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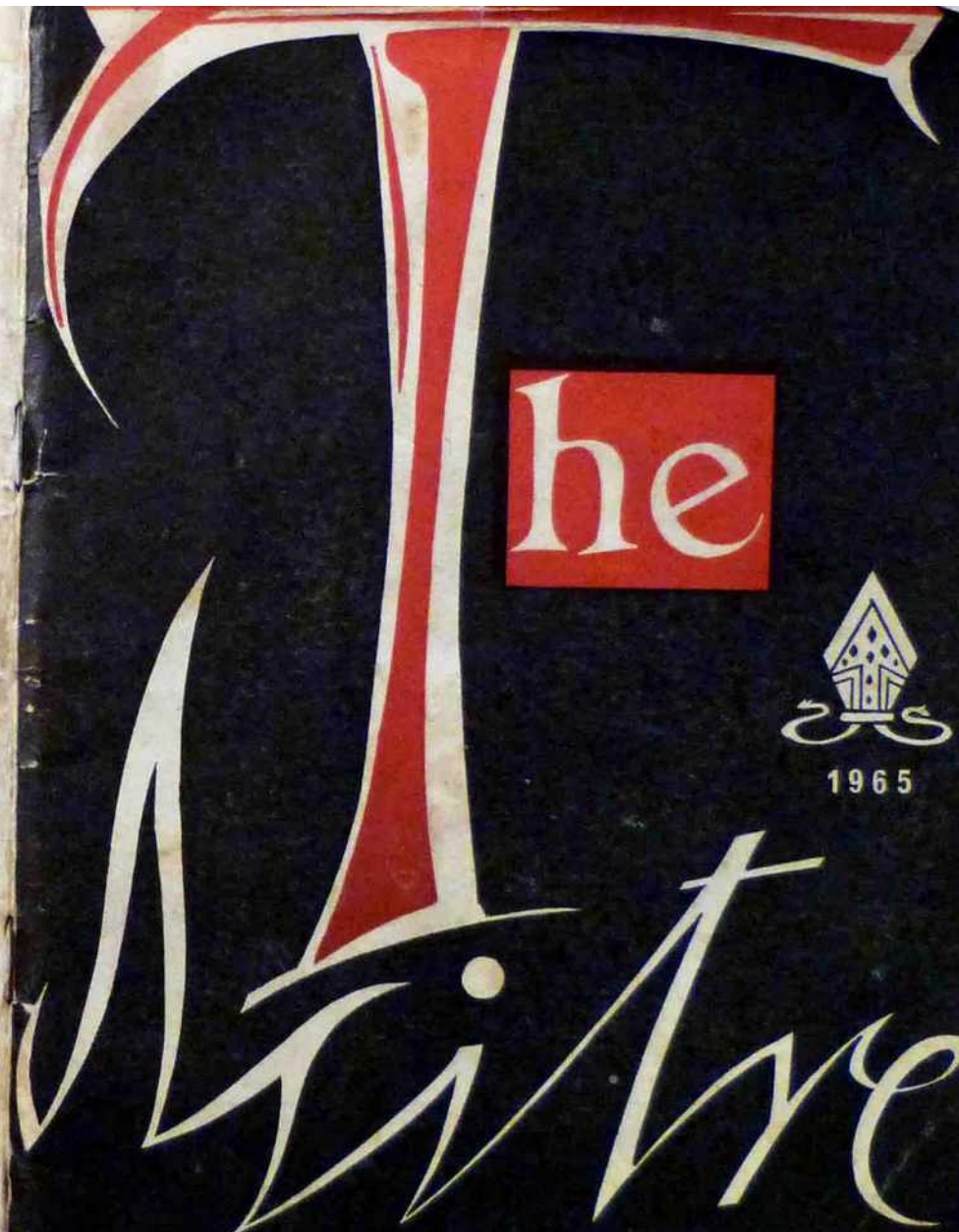
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# THE MITRE

THE MAGAZINE OF

**Winton Secondary School for Boys**  
CORONATION AVENUE, BOURNEMOUTH

Volume Seven

July 1965

"When I was in Hong Kong the other day . . ." is how one of this year's articles could begin. A former pupil who volunteered for the Royal Navy tells of his last six months in the Far East in the carrier HMS Eagle. And less than two years ago he was on board Winton School.

An aircraft carrier has its complement of planes which it fuels, protects, prepares for flight. So a school its pupils—until the time comes when they must take off and look after themselves. Some zoom off, some stagger away, some need a push, a few may crash.

Here the analogy ends, for those leaving school do not come back to land. Their visits are welcome, but the flight is theirs. They must set their own course through life, avoid its hazards or drive straight through them. They have exchanged the conformity and the necessary restrictions (as well as the security) of school for the freedom with responsibility and dangers of adult life. They are off the deck and on their own.

So what sort of a ship is Winton? As a crew do we set a course for our boys to follow? Is it a true one? Perhaps the answers can be plotted from this year's log-book—The Mitre of 1965.  
Editor.

## Staff News

Christmas saw the departure of two well-known masters, Mr. J. Parker and Mr. N. Westerman. Mr. Parker had been in charge of Physical Education in the school, and Mr. Westerman had done much work for Winton rugby. Mentioning rugby one cannot forget Mr. P. J. Tansey; both of these teachers have their place in the sports section of the Mitre. Mr. Westerman's work in religious education has been taken over part-time by Mr. J. Fletcher, while Mr. Tansey is being seconded from Winton for a year and his place taken in the autumn term by Mr. G. A. Davey.

We welcome Mr. P. Kearn who has come from East Howe to take charge of Physical Education, and Mr. F. Venclik who has helped with French part-time. Other part-time staff have been Mrs. J. H. McCullough and Mrs. K. P. Crow.

Since the start of the school year we have been pleased to have Mr. J. Fynn on the staff as a student teacher. We wish him well in September when he begins a course of teacher training at St. Mary's Training College, Twickenham.

An item of staff news that should not be overlooked is the welcome return of the Headmaster, Mr. J. G. Thomas. He was taken to hospital on the morning of our 1964 School Fair a month before the end of the Summer term, and was not back until the autumn. Mr. Thomas is to be congratulated on his better health.

## School Notes

**SPEECH DAY** for the year 1964-5 was held on 27 January, when we were pleased to welcome as principal guest Mr. M. G. Powell-Davis of the Education Department National Union of Teachers. Lists of awards distributed are on pages 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 & 9.

**CSE EXAMINATIONS**, forecast in last year's *Mitre*, have arrived, and half of the fifth-year found themselves taking them in early May. In English it was a novelty to have an oral examination, when many realised that though they do plenty of talking they must learn what to talk *about*.

**SCHOOL FAIR**—now an annual event—was held this year on Saturday, 8 May, and was highly successful both socially and financially. Our thanks are due to all parents, boys and staff who helped in any way in making it such a success.

**SCHOOL BAND** is a thing hard to ignore even if one wanted to. This year the band has been able to take its place among the longer-established school bands of the town, in giving public performances on several important occasions. Our thanks are due to Mr. G. Coote of the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra for his teaching, as well as to Mr. C. Marshall and Mr. D. Hardiman who have given up much of their time. A summary of the band's engagements appears on page 14.

**DEVIL'S BRIDGE** is again the destination of a school visit this year, following an enjoyable time there in 1963. For the first week in August a group of thirty with Mr. R. Parker as leader, will be there walking, swimming and visiting such unfamiliar things as dams, reservoirs and power stations.

**NORMANDY** for the fourth year in succession will be invaded by fifth-year boys in the middle of July during the last nine days of term. Each year the route has been slightly different, and this year the party will start from Mont St. Michel, calling at Bayeux, the invasion beaches and Pegasus Bridge, reaching Le Havre by way of the Tancarville suspension bridge. Several of the group are going for the second time: one of them gives an impression of a camp last year on page 25.

**SCHOOL OUTINGS** are being held this year as usual, a week before term ends. To the usual destinations—Runnymede and Windsor, London Airport, the Science Museum, a Dorset walk and a farm visit—is added in 1965 a fishing expedition to the Stour at Sturminster Newton.

**NATURE TRIALS** were organised for the first time this year, when in the Easter holidays coach and walking outings for field study were organised among the town's schools. Among the three hundred pupils involved from many schools, several Winton boys enjoyed a day at Worth Matravers, St. Aldhelm's Head and Chapman's Pool.

**BOSCOMBE DRAMA CENTRE** has been visited regularly by Winton boys as part of their school work, and we now have a permanent booking of thirty seats for regular public performances. Earlier this year most of the fifth year CSE group and some fourth-year enjoyed a production of Willis Hall's play about an incident in the war in the jungle in the Far East—"The long and the short and the tall". If some boys went chiefly because the play is in the CSE reading syllabus, all were amazed at the reality of the production. We are very grateful to the Director of the Drama Centre, Mr. L. Williams, for inviting us there for the performance.

**ASA SURVIVAL AWARDS** continue to pile up at Winton School, which still holds more than any other school in the town. Though we are fortunate to be not far from Stokewood Road baths, it is to the credit of Winton boys that they have been interested enough to attend out-of-school sessions for training and tests.

**MARINE TRAINING CENTRE** is a name that is being heard more and more in Bournemouth, though the Borough's enterprise is not a year old. From September some senior Winton boys will be offered canoeing and sailing as an alternative to the longer-established sports. A glance at the sports section of *The Mitre* shows how far schools have come since the days of nothing but football in the winter and cricket in summer, and an impression of the latest addition to the range of activities available is given by two volunteers who have tasted the water of Christchurch Harbour in recent weeks. (pages 14 and 15).

**FIRST-YEAR BOYS** have their say in this year's *Mitre*, when a number of them say what they think—which is more than we may like to believe. Their comments on various matters of importance appear in sections throughout the magazine.

**THE MITRE** is set in 10pt Venezia and printed by letterpress, photographs by offset lithography.

## Prefects 1964-5

Michael Coombs (Head Prefect); Adrian Filbey (Deputy Head Prefect);  
Laurence Berg, Peter Buscall, Keith Ellarby, Robert Fuller, Martin Gill, John Haigh,  
Colin Hawksworth, Andrew Hirst, Keith Hoskins, John Hughes, Graham James,  
Graham Murry, Lindsay Neilson, Michael Oakley, Roger Pepper, Steven Sansom,  
David Symes, Frances Thompson, Mark Trembath, Robert Walton.

## School Holidays 1965-6

Summer	Friday 23rd July	Tuesday 6th September, 1965
Autumn mid-term	Friday 27th May	Monday 6th June
Christmas	Wednesday 6th April	Monday 25 April
Spring mid-term	Thursday 17th February	Tuesday 22nd February
Easter	Friday 17th December	Tuesday 4th January
Summer mid-term	Friday 28 October	Tuesday 2nd November
Summer	Friday 24th July	Tuesday 7th September, 1966

## FORM PRIZES

Form	Attainment	Progress
1G	D. PAYNE	D. TRELOAR
1A	R. TRIMBY	R. BRADLEY
1B	D. HAWKINS	B. DENNIS
2G	J. ARMSTRONG and R. HOLLINGWORTH	P. GOODWIN
2A	R. FIELD	B. BALLANTINE
2B	B. WOODFORD	P. DOMINEY
3G	R. PEPPER	R. BIRD
3A	R. VINE	T. MAYBURY
3B	G. MAIDMENT	M. CLARK
3C	B. WILLIAMS	T. BASSON
4G	P. PEARSON	
4A	R. FRANCIS	
4 Bdg.	D. HOPKINS	
4 Eng.	G. MITCHENER	
5G1	D. MORGAN	
5G2	P. KERR	
5A	M. COOMBS	
5 Bdg.	R. BOWRING	
5 Eng.	A. SEATON	

### SUBJECT PRIZES

Chemistry ..	K. POTTINGER	Music .. ..	H. DALTON
English ..	R. GIDLOW	Physical Education ..	J. VINCENT
French ..	A. WILCOX	Physics ..	F. HUMBLE
Geography ..	B. ROWE	Religious Education ..	P. PEARSON
History ..	D. MORGAN	Technical Drawing	G. MACKINLAY
Mathematics ..	B. TAYLOR	Woodwork ..	P. DYMOTT
Metalwork ..	C. POMEROY		

### CAMBRIDGE G.C.E. "O" LEVEL CERTIFICATES

#### SUPPLEMENTARY CERTIFICATE (Main Entry Summer 1963)

G. CLEVETT	E. Lit., History
S. EMMENS	Geog., French, Wood.
J. HARRIS	History, Phys. w. Chem.
S. KYRIAKIDIS	Mod. Greek
B. SMALLCALDER	E. Lang., French
D. TURLE-SMITH	History

#### Summer 1964

G. BAILEY	Art, E. Lang., Geog., Maths.
P. BLAKE	Maths., Art, E. Lang., French
M. BOSHER	E. Lang., Maths.
S. BRIDLE	Maths., E. Lang.
R. BROOK	E. Lang., Geog., Maths.
B. BURGESS	Wood., E. Lang.
H. DALTON	E. Lang.
J. DAVENPORT	Maths., E. Lang., E. Lit.
K. ELLARBY	Maths., Wood., E. Lang., Hist., Geog., Geom. Dr.
D. EMBERSON	E. Lang., E. Lit., Geog., Art
A. FILBEY	Wood.
G. FOSTER	E. Lang., E. Lit., History, French
C. GAMBIER	Geog., Addl. Maths., Physics, (E. Lang. Supp.)
R. GIDLOW	E. Lang., E. Lit., History, Geog., Addl. Maths., Phys. w. Chem.

F. HUMBLE	E. Lang., E. Lit., Addl. Maths., Physics
E. INSALL	E. Lang., Hist.
R. KEMP	E. Lang., E. Lit., French, Maths., Art
P. KERR	History, Geog., Maths., Phys. w. Chem., Wood., E. Lang., Physics
M. LUGG	Maths., Geom. Dr. E. Lang., Geog., Physics. w. Chem.
G. MACKINLAY	Geog., Physics, Wood., Geom. Dr.
A. MANGAN	E. Lang.
J. MARSHALL	Geog., Wood.
P. MASTERMAN	Maths.
L. MORGAN	E. Lang., E. Lit., History, Geog., Maths., Phys. w. Chem., Metal, Geom. Dr.
P. MULLIS	Geog., French, (E. Lang. Supp.)
S. PALMER	E. Lang., Maths., Wood.
J. PARR	E. Lit., Geog., Maths.
K. POTTINGER	E. Lit., Geog., Maths., Phys. w. Chem., Metal., Geom. Dr.
B. PROSSER	Maths., Geom. Dr.
K. RHODES	Maths., Physics, Geom. Dr.
B. ROWE	Geog., Maths., Physics, Geom. Dr.
J. SHARP	History, Maths., Phys. w. Chem., Geom. Dr.
W. STANTON	Maths., Geom. Dr.
B. TAYLOR	E. Lit., Geog., Addl. Maths., Physics, Metal., Geom. Dr.
D. THOMAS	E. Lit., History, Maths., E. Lang., Geog.
N. WEST	Maths., E. Lang., Physics. w. Chem.
G. WHITE	Maths.
A. WILCOX	French
P. WILLIAMS	Maths., Wood., Geom. Dr.

#### Forms 5A and 4G. Preliminary Entries (Main Entry Summer 1965)

C. ALLEN	Maths.
S. ANDREWS	Art
R. BEALE	Metalwork
L. BERG	Maths.
D. BOWMAN	Art
T. CLARKE	Maths.
I. CARR	Maths.
M. COOMBS	Maths., Metal., Geom. Dr.
P. DYMOTT	Woodwork
D. FOSTER	Art
K. HOSKINS	Maths.
G. JAMES	Maths.
P. PEARSON	Maths.
R. READY	Maths., Art
M. TATTUM	Art
F. THOMPSON	Maths.

### SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

#### UNION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

#### Form 5A

C. ALLEN	8 subjects (2 credits)	P. FALL	5 subjects
R. BEALE	5 " (1 credit)	M. GILL	6 "
P. BEVIS	6 " (1 credit)	M. GLEDSTONE	3 "
A. BLANK	4 "	K. HOSKINS	7 " (1 credit)
P. BUSCALL	4 " (1 credit)	J. HUGHES	8 "
C. CANDY	5 "	J. HUNT	6 " (1 credit)
M. COOMBS	9 " (7 credits)	R. LUTHER	4 "
I. CARR	6 " (2 credits)	G. NEAL	1 "
P. DYMOTT	7 " (1 credit)	R. SMITH	3 "
J. EVANS	4 "	F. THOMPSON	8 " (1 credit)

Form 5E

J. BEDFORD	3 subjects	A. SEATON	5 subjects
R. BROWN	1 "	D. SYMES	1 "
B. MATE	2 "	R. WAREHAM	1 " (1 credit)
J. PARKSONS	3 "	A. WATTON	5 "
C. POMEROY	4 " (1 credit)		

Form 5B

R. COULSON	1 subject	D. JENKINS	1 subject
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INTRODUCTORY TECHNICAL COURSE CERTIFICATES

UNION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

TECHNICAL — PART A

G. AUSTIN	* D. RAYMENT
* P. HARVEY	* D. ROBERT
* J. PECKHAM	* R. TUCKER
* S. PEMBERTON (Distinction Maths.)	

\* Denotes Group Certificate

TECHNICAL — PART B

Form 5E

* J. BEDFORD	J. PARSONS	* A. SEATON
* R. BROWN	* C. POMEROY	D. SYMES
B. MATE	B. ROBERTS	A. WATTON

\* Denotes Group Certificate

Form 4G

* S. ANDREWS	* M. MERCHANT
* L. BERG	* G. MURRAY
* D. BOWMAN	* L. NEILSON
* K. BUSHBY	* P. PEARSON
* P. BYRON-DAVIES	* P. POLLARD
* T. CLARKE (Distinction Maths.)	* A. RIGLER
* B. COLLINS (Distinction Maths.)	* R. READY (Distinction Maths.)
* D. DOMINEY	* S. SANSOM
* R. DUGDALE	* B. SUDDER
* D. FOSTER	* M. TATTUM
* M. HALLIFAX	* M. TROWBRIDGE
* A. HIRST	* R. WALTON (Distinction Maths.)
* D. HORLOCK	* R. WATTON
* G. JAMES (Distinction Maths.)	* T. WATTON

\* Denotes Group Certificate

Form 4A

D. ALLEN	* R. FRANCIS	* G. RUSSELL
* T. BALDWIN	* C. HAWKSWORTH	* R. SMITH
* B. BENTLEY	* P. KERR	* R. SQUIRES
* C. BOYLE	R. NEAL	S. WARR
* J. CALKIN	* M. OAKLEY	* P. WEBB
E. COBBIN	S. OWEN	M. WILLIAMS
* R. DOIDGE	* D. RICKETS	A. WILMOTT

\* Denotes Group Certificate

INTERNAL BUILDING CERTIFICATES (FIRST YEAR)

R. ANTELL	S. HORNSBY	T. WARE
M. FOSTER	R. PEARCE	D. WILLIAMS
J. GRAVES	D. SMITH	A. WINTER
R. GURD	B. TRAVES	

SPORTS COLOURS

ATHLETICS

TOWN	M. COLLINS	G. NEAL		
SCHOOL	M. COLLINS	G. NEAL	M. TREMBATH	G. JAMES

CROSS COUNTRY

HAMPSHIRE	G. NEAL	H. DOE
TOWN	G. NEAL	H. DOE
SCHOOL	G. NEAL	H. DOE

CRICKET

TOWN	D. HOPKINS	M. FOSTER
SCHOOL	D. HOPKINS	M. FOSTER
		G. JAMES

RUGBY

HAMPSHIRE	R. BEALE	T. BALDWIN	L. NEILSON	M. COLLINS
	G. AUSTIN	J. VINCENT		
TOWN	R. BEALE	T. BALDWIN	L. NEILSON	M. COLLINS
	G. AUSTIN	J. VINCENT	T. CLARKE	R. BIRD
	M. OAKLEY	M. MERCHANT	M. TREMBATH	R. COLE
	D. RICKETS	G. JAMES		
SCHOOL	Above together with			
	M. DURHAM	R. FULLER	J. HAIGH	C. HAWKSWORTH
	P. HARVEY	T. LUMINATI	G. MURRY	R. SQUIRES
	P. STICKLAND	M. SULLIVAN	M. TANNER	D. THOMAS
	S. WARR			

SOCCER

HAMPSHIRE	J. VINCENT	M. OAKLEY		
TOWN	J. VINCENT	M. OAKLEY	R. SQUIRES	G. JAMES
	M. FOSTER			
SCHOOL	Above together with			
	D. SMITH	D. HOPKINS	M. MURRY	M. TREMBATH
	R. COLE			

## SWIMMING

### HAMPSHIRE

R. BROWN

### TOWN AND SCHOOL

R. STICKLAND R. BROWN R. BEALE D. NICHOLS

## AMATEUR SWIMMING ASSOCIATION: SURVIVAL AWARDS 1963-64

### BRONZE AWARDS

B. BALLANTINE	M. GILL	B. PROSSER
R. BRADLEY	D. GRAY	D. RAYMENT
J. CALKIN	F. HARVEY	S. READ
J. CHALK	C. HAWKSWORTH	J. REID
J. DAVENPORT	E. INSALL	T. RIGLER
J. DAVIES	M. JACKSON	W. STANTON
N. DAVIS	M. KETTLE	B. SUDDER
H. DOE	P. KERR	D. THOMAS
D. DOMINEY	R. LUTHER	E. THOMAS
P. DOMINEY	W. MADDOCKS	F. THOMPSON
P. DYMOTT	R. MAKOSA	A. THOMPSON
C. EVANS	D. MORRIS	D. WEAVER
M. EVANS	I. MORETON	P. WESTON
R. FIELD	P. MULLIS	T. WOODFORD
B. FRIZZELL	S. PALMER	
R. FOX	S. PEMBERTON	

### SILVER AWARDS

B. BALLANTINE	R. FOX	S. READ
J. DAVENPORT	E. INSALL	E. THOMAS
R. DOIDGE	P. KERR	F. THOMPSON
P. DYMOTT	R. LUTHER	D. WEAVER
C. EVANS	P. MULLIS	P. WESTON

### GOLD AWARDS

L. ARMSTRONG	P. DYMOTT	R. LUTHER
J. DAVENPORT	R. FIDLER	B. SUDDER
D. DOMINEY	P. KERR	

The list above is complete to the end of 1964. These further awards have been gained in the first half of 1965:

### Bronze Awards

Timothy Jones, Stephen Palmer, Colin Spencer, Duncan Thomas.

### Silver

Richard Bradley, David Evans, Terence Luminati, Nigel Davis, Marc Evans, Dennis Payne, Howard Doe, Barry Frizzell, David Ricketts.

### Gold

Francis Thompson, Philp Weston, David Weaver.

## BOYS SUCCESSFUL IN THE CYCLING PROFICIENCY TEST 1964 :-

Name	Marks
P. GOODWIN	89
A. ROBERTS	88
T. HARDY	87
D. LAWS	86
S. DRAYTON	86
B. FRIZZELL	85
P. FULLER	85
G. BALDREY	84
C. SPENCER	84
D. GOULD	84
A. WELLS	82

### BAND COLOURS

P. BALSON	P. HAYTER	D. MASON
L. BERG	M. HILL	R. OAKTON
G. BILLAM	A. HIRST	A. ROBERTS
R. BRADLEY	C. ISEARD	G. STORR
S. CROSSMAN	M. JESSETT	J. TATTUM
D. GOULD	T. LUMINATI	D. THOMAS
D. HAWKINS	G. MAIDMENT	M. THORNBACK

### TROPHIES

Federation of Building Employers Shield and Prize	E. J. THOMAS
Hampshire & Isle of Wight Architectural Association (Western Chapter) Prize	J. R. SHARP
General Knowledge Trophy	REDHILL
"Lindley" Speech Trophy	REDHILL
"Peter May" Cup (Sprints)	G. JAMES
"Chris David" Cup (Field Events)	J. NEAL
Decathlon Cup (Presented by David Mantell)	M. GILL
Pentathlon Trophy	G. JAMES
Athletics Cup	TALBOT
"Stammas" Cup (Cricket)	MUSCLIFFE
Swimming Cup	REDHILL
Selangor Trophy (All Round Sportsman)	M. OAKLEY
Tennis Trophy	T. CLARKE
Cross Country Cup	MUSCLIFFE
"Peter Weller" Shield (Rugby)	MUSCLIFFE
"David May" Cup (Soccer)	MUSCLIFFE
Winton Cup (Work)	REDHILL

## Voluntary Help Group

The Voluntary Help Group has continued to work quietly during the past year and a fairly consistent assistance has been maintained to the old people of the district.

Boys have in many cases visited the people allocated to them at least once a week and in some cases more frequent visits have been possible. It is unfortunate that we are not always able to help in all cases of need owing to distances involved, the requirements of homework and other circumstances. However, our volunteers are not easily put off when a really urgent job is brought to our notice.

Certain boys are worthy of special mention, and while I do not want to belittle the work of the majority of the group, I feel that special mention should be made of Graham Billam (3a), Clive Evans (4a), Robert Fuller (3a) and Michael Durham (4g) for their especially fine consistent work.

Thank you to all the boys in the group for their work in the past year.

K. Greasley.

## A Word From Your Careers Master

*"Following in father's footsteps,  
Following my dear old dad . . ."*

As far as careers are concerned the words of the old song which were once true are not so today. The whole conception of careers has changed tremendously since the secondary modern school decided successfully to follow GCE courses as well as to give opportunities to pupils with skills in crafts.

There is no excuse for the boy (or the parent) who is unaware of the many kinds of work open to him. Nor is there any excuse for the boy who has not contacted me and made the fullest use of the comprehensive library of careers literature compiled over a period of years. There is no excuse for any boy not knowing the qualifications for entry into the craft apprenticeship, student apprenticeship or profession of his inclination.

Dates of application, and examination (Army, Navy, RAF, Civil Service, etc.) are posted on notice boards. Interviews with the Youth Employment Officer are arranged; visits, both individual and group, can be planned to allow boys to see working conditions, and so enable them to decide if their choice is the type of work they can face up to for the next half-century—quite a lot of life.

It is well to remember that—whether we like it or not—paper qualification is the key to promotion to supervisory positions, and no boy with ambition can afford to neglect the opportunity of attaining CSE or GCE standards while still at school.

Don't hesitate to ask your questions. What I don't know I'll find out or pass you on to Mr. Deavall, Youth Employment Officer, Punshon Memorial Building, Exeter Road.

H. Blair.

## I want to be . . .

For many years I have wanted to be a teacher. Great enthusiasm, however, has not been prominent until the last few years of my secondary-school life. Although the work makes considerable demands on one's time, energy and patience, I am assured that all the effort that one puts into one's work is more than worth the satisfaction one has from the encouraging progress of one's pupils—some of them.

It is as well to find out as much as possible about a career before embarking upon any kind of qualification. My first task, therefore was to acquire information—from library books, sending for pamphlets, by talking to teachers and attending lectures on this type of career.

My second task is the present one of obtaining five or more good GCE passes at "O" level to gain entrance to Bournemouth Grammar School. The "A" level GCE course there last two years usually, after which, if I obtain two or more "A" level passes. I hope to enter university; or if this is not possible, a training college with a four-year course available. A pass in the final examination after a four-year course at one of these colleges qualifies one as Bachelor of Education, a useful qualification in the age which seems to be coming—of the comprehensive school.

Students normally choose two or three subjects for further study with a view to teaching them. As my main subjects I have chosen English and French with Geography as a possible third. After a college course when one is trying to get a post at a school one has an advantage, I think, in being able to offer allied subjects.

Another decision to make concerns the type of school that one wishes to work in. After much thought I have decided to teach at secondary level and in either a secondary bilateral or a comprehensive school! but I may change my mind as I learn more about education from the inside.

Keith Hoskins. 6G

## How I Became a Marine Engineer

When one reaches the last year of school one has to think of what to do with life. My thoughts dwelt on engineering but I did not want to specialise in one field. I also like to travel, and so the course I took was to study marine engineering.

I started by writing to the Shipping Federation which told me about the Alternative Scheme for the training of marine engineers, which means a three-part, four-and-a-half year course: two years are at an approved technical college to take Ordinary National Diploma; one in a heavy engineering workshop; and eighteen months at sea.

The Federation gave a list of companies which will send one on this course. To be eligible one has to have four subjects at "O" level—maths, English, physics and chemistry or an engineering subject, and to be below 17 $\frac{3}{4}$  years old.

Though by the time of starting the course I should be over age, I wrote to twenty-seven companies. At the first interview, in Southampton, I was five minutes early but the company's representatives was two or three hours late. When eventually he saw me he looked over the application form and said I was too old, and that was it as far as he was concerned.

Next day I had interviews with France Fenwick & Co. Ltd. and Turnbull Scott, and the following week with Royal Mail Lines, all in London. All three companies put me at ease with a friendly atmosphere at their interviews. I was also interviewed at Poplar Technical College by the head of the Marine Engineering branch. Meanwhile I had to pass several medical examinations. Eventually choosing Royal Mail Lines, I wrote to the other companies, and they replied wishing me luck in my career.

I started at Poplar Technical College in September 1963. The college has its own steam yacht which sail to Southend and the Medway from the Pool of London. We also made several visits, one to the Damage Control School at Portsmouth where they put about fifteen of us in a mock-up ship which is torpedoed. In complete darkness we first have to put out the fire and then stop tons of water from drowning us by



blocking holes in the ship's side. A second visit was to Chatham, where we were shown round the yards and Britain's latest destroyer—quite a ship.

One has the holidays of the College except for the summer when one goes on a training course for practical work. The Company pays the College fees and gives me an allowance. My pay has increased three times since I have been in London, and it goes up each year. As I live away from home I get £248 a year, plus a travel warrant every holiday. I live in a Merchant Navy hotel, (£5 a week full board, and my own room), about ten minutes' walk from College.

My Finals will be from 21st June, and next September I go to South Shields. After that—to sea!  
Christopher Marx (PSI Mar. E.) Winton 1956-62.

## Ankers Away

I left Winton School in the summer of 1962 and spent a rather anxious summer vacation wondering whether I had done sufficiently well in my 'O' level G.C.E. examinations for me to gain a place in the Sixth form at Bournemouth Grammar School. Finally I received the results by post during the last week of the vacation. I well remember how I carefully opened the envelope, removed the slip of paper bearing the details and uncovered each examination subject one by one to reveal the result. The ordeal was over. I attended an interview with the Headmaster of Bournemouth Grammar School and secured a place to study Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry to 'A' level standard. A hectic week ensued in preparation for the term ahead.

On the first school-day several differences between the Grammar School and the Secondary Modern School became apparent but I gradually became used to these and eventually accepted them as part of any school life.

The size of the School building and the number of Pupils was most impressive. Large multi-windowed classrooms led off from a maze of corridors on two storeys whilst small staircases led to a small second floor block, to a projection room, physics dark-room and new chemistry laboratory or to the orderly room and Quartermaster's stores, the latter two belonging to the School Combined Cadet Force. A very surprising fact was that the whole school (numbering over 900 pupils) had to stand throughout morning Assembly.

Obviously for the well-running of a school of such dimensions precise organisation was necessary with the result that the pupil was at no time in doubt of when and where he should be at any time, although occasionally he could become rather confused by the inclusion of a 'Day Six' in the school time-table. Each week-day was allocated a day 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5 timetables whilst a day 6 timetable 'floated' through the weekly timetable from week to week.

School terms slipped by and after passing my 'A' level G.C.E. examinations last summer in my four subjects I applied for admission to a University in October 1965. In January of this year I was interviewed and sat the Scholarship examinations of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London University and Manchester University to read Chemistry. I was extremely pleased when I heard that I had been awarded an Entrance Exhibition worth £50 per annum and a place to read for a B.Sc. (Special) degree in Chemistry with Mathematics and Physics as ancillary subjects and for the Diploma of Associateship of the Royal College of Science (A.R.C.S.) at Imperial College. This I gladly accepted at the cost of never knowing the Manchester

results since the College were free to withdraw this offer if I did not accept it within seven days. I feel secure in knowing my future for the next three years but I intend to continue School work until this summer—a very special summer for me, for it will be the first one for over nine years that I have not had to sit an examination.

Naturally I hope to do well at Imperial College but one can not foretell one's results. The three-year course includes a study of scientific German or Russian—a necessity for any chemist. A 1st or 2nd class honours B.Sc. Degree in Chemistry would be most acceptable at the end of three years' study and if I reach this standard I would like to carry out post-graduate work at Imperial College or at another University to qualify for a higher degree (M.Sc. or Ph.D. or D.Sc.).

At present I am undecided as to which career I would like to take up, having several in mind, such as a University Lecturer or a research chemist in the oil and petroleum industry, but the choice will depend upon my success.  
Brian Ankers.

## And I Get Paid Too

Hong Kong, Singapore and the Philippines and many more are the places I have visited in the last six months on board HMS Eagle, Britain's largest and most modern aircraft-carrier.

We sailed from Plymouth on 1st December, 1964 and arrived back on 27th May, 1965, and in these six months I have travelled three-quarters round the world. That's how it is in the Royal Navy.

It can be a hard but enjoyable life rolling around the world in a warship, and at times it can even be rather unpleasant, but you get through all right as long as you "look after yourself". On a large ship like Eagle you have always plenty to do when at sea: for instance there is a film every night, tombola twice a week, a soda fountain, beer bar and a large selection in the NAAFI canteen.

When you arrive in port you can go ashore in the evenings and enjoy yourself, because you always get plenty of time off from work. In Mombasa on Christmas Day twenty of us went on safari in temperatures of up to 120F. In Beirut twenty-five of us were taken out for a coach ride to an ancient city and then to a hotel for an extremely large dinner consisting of local dishes which were very tasty—the best thing being that all was paid for by a millionaire. In the Philippines the US Navy took us out on the town, so as you can see it is quite enjoyable in today's modern Fleet.

M. J. Kettle, R.N.

## Easter Courses

For several years now the Physical Education Organiser for the schools of Bournemouth, Mr. A. M. Ward, has planned Easter holiday courses for pupils keen enough to give up their time to improve in physical skills. Tuition has been by local and national coaches.

Young Swimmers Course:- Clive Evans, Terence Luminati, Terence Maybury. (Clive Evans was awarded a commendation for progress.)

Young Athletes Course:- Michael Durham, Gary Filbey, Brian Smith.

## Where Are They Now ?

Among the news of former pupils which has reached us at Winton during the year are the following items.

Corporal Peter Hanham was last year awarded the MBE for his work in Cyprus.

W. H. Barrett is now a student at the University of California, Los Angeles.

Melvyn Davies was Cap Bearer to those who carried the coffin at the State Funeral of Sir Winston Churchill in January.

Brian Ankers has been awarded an Exhibition at Imperial College, London.

Mervyn Kettle, who left at the end of 1963, has returned from a voyage to Singapore and Hong Kong in the aircraft carrier HMS Eagle.

## Oom pah! oom pah!

Well fans! since my last report the band has made great strides. It has grown in size from 15 to 23 and its repertoire has increased by the ton.

July '64. The Bournemouth Music Festival, 83 points, just five marks behind the winners!

December '64, Winton: in aid of the Mayor's Christmas appeal. We raised £64. There were 3 concerts before Christmas with two on the same night at Kinson and Bournemouth, the third was also at Bournemouth.

February '65. An earsplitting start to the year with Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, massed school bands with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra at the Winter Gardens.

March '65 A case of "taking coals to Newcastle" when the band played at the Branksome Salvation Army Hall, and then for a one week stand the band joined the American 7th Cavalry to play at the Scouts Gang Show. A third concert took place at the Winton Congregational Church.

May '65 and the band's greatest honour, playing at the massed bands concert in the Winter Gardens with conductor Frank Wright. The School Spring Fair left the band (and most of its music) scattered around the playground.

Well, those are just some of the things the band has done in the past eight months and with a hot summer approaching there will probably be many more engagements.

The lads in the band would like to thank all the parents who regularly organised refreshments at the holiday band practices and to those who helped to raise £23 for the band at our jumble sale in April. So it is with a great ovation ringing in our ears that I sign off until next year.

Martin Jessett, 4A

## With Paddle and Sail

A small group has been keen enough to go down to the Marine Training Centre after school most Tuesdays this term. The Centre on the shore of Christchurch Harbour was built and opened last year. It has all the facilities including canoes and

dinghies for youth club and school sailing, so that Bournemouth is well ahead in these activities. We are grateful to Mr. D. W. Cobden, the Borough's Marine Training Officer, for his co-operation.

Two of Winton's pioneer group tell of their first experiences on (and in) the water.

Nervously I lowered myself in, pushed off and paddled away unsteadily. This was my first attendance at the Marine Training Centre at Hengistbury Head. My canoe—I shall always remember that one—was of green and grey canvas, and the paddle an aluminium shaft connecting two wooden blades set at right angles to each other.

After my two friends and I had launched our canoes, our instructor showed us the first simple strokes, moving forwards and backwards. After practising these we passed on to harder recovery and sculling strokes. I was surprised at the way my canoe heeled over half way and shipped water, but I sat there resignedly because I knew worse was to come.

My turn had now arrived to capsize the canoe—part of the training and to give confidence in an emergency. With unnecessary care I checked my life-jacket (compulsory at the Marine Training Centre), and prepared for the very cold water below. Gently at first I rocked my canoe, and then . . . splash! The world grew dark and green and thick. Surprisingly, I recalled later, it was not cold—I had too much else to think about. My life-jacket pulled me to the surface, and I dragged my canoe to the bank where the others helped me to empty and right it. They seemed highly amused at my performance.

Now that I was paddling back to the Centre I had time to realise the wind was blowing bitterly. First to sponge down and dry the canoe, then I looked forward to a hot shower and coffee to round off in comfort a satisfying evening for my friends and myself—and (I hope) for my instructor, Mr. Popham.

Duncan Thomas 4G

At last, after all my fifteen years, I was in a sailing dinghy. As he sat at the helm the instructor looked very worried. Terry took the jib sheet and I just sat at the helm. Why, I wondered, does a rope have to be called a sheet? We were trying to learn other nautical terms such as going about, starboard quarter, gybe and "le-o". What does it matter, I wondered—I just wanted to stay upright.

Gradually I grew used to it, and I was enjoying myself when our instructor decided to land. As I was crew I had to jump out of the dinghy and steady it. I didn't mind getting out of the dinghy—it was the getting into the water I was not so keen on. Anyway, there I was by the bow, holding the dinghy by the painter. I was glad when the mainsail was up again and I could heave myself in.

Now I was asked to take the helm and sail the dinghy back to the landing stage. I turned the rudder by the tiller and headed home, but to my amazement the dinghy was not travelling the way I wanted. It would go round in circles, or stop dead with a rattle of sails. What a situation! If the instructor had not taken over I might be there still, afloat or aground in the middle of the Christchurch Harbour.

But after all I was not so very glad to see the dinghy derigged and cleaned down. There's always next week to look forward to.

Clive Evans 4A

## My Place of Retreat

After a year of work (by some!) all of us go on holiday. A section of the community stay at home and visit the beach, other go to a holiday camp or prefer a caravan holiday. Some like myself, go to a place where there are not very many people.

I go to Mudeford sandbank. We stay in a converted lifeboat which is on the beach as a hut. She is thirty feet by eight. Her name is Mudlark (which is a kind of bird). Our family have had her for twelve years and we have had a boat of some sort for nine years. At the moment I have two canoes (Petrel and She's-a), and the family has one sailing boat called Red Shark (another type of bird).

Our friends consist of two groups, one at Bournemouth and one at Mudeford. During the day our time is spent in sailing (racing on occasions), canoeing, swimming or fishing. The night life normally consists of a long walk or a game of cards. If it rains we plague Christchurch or the local cafe.

So far I have told you about the human side, but the animal life is very varied. We sight the occasional school of porpoises playing in the sun. On land rabbits and adders abound, while ponies are quite numerous on Blackberry Point. The birds are even more varied from starlings to turnstones.

I could tell lots more of great interest but I'm afraid space is limited.

William Maddocks, 2A

## A Quartet of Daydreams from 4A

Another French lesson. What is the use of me being able to speak French? Everybody that I know speaks in English, even if it is not very good English.

"Dans la campagne il . . ." I am in the country, racing along the lanes on my bicycle. I'll have to repair the puncture before next Sunday. I wonder if it is a bad one? I had better get a new puncture repair outfit after school . . . school! The only good subject is metalwork—maybe I will finish my job this week.

What was that? Just someone coming into the room. Its "Old Frenchy" still rattling on about the country? What a waste of time. The time! Nearly time for bell . . . there it goes. Oh well, that's another forty minutes off my school life.

Derek Gosselin, 4A.

"General Wolfe landed his men and led them up the cliff to capture Quebec".

"Okay chaps, you take some men and go and attack the west gate" I crept along on the ground towards the gate, my flock behind me, one of them carrying a bag of gunpowder with a slow-burning fuse. After the smoke had cleared we charged through the gate and into Quebec. I was surprised that there was no resistance—it was just too good to be true. Suddenly the world exploded and there was Mr. Skelton standing over me. A . . . what is Mr. Skelton doing in Quebec? . . . Quebec? General Wolfe? . . . Ah, I get it I'm at school! Mr Skelton confirms this (with words quite suitable for the occasion) and I get back to my work on Canada.

Martin Jessett, 4A

Just ten minutes to the final bell, then I would rush for my bicycle and make for the games-field.

These were thoughts passing through my mind during maths—the last lesson of the day and it had to be maths, "Oh well just my luck I suppose. Anyway, who cares about Pythagoras and his boring theorem?"

My mind began to wander. There I was five yards from the opposing side's goal about two minutes to go to the end, with the score one each. I swung my foot . . . "Vine! wake up boy, where do you think you are, some holiday camp in the South of France, eh?"

"Par-par-pardon sir?"

"Oh be quiet boy!, tell him the answer Jones".

"Yes sir".

Roger Vine, 4A.

The summer's sun shines through the glass,  
And I feel drowsy sitting in class.  
On and on the teacher's voice plods,  
My head grows heavy and soon it nods.  
Eyelids droop and from consciousness I pass.

I struggle back from stolen night,  
And try hard to look falsely bright.  
Teacher goes on talking, talking,  
While up and down still walking, walking.  
Eyelids droop, I lose the light.

I'm on the school field playing ball,  
Kicking hard to score a goal.  
—My legs jerk out,  
I awake with a shout,  
To the unkind amusement of all.

Terry Maybury, 4A

## "Slumberland"

I hear in the room below me  
The patter of dainty feet,  
The sound of a cup that is broken,  
And voices soft and sweet.

Through my bedroom door I see in the lamplight  
Climbing the small hall stair,  
Grave dad and mystified mum  
And sister's untidy brown hair.

A whisper, and then silence . . .  
And through my clouded eyes  
I see visions of frightening gorgons,  
Planning to take me by suprise.

Roger Vine, 4A

## I Fall Asleep

When I was young I used to fear  
All things that darkly seemed to peer,  
And think they looked at me.

I hid my eyes beneath my sheet  
And hoped that soon they would retreat,  
To leave poor frightened me.

When I dared to peep outside  
The pile of sheets from me they hide—  
I saw those things that looked at me.

I dived beneath the sheets once more,  
And hoped they'd go away before  
I fall asleep . . .

Brian Davis, 4A

## Bed

As I lie enjoying the comfort of bed,  
Moving pictures run through my head,  
I imagine our familiar school  
And my old pals still playing the fool . . .  
Is that Mars there high and shining red?  
I feel excited when I see  
That winning goal just scored by me;  
And being chaired off in the rain.

The pictures move past that  
And now I'm holding the bat,  
The bowlers sends down the ball—  
Which I knock over the wall,  
Hitting a passer-by's hat.

At swimming and running I'm ahead,  
At jumping I have always led,  
At gymnastics I am simply grand,  
At boxing none to me can stand—  
Yes, I'm the greatest when lying in bed.

Terry Maybury, 4A

## When We Were Young

Looking back through the mists of experience to the golden past, some of the fifth year have recorded here some memories of that glorious time — though for some for some reason or other they have preferred not to put their names to them.

My younger childhood is not at all clear, but I remember beginning school. At four years old under much protest was dragged to school by my mother.

I was led into the strange, large room where there was more noise of squeaking and crying. A stranger came up to my mother and after speaking to her led me away. At first I was amazed at this but my mother promised me that she would have a present for me by the end of the day.

Time seemed to pass very quickly that first day, until I came out and remember clearly my mother holding the present for me. It was a toy engine, and I seemed to think I would like school if every day were to end with a present.

Looking back I find myself rather bewildered by what I have heard of my younger days. Dogs and noisy aircraft I am told were my biggest hates and I always used to dive under cover when I saw either. The more I ran away the more the dogs would follow, and although they were only playing my colour used to turn white.

From what I have been told I knew almost every tradesman in the road and often went round with them. My biggest family recollections are that I hated the doings of my big sister, for I could see that I could never outwit her in anything. She used to drive me mad, but I secretly laughed although I was only about five.

My younger days at Hill View School must have been happy but there is a blank in my mind except that I can recall trying to paint pictures which turned out like Modern Art, with more paint over me than on the paper. My memories really start at Winton, which is where these recollections had better stop.

I was born in Mogadishu, a sea-port on the coast of British Somaliland. My father was in charge of a prison farm where the prisoners worked the farm produce — mainly maize and cattle.

I can still remember what our home looked like. It was a long, whitewashed brick bungalow on the edge of the town. Surrounding our garden was a large bamboo fence to keep me from wandering off and getting lost.

A lot of my childhood in East Africa is very vague. I can remember visiting Cape Town and Nigeria travelling by car, which is quite a journey. My younger brother who is now thirteen was born at Nairobi in Kenya which was a very new town then. I had pets which included puppies and lion cubs as well as a baby elephant which I used to play with.

Before I left Africa to come and live in England I cannot remember speaking English. The language I used was Swahili, the native tongue of British Somaliland. At first in Bournemouth I went to various schools, where I had rather a bad reputation of being a tearaway, but this is all in my past and now I am much older and—I like to think—more matured.

I was born on a bleak December morning in forty-seven, while my father was away in the Army. I was told afterwards in China. Two years later he came home and being a very good officer informed my mother my hair needed cutting.

Now he was out of the Army for good. Or let us say although he was out of the Army, the Army was still in him. Every time I was to go out we held an inspection, and it was never at something o'clock but at something hundred hours.

For a stranger in our house it was a frightening affair. Dad would rise at six every morning. By eight he would have drunk five cups of tea. At nine sharp he would be at work, never a second late or early. He would ride his cycle at the number of regulation turns. His hand signals were exactly to the drill manual.

By the age of nine (my father said the slovenly way I walked I should never reach ten) I first began to rebel. It started very modestly, but then one day the blow fell. I said I wanted to join the Sea Cadets with a view to entering the Navy. My father turned the colour of a guardman's tunic, formed fours, presented arms with a table lamp, and fell out.

It was several weeks before he could bring himself to speak to me, but my mother on the other hand was always fussing. One day there was a tin of paint standing by the clothes line. Now dad had always wanted a red shirt, so to please him I gave him one.

Although mellowed now he is quite an obstacle. Only last week we went to Bath in our car. Dad pulled out of a turning without looking, right in front of an oncoming car. The driver received such a stare he apologised.

In my early childhood I was younger than I am now—a fact that has always amazed me. My mother is continually telling me that I was a lovely child. I dislike her saying this because it implies that I have become unlovely—which of course is untrue as I am more lovely and modest than ever.

Being only a GCE form, 5G and 6G could manage no more than a few words each. I remember . . .

nearly drowning myself in Queen's Park pound,  
standing on a fence waving at trains,  
inspecting an orchard for apples,  
testing tricycle brakes on a steep hill and buckling the front wheel,  
losing my tonsils—and not getting them back,  
leaving wellington boots in a quicksand,  
hitting my brother on the head with a mallet,  
discovering I was a crack driver in a soap-box cart,  
breaking a church bell rope,  
helping a girl into a stream,  
taking a close, fast look at a brick wall,  
safaris for slow-worms on the common,  
the joys of discovering how to whistle,  
doing nothing I can remember.

## . . . And no Smell at All

While working on our land utilisation survey of the part of the Stour valley for our geography master we noticed some strangely shaped new buildings further up the river from Throop.

Leaving our cycles by the main gates we made our way to the reception office where we were greeted by a friendly man in overalls. We explained what we were doing and with his permission visited the control room, where we watched two large pumps through soundproof windows. We were told that these giant machines weigh eleven tons and pump the sewage of Moordown and Winton: eventually the plant will deal with most of Bournemouth.

We were invited to climb to the top of a large tank holding five thousand gallons. It was a magnificent view but very blustery, so we came down a narrow, twisting ladder to inspect the drying beds which form good manure. After signing the visitors' book we thanked our guide for a very interesting tour and made our way back to school to report our findings at the Berry Hill Purification Plant.

Tony Willott, Paul Webb, Michael Orkley, 5A.

## My Extraordinary Pets

I spent quite an amount of my time on Redhill Common and have observed the forms of wild life there, e.g. squirrels, various types of birds, and insects.

One day I decided to start collecting lizards and slow-worms. Now I have a cage of them. The lizards are reptiles and cold blooded creatures. The females are light yellow on the body and the males are dark orange. They move at a tremendous speed and hunt by night, their prey consisting of ants, grubs and smaller types of worm. As these reptiles bask in the sun they spread the body to twice the normal size. This species is usually found in sandy and rough regions, mainly visible to the human eye, but in some cases hiding under slate, tin, etc.

Geoffrey Redfern, 2A.

## Our School Fete

Hurry, hurry to the fete,  
Push and struggle through the gate.  
Hustle, bustle everywhere,  
Some stalls here, some stalls there.  
Mums and Dads all gathered round,  
Few the spaces to be found.  
Coloured balloons filled the sky,  
Bob a go to watch them fly.  
Come and spend all you possess,  
Make the fete a great success.  
A happy day was had by all,  
All enjoyed it, big and small.

Stephen Hoy, 2A

## Summer

Summer is a time of heat-waves and sunshine; of wide unbroken blue skies; cloudless still sunsets; of sunbathing on hot, endless, golden sands: a time of laziness, relaxation, long, cool swims in ocean or river; drinking ice-cool drinks and the sucking of quickly-melting ice-creams: a time of sunlight casting long, tall, dark, forlorn shadows, exaggerating the size of the human body: a time of sleepless nights, when the heat of the day stifles the bedroom: of waking in the morning to find sunlight streaming through the windows and the cool, fresh, morning air blowing billows of curtains: of rising from bed to start another perfect day

Peter Hayter, 4A.

## GOOD DEEDS

*Are youngsters as bad as they are sometimes made out to be? Judge from the views and deeds of these eleven-year-olds.*

"I think people who do not do good deeds are most inconsistent and selfish and, what's more, impolite."

"I clear up outside the cow shed and milking shed but I do not accept any reward."

"I always do three good deeds daily. I fetch my mum's loaf, clean the shoes and make the bed."

"When my mum was ill, I made the beds, did the washing and cooked the breakfast."

"I take the dog out a lot so that it doesn't get under grandma's feet."

"I have helped an old lady by cutting the grass with my friend."

"I have cut the grass, moved furniture, painted things and put up shelves for an elderly lady."

"My good deed is done on the beach. I pick up the litter. The advertisement "Keep Britain Tidy" tells me to do this."

"The most unpleasant good deed I've done so far is clean a car."

"Good deeds are being done every minute of our lives."

"Helped an old lady across the road. I did it off my own back. That is to say, I did it without being asked."

"A good deed can make peoples' live much easier."

"My good deeds consist of helping elderly people and receiving no reward."

First-Year Boys.

## Worrying About . . . ?

About four years ago my parents took me to see . . . Guess? The Ideal Home Exhibition! Oooogh!

After we had wandered about for an hour or two I became genuinely interested at last in one of the stands. When eventually I turned round to make some remarks to my parents I . . . found that . . . Whooh! They'd . . . (sniff) . . . gone! I rushed around and tried to find them but could not. I began to get worried, partly because I was lost and partly because I knew how much my mother worried. At any time over the next few minutes I expected to hear my name called over the loud-speaker system.

At last—suddenly—I caught sight of a familiar hat dancing about in the crowd. A minute or so later we were reunited and I learnt that the only thing my mother had been worrying about was my worrying about her worrying about my worrying about her. . . I think.

Martin Jessett, 4A

## ADULTS—BEWARE

*Parents may be interested in these views on adults as expressed by our first-year boys.*

"I think grown-ups are like kings and queens who need slaves to do jobs for them." "Adults do not always grasp the fact that what seems unimportant to them is very important to young people."

"Adults are very important in the lives of young people in that they have authority to a large extent."

"Most adults are friendly including friends of my parents."

"One thing is certain, we are only children once. I think we should have the chance to enjoy ourselves but grown-ups won't let us."

"Grown-ups should listen to me like I listen to them."

"I, myself, would not like to be grown-up. All the money you earn would be spent on various taxes."

"I think I would prefer to be a father than a mother."

"My father is strict. He always wants to know where I am going and it develops into a long conversation and by the time its finished it's too late to go."

"If there were no adults the world might fall to wrack and ruin."

"I think grown-ups do not understand boys and girls like us. For instance if we want to go out they always tell us to be careful."

"Adults who are discourteous and greedy I ignore."

"Adults have mixed feelings about children just as children have their views on adults."

"I asked my mum what metric system was. She thought it was something from "Dr. Who". Adults think they know everything but we know different."

"Adults like to have a bit of fun."

"The earth is composed of half or more of adults, some old, some young."

"I feel that adults without children are kinder to them as they do not know how troublesome we really are."

"At least, they didn't tax chewing gum."

"My mum and dad keep up to date but some adults don't."

"Generally I find that adults have the ability to talk continuously with few exceptions."

"Some adults are hard working but this seems to be dying out."

"I think adults are sometimes stupid and sometimes sensible like children."

"I think adults are very peculiar."

First-Year Boys.

## Towards a Black Belt

Most people who are are attacked in a club or in a dark alley, late at night, struggle weakly and try to scream for help. But for a person who has learnt Judo, it is an easy matter to put the attacker at one's mercy.

That is why Judo is such an important sport, to be capable of defending yourself efficiently, and this is the reason why I first joined a Judo club. Over a period of about twelve months I was taught every type of throw for different attacks. It really is a thrill to be able to "throw" an opponent without any trouble at all.

The real satisfaction of Judo is when a "grading" comes up. This is the moment when, after all the hard training, you are ready to try and receive a "higher" coloured belt. It shows the standard you have reached and how far you have progressed. The belts are in the order, red, white, yellow, orange, green, blue, brown, black. I am at the moment a yellow belt, and to obtain this I had to demonstrate a couple of throws and have a contest with a friend of mine for three minutes . . . three very long minutes of extremely tiring, fast action, but great fun!

Several months ago, Lawrence Berg and I decided to form a Judo club at school. We had about ten members who attended regularly and all were keen to learn. After a couple of months everyone was capable of defending himself efficiently and all were eager for contests with each other. As they fought we intervened and pointed out their mistakes and I am sure we and all the members of the school Judo club will be 'Black Belts' by the time they are twenty or twenty-five!

Brian Suddes, 5G.

## Judo at "Value for Money"

The Town Hall loomed out of a dark, night sky. It was an exhibition, and I was to be exhibited. The local government exhibition, "Value for money", had on display the activities of many youth clubs. Our club was demonstrating Judo, and we felt that our display would be the worst. Trembling with nervous excitement, we entered the much-trod and well-used entrance.

It seced a muddle. We wandered around the crowded and interesting exhibition, looking for changing rooms and "the mats". A helpful and rather inquisitive policeman showed us an improvised changing room. We were shaking with nerves. Would we make ourselves look like fools? Would we bungle the show and be a laughing stock? Thoughts like these ran through our shaky minds.

Later, we passed a laborious five minutes lugging weighty Latex mats to the display area. I had, foolishly, worn a track-suit over my judogi, and because of the sweat-making work, I was regretting it. With the mat laid, the canvas sheet spread on top, the area looked and felt formidable. We changed.

A crowd of inquisitive people clung to the matted area. Seeing me in my judogi a humorous spectator shouted, "Wot yer got yer pajamas on for?" Streams of laughter belched from the crowd. I stood embarrassed. The crowd thickened, and we grew more shaky.

A "black belt" took up a commentary, and the exhibition started. The "randori", a free-throwing and grappling exercise, was lively. I was picked up and thrown. Leaving the ground, I had sailed through the air and landed with an amplified crash on the canvassed rubber. The exercise was lively and the throwing was strong. My opponent was six Kyu (Judo grading) better than me, so, naturally, I spent more time flat on the canvas than upright on it. After the long preparation the exhibition seemed to fly by, and soon, after tumultuous applause, we left the mat.

After changing, we spent another five laborious minutes collecting the mats together. We were glad the exhibition was over; but after all the preparation we felt that we had put up a good show.

Ronald Fidler, 3G.

## FIRST YEARS' VIEW ON 'HOMEWORK'

- "I think homework is all right in the winter when there is not much to do."  
"This is a most interesting part of my school life. It is really an extra lesson."  
"Homework is good and bad. In the holidays you get bored and sometimes enjoy doing homework."  
"I think homework is a good thing but quite honestly I don't think we ought to have it. After all we have five hours actual working at school."  
"I think homework should be abolished. After all, doesn't a boy learn enough things in school?"  
"Homework makes us work when we could be watching a jolly good film."  
"The only word I can possibly call it—APPALLING."  
"My view on homework is that it must be done in a person's own time."  
"I think myself that we should not have too much homework. If possible, none."  
"I think homework is a liberty and it should be stopped."  
"I think homework is a good idea. It is the same as if you were working at school."  
"They give you homework so that you can refresh your memory."  
"I never do more than I'm supposed to do."  
"Homework should be cut to one period a day—fifteen minutes."  
"When you see children out playing you envy them. What makes me sweat blood is when they knock at the door to ask me to play."  
"Homework may be alright from the educational point of view but in my view—ugh!"

First-Year Boys.

## A Camp in Normandy

Across the Channel in France, there is a permanent score left by "Les anglais". As we arrived at Mont St. Michel in late afternoon the sun beat down on us. We had had a tiring day and all we wished to do was to pitch our tents and sleep. But where was the dinner coming from? We had to cook it. While the others put up their tents, I started the primus. Our menu was simple: sausage, bacon, egg, bread and a delicious rice pudding, all washed down with strong, muddy black coffee. We gulped our food hungrily and washed the utensils.

Now with dinner over we headed to "Le Mont". A tall sunburnt, thin-haired man related the past of this great strong point. A great expert on the matter, we told him he should write a book. By now, dusk was near, so we turned back and made our way across the causeway to the mainland. The camp was crowded with tents like phantoms with their lights shining like eyes. As the big bell in the tower boomed across the countryside we slipped into our cool sleeping bags. The crickets creaked as we dropped into the world of the unknown.

Bright and early in the morning I was awake but the others slept on. That man was dressed and eating breakfast. "Morning sir" I chirped. He replied gruffly. Now the camp seems to awake; boys emerged from their tents like butterflies from cocoons. They ran towards the wash house for a good wash in cold sparkling water. When they returned, our breakfast was ready. We ate it with large chunks of bread, French style.

At nine we returned to Le Mont for an official guide but it was not as the one on the night before. When we had been around the monastery we returned to camp. We collected our gear and started the long journey to Mortain. With each day more enjoyment was taken from the holiday, and when it was time to return to England, we felt disappointed. We are hoping to return again this year.

Francis Thompson, 6G.

### FATHERS—IS THIS YOU?

"My dad is a kind man. He lends me money as long as I give it back to him in time."

"My dad is kind to me and does not spoil me. If I do something wrong he does not hit me but finds another suitable punishment."

"I don't think I would like to change my dad."

"My dad thinks I am spoilt and I think I am too."

"My dad is not hard or soft. He treats me in a respectful way."

"My father is the best in the world to me."

"My dad is smashing. He helps me to do things and takes me out on Saturdays."

"My dad is very kind and helpful to the family. Sometimes he is very strict."

"My dad is kind to me and helps me wash up the dishes."

"My dad isn't too bad really. He's a bit of a square but he lets me wear modern clothes."

"I think my father is very good. He never gets really cross or anything. He is not old fashioned but he keeps up-to-date. I don't like his cooking."

"I like my dad very much. He shouts at me sometimes."

"My father is ill-tempered only when someone has done something silly and dangerous."

"My dad makes me wear old fashioned clothes and tries to make me wear a tie while at home. He makes me comb my hair and brush my shoes."

"I think my dad is about 44 years old."

"I think my dad is reasonable but does not like TV which doesn't please me very much."

"My father is a very quiet man. He normally leaves the telling-off to my mother. He only really shouts at football players."

"My dad usually gets his way about which station we have on the TV."

"My dad does not do what I want him to do. He is the best dad in the world."

"My father is kind, stern, and insists on discipline. He is good for a laugh."

"My dad is a handsome man. He gets angry when he has had a bad day."

"My father is rarely very strict but when he is it's terrible. My brother and I are very fortunate to have a dad like him."

"My sister now and then sends him off the deep end."

"My father is a placid but firm man. Although, like my mother, he is getting on in years, he works very hard."

"My dad is a kind man. He is very energetic though."

"My dad is quite nice but sometimes he is quite touchy."

"My dad works hard to get money to buy food so that we can live."

"My dad is the best dad in the world. He spends his week-ends taking us out. If I didn't have him I don't know what I would do. My sister and my mother think the world of him. In fact so do I."

First-Year Boys.

## A Seaside Resort by Night

The sea sparkled like priceless gems under the gaily painted fairy lights parading the promenade, and the waves lapped the golden sand, pushing forth masses of white, frothy, lively foam. The moon smiled down on the merry seaside resort as if she were the mother of all the laughing holidaymakers visiting the town, while the stars behind her back were winking to one another.

A local church had just pealed ten o'clock in a clear mellow tone which echoed through the night, and the people were just coming to take their evening stroll along the sea front before returning to bed. Several young people had the idea of a swim, and after changing plunged daringly into the inky unknown and soon only their voices could be heard.

The late night ferry boat chugged wearily into the pier, and gave out a deep moan and a huge cloud of smoke as if to say: "Thank-goodness, one day nearer winter, and a rest from these exhausting holiday-makers". Meanwhile, crowds poured out of the boat in cheerful and joking moods. In the pier hall the local group was the rage, with the five man band shouting and screaming with full heart and plucking guitars and banging drums, much to the content of their screaming girl-friends. In the middle people were trying out the latest dances, while round the side they were joking amid clutches of empty glasses.

Meanwhile, back on the promenade, the crowds had thickened. The shop windows on the other side of the road were catching the crowd's attention with unmistakable bargain signs slashed across the front of windows, and inside being brightly coloured lilos and beach balls.

A solitary fisherman sat poised alertly watching for the slightest movement of his line from his deck chair. He lay silhouetted against the hustle and bustle of the crowded street, and seemed to stare mystified into the deep unknown as if somehow the sea's magic power had captured his thoughts.

In the park the trees seemed to stalk up behind people, casting their ghostly and haunting shadows in front of them, and giving the park an eerie atmosphere. The soft evening breeze fluttered through the stately trees, and the leaves seemed to answer to this by nodding and rustling. The marigolds had already closed their sun-drenched petals and fallen asleep with dropped heads, but the crimson roses were still busily displaying their mass of rich red petals to the admiring crowds. An occasional bird would squawk loudly, and then with a flap of wings and creak of a branch, noisily leave its nest and soar away high above the trees. A stream gushed through the rock garden, and it could be heard rumbling over the chattering stones as if it were a runner in a race, the winner being first to reach the sea, while the stones were the spectators cheering and shouting as they arrived. Running into the rock garden a miniature waterfall skipped down the rockery, jumping over the smaller rocks and splintering against the larger ones as it bounced its way down to meet the mother stream.

By now, most of the people had deserted the seafront for bed, but as they go the sea keeps up its powerful crashing and thudding against the beach in an all-night vigil, just waiting for the merry crowds to come and play on its beaches and splash in its water the next day.

David Dominey, 5G.



## The Boys' Brigade

Nowadays various types of clubs are in existence for young people. Some clubs are run by Local Authorities while others come under the Education Committee. The Scout movement and the Boys Brigade have been catering for the needs of the young for a very long time.

The Boys Brigade was founded on the 4th October, 1883 when Sir William A. Smith formed a company of thirty boys in Glasgow under the title of the Boys Brigade.

From one small company the Boys Brigade spread throughout the world. Its strength is about 232,000 of all ranks, at home and overseas, including the Life Boys. The Life Boys are the junior reserve of the Boys Brigade.

Founder's Day is celebrated throughout Britain and overseas, by special parades and services, on the last Sunday in October.

During 1954 the Centenary of the birth of the founder, was celebrated by local and national events. Her Majesty the Queen is the Boys Brigade Patron. Two badges which it is an honour to possess are the Queen's badge and the Duke of Edinburgh's badge. There are about 75 or more Queen's men who are boys who have the Queen's badge. A number of companies in one town is called a battalion.

The Boys Brigade movement flourishes in Bournemouth.

Barry Frizzell, 2A.

## My Morning

When I get up at half past six,  
I'm ready for coffee and Weetabix.  
As I listen in to the radio,  
The six pips tell me its time to go,  
I climb the stairs to call my dad—  
The rain outside makes me feel sad.  
When I finished my round I'm in a good mood,  
I find I am hungry and want more food,  
Knock! Knock! at the door—that's my mate,  
I must hurry now for I'll be late.  
Soon on to my back I put my load,  
And off to school in my very next road.

Clive Evans.

## My Pet Hamster

From an early age I have always been interested in animals. I have had several pets from goldfish to tortoises, including some small birds which have fallen from their nests. But I had no idea how amusing my recent pet would be. My new pet is a hamster.

I decided to get this pet a few weeks before Easter. In the first instance I built a cage and painted it, and after about two or three weeks of saving I had enough money to buy him.

Excitedly I carried him home from the pet shop. When I arrived home I put my hamster in his cage.

His first antics were to explore the cage, which must have seemed large to him as he was still a baby, not more than six weeks old. He explored the cage and investigated a jam jar I had put there.

The next morning I went down stairs to see how he had fared during the night. I stared into the cage but could see no sign of him!

Quickly I opened the door and searched his bedding. There was nothing there. "Surely I hadn't lost him already?" were my first thoughts! The whole family searched for him. Finally I found him behind a biscuit tin in the larder. Immediately I replaced him in his cage where he remained, squeaking and playing.

His favourite game is climbing up the wire in front of his cage and getting a reward at the top. Nowadays he is so tame that I can let him run about the floor for a while. He will sit on my lap and wash himself vigorously. Sometimes we give him a piece of biscuit which he puts in his pouch, and no doubt later transfers it to his food store.

James Warwick, 2A

## Sixpennyworth of History

My earliest recollection is of being tossed bodily into the air and coming down hard on my head. This as you will probably agree, can be a very painful experience. It certainly did not do my face any good, and for some days I was compelled to rest in silent darkness.

I was then taken out and changed for two dinners ("tupenny and a penn'orth twice" to be exact) and, of all the smells which I have encountered, I think that of frying oil to be the most revolting. Even after 30 years the smell makes me feel sick. But, conditions being what they were in 1934, I did not expect to stay in one place very long.

For some months I was tossed from pillar to post, living mostly in the poorer pockets of London, and travelled between the pawnbroker, the grocer, the butcher and the baker.

By 1939 the lustre had gone from my coat and I was beginning to feel my age. The war came and I travelled the length and breadth of Britain, sleeping in the most unlikely places and gradually losing in value as the war dragged on through on six long weary years.

Eventually, in 1947 I was lucky enough to be given a long rest. I was comfortable, clean and dry for some months, during which time I was able to make friends with my own kind, and I also heard from them tales of ill-treatment and filthy conditions worse than any I had either imagined or experienced. I then began to wonder how long my "convalescence" was going to last.

Eventually I was once again sent out to perform the functions for which I was originally intended. London had changed a great deal: uniforms in 1948 were fewer, and there was no longer the rush to the shelter. Children began to be my frequent companions, but I did not satisfy them for long.

The cost of living rose by leaps and bounds, and my usefulness was very limited indeed. I did my best against overwhelming odds, but I soon became practically worthless. Old age and the drastic change in living conditions caused me to be despised by everyone.

Once again I was tossed into the air (and at my age that is no joke), so, on landing, I rolled and rolled and rolled. Maybe in some future generation, when they decide to tear down London Bridge, a workman will come across me and be able to tell his family of the 1934 six-penny piece he found between the paving cracks. James Peach, 3A.

### HOW OUR FIRST YEAR BOYS HELP IN THE HOME

"In the morning I wake up my parents with a nice cup of tea which they really enjoy."

"I make the sausages and bone the meat. It isn't fair as I don't get paid."

"Now I take one saying for granted—If you want to help, go out to play."

"In the evenings I switch on the electric blankets."

"My favourite chore is cleaning the carpet as it is the easiest of all the chores I do."

"Sometimes I cook the dinner which consists of roast, mash or boiled potatoes, roast meat or stew, cabbage, cauliflower, peas, carrots or 'leaks'."

"My dad doesn't let me help very often as I don't know what I'm doing."

"I try and help as much as I can because there are three children including one baby who is very messy."

"I like to help in the house because we might have a visit from someone very important, like the Queen."

"First of all I get organised and work up to the hard jobs."

"I help with my dad's comforts too."

"I try to be willing at any time as my parents do so much for me."

"I always find my breakfast on the table so in return I make my bed."

"In the morning when I wake up I always take a walk down the garden to see that everything is in its right place."

"I have not been conscripted to do a job yet and I hope I never am."

"Sometimes I help without grumbling."

"One thing I do, but find very difficult, is to keep my bedroom tidy. That is very tricky."

"I feed my kitten while my mother prepares the breakfast."

"Sometimes I volunteer but not always."

"I help my dad by making cement."

First-Year Boys.

### Kinson Church

I like being in Kinson church because it never fails to conjure up for me a picture of years gone by. Though founded in the twelfth century it is not really a beautiful church, but it has a very peaceful air about it and perhaps because of connections with smugglers it has a romantic feeling and gives me a thrill to think of the risks they ran and how they used the church to aid them.

"Brandy for the parson,  
Baccy for the clerk."

Terry Maybury, 4A

### Growing Up

Little birds on trees that chatter,  
Little feet of squirrels that clatter.  
When the mother comes to feed  
The young then show a sense of greed.

Loudly chattering in the nest,  
Later on it's time to rest.  
In the dawning, when it's light,  
They are playful bold and bright.

When mother teaches her young to fly,  
All they see is the bright blue sky.  
When fully fledged the chicks are older,  
And then become both wise and bolder.

Anthony Davies, 2AA

### Luftpost

A School Fair balloon ticket sent by Peter Broadhurst of 1G was returned with a letter bearing a German stamp. The text printed below is exactly as received.

Tischart

May 10th, 1965

Dear France,

Yesterday when I was looking into a bird's nest, I found your nice balloon hanging on a trees branch. You can't imagine how much I was delighted when I saw that it had flown from so far away.

Today I took it to school. My teacher and all the boys and girls of my class were very glad to see it. I am an 11 year-old German boy. My name is Roland Diez.

I live in a little village, Tischart, which is near Stuttgart in southern Germany. Your balloon is the first one to come from England to our little village..

I would be very glad, if you could give me an answer to my letter.

Many kind regards,

Roland.

(Peter Broadhurst has sent a reply).

### Things I Like Doing and Why

I like playing all kinds of sport because I enjoy the element of competition and the challenge. I like to work my body so that it gets rid of its poisons by means of sweat, and to attain that delightful feeling of being pleasantly physically tired and to be restored by way of a hot bath and a good meal.

I like working with my hands at woodwork or assembling model aircraft, for I find this very relaxing and most satisfying when the job is well done.

I like working at mathematics and other mental exercises for I find they stimulate the brain and prevents it from becoming stale.

On reflection though I suppose I could sum up by saying that I like living, because there is something of interest in everything that has to be done. Terry Maybury, 4A

## The Great Train Robbery

The robbers were waiting  
As the train drew near,  
The whistle blew loudly  
For all to hear,  
She approached the crossing—  
The robbers sprang,  
And away in the distance  
A church bell rang.

The guards patrolling  
With coshes in hand,  
Unaware of the nearness  
Of the robber band,  
But soon they realised—  
Alas! too late—  
Were knocked unconscious,  
At the stroke of eight.

The money was found,  
And unloading began,  
A surviving guardsman,  
Got up and ran,  
On to waiting lorries  
The bags were thrown,  
And in half an hour  
The pile had grown.

Complete with riches  
The robbers fled,  
Past some ditches,  
To seek a bed,  
They hid in a farmhouse—  
One with a thatch.  
The headliner next morning—  
"Mail Train Snatch!"

They're still all free—  
So say the Press—  
Across the sea,  
Resisting arrest,  
That brilliant gang  
Who stole the dough,  
When the church bell rang,  
Some time ago.

Robert Stickland, 4A.

## Watch This Space

Early in 1963 I tried to construct a simple telescope, using ordinary lenses. At that time I had no knowledge of their use but I did have a magnifying glass and a long cardboard tube. I assembled these and was rather dismayed to find that my telescope did not work. From a book I found that the focal length of the large lens had to be about 24 inches and the smaller about 2 inches, so my magnifying glass was clearly unsuitable. From instructions by the well-known astronomer Patrick Moore I found that the ideal instrument for the beginner would be a 3 inch refractor, which would cost about £20.

Meanwhile I had got in touch with the owner of such a telescope and looked through his 3 inch refractor at Venus. It was a well-defined crescent of brilliant white, similar to the moon as seen with the naked eye.

Of course, £20 was a bit expensive for me, but my father had the good luck of buying a 2 inch telescope from a friend for as little as ten shillings, and though less powerful it showed a surprising amount of detail of the sky. I spent a year learning the principal constellations and picking out star clusters and distant galaxies. One of these the famous Andromeda nebula, was rather disappointing: instead of the spiral effect and thousands of stars there was only a rather ill-defined smudge of white. Perhaps that was not surprising because it is over two-million light-years away, and the magnificent photographs seen in some books were taken with gigantic telescopes such as the 200 inch Hale reflector at Mount Palomar.

Last year I decided to build a telescope of the same type as that at Mount Palomar—but smaller, since it was to be of 4 inches diameter and cost not millions but £3 5s. The 4 inch mirror and diagonal mirror were bought ready-made. The finished telescope magnifies objects 56 times. During the three months of use I have seen such interesting things as the craters of the Moon, the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn and the nebula in Orion—a filmy mass which is the debris of a star that exploded centuries ago.

Now I am eagerly awaiting September when Venus comes within range of my own telescope.

Ross Golding, 3G

## Off the Ground

"Pick up speed to sixty knots . . . turn now. Spoilers out. Keep up speed . . . round out now," I had told myself as I landed. It had been my check flight with Ed Meddings, our CFI (Chief Flying Instructor) at the Moonrakers Gliding Club.

When we were pushing the T.21 dual-seat back to the launch point Ed told me to get strapped into the Grunau. At first I thought he was talking to someone else, but soon I realised and raced over, climbed in and put on the safety straps. The Grunau is a basic glider which in our club is used for all new solo pilots to get experience.

My first solos were winch launches to about a thousand feet, and when I was first released from the cable I realised that I was not connected to the ground even by radio. I had no engine and (in the Grunau) one has no parachute. After flying round and working out a circuit you land; and because you have now power you cannot afford to make mistakes. A normal trip, without soaring, lasts four or five minutes. My first solo flight earned my "A" certificate, my third solo my "B" and my "C" came later on.

Soaring is the backbone of gliding: it is this that enables one to fly across country, stay up in the air for any length of time, and climb to great heights. Soaring demands

finding a thermal and staying in it to circle—in a rising current caused by uneven heating of the air. Often one is found over a ploughed field where the dark texture holds the heat, or over a field of grain or long grass. If you fly into one you can feel a sudden upward surge, and you can often recognise them by cumulo-nimbus clouds—round, fluffy ones. Hill soaring is another way: when a strong wind strikes a hill or ridge it is deflected upwards, enough to support a glider. I did that for my "A" certificate, having to stay airborne for at least fifteen minutes.

Now I have converted onto a far superior aircraft, the Olympia, on which I hope to gain my "Silver C" certificate. For this I have to increase height by 3½ thousand feet from point of launch, fly across country for 45 miles, and stay airborne for 5 hours.

So far in this sport I have had only one minor incident. Turning in to land at 100 feet instead of 300, and at sixty knots, my wingtip missed the ground by barely 15 feet and I nearly crashed. The CFI charged over and grounded me for a week. In sailing if you have an accident you get wet: in gliding you get killed. John Davenport. 6G

## My First Four-dance Competition

The first B.A.D.T. Competition I entered was in Westminster, and it was pouring with rain. The girls had to get dressed out of the back of the coach before they joined us. After entering the ballroom my partner had to change into her ballroom dress and I into my dinner suit. I then returned to the ballroom and waited for Rosalind. She came in wearing a beautiful green dress trimmed with gold and matching golden shoes.

The compere called over the microphone that everybody who wished to enter for the four-dance Competition should go and collect his number, and mine 74. was pinned on the back of my jacket. When the compere announced that the four-dance competition was next, I took Rosalind's hand and led her across the floor. There were three judges spaced around. The first dance was a Waltz, and we glided across the floor trying not to look nervous. Within a few minutes the judges put up their hands. The music stopped and so did we.

The next dance was a Tango, Again the judges put up their hands. The third dance was a Foxtrot which is an easy flowing dance and we seemed to flow across the floor. The music stopped again and by this time we needed a cool drink, but there was no time. Last was the Quick step which is my favourite and is a quick and lively dance in which there are many variations. We skimmed across the floor with quick graceful steps, but it was quite a relief when the orchestra stopped. We left the floor and went for the drink on orange for which we had been waiting. There were several more competitions before the results were to be given out.

At last the compere asked for the floor to be cleared. The shields and cups were placed on a table at the end. He announced the winners of the competitions before ours. We waited anxiously and finally he came to the results of the four-dance competition. These were given in reverse order. I was so nervous I did not know whether to sit down or to stand up. The compere called out the couple that came third, then the couple that came second.

I looked at Rosalind and she looked at me, as we congratulated our friends who had won a previous competition. When he called out the number 74 as the winner of the four-dance competition I was so surprised I did not know what to do. I grabbed

Rosalind's hand and went out onto the floor. I bowed and she curtsied, and then received our shields, after which we had several photographs taken. Roy Fox,  
What does B.A.D.T. mean? British Association of Dancing Teachers.

## An Ancient Castle

It stands like a king gloating over gold. Wind whistles through its old and forgotten courtyard were once proud and impatient knights walked, waiting for a tournament. Anyone with imagination can hear the echoes of those full-blooded combats from past and see the lady of the castle sitting in a silken pavilion above the cheering pages. The arches spread out like tired limbs; only the tower is recognisable now, but too is decaying in the wind, only jackdaws live where kings and queens once slept.

The most formidable part of the castle is the dungeon where lie the bones of forgotten prisoners or where perhaps ingots of gold are buried. In the centre of the castle is the great hall where one can visualise the feasting and merriment with jester prancing about on the rush floor and busy servants bearing course after course of rich foods for the lord of the castle and his guests.

The castle is situated on a hill far from the nearest town, but from the tiny village at its foot it looks like a giant surveying the surrounding countryside. In the summer the castle is a place where tourists go to wander through the corridors of time; but in winter it stands, gaunt and forbidding, a warning to all would-be conquerors.

Christopher Rees,

## My Sea-Dog Friend

Spaniards here, Spaniards there, Spaniards all around,  
And Cap'n Drake gave order: "Fire and sink those Spanish dogs!"  
There was a blast which struck the mast afore me;  
The mast it creaked, the mast it groaned, and suddenly it fell,  
And poor old John was on that mast, old John my sea-dog friend,  
We all cried "Board those Spanish ships" and Cap'n Drake agreed  
And soon we had those Spanish dogs a-bending at the knee,  
And then I saw a wondrous sight, the Spanish flag came down,  
And from the British crew there rose a mighty shout of joy;  
But in my heart I felt so sad, for there  
Upon the deck lay poor old John, old John my sea-dog friend,  
Nigel Davis, 1G

## Spring

The long-awaited spring at last is here,  
And trees stand out against the sky so clear.  
Now with the sunny hours of early May  
The buds are growing larger every day,  
And fruit will follow for the birds to eat,  
Soon in the fields the new-born lambs will bleat,  
And those who walk beside the river hear  
The water singing in the crystal weir.

G. Lake, 1G

## The English Gentleman's Sport

On and on the panting fox  
Chased through the dew-drenched grass,  
As o'er the hedge six horses leapt  
Into the winter's air.

Her strength now spent, the little brown fox  
Lay now four feet  
from hanging jowls and swishing tails  
Of the relentless pack.

Then through the wiry coat  
The leader's keen-white incisors bit  
Into the warm, palpitating head  
And all closed in.

With cold, flushed face and iced breath  
And bright, brass bugle upward raised  
Our red-capped squire pursed his lips  
To blow a sharp, shrill note.

Then from their thrones the fat dominions climbed  
With voices of exultant praise,  
Whilst on the cold frozen turf  
In oozing blood the torn fox lay.

Peter Bevis, 6G

## Moonlight

When fishes jump and frogs do croak,  
The moonlight dons his silver cloak  
And, mounting on his snow-white steed,  
Gallops across the sky with speed.

The wind blows through his cloudy hair,  
He sees the country still and bare,  
He sees the cunning owl swoop down  
Upon the mouse in furry gown.

And then he smiles serenely down  
Upon the silence of the town,  
And sees his own reflection pass  
Across the river's shining glass.

He shines all night with beams so bright,  
Till rosy dawn subdues his light,  
When the sun pours down its golden rain,  
He turns and gallops home again.

Geoffrey Hamlyn and Robert Chapple, 2G

## Spring Song

Trees are towering, flowering, showering  
Petals on the dewy grass.  
Lambs are clinging, springing, flinging  
Shadows on the hillside green.  
Fish are creeping, sleeping, leaping  
In the sun-besprinkled stream.  
Birds are winging, singing, bringing  
Joy to every human heart.  
Farmers, sowing, hoeing, mowing  
Hay in meadows calm and sweet.  
Lovers, wishing, kissing, missing  
All the sights and sounds of spring.

Tony Wells, 2G

## The Schoolmaster

(with apologies to Alfred Noyes)

The school was an old brick building midst Winton's gloomy towers  
For the sons of the local tradesmen to spend their leisure hours,  
The day was not yet breaking over Redhill moor  
When the schoolmaster came striding—

Striding—striding—

The schoolmaster came striding up to the schoolroom door.  
He'd a pork pie hat on his forehead, a tie of colours gay,  
A coat of ancient vintage and trousers of threadbare grey,  
They fitted with many a wrinkle. His shoes were worn and bare.  
He strode with a merry twinkle

His fountain-pen a-twinkle,  
His sad old eyes a-twinkle under his thinning hair.

Terrence Fox, 4G

## Epitaph to a Car

Here lies in rust to remind us of the past,  
Our car, who died when cornering too fast:  
For this, our noble charger, met his end,  
While overtaking on a hair-pin bend:  
And in a screech of brakes, applied too late,  
Went forth to meet his now-lamented fate.  
And this it was our faithful servant brave  
Came to lie here in this metallic grave.  
He rests here now, embalmed in silent peace,  
His engine swathed no more in oil and grease:  
And as our bodies all must change to dust  
So now we watch his chassis turn to rust,  
No more to ride the motorway of life,  
His soul set free from all mechanic strife.

John Fell, 4G

## Survival or Death?

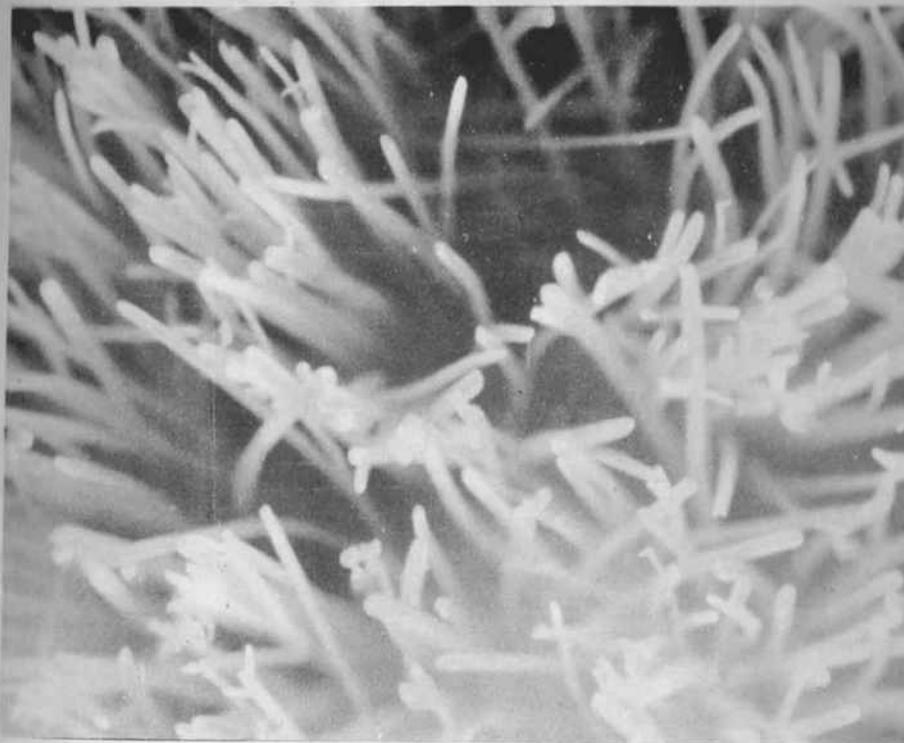
Centuries have passed, full of war, wonder and woe,  
But gradually the world awake and saw its environment,  
The world of fantasy became a world of reality.  
Factories grew, town grew, men died and threefold were born.  
Life took a step forward, or was it one back,  
For Belial lifted his palette, then painted his sombre scene  
Of nature's lone death as the new age began.  
High above a steeped town, cold majestic mountains sleep,  
Incensed with hate, those ancient, crumbling limestone peaks,  
Dormant hate, for gutted hillsides scar its beauty  
Where man has defaced his heritage for his sense of duty.  
Slowly the flaming celestial orb slides from beneath its distant haven,  
Sheds its darkened gown, naked beauty flooding the heavens,  
Till night is chased by day, when the wanderer sees  
Trundling tracks twist down the slopes into the morning haze.  
Down below he sees patchwork-quilted fields beyond smoking chimney stacks  
Where time runs the race of destruction as man forges on,  
Creating new civilisations midst nature's war of survival,  
Pausing only for the world of reality to slip into fantasy.

John Hughes, 6G

## London Fog

The London traffic crawls along the streets,  
And o'er the buildings and the monuments  
There hangs a heavy blanket of fog.  
Above the rumble of the traffic's noise  
There come gruff voices of the taxi men,  
Whose necks are muffled in long striped scarves.  
And through the fog are heard the muffled cries  
Of mothers' searching in the alleys dark  
For children who delight to run and play.  
Then as night falls in near-deserted streets  
The friendly lamps cast their pale light around  
To cheer the policemen on his lonely beat.  
Discordant music throbs from all-night clubs,  
And drunken men stagger along the streets  
Or lie in gutters hidden by the fog.  
Until the dawn comes once again to wake  
The city from its drunken slumber deep  
To face the turmoil of another day.

Graham Billam, 3A



Do you use one of these?

Under-17 winners six-a-side

Under-15 athletics team

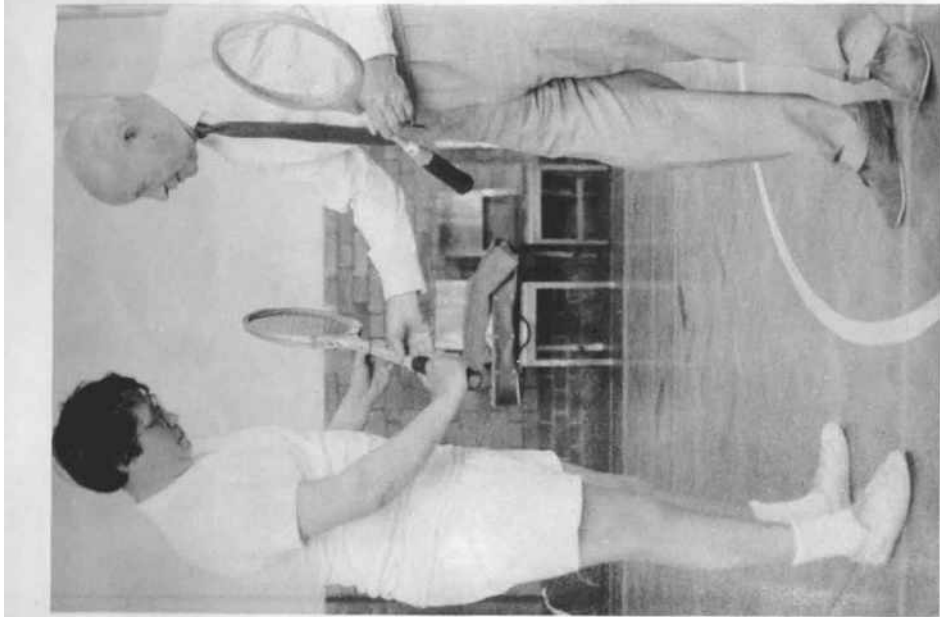
Under-12 seven-a-side rugby team

Form 1C fossil hunting at Kimmeridge

Mr. H. Blair coaching Timothy Clarke, Tennis Tournament Winner

Geoffrey Ball, winning the town U/15 100 yards





## Sports Report 1965

This has been another very good year for sport at Winton, and whereas last year the outstanding achievements were those of one particular age group, viz. the Under-15's, 1965 has seen three groups excel in three different sports. The Under-17 Soccer XI were League Champions and winners of the Six-a-Side Cup in the Bournemouth Schools' Tournament, the Under-15 Athletics Team won the B.S.S.A. Shield in the Town Sports, and the Under-12 Rugby XV emerged as a force to be reckoned with and returned triumphant from the Bournemouth and District Schools' Seven-a-Side Tournament with the Cup for their age group.

More important than results is the fact that over 120 boys are participating in inter-school activities each week in the winter and nearly as many in the summer when Mr. Kearn has organised a programme of extensive Athletics training. He has also introduced hockey as an alternative to rugby and soccer in the winter.

Mr. Blair organised a very successful Tennis Tournament to end the Summer Term last year and Mr. England's coaching of the school Cricket XI saw two boys selected for the Town Team.

Table Tennis Club run by Mr. Reeve is as popular as ever at lunch times and after school and the Badminton Club is a favourite with many of the senior boys. The prefects and older boys have given valuable help in one way or another but perhaps one might single out L. Berg and B. Suddes for special mention. These two boys have run a most popular and proficient Judo Club and the members of that club are most grateful for the time that they both have given after school on two days of the week.

Finally our thanks to the Groundsman and his staff. We have without doubt playing fields that are second to none in the town and they are beautifully kept. With our enlarged dressing-rooms and showers we can be proud to entertain at Ensbury Avenue anyone as our guests.

## 'Mitre' Sportsmen of the Year

- 1 Geoffrey Ball. County, Town and School Rugby, Town Athletics, School Soccer
- 2 Colin Hawksworth. County, Town and School Rugby.
- 3 Michael Foster. Town Soccer, Town Cricket.
- 4 Michael Sullivan. Town Table Tennis, School Rugby and School Soccer.
- 5 Gary Filbey. Town Athletics, School Rugby, School Soccer.
- 6 Rodney Bush. Town Athletics, School Rugby.
- 7 John Legg. Town Athletics, School Rugby, School Soccer.
- 8 Terence Luminati. Town and School Rugby.
- 9 Rudolph Scobie. Town and School Rugby.
- 10 Michael Durham. Town and School Rugby.
- 11 David Gold. Town and School Rugby.
- 12 Peter Hayter. Town Athletics.



## Under-15 Rugby

Senior rugby this year amounted to five Colts XV games and five games for the Under-15 group, although quite a few boys who played in the latter also played in the Colts side too. Both teams won two and lost three games but the Colts scored as many points as the combined scores of the opposition and the Under-15's did almost as well.

We are very grateful to Mr. Tansey who has coached the team for the past four years and done so much for rucker at Winton and are very sorry that he will not be with us next season.

Six boys played for the Bournemouth XV this year against Poole on two occasions and Mid-Hants., and two of them, Colin Hawksworth and Geoffrey Ball, went on to play for the County.

In the Bournemouth and District Seven-a-Side Tournament the team played exceptionally well and reached the semi-final where they lost narrowly to a very good Poole Grammar School side.

M. Sullivan, 4A.

### Results

v Kemp-Welch	Lost 5-16	v St. Thomas	Won 12-6
v Canford	Lost 11-15	v Hurn Court	Lost 6-11
v Kemp-Welch	Lost 6-14	v King Edward VI	Lost 0-15
v Henry Harbin	Won 28-8	v Poole G.S.	Lost 3-19
v Oakmead	Won 3-0	v Henry Harbin	Won 10-8

## Under-14 Rugby

Only five defeats in three seasons is the proud record of the Under-14 rucker team. Success has been due to a fine team spirit and a high standard of play even when the side, deprived of some of its better players away playing for the Town Soccer XI, faced some of its strongest opponents.

In the Seven-a-Side Tournament we were unlucky to lose by a single try to the eventual winners Oakmead.

Several of the team can look forward next year to the prospect of playing for the Town XV and some will no doubt be selected for County honours too.

G. Ball, 3G.

### Results

v St. Thomas	Drawn 3-3	v Canford	Won 13-6
v Oakmead	Won 13-10	v Portchester	Won 12-0
v Bryanston	Lost 0-32	v Henry Harbin	Won 18-6
v Henry Harbin	Lost 5-23	v St. Thomas	Won 15-3
v King Edward VI	Lost 5-23		

Do you use one of these? We hope so it's a clothes brush

## Under 13 Rugby

This was our first season as a team and in the circumstances we have done quite well. Two of our five games were lost by the narrowest of margins against more experienced teams. A strong feature of the side's play has been the determined tackling. This was very noticeable in the Bournemouth and District Schools' Seven-a-Side Tournament when we reached the semi-final only to lose to a good Kemp-Welch side in extra time. This despite Mr. Evening's prediction that we should get to the final.

T. Woodford, 2G

### Results

v Kemp-Welch	Lost 3-6
v Henry Harbin	Lost 3-6
v Oakmead	Won 9-0
v St. Thomas (Salisbury)	Lost 3-15
v Portchester	Drawn 6-6

## Under 12 Rugby

In the early part of the season our training was done under Mr. Westerman who left to teach in Oxfordshire. After Christmas Mr. Evening took over and after losing our first game we completed the season without losing another game. Our success stemmed from the excellent team work and the determination of everyone to do as well as Winton sides have done in the past. Our thanks are due to Mr. Evening for the time he gave up in practice sessions and the confidence which he gave us in ourselves which enabled us to win the Under-12 Group Cup in the Bournemouth and District Schools' Seven-a-Side Tournament.

P. Broadhurst, 1G

v Henry Harbin	Lost 0-6	v Oakmead	Won 11-3
v Oakmead	Won 17-0	v Portchester	Won 17-0
v Ringwood G.S.	Won 12-3	v Beaufort	Won 14-6

### Seven-a-Side

v Portchester	Won 19-0	v Beaufort (Semi-Final)	Won 3-0
v Oakmead	Won 3-0	v Henry Harbin (Final)	Won 9-0

## Under-17 Soccer

Following their successes of the previous year the Under-17 XI had a very impressive season. We gained the Six-a-Side and League trophies and just failed to complete the hat-trick, as in 1964 being beaten in the Semi-final by the eventual winners.

We were hard hit by injuries at one stage in the season but were well served by our reserves. Our thanks are due to Mr. Kearn who took over the side half way through the year and maintained the side's spirit.

R. Squires, 5A

### Results

v Beaufort	Won 4-0	v Beaufort	Drawn 2-2
v Summerbee	Won 5-1	v Twynham	Won 7-1
v Twynham	Won 3-0	v Summerbee	Won 5-2
v East Howe	Won 2-1	v Oakmead	Won 4-1
v Oakmead	Won 3-0		

## Under-15 Soccer

This has been a far less successful season than last. In the League Competition we won only four of sixteen games, drawing 2 and losing the remaining 10.

However, in the Hayward Cup we were defeated only narrowly by Oakmead and in the Six-a-Side Tournament we did well to reach the Semi-final where we were rather unlucky to lose.

All the team should be complimented for the wonderful spirit in which it accepted defeat as well as victory, and our thanks are due to Mr. England whose coaching and encouragement were invaluable.

M. Sullivan, 4A

### Results

v Beaufort	Drawn 1-1	v Somerford	Lost 3-4
v Summerbee	Lost 1-2	v Portchester	Lost 1-2
v Somerford	Lost 3-4	v Oakmead	Won 6-2
v East Howe	Lost 2-3	v Beaufort	Won 1-0
v St. Thomas More	Lost 2-4	v Summerbee	Won 11-0
v Portchester	Won 3-0	v East Howe	Lost 2-3
v Oakmead	Lost 1-0	v St. Thomas More	Lost 3-5
v Twynham	Lost 4-0	v Twynham	Lost 0-4

## Under-14 Soccer

This has been altogether an excellent season for the side. In the first half of the season we met and remained unbeaten against every other team in the league. Unfortunately, after Christmas we ran into a bad patch and were hit by illness and injury. Three games were lost before we recovered to finish as runners-up in the League Championship. Our top scorer was G. Ball with 12 goals.

D. Hesketh, 3G

### Results

v Oakmead	Drawn 2-2	v East Howe	Won 2-0
v Somerford	Won 2-1	v Twynham	Lost 1-4
v Beaufort	Won 8-0	v Beaufort	Won 6-0
v Twynham	Won 2-0	v East Howe	Lost 1-5
v Portchester	Drawn 0-0	v Portchester	Drawn 0-0
v Oakmead	Lost 1-2		

## Under-13 Soccer

Although we did not win the League Championship we finished in a higher position than last season thanks to a great extent to our coach Mr. Denham, who gave up a great deal of his time on our behalf. The team was a settled one throughout the season which gave us more confidence in and knowledge of each other's play. We were unable to beat Oakmead in league or cup, but we did complete the double over St. Thomas More. Our leading goal-scorers were M. Evans with 13 and J. Woodley with 8.

S. Taylor, 2G

### Results

#### League

v Beaufort	Won 6-2	v Portchester	Drawn 1-1
v Twynham	Won 2-1	v Oakmead	Lost 1-3
v Somerford	Drawn 2-2	v East Howe	Drawn 1-1
v Oakmead	Won 2-0	v St. Thomas More	Won 3-2
v East Howe	Drawn 1-1	v Twynham	Lost 1-4
v St. Thomas More	Won 3-0	v Somerford	Lost 0-2
v Summerbee	Lost 0-1	v Beaufort	Lost 1-5
v Portchester	Lost 1-4	v Summerbee	Won 4-0

## Cup

(Cherries Supporters)

v Oakmead Lost 0-4

## Friendly Game

v Ringwood G.S. Won 10-0

## Under-12 Soccer

The season was not very successful but we settled down more towards the end with a drawn game at Somerford. We tried a variety of players from time to time hoping to find a winning formation and are hoping for better things next season.

M. Curtis, 10

### Results

v Oakmead	Lost 2-6	v East Howe	Lost 1-
v East Howe	Lost 1-6	v Oakmead	Lost 0-
v Beaufort	Lost 0-9	v Beaufort	Lost 0-
v Somerford	Lost 1-3	v Somerford	Drawn 2-

## School Cricket XI

Although we did not have a very good season last year we played with determination and to the best of our ability.

David Hopkins was the most outstanding batsman and also took the most wickets as a medium pace bowler. Robert Pearce and Adrian Filbey were outstanding in the field.

We are hoping that this season will be more successful. Certainly the team is very keen to do well.

M. Foster, 5

## Athletics 'The Town Sports'

For the first time in quite a few years Winton won the B.S.S.A. shield in the Under 15 Group of the Town Sports held at King's Park on the 26th and 29th of May, 1964. Success was due to the hard training of the team and the excellent coaching of M. Kearl. With 66 points we finished 5½ points ahead of the runner-up Oakmead.

Our principal successes were these:—

100 yards	G. Ball	1st	11.6 secs		
220 yards	G. Ball	1st	25.9 secs.	R. Bush	4th 28.0 secs.
440 yards	P. Hayter	1st	62.9 secs.	(Town Record)	
880 yards	J. Legg	2nd	2 mins 22.0 secs.		
1 mile	J. Legg		5 mins. 40.8 secs.		
Javelin	G. Filbey		122ft. 7ins.	(Town Record)	

## Tennis Tournament 1964

A very successful Tennis Tournament was run last year for the 4th and 5th year boys. Sixteen entered the first round and the standard of play in many of the matches reached a pleasingly high level. In an exciting final Timothy Clarke, by dogged play beat Michael Merchant, 6-2, 7-5.

This tournament brought to an end a very encouraging season. Each week groups of boys receive coaching from Mr. H. Blair at the courts in Enfield Road and this is becoming an increasingly popular summer game at Winton; in fact there has to be an imposed limitation on numbers as the demand grows.

#### Round 1

Clarke bye; Fuller beat Suddes; Blanchard beat Smith; James beat Pepper; Bell beat West; Murry beat Haigh; Stickland bye; Merchant beat Dare.

#### Round 2

Clare beat Fuller; James beat Blanchard; Bell beat Murry; Merchant beat Stickland.

#### Semi-Final

Clarke beat James; Merchant beat Bell.

#### Final

Clarke beat Merchant, 6-2, 7-5.

## To Other Fields

In 1957 Rugby Football was first introduced as an alternative to Soccer as a winter activity in the Organised Games periods at Winton. We had no rugger pitch of our own and the game was learned on the soccer pitches at Castle Lane and in the after-school practice sessions in the school yard. In our first season we played just 3 games against other schools . . . but none of these was lost and this set the pattern for future rugby at Winton. In the following year Mr. Norman Westerman and Mr. Pat Tansey joined the staff. Both were rugby enthusiasts and together with Mr Evening they set about making a name for the school in inter-school rugger in Bournemouth.

The results of their endeavours can be seen at a glance when thumbing through the sports sections of previous issues of the 'Mitre'. Within two years of their arrival the School was was fielding five XV's each Saturday; seventy-five boys were enjoying the honour and privilege of representing their school from the 1st XV down to the Under-12's.

The opening of our own playing fields meant that we could return the hospitality we had received from others and it coincided with an extension to the fixture list which took teams to Southampton, Winchester, Salisbury and Romsey.

Many Winton boys were chosen to play for the Bournemouth XV and nearly twenty have been selected in the past six years for the County side. Three of these went on to represent South-East Counties.

These and many others will be sorry to hear that Mr. Tansey and Mr. Westerman will not be at Winton next season. Their going will leave Winton rugby the poorer but we all wish them well wherever they go and we shall look back on the good times we have shared together with pleasure and with gratitude to them for all they have done for the game here.

## Bournemouth Schools' Swimming Gala 1964

The Bournemouth Schools' Swimming Gala 1964 was held at the Pier Approach Baths in September. A strong team was entered from Winton and the Under-15's managed to tie with Ringwood Grammar School won the Shield, exchanging it for a Cup after 6 months. All the Winton swimmers did well and the results were as follows:—

#### Under-13's

Freestyle: M. Evans 4th; Backstroke: D. Laws 2nd; Breaststroke: Ridd 2nd; Butterfly: D. Gold 2nd; Relay 3rd; Medley Team Race: 3rd.

#### Under-15's

Freestyle: L. Armstrong 2nd; Backstroke: R. Stickland 1st; Breaststroke: D. Nicholls 2nd; Butterfly: R. Fidler 4th; Individual Medley: R. Fidler 4th; Relay: 2nd; Medley Relay: 2nd.

#### Over-15's

Backstroke: M. Oakley 4th; Breaststroke: S. Davenport 6th; Butterfly: R. Brown 1st. Relay: 3rd; Medley Relay: 3rd.

## Winton School Swimming Gala

One hundred boys took part and the remainder of the school, some 350 boys watched from every vantage point at the School's Gala at Stokewood Road, Bath. Some good times were set up in several events, and the general standard of swimming was high.

Redhill, holders of the inter-house Cup for the past 3 years, retained the trophy which was presented by Miss Willoughby Davis, former Headmistress of Winton and Moordown Infants School.

House pennants were worn by Muscliffe (Under-13), Ensbury (Under-14), Talbot (Under-15 and Under-16).

#### Open Events

100 yards Backstroke: 1. R. Stickland (R); 2. Gill (E); 3. Nicholls (E); 1 min. 18.4 secs.  
100 yards Freestyle: 1. Gill (E); 2. Stickland (R); 3. Armstrong (M); 1 min. 12 secs.  
100 yards Breaststroke: 1. Gill (E); 2. Stickland (R); 3. Neilson (R); 1 min. 39.2 secs.

## The Staff Match

At the end of the 1964 season the annual cricket match between the School and the Masters took place.

The Staff batted first and by lucky snicks and touches their score crept up to 12. The pitch was completely lifeless throughout their innings but by the time we came to bat, the ball was shooting through low and then the next ball would rise up was high.

Nevertheless, D. Hopkins played magnificently and the rest of the team fought well against heavy odds to bring the School score near to that of the Staff.

by one of the 'Boys' team

The above account is a complete misrepresentation of the facts. The Masters were put into bat by the School captain and this proved to be a wise move as the pitch, liveliest at first, became more and more docile as the game progressed.

It can be seen from the number of catches (6) that the Staff were throwing their wickets away in a generous gesture of encouragement to the Boys. One master even contrived to hit his own wicket as it was quite obvious that he would not be dismissed otherwise.

By contrast, five of the School batsmen were clean bowled and three run out by wonderful fielding which, we hope, the School team will try to emulate in this year's match.

by one of the 'Staff' team

#### Staff

Mr. Reeve	c Bessant, b Insell	13
Mr. Evening	c Bessant, b Insell	4
Mr. Day	c Merchant, b Lugg	24
Mr. Parker	c Merchant, b Lugg	29
Mr. Westerman	hit wkt. b Insell	10
Mr. Hayward	b Lugg	1
Mr. Skelton	c Bessant, b Lugg	6

(Continued next page)

Mr. Cutler, b Hopkins	7
Mr. Tansey, lbw, b Foster	1
Mr. Lister, c James, b Hopkins	2
Mr. Blair, not out	2
Extras	22
<b>Total</b>	<b>121</b>

Insall 13-2-31-3, Hopkins 6-0-29-2, Lugg 13-1-33-4, Foster 2-0-0-6-1

Boys

D. Hopkins, b Parker	35
M. Foster, b Parker	11
M. Lugg, run out	0
G. James, run out	3
M. Merchant, b Parker	0
E. Insall, c Day b Parker	1
D. Thomas, b Parker	8
T. Clarke, not out	6
C. Bessant, b Parker	0
K. Rhodes, st. Day, b Westerman	1
S. Bell, run out	4
Extras	11
<b>Total</b>	<b>80</b>

Parker 15-1-33-6, Westerman 2-2-0-1, Skelton 11-2-36-0, Evening 2-2-0-0

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(Where it fits, it's Horne's)

If your I.Q. is 9. 17., do a little homework with 8. 15. 18. 14. 5. 19

1. Underline the odd-one-out:

ELK, BULL, RAM, STAG, HORSE

2. Which word differs grammatically from the others:

DRESS, FIT, CLOTHE, WEAR

3. Find four items of clothing in this sentence:

Investigations prove Horne's capacity for suiting all parties.

4. Insert the missing number:

37 18 55 9 18 ( )

5. Insert the missing word:

BORROW (SORROW) GRIEF ERASER ( ) SCHOOL JACKET

6. Underline the odd-one-out:

FLOG KTERCIC NISENT SLABDIRIL

7. Which number differs from the rest:

653 770 149 235

8. Take the Bow from the Beaux:

ESTEG LLBMUREM SHAN SLBEL

ANSWERS: 1. Horse (no horns). 2. CLOTHE (Verb only). 3. Vest, cap suit, ties. 4. 27 (the number of Horne's branches in England). 5. Blazer. 6. Billiards (indoor game). 7. 235 (all others add up to 14). 8. Bells.

**HORNES**

*The answer to every young man's clothing problem*

Outfitters to Winton Secondary School for Boys

HORNE BROTHERS, GERVIS HALL, BOURNEMOUTH