He wrote from R.A.F. Wildenrath, Germany, and was looking forward very much to returning to the U.K.

THORNE, R. W. (1951-57) who lives at 18 Palmerston Way, Alverstoke, Gosport, was recently promoted Lieutenant Commander in the Royal Navy. He is due to go to sea again in January and meanwhile will be busy at H.M.S. *Sultan*, the R.N. Marine Engineering School and at his new home painting it.

WARD, J. R. (1956-62) is at Nuffield College completing his D.Phil. He is to lecture in Economics at Edinburgh University in October.

WATERS, I. H. C. (1943-50) is moving from Woolverstone Hall in Suffolk to take up the post of Senior German Master at Ipswich School.

WHY, C. J. (1942-50) has just finished eight years teaching in Service Schools in Malta and is now returning to take a course in the Study of Advanced Education at Reading University.

WOOD, D. M. (1959-66). In the list of Awards and Elections at Cambridge University, David Wood's name appeared: To the Title of Scholar, D. M. Wood (Chemical Engineering). As a result of his First in Part II of the Mechanical Sciences Tripos he obtained another University Prize—the Archibald Denny Prize for Theory of Structures. He returns to Peterhouse in October to starting doing research in Soil Mechanics. Last summer he got a job in Stockholm for three months, at first checking the construction of a new hospital, later controlling the rebuilding of an old one. In the same list of awards appeared: Prizes—Mathematics A. ARBANEY (1963-68), Electrical Sciences D. R. S. HEDGELAND (1959-65). Hedgeland in addition to a 1st and a prize is captain of the Cambridge University Rifle Association.

(These Old Boys' Notes are comparatively brief. M.M.D. hopes to receive much more news by next April in time for the May edition of the magazine.)



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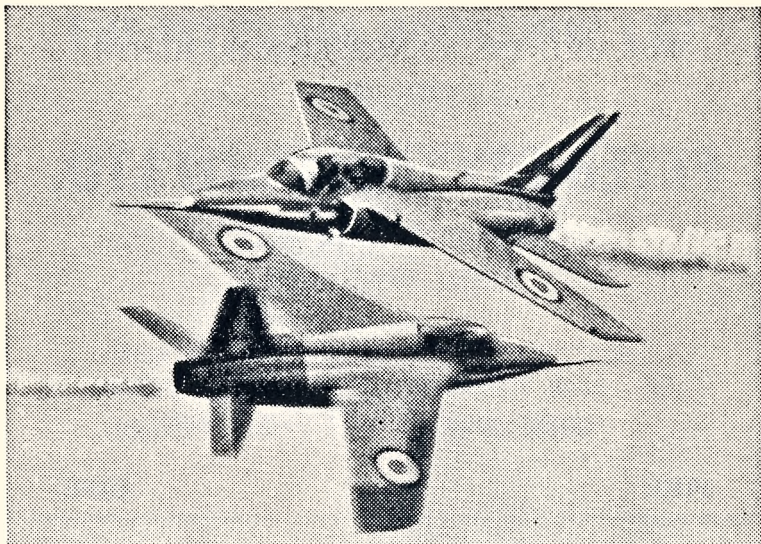
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Photograph by A. P. Woolhouse



A CWM NEAR THE SUMMIT OF CADER IDRIS.
(see Geography Field report)

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