POETRY

OPINION

PROSE

OF 3 gamma

6d

Gamma radiation is a particularly hard form of radiation, our efforts, poor though they might be, will we think hit hard. Hard, but not with malice in fact we hope that what is contained within these pages will prove constructive or stimulating to the reader.

The money raised on the sale of the magazine will be passed on to the school to help improve the amenities for YOU. We think that this is fair, after all the work was done in school time and the paper was provided by the school.

Whether the noble and exalted, most high Head of English will approve of our efforts we do not know however, as he is bigger than us we hope so!

Therefor by these presents let it be known to all men that these pages represent the poetry, opinion and prose of that most excellent form:

THREE GAMMA

Dated this twelfth day of November in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and seventy.

Signed: P. Bailey, R. Bickell, P. Blanchard, C.Cable, G. Dolan, M. Drury,

C. Field, K. Fowler, P. Gibson, S. Godden, R. Goodwin, G. Gray,

C. Hardy, H. Hearne, M. Hutchings, B. Jago, A. Kettle, P. Kopyciok,

S. Larrabeiti, D. Luby, C. Manning, P. Martin, D. Roynayne, J. Rosie,

A. Saldji, D. Stannard, R. Symmons, P. Tombs, G. West, K. Williams

S. Williamson, P. Yorke.

(Looks like the Death Warrant of Charles the First)

All typing errors can and should be blamed on Mr. Peter Lyden-Cowan.

Hooliganism On Trains.

Hooliganism on trains is usually caused by Soccer fans who when their teams are playing away and are beaten use this as an excuse to wreck a perfectly good train shich British Rail have provided.

There is an easy way to stop this hooliganism, and that is to make these hooligans ride (next time they want a rootball special) in the wrecked carriages, if they are rail-worthy.

Another way is to hold the particular footbàll club whose so-called fans wrecked the train directly responsible and let them decide what to do about their hooligans.

They could then hire two carriages and allow whoever they liked onto them, and so make the hooligans pay a full fare there and back, instead of cheap rates off the football club.

If this does not work football specials could be stopped altogether, and coaches would have to be used, from which hooligans could easily be taken off and told to walk.

Paul Blanchard
3 Gamma.

Vandals.

I like going to football matches, but I wish they weren't plagued with hooligans who get kicks out of beating people up. They disgrace the football club they supposedly support.

I think that to stop these acts of 'agro' and 'bovver' anyone who looks like a troublemaker should be turned away at the turnstiles. I also think that more clubs should have detention centres inside the grounds like Leeds United A.F.C. This would assist the police a great deal.

I hope that these acts of vandalism are soon brought to an end.

Michael Hearne.
3 Gamma.

SPACE, Waste or not ?

Should the American and Russian Space programmes be cut down and the money that is saved used to help their own underprivileged peoples ? I suppose that there is a good argument either way.

The biggest argument in favour of the space programme is that we could colonise, eventually, the Moon and other planets. If we can do this we may be able to help ease the terrible over-population that is becoming such a major problem in the world today. I think that this is a far better solution to the problem than birth control.

The most powerfull argument against the programme is that that all the money being used on equipment, research and rockets could be used to help the under-privileged and the needy.

Personally, I think the argument strongly favours the continuation of the space programme; I myself am very much in favour of trying to conquer space however. I must admit that this is a debatable cause, since action is needed in so many areas.

Drifting,
Silently in Space,
To, an unknown planet;
Possibly inhabited.
Silence, solid and untouched
Around us.

We sight a planet
Like a ball of grass.
It must be fertile!
It grows larger,
Larger
Zooming up on us.

We land with
A thud.
We check it with
Our instruments.
Leave.
It is not right.

We blast off
Like a bullet
From a gun.
The radio blurps a
Message;
We reply.
Silence.

Again we go into a
Drifting silence
Returning
Home.

Jeremy Rosie.

The Banning of Blood Sports.

In the last ten years or so Blood Sports have rapidly gone down in the Public's favour, but still it goes on. When will governments rise together unanimously, and make any blood sport a crime?

There are many different blood sports. The most popular one in England is Fox-Hunting. Up to twenty men on horse-back and twice as many fox-hounds chasing one little fox. Sometimes the exhausted animal may drag itself to 'earth' and sit cowering underground while the horsemen usually go away; but some hunters won't let the poor creature be even then, using the now proverbial method of 'smoking out' the fox. This is done by making a fire a little way down one entrance of the 'earth'. Thus the poor fox comes out and is usually trapped and killed.

In Spain there is of course the world-famed Bull-Fighting, which perhaps is even more cruel as the bull doesn't have even a million to one chance ance he's in the ring.

Usually the bull will be killed, but the few times the matador is gored the bull will be caught by the picadors and driven to be slaughtered, which perhaps is better than the death it would meet from the matador. The matador, if he dodges the bull, will start spearing spearing the bull with brightly coloured tassells till he dies through loss of blood.

I know there is a society here in England to do something about bloodsports but God, they are taking their time!.

Richard Goodwin.
3 Gamma.

SCARECROW

Alone,
Solitary figure
Some job,
Some purpose,
Alone.

Defender,
Keeper of the fields,
The farmers'
Saviour,
Alone.

Tattered,
Torn,
Falling apart;
Head propped,
An angry grin but
Alone.

Scarecrow,
Odd-piece-man,
Tins,rags,
That's him.
But, still
Alone.

Jeremy Rosie.

SPACE

The dark emptiness of space is calling Man, the Stars are inviting him to their lands. Stars, every now and then, flash across the sky, in an arc they live and die. A cold crisp feeling looming round, here is another World that has been found.

Martin Drury.

NOTHINGNESS.

Away, far away in the fields of nothingness and fantasy they rest, the timid Fawn and the everwatchful mother, mystery shrouds and surrounds strange being of twisted shapes, eyeing, watching, waiting.....

Outside is the jungle of Imagination, weird and eery, but at the same time strangely beautiful and clean. Above, the sky of sleep laying its folded shape to shield the lands below from living view.

The soft green shrub and fancy trees are the food of thought, their only design, to cram weary minds like mine, with confused understanding and to trap the fools of Art into describing this everfanciful nothing.

Dominic Ronayne.

STORMY WEATHER

A clap of thunder,
A streak of lightning
And the pitter-patter of raindrops falling to the ground.
The sky goes dark
And the sun disappears behind gigantic black clouds,
Rolling Southwards,
Always Southwards

A tree crashes down to earth,
Stricken by a flash.
Windows are slammed shut
As rain pours in, saturating curtains.

Will it ever stop ?
Yes !
The clouds are disappearing
The rain slows,
As the sun peeps out, from a white sheepish cloud,
The rain stops and puddles glisten,
As sun rays hit them from differing angles.
The birds burst into song,
The world
Is back to normal.

Richard Bickell.

Gamma, Gamma, glowing bright
In the silence of the night.
Who has thrown a nuclear bomb ?
What the Hell,
The World has gone.

Anthonymous !

WAR

Mud, rubble and dust,
Everything is deserted
And
Desolate.
An uncanny silence
Reigns.

War has come this way
Leaving it's mark.
Nothing
Survives,
In the trail of destruction.

The once proud building
Is an empty shell,
The roof smashed in
The walls
Crumbling
Into the street.

A body lies broken amongst the rubble,
Broken and disformed.
HE was too late to get away,
Caught up in the violence of
War.

Clifford Hardy.

WAR

War is declared,
The battle is on,
Guns erupt
The troops start fighting.

Proud and glorious,
Wretched and ugly;
Shells whistle by,
The troops are fighting.

The waste and murder
Caused by hate
And pride.
The troops are fighting.

Bodies strewn around,
Blood running in the rivers,
What a bloody mess
The troops are fighting.

The aim is for final peace,
Will it be achieved ?
Men think only of
Sending troops to fight.

Christopher Manning.

Gamma Radiation.
Fools fight, wise men look for peace.

A dictatorship, by any name, is nasty to live under; be it of the left or right.

What DID you do in the war, Daddy. Why ?

Death by any means is DEATH.

The Battle.

The towering mass surged forward as one man
over the living land it cascaded,
breaking forming and breaking again,
as eerie screams wreathed the crisp night air,
muskets tapped and guns roared.
The tympani of war was at work.

Again and again weird lights painted
the darkening skies.
A cannon boomed and small frenzied figures
Bowed and swayed like wheat to the wind,
and then the ' coup de grace '
bodies already smashed and bent
were trodden even further into the mud by wild dancing horses
blood lay like spilt wine oozing out of
corpses tinting the sodden ground.

Then it was over,
a broken soldier piercing the silence with his pitiful moan,
and the sound of a knife slashing
a throat as a peasant tore out his teeth.

Dominic Ronayne.
3 Gamma.

THE COMPREHENSIVE SYSTEM

The comprehensive system is a good system, in my opinion, since if you you are good at one subject yet not at another you can be setted to your ability. If you were in a Grammar school or any other type of school, you would go into a class and stay init throughout your school career. That is, unless you were fortunate enough to be promoted.

In effect this means that for every subject you have to accept the standards of the majority, whether or not you are good or bad at a particular subject.

The only thing that I can find wrong with the comprehensive system is that, unlike other systems where you can make friends and be certain of staying with them; in the comprehensive you switch from set to set. On the other hand you meet more people and form new friends over a wider range.

Jeremy Rosie.

TAXATION; My view.

I think taxes are far too high. The money that the State takes is spent on the wrong things. For instance the Ministries of Social Security and Defence use up more money than any other Ministry. We would not need these Ministies if more money was directed to improving the standard rate of living and if we were a neutral nation the money spent for military use could be spent on Housing. Abolishing slum areas and making Great Britain and and eventually the World a better place in which to live. Everybody should be able to have a reasonable place in which to live. It is wrong that the poor should live in slums whilst the rich, who can have what they want, have servants waiting on them hand and foot.

There should not be such high taxes on petrol, drinks and other everyday articles. The only reason petrol is taxed is because so much is used each day and we cannot avoid using it. The tax on petrol is in the region of four shillings a gallon and it is just the same on other articles. A better and fairer method of taxation should be worked out.

Chris. Cable.

Gamma Radiation:

Climbing is done in the same position as crawling. J. Swift

Promises are like piecrusts, made to be broken. Mr. Swift.

Government of the people, by some people, for we selected few.

Teachers of the World, REVOLT, you have nothing to lose but your pupils.

Pollution.

My opinion of pollution is that it is inhuman. Unless they can think of some other way to produce the products, I think industrial manufacture causing pollution should stop altogether. It covers houses in mucky dirt. The gases that are the result of pollution in London enter people's lungs and cause all sorts of diseases. Animals may gradually be killed, and I would not be surprised if it makes a nice habitat for rats and other rodents.and insects which carry diseases and germs. There is a great cloud of muck and dirt polluting London. I think it should be stopped. I also think the chemical processes which pall out substances into streams should also be stopped, as they kill fish and other water species.

Our water supply is also polluted where the water comes through for storage. All it takes is one man to turn his back for a couple of minutes and dangerous polluted water gets through to our water supply. Pollution is dangerous and deadly.

The sea
Crashing against the beach
Awakes me.

Though the sea is loud
It is strangely quiet,
Not another sound
Can be heard.

Quickly dressed.
The beach awaits me
The stony pebbles of the Suffolk coast
Crunch comfortingly
Under my plimsoled feet.

Gulls.
Whirling and crying overhead,
Like angry fishwives,
Break the silence.

The Aldeburgh lifeboat,
Immense on the desolate beach,
Stands
Ever alert.

All around,
The empty fishing-boats
Lie sleepily
on their sides.

Oh! ... Good Morning.....
A passing inhabitant
Reminds me
It is breakfast time.

The hotel doors'.
Swing shut
Behind me;
But it's all still there,
Welcoming
Me
Back.

Richard Goodwin.

The School Lavatories; An Opinion.

How many lavatories are there in the school ? Six ! Six lavatories for nearly two thousand boys. In fact, during play-time and lunch-time, only three are available. One is in the Lower School playground, the lavatory is unusable and the urinal stinks, there are no wash-basins either. There are two lavatories inside the lower school, both smell and additionally there is no paper. Neither can be reached during break, this may be fortunate!

There is a lavatory in the Gym block which is quite good, however it is only equiped with two lavatories and three urinals, the wash-basins are of a reasonable standard though. The lavatory in the main school playground does not have a single cold tap in working order and the few hot taps working are far too hot, the lavatories are unusable and are short on paper however the urinals do come up to a moderate standard.

The toilet on the ground floor of the main school is satisfactory and of an adequate size. To counteract this though, the third floor is always being flooded, by stupid idiots whose minds run to that type of thing, if it were not for this it would be usable.

However I do think there should be far betterconditions in the lavatories in this school, apart from the drinking taps on the whole being out of order there seems to be a minimum standard laid down. Surely something ought to be done on such an important topic.

Andrew Kettle.

The Swamp:

Gurgling,
Belching,
Bubbling,
The Swamp
Calls its victims from outside.
A man
Wanders,
Not knowing the dangers;
Then
A scream,
A sound,
Of mud-clogged wind-pipe,
The man, GONE.

Glyn West